

Do You Want The House Tour?

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/71596056) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/71596056>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid , Heated Rivalry_(TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	no beta we die like Shane's dignity , Anal Sex , Minor Praise Kink , Ilya definitely wants the house tour
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-09-30 Words: 2,059 Chapters: 1/1

Do You Want The House Tour?

by [ItsDaddyMaddy](#)

Summary

“You bought a house for me to fuck you in?”

Or, how I picture the scene where Ilya is invited to Shane's "investment" building for the first time. Inspired by House Tour by Sabrina Carpenter.

Notes

I feverishly wrote this after I woke up this morning with a plunny and a lack of motivation to do my actual job. Enjoy!

Do you want the house tour?

“You bought a house for me to fuck you in?”

“No.” The flush Shane could feel creeping up his neck and cheeks was a testament to the contrary.

“Sorry, you are right. My mistake,” Rozanov agreed, leaning his muscled body against the faded brick of the entryway. Their game had ended a few hours ago but his hair still looked a little damp in the glow of the streetlamp. “You bought a building for us to fuck in. Big difference.”

“I didn’t buy it for *you*. I bought it as an investment.”

“An investment in your pleasure, yes?”

“Get fucked, Rozanov.”

Shane hated how good the Russian was at finding his insecurities and exploiting them. But, because all he did was chirp Shane for all he was worth, Shane now had some fucked up of Pavlovian response to his bullying. He knew there was some form of gratification at the end of the mortification tunnel and because of that, every minuscule insult that flew past Rozanov’s lips ramped his *need* for him higher and higher.

It wasn’t even like he was right, anyway. He’d found the building while aimlessly scrolling on one of the many realtor apps that lived on his phone—as one does when they’re bored on a Friday night. Did the thought cross his mind that it would be easier for their clandestine meet ups if he had a designated, secluded space for them? Yes. But that wasn’t the only reason.

Shane had plenty of reasons.

He just couldn’t think of a single one at the moment with Rosanov’s stupid, smirking face so close to him.

I could take you to the first, second, third floor

“Are you coming inside or not?”

Rather than answering, Rozanov pushed off the brick and stepped closer until he was in Shane’s space. He smelled like stale cigarettes mixed with something decidedly woodsy and citrussy and *man*. It drove Shane insane.

“I thought you quit?”

“I thought you would get better at minding your own business. Looks like we are both disappointed.”

Shane rolled his eyes but stepped aside, his shoulder brushing Rozanov's chest as he passed. "I'm not disappointed. Unless you've blocked it from your memory, I won tonight."

"Your team won tonight," Rozanov said, distracted as he took in the unfinished decor of the first floor. "I scored. You didn't."

He wasn't wrong and that pissed Shane off more than he was willing to admit. "We still won."

Rozanov ignored him. "Did you pay less for this fuck house because it is unfinished? Not a very private place for sex when I can see through the walls."

"I'm renovating. I told you this was an investment."

"Right." Rozanov spun to face him. "Where are we fucking then? I am certain I can give a good show for your neighbours if that was your plan. Those big windows are perfect for it."

"Stop being an asshole," Shane said through gritted teeth.

He led the way up the stairs to the third floor of the building. It was homier up here. Shane had done some work to make it feel less like they were fucking amongst paint cans and more like they were at another hotel room. The room he pulled Rozanov into had a bed, perfectly made with soft blue sheets, smack dab in the centre. A door on their left opened to a full bathroom and the windows on the right were curtained shut.

Rozanov's eyes glistened in the low light of the lamps Shane had made sure to turn on beforehand.

And I promise none of this is a metaphor

I just want you to come inside

"This is cozy," Rozanov noted. "What is it you are trying to get tonight, Hollander?"

The flush that had slowly started settling down came back in full force. "You know what I want."

"Yes," he smirked, "I do. But I want to hear you say it."

Shane toyed with the hem of his shirt, wiping the sweat from his clammy palms on the fabric. He'd never been good at asking for what he wanted, preferring to show it instead. It was easier to let his body do the talking when his voice failed him.

He didn't want to acknowledge how badly he wanted Rozanov's body covering him, on him, inside him. He didn't want to acknowledge the thing between them. All he wanted was to take off his clothes and let the man ruin him until he couldn't think any longer.

Rather than answering, Shane pulled his shirt over his head. Goosebumps erupted everywhere he could feel Rozanov's eyes touching, his nipples pebbling at the cool room and single-minded attention.

“I do not think this is what I asked you to do.”

“I don’t care.” Shane unzipped his jeans and stepped out of his remaining clothing while he still had the nerve. “This is my place. You can’t tell me what to do here.”

“We will see about that,” Rozanov said with a laugh.

Using whatever remaining confidence he had, Shane crawled onto the bed and settled against the headboard. His cock was half-hard, laying against the soft hair of his thigh, but he didn’t touch it yet.

Rozanov hadn’t moved from his place by the door but his smirk deepened with every move Shane made. God, even when Shane was trying to be dominant and sexy and in control Rozanov had a way of ruining it with one look.

“Since this is, as you say, your place,” Rozanov mused. “I will wait for your direction.”

Shane blanked. He had hoped his bravado would entice Rozanov to lose his cool, to take over so he didn’t have to. But he should have known. Nothing ever went according to plan when it came to the Russian standing before him.

His mouth opened but no words came out. He could feel his cock harden under the scrutiny but he didn’t know how to get from point A to point B. He knew he could ask but anything he asked for would be held over his head for as long as their arrangement lasted.

Would that be days? Months? Years?

Was that something he could live with as long as it got him off in the end?

Rozanov laughed at his hesitation. “Your eyes are telling me to take my clothes off. Because I am a cool, helpful guy, I will start there.”

He removed his clothing, piece by piece, throwing them haphazardly across the floor. By the time he stood naked in front of the bed, Shane was fully hard and leaking against his stomach.

Yeah, I spent a little fortune on the waxed floors

We can be a little reckless cause it's insured

“Turn over,” Rozanov demanded.

“I thought I said you couldn’t tell me what to do?”

He laughed. “There are no cameras here. You can stop lying.”

With that, Ilya crawled on the bed and flipped Shane onto his stomach as if he weighed nothing. He placed one hand between his shoulders and pressed, a silent indication to stay put.

Shane decided to listen.

He heard the bedside drawer open and the snick of a bottle as Rozanov slicked his fingers with lube. Without realizing it, he'd canted his hips, putting himself on full display to whatever Rozanov wanted to do with him.

There was no preamble, no discussion. The only warning he got of the intrusion was a firm hand on his ass, holding him open to the cool air, before a finger pressed past his rim, not stopping until it was knuckle deep.

Shane couldn't help the moan that tore itself from his throat. He'd missed this, *needed* this. His team may have won the game but that hadn't been because of Shane. As much as he wished he could take that frustration out on Rozanov's body, he couldn't.

He'd failed at the one thing he was expected to be good at. He needed to prove himself tonight.

He'd be *so* good, even if it was for his rival.

He moaned again because he knew Rozanov liked it when he got a little loud. That was the point of the building, was it not? It gave them a chance to explore and feel and fuck without the chance of being discovered. An investment in his pleasure, just like Rozanov had said.

"Yes, take what you need." Shane had started grinding his hips back against Rozanov's hand then forward against the sheets. "I want you desperate to come by the time I get inside you."

That wouldn't take very long, Shane thought. He was already feeling amped up just by being in Rozanov's presence.

"But you are already desperate," he mused, fucking a second finger inside. "You are always desperate for it."

"Just get on with it," Shane hissed. He was leaking all over the clean sheets and his balls felt heavy as they hung between his legs. He wanted to come, but he wanted to feel Rozanov inside him more.

"You are always so impatient," Rozanov said but Shane could hear him reaching for a condom in the drawer. The sound of the packet opening and the small breath of pleasure as it was rolled on was like music to his ears. "Hold onto the headboard."

Shane scrabbled for purchase, barely getting his grip before Rozanov pushed himself in.

It hurt a little, the stretch teetering on the edge of too much, but Shane liked it that way. He liked being able to focus on his body and the feeling rather than the thoughts circling around and around in his head. He liked having full trust that while Rozanov toed the line of what Shane could handle, he'd never step over it without his permission.

"You are always so tight," Rozanov groaned. "Are you saving yourself for me? No sex unless I am the one to give it to you?"

“Fuck off,” Shane said between heavy breaths. “I don’t have the time.”

“You make time for this.” Rozanov fucked his hips hard, his thighs slapping against Shane’s ass. “If you wanted to, you would.”

“Stop fucking talking,” Shane bit out.

The headboard was slamming into the wall, leaving dents in the drywall. Their pants and groans echoed in the empty room. Neither of them were worried about being overheard, Shane had seen to that.

“Can I touch myself?” The words were out before he could stop them. He hadn’t meant to ask permission but he’d given Rozanov the reins to his pleasure and he hadn’t even paused at the question.

“No. You will come from my cock or not at all.”

Fire swept through Shane’s veins. He may not have been the best hockey player on the ice that night, but he could be the best *for* the best hockey player. He nodded, a whine slipping past his lips as Rozanov changed the angle, hitting him perfectly on every thrust.

The rhythmic thuds of the bed against the wall blended into the background as Shane’s own staccato moans were punched out of him. Rozanov bombarded him with sensation until he could no longer think. He had one foot over the edge, waiting for something to push him over when a hand gripped the hair at the nape of his neck harshly and pulled.

“I can feel how close you are,” Rozanov panted. “You are doing so good for me. Taking everything I give you.”

He was freefalling. The cliff was no longer in sight and he was plummeting down to his end. Shane came so hard from the praise, clenched so tightly, that Rozanov’s surprised gasp at the sudden pressure around his cock almost drowned out Shane’s own cries.

They collapsed onto the bed. He could barely breathe under the weight of the six-foot-who-cared hockey player but he didn’t have the energy to push him off. Eventually, Rozanov rolled onto his side, giving Shane the opportunity to pull in his first full breath since they met at the door.

“Maybe this sex building was a good idea.”

“Oh my god, fuck off.” Shane flipped him the middle finger and pushed himself onto his knees. “I’m going to shower. You coming?”

“I have to be quick. Curfew.”

Shane nodded. “Come on, it’s this way.”

I'm pleased to be your hot tour guide

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