

Every moment I'm callin', you should know that I'm all in

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76151066) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76151066>.

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:	Shane has an extensive skin care routine ala Hudson Williams , Established Relationship , Established Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Boyfriends , set during the long game , Long-Distance Relationship , facetime calls , Mutual Masturbation , FaceTime Sex , Dirty Talk , Dirty Thoughts , Flirting , Teasing , Idiots in Love , Boys In Love , Fluff and Smut , Betaed , POV Ilya Rozanov
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Pleasing: The Series
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-22 Words: 1,411 Chapters: 1/1

Every moment I'm callin', you should know that I'm all in

by [mickeysmyheart](#)

Summary

Shane rolls his eyes. Ilya chuckles. He's finished his pizza so he leans back in his chair, watching his boyfriend do his skin care. "You are lucky you are very cute," Ilya tells him.

Ilya loves the way Shane gets all shy and smiley when he compliments him. "You don't have to watch me do my skin care," Shane tells him as he uses some kind of rolling thing on his face.

"No, but I want to see you and you are doing skin care so I watch you do it," Ilya says. "But you have too many steps," he adds after seeing the cute blush on Shane's face.

OR

Ilya FaceTimes Shane one night and catches him in the middle of his skin care routine where he decides to tease Ilya during it.

Notes

hiii!

this is the first fic in a three part series i've written all because of hudson williams skin care routine video that gave me some lovely ideas for some hollanov fics.

the fics don't necessarily need to be read in order to follow along but i'd love if you read all three as i've intended they be read. part 2 will drop tuesday and part 3 will drop wednesday.

luv yall, hope you enjoy this! ♡

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

Ilya arrived in New York, a city he's always loved visiting. The Ottawa Centaurs are playing against the New York Admirals tomorrow night but the team got there this evening since they have a practice in the morning. It's late and while Ilya *could* go out with his teammates, all he feels like doing is going down the block to grab a couple slices of pizza, coming back to his room, and calling Shane on FaceTime.

Shane's home in Montreal, he has an afternoon game tomorrow against Ilya's former team, the Boston Raiders, so he knows that when he calls Shane he'll be getting ready for bed and Ilya can catch him before he needs to go to sleep.

These FaceTime calls started randomly one night. Ilya was home and knew Shane was home, but it didn't make sense for either of them to make the drive because Shane had to fly out early to— well, Ilya can't actually remember— but Shane had an early flight. Ilya missed him a lot, especially his freckles and sexy little glasses he knew he'd be wearing and he just needed to see Shane's face even if it was through a screen. It started innocently enough until they both got horny and jerked off together. FaceTime sex isn't a new thing for them but it became a more constant thing since they've been officially boyfriends. They still need to be quite secretive about them because no one but Shane's parents, Rose, Svetlana, Hayden and Jackie know. Ever since that first nighttime call, they FaceTime every night that they can.

Ilya gets his slices of pizza and finishes one before he even gets back up to his room. He puts the other on the table, cracks open his can of coke, and sits down at the table. He takes his phone out of his pocket and puts it against a glass to keep it propped up as he sends the FaceTime call invite to Shane.

Ilya's halfway through his second slice when Shane finally hits accept.

Ilya's screen is filled by Shane's face, his hair pushed back by a red headband, as he applies something all over his face.

"Sorry, baby, I'm doing my skin care," Shane tells him, smiling softly. "Hi."

"Hi," Ilya smiles back, a bit of food in his mouth.

“Are you eating pizza?” Shane asks.

“Of course. I am in New York, Hollander,” Ilya tells him like it’s the most obvious thing in the world.

Shane rolls his eyes. “You have practice and a game tomorrow,” he reminds him.

“Yes, that is why I eat pizza today and not tomorrow,” Ilya says through a mouthful of pizza.

He takes a sip of his drink and nods at the camera. “What step are you on? 100?” he teases.

“I don’t have that many steps,” Shane says, as he now puts something else on his face.

“Liar.”

Shane rolls his eyes. Ilya chuckles. He’s finished his pizza so he leans back in his chair, watching his boyfriend do his skin care. “You are lucky you are very cute,” Ilya tells him.

Ilya loves the way Shane gets all shy and smiley when he compliments him. “You don’t *have* to watch me do my skin care,” Shane tells him as he uses some kind of rolling thing on his face.

“No, but I want to see you and you are doing skin care so I watch you do it,” Ilya says. “But you have too many steps,” he adds after seeing the cute blush on Shane’s face.

Shane rolls his eyes. “I’m almost done,” he tells him. He takes some other thing out and starts washing his face with it and then rinses it off. He looks up from rinsing his face, looking right at Ilya into the camera and *fuck*— it looks like Shane’s got fucking cum on his face with the way the product is mixing with the water as it drips off his face.

“Shane... *fuck*,” Ilya says, sitting up and grabbing his phone, bringing it closer.

Shane smirks. “See something interesting now, Ilya?” he teases.

Ilya practically growls. “Hurry up and get in your bed,” he tells him as he gets up himself and walks over to his hotel bed. He props the phone up on the bedside table as he takes his shirt off, tossing it to the end of the bed. He takes the phone in hand again, watching Shane properly rinse his face and then dry it before taking the headband out and shaking his hair. The strands fall perfectly into his face and Ilya’s struck by just how fucking beautiful his boyfriend is.

“You are too slow and I am hard,” Ilya tells him.

Shane chuckles as he picks up the phone and closes the light in his washroom as he walks back into his bedroom. He puts the phone on the bedside table, camera on him as he takes off *all* of his clothes, folding them, taking his time to get into bed, and picking the phone back up.

Ilya kicks his pants off and wraps his hand around his aching cock, moaning softly. “Put your glasses on,” he tells him.

Shane shakes his head but does as he’s told, putting his glasses on.

“Fuck, Shane, let me see you,” he tells him. Shane holds his arm out so that Ilya could still see his face and also his body as Shane strokes himself with his right hand.

“Mmm,” Shane moans. “Show me you too.”

Ilya does the same so that Shane could see him as he strokes himself.

“I miss you,” Ilya tells him. “Miss kissing you.”

“Yeah?” Shane asks softly. “Miss you so much, Ilya.”

“Tell me what you miss, sweetheart,” Ilya says. He loves hearing Shane tell him what he likes, what he wants, what he needs.

Shane blushes softly. “I miss your arms around me,” he says sweetly.

“Yes, what else? You miss my cock, baby?”

“Yes,” Shane says on a moan as he strokes himself faster. “I miss your cock inside me, *fuck*— I miss your mouth too.”

“*Fuck*,” Ilya moans, precum leaking from him now, he’s already so close. “I miss your mouth — perfect little mouth. Wanna fuck your mouth.”

“Yes, *Ilya*— want you to fuck my mouth, want you to fuck me, *fuck*, I’m so close,” Shane moans out sounding wrecked.

“Let me see it, come for me, Shane,” Ilya tells him, moaning as he watches Shane come hard all over his hand and stomach. Ilya strokes himself through his own orgasm as he watches his boyfriend.

They’re breathing heavily as they come down from their orgasms, both of them start chuckling softly. They put their phones down for a moment to clean themselves up before picking them back up and holding them closer to their faces.

“You got hard seeing me do skin care,” Shane teases him.

“No, no, I got hard because it looked like you had cum on your face,” Ilya clarifies, smirking at him. “I will have to do that to you one day.”

Shane blushes, “What? Cum on my face?”

Ilya grins, “Yes.” Shane blushes even more, he can tell he’s thinking about it. “Would you like that, sweetheart?” he adds, thinking about how he’d look. *Fuck*. “You’d look so good with my cum all over that pretty little face of yours.”

“Ilya...” Shane says softly.

“Are you hard again?” Ilya teases.

“Nearly,” Shane tells him, chuckling.

“You did not answer my first question, answer, then I will let you sleep,” Ilya tells him.

“Yes,” Shane says. “I would like that.”

“Like what?” Ilya pushes.

“Yes, I want you to cum on my face, Ilya,” Shane tells him.

Ilya’s dick twitches. “That was fucking hot,” he says.

“I love you but I need to sleep now before you get me riled up again,” Shane tells him.

Ilya smiles. "I like when you are riled up," he tells him.

"I know."

"I love you," Ilya says softly.

"I love you too," Shane says.

"Have a good game tomorrow, I will try to watch—"

"Don't worry about it, you have a game to win too," Shane smiles. "Call me after your game tomorrow night."

"I will. Goodnight, Shane," he says smiling.

"Goodnight, Ilya," Shane smiles back before the call ends.

Ilya smiles to himself for a moment. God, he loves that man so much. He can't wait to get his hands on him. Eight more days.

End Notes

if you liked it, pls hit the kudos + leave me a comment ♡

come find me -

twitter + tumblr: @mickeysmyheart

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