

Game Changer

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Game Changer

by [SierraShips](#)

Summary

The boys play Mario Kart after a night of fucking and make a bet that only leads to, you guessed it, more fucking. Hollanov.

Notes

Wow a lot of Hollanov from me in the last day but what can i say? I crave it. Pun intended i guess.

Enjoy and please don't be mean if it's trash. I did try!! :D

Explicit content!! and yes, some Mario Kart too!

I'm so nervous if this is good as my first stand alone Hollanov aaaaa

Let's get to it?

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

The aftermath of the fucking was always awkward. Yeah, it got a little less awkward the longer they'd been hooking up, but now that they were in the staying over sometimes territory, it scared the shit out of Shane. He always wanted to make it as non-romantic as possible. No string attached, so he couldn't hurt him. So he couldn't leave the next time for good.

He had different ideas every time. Pulling out a book to read, pretending to fall asleep early so there was no talking, and his idea for this time, Ilya was coming to his apartment... *Mario Kart*.

Ilya was in the bathroom cleaning up, but far from tired. Shane knew this. So this was his time. Walking ass naked through his apartment, finding the Nintendo Switch in the living room, and moving it into the TV in his bedroom. There. Nice and tidy. Nice and set up. Nice and *safe*.

"What is this?" Ilya asked as he stepped out of the bathroom, glistening from where he used a wet washcloth on his abs and smiling on his face as he started to catch the drift of what it was.

"Mario Kart." He simply said, tossing a controller on Ilya's side of the bed. "Wanna play?"

Ilya's smirk became a full-blown smile as he walked closer to the bed, standing tall above Shane as he reached down to pick up the green remote he had placed out on the sheets for him.

"Sure, but I am going to kick your ass, Hollander," he shared with him, kneeling down on the bed and then falling against the pillows to stare ahead as he started up the game.

Shane focused mostly on setting up, only allowing some of his brain power to go to the fact that Ilya was planning to play this game *without* a shirt. Unfair. He was playing dirty whether he knew it or not.

"Who do you play as?" Shane asked as he looked over at him again.

"I always play as Luigi— green like envy in your eyes when I beat you," he explained to him, cocky as ever. "What are you, pretty boy? Better not be one of those basic toad bitches."

Shane scoffed at the talk he would call smack talk from anyone else, but regular talk from his asshole of a hookup. He was not a 'basic toad bitch' but if he was, he'd definitely have to fake it for Ilya. The first thing he'd ever have to *fake* around him, if you knew what he meant.

"I'm not toad," he scoffed as he opened up the game.

"Then who?" He nudged him as he continued to go through the menu to set the game up for two players. "Pretty принцесса perhaps?"

Shane looked at him like he had to be joking him. Shane was gay, sure, but did he really look like the type to play as Princess Peach or Daisy? No. No way. That was almost more insulting than the basic toad comment.

“No,” He said pointedly, just in time for the character menu to pop up on the screen. He moved his Joy-Con over and selected on the one character he always played as. Good and reliable Yoshi. “I’m Yoshi.”

Ilya threw his head back and laughed, making Shane’s nervous laughter fall out after him. Was he really gonna smack-talk Yoshi? Or was it just too perfect of a fit for him to resist laughing at? Shane held firm.

“What?”

“Nothing, Egg boy,” he told him as he regripped his remote correctly and selected Luigi. “But what do you say we make this... interesting.”

Shane’s body rippled with a wave of arousal at the tone he used. “How so?”

Ilya shrugged, though he had plenty of an idea.

“Whatever it is, it should be worth the win.”

Ilya’s smile grew at the words, lighting up as he watched Hollander come out of his shell a bit more. He knew that Shane was always down for sex. But it was the little things in between that always got him worried. Here they were, though, making bets in bed and playing some cheesy Nintendo game, and it felt... right. To both of them. No fear anywhere in sight. Ilya loved to see and feel that. In fact, he treasured it.

Ilya leaned in, a light lilt of a laugh on his slender lips as he got closer to the boy. His smirk was dangerous, and his tone was lower and lighter than before as he tried to be playful. “Oh? What exactly are you suggesting, Hollander? Because if you want to raise the stakes,” he looked up and down Shane’s half-clothed body. “I’m always up for something *extra*.”

“Really?”

“Really.” Ilya licked his lips, like he was about to seal a letter that would be the death of him. “Just do not cry if you lose.”

“Oh fuck you!” Shane shoved him, laughing as he watched Ilya fall back into the side of the bed and have to straighten himself up again. “I don’t lose.”

“Cocky,” Ilya observed, still smirking. “But trust, I will have you begging for mercy by end of game.”

Shane’s mouth fell open. He was not shy about the idea of begging Ilya for some mercy. He’d done it a thousand times over the years, it seemed. But this was different. This was pooling in his gut just from the competitive look in his eyes; he swore Ilya only got it while playing hockey.

Shane looked away and started to set up the rest of the rules of the game. What items, what speed, all those little things. He swallowed, his Adam's apple bobbing as he made his final selections before the game started.

"So what's the bet?" Shane said, knowing now was the last time to make it less than vague. Even if it was clearly sexual.

Ilya thought about it, or at least pretended to, before he leaned in and whispered. "If I win, you do one thing I ask you, no backing out," he explained. "*Anything.*"

"Anything?" his hot breath tickled the word out of his mouth.

"Anything," he confirmed with a nod, hair bobbed a little, face close enough to Shane he could just kiss it and submit to him now and get it over with.

"What if I win?" he asked, keeping himself as cooled down as possible.

"Then I will do one thing *you ask*. No limits. No takebacks." Ilya supplied the answer, simple as could be for something so groundbreaking.

Shane dropped his orange game controller as Ilya moved in to teasingly kiss at his jaw and leave a small nip under his chin. He picked up the controller for him and handed it back to him, eyes locking on his, a bit serious and a bit sensual.

"So are you scared or are you game, Hollander?"

"I'm game," Sahne shook himself out, "When have I ever backed out of a game, Rozanov?"

"I can not think of one, but I can think of many that you should have," He joked. "Would have been less embarrassing."

"You *asshole.*"

Ilya shrugged, like he wore it like a badge, and then winked at him. The words unsaid. *And you love it.*

Shane rolled his eyes and started the game, ready stance, same as Ilya's, as they sat on the bed next to each other, elbow to elbow and sweatpants-covered knee to knee.

Ilya is confident. He's already sure he'd won before the game started. Not just because of his ego, but because the bet works in his favor either way. The perfect reason to stay over, the memory of what's to come, in case Shane ever gets those cold feet again.

The first course, from the random selection, was Toad's turnpike. A classic course that simulated the highways they were not immune to traveling on as professional hockey players.

"Is toad bitch again?" Ilya pointed out at the beginning of the race as Toad waved them to start the course.

Three. Two. One.

1.

Both boys were versed enough in the game to get the starting boost you get when you start on two. Then the race started with Ilya in the front. He zoomed right ahead of Shane at the first real turn and earned himself a scoff. Ilya laughed as he gained distance and continued to pick up power-up after power-up. Only to win the whole race.

“Aha!” Ilya proudly cheered as he lifted his hands, remote in one, in victory. “Not looking good for you already, Hollander. You are going to start crying soon?”

Shane looked at him like he was the biggest showboat in the world, yet still smiled at the scene because it was just too Ilya not to. “It’s one race!” he defended, seeing as his screen showed a Yoshi lapping around with a big 2nd place under him.

“Out of three races!” Ilya reminded him.

“Just.. just shut up!” He elbowed him, making him fall a bit to the side as he started the next race.

Ilya sat back up and mumbled about him being a cheater, but a cute one, in Russian as he got back in place and got ready to win the whole thing with one more race.

Then the screen flashed with something that made Ilya’s cockiness explode.

Rainbow road.

“Fuck...” Shane said, hoping for something a little bit easier when the stakes were high.

“Let’s fucking go!” Ilya, however, was the opposite of hoping for less, ready with his thumb over the accelerator as he eyed up Shane again. “Want to eat my dust or shall I just lap you already?”

One. Two. Three.

GO.

Before Shane could even respond to it, the race was starting, and he missed his acceleration. It was downhill from there. The confidence was gone, all gone to Ilya’s head. It was an even worse finish. Not even second place for him, this time falling to fifth as Ily took the gold home once more.

Ilya laughed like a maniac, full of joy, setting his remote down and turning to Shane. “I win!” he leaned back with his hands behind his head, like a king on the throne.

“I noticed.” Shane’s eyes rolled again as he ran a tired hand down his face.

Ilya didn’t like that and removed his own hands from their place so he could look at Shane again. “Look at me, you sore loser.”

“What?” Shane just asked as he eyed him, not needing to add anymore to the boy’s gloating, but to just slump there against the bed.

“I won.” He held a predatory grin, eyes dark with amusement as he repeated the fact, slower this time. “Now, about that *anything* I want...” He leans in slowly, fingers drumming against Shane's thigh, like a tightrope walker, and making him shake under the touch. “Guess you'll just have to wait and see, да?”

“No way, offers only good for tonight,” He shook his head, not letting him hold this over him whenever he wanted to use it. It was a use it or lose it moment. Because he was hot and bothered, heavy on the bothered.

Ilya’s eyebrows lifted on account of his tone, surprise flickering across his face before the wide grin returned to his mouth. He moved closer, hand still sliding on his thigh. His voice was a low murmur against his ear. “Oh, is that so, красивый мальчик? Trying to back out already?” his hand squeezed his thigh high up.

“Just tell me what you want, jackass,” Shane gritted his teeth, dying a bit from his need, even after they’d just fucked twice before their Mario Kart game.

“I have a few ideas in mind....” Ilya expressed, his accent thickening under the desire. He moved to his ear and whispered, huskily, “I will tell you one of them, but first you must ask me question.”

He moved from speaking into his ear with a hot breath to his jaw, ghosting along skin, kissing and nipping him, and falling deep into his own desire again. Shane was sensitive under the neck, and Ilya loved to exploit it.

“Wh-what question?” Shane leaned back, his neck on full display for the boy to do what he wanted with it as he stuttered from desire, hopeful his hips stayed steadier than his voice as he got half hard again just from some teathy nuzzling.

Ilya chuckled once more, the kind that told Shane he was pleased with himself. The motion vibrated his skin, making Shane shiver.

“Ask me if you’re allowed to be my good boy tonight.”

“Wh-” Shane hated how his dick loved that, even when he loathed how embarrassing it was. “*Rozanov.*”

“No limits, you have said much filthier....” Ilya explained, tracing his lips with his finger now.

Shane playfully reaches out to bite at his finger, but it only makes a fire rise in Ilya’s eyes. A feisty one tonight.

Of course, as promised, and for his own good, he did give in. “May-May I be your good boy tonight?” he was proud that he only stuttered at the start. An actual good boy.

“Of course, зайчик,” he moves his thumb to the sensitive dip of his hip, on display with rolled sweatpants that matched his. “Is good to ask, be patient, be *disciplined*....” he dug his thumb in and made the other boy moan. “The first thing you will do...sit still for me. Can you handle that?”

Shane bit his tongue as he did as he was asked, sitting in the same position he’d been in to play their game, now playing a new, much more enthralling game.

“Answer me.”

Shane sighed out, feeling the pull at the coil in his gut from words alone. “Yes.”

“Good *boy*,” he smiled sinfully.

With those words, the coil tightened even more, sure he was fully hard now. Something he hoped fit into Ilya’s plans, or made him pleased. Anything to be a good boy if he was committing to being one now. If he was forced to sit there like a pretty little tool and beg to be a good, good boy for him.

“Now close your eyes,” he nudged his nose with his, leaving a tender kiss on it as he moved past. “And keep them closed.”

Shane let out a shaky breath but did as he was told. Ilya exhaled as well, a slow and controlled breath, watching and studying the way Shane’s chest rose and fell with anticipation. Like he was about to dive off a cliff. That’s when his lips finally press against Shane’s, slow and deliberate. Unhurried, deliberate, and a promise of total control and patience.

“Keep your eyes closed,” he stayed, attached to his lips as he murmured. His fingers curled around his thigh again, thumb rubbing circles dangerously high. “Tell me what you want...”

“You won, though.... You’re supposed to tell me what *you* want.”

“You’re right,” his voice was a dark and heated hum against Shane’s neck as he moved away to let him speak before. “But I want to hear you say it, pretty boy, I want to hear you *beg*....”

Shane understood then. Hearing Shane say everything he wanted in a desperate, little, needy position *was* what he wanted. At least part of it. He was in a state of desire, and where he could complain, he could also take and give like the treasures they usually exchanged. Something just for them.

Electricity where he touched him, he responded raggedly. “I want you, I want whatever you’ll give me, Christ, I want *you*!” He was already being touched, but it was not enough. It was never enough. The Russian’s hot breath against his neck, his presence all encompassing and intense. It was impossible not to want more; to be swallowed whole by him.

Ilya was pleased with it, caging him in between the bed now, teeth on his neck like he could rip it open with one bite.

“Good,” He told him, moving to pull his sweatpants off the boy with his help. “Begging looks good on you.”

“Fuck you.”

“Mmm, fuck *you*,” he said in response, a different meaning to the words when he used them, a different tone, and a different outcome, too.

He wanted to fuck him. Nothing new. But never old either. Not with them. It was always as good if not better than, the first time.

Ilya moved him out of his sweatpants and threw them to the floor in a ball. “You will not need those. Tonight you will fall asleep on *me*.”

Okay... maybe it was new. At least a little bit. They never did *that*. Mostly because when they did a few and far between sleepovers, Shane was distant. This time, he couldn't be. He lost the bet. He was going to be speared into his dreams. And to be honest, he didn't mind one bit now that he wasn't thinking of the reasons to be scared and too turned on to care.

Ilya was getting whatever he wished for tonight, and tonight he wished for Shane Hollander to take his cock like a good boy and snuggle up to him like a babe on his chest.

He wasted no time flipping the boy over, up to his knees, already stretched from before. He did, however, grab some more lube off the nightstand, a gentleman with his lovers, and made sure to open him more.

“So loose for me,” Ilya commented. *So fucked out and cockdumb for him too*. They both knew it. It was no secret. They had been fucking this long for a reason; they worked well together.

“God...” Hollander exclaimed as he dug his head down into the pillow, perky ass up in the air.

“*Up*,” Ilya slapped his ass lightly. “Up for me, pretty boy.”

Shane choked on a moan as he used his shaky elbows to pull himself back up. He felt Ilya lean down on him, his cross chain on the spine of his back. Then Ilay lowered his open boxers and used the rest of the lube he had on his hardened dick. He pushed into him with one full pump, and he was gone.

“Fuckkkk.” Shane gritted, almost falling back to his head on the pillow, his arms and legs like jelly.

“Hold still for me,” He commanded him. “Hold still and take it.”

“*Yes...*”

Ilya rocked himself into him, in and out and in and out until he was at a rhythm and pace that he was pleased with. Getting them both off. Shane's sensitivity hole was begging for more.

To milk him. To take him and make him see what a good boy he was, what a mess he was for him.

“Fuck, Hollander,” Ilya cried out. “We must switch positions.”

The idea of the dick entering and leaving him again had his hole crying from oversensitivity. But he lost. And in a way, he won. So he’d do what he wanted him to do regardless of the bet. He wanted to.

Ilya pulled out and moved Shane gently to the side, then lay down on the bed and moved Shane over him like a rag doll, willing and spent. He moved him right over his dick and helped him slide down onto it.

“Oh, Rozanov....” Shane said, eyes closed as he took the full length again, not sure he could really bounce on it as well as he was expected to.

Ilya smirked up at him, taking in the look on his face. Like he was swimming in the desire.

“Eyes open,” he slapped his thigh. “Eyes open when you ride me.”

Shane opened his eyes but didn’t say anything as he moved to ride the boy. He rode him. Rode him well. Ilya put his own work in from under him, but he had an eager boy above him, and he could mostly watch in astonishment.

“Close....” Shane let slip.

Ilya was close to. Who was he to draw this out? Especially when he was looking forward to the aftermath just as much as the climax.

“Come for me,” he told him, simple and eager.

They both came after that. It was thoughtless, like riding a bike. When Ilya fucked Shane and said he could come, he came. Period.

He lay on his chest, dick still in his ass like requested, and leaned up for a few kisses as the warm and sticky cum laced over their chests. It was hot and wild and the perfect way to end the night. Ilya had the best ideas.

Shane moved to close his eyes for good, not even caring to get up and clean himself until morning, when Ilya ran a hand through his hair and spoke up again.

“Rematch?” he said, tired and only half-serious.

“On the game or the sex?” Shane asked him, not looking up from the home he found pillowed on the other boy's pec.

Ilya smirked as he pulled him up to be kissed again. *“You tell me...”*

End Notes

Wow this fandom is so talented i have no idea why you chose to read this compared to everything else i've seen but you're here and if you do like it, kudos and comments and all are super appreciated. I put my heart into this, inspired by a line or two from a C.ai chat. Enjoy all 3000 some words. Hollanov FTW. xoxo Sierra.

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