Take it out on me

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/77901041.

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
Characters:	Shane Hollander, Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Explicit Sexual Content, Smut, Making Out, Top Ilya Rozanov, Bottom Shane Hollander, Dirty Talk, Blow Jobs, Anal Fingering, Anal Sex, Dacryphilia, Spanking, Choking, Dom Ilya Rozanov, Sub Shane Hollander
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-18 Words: 4,263 Chapters: 1/1

Take it out on me

by dinodiva

Summary

Just a tipsy Shane riling Ilya up, after having won his third Stanley cup, with the end goal of getting wrecked and Ilya obviously fulfilling his boyfriend's wishes. Rough sex from two very in love rivals.

Notes

Well hi there, this is my first fanfic ever and English is not my first language, just putting that out there. I wrote this after having watched the first season and reading the the first book, so it is set after the first season. It has nothing to do with the second book though (since that is still to be read). Hope you like it.

It was the last game of the season, Shane's team was on the field leading and the game was almost over.

This was it, his third Stanley Cup. He couldn't contain how proud he was, having achieved something he worked so hard for and it was only a couple of seconds away from him. A couple of very long seconds, but he knew the odds were in his favor and his team was giving it their all.

Watching from a screen Ilya almost couldn't believe what he was witnessing, his boyfriend was playing like never before and it was paying off, he felt a mix of emotions: love, admiration, happiness.

But there was also something darker there, a sort of jealousy, watching someone who he had played against so often beat him at something this important.

He had always been competitive, but this was a little different. Even though he was happy for his boyfriend, he wanted to challenge him right then and there, what an odd, but at the same time familiar blend of emotions.

The countdown turned to zero and that feeling got swallowed up by joy as the celebrations began, the metros having won the Stanley cup again.

Shane was beyond just happy, he felt untouchable, like he was on fire. His teammates all started to celebrate and he knew he had a long evening ahead of him, with most of his teammates partying at a nearby private bar.

He spent the beginning of the evening drinking with them, but kept secretly texting Ilya, wishing he could have joined them.

He felt like nothing could stop him and that made him a little bolder than usual. He wanted to do something reckless and who better to do that with than with Ilya.

So he kept sending him slightly suggestive texts, followed up by boasting trying to get a raise out of him.

Shane: Fuck I missed winning don't you miss it too

Shane: It's been a while hasn't it

Shane: It feels so good don't you wanna feel good tooo

Shane: …

Ilya not really expecting that, but definitely now intrigued, kept playfully texting him back. He was amused by his clearly drunk and embolden boyfriend, but the texts were starting to get under his skin.

Ilya: Ditch the party im coming to get you

Shane: Hell yess <3

Later that evening Ilya had come to pick up a tipsy Shane, who had finally been able to secretly sneak out, to have a different type of celebration with Ilya.

He had wanted to ask something of Ilya prior to the NHL Championships and now that he finally got some downtime with him, he wanted to try some new things in the bedroom, if his boyfriend was up for it of course.

They were on their way home in Ilya's car and Shane kept stealing glances at him.

Rozanov looked at him back briefly and pulled his gaze back to the road. He mused, "Keep looking at me like that Hollander and I will stop the car right here".

Shane just smiled and replied, "I don't think your car has enough room, I don't want to hold back tonight."

Ilya gripped the wheel tighter at that and knew that his tipsy and tired boyfriend was probably not so tired after all.

He had been sending Ilya all types of texts tonight, most of them provocative in different ways. Ilya didn't know if he wanted to fuck or fight his boyfriend… well that's a lie he always wanted to fuck him. He took another glance at Shane; damn had he managed to push his buttons tonight.

Driving a little faster than before, he tried to focus on the road while thinking of everything that will be going on later that night, all the different positions and them being able to be as loud as they wanted to in their home.

It was something he appreciated a lot, but it also made him half hard just thinking about it.

Finally arriving at their destination they hurried inside buzzing with excitement and arousal. As soon as Shane closed the door, he was turned around and pulled into a long hard kiss.

Their kisses were only interrupted by their smiles and they started making out while maneuvering themselves across the room.

Shane's hands were gripping Rozanov's hair, while Ilya had his hands firmly on his hips pulling him close. He could taste a bit of alcohol on Shane's lips, and was becoming drunk of them.

Getting rid of their jackets, while in the middle of their make out session and starting to undress, they managed to take off their shirts. Ilya broke the kiss with a grin as he said, "get on your knees".

Shane dropped so fast to the ground hearing those familiar words; it was a surprise he didn't get dizzy. He nuzzled against the opened trousers and in boxers clothed junk, already longing for it.

He got rid of Ilya's trousers while trying to leave open mouthed kisses against it. With his hand on Romanov's ass, kneading it and his face pressed against it, he took a big breath through his nose and looked up at Ilya with begging eyes.

Completely at his mercy Ilya cursed, "Fuck Shane stop teasing me and take what you need".

Being in a mischievous mood Shane removed the briefs in his way and started licking the underside of the big cock in front of him, while holding it in a soft grip and not breaking their eye contact.

"Fuuuuuuck" was all Ilya could breathe out while helplessly shifting his hips a little.

Still looking up, Shane opened his lips to suck on its head and licked across the slit.

Ilya's knees buckled a bit feeling like he was simultaneously in heaven and hell. "Shane", he moaned now grabbing Shane's hair and nudging his head down a bit. "Suck my fucking dick", he groaned while trying to sound sterner.

Finally, Shane took him in his mouth, closing his eyes enjoying the feeling. They got into their usual rhythm with Shane working him like rent is due and Ilya softly guiding him, not that he needed to, but it had become sort of a habit for them.

Shane loved the feeling of Ilya in his mouth, but it wasn't enough for him, he had caught Ilya staring at him in the car with a type of heat that he had not seen often. He knew it was probably just envy, the same way he felt watching Ilya win the cup, happy but a bit pissed off that it wasn't him.

It was in their nature, after all they were competitive athletes, but Shane felt like going into heat after catching a glimpse of Ilya looking at him that way. He would have sucked his dick right then and there, if Ilya hadn't been driving.

He had wanted to rile up his boyfriend all night, why stop now.

Continuing to suck his dick, Shane tried to look up and catch that heated gaze again. He knew what he had to do.

Taking the cock out of his mouth, but stroking it, he started to taunt, "Winning again felt so good, do you wanna know what it feels like?" He saw Ilya's eyes get darker. "The first two times were good, but fuck holding it the third time felt insane."

"Fuck you Shane," was all the respond he got. He needed a bit more though.

"Do you remember after you won MVP, how I did what you asked me to in Vegas," Ilya was staring at him with dark eyes not saying anything, but completely focused on him. Shane continued, "Maybe it's your turn to do what the winner wants."

And there it was that look in Rozanov's eyes, completely ablaze holding a promise to wreck him by the end of the night and Hollander lived for it.

Keeping his hands on Ilya's thighs he looked through his lashes at him, really stared into his soul and demanded, "Fuck my throat". Ilya's self-restrain completely broke; he grabbed two fists full of Shane's hair and started thrusting wildly, while keeping Hollander's head at the angle that he wanted.

Shane had transcended to cloud nine, his dick was leaking in his briefs and he was chocking a little until he got into the rhythm, breathing through his nose as much as he could.

Tears were running down his cheeks and he started to palm himself through his underwear. He couldn't help but moan. Ilya's eye rolled back, feeling it around his dick, his own moans getting louder.

He looked down again and saw Shane had one of his hands in his own boxers; he was squeezing his eyes shut and shuddered while making gurgling moans. Has was coming from just sucking his dick.

Ilya shouted "Fuck, Shane" and pulled back a bit, to come in Shane's mouth while jerking himself off through it. Hollander just took it all, pliant and soft from his own orgasm, letting Rozanov do what he wanted to.

Ilya still in shock needed a couple of seconds to come back to his senses, he then pulled Shane up and kissed him softly a couple of times.

"I'll get you something to drink if you want, go wait in the bedroom," he said to Shane who was still a bit out of breath and could really need something for his sore throat.

"Water" he just responded and he went to their bedroom, taking their cloths with him. Ilya went to the kitchen and got them some water and a little snack.

Going into their bedroom, he sees Shane sit at the edge of the bed, looking as pleased as ever at him while still slightly flushed. Rozanov went to him, passed him the tray and sat down next to him.

He couldn't help but stare at Shane. "So that was intense. I knew winning felt good, but I didn't know the cup made you that horny."

"Fuck off" Shane replied with a hoarse voice smiling, looking away and then again at Ilya. "It's just I've been thinking of some stuff for a while now and I don't know, I guess I felt like trying it tonight." Ilya just continued to look at him as he got to his little meal. "So what else have you been thinking about?"

Shane feeling a bit flustered without the liquid courage running through him, looked away clearly thinking of something, but not knowing how to say it. Ilya grabbed his chin softly and made him look his way. "Did I hurt you, was it ok?"

"What no, I mean no, it felt really good obviously, it's just… I don't really know how to explain it."

"Tell me. Is this something you want to do again or something else like this?"

“Yes to both”

“If winning the cup makes you act like that, I would have transferred into your team, would have made sure you win every time”

“Rozanov” Shane laughed, “It’s not just the winning”.

“What Hollander, I got really scared when you kept looking at me like that in the car, I thought you would jump me like a sex crazed man while driving, I didn’t know what to do.”

“Ilya” Shane said clearly amused and acting surprised.

“What Shane, sorry officer for stopping in the middle of the road, but my boyfriend got really horny from a cup and was giving me fuck-me-eyes.”

“Oh my god Ilya it’s not just the cup, it’s …sometimes when I win something you also want, you get that look.”

“What look” Ilya said as he put the tray away.

“The look I get too when you win, I’m happy for you but also a bit pissed off, I guess”

“So, we are rivals we can’t help it” Ilya said with a smile.

“I know, I get it, it’s just I sometimes want you to take it out on me.”

That sentence made Ilya’s brain freeze for a moment. “What do you mean with take it out on you?” Shane looked at him for a bit and then started to overthink of how to explain what he meant, until he thought fuck it and locked his gaze with Ilya’s again not blinking. “I want you to fuck me like you’re mad at me, make it hurt, be mean, whatever just take it out on me”

Ilya just took a sharp breath while still looking into Shane’s eyes, looking for any hesitation, but finding none.

Rozanov already knew they both preferred it a bit rougher, but this was Shane asking for something more, something darker and he would be lying to himself, if he didn’t admit that he had thought about it too sometimes. Ilya nodded to himself and walked to stand in front of Shane, staring down at him.

“Pull your boxers off.”

Shane complied looking up at Ilya, with stars in his eyes, hell yes they were doing this.

As soon as Shane was naked, Ilya came crushing down on him, grabbing him by the throat and kissing him with so much force, he fell back onto the bed.

Ilya continued to kiss him and explored every corner of Shane’s mouth with his tongue, biting his lips, while Shane already started to whimper. Rozanov grabbed onto one of Shane’s pecks while the other arm kept him from falling down on top of him. Shane’s hands were nestled in his hair.

Ilya then started kissing down his jaw and neck leaving a trail of hickeys behind, while his hands began to pull and twist his nipples.

Shane was moaning and kept tugging on Ilya's hair. Ilya loved it when he did that. He bit on one of his nipples and tugged at it with his teeth while looking up at Shane.

Shane felt a shockwave of pleasure run through his body, moaning "Fuck yeesssss" while arching his chest into Ilya's mouth, who caught his lips again and kissed him stealing his breath.

Ilya then leaned away, "look at you like a bitch in heat, I haven't even touched you and you're already like this" he said as he slapped Shane's dick to the side.

Shane fully moaned, his hips moving back from the impact, but then returned to ask for more. Ilya repeated the action, earning a drawn out moan again. He grabbed him off the bed by the waist and then roughly threw Shane further up the bed.

Shane could only gasp and watch Ilya slowly crawl to him, eyes locked on him, looking like he wanted to devour him.

"If anything is too much, say stop, red, tap me twice or whatever."

"Yes, please," Shane responded, before he got flipped over on his stomach and his hips where raised to Ilya's face. Ilya didn't hesitate, gripping his ass cheeks to pull them open and he licked a stripe all the way from his balls up to his hole and then spit on it pushing two fingers in.

"Fuuuuuck" was all the response he got from Shane.

"Is this what you wanted, to be treated like a desperate slut." He picked up his pace until he was hammering his fingers in, hitting his prostate, watching Shane's dick pathetically bounce at the sheer force of it, his ass shaking from the recoil.

Ilya spanked it once. "Yes, yes more," Shane begged, Ilya added another finger and spanked him harder. Shane let out a louder broken moan.

Ilya seeing Shane melt into the bed now started fully spanking him, while wrecking his hole open.

Shane's dick kept twitching and Shane knew he was close, but he didn't care, he had been fantasizing about being manhandled. He was a bit embarrassed about it, but he loved it when Ilya got a bit rougher than usual. He had started thinking about his boyfriend hands, hurting him in a way, that made the pit in his stomach coil.

Finally receiving what he had yearned for in the darker corners of his mind, he felt stupid for not having asked for this sooner.

Every impact had him losing a bit of his sanity, only able to moan and grasp the sheets tighter as he felt another slap shake through his body.

Ilya being finally satisfied with the shade of red on his boyfriend's ass, gave him a hickey on his left cheek and then a final loud spank. His other hand was not letting up though.

"Fuck Shane, what a good little painslut you are, I knew you liked it rough, but I didn't know you wanted it so bad" Trying to look back at Ilya and focusing on his words Shane replied "It's your fault," catching his breath between moans "you made me like this, you make it hurt so good, I want the worst if it comes from you, I want everything you can give" "Fucking hell Shane don't say shit like this."

Ilya was totally lost in Shane's body and the way it reacted to him, he started jerking Shane off with a rough pace, his dick an angry shade of red.

Shane nearly screamed and buried his face in the pillow next to him clawing at the bed. Ilya was not giving him a second to recover and he felt like his heart was about to give out.

"Come Shane and I swear I'll fuck you so hard, you'll pass the fuck out."

Shane came with a scream, his whole body seizing up shaking uncontrollably.

Ilya slowed down not taking his eyes of Shane, milking his cum out of him. Once he felt Shane's body pull away from him, he wiped his hands on the sheets and went to lie next to him pulling him close.

Cradling his face with one hand, caressing his waist, kissing him slowly.

"How was it?" Ilya asked with a low voice, knowing the answer, but wanting to hear it from Shane.

Shane who started to come to his senses, hugged Ilya and whispered "So good, I didn't want it stop."

"Mmh, Shane if I could I would fuck you forever"

"Yeah?"

"Yes"

And they continued to lazily make out.

After a while the kisses turned more desperate and they started pressing towards each other not being able to get close enough. Shane climbed on top and started rolling his hips onto Ilya's crotch.

They continued to kiss as they held each other while grinding. Shane then broke the kiss to reach for the lube on the nightstand.

He looked at Ilya and whispered, smiling, "I want it raw tonight".

Rozanov infected with his smile only answered with a, “Fuck yes Hollander”.

Shane reached for Ilya’s dick, lubing it up before guiding it to his hole and sinking on it. “Fuuuuck” they both moaned together.

No matter how often they did this, Shane could never get over how big Ilya was, he loved it, loved every inch of him.

With Ilya leaning back against the pillowed headboard and Shane sitting there, hands on Ilya’s chest, he started to ride him earnestly.

They continued making out, moaning into each other mouths. Shane pulled Ilya closer, sucking on his tongue, riding him harder.

Ilya grabbed onto Shane’s ass and started to roll his hips up, feeling like he’s lost in him. Shane’s eyes were half-lidded and his skin completely flushed. He spanked him again and Shane lost his rhythm. “Fuck,” he moaned.

Ilya grabbed the underside of his thighs holding him up. “Grab the headboard,” he commanded.

Shane immediately obliged and he put his hands there looking at Ilya like he’s about to cry from how good he feels and lucky for him, that was exactly what Ilya wanted to see.

Ilya put his feet on the mattress and started fucking up into Shane, thrusting deep and hard.

He went so hard that Shane was holding on to the headboard for dear life. “Ah, Ah, Ah Ilya” was all he could get out starting to push against the headboard meeting Ilya’s brutal pace.

Ilya with Shane’s chest in front of him started sucking on one of his already abuse nipples while fucking Shane’s brains out. Then he bit on it. Shane’s body already raw from everything started trembling. “Ilya,” he cried out pushing even harder against him.

Ilya felt the headboard start to give out behind him.

They both didn’t care, too blissed out to pay it any mind. “Fuck Shane, you were made to take my dick.” Ilya gave the other nipple the same treatment and before Shane could get a hold of himself, he was coming again.

Ilya was caught off guard and felt his sanity slip away, from how sexy that just was. He slowed down and could only stare at Shane who was trying to catch his breath.

Shane tried to calm down, but he felt like he was somehow still stuck in his high, he just continued to ride Ilya as much as he could, rocking his hips, massaging his prostate with Ilya’s dick.

Grabbing Shane’s face Ilya looked at him “Shane?” he breathed out.

“Don’t stop, don’t you dare fucking stop,” Shane said tears building up the corner of his eyes. “Holy fuck,” Ilya replied, flipping them over and started to pound Shane again.

“How did a slut like you survive without dick, fuuuck” he looked at Shane like he was unreal, like he might vanish if he blinked too long, his own pupils blown out and iris barely visible.

“You thought that pathetic little dildo of yours would have ever been enough.”

There were tears on Shane’s cheeks now, “It was never enough, nothing could be enough,” he whimpered shaking his head.

Ilya seeing Shane get hard again grabbed his waist lifting half of Shane’s body up in the air, fucking him hard and thrusting deep, hitting his prostate every time.

Shane was fully crying from how good he felt. He could not think of anything other than how good Ilya was making him feel. He was covered in sweat, moaning and whimpering with every breath, burying his head deeper into the bed, his eyebrows pinched.

The bed was creaking under him, protesting at the rough assault, knowing it couldn’t take much more.

Flushed from head to toe and completely enamored with how fucked out Shane was looking, Ilya kept fucking his sanity away.

Rozanov moaned helplessly, “God, you feel so good, there’s nothing that comes close to you, fuck, I love you so much.”

Shane felt like he had transcended to another plane, Ilya was fucking him so good, he knew he was going to feel this for days. Not being able to pull him in or get closer, he reached for Ilya’s hand.

Seeing that, Ilya dropped Shane’s waist, grabbed one of Shane’s legs instead by the back of his knee and surged forward to kiss him like he can’t breathe without his lips on his, burying his other hand in Shane’s hair.

Continuing to fuck him into the mattress, he broke the kiss to just look at Shane’s face a couple of centimeters away from him.

Shane held Ilya close and looked back at him, eyes barely focusing, whimpering “I love you, I love the way you fuck me, I love you.”

Ilya kissed him again, and then he tucked his face into Shane’s neck and started to ramble in half Russian.

“I wish I could wreck you every day, fuck you like you deserve it, I can’t get enough of this, can’t get enough of you.”

He crept a hand to Shane’s neck, keeping it there steady.

“More?” Ilya asked.

“More” and Shane put his hand over his.

Ilya squeeze slowly, he felt Shane clench around him. Ilya gasped and looked down. “God look at that pathetic dick, leaking from being such a perfect slut.”

The next thing Ilya saw was Shane jerking himself off. Shane’s eyes rolled to the back of his head, as he felt Ilya twitch inside of him.

Ilya felt like he genuinely was about to burst into pieces while he pushed Shane’s leg further into the mattress, trying to thrust even deeper, his other hand pressing further around Shane’s throat.

He was groaning Shane’s name on repeat, feeling like he was about to come any second now.

Then he felt Shane arch his back, he removed his hand from Shane’s throat and they both came hard as Shane whined Ilya’s name, squeezing him tight.

Shane saw white as he blacked out for a second.

Ilya gave him a few deep thrust unable to stop groaning and shaking, getting them both through an orgasm that didn’t seem to stop.

He finally collapsed next to Shane. Hollander having come so hard that it felt like his soul had momentarily left his body, finally opened his eyes and tried to catch his breath.

Turning his head to look at Ilya, who was breathing heavily, completely flushed and blissed out, looking at him with heart eyes.

Ilya reached a hand to his cheek asking, “Are you good?”

“The best,” Shane answered honestly.

They both started to smile at each other a as they were coming down from their climaxes.

Ilya then reached over to pull him closer, while Shane did the same as he snuggled into Ilya’s neck, leaving small kisses there. Ilya kissed the crown of his head.

“I love you.” “Love you too,” was all he got, before he felt Shane doze off.

He smiled to himself and then let sleep overtake him. Knowing he’d wake up in Shane’s arms again.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!