Shane Thinks He Invented Free Use

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/79879851.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Free Use, Free Use Shane Hollander, Sexual Free Use, Implied Sexual Content, Orgasm Edging, Orgasm Denial, Orgasm Control, Anal Sex, Face-Fucking, Blow Jobs, Top Ilya Rozanov, Bottom Shane Hollander, Sub Shane Hollander, Established Relationship, Consensual Non-Consent
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-02-19 Words: 2,675 Chapters: 1/1

Shane Thinks He Invented Free Use

by isto4u

Summary

Shane comes up with the concept of free use with nothing but his own beautiful mind.

> Shane groaned and hid his face against Ilya's neck. "You let me think I invented it."
>
> "Yes," Ilya said, unrepentant. "Because it was adorable. And because now I get to use my husband whenever I want.

Comes from the idea that Ilya is hornier but Shane is freakier.

Look I don't know the group chat did this to me. Free Use!Shane Hollander is underrepresented.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Shane and Ilya had been married two years, both pulling on Ottawa Centaurs jerseys every game night. Same locker room, same charter flights, same quiet house on the edge of the city. Same bed. Nothing ever felt routine.

It's Thursday night after light practice. Shane had seared steaks, roasted asparagus in olive oil, cracked two cans of ginger ale. They sat side by side at the kitchen island, thighs brushing, eating in comfortable silence until Shane set his fork down.

"I've been thinking about a new rule," he said, casual as if discussing line changes. "Blanket consent. Permanent. You want me, you take me. No asking, no checking if I'm in the mood. Anytime, anywhere. I trust you. You know my limits. And honestly, I'm never actually going to say no."

Ilya's knife stilled. He studied Shane for a long beat, something dark and hungry flickering in his eyes.

"You are saying," Ilya said slowly, voice low, "I can fuck you whenever I want. No warning."

Shane met his gaze, steady. "Exactly. I'm yours to use. So use me."

Ilya pushed back from the stool. The scrape of wood on tile cut through the quiet. He stopped directly behind Shane. One warm hand settled on the back of Shane's neck, thumb stroking once, possessive.

"You are sure?"

Shane's pulse hammered under Ilya's palm. "Completely."

The grip tightened, tilting Shane's head back. "Then blanket consent starts now."

Ilya hauled Shane off the stool, spun him, bent him forward over the island. Shane's chest hit cool granite. His half-eaten steak slid sideways with a clink. Ilya crowded in behind him, broad and solid, already hard against the seam of Shane's jeans.

Shane exhaled a shaky laugh that turned into a groan when Ilya's hands went straight to his belt, yanking it open with practiced efficiency. Jeans and boxers shoved down in one rough motion, pooling at his ankles, cool air hit bare skin. Shane shivered.

Ilya reached past him, opened the shallow drawer beside the stove, the one with random tools, batteries, and apparently a small bottle of lube. Shane huffed a breathless laugh. "You keep lube in the kitchen now?"

"Prepared," Ilya murmured against his ear, voice rough. "Always prepared for you."

The cap snapped open. Slick fingers slid between Shane's cheeks, circling once, twice, then pressing inside. One finger first, slow and deliberate, crooking just right. Shane's hands scrabbled for purchase on the counter, hips rocking back involuntarily.

“Stay still,” Ilya ordered, low and calm. Second finger joined, scissoring, stretching, finding that spot that made Shane’s thighs tremble. The burn was perfect, familiar and overwhelming. Shane dropped his forehead to the granite, breathing hard through his nose.

Ilya worked him open thoroughly until Shane was pushing back shamelessly, soft whimpers escaping every time those fingers brushed his prostate. When Ilya pulled out, Shane made a desperate sound.

Then the blunt, slick head of Ilya’s cock pressed in, slow and relentless. Shane’s body yielded inch by inch until Ilya bottomed out with a low groan. They stilled for a heartbeat, adjusting.

Ilya’s hands gripped Shane’s hips hard enough to bruise. He pulled back and thrust in again, deep, claiming. The rhythm started steady, each drag lighting Shane up from the inside. The island creaked. A can tipped and rolled, fizzing onto the counter.

Shane’s cock was trapped against the cabinet edge, leaking steadily, every thrust grinding him against cool wood. Pleasure coiled tight and fast.

“Ilya,” he gasped, voice cracking. “Don’t let me come. Please. Want it to be all for you. Just you. Only you get to decide.”

Ilya’s rhythm faltered for half a second, then slowed. One hand slid around Shane’s waist, fingers wrapping firmly around the base of his cock, squeezing just enough to pull him back from the edge.

“No coming,” Ilya agreed, dark and pleased. “You asked to be used. So I use you for my pleasure only.”

He started moving again, harder, deeper, chasing his own release with single-minded focus. Every thrust shoved Shane forward against the counter, the denial making everything sharper, hotter. Shane’s world narrowed to the stretch and burn, the slap of skin, Ilya’s ragged breathing in his ear.

“Please,” Shane whimpered, trembling. “Just you. All for you.”

Ilya growled something in Russian, hips snapping faster. His grip on Shane’s cock stayed iron-tight. Shane sobbed into his forearm, overwhelmed, floating in the exquisite ache of being nothing but Ilya’s to take.

Ilya’s rhythm stuttered. He buried himself deep and came with a low, guttural sound, hot pulses filling Shane, marking him. Shane clenched around him, drawing it out, milking every shudder.

Ilya stayed inside a long moment, forehead pressed between Shane’s shoulder blades. Then he eased out carefully, tucked himself away. Only then did he loosen his grip on Shane’s cock, letting blood rush back in a dizzying wave.

Shane was shaking, cock flushed dark and dripping, untouched and desperate. Ilya turned him gently, pressed him back against the island, and dropped to his knees. One swipe of his

tongue from balls to tip, and Shane nearly buckled. “Not yet.”

Later, sprawled across the bed, Shane traced lazy circles on Ilya’s chest. “Blanket consent,” he mumbled, smug and sated. “Pretty genius name, right?”

Ilya laughed quietly, kissed his temple. “Name is perfect. Very you.” A pause. “But the idea is not new. Is called free use. Very popular.”

Shane groaned and hid his face against Ilya’s neck. “You let me think I invented it.”

“Yes,” Ilya said, unrepentant. “Because it was adorable. And because now I get to use my husband whenever I want.”

Shane smiled into warm skin. “Keep using it. A lot.”

Then Ilya moved, slow roll of hips, thickening cock sliding deliberately against Shane.

Shane’s eyes widened, heart slamming. He stayed still, pliant, as Ilya’s hand slid up to cup his jaw, thumb tracing his lower lip before guiding him downward.

Shane slid down the sheets, settled between Ilya’s thighs. Ilya propped on one elbow, other hand threading into Shane’s hair, loose at first, then tightening as Shane leaned in and took him without being told.

Ilya let him tease for only a moment, slow licks, tongue swirling, before his grip turned firm. He pushed forward in one smooth thrust, sinking deep until Shane’s throat fluttered. Shane’s hands clamped onto Ilya’s thighs, nails digging in as Ilya began to move.

Steady, relentless rhythm. Ilya fucked his mouth with unhurried precision, long, deep strokes that had Shane’s jaw aching and eyes watering. Every drag over his tongue sent sparks straight to his own cock, painfully hard and leaking against the sheets.

Shane reached down, wrapped fingers around the base of himself, not stroking, just gripping hard enough to bruise, keeping the orgasm coiled tight and unreachable. This wasn’t about him.

Ilya’s breathing grew rougher, hips lifting to meet Shane’s mouth. “So good,” he muttered, voice ragged. “Take it. Just like that.”

Shane moaned around him, vibration drawing a sharp hiss. His own hips jerked helplessly, precome slicking his fingers. He squeezed harder, denying himself.

Ilya’s thrusts turned sharp, erratic. He buried himself deep and came with a guttural groan, hot pulses spilling down Shane’s throat. Shane swallowed eagerly until Ilya eased back.

Ilya tugged him upward, guided him until they were face to face. Shane’s lips were swollen, slick, eyes glassy and desperate. Ilya brushed a thumb over his cheek, wiping away a tear track, then kissed him slow and lazy, tasting himself.

Shane's cock throbbed against Ilya's thigh, but he didn't ask for relief; he just tucked his face into Ilya's neck, breathing hard, body thrumming.

Ilya's arm settled over his waist. "Sleep," he murmured against Shane's hair.

Shane nodded, slid both hands under the pillow, trapping them there so he wouldn't be tempted. His cock ached, heavy and untouched, but the denial felt perfect and right. Exactly what he'd offered.

Morning light filtered soft and gray through the blinds. Shane woke slowly: warm weight of Ilya behind him, persistent ache between his legs, cock already half-hard against the mattress. His hands were still tucked under the pillow.

Ilya stirred, arm tightening. No words, just the slow, deliberate press of his erection along the cleft of Shane's ass.

Shane's breath caught. He arched the tiniest fraction, an offering.

Ilya took it.

Hand on Shane's shoulder, he was then guiding him down the bed until he settled between Ilya's thighs again. Ilya propped against the headboard, legs spread, cock heavy and flushed.

Shane didn't wait. He leaned in, took Ilya in one slow, deep glide until lips met the base. Ilya's hand settled in his hair, tightening as Shane began to move.

Lazy at first, long pulls, tongue tracing the vein, cheeks hollowing. Ilya's hips rocked subtly, guiding. Shane's cock dragged against the sheets with every bob, friction maddening but not enough. He whimpered around the length, vibration traveling through both of them.

Ilya's grip turned commanding. He held Shane in place and thrust up, deeper, faster, fucking his mouth with steady strokes. Wet sounds filled the room, Ilya's quiet groans, Shane's muffled moans.

It didn't take long. Ilya's thighs tensed, hand tightening as he pushed deep and came, hot, thick pulses Shane swallowed greedily until Ilya shuddered and eased back.

Shane pulled off slowly, lips swollen, chin slick. He stayed kneeling, breathing hard, cock aching fiercely, flushed dark and leaking onto the sheets.

Ilya looked down, eyes heavy-lidded and satisfied. Thumb brushed Shane's lower lip, smearing the mess.

"You want to come, Hollander?" voice rough with sleep and amusement.

"Yes. Please."

Ilya's smile was slow, wicked. "No. I don't think you want it enough." He patted his thigh. "Show me."

Shane's hand shook as he wrapped it around himself, finally friction. He started slow, eyes locked on Ilya's, hips rocking into his fist. Pleasure built fast and sharp after so many hours of nothing.

"Tell me when you're close," Ilya said, calm, watching every stroke.

Shane's rhythm sped up, breath hitching. "Close, now."

Ilya's hand shot out, wrapped around Shane's wrist, pulled it away. "Stop."

Shane whined, hips jerking into nothing, the edge slipping away painfully.

"Good. Again."

Three times Ilya let him build to the brink and stopped him cold. By the third Shane was shaking, sweat beading, voice breaking on every moan.

Ilya cupped Shane's jaw, tilted his face up. "I don't think you're going to come," he said softly. "Not yet. Go shower. Get ready for practice. This afternoon we will see if you earn it."

Shane stared, chest heaving, cock painfully hard and untouched. He nodded, swallowing thickly. "Okay."

Ilya leaned in, kissed him once, slow, claiming, then released him. "So good for me."

Shane stumbled to the bathroom on unsteady legs. The cold shower did nothing to ease the ache. He didn't touch himself. Just stood under the spray, breathing hard, already thinking about this afternoon.

Shane made it through practice on autopilot, body buzzing with low-grade agony. Every skate stride pulled at the lingering soreness, every shift on the bench reminded him how full and used he still felt from the night before. He kept his head down, avoided eye contact with Ilya across the locker room, because one look at that calm, knowing expression and he'd probably whimper in front of the whole team.

They drove home in silence. Ilya's hand rested heavy on Shane's thigh the entire way, thumb tracing slow, idle circles that never ventured high enough to give relief. Shane's cock had been half-hard since the shower that morning; now it strained painfully against his sweats, leaking steadily into the fabric.

The second the front door clicked shut, Ilya turned.

"Bedroom. Now."

Shane didn't argue. He stripped on the way down the hall, clothes hitting the floor in a careless trail. By the time he reached the bed he was naked, skin flushed, cock flushed darker and curving up toward his stomach, dripping.

Ilya followed more slowly, shedding his own shirt and kicking off shoes, eyes never leaving Shane. He still wore his practice shorts when he pushed Shane backward onto the mattress.

“On your back,” Ilya said, voice low. “Legs up.”

Shane obeyed instantly, knees to his chest, exposing himself completely. The position made his cock bob against his stomach, precome smearing across his abs. He was shaking already.

Ilya stripped the rest of the way, cock thick and heavy between his thighs. He grabbed the lube from the nightstand, slicked himself with quick, efficient strokes, then knelt between Shane’s legs.

No prep this time. Shane was still loose and slick from the night before, body remembering exactly how Ilya felt inside him. Ilya lined up, pressed the head against Shane’s hole, and pushed in with one long, steady thrust. It would be tighter than normal, but Shane could take it.

Shane’s back arched off the bed, a broken moan tearing out of him. The stretch was immediate and perfect, filling him so completely his eyes watered. Ilya bottomed out and stilled, letting Shane feel every inch, every pulse.

“Look at me,” Ilya ordered.

Shane’s eyes snapped open. Ilya’s gaze was dark, possessive, almost tender.

“You’ve been so good,” Ilya murmured. “All day. Holding it. Not touching. Waiting for me.” He rolled his hips once, slow grind that dragged over Shane’s prostate and made his toes curl. “So I’m going to let you come.”

Shane’s breath hitched. “Thank you—fuck—thank you—”

“But,” Ilya continued, leaning down until their foreheads nearly touched, “you only come on my cock. No hands. No grinding. Just like this. Inside you.”

Shane nodded frantically, words dissolving into a whimper.

Ilya started moving then—deep, deliberate thrusts that hit exactly where Shane needed them. Not fast, no, not yet. Just enough to build the pressure that had been simmering for twenty-four hours straight.

Shane’s hands fisted the sheets. His cock leaked steadily onto his stomach, untouched, throbbing in time with every slide of Ilya inside him. The denial had sharpened everything; even the drag of Ilya’s cock felt overwhelming.

Ilya’s rhythm picked up, hips snapping harder. Sweat beaded on his temples. His breathing turned rough.

Shane was close already—too close. The coil in his gut had pulled so tight it hurt. Every thrust wound it tighter.

“Ilya—please—”

Ilya's hand came up, wrapped loosely around Shane's throat, not squeezing much, just holding and claiming.

"Better hurry, Hollander," he said, voice gravel-rough. "I'm close. And if I come first…" He thrust deep, held there, grinding in slow circles that made Shane sob. "You won't come at all."

The threat snapped something in Shane.

He clenched hard around Ilya, hips rocking up to meet every stroke, chasing it with everything he had. No hands. Just the slick, relentless friction of Ilya's cock driving into him, hitting his prostate over and over.

"Please—fuck—I'm—I'm—"

Ilya's control cracked. His thrusts turned erratic, hips slamming forward. "Come," he growled. "Now. On my cock. Show me."

Shane broke.

The orgasm hit like a freight train—white-hot, blinding. He came untouched, cock pulsing hard against his stomach, thick ropes spilling across his abs and chest while his hole spasmed around Ilya, milking him relentlessly.

Ilya groaned low in his throat, buried himself to the hilt, and followed. Hot pulses flooded Shane, marking him again, drawing out Shane's release until he was trembling, oversensitive and gasping.

They stayed locked together for long seconds, breathing ragged. Ilya's forehead dropped to Shane's shoulder. Shane's legs shook where they were still hooked over Ilya's hips.

Finally Ilya eased out slowly, careful. Shane whimpered at the loss, hole clenching on nothing, slick and swollen.

Ilya collapsed beside him, pulled Shane against his chest, one big hand stroked down Shane's spine, soothing.

"You did good," Ilya murmured into his hair. "So fucking good."

Shane laughed weakly, still shaking. "Think… think I earned it?"

Ilya kissed his temple. "You earned everything."

Shane smiled against warm skin, boneless and sated at last. "Good. Because I'm not done being yours yet."

Ilya's arm tightened around him. "Never done. Not with you."

End Notes

I know I’m posting this on main and I’m sorry if you follow me from my innocent other fandom x

I mean go read my other stories I guess.

Edit: 4000 hits in one day you fucking perverts are just as bad as me

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