

you know what this is

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/74559991) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/74559991>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid , Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Butt Plugs , Wall Sex , Exhibitionism , light exhibitionism if we're being honest , Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot , Post-Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers)
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of future hollanov fics
Stats:	Published: 2025-11-21 Words: 3,612 Chapters: 1/1

you know what this is

by [unearthedlove](#)

Summary

Ilya reaches into his pants' pocket and pulls something out. Shane flushes. Ilya is holding a butt plug. Shane looks down at the object before looking into his husband's face, "You want me to wear that tonight? Are you crazy?"

(Or: Ilya proposes an interesting idea to Shane as they prepare to attend the 2022 NHL Awards.)

Notes

i have no excuse for this other than i just wanted to write shane being a whore for ilya. he's a little bit of a freak and no one knows except his husband!

title is from sports car by tate mcrae.

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

June 2022 – Nashville

Shane has learned over the years that Ilya's ideas can be a little crazy.

Shane is checking his tux to make sure it's wrinkle free for the third time, when Ilya comes up behind him. He wraps his arms around Shane, his chin resting on Shane's shoulder. Shane's hands tangle with his husband's fingers on his chest. He feels a soft kiss to his head. "Why are you so nervous?"

Shane lets out a big sigh. "I'm not nervous exactly. I'm excited that a lot of our teammates could come this year. I'm excited to see some of our friends across the league. I'm excited to see if either of us win the MVP. I think I just want the ceremony to start. I hate this waiting around. Normally, I would get lunch with my parents, but since their flight got delayed, we had nothing to do this afternoon."

Ilya chuckles before pressing another kiss to Shane's head. "I have an idea."

Shane scoffs, amused. "We don't have time to have sex now."

Ilya uses his leverage to turn Shane around. Ilya's hands come to rest on Shane's face, his thumb stroking Shane's freckles. "How about a bet then?"

Shane's eyes narrow. "What kind of bet?"

Ilya smirks. "A sexy kind of bet."

Shane sucks in a breath. "Like the one we made back in 2014 in Las Vegas?"

Ilya leans down, pressing a kiss now to Shane's cheek. "Yes. If you win, I will fuck you any way you want. If I win, I would like a repeat of that night. You, showing off for me."

Shane feels his cock filling already. He swallows, looking into Ilya's eyes. The usually bright, hazel eyes are dark, filled with desire. Shane chokes out an, "Okay."

Ilya's grin goes cocky. "Care to make it even more interesting this time?"

Shane quirks his eyebrows. "More interesting? How?"

Ilya reaches into his pants' pocket and pulls something out. Shane flushes, cock filling even more. Ilya is holding a *butt plug*. Shane looks down at the object before looking into his husband's face, "You want me to wear that tonight? Are you crazy?"

Ilya nods. "Yes, I want you to wear it. It will keep your mind off the long ceremony, no?"

Shane can feel that the tips of his ears are hot. He's flushed probably from head to toe. He rasps out, "That seems risky. I mean, what if I win? I might have a boner on stage."

Ilya cocks his head, smile still ever present. “Then, you will just have to be in control of yourself, moy malchik, hm? Can you do it for me?”

Shane knows he could say no. Ilya would back down, and the original bet would stand. But Shane also knows himself. There’s something inherently sexy about being in a crowd of their peers, and knowing there’s a dirty little secret hidden under his clothes. He imagines that having secret sex with Ilya for years shaped this part of himself, but he doesn’t care to unpack that right now, not when his husband is raising his eyebrows in challenge, daring him to go through with it.

Shane looks back into Ilya’s eyes, meeting the challenge. “Okay I’ll wear it, but only if you prep me.”

Ilya’s grin turns devilish. He uses one of his fingers to tilt Shane’s chin up, pressing a hot kiss to his lips. “Go take a shower. I will get you ready after that.”

Shane receives another hot kiss before he’s ushered off to the bathroom, Ilya smacking his butt lightly as he walks away. He turns on the shower, letting the water turn warm. He looks at himself in the mirror. His eyes look a little wild, and his freckles are more prevalent with the blush. He takes a calming breath before hopping in the shower. He cleans himself thoroughly, trying not to get too aroused. He knows he won’t be allowed to come before the awards show.

He finally emerges, skin pink and warm, smelling like ocean breeze and salty seas. He wraps the towel around his waist before walking back into the hotel bedroom. Ilya is sitting on the bed, clad only in his undershirt and boxers. He grins lazily, before patting the bed. Shane comes over to Ilya, standing over him. He runs his hands through Ilya’s curls, leaning down to kiss him.

Ilya allows the kiss to go on for a few seconds before he pulls back. He unwraps the towel, as if Shane is his gift, leaving Shane completely naked. “Lay down.”

Shane crawls onto the bed, shaking his hips a little bit as he makes his way up to the head of the mattress. He hears Ilya laughing lightly at that. He turns around then, flopping onto his back, leaving his legs wide. Ilya climbs onto the bed, coming to kneel between Shane’s open legs. He runs his hands up and down Shane’s thighs, leaving goosebumps in his wake. “I thought you said you were going to prep me.”

Ilya pauses his hands, fingernails digging into his thighs harshly. Shane gasps. “Patience. You will get what you want.” Ilya abruptly pushes Shane’s legs wider and further up his chest, leaving him totally exposed. “Keep them there.”

Shane’s hands find purchase on his knees, so he can keep them up by his chest. Shane sees Ilya flicking open the lube bottle, doling out a generous glob of it. He warms the lube briefly between his fingers before he presses one finger to Shane’s hole. Shane whimpers at the sensation. “It’s cold.”

Ilya laughs, a little meanly, which only makes Shane’s dick grow even harder.. “It will warm quickly.”

Ilya wastes no more time, pressing his one finger into Shane. Once upon a time, this might have taken a little more coaxing to open Shane up. But nowadays, Shane opens for his husband with no resistance. One finger becomes two becomes three and before long, Shane is panting, chest flushed from the onslaught of Ilya's fingers on his prostate. "*Fuck*, I'm going to come if you keep doing that, you dickhead."

Ilya chuckles. "I think you want a different dickhead right now."

Shane lets out an exasperated laugh. "God, just put the plug in me already. I'm dying."

Ilya removes his fingers, smirking when Shane whimpers. He pours some lube onto the plug, using his hand to rub it all over. He presses into Shane, who sucks it in on the first try. Ilya taps it a little roughly, pushing it flush against Shane's prostate, making him whimper. "You are so perfect, Shane. Come, let's finish getting dressed."

-

The last several hours have been, to put it mildly, torture. Don't get Shane wrong, he's been having fun... mostly. He's caught up with his teammates, spoken with players he hasn't seen in a while, and enjoyed the company of his parents, who finally arrived. And through it all, Ilya has been beside him, arm wrapped loosely around Shane's waist. It's comforting knowing they're out now. That everyone gets to know they're together and in love and *married*.

But also, every slight movement has the plug press against his prostate. Ilya brought one of their larger plugs on this trip, and he's feeling the difference right now. He knows he's had a semi all night, but luckily, the tuxedo pants hide it slightly (it's what he's telling himself at least).

After 45 minutes of mingling, he then has to *sit* for hours. He tries not to wiggle around too much because he knows Ilya will just give him shit for it. It's torture. Finally, after what feels like weeks, it's time for the MVP award. Roger Crowell comes out on stage, which makes Shane want to roll his eyes. He starts talking about excellency on the ice when Ilya leans down, whispering, "Imagine if the commissioner knew you were wearing a plug tonight. I think he would add that to the list of things he dislikes: naughty boys."

Shane turns pink and elbows his husband, who laughs. Shane uses all of his concentration to pay attention to Crowell. After what feels like an eternity, Crowell says, "The winner of the 2022 Hart Memorial Trophy is Shane Hollander."

Shane flushes, thrilled by the win and thrilled by the secret he's going to be keeping as he goes on stage. As the ballroom erupts into applause, Shane stands up, letting Ilya pull him in, so Ilya can kiss him sweetly on the cheek. His parents hug him quickly, before he makes his way through the crowd, shaking some people's hands as he makes his way across the floor. He shakes Crowell's hand as he gets up there, both of them trying not to grimace at the other. He steps up to the mic, waiting for the crowd to die down.

"Wow, uh, thank you. This is a huge honor." Shane swallows, looking into the crowd for Ilya. Ilya gives him a small smile; it propels him forward. "You know, a little over a year ago, I

thought my career as I knew it was over. And in a way, it was. But this past year has been one of the most fulfilling years of my career. So, I'd like to thank a couple some people for making that happen."

He looks over to where a lot of his teammates are sitting. "I'd like to thank the Ottawa Centaurs. My teammates who welcomed me with open arms. Our trainers who helped me both on and off the ice. Our coach, Brandon Weibe, who told me that Ottawa was going to be great at hockey and even greater at acceptance. I think we made that happen. I want to thank my parents, who have always been there for me throughout my career. I would not be here today without you guys."

Shane smiles, big. He clenches down slightly on the plug as he says the next words, surely flushing a little bit. "And lastly, I want to thank my husband, Ilya Rozanov. There aren't enough words to thank you for everything you've done for me. I love you." He waves, signaling the end of his speech. "Thanks again, everyone."

He exits the stage to applause, mostly hearing the whoops from his teammates. The trophy will be delivered to him later, so he makes his way back to his table. Ilya stands up when he sees him, a big hand coming up to frame his face, kissing him lovingly. "I love you."

Shane pulls back and smiles. "So, how much longer do we have to stick around?"

Ilya smirks, pulling Shane back into their seats as the ceremony continues. "Why? Is there something you wish to do?"

Shane pouts. Ilya chuckles at Shane's angry kitten face. He leans over. "You will have your way with me soon. Another hour."

Shane nods, sighing, relaxing into his husband's side. Another hour.

-

It's now been an hour and 37 minutes, and Shane is going to lose his shit. The ceremony ended not too long after the MVP award was presented, leaving Ilya and Shane to be good attendees and mingle. People keep coming up to Shane to congratulate him, and while it's obviously appreciated, he wants to leave. Yesterday, preferably.

Ilya is giving nothing away, bickering with Bood about something right now. Shane is trying not to cause a scene in front of everyone. It's one thing for the Centaurs to know they're going to have dirty sex; it's another for the entirety of the NHL awards to know it. Finally, Bood ruffles Ilya's hair, stalking off to find his wife. Ilya turns his eyes toward Shane, who perks up.

"Is it time?"

Ilya cocks his head, feigning ignorance. "Time for what?"

Shane glares at his husband, who grins cockily at him. "Don't even start. If I remember correctly, I won, which means *I* get to pick the reward."

Ilya leans into Shane's face. "Oh? And what is this reward you speak of?"

Shane glances quickly out of the corner of his eyes, seeing who's around. He notices they're as alone as they're going to get. He looks up defiantly into Ilya's eyes. "I want you to fuck me. Hard."

Ilya's smile grows proud. "And you want that now, do you?"

Shane grits out, "Yes. Please. I'm dying over here."

Ilya stands up straight, looking over Shane's head. He must spot what he's looking for because he grabs Shane's hand and leads him somewhere. Shane realizes they're going over to his parents, seeing his mom talk Wyatt's ear off, while his dad looks on amused. "Yuna, David. We are heading out."

Yuna looks away. "Oh! Already?"

Ilya nods. "Yes. It has been a long day, and Shane has reached his social... what is the word?"

Shane nods too. "Quota. Yeah, I'm drained, Mom. But we'll see you for breakfast tomorrow, okay?"

Yuna pulls them into a hug. "Alright, boys. I love you both. Goodnight."

David gives them both a hug too. Wyatt is looking at them like he doesn't quite believe them but wisely chooses not to call them out on the obviously flimsy lie, as he also says goodnight.

They make their way to the elevators, Shane trying not to run there. Once they're inside and the doors close, Ilya is on him. The kiss is sloppy and desperate, hours of subtle foreplay catching up to them. Shane tries to keep up with his husband but is happy to let him take the lead, caught in the headiness of Ilya's control. Ilya pulls back. "You were so good for me. I am so proud of you. Your speech was very good."

Shane preens, loving the praise. "Thank you. I didn't even know what I was going to say beforehand, but it felt right."

Ilya kisses him again, elevator doors opening. "It was perfect. Come now."

They're through their door in no time, giggling as they try to kiss and undress at the same time. Ilya is currently pressing his thumbs into Shane's jaw, kissing him big and open-mouthed. It's hard to get the buttons of Ilya's shirt undone as Ilya attacks his mouth, but he manages to succeed, pushing the offensive piece of clothing off. He pulls back to look at Ilya. "I think I know what I want."

Ilya smiles. "Tell me."

Shane swallows the pool of spit building in his throat. "I want you to fuck me against the wall."

Ilya's grin grows. "You want me to be a little rough with you, is that it?"

Shane nods. "When I was up on stage and thanking you, I was clenching on the plug. I want a reminder of tonight."

As Ilya leans back in to kiss him again, he grunts out, "We will make that happen, sweetheart."

They quickly shred the rest of their clothing. Shane can't stop touching Ilya; his hair, his arms, his chest, his abs. He wants to be covered by his husband's body. He feels Ilya reach down to grip his weeping cock. He moans into Ilya's mouth at the contact. "Oh, *fuck*. I don't know how long I'll last."

Ilya chuckles. "I can make you come multiple times tonight, if that is what you want."

Shane shakes his head. "No. I mean maybe. But I want to, no, *need* to, come on your cock first."

Ilya coos. "Aw, you are such a slut for my cock. Maybe you should have worked that into your speech tonight."

Shane flushes, panting as Ilya continues to stroke him lazily. He feels Ilya sucking a hickey into his neck. Guess that's one way he'll have a reminder of tonight. Ilya starts moving then, turning them around and walking Shane backwards until he's backed up against the wall of the hotel. He whimpers as his back hits the spot roughly, causing the picture on the wall to rattle.

Ilya reaches around, hand reaching for the plug. He pulls on it slightly, before twisting and pushing into Shane. He whines before sucking on Ilya's tongue to stop himself from coming immediately. They play this game for another minute before Shane pulls back, feeling his balls start to tighten. "*Shit*, okay, stop. I'm going to come. You have to fuck me, come on."

Ilya chuckles. "I guess you deserve your real prize now." Ilya twists the plug one last time before slowly pulling it out of Shane, who gasps at the sensation. He knows if he could see himself, he would be gaping a little bit, which only causes him to flush with desire.

Ilya presses in on Shane more, making them completely flush with the wall. Ilya leans down abruptly picking Shane into his arms. Shane moans as he leans his head down, kissing Ilya ravenously. They make out for a little bit, soaking in the feeling of being in one another's arms before Ilya reaches around to guide his dick into Shane.

Shane feels the blunt press of Ilya's dick to his hole. "I'm ready, please."

Ilya wastes no more time, pushing up into Shane. Shane's head falls back, slamming into the wall, exposing his neck. Ilya leans in, licking up Shane's Adam's apple. He stops at the junction of Shane's jaw and neck, sucking harshly, teeth scraping lightly as he pulls away. "You love this, don't you?"

Shane nods, trying to get Ilya to move, but has no leverage to move. "Yes, come *on*."

Ilya leans in, kissing the bruise he just made. “Do not worry. I will give you everything you want.” Bracing one of his hands on the wall, while the other supports Shane’s back, Ilya starts thrusting, hard and steady into Shane. Shane’s hands find purchase in his husband’s wild curls, pressing kisses to his face as he takes everything Ilya is willing to give him.

“Oh God, Ilya, that feels so good.”

Ilya pants. “If only everyone could see you now. How perfect MVP Shane Hollander is a slut for his husband’s cock. Isn’t that right?”

Shane flushes, imagining it, surprised by how much it turns him on. “They would, *ah*, think you corrupted me.”

Ilya chuckles, pressing extra hard into Shane’s prostate, causing him to whine. “Corrupt? No, you have always been like this. But I have ruined you. No one else compares, do they?”

Shane shakes his head erratically. “No, *no-uh*, no one has ever come close.”

Ilya’s pace never falters, although Shane is sure he’s tired. Shane tries to reach down between their bodies to tug on his cock, but Ilya swats him away. “No. Just like this.”

Shane whines. “*Shit*, yeah, okay.”

Soon, the room is filled only with the sounds of Ilya’s hips slapping against Shane’s ass and their heavy breathing. Shane is trying to enjoy the wave of pleasure currently filling his body. The friction on his cock as it rubs against Ilya’s abs, the bruises he knows he’s going to have on his neck, the red marks marring his back from the wall. He feels his orgasm coming on, balls tightening with his release. “*Fuck*, I’m going to come.”

Ilya leans in again, sucking at the base of Shane’s neck. “Come on, be a good boy and come for me.”

It takes one, two, three more strokes to his prostate before Shane cries out, coming untouched. He cries out, “*Oh fuck!*” clenching down on Ilya’s dick. His orgasm splashes both of their chests, dirtying them with more than just sweat and spit.

Ilya groans as Shane clenches around his cock but miraculously manages not to come. Shane kisses him, breathing out, “Keep going, finish in me. I want to feel it for days.”

Ilya grunts as he resumes his brutal pace, Shane whining with overstimulation. He knows his rim is going to be sore but treasures the sensation. Shane is pressing sloppy kisses to Ilya’s jaw, whispering sweet nothings in his ear, when Ilya finally presses one last thrust into Shane, stilling as he comes.

Shane moans at the sensation, loving that he can feel Ilya deep within him. They stand there, panting into one another’s mouths. Shane eventually becomes aware that his legs, which are still wrapped around Ilya’s waist are cramping slightly as he’s been holding on for fifteen plus minutes now. He goes to move one of his legs, as Ilya slides out of him, helping Shane to stand. He feels Ilya’s cum slide out of him, which both disgusts and excites him.

He feels a little shaky on his legs, but Shane pulls Ilya down into a kiss once he feels stable, humming against his husband's lips. He pulls away. "I love you so much."

Ilya presses a kiss to the corner of his mouth. "Was that everything you wanted?"

Shane nods, hugging his husband. He can feel the cum on their chests, but he's currently too happy to care. "It was perfect. Thank you."

He feels another kiss pressed to his head. "I will be right back."

Ilya pulls away, heading for the bathroom. Shane takes stock of his surroundings, snorting when he sees the picture on the wall is now skewed. He returns with a warm, damp washcloth. Ilya gently cleans off Shane, giving extra care to his puffy rim, which only serves to pull at his heartstrings. How can this sweet, gentle man be the same one who fucked him into the wall not too long ago?

Ilya finishes cleaning them, tossing the washcloth towards the bathroom door. Ilya smirks. "So, did the plug help pass the time tonight?"

Shane laughs, pushing Ilya towards the bed. Maybe Ilya's ideas aren't always so crazy. Sometimes, they're the best.

End Notes

the next day, shane and ilya get breakfast with their parents and yuna and david politely ignore that shane is clearly limping. the centaurs are not as nice later that day on their flight home.

comments and kudos always appreciated! if you have a twitter and want to talk, my priv is @thecorktrees!

(sorry for any typos or weird spacing. i'm sure i'll inevitably find stuff to edit in the days to follow even though i've read this over 15 times)

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