ride it out, hollander

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/66352612.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov, Troy Barrett/Harris Drover
Characters:	Shane Hollander, Ilya Rozanov, Troy Barrett, Harris Drover, Wyatt Hayes, Zane Boodram, Evan Dykstra, Luca Haas, Hayden Pike
Additional Tags:	Ottawa Centaurs (Game Changers), Established Relationship, Fluff, Post-Canon, Drabble, Shane is not as boring as everyone thinks, Horny Ilya
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-06-10 Completed: 2025-07-23 Words: 2,478 Chapters: 2/2

ride it out, hollander

by rumraisinnnn

Summary

The Ottawa Centaurs go to a bar after a game. There happens to a be a mechanical bull, and everyone puts money on who can last the longest on it. Everyone underestimates just how experienced Shane is at riding.

Notes

Saw a TikTok of a bottom absolutely killing it on a mechanical bull, and my thoughts immediately went to Shane and here we are.

Chapter 1

Shane didn't even plan on leaving the hotel room.

Hell, he didn't even plan on leaving his *bed.* But when Wyatt banged on their door and roped Ilya into heading to a bar downtown with the rest of the team, Shane couldn't deny his husband's stupid excited smile or his dumb twinkling eyes or the idiotic way the corners of his eyes crinkled when he smiled with anticipation.

So that's how he ended up here. In some midwestern themed barn with peanut shells on the floor and loud music that was barely comprehensible to his Canadian mind. Despite his discomfort, he looked down at his husband's hand that was intertwined with his own, and then looked up to see Ilya practically bouncing on the balls of his feet and decided that going a little bit out of his comfort zone was perfectly fine if it meant seeing his husband this happy.

"You look like you're about to bounce off the walls," Shane teased, love seeping through his tone.

"What? Is awesome! When I first came to America, this is was what I was expected. Was very disappointed," Ilya defended.

"You thought all of America was the wild, wild west?" Shane responded, adding a slight country accent to the end of his sentence.

"Yes." Ilya said firmly. That got a chuckle out of Shane, and he planted a quick kiss on his husband's mouth. Well, it was supposed to be quick. It was until, Ilya used the hand that wasn't grasping Shane's to pull him closer by his waist and deepened the kiss.

"Roz, Hollander!" Wyatt yelled from across the establishment. "Smooch later, we have business to tend to!"

Ilya pulled away from the kiss, and began tugging his husband over to the rest of their teammates that Wyatt had managed to convince into coming here. “Yeah, Hollander. You can climb me like a tree, later.” Shane blushed at the comment, muttering under his breath. They arrived over to where their group was standing a few feet from the line to go on a mechanical bull.

”Okay, we are all going on it. I mean it, even you Hollzy,” Bood said pointedly.

“Why can’t I just watch? You know supportive husband things or whatever,” Shane countered.

“Is okay if you don’t want to Shane. You probably could not last longer than me anyways.”

Dammit.

He knew exactly what Ilya was doing. And it was working.

And by the smirk on his face, Ilya also knew it was working.

“That’s not—fuck, fine. I hate you.” The rest of them cheered in response.

“I love you too, moya lyubov,” Ilya said planting a kiss on Shane’s cheek. Shane was still scowling as Haas added the cherry on the cake.

”We’re also putting money on this. $100 each. Who do we think is lasting the longest?” He explained.

“Who did you guys put?” Shane asked.

”Ilya.”

“Bood.”

“Hayes.”

”Ilya.”

”Ilya.”

”Ilya.”

“Why did no one say me!” Shane exclaimed. Sure he wasn’t as strong as Ilya, but he had better balance and agility than anyone on the team. Frankly, he was offended that everyone’s money wasn’t on him.

“No offense, Shane. Ilya’s got some power in those thighs, so my money is on him,” Troy explained.

“Even though it should be on his husband, but whatever,” Harris added.

”You didn’t say me either!”

“Semantics.”

”I don’t think that’s how you use that phrase.”

Ilya had this smug expression throughout the whole exchange. “I cannot put my money on myself, no? Shane, I will bet on you. Even though I am probably throwing my money away.” He kissed Shane’s nose as he handed Dykstra a $100 bill from his wallet. Shane rolled his eyes, adding his own $100 on top, quietly adding, “Put me down for Ilya.” Ilya barked out a laugh, his smirk widening.

One by one, the team sat themselves on the bull, but not a single on until Bood made it over 4 seconds. To be fair, the record for the bar was only 16 seconds, held by an avid goer. When it was finally Ilya’s turn, half the group was whooping in excitement.

“Come on, Roz! Don’t make us regret betting on you!”

Ilya flashed his crooked smile at Shane, and climbed onto the bull. He was clad in a cowboy hat he’d insisted on purchasing before they left the hotel. With the lights shining on him, the music in the bar, that gleam in his eyes, he looked like something out of a movie. And Shane was in *awe*. He always loved looking at his husband, but something about him when he was this happy or excited was something else. It pulled at Shane’s heartstrings and made him wish this was how happy he could always be.

The bull started rocking, and to Ilya’s credit, he was gripping the sides of it with a strength that could only be marveled at. He gripped the handle at the front, his other arm in the air, and he looked *hot.* Shane couldn’t pull his eyes away, and there was definitely something tightening in his pants.

Until Ilya was knocked off the horse, lasting a whole 6 seconds. He had beaten everyone else, meaning if Shane wanted to make everyone around him eat their words he would have to last at least 7.

Okay. Seven seconds. No biggie.

”You liked that, sweetheart?” Ilya teased.

“Shut up.”

”Relax, all you have to do it last two seconds and you will have beat Harris.” That got him a smack on the head from the aforementioned man. Shane rolled his eyes and started to make his way up to the bull, not before his husband pulled him back, however. Ilya snatched the hat off his own head and planted it on Shane’s, offering him a quick wink before pushing him towards the bull.

”Ride it out, Hollander.”

Now that definitely had some things fluttering inside Shane, but he adjusted the hat on his head before climbing atop the bull.

Damn, this is higher up than I thought it would be.

He planted his feet on what he assumed were stirrups of sorts and gripped the handle with all his strength. Slowly, the bull started to rock. Shane began to move his body with the rhythm of the bull, waiting for more buildup. It began moving faster but not like what he was expecting. He thought it would started spinning like a madman and knock him off but it was surprisingly tame. He furrowed his brows in confusion, continuing to move with the bull, and eventually hitting the seven second mark but not stopping there.

Huh. I’ve ridden Ilya harder than this.

The rest of the team cheered as he hit seven seconds, showing no signs of stopping. Ilya, however, watched in complete admiration and horniness, as his husband rode that bull like it was his job. Like that bull was Ilya.

“Wow. Clearly underestimated Hollander. Is it too late to bet on him?” Wyatt asked.

“Way too late. But, *damn,* where did he learn to do that??” Bood replied.

”I have a couple thoughts on where,” Troy said, raising his hand, which resulted in a chorus of giggles.

“Rozanov, I’m not interested in your hubby. But, may I just say, you are one lucky man,” Dykstra added, clapping Ilya on the shoulder as he continued to watch his husband with an intensity that rivaled the heat of a thousand suns.

“I am well aware, trust me,” he muttered. His pupils were wide, as he stared at his husband and how he handled that bull. The absolute sensuality with which he was riding it, and knowing Shane, he probably had no idea just how hot he looked. The things he was going to do to him when he got off that bull. His mind was filled with thoughts of his husband, doing a million different things in only that damn cowboy hat.

At 32 seconds, Shane was finally knocked off the bull, a fresh sheen of sweat covering his body. He smiled wide looking at the timer to see that not only had he absolutely obliterated the competition, he was now holding the new record for the bar. The Centaurs cheered and knocked around the forward as he got down and smirked at his husband.

“You were saying, Rozanov?”

Whatever Ilya had been saying before, he was definitely not saying now. Instead, he grabbed his husband’s hand and hauled him out of there like a man on a mission.

”What, you’re that embarrassed about losing to me? Thought you’d be used to it by now?”

”Embarrassed?” Ilya said, stopping as they stepped outside. He pressed Shane against the wall outside the bar, burying his face in Shane’s neck. “Fuck, moya lyubov, you have no idea how you look out there. Fucking pornstar level performance. The things I’m going to do to you.”

”Pornstar? What are you on about?” Maybe Shane had a little bit of an idea of how he looked out there, but he wasn’t going to pass up the chance to hear Ilya’s thoughts on it.

”Shane, you looked like you were riding me those entire 32 seconds.” Shane’s eyes widened before a smirk took over his face. It wasn’t often that he got the upper hand like this, his

husband on the verge of losing all control.

“Please. I have definitely ridden you harder than that.”

Ilya was a goner.

***

”I’m not gonna lie. Up until that bull ride, I had no idea how someone as polite and sweet as Shane Hollander handled Ilya,” Harris declared.

”I agree. But from the looks of it, Shane is more than capable of handling,” Troy added.

“At this point, I think it might be Ilya who has to handle Shane,” Bood said.

“In fact, he’s probably handling him right now,” Harris joked, causing the group let out a stream of laughter.

“Fully underestimated him and totally regret it,” Wyatt said. The rest of them hummed in agreement.

“It’s always the quiet ones,” Dykstra concluded.

Shane Hollander, you undercover freak.

sexiest centaur?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It had been a good night for Shane.

He had gotten to participate in one of his favorite activities of proving his husband wrong, as well as his other teammates. He was now holding the record time on a mechanical bull in some random bar he would probably never visit again; but he loved breaking records all the same, no matter how minute. And best of all, he spent of good chunk of the night getting ravished by said husband, who was very riled up after watching Shane ride that damn bull like a pro.

So, all in all, a *good* night.

But of course, all good things come to an end, and a whole new slew of things that will embarrass Shane come to light. After all, the only thing that comes easier to Shane than hockey, is a blushing over everything.

It started with his phone ringing loudly at ten in the morning, which was far too early for anyone who was busy with extracurricular activities most of the night. Shane groaned and buried his face deeper into Ilya's neck, hoping that if they cuddled hard enough, it would stop his phone from ringing. Or at least stop him from hearing it.

He succeeded for all of three seconds when his phone went to voicemail, but whoever was calling was also adamant about Shane picking up the phone. So the ringing started right back up.

"Shane. Pick it up before I throw it out the window," Ilya grumbled sleepily.

Shane groaned once more and reached over to snatch the phone up. Without so much as looking at who it was calling, he accepted the call and immediately answered with a disgruntled, "What?"

”Well good morning to you, sunshine,” Hayden quipped. “I’m going to assume you just woke up, so I’ll let your grumpy slide. But I’m also assuming this means you haven’t gone online yet?”

That got Shane’s attention. The internet had become a very hit or miss place for Shane since coming out. He had received some of the sweetest acts of support through social media, as well as some of the most hurtful comments and posts. Now, whenever anyone mentioned him and something of social media, he assumed the worst.

“No…please tell me it’s nothing bad,” Shane asked in a rushed tone, silently praying that someone hadn’t leaked a sex tape or something. Not that he ever made a sex tape, but who said anxiety was ever rational? Shane was sitting up now, and his tone of voice had gained Ilya’s interest as well. Ilya looked up at him with furrowed brows, waiting for Shane to explain.

”I wouldn’t say *bad*? Something you’ll find totally embarrassing? Probably. Iconic? For sure __“

“Hayden.”

“Hm?”

“What *is* it?”

“Just go on Instagram,” Hayden said with a light giggle in his voice. Sighing, Shane switched Hayden onto speaker and opened up his Instagram. He immediately, and unfortunately, understood what all the fuss was. Someone from the previous night at the bar had recorded Shane breaking the record on his mechanical bull ride and people of the internet were in a frenzy. He quickly opened the comments on the first post, which somehow had 800,000 likes.

not only riding a bull like that but breaking a record??? shane hollander everyone

it physically hurts that this man will never be attracted to me

PLS the way roz is just mesmerized in the back

lord i see what you've done for others

ilya CANNOT handle all that

"Hey, maybe you cannot handle all that, but I am perfectly capable of handling it. Expert even," Ilya said to the screen, genuinely offended. Hayden on the other end groaned and Shane slapped his hand onto his forehead.

"I'll call you back later, Hayd," Shane said, quickly ending the call before flopping back on the bed with a groan.

"What's wrong? Is just a silly video. And most people are just in awe of how sexy you look. Now you know what everyday feels like for me," Ilya said, chuckling. Shane let out a light laugh, and scrolled a bit down his feed. He didn't really mind all the fuss, he just never got used to the center of attention on anything but the ice.

"Ha! Look, someone called me the sexiest Centaur. That means I'm sexier than you!" Shane exclaimed. Ilya scoffed, grabbing the phone and setting it down on the nightstand before pulling Shane towards him. He wrapped his hands around Shane's wrists and pinned them against the mattress, lowering his mouth to kiss Shane down the neck. His lips made it to Shane's pecs and Ilya looked up with a mischievous glint in his eyes.

"Oh yeah? Let me show just how sexy I can be."

Chapter End Notes

i’m sorry if this is short and kinda shitty, i wrote it in the span of like thirty minutes lol

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!