Shane Hollander can Ride

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/76091396.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander, Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Fluff, Silly, Post-Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers)
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-20 Words: 1,976 Chapters: 1/1

Shane Hollander can Ride

by Eye_of_the_Dragon

Summary

If you asked Shane Hollander how this happened, he would flush bright red, and curse Ilya up and down.

If you asked Ilya how this happened - well, he wouldn't answer but he would beam with pride.

Notes

this was not written with ai but i be using dashes a lot, a dash here a dash there, call me ratatouille the way im a chef

See the end of the work for more notes

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"Good Morning Shane, I hope you slept well." Shane glances at the alarm clock beside him reading 7:04am, and decides firmly that Harris is far too chipper for such an early morning phone call.

"Harris." The words scratch their way out of Shane's throat, his tongue feels heavy and sticky. His brain is still trying to catch up with the morning, let alone the night before. But the pounding at the base of his skull, and the rolling of his stomach he can make an educated guess pretty quickly.

"I am going to cut to the chase. There is a video of you online. From last night, at the bar." The way Harris says the words Shane feels like he should know what he's talking about. But he can hardly remember the night, let alone figure out what incriminating video has surfaced in it's wake.

His heart starts thumping harder in his chest, feeling thick and hollow as he tries to force air into his lungs. After a year of being out with Ilya he still had moments where the thought of others knowing anything about them had him so sick with worry. He sometimes wondered if he would ever get over that.

"What - uh." Shane's words break on a heavy inhale, he sits up and reaches over shoving Ilya's still sleeping form hard. "What video?" He chokes out as Ilya cracks an eye open to look at him.

Ilya hears the word video and moves to grab his phone off the night stand, his movements slow with sleep but it doesn't take long for him to have it open.

“The mechanical bull?” As Harris is saying the words, Ilya is turning his phone to face Shane’s face - the video in question is better quality than Shane would like it to be. It shows Shane on top of the mechanical bull, one hand holding on, the other on a Cowboy hat Ilya had gotten him to wear.

Shane’s hips were moving smoothly with the motion of the bull, keeping his body centered. Ilya was standing off to the side hollering with hands cupped around his mouth. Shane’s cheeks flushed warmly as the video ended and his memory finally kicked in to fill in the blanks-

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They won. *They WON.* Shane felt on top of the world. He had his husband’s strong arms around his waist, hoisting him into the air in the locker room of his home town team, and everyone was cheering.

They didn’t win a cup, or a medal. But this was Shane’s first game against Montreal since the transfer, and Ottawa had promised to win. It was maybe Shane’s favourite win yet, the first with his husband and his new team.

Ilya was setting him down gently, placing a quick kiss to the top of his head and slinging an arm around Shane’s shoulders. “Tonight, we celebrate! Everyone, get changed, we go to the bar.” The locker room filled with more noise as the boys whooped in agreement, and for once, Shane was excited to join them.

Between showering, changing, and getting every hockey player rallied to the same sports bar it took them nearly three hours. A lot of the initial excitement of the win had slowed in the city and had allowed them to set up at a local hockey bar.

Shane, not normally one to drink, couldn’t say no to his team tonight. The energy was intoxicating, and he wanted to feel every part of it in his bones.

One drink turned into three, into five, into Ilya finding him at the bar talking animatedly with Troy about the game with his seventh beer in his hand.

“Moy lyubovnik, I think it is time I take you home.” Ilya slides a slow confident arm behind Shane’s back, subtly stabilizing Shane’s wobbly form on the stool.

Shane turned all of his attention from Troy and focused it on Ilya. “Yeah?” The words come out slurred, and Shane raises an eyebrow in what he means to be a suggestive manner - but from the way Ilya’s face breaks into a grin he knows it’s failed. He would care more if that smile didn’t warm him to his core.

“Let us go.” Ilya pulls Shane from the stool slowly, the arm around his back adjusting to go under Shane’s shoulders, the other hand throwing Shane’s arm over Ilya’s shoulders and then holding his hand firmly. He turns and looks at Troy who is watching with a warm smile, “Good night Barrett. Tell team we are back at hotel.”

Troy nods easily and lifts his beer for another sip, “Will do Cap. See you in the morning.”

Ilya waves in acknowledgement before making his way out of the bar with Shane slowly. Shane feels a little silly being propped against Ilya, but it had been quite some time since he had drank, and even longer since he had drank this much, and he was feeling just a tad unsteady.

Getting outside feels like being slapped in the face with reality. It’s not that Shane feels suddenly sober, but the cold does make him stand up a little straighter, does make him focus a little more.

It’s that brief moment of focus that his eyes catch on bar across the street. It is playing country music loud enough the whole street can hear, and right in the front window is a mechanical bull. And suddenly Shane feels a pull.

He had seen so many videos in his life of men and women alike, getting on the bull and falling off. And Shane was competitive, everyone of those videos tugged at his brain and made him think *I could do that.*

And now, the opportunity was staring at him - glowing orange under dim bar lights. There wasn’t even anyone using it - now was the perfect time.

Shane found his feet moving before his brain had fully made the decision, untangling himself from Ilya - determination taking Ilya's spot in holding Shane vertical as he marched across the road.

"Shane?" Ilya calls out, following easily, "Where are we going?"

"I can do it. Watch, they make it look so hard. I bet it's *so fucking easy."* Shane is grumbling to himself while Ilya just watches. Eyebrows pulled together in confusion.

Shane just lifts a hand and makes a vague gesture in the direction of the bar, which, considering they're three feet from the door by the time he does it, is a useless gesture.

Ilya moves to open the door for Shane, offering his hand for support. Shane just brushes past him, his mind on a single track.

Feet moving, moving. Finally he's standing in front of the mechanical bull.

"Shane?" Ilya is beside him again, there is a sparkle in his eye and amusement in his voice.

"I can do this." Shane says again firmly and glances around. There is a man in a booth watching them. The man in the booth gestures towards the bull with a hand.

With that encouragement Shane moves quickly for a drunk man to scramble and climb on top of the bull. His left hand coming to grip the handle and his right resting on his thigh.

"Wait!" Ilya calls - holding a hand up to the man in the booth. Shane watches curiously as Ilya moves towards a group of men at the bar, all wearing cowboy hats. Ilya scribbles something on a few napkins before a man hands him one of their hats.

Ilya rushes back to Shane “If you are going to do it, might as well do it right, no?” His tone teases as he places the hat on Shane’s head for him.

The smile on Shane’s face grows as he nods, the hand that was on his thigh now coming up to hold the hat as Ilya steps back behind the barrier.

The bull started moving slowly, for two seconds, then it steadily got more and more intense. Shane’s grip on the handle bar tightening as he rolled his hips forward and back with the movement of the bull. His core burned as he held the muscles tight, keeping his torso straight and upright.

He throws his head back, loud drunk laughter ripping from his lips as the bull now violently throws him around. There is a close call at the two minute mark where he nearly loses his grip and falls - it’s not until three minutes when the operator makes the bull give a particularly hard couple bucks in a row that Shane is sent flying off the bull into the mats below.

Too drunk to notice the crowd that had formed to watch the Shane Hollander riding a mechanical bull. He laughs brightly from his place on the ground. A hand coming into vision, Ilya, offering him assistance to stand.

When he’s back on his feet Ilya leans in close a feral grin on his face, “Tomorrow night, when you are less drunk, you ride me like that, yes?”

And Shane’s knees go weak at the suggestion - “Yeah, yeah okay.”

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Shane isn’t fully sure how they had gotten home after that, or really anything else. The flush on his cheeks had spread down over his chest and shoulders as he watched the video. The title wasn’t helping - “**Shane Hollander Can Ride”**

“Oh my god.” He groaned low and deep, “Harris.”

A laugh tore itself through the other end of the line. “At least everyone thinks it’s hot.” Is the only placation he offers. It doesn’t help.

Shane’s thumb clicks the comments before he can stop himself, morbid curiosity has him scrolling.

Shanehollanderdefender19908

Oh my god, oh my god???

Hockeynerd129

Ilya doesn’t need all that, man’s being greedy - he should share. With me

Allforthegame10

Shit, shit. Fuck.. okay Ilya I see you.

There are hundreds of them, some saying they want Shane to ride them, some calling him daddy which was particularly strange.

A shaky breath falls from Shane’s lips as the tension falls from Shane’s shoulders. It wasn’t great, but it could have been worse. The comments were mostly positive, if not perverted. And he had to admit, he did look good.

“Thank you for telling us Harris, I will be more careful next time.” He finally manages to choke out.

“Yeah, I would appreciate that. Just don’t acknowledge it online, it’ll die down eventually. If it doesn’t I’ll write you a statement to post.”

Shane doesn't waste much time, a quick good bye and he's hanging up on Harris. Throwing his phone across the room and pulling the blankets back over his head.

"It is not so bad." Ily's words are muffled by the blanket covering his ears, and the hand rubbing his back soothingly feels muted. But it does still soothe something in him.

He peels the blanket down enough to expose his face, rolling over to face Ilya, "I know it could be worse, it's just so embarrassing."

"You think it is embarrassing? I think it is one of the sexiest videos of you I have ever seen. I think I would like to test out just how well you can ride." His voice is dark, laced with lust as he leans in catching Shane's lips with his own.

Despite the words, Shane doesn't end up riding Ilya that morning. He does end up with Ilya in his lap, a hand wrapped around both of them as they are brought to a finish together. He then curls back into the pillows and allows himself to sleep off the rest of the hangover, and to pretend he doesn't have to deal with that video later.

End Notes

Ok so as per always - I wrote this high, i did not read it back or edit it

i also had bigger dreams for this fic, i wanted to add like a group chat convo between everyone after they watched the vid but im so horseshit at text convos - also wanted more social media content and that was also not great, but i tried - so perhaps there will be improvement someday

anywhom

i love you all - smoke a joint or a bowl - kiss your pet - and somebody put shane hollander on a mechanical bull thank u.

to those who write social media or text posts and do a good job - please have a kiss on the forehead good night

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