

Another Boston Night

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76055636) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76055636>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Mutual Pining , Sub Shane Hollander , Bottom Shane Hollander , Top Ilya Rozanov , Soft Dom Ilya Rozanov , Hand Jobs , Blow Jobs , Shane Hollander is a slut , competitive hollanov , Hook-Up , minor intoxic kink (if you squint) , Spanking , Rough Sex , Come Swallowing , Rough Oral Sex , Anal Sex , they're so in love it's embarrassing
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-20 Words: 4,405 Chapters: 1/1

Another Boston Night

by [Kozumye](#)

Summary

Shane was thinking about what awaited him tonight as he washed his hair in the showers with the rest of his team after the game, and a small smirk graced the corner of his lips.

The thought of Ilya pinning him to the bed like he'd pinned him to the boards, seeing him clean and freshly-showered post-game and then wrecking him all over again into a sweaty, breathless mess. Ilya deserved that tonight. Shane would fight back a little, just for the fun of it— but Ilya always got him in the end. Shane was weak for him every time.

Shane and Ilya meet up after the game at Ilya's penthouse in Boston, and Ilya plays with Shane like putty in his hands. No matter how vicious he was on the ice, Shane Hollander was always so, so good for Ilya Rozanov.

Notes

hi i havent written in so long. but this hyperfixation is like nothing else man i'll tell ya these little gay boys occupy my thoughts day and night

thanks & enjoy xoxo

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

2015

Shane was used to this by now. He and Ilya had fallen into a comfortable sort of rhythm with it.

On the ice, they were ruthless. Ilya shouted obscenities at him and the Montreal team, just like always, and slammed Shane into the walls of the rink fighting for the puck. Nothing changed there. In fact, Shane would be remiss to admit that he almost felt like both he and Ilya played *better* when they were going against each other.

Something about Ilya bringing out the best (and the worst) of him at all times, he thinks.

He was in Boston, this time. A home game for Ilya's team, who had managed to defeat Montreal 4-3. Shane and Ilya had been neck and neck— each time one of them would score, the other would follow up behind them. It was a challenge. It was always a challenge between them.

Shane was thinking about what awaited him tonight as he washed his hair in the showers with the rest of his team after the game, and a small smirk graced the corner of his lips.

The thought of Ilya pinning him to the bed like he'd pinned him to the boards, seeing him clean and freshly-showered post-game and then wrecking him all over again into a sweaty, breathless mess. Ilya deserved that tonight. Shane would fight back a little, just for the fun of it— but Ilya always got him in the end. Shane was weak for him every time.

Oh, Shane had to stop that. He turned around and quickly covered his budding erection with a soapy hand, and made a break for his towel to wrap tight around his waist. He got dressed as quickly as possible, willing the heat in his cheeks to go away. He hoped it looked like frustration in his eyes, rather than giddy anticipation, to the rest of his teammates.

“Heading out, Hollander?” Shane heard Hayden call from behind, still in his towel as Shane hoisted his bag up onto his shoulder.

“Uh— Yeah, I think I need some time to myself tonight. To clear my head,” He said, and he could feel the electricity buzzing in his feet, pulling him out the door. “Don’t wait up for me tonight.”

Hayden narrowed his eyes at Shane, and pursed his lips. Then he shrugged, as if to say *none of my business*, and then followed with: “Alright, man. Don’t let Rozanov fuck with you too much— That was a good game.”

Shane put aside the irony in that statement, and offered Hayden a half-smile.

“Thanks. I know we’ll get ‘em next time.” And then he was out the door, walking down the long corridors and out the back exit, a route he had taken dozens of times before. He called a private car and put in the address for a late-night ramen place that was two blocks away from Ilya’s apartment building. As the black car pulled up and Shane loaded in, he got a text from *Lily*.

Lily: Just got home. See you soon?

Shane didn’t have to hide his smile, alone in the back of the dark vehicle, as he typed back his response.

Shane: En route. Be there in 15.

Lily: Good.

And then:

Lily: I plan to continue my winning streak tonight.

Shane: What do you mean by that?

Lily: Want to see how many times you can get me off

Shane cleared his throat and shifted his around in the black leather seat, feeling an ache between his legs that started to press against the seatbelt over his lap.

Lily: Want you every possible way

Lily: However I want you

Lily: You will be good for me, yes?

Shane bit his lip as he considered his options for how to reply, typing a few letters and deleting for a few seconds.

Shane: Maybe. Maybe not. Still pissed about that last shot.

Ilya had scored the winning goal for Boston in the final 16 seconds of the game, breaking the tie right before the final buzzer. Guaranteed, if the game was longer than just 60 minutes on the ice, Shane could go point-for-point with Ilya forever. He liked the idea of the two of them competing in an empty rink until they both ran out of steam, then fighting for dominance to see who could remove the other's gear as fast as possible so Ilya could bend Shane over on the bench and take him still half-dressed.

Shane shook the thought from his head as the car slowed to a stop on the corner of the street. He thanked the driver and got out, basking in the bright orange and red sign from the ramen shop before lowering his head and slipping a black cap on it. He walked the path to Ilya's with his head down, watching his feet as he navigated the busy sidewalks. He'd done this a million times before, almost perfected his routine to make sure everything was as secretive as possible.

Before he knew it, Shane was standing at the side entrance to Ilya's apartment, texting him to buzz Shane up quickly. The door clicked and Shane hiked up a flight of stairs to the nearest elevator, and then put in the code for Ilya's penthouse. His heart was racing already, and he took a shaky breath as the elevator doors closed, and the number at the top started slowly climbing up to the top.

No matter how much he tried to ignore it, Shane couldn't deny that he actually *missed* Ilya. And not just the feeling of him bottoming out into Shane, sheathing his thick length inside of him and lighting his whole body on fire...

Shane felt the hairs on his arms rise up. It had been a while since they were able to be at Ilya's place, not just some hotel on the road. And he *missed* him. He missed his warmth, the strong yet caring presence that Ilya had over Shane at all times. It was... comforting. Sometimes, Shane liked the aftercare more than the actual sex, when he's able to wrap himself up in Ilya's strong arms and breathe in his scent for as long as possible. (Not that he'd admit that, because the sex was *mind-blowing*, Ilya would definitely take it as an insult.)

The elevator slowed to a stop when they reached Ilya's floor, and Shane heard another buzzer sound as the doors behind him slowly opened to the entryway of Ilya's place. And lo and beyond, there he was in all his glory.

Ilya Rozanov was wearing dark blue sweatpants. His hair was mostly dry except for the tiny bits of curls that were still damp and frizzy around his ears and the back of his neck, and he wasn't wearing a shirt. When was Ilya *ever* wearing a shirt, though? (Not that Shane was complaining.)

"Hollander," Ilya greeted, a half-smirk already forming as he raked his eyes down Shane's form.

"Rozanov," Shane said back, taking a few steps towards Ilya and shucking off his jacket.

Before he knew it, Ilya's hands were on his waist, and his nose was pressing against Shane's neck, and he was breathing in the scent of the shampoo Shane had just used in the locker room. He kissed up the side of Shane's neck and Shane shuddered with each press of Ilya's lips on his skin. God, he missed this.

Ilya finally reached Shane's lips, and took him hungrily, eliciting a small gasp from Shane as he slid his tongue in his mouth.

And Shane loved this. He loved walking into Ilya's apartment and getting scooped up, getting immediately preyed on like Ilya was a wild animal that hadn't eaten in days. Shane was Ilya's.

Shane seized the opportunity to slide his hands up Ilya's arms and squeeze his biceps, feeling the thick muscle underneath tighten as Ilya let his hands wander what he could reach of Shane's body. Ilya broke the kiss and plunged his hands down Shane's back, grasping at his ass underneath his sweats but over his boxers. Shane tried not to lean into the touch too much, but *goddammit*, he had waited so long. An eternity, it felt like. It always did.

"So good," Ilya murmured in Russian, letting out a contented sigh as he felt up Shane's ass.

Shane was blushing hard, but he didn't stop him. He loved being Ilya's to play with.

"So," Shane said weakly, then cleared his throat. Ilya raised his head a bit to look Shane in the eyes, and they were glistening with the low lights of the surrounding foyer. He looked breathtaking. "Have you decided how you want me tonight?"

Ilya grinned, his eyes still low and dark as he started to take a few steps backward, pulling Shane towards the bedroom. "Ah, and you just give yourself to me so easy, Hollander. Is that right?"

Shane scoffed, and he was gearing up to reply when Ilya stopped and turned to him, tone dusky and serious: "Take your shirt off."

So Shane did.

There was something about how Ilya spoke to him like this— Yes, it was commanding, and yes, Ilya Rozanov was an asshole. But when he told Shane what to do, Shane didn't have to question it. He wanted everything that Ilya had to give him, and the truth was that Shane *loved* getting bossed around by him.

“Good.” Ilya left Shane standing in the doorway of the bedroom, shirt in hand, shoes still on, to pour himself a drink at the bar cart in the corner. Ilya's room had large windows with built-in shades and tinted glass, and he peered out the large window to his left as he took a long sip of his vodka.

“Come, Hollander,” And he motioned for Shane to join him. Shane did as he was told. “You want some?”

Ilya raised his glass to Shane, and Shane swears he could smell the alcohol percentage in whatever he was drinking.

He shook his head. “I'm good.”

Ilya side-eyed him then, taking another gulp from his glass and then parking it in Shane's open hand.

“No... I think you will want some tonight. Here. Drink.”

As Shane took the glass, he frowned into it, allowing Ilya to circle around him until he was pressed up against Shane's back, so they were both gazing out upon the city skyline. Ilya pressed light kisses to Shane's neck, then shoulders, then back, nipping softly every so often.

Despite Ilya's commanding voice, he was actually being quite gentle with Shane tonight. Unfortunately for Shane, that's not what he wanted at all. He wanted to get absolutely *ruined* tonight. Shane tried to swallow some of Ilya's alcohol, wincing and coughing slightly. After he did that, Ilya finally, *finally*, reached around and palmed at Shane's erection, and he couldn't help but release a strained moan from being touched for the first time.

“Fuck, Rozanov,” Shane said breathlessly, leaning back against Ilya’s chest. Ilya continued over Shane’s clothes, not daring to dip his fingers a little lower to slip under his pants, or even his underwear.

“Take another drink, Hollander,” Ilya said low and rough into his ear, and a shudder ran down Shane’s spine. *Oh, so that’s how it was going to be.*

“I’m not playing your games,” Shane attempted to shoot back, but his voice was hoarse, and he licked his lips with anticipation.

“Really?” Ilya murmured, squeezing Shane’s bulge and running his other hand up Shane’s stomach and chest, feeling him up. “Seem to me like you are playing just fine. Seem like...” Ilya paused, drawling his words across Shane’s skin, sending goosebumps down from his shoulders straight to his cock. Shane felt himself twitch in Ilya’s hand, and exhaled slightly. “You *like* to play, Hollander.”

Shane groaned, rolling his hips into Ilya’s palm, aching for him to remove the layers between them and just get on with it. Just when he was getting a little friction, Ilya pulled away completely, taking the glass from Shane’s hand and downing what was left in it. Shane spun to face him immediately, his cheeks burning hot and still fully clothed from the waist down.

“I am wrong?”

“You’re a fucking dick, that’s what you are,” Shane breathed out, adjusting his waistband with one hand and then attempting to reach lower. Ilya grabbed his hand, and held him by the wrist. Tight.

“You’re not allowed to touch yourself tonight,” Ilya said, plain and simple. “The only way I want you to come is from me.”

Shane, gulping, nodded slowly, and Ilya let go of his wrist. “Now, get undressed. I want to see you,” He commanded.

Shane did as he was told, because of course he did. Whether he tried to fight it or not, he was always so good for Ilya. He stripped off his shoes, then socks, then pants and underwear, until he was standing at the edge of the bed completely naked. When he turned towards Ilya, he found him with his glass refilled with the ice half-melted, leaning back against the thick glass windows, his pants pulled down to reveal the length of his fully hardened cock.

Shane felt his mouth water at the sight. God, he loved Ilya's cock. He watched, mesmerized, as Ilya ran his tongue across his palm and then slowly started to stroke it with one hand, taking another drink with his other hand. The whole time, his eyes were locked with Shane's, the desire swirling darkly inside them.

Shane almost had the urge to grab his own cock and start pumping, but just as he started to move his hand, he remembered Ilya's command, and stopped himself. Ilya watched his movements and smirked, stroking himself again and again, just to torture Shane. Shane was biting his bottom lip hard, and he gripped the sides of his hips to stop himself from reaching for his aching cock. Finally, he couldn't take it anymore.

"Please let me suck your cock," he begged, eyes still stuck on Ilya's movements.

"Of course, baby," Ilya drawled, and Shane was at his feet in a matter of seconds, kneeling right in front of the giant glass windows to take Ilya into his mouth.

They both let out moans as Shane worked his mouth on Ilya's cock, lapping him up and eagerly pressing his nose all the way to the base of his cock, feeling the curly dark hair that grew there and trailed up his stomach. Shane coughed a bit and eased up a little. He took Ilya out of his mouth completely to take a breath, and he looked up at his lover with a dazed smile.

"Did I say you could stop?" Ilya said, reaching to grip Shane's face with his hand. He snuck a few fingers under his jaw, and then crushed Shane's face into him again, thrusting into his open, pliant mouth. He used Shane's mouth like a toy, his hand gripped tight in the short dark hair as he fucked his hips forward, his cock being enveloped with a hot, wet, familiar warmth.

And Ilya loved this. Oh, he loved how Shane tried to act all tough. Ilya didn't even really have to try that hard, he rarely had to make Shane beg for something. He's so good, he'll beg

for Ilya on his own. And *oh*, Ilya likes that. He likes having that power over him.

“Fu-uck, Hollander,” the name rolled off Ilya’s tongue between labored breaths, his shoulders pressing into the cold glass behind him as he flexed all his muscles, feeling his climax fast approaching from Shane’s beautiful lips. Shane’s eyelids fluttered open and he gazed up at Ilya through hooded eyelashes, refusing to pull off even though he knew Ilya was close.

One of Ilya’s hands was twisting in Shane’s hair as he twitched and pulsed, and one of Shane’s hands was digging into the back of Ilya’s thigh. Ilya barely had the breath to mutter a vague warning in his mother tongue before he was spilling, and Shane swallowed every drop.

Goddamn.

Ilya’s ears were still ringing as Shane slowed to a stop, pulling his plush lips from Ilya’s shaft and gazing up at him with all the stars in the world glistening in his beautiful brown eyes. Ilya came back to reality to those eyes, and he slowly dropped to his knees with Shane, bringing his hands to cradle his face as he kissed him.

Shane tasted salty and sweet and warm, and Ilya couldn’t get enough of him.

When he had a chance to break their kiss, and take a couple of deep breaths to get himself back on track, only then did he realize where Shane’s other hand had been while he was sucking Ilya off.

Right at the base of his cock (pulsing, red, and leaking from its pink tip), was Shane’s hand, wrapped tight and unmoving. It was almost like... *Oh, fuck*. It was almost like a cock ring. Like Shane had been desperately trying not to come from blowing Ilya.

Just as quick as Ilya noticed it, he switched back on his charm. He clicked his tongue at Shane teasingly. “Ah, Hollander,” He growled out, reaching his hand out to cover Shane’s around his cock. “You get so hard just from sucking my cock, huh? You have to touch yourself.”

“Please,” Shane choked out, releasing his cock and pressing his forehead to Ilya’s. “I was just — trying not to come. Like you told me.”

“I know,” Ilya cooed, pressing a few kisses across Shane’s face before he started to move his hand, languidly, up and down Shane’s aching cock. Shane whined, throwing his head back with an ecstatic expression on his face that Ilya wished he could drink up. He was already so slick with pre-come that Ilya slid right along his length, feeling how pent-up he was. “Come for me, Hollander.”

And he did, in thick ropes that shot out to cover his stomach, and Ilya watched, entranced by the beautiful man climaxing underneath them. Shane panted hard, coming back from the high of his orgasm.

Before Shane had enough time to collect himself, Ilya was hauling him upright and guiding him towards the bed on stumbling feet.

“But,” Ilya continued, shoving Shane to the bed as he tried to catch his breath. Shane hastily propped himself up on his elbows, watching as Ilya loomed at the edge of the bed and stripped himself completely down. He shrugged one shoulder and gazed ravenously down at Shane. “You still broke the rules.”

That lit something within Shane, and a rush went through his body from head-to-toe. He tried to hide it by firing back some witty remark, that ended up sounding a little slurred and half-hearted.

“What, gonna put me in the penalty box or something, ref?”

Ilya smirked at that, then watched the emotion in Shane’s eyes change as he grabbed both of his thighs and flipped Shane over onto his stomach, so his ass and thighs were exposed.

“No,” Ilya said plainly, then took a warning shot at Shane’s ass with his open palm. “I’m going to spank you.”

Shane gasped audibly when Ilya's hand made contact with his bare ass, and he grasped at the sheets beneath him with both hands. "Fuck," He breathed out shakily, turning his head to glance at Ilya any way he could.

Ilya covered Shane's body with his, kissing up his back and across his shoulders. He got close to Shane's ear and whispered with hot breath, "Is okay?"

Shane nodded hastily and let out a strained whimper, making sure Ilya knew that he was *very* on board with this plan. God, he wanted to be marked up so bad... just a few marks and he could pass them off as normal hockey injuries, but Shane wanted more than that. He wanted Ilya's hand to be imprinted on him, bruised into him every which way. God, he was selfish.

Ilya lifted off of Shane again after showering him in more adoring kisses, a stark contrast to the next hit he landed on Shane's thighs. Shane gasped loudly this time, and couldn't suppress a moan as he felt his cock start to harden again against the mattress.

Ilya took a second to admire Shane's body, running his hands along the back of his thighs and squeezing the curve of his ass, and then up his back through his shoulders. God, he was a beautiful specimen, he really was. All golden, flawless, freckled skin and beautifully full muscles, and *fuck*, Ilya loved seeing him like this. He loved being the only one that got to see Shane like this.

"Beautiful," He murmured, first in Russian and then in English to Shane before he came down again on his other ass cheek, then his thigh, then grasped at Shane ravenously, desperately trying to get *more*.

"*Fuck*," Shane groaned into the mattress, then lifted his head slightly to babble at Ilya. "Fuck me, *please*, I need to feel you inside me."

Ilya didn't have to be told twice. In seconds, he'd grabbed a condom from the top of the bedside table and slicked himself up, pressing his tip up against Shane's hole. Shane made a sound like a needy whine as he lifted his hips for Ilya, letting Ilya wrap an arm around his torso as he thrust forward. Shane let out a broken moan, and Ilya responded with his own set of sexy growls as he pumped into Shane, one, two, three times to ease him into it, and then started fucking him with reckless abandon. Ilya's hands grasped every inch of Shane's

body they could find, happily listening to the symphony of his labored breathing and wanton moaning as Ilya gave him everything he wanted.

With a grunt, Ilya shifted, slamming his cock deeper into Shane so he cried out for Ilya, and flattened his wide palm against Shane's back, pressing him hard into the mattress. He covered Shane's body with his own, fucking him face-down, holding him down by the shoulders just like he'd pinned Shane to the wall of the rink earlier that night. Shane let out a strangled noise and clenched around Ilya, and Ilya's eyes rolled back at the sensation.

"Fuck, *Hollander*, I'm coming," He managed to get out in a scratchy voice, before filling the condom still inside of Shane. Ilya lay there for a moment, both of them breathing heavily and sticking to each other in a million different places. Eventually, Ilya pulled out of Shane and rolled over, pulling him into a side-hug.

Shane's stomach was wet from two orgasms, and Ilya took him all in. A tired smirk grew on his face when he saw the wet spot on the sheets, and realized that Shane had gotten off on his own friction against the bed.

"Okay, *Hollander*?" Ilya whispered, pressing a soft kiss to the side of Shane's temple, wet from the sweat they'd worked up.

Shane nodded weakly, and cracked his eyes open to grin lazily at Ilya. "That was..." He attempted to say, and then just trailed off and shook his head with that same hypnotized smile on his face.

Ilya chuckled a bit, and pulled Shane into his arms even further, nestling him right under his chin, head against Ilya's chest. From this angle, Ilya knew that Shane could hear his racing heartbeat that he was trying to calm, but his heart was never normal around Shane.

They lay there peacefully for a while, basking in the afterglow and in each other's warmth, fingertips trailing across Shane's skin. Deliberate, but soft. Subtle. *Tender*.

After a few more moments of rest, Ilya finally spoke up, lacing his fingers through Shane's as he murmured close to his ear. "You know," He says, "We are still two for two."

Shane looked confused for a second, before realizing what Ilya had meant. Then he laughed hoarsely, and squeezed Ilya's hand. "Don't worry, Rozanov. You still have time to beat me. We haven't even made it to the shower yet."

Ilya smiled at that not a smirk or a sly grin, but a real smile, that crinkled up at his eyes and made Shane's heart skip a beat. And oh, Shane wanted that forever. He wanted to make Ilya smile, he wanted to be the only one on the receiving end of it, always.

Before Shane had time to process that thought any more than he should have, Ilya leaned down and captured his lips in a soft kiss. They were both sticky and sweaty and smelled of sex, but neither of them cared. Shane kissed Ilya back, languid and smooth like he was savoring every last drop of him. He was already dreading having to part ways later tonight, to sleep in an empty hotel room bed instead of right here, in the warmth of this heavenly man.

They relaxed peacefully for a while, before Ilya shifted so he could look at Shane's face, eyes darting around to capture every inch of him in the low light.

"Maybe next time, I fuck you against the window," Ilya murmured, brushing the hair from Shane's forehead, "You like that?"

Shane blinked up at him, then glanced sideways at where they had been right up by the window earlier. "Maybe," He responded, twirling Ilya's cross between his fingers.

"I want to make you come on the glass."

Shane shuddered gently, and nuzzled back under Ilya's chin. "*Next* time," he breathed, "I don't know how much I got left in me right now."

"Ah," Ilya replied, pressing a kiss to the top of Shane's head, "I knew it. I always win."

“Fuck off,” Shane muttered back, a half-smile gracing his lips.

This, right here, in the moments before they had to lug themselves to the shower to wash off (and maybe enjoy another round), this was what Shane meant. He loved this part. He felt warm and safe, and cared for. Ilya would always take care of him after thoroughly wrecking him into the mattress.

Maybe someday, Shane would admit to himself that he wanted more than just these stolen moments in between quick fucks. But for now, he’d take what he could get.

And if what he could get for now was Ilya Rozanov? Well. Shane thought he was doing pretty damn good for himself.

End Notes

comments are loved !! <3 <3

& subscribe bc i will definitely be writing more hollanov, hopefully a longer fic? they are so in love it sickens me

anyway. here's my playlist i've been specially curating lately

[PLAYLIST ;P](#)

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!