Unintended Sexting

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/77048661.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV), Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander, Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Sexting, Mutual Masturbation, Ilya Rozanov Has a Big Dick, Shane Hollander Has an Oral Fixation, Size Kink, Smut
Language:	English
Series:	Part 53 of Manic Drabbling
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-04 Words: 1,615 Chapters: 1/1

Unintended Sexting

by RayByAnotherName

Summary

Shane finds a porn video inspired by their rivalry and sends it to Ilya. Sexting ensues.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

He hadn't gone looking for it. Technically. Not that Rozanov believes him when Shane sends him the link. He regrets the decision instantly.

Lily: Miss me so much you need porn?

Shane's cheeks flush with color. He glares down at his phone, typing a denial as quickly as his thumbs allow.

Jane: I was looking up something else.

Lily: Oh, what was query?

Cringing, Shane writes out three different messages before deleting every one of them.

If he tells Rozanov he'd been looking for a specific photo of him, the asshole would immediately assume it was for something... unseemly.

Not that he'd be entirely wrong, but Rozanov didn't need his ego stroked.

Luckily, Rozanov doesn't wait for his response and Shane can just ignore the question entirely.

Lily: Fake you likes fake me's cock almost as much as you do mine.

Jane: I can't believe you're actually watching it.

The next few messages come in a chain, with several eyerolling emojis right at the top. Shane blushes at the string of fruits and other emotes at the end. Their meaning less than subtle.

Lily: You're the one who sent it to me.
Lily: Is not bad either, he is not so pretty as you though. Not so loud.

Shane groans, sinking down into his pillows. He bites his lip and opens the video again. His cock already hard from his last look.

Jane: I sent it because of the title. I haven't watched it yet.

The lighting is bad and the soundtrack utterly atrocious. A full on cliche. The premise a trope Shane is, unfortunately, quite familiar with.

Winner's Circle, with the Fake Rozanov as the winner and the Fake Shane as his prize.

A little too close to reality for his comfort really. Rozanov loves to edge him a little too much and any time he wins lately, he does just that, taking his sweet time, refusing to touch Shane's dick.

"Cum on my cock, Hollander," Rozanov chuckled in his ear the last time, nipping at the crown, teeth grazing over the sensitive flesh. *"You need no hand,"* he panted, *"Just me."*

His accent always got thicker the longer they lasted. One of the best parts of Rozanov edging him was that it, invariably, forced him to edge himself, and he'd end up whining in Russian. Growling.

Lily: Yet?

Shane blinks at the message when it pops up at the top of his screen. His throat bobs as he pauses the video, clicking back into their message history.

The short word had come with a gif. Some smug character smirking up at him.

Not nearly as attractive as Rozanov's own crooked little smiles. His dick throbs when Shane pictures it in his head. Pink lips tugging up, hazel eyes bright, smug.

He shakes his head and focuses on the messages instead of his neglected erection.

Jane: The lighting is kind of shit.

Lily: Yes. Cannot see faces too well, just jerseys. Probably on purpose.

That... makes sense. It's a porno after all. A fake sex tape of the two of them. They didn't exactly have the budget to guarantee the actors actually looked like them. Vague approximations more than enough with all the shadows.

Lily: The ending is good though. Giving me ideas for next week.

Shane furrows his brow and skips to the end of the video. His face burns when he sees it, hand immediately dropping to his crotch, squeezing at his aching cock.

It's him. Or, fake him. He's face down, ass up, cum dripping out of his ass, more splattered all over his thighs.

He's wearing Rozanov's jersey though. His name emblazened across the back. His number.

Jane: I'm not doing that.

His hand works furiously over his dick while he waits for Rozanov's response.

The asshole doesn't disappoint. A little devil emoji preceeding his offer. A wager, for the game.

Lily: When my team wins, you wear my jersey while we fuck. Whole night, not just the end. I take my time.

Shane's not flying out of Boston until the night after their game. His teammates have already started plotting out a club hopping schedule, since there's no curfew for once. Shane has only one place he plans to go while in Boston.

Head tipping back against the bed, a moan rips from his lips. He cringes when his climax is over and types out his response with one hand before reaching for the tissues.

Jane: And what happens when I win?

He barely has time to clean himself up before his phone buzzes with another message. No emojis this time.

Lily: Then we can make our own video, so you won't need porn next time.

A picture quickly follows. Shane whines as his screen fills with a sight that makes his mouth actually water. His heart already hammering in his chest.

Lily: For now, you can have this.

It's obnoxious, Rozanov having such a good cock. Fucking huge when its fully erect, like in the picture. Long and thick, with the pretty tip shimmering with precum.

Shane wants to lick it up, run his tongue over the slit and the take the whole damn thing into his mouth. Or, as much as he can fit.

It's easier for Shane to swallow the whole load when Rozanov is already in his throat.

He swallows then. A breath shuddering through him. His own cock twitches as Shane loses himself in the fantasy for a minute, in his memories.

Rozanov often slipped back into Russian when Shane blew him, his hand fisting in Shane's hair, fingers twitching as he tried not to pull him closer. He tried to be gentle, most of the time, but they'd been doing this long enough Shane had long since learned how to deepthroat Rozanov's massive cock.

And Shane kind of liked it when Rozanov lost control, when he slammed Shane down on his dick, cursing loudly in his mother tongue. Shane didn't know Russian, not even a little bit.

But he understood Rozanov, heard him shout with pleasure as he released ribbons of semen over Shane's face or down his throat. In his ass.

When he finally responds to Rozanov's message, it's been long enough for the gap to be noticable. Shane grimaces when Rozanov calls him out on it.

Jane: We agreed no more dick picks after last time.

Lily: Oh? But you obviously needed it.
Lily: What were you thinking about? Did you cum?

Shane blushes again. He's hard again too, despite his recent orgasm.

Jane: Shut up.

Lily: Not a no.

Rozanov sends another smirking gif and Shane nearly throws his phone. He digs out his dildo then, lubing it up before he restarts the damn video.

As he sinks down on it, moaning along with his fake self, Shane realizes the actors aren't using a condom. The ending flashes in his mind again. He whines, eyes squeezing shut.

He closes the video and switches back to their text chain, to the photo Rozanov sent him. His mouth dropping open in a moan as he rocks back on the dildo.

It's not as big as Rozanov. He remembers that every time, thinks about getting another one. Something bigger.

Lily: Maybe you should show me what you do. Make me a video.

Biting at his bottom lip, Shane thinks about it. He thinks about it way too long for something that is so very stupid.

The voice memo he records is stupid too, but all he's doing is panting, moaning. A slow whine as he grinds down on the too small silicone shaft. No words, nothing identifiable.

Lily: Holy fuck. So hot.

A video pops up fairly quick. Shane groans when he clicks play.

Rozanov doesn't say anything either, but his breathing is ragged while he pumps his hand up and down over his shaft. He thumbs the tip, smearing the precum down over the head.

When he comes, Rozanov shouts, just like always, but he muffles himself. Nothing for anyone to recognize, just in case.

His cock is one of a kind though, so fucking pretty as it twitches, pulsing through his orgasm, coating white knuckles in his cum.

Shane's eyes roll back and his own orgasm slams into him, dildo firm inside him as he clenches around it, wishing it was Rozanov instead.

He saves both the photo and the video to the secret folder on his phone. Right alongside the last dick pic Rozanov had sent him. Hidden away, just for him. For later.

Hands shaking, he shifts forward onto his knees and angles his phone between his legs. He's never done this. He shouldn't do it now, but Shane can't help himself. Can't help but match Rozanov, pic for pic.

His face isn't in it. Just his dick, his ass. The dildo partially visible, the ring of flesh at his rim clinging to the colorful silicone. And his cum, still drooling out of his cock. A little puddle beneath the tip.

Lily: So pretty.
Lily: You need bigger toy though. Too small for your greedy hole.

Groaning, Shane face plants into his mattress, ass in the air with his underwear wrapped around one ankle. He shudders through a few breaths, mind a bit hazy. Embarrasment already rising up his spine.

He hadn't meant for the night to go this way, for them to end up sexting.

But in his post-orgasmic bliss, Shane finds himself smiling. He thumbs at his phone. When he looks at the message later, his face will flush with color, but right now, all he can think about is Ilya's crooked smile. The smug grin he'll have when he reads it.

Jane: That's what you're for.

End Notes

Might make a series of these two following through on their 'deal.' The ideas are just too good not to use. 😅🤣

Now with fanart! 😍 Need to finish the jersey fic *asap* after seeing that.

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