

On The Mat

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by [leiascully](#)

Summary

Ilya learns to relax, sort of.

Notes

Timeline: at the cottage (written before 1.06 The Cottage aired, so sort of spoilery for/set during the book)

Author's Note: There's no torment like exercise torment. If you haven't experienced the joys of the acupressure mat, there's a good photo of the spikes [here](#).

“What is this bullshit?” Ilya kicks it, whatever it is. It’s in his way. He’s trying to stretch. Things shouldn’t be in his way.

“It’s an acupressure mat.” Shane picks it up and folds it nicely as he sits next to Ilya on the regular, normal mats, the ones that aren’t covered in little round hell-spikes.

“Okay, yes, what is it for?”

Shane shrugs. “You lie on it. It’s relaxing.”

“Relaxing,” Ilya says, making his voice flat. “All those little pointy pieces.”

“Yeah,” Shane says. He reaches for his toes. He’s definitely more flexible than he used to be. Ilya can feel the smirk on his own face. He likes how far Shane can bend. Shane looks up at him with that shy smile, the one that means he’s about to be a little shit. “It would probably be good for your back. You should try it.”

“I don’t believe you.”

“Okay,” Shane says. “You probably couldn’t handle it anyway. It’s something you should train up to.”

“Oh, you think I will fall for your tricks?” Ilya shakes his head at Shane’s foolishness. “I see what you’re doing, Hollander. Mister Tough Guy, lying on spikes.” By now, they both know how this will end: Ilya will lie on the spikes. He will curse Shane’s name and the names of Shane’s ancestors. Later, he probably will feel better, because all of Shane’s healthy bullshit really does help.

“It’s really fine,” Shane says. “I’ll just put it away.”

“No.” Ilya catches Shane’s wrist, just to watch the heat rise in Shane’s eyes. He presses a kiss to the soft skin below where Shane’s watch sits. “I will lie on your stupid mat. Not because my back hurts, just because I am better and stronger than you.”

“Whatever you say,” Shane says. His eyes glitter. He spreads the mat out.

Ilya looks at it and lets his face wrinkle with disgust. “I think you are masochist. You like pain, yes? That is the reason you do all these things?”

“It’s the reason I hang out with you for sure,” Shane jokes back. “You’re a pain in my ass, anyway.”

“That’s because I have a very...big...dick,” Ilya says, pushing his knee against Shane’s leg with each word. He leans forward. Shane meets him, his mouth already open against Ilya’s lips. They kiss, slow and lazy, like they have all the time in the world. Maybe here they do. No one comes to the cottage. Ilya pretends not to notice how Shane moves with him, presses him backwards until he’s leaning over the mat, his elbows propped out to the sides.

“This is nothing,” he says against Shane’s mouth. “I barely feel it.”

“That’s because you still have your shirt on,” Shane says. “That’s good. You know, for beginners like you.”

Ilya growls in his throat and arches his back so he can pull his tank top off. He settles back on the mat and feels the difference immediately. Pain, so sharp it’s hot, everywhere all over his back. The spikes bite into his skin, not cutting but burning. Ilya hisses through his teeth. Shane trails his fingertips up and down Ilya’s stomach and chest, tracing his pecs, teasing his nipples. Ilya shivers and squirms. It makes the pain worse. But it feels so good when Shane touches him. Strange combination: the stinging in his back and the delicate brush of Shane’s fingers that makes him tingle so differently.

“I am not relaxed yet,” he declares.

“It takes time.” Shane strokes Ilya where he knows Ilya is ticklish. Ilya sucks his teeth but doesn’t move. He can’t feel his back, only heat.

“This is torture,” he informs Shane.

“There’s spikes down here too,” Shane says, sliding his hands to Ilya’s hips. “If you want the full effect, you better take your shorts off.”

“I see your plan,” Ilya tells him. “You invite me to your house. You tell me to take my clothes off. You want my, what is that you say? My virtue.”

“That was gone long before I met you,” Shane teases. He kneels between Ilya’s legs and slowly works Ilya’s shorts off. “I never had a chance.”

Ilya gasps as the spikes jab into his ass. The pain makes him tense, which makes more pain, searing through him. He relaxes into the mat, one muscle at a time. The pain barely changes. “Fuuuuuuuck.”

“You can take it, can’t you?” Shane rubs Ilya’s thighs, firm hands distracting Ilya from the pain. “I thought you were better and stronger than I am. I spend 30 minutes a day on this thing, three times a week. Or if I can’t sleep. It knocks me out.”

“Maybe I will knock you out,” Ilya grumbles. “With my dick.”

Shane grins. “I don’t think you’re in a position to do that.”

“You put me on your horrible mat,” Ilya continues. It hurts very fucking much. He isn’t kidding about that. “Now I am at your mercy. Paralyzed by pain. You trap me in your dungeon, you monster.”

“Oh no,” Shane says, not sounding sorry at all. He strokes Ilya’s dick with two fingers. Ilya is hard almost immediately. Of course he is. His poor body is confused, but it will always know Shane’s touch. “How can I make it up to you?”

Ilya measures his breaths. He wants to thrust up against Shane's hand. That will definitely fucking hurt. "Maybe you have some ideas."

"Maybe I do," Shane says, and then his mouth is full of Ilya's dick. Ilya sighs and lets himself melt into the mat. The fucking spikes still hurt, but Shane was right. The pain is different: the heat turns into warmth, something softer. And fuck, Shane's mouth is incredible. Ilya can't move without the pain coming back, but Shane moves for him, mouth sliding up and down Ilya's shaft until Ilya is fully hard. Shane swirls his tongue and Ilya groans. He knows Shane likes to hear him.

It is a good game. Shane almost never wants control, but Ilya is happy to give it to him now. He likes that Shane made such a clever plan. He lies on the torture mat and Shane does magic on his dick and digs his fingers into Ilya's thighs until Ilya is so close he can hardly stand it. The pleasure makes him stiff, tense, and that makes the pain return. His back fucking hurts, his ass fucking hurts, his dick is melting in Shane's hot fucking mouth, and this might be the happiest he's ever been.

"Shane," he gasps, a warning. But Shane holds him tighter, swallows him down, licks him clean. Probably doesn't want to make a mess on his fancy mat. He stretches out next to Ilya on the regular soft mats while Ilya catches his breath, trying not to move.

"Relaxed yet?" Shane asks.

"Fuuuuuuck," Ilya says, one long breath. Shane laughs softly. Ilya frowns. "You're laughing. I will never get off this mat and you're laughing."

"I'll get you off," Shane says. "The mat, I mean."

"Oh yes, very funny," Ilya says. Shane leans over him and kisses him and Ilya kisses him back, soft and sexy like a promise. "Just imagine the things I will do to you once I am free."

"Oh, I have been," Shane says. He shifts again to the end of the mat and offers Ilya his hands, pulling Ilya up. There is quick hard pressure as his back curves, but least it doesn't hurt more than before. And now that the spikes are gone, Ilya's skin feels alive, blood rushing through his body. Not to his dick, not right now, but everywhere else. Anyway, he doesn't need his dick to make Shane feel good.

"Did you like it?" Shane asks.

"Mm," Ilya says, dragging his shorts back on. "It was interesting. I think not so fun if you're not sucking my dick."

Shane laughs. He laughs much more these days than before. It fills Ilya with joy, quick and bright like butterflies. "I'm sure that made it easier. Which kind of makes you not stronger or better when you think about it."

"Ha ha," Ilya says solemnly. He reaches down and catches Shane's thighs. Shane jumps into his arms, wrapping his legs around Ilya's hips like they've been doing this forever. It's easy, so easy to imagine forever here. Ilya swallows against a lump in his throat. "See? Stronger."

He carries Shane out of the gym into the rest of the cottage. Everything is perfect here. The wood floors are smooth and cool under Ilya's bare feet. His whole body tingles; he thinks maybe he might fly. He looks at Shane's face so close to his and Shane's eyes are bright, sparkling like the sunlight on the lake. Ilya could fall in love right now, if he hadn't done it years ago.

"Where are you taking me?" Shane asks. He does not sound like he cares too much about the answer.

"Everywhere," Ilya tells him, holding Shane tight against his body.

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