

Black and Blue

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77158706) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77158706>.

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:	Canon Compliant , Set somewhere after Las Vegas but before the tuna melt , Sharing Clothes , sort of ? , Anal Sex , POV Alternating , Mutual Pining , Explicit Sexual Content , Some Humor , Praise Kink , liiittle bit of possessiveness i guess ??
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-05 Words: 6,245 Chapters: 1/1

Black and Blue

by [linascribbles](#)

Summary

Shirt swapping or **jersey swapping** is a tradition in sports where players of opposing teams swap jerseys with each other at the end of a match as a sign of mutual respect.

Notes

So I drew [this a couple days ago](#) and the idea just wouldn't leave me alone :)
As a sports fan myself i would rather be maimed than put on the rival's team jersey but lets just PRETeNd
No beta, fuck AI. all mistakes are my own. let me know if i missed any tags
So anyways, enjoy i have no idea what this is

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

“It would be a good idea, Shane,” Yuna says, her eyes on the menu. “And good publicity,” she adds with a small shrug, ignoring the admonishing look David gives her.

“What’s the cause?” he asks, he’s running through the menu way too fast, not getting past the second ingredient before he finds something he can’t eat. They shouldn’t have gone to a French restaurant.

“Mental health,” Yuna says, and flips yet another cream colored page.

“For teenagers,” adds David. His menu is already closed by his side. Shane would bet his monthly Metro Captain salary that he’s getting a steak. He always gets the steak.

Boring, a voice that sounds too accented pipes in his mind.

“Lots of other players are signing up,” Yuna continues. “Having you in the roster would bring in a lot of people and donations.”

The words wrap around him, and squeeze until he can no longer enjoy the reminder that yes, he’s the- well, at least one of the- greatest hockey players active at the moment. There’s power in that, and expectations.

“I even hear they’ve approached Rozanov,” says David, to Yuna’s unbelieving scoff.

So that’s how Shane finds himself sitting under white lights, on a bench, playing an extra game outside of the season. Despite the fact that he should not overextend his body any more than he already is.

His team, a hotchpot of players from different teams, some retired faces and awfully young ones, is currently losing 2-1, but there’s still half a game to go. He bounces his leg on the bench, eager to get back on the ice. He can tell from here that Hayden is playing a little behind and that’s why their passes weren’t connecting.

Their youngest player, a thin kid that is so green he might as well be a seed, gets called out and skates out the bench. He hasn’t been able to articulate a single full sentence to Shane. His starstruck eyes, piercing and too intense have had Shane shifting in place the whole day.

He got in here today, went straight into practice and there’s a gala after this, then an early flight next morning, back to Montreal, back to practice, back to more hockey.

He shuffles towards the end of the bench and tells himself he’s not keeping close attention to the corner of his eye. Another team skates out and Rozanov slides towards the end of his. Shane’s leg will not stay still. Their goalie stretches out and barely stops a pluck from going into their net. The crowd cheers, Shane breathes out.

“Good game so far,” he hears, words cutting through the chatter. Shane turns towards Rozanov, half irritated by the comment but also glad to have an excuse to look at him.

“We'll turn it around,” he promises. Despite the losing score he has to admit it has been a good game so far. Not as competitive, more fun. Except for the parts where he has Rozanov in front of him and then nothing on this green earth could turn his competitiveness off.

Instead of replying, and for some reason while keeping their eyes locked, Rozanov reaches for his jersey and wipes the sweat off his face.

“Is hot,” he explains as if Shane had asked him. “Very sweaty, playing good hockey,” he continues and Shane frowns at him. He has the niggling sense that he's missing something. If this were Hayden he would just ask, but he would rather lose this game than reveal to Rozanov he doesn't get an innuendo.

If that's even what it is.

“Hollander, you're up,” their coach calls, an old legend that has been retired for years. Shane nods, takes hold of his stick and skates out into the rink to the crowd's cheering, which only gets louder as Rozanov skates out after him.

They end up tied 3-3, which is just *fine*. It's an exhibition game so that's allowed. It's not like Shane *wants* to play overtime, or a shootout that would definitely set him toe to toe against Rozanov. It would probably hurt more if Shane hadn't gotten that last minute goal. They didn't turn it around, sure, but they didn't *lose*. And Rozanov didn't get a hattrick.

Shane's in center ice, clapping players on the back, congratulations going around. He's taken off his helmet and is relishing the cool air on the back of his sweaty neck when he hears his name.

“Hollander,” Rozanov calls, his voice unmistakable even through the noise and ragged from the extortion. Shane turns around, a different type of heat cursing through his body. He expects to find Rozanov with an extended hand, a brief contact, a ‘good game’, probably some asshole comment already halfway past his lips. Instead, he finds him taking his shirt off.

What the fuck?

Shane can only stare as pads and buckles come into view, strapped over a tight black long sleeve t-shirt. He's *not* looking at the way Rozanov's hockey pants dip at the waist and mirror the V of his hipbones that Shane might or might not have a fixation with kissing each time he gives him a blowjob.

“What are you doing?” he finally asks. They're in the middle of the arena, people are noticing. Shane can feel the weight of each of their gazes trained on them both.

Rozanov emerges from his jersey with curls askew and a lazy grin. He shakes the black fabric in his hands. It's not his Riders jersey but the organizers thought it would be *very* funny to make the teams' jerseys black and blue when they heard they'd get both captains on the ice.

“We exchange. Show of respect, yes?” Rozanov looks at him like Shane is asking what a skate is. His eyebrows climb as Shane doesn't move. He can't stop staring at his jersey,

crumbled in his hand so that -NOV and the top of the 1 are readable. “For the children?” this time his tone is a lot more condescending.

Shane snaps out of it and meets his eyes. There's something behind them, or maybe in the curl of his lips, that is daring Shane to say no. Ilya Gregovich Rozanov is publicly taking the high road and Shane Hollander sure as *hell* is not gonna let him get away with it.

He reaches back for his jersey, fingers curling over the scratchy stitching of his last name. The cheer of the crowd gets muffled as the fabric goes over his ears.

He resists the urge to fold it and has to relax his grip as Rozanov reaches out and takes the blue bundle from him at the same time his hands close on the black fabric. Rozanov's jersey is soaked through, from the ice and -a flash of his blue eyes, a smirk and sweat wiped off- his sweat. Heat floods him as he glares at Rozanov.

“I'm not putting it on,” he warns, before the Riders captain gets any ideas. Even if it's not their rival's jersey, the Metros PR team and fans would have his skin for it.

Rozanov has gotten closer than he needs to to take the blue jersey from him. Now he honest to God *smirks* and whispers, more of a lip reading than actual sound.

“Later.” He winks, and turns to the side, hand sliding across Shane's back to pose for a photo.

Flashes blind him and Shane tries to keep his face straight and not squint or wince as the light stabs his retina over and over. Through his tight compression t-shirt he can almost feel the heat of Ilya's hand soaking through, a stark contrast from the creeping cold of the ice.

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The chatter and clinking of glasses fills the room over soft nondescript music. Shane has a glass of wine in his hand he has no intent of drinking and some random director of an organization in front who he should probably be listening to. The man is overtly enthusiastic, unsuubtly pitching their mission to Shane, who isn't processing a single thing. He's tired from the game, he got stuck in traffic on the way out and had barely any time to shower and change before he had to rush downstairs for the gala. His eyes keep straying around the room, skipping over both familiar and unfamiliar faces in search of- Shane shakes his head, trying to clear it. His phone vibrates in his pocket. He's calculated that he has to stick around for about half an hour more before he can make a decent exit. At least it's all in the same hotel and he can just go up the elevators later when...

He excuses himself to the director with a mumbled excuse and sets his glass on a random table as he takes out his phone and searches a quiet corner.

Lily: Where are you?

Jane: At the gala

Lily: Still?

Jane: Yes, it's been barely twenty minutes.

Jane: Where the fuck are you?

Lily: 1527

Shane sucks in air past his teeth, willing the heat in his veins to die down. He's wearing a suit, these slacks hide *nothing*.

Lily: Relaxing after the game.

Shane chances a very quick look around before he clicks open on the photo.

The photo is... he needs to get the hell out of here.

He rushes towards the bathroom in quick, straight steps. Polite smiles left and right, no stopping for any mindless small talk.

The stall door locks behind him with a click and Shane crumbles over the closed lid of the toilet as he pulls his phone up again.

Mother *fucking* Rozanov.

Less than half his face is visible, open lips, gold chain stuck to his bottom lip, but Shane would know that mouth anywhere. Long column of his throat, giving way to the deep cleavage of Shane's own jersey.

It's big on Ilya's frame, the lack of pads have it hanging askew on his broad shoulders. It falls long enough that Ilya has had to ruck it up, pull the fabric higher so he can hold his hard dick and have it be visible to slap Shane in the face via photo.

He lets his head fall and leans his elbows on his knees, fingers sinking in his hair and tries to take a deep breath. This man is gonna kill him one of these days. This is so fucked up. It's a million miles past fucked up. It's making Shane so turned on he can't think. He needs to get out. He needs to breathe. He needs to haul his ass to an elevator and find room 1527.

His phone buzzes again.

He brings his phone down and with a swipe down and goes back to their conversation, doing his level best to ignore the dick staring at him on the screen. He will have to delete that later, erase all traces of identifiable data. But... later.

Lily: Speechless?

Shane scoffs, where the hell did this guy learn that word? His assorted vocabulary never ceases to amaze Shane.

Jane: Is this why you did it?

The dots dance on the screen and Shane wonders if he's typing one handed, his other hand busy with- *for the children my ass*.

He's never getting out of this bathroom in a presentable way.

Lily: Maybe, finally comes the reply. Closely followed by another text.

Lily: Or maybe I will sell on ebay

What a fucking asshole, Shane scoffs. Shane donated one of his old jerseys for the charity to auction. He has no idea if Rozanov has as well.

Jane: You'd get a good price, Shane replies. He takes one last breath and steps out of the stall. He glances at the mirror and decides he looks decent enough, people are going to wonder where he is, and maybe someone else needs this restroom. He reaches for the door as the bubbles dance. Another message comes by.

Lily: Yes, hundreds probably

Fuck off, Shane rolls his eyes, but this time he's fighting a smile.

Jane: My jersey could fetch thousands easy, he shoots back as the sound of the gala starts to trickle into his ears.

Lily: Hmm don't know

Lily: After I come on it maybe

Shane almost crashes into a server. The champagne flutes don't fall only thanks to the guy's impeccable balance. The toast lasts too long, but he stays long enough to nod in acknowledgement when they mention him. His hand never leaves his pocket, dreading (hoping) for the moment his phone might vibrate with a new message. He lays his full flute on a table as he makes his way to the elevator, the applause still ringing behind him. He hits the elevator button and goes in.

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This is stupid, Ilya knows it's stupid, he's gonna do it anyways.

He reaches for his jersey and yanks it off, spares a thought for the fans that might actually think he's about to give it away to one of them.

Most players have clustered in center ice, congratulating each other, taking photos and giving some interviews. Ilya only has a few precious moments before someone grabs hold of the golden boy and he loses his chance.

Hollander stares at him like he spoke Russian to him instead of his accented English. He shakes the jersey, *for the children, yes?* and watches the confusion turn into irritation. Ilya grins, god he's so attractive when he's pissed off. It's terrible for their blood pressure. Hollander finally grabs the jersey with the same amount of enthusiasm he would grab a live bomb; Ilya clutches the blue shirt with tight fingers. The Metros are not gonna like that, Ilya grins even wider. Let all of them think it was Ilya being an asshole, wanting to get under Hollander's skin.

They make them pose for a photo with the jerseys, a historical moment if Ilya can say so himself. In moments like this, he's reminded of how monumental their rivalry is. Their animosity is the stuff of legends. If only they knew there are moments, when Ilya has Hollander in his arms, his tongue in his mouth or his legs around his waist that the Russian forgets all about hockey and accolades and just wants to do anything to make the man across from him say his name.

They would never be able to do this with their actual team jerseys. While Ilya likes the Riders, and they like him as long as he's winning, he cares more about Hockey and winning than whose jersey he wears when he does (though he has to admit that wearing the Russian one does put an extra, if uncomfortable, puff of pride on his chest). It's Hollander who actually wears the colors of the Metros on his skin and would probably rather die before putting on a Riders jersey. Will the Metros tell him off for accepting Ilya's jersey once he's back in Montreal? The Riders might, but it pales compared to the giddyness he feels having Hollander's jersey in his hands.

After the avalanche of photos are done, he chances a look towards Hollander, only to find him already glancing his way. With a wink, Ilya swings the jersey around the back of his neck, as if it were a towel. Even on the ice, after a game and surrounded by other players, he can immediately tell it smells like Hollander. Fresh and citrusy under the sweat. Ilya licks his lips and wills his dick to stay calm. The charity is hosting a gala after the game, which means they got hotel rooms for them and will fly back home tomorrow morning. Ilya plans to make the most of his night. If he has it his way, his sheets will smell of fresh citrus and sweat in the morning.

He makes it back to the hotel quickly and does a single tour around the gala before he leaves, let them all think he's an asshole. The surprised way they all reacted to him saying yes to this didn't exactly inspire loyalty in him. And the last thing he wants is people asking him *why* he agreed to clear time off his busy schedule for this.

He gets rid of his suit in record time and reaches for his sweatpants. His phone is in his hand as he grabs the jersey, which was carefully draped over the back of a chair. Ilya stares at it for a long moment, stunned that he actually has it. It's not a Metros jersey but it's close enough: blue, red and white, that last name embroidered in the back.

He slides it on, breathes in deep the scent and reaches down to his already twitching cock.

When Hollander finally opens the door, he's wearing a full tailored suit, hair a little tousled and cheeks flushed. He looks gorgeous and Ilya wants to climb him like a fucking tree. But he's also, very clearly, empty handed. Ilya gets a sudden, violent urge of frustration. He barely manages to keep his cool and raise a single eyebrow. It looks like Hollander came straight from the gala, which is in itself quite a compliment.

"Where's mine?" he asks, forgoing any greeting.

"Yours what," Hollander asks dumbly. His eyes are locked in Ilya's chest, which is not doing his concentration any favors. That familiar mix of irritation and lust in his dark eyes tastes better than the champagne Ilya didn't have downstairs.

“My jersey, Hollander,” he snaps his fingers, trying to get his attention. “The one I gave you today?”

Hollander frowns, dark eyebrows drawing together. “You want it back?”

“What, no.” Jesus, this is really doing it for Hollander if he’s acting this thick. To help him out, Ilya takes a step forward and crowds him against the wall so he can get his message across loud and clear. “I don’t want stupid jersey back, Hollander, I want to fuck *you* while you wear it.”

Shane’s mouth falls open and Ilya cannot believe this is news for this man. He’s been hard about the possibility of fucking Shane with the ROZANOV across his back for hours.

“Go get it.”

“Are you serious?”

“Serious?” Ilya rolls his eyes. He’s never been more serious about anything in his life.

“What’s your room number? I’ll get it.”

“What are you insane? What if someone sees?”

It really is such an unfortunate situation for Hollander that he looks so good while pissed off. It makes antagonizing him on the ice and in the bedroom so irresistible.

“They will think I- went back in opinion or whatever.” He waves his hand, the English word not coming to his mind.

“Regretted it,” Shane supplies automatically before he blinks. “With a room key?”

Oh mother of god, Ilya is going to die of frustration right here, with Hollander standing before him and his dick unsatisfied.

“Got it from the front desk,” Ilya shrugs, patience running thin. He’s one more objection from just reaching for the other man’s pocket and taking matters into his hands.

“Rozanov.”

“Hollander.”

They stare at one another, Shane’s dark eyes are narrowed in that way he does when he’s having a hard time figuring out if Ilya is serious or is fucking with him. Time to take drastic measures. There’s only one way to make sure that Hollander will not back down.

Ilya reaches out and grabs him by the jaw, tightens his grip when Hollander tries to get off. He closes the distance between them until they’re nose to nose and all he can see are those damn freckles.

“Do you want to get fucked tonight? You go get the jersey,” Ilya explains, with a bravado as fake as the plant next to the door. He would fuck Hollander tonight even if he showed up

wearing a clown costume, but he doesn't know that. He won't lie, so he lets the silence speak for itself.

"Fine, yes, but I will fetch it," finally comes the answer. Ilya wants to cry from relief. Instead, he leans past him and lets his body fall into the other man's orbit, showing him just how much he wants him.

"Good, then go get the jersey and-" The hand on Shane's jaw travels down, fingers tracing the line of his neck, shoulder all the way to his wrist so he can nudge Hollander's hand towards the bulging front of his sweatpants. "If you make it back before *I come*, I might keep yours on too."

Truly so unfortunate for them both.

One of these days Ilya was going to manage it. He was going to make Hollander snap and finally let go of that tightly held iron fist he held himself with. The idea of the overly disciplined man snapping, crowding Ilya against a fucking wall and taking whatever he wanted from him never failed to bring goosebumps to his skin. He would give it all so willingly, all Hollander had to do was ask.

With one last hot look that is equal parts pissed off and turned on, Hollander finally turns around and reaches for the door.

"I'll leave it unlocked," Ilya promises, words cut by the uncharacteristically loud way Shane closes the door behind him.

Ilya grins and turns around, making his way towards the bed. He contemplates getting something to drink but this isn't Vegas, there's no cool, quality vodka in this room, just a crappy minibar with some cokes and no ginger ale. He knows, he's checked.

He lays back in the bed and gets comfortable, reaches for his dick and loosely wraps his fingers around it through the fabric. He's been varied levels of hard ever since he got that brilliant idea of exchanging jerseys with Hollander during the second period.

He wishes he had a drink, or a cigarette, but that would only make Hollander bitch about it and he's already had his fill of that for the day. The part of him that's been counting down the days to this night regrets sending Hollander away for even a second. The other part, the selfish, desperate part that can never get his fill of Hollander is congratulating itself for seizing this unique opportunity.

He gives himself an exploratory pump, in no hurry to get going. He reaches for his nipple over the fabric and pinches it, enjoying the extra drag. Who would have guessed that he'd enjoy wearing blue so much. God he can't wait to see Hollander in black. Something about the wrongness of the image fills him with a twisted sense of joy, so similar to the one that made him grab himself in those showers and invite him to do the same with a nod of the head. The long lines of his naked body, all slick and wet, soap suds cruising down his muscles. Years down the line, Ilya's mouth falls open, a soft groan growing in his throat.

The whole campaign around that commercial had been centered on their rivalry. Even before they were professionals, people were so eager to pit them against each other. His mind wanders and he finds himself thinking about how things could be different, how they might look in matching colors. Fuck wouldn't that be hot. Who would be captain? Getting bossed around, or bossing Hollander around. Ilya bites his lip, both prospects are enticing. He traces his dick to the root and then slides his hand under his sweatpants, another soft sound slipping past his lips. They would be incredible playing together, he's wondered many times how that would be like. Train together too and- he yanks his mind out of that train of thought. *Maybe at an all-star game, or another charity event*, he corrects himself. Those are the only real possibilities. No team could afford both of them at once.

He needs to be careful, he's much too wired already and though the prospect of having Shane fail is enticing for how frustrated he would get, it pales enormously to the prospect of fucking him with that jersey on.

He lets his other hand wander across his chest, up to the white C over his pectoral, almost over his heart. The material glides against his skin, though the lettering on the back is a little itchy.

His lips tick up when he hears the door open and close quietly. He keeps his eyes closed, only squints one open when Hollander whispers, restrained but charged with feeling.

"Holy shit, Rozanov."

His grin slants slowly, whole body flushing and preening under that dark gaze. What is it about Hollander's attention that feels *so* good? Each time is like the whole world narrows to it, Ilya can forget all about his problems and the dark voices in his head and exist solely in this room. He wants to chase the feeling, do every reckless thing he can think of just so Hollander will keep looking at him.

He's staring at him with lust written in every line of his body. He's left his tie and jacket in his bedroom -perfectly folded on the bed, Ilya is sure- and is strangling the jersey before himself.

Ilya lets go of himself to push his sweatpants and underwear off.

"Catch up, Hollander," he goads him, the words having an instant effect as he obeys the taut.

Ilya was right, Hollander looks fucking incredible in black. It matches his eyes to perfection, but brings the softer brown highlights out of his hair. And most of all, it makes the flush on his skin fucking *glow*.

Ilya lays back down and gestures to Hollander to straddle his hips, he gets the lube from the bed and coats his fingers, only to reach for Hollander and find him already relaxed and loose.

"I showered at the hotel before the gala," he says by way of explanation, a smug grin on his lips, and Ilya lets out a whole string of Russian cursing and praise. He reaches up and kisses Hollander like a drowning man before the thought of teasing him for his eagerness even crosses his mind.

So they had started with Hollander sinking into him, Ilya gripping his hips with bruising strength, feet planted on the mattress to counter his rhythm. The fabric rippled with each of their movements, caressing the back of Ilya's hands and his stomach where his had ridden up. The mattress is too soft though, and the leverage wasn't enough for what they craved so here they are, Hollander with his face on a pillow as he arches his back and the slick black material rides down, baring those gorgeous dimples at the end of his back that Ilya thinks fit his thumbs to perfection.

He's having a really hard time keeping any semblance of control over himself.

No matter how this thing with Hollander ends, Ilya will always wonder how the actual fuck he managed to get golden boy Shane Hollander moaning and gasping on his bed. It's one of those things that retrospective only makes harder to understand, the fruit of pure, unadulterated teenage recklessness. The day he thought of pitching that joint commercial might be one of the most enlightened of his life. Each time they do this Ilya is sure *this* will be the time the Canadian player comes to his senses and cuts things off. Each time it doesn't happen he's left reeling, unbelieving, and with the certainty that he somehow got away with something he shouldn't have.

He opens his mouth to praise Hollander for how good he's taking it but has to switch at the last second to Russian, before he fucks up and reveals more than he actually means.

"Holy fuck Hollander, you look so good with my last name on your back. Makes me want to believe it could be possible. That I could call you mine and not be a joke, that you- *fuck*- that you could call me yours," he drives his point home with thrust and almost comes from how Shane moans.

"Not fair," Hollander complains, raising his head from the pillow to speak. His hands are gripping the bedding like he's about to tear it. Ilya wishes he would. "Don't understand, oh *fuck*."

And hopefully you never will, Ilya thinks, and banishes the sour taste the thought brings by leaning forward and sliding his hand past his last name to grasp the back of Hollander's neck.

"You do French then," he says in English, switching the angle so he can fuck harder into him. The slick sounds of their skin meeting mix with their pants and groans. The room is hot, the warm light from the side table reflects on Hollander's skin, drenched in sweat.

"Can't fucking- god yes, *there*- think in French right now."

Ilya's smile, and his pace, turn vicious.

"You close?" he asks unnecessarily, just to hear Hollander say yes, ask for more, *beg* for more.

"Yes, please I'm so close."

An idea lights on Ilya's mind.

“Turn around,” he says suddenly, and going against what every single nerve on his dick is saying, pulls out.

“What?”

“Turn around, easier,” he lies, an easier reason to swallow than the truth: *I wanna see you, I want to see your face as you come so I can replay it non stop until the next time we see each other.*

Hollander doesn't question him or protests, which really tells Ilya how out of it he is. He turns around with clumsy legs and reaching hands, pulling Ilya to him the second he can bracket his hips. He goes easily, a now familiar mix of giddiness and horror making his heart stumble as Shane pulls him close and kisses him. He kisses him that way he does, like he wants to eat Ilya alive, like he is as desperate for the contact as Ilya is.

Ilya rests his forehead against his as he enters him again, their matching groans filling the hotel room. For the first time that night he wishes they were completely naked, he craves the skin to skin contact, to be able to feel his chest against his without any layers but then as he starts moving Shane reaches for himself and Ilya decides this is all worth it.

“Fuck, *fuck*, ” Hollander curses, and Ilya wouldn't be able to stop his grin even if he wanted to.

“That's it, Hollander,” he goads him, one hand under the other man's knee to keep the angle.

From this close, he can feel his long groan reverb in his ribcage against his. He can stare as his freckles fold and shift when his face screws up in pleasure. He kisses his taut neck and watches with fascination and more turned on than he has ever been as Hollander comes, shooting right over Ilya's sweat-soaked black jersey.

“*Fuuuuuck*, Hollander,” he moans, his own orgasm emptying his brain of all coherent thought and coordination.

Hollander gasps and twitches with overstimulation, overworked and coming down but his hands grip Ilya like he doesn't want him to go anywhere. Ilya doesn't want to go anywhere. They rest against each other, gulping down air. He's fallen half on top of him, bodies so tangled he's not sure whose limbs are whose.

Ilya stares at Hollander's profile, at his hair plastered to his forehead and his skin flushed all over. When he lets his head fall to the side, so close their noses are almost touching, Ilya expects a kiss, until Hollander takes a deep breath and says, with perfect -if gasping- pronunciation:

“Va te faire foutre.” There's a grin in his lips.

Annoyingly, it takes Ilya a second to find his way back to English.

“Oh so *now* your French works,” Ilza replies, digging his fingers on the side of Shane's waist as he gasps a breathy laugh. Ilya leans in and kisses his neck, tasting the salty skin. Ilya is

pretty sure he knows what that one means, he's heard it a few times coming from blue jersey clad fans. "Maybe one day," he whispers in Russian, because despite all he has some semblance of a self preservation instinct. Hollander might have already ruined him so, what's one more step. He switches back to English before Hollander can get pissy about it, "maybe I didn't go hard enough if you can talk so fast."

"Believe me, you did," gasps Hollander and the compliment soaks into Ilya like he's sinking into a warm bath. He shifts in place so Ilya makes room to let him stretch. His face shifts into a wince before he glances down at himself and tugs at the splattered black jersey. "Ugh, disgusting," he wrinkles his freckled nose.

Meanwhile, Ilya's brain is slowly leaking out of his ears as he takes in the sight down Hollander's body. His tan skin is flushed, disappearing under the black fabric, which is soaked in sweat and sticking like a second skin to Hollander's torso. It might not be his Riders jersey, but it's black and has his name on the back and most importantly, is now covered in Shane Hollander's cum. Ilya might never regain his mental capabilities.

Jesus fucking christ.

His mouth won't close and his spent dick gives a hopeful twitch.

Hollander looks up, like he's expecting Ilya to say anything and he has to quickly gather his wits.

"Disgusting but... hot, yes?" he asks, a niggling worry furrowing on his mind.

Hollander takes a moment to reply and Ilya swallows past his dry throat. It was a gamble, a risky one, and he's worried that in the aftermath Hollander will regret it.

"Yeah," he finally replies, but his eyes have drifted down Ilya's body and he belatedly remembers he's not the only one wearing colors. Shane's eyes meet his for a brief second.

"The blue matches your eyes," he whispers, in a tone that is dangerously devoid of any antagonism. Ilya's overworked heart does a flip in his chest. He wants to kiss him so much, put his lips on his and never fucking stop.

"I'll go clean up," he blurts, meaning it to be a way out but he's weak, so before he leaves the warm bed, he drops a kiss on Hollander's forehead. On his way to the bathroom, he glances back to find those dark eyes trained on his own back, brimming with desire. Despite it all, a thrill rushes up his spine.

"Like what you see?" he means to keep a teasing tone, but Hollander replies too earnestly.

"Yes."

It takes all of Ilya's willpower to take the last two steps towards the bathroom.

When he makes it out of the bathroom he finds Hollander has gotten dressed again, which makes him frown. He's standing in the middle of the bedroom, looking somewhat lost, the jersey hanging from his hand.

“Do you have a-” he starts, and seems to run out of words.

“A what?”

“Just a- you know what, nevermind,” Hollander waves a hand and dismisses his own request.

Ilya isn't sure what he is asking for but he watches with no small amount of amusement as Hollander stretches the jersey with care and proceeds to fold it cum side in.

Ah a bag probably. Well, Ilya doesn't actually have one.

It's much later than either of them should be staying up when they have planes to catch in a few hours and practice the next day, but regret is the last thing on Ilya's mind.

“I should go,” Hollander says and replies to himself with a nod but doesn't actually move. He barely glances his way, falling into that skittish way he sometimes gets when he's uncomfortable.

Ilya walks to the bed and sits down on it. He's taken off the jersey and washed off the sweat, only a towel around his waist.

“Hey, Hollander,” he says, the words forming in his mouth past the lump in his throat. He waits until their eyes meet, just for a brief second as usual and leans back on his hands, flushed torso in full display, preening at how Hollander's eyes inevitably stray towards it. “Remember when I fucked the French out of you?” He grins over Hollander's scoff, which is already undermined by the way he can't quite stop smiling. The callback to their first time together makes his chest warm. “Such a neat trick.”

“I- I- hm deleted your photo,” Hollander says out of the blue, not meeting his eyes and it takes a moment for Ilya to understand what he means. Right, the photo he stupidly took where it was obvious it was him from a five mile radius. So horny he could barely think. He doesn't make good decisions when horny, case in point being the two meters tall archrival standing before him with an unsure expression.

A mixture of feelings flood him. Relief, that Hollander thought of that. Thankfulness because as reckless as Ilya can be, he doesn't have a death wish. Disappointment that it couldn't last a bit longer; and anger or frustration, as it's happening with alarming frequency each time he stumbles into the limits of their so called arrangement.

“Thanks,” he replies quietly, not finding any witty comments at the tip of his tongue.

They stare at one another, he can't tell what Hollander's face is saying, but he hopes his own isn't betraying him.

“Goodbye, Rozanov,” Hollander finally breaks the silence and heads for the door.

“Bye, Hollander,” Ilya tells the closed door.

End Notes

You can find me on [tumblr](#) losing my mind about these two

And also while writing this and doing uhm, research, i found [there's actually a short story that has Ilya wearing Shane's jersey](#) and its very cute and not at all this vibe but if you clicked on this fic you might enjoy it too idk

Comments make me v happy :))))

Happy new year!

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