boston cream pie

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/77798791.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV), Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Romance, Anal Sex, Comeplay, Rimming, Love, Come Eating, Teasing, Shane Hollander's Cottage, Post-Season/Series 01, Porn with Feelings, Bottom Shane Hollander, Top Ilya Rozanov, Banter, Creampie
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-17 Words: 2,296 Chapters: 1/1

boston cream pie

by leaveanote

Summary

> “I think I would like to know what a creampie tastes like here in Ottawa.”

Notes

> Look, I saw a sign for “Boston cream pie” with a line break after “Boston” several hours ago and now we are here. I’m not sorry at all. Hope you like reading as much as I liked writing it <3

“Get over here, Rozy! You gotta try some of this carrot cake before we kill it.”

Ilya shakes his head, all his focus on the plate in front of him. It was very nice of the coach’s wife to bring them all these desserts at the end of the season. Ilya doesn’t get readymade excuses to indulge very often.

“Fuck your carrot, Marly,” he groans, shoveling another scoop of cake, custard, and chocolate into his mouth. “I don’t want anything but this cream pie.”

“Boston cream pie,” Marleau says, like he’s correcting. Ilya arches a brow.

“Boston carrot cake,” he says. “What the fuck.”

Marleau snorts, but recovers quickly, clocking that this is a not-American thing, not an Ilya-thing.

“No, sorry. We call it a Boston cream pie, I guess ‘cause it was made here. *Creampie* is something, uh, different.”

“What is it then?” Ilya says, through another mouthful of *Boston* cream pie.

Marleau drops his voice and leans in, even though the party room’s full of loudly laughing team members.

“It’s when you cum inside someone without a condom,” he tells him.

Ilya chokes slightly and Marleau cracks up, clapping him on the back.

“Are you serious?”

“Yup.”

Ilya can’t stop laughing. “Why the fuck name this cake that then? What the fuck!”

“No idea, dude,” Marleau says. “I guess I don’t know which came first? But trust me. Boston cream pie is the cake. Creampie is—”

“Yes, I get it, please stop,” Ilya cuts him off, still chuckling. “Thank you for telling me. Filthy fucking Boston people.” He shakes his head, cutting himself another slice.

“I can’t believe it,” Shane says, not for the first time since Ilya got back to his cottage. “It’s finally happening! You’re leaving Boston! Starting so so soon you’re gonna be here in

Canada all the time! *Ahhh!"* Shane, already half on Ilya's lap on the couch, scoots even closer somehow to bury his face in the crook of Ilya's neck. "Thank fucking God."

"Yes." Thank fucking God is right. Ilya holds him tight, breathing him in. Shane smells so good. Ilya's so relieved he's gotten all the logistics sorted. He's really only going to be two hours away from Shane at most, for the foreseeable future.

"Is there anything you want to make sure you do in Boston before you leave?" Shane says.

"Nah," Ilya says, fingers finding their way into Shane's hair. "The only thing I want to do is right here." He lets his hand fall to Shane's ass, squeezing not altogether gently.

Shane goes pink in the cheeks, grinning. "Seriously though! Anywhere you want to go, or eat, or something—wouldn't be super crazy for us to be seen together in the right places, right, not with the charity underway."

"I am being honest," Ilya tells him. "Boston—" he cuts himself off with a laugh.

"What?"

"Actually," Ilya says, squeezing Shane's ass again. "There is maybe one thing from Boston I would like to try."

Shane perks up, totally earnest. Ilya grins, blood heating at his own mischief.

"What is it?"

"Have you heard of a Boston creampie?"

Shane's mouth twitches. "Boston *cream pie.* Two words. Uh, yeah, I have, not really my thing but maybe we could—"

Ilya shakes his head, moving his body into Shane's.

"No. One word."

"Um."

"You see, the cake I have had. Is very good. But I am interested in the other thing."

"You're not talking about—"

"Yes."

"Jesus Christ. Who taught you that word?!"

Ilya grins as he climbs on top of Shane, pleased to find his boyfriend already half-hard in his cute little sweat shorts.

"Is two words."

“Fuck you.”

“Marleau told me, when I left out the *Boston* talking about the cake.”

Shane chuckles, even as he’s blushing in earnest now.

“Wait,” he says, face doing something complicated. “Did you—were you—was that, um, something you were doing with other people in Bost—”

“No,” Ilya says, kissing him. “Was just making sex joke.”

“Oh,” Shane says, sagging with relief, and Ilya goes so hot with love and lust. “Cool.”

Ilya smiles, kissing him harder until the last of Shane’s flare of jealousy leaves his body, leaving him squirmy and warm for Ilya.

“What do you think,” he says. “Too messy? Or can I?”

“You can,” Shane says, so quickly Ilya has to hide a smile. “Fuck. Yes. God, I’m so glad we don’t have to use condoms anymore.”

“Yes, it is very sexy,” Ilya agrees. He gives Shane’s ass a light spank, gratified at the sound Shane makes. “Let’s go to the bedroom. Sheets we can wash, but you will never forgive me if we stain your fancy couch.”

“God I love you so fucking much,” Shane whispers. Ilya grins, and carries him to bed.

There’s nothing like sinking into Shane raw. It hasn’t been long, relatively speaking, since they officially became exclusive and mostly stopped using condoms, except for when Shane wants an easier cleanup, which is often when they’re trying to make the best use of their shared hours. But Ilya’s moving so much closer soon, and they’ll have so much more time. He can take his time with Shane when he wants to. He can make a mess out of him. Ilya smiles, rocking his hips, happily watching his boyfriend writhe on his cock.

“Oh fuck,” Shane gasps, plush lower lip caught in his teeth. “Oh *fuck—”*

“You feel so good,” Ilya says. “So tight for me. So wet,” he says, thumbing Shane’s dripping dick.

Shane’s face crumples, fingers scrabbling on the sweaty bedsheets.

“I—Ilya, I—”

“Ah ah ah.” Ilya pulls almost all the way out and stops touching him. “Not yet.”

Shane whines, heavy eyes going wide. He tries to bear down but Ilya moves with him, leaving only the head of his cock buried in the grip of Shane’s hole.

“Wh-why?”

Ilya's face spreads into a grin. He leans in close, Shane whimpering at the angle, at the touch of Ilya's stomach against his needy, desperate erection. Ilya kisses him oh so gently before murmuring in his ear.

"I think I'd like to know what a cream pie tastes like here in Ottawa."

Shane cries out, ass clenching tight on Ilya's dick. For a moment Ilya thinks Shane might have cum right then, he goes so wet between them. But he's good, he's so, so good. Ilya told him *not yet* so he doesn't, just squirms and frets and clings to him.

"Not long. I promise," Ilya says, half in real reassurance, and half because Shane drives him fucking crazy, he's nearly there himself.

"Okay. *Fuck.* Okay."

"Okay?"

Shane nods shakily, eyes clenched shut. "G-give me a minute."

Ilya smiles. He presses his lips to Shane's. Brushes his sweaty hair back, heart fluttering wildly at how Shane leans into his touch. So trusting. So precious.

"I love you," Ilya says quietly. "I love you so much." He brushes soft kisses to Shane's cheeks. "So handsome," he says between kisses. "So pretty. And so fucking sexy. Fuck."

Shane whimpers.

"Okay. I—I think I can wait."

Ilya grins and thrusts hard into him.

"Good, because I can't anymore."

"You fucking *asshole,"* Shane says, wrapping his arms around him. "Oh my God."

Ilya laughs as he fucks him, beaming as he presses kisses all over Shane's face, his nose, the corner of his eyes, until Shane seizes him into a proper kiss, slipping his tongue into Ilya's mouth and sinking his fingers into Ilya's hair, and that's it. Ilya cums with a groan, hips stuttering, flooding Shane's hole hot and wet.

Shane's practically sobbing by the time Ilya finishes. He *does* let out a plaintive, wordless sound when Ilya pulls out, sniffs, and pushes Shane's legs back.

Shane's little pink hole is stretched and swollen, there between the hairy cheeks of his ass. Before Shane, Ilya couldn't have imagine being this turned on after having *just finished,* but that's what Shane does to him.

"Fuck," Ilya mutters. He rubs Shane's hot, loose hole, watching him clench, a thick dribble of Ilya's cum spilling down his crease. He kisses Shane's mouth, kisses away the tears gathering at the corners of his eyes from the effort of holding back, kisses his nipples and his thighs. He

meets Shane's tormented, blissed-out gaze for one moment—and then licks his hole, slow and hard.

Shane cries out, clutching to his own legs, rocking back to let Ilya in deeper. And Ilya finds he *can* go deeper when Shane's fucked open, can spread him and shove his tongue deep, deep inside.

"Oh my fucking *God,"* Shane moans, rocking himself hard onto Ilya's tongue, which is just about the hottest thing Ilya's experienced in his life. He hums approvingly, lapping up his own cum. He firms his tongue, pressing in, pressing up. He finds he can lick quite deep into Shane's hole when it's stretched like this. He finds too that this is somehow even sexier than eating Shane out beforehand, because like this, Shane tastes like Ilya, too.

Ilya could spend hours like this, torturing Shane, keeping him on the edge. But he can't bear watching Shane drip all over himself, his beautiful face etched with the effort of his restraint.

Ilya wrenches his tongue free. "On all fours," he says, helping a trembling Shane obey. He kisses the muscled cheek of Shane's ass, then spreads him again. Swirls the tip of his tongue around Shane's wet, sloppy rim. "You want to come?"

Shane might really be sobbing now, somewhere beyond words—all he can do is press his face into the mattress and shove back against Ilya.

"Okay, baby," Ilya says. "You can come."

Ilya expects to see Shane to touch himself, to feel him shift as he reaches for his cock. But when Ilya thrusts his tongue inside Shane again, he feels instead the telltale grip of Shane's hole the moment before he smells the obscenely erotic scent of Shane's cum as he spills all over the bed.

Shane wails. He rocks back on Ilya's tongue and Ilya leans into him. It's a weird, stupid angle, crunching his neck and making him take a moment to match Shane's pace, but it doesn't matter, in fact that makes it better, somehow, because Ilya doesn't need anything to be perfect for this thing between them to be perfect. Their sex, their love, it's always going to be something of a mess, and also the best thing that's ever happened to Ilya in his life.

Shane's orgasm keeps going, the way it often does when Ilya fucks him a new way, like his body's learning a new shape of pleasure and is very, very excited about it. He writhes and squirms and pants, and when he bucks back against Ilya's jaw the last of Ilya's cum squeezes out of him, making the bed a perfect mess of them both.

"Oh my God," Shane says, when Ilya pulls back at last. He climbs shakily into Ilya's arms and looks at him with blazing eyes, kissing him deeply, tasting them both. Ilya realizes he's so hard again it hurts, and at the touch of Shane's tongue on his, at his sharp inhale when he tastes their mingled spend, Ilya presses into Shane's muscled thigh and ruts at him for just a moment before spilling again, Shane's hands in his hair, Shane murmuring praise and love into Ilya's slackened mouth.

“Fuck,” Ilya says, when their bodies still what feels like ages later. “You really killed me this time, Hollander.”

Shane giggles tiredly, shoving at him.

“Back at you, Rozanov,” he says, as Ilya kisses him all over his pretty face again. “Ew,” he says, wrinkling his nose at the admittedly filthy cum-soaked mess they’ve made of each other and the bed.

“Shut up,” Ilya says, between kisses.

“Like I’ll probably have to throw these sheets out, actually.”

“Whatever,” Ilya says. “There are more sheets. I will buy you so many sheets.”

“I think this went down to the mattress cover.”

“Mr. Real Estate can’t afford new mattress cover? Fine, I will buy you so many sheets *and* new mattress cover.”

“No, you don’t have to,” Shane says, blushing.

“No, I am going to,” Ilya says, kissing his freckles now, right on that blush. “So we can do that again and ruin more.”

“Okay,” Shane says, tangling their limbs together. “I’ll split them with you.”

“Deal,” Ilya grins, dizzy with love. “So,” he says, thumbing Shane’s lower lip. “You liked it?”

Shane’s eyes go wide, lips parting as he shivers with the aftershocks of his orgasm. He nuzzles even closer into Ilya.

“You made me cum hands-free with just your fucking tongue inside me,” he murmurs, slipping two fingers into Ilya’s mouth to touch it. “You really have to ask?”

Ilya laps at his fingers and Shane’s jaw goes slack for a moment before he shoves at Ilya, laughing.

“What about you?” Shane asks, smile flickering slightly. Ilya shakes his head at Shane’s lingering natural anxiety, kissing him hard until it vanishes.

“You know I liked it,” Ilya tells him. “Your sweet little fucked-out hole got me so hard again I came on your fucking leg.”

Shane’s breath stutters, even as he smiles somewhat shyly. “That was hot.”

“Yes,” Ilya agrees. “Very hot. I like a cream pie.”

“Jesus Christ.”

“Favorite flavor.”

“God.”

“Fuck Boston,” Ilya says. “The only cream pie I ever want to taste again is you.”

And then Shane’s looking at him with mingled horror and love and lust.

“You’re awful,” Shane says, rolling on top of him. Both of them laugh into their kiss.

“You like it.”

“I love it. I think I need you to fuck me again.”

Ilya smiles, going hot.

“I think you’re right.”

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