

i'm not your girl

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/84027021) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/84027021>.

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:	Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander
Additional Tags:	Feminization
Language:	English
Series:	Part 19 of kinkuary 2026
Stats:	Published: 2026-04-30 Words: 1,842 Chapters: 1/1

i'm not your girl

by [jesuisgrace](#)

Summary

Shane's head lolls a little when he pulls back, like he's not sure he can hold it up on his own. Ilya tightens his grip on his jaw. Shane doesn't open his eyes. "Is it better with me?"

Ilya ducks in to kiss him again. "Better than what?"

Shane squeezes his eyes shut tighter. "Than all the girls you fuck."

Notes

For Day 19 of Kinkuary: infidelity/cuckolding (loosely interpreted of course)

I won't be finishing this series but I hope to finish a couple more. Keeping them in this series despite us being damn near halfway through the year just for organizational purposes.

Barely edited bc I'm tired <3

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

Shane's pouting when he shoves his way through Ilya's door. He's always cagey after losing, and tonight's game was brutal. The Metros have several guys out and their new lines just weren't clicking. It was like Shane was out there by himself.

Ilya's studying him, trying to figure out if he needs him to be gentle, to coax him out of his head slowly, or if he should put him on his belly and fuck him so hard he forgets the game, replace his mental catalog of mistakes with all the ways Ilya can turn him inside out.

Shane decides for him. Ilya crowds him back into the wall and slides a hand onto his waist, but instead of melting into his touch, he pushes back. "Just fuck me, Rozanov. I have to get back."

Ilya knows if he took his time he could coax him into sweetness, but if Shane wants it fast and rough he's happy to oblige. He gets a handful of his hair and tugs.

"Get on your knees."

Shane sinks to the floor and tugs the waistband of Ilya's sweatpants down to free his cock, then swallows it in one smooth motion. Shane holds him there with his nose pressed to Ilya's pubic hair and swallows around him, letting Ilya grow hard in his mouth. Shane has always loved sucking his cock but he seems particularly determined tonight, taking him into his throat until he chokes, sucking at him hungrily, desperate little sounds leaking out of his mouth.

When Ilya gets close, he tugs Shane off and up, leaving him panting and whining like he just wants it back.

"You love it so much," Ilya says, dragging his thumb across Shane's fat bottom lip. Shane sucks it into his mouth. When he pulls it free, Shane says, barely loud enough to hear, "is it better?"

Ilya pushes his thumb into his lip again to watch the color change before he asks, "is what better?" Shane flushes bright red. Ilya crowds him against the wall and cups his chest through his shirt, rubs a thumb over his nipple. "Is what better, Hollander?" He grabs his jaw and kisses him, hard, until he can feel Shane's resistance slip away.

Shane's head lolls a little when he pulls back, like he's not sure he can hold it up on his own. Ilya tightens his grip on his jaw. Shane doesn't open his eyes. "Is it better with me?"

Ilya ducks in to kiss him again. "Better than what?"

Shane squeezes his eyes shut tighter. "Than all the girls you fuck."

Ilya feels a smile stretching his cheeks. He licks a line up Shane's neck, then says right into his ear, "what did you hear, Hollander? One of your boys? Or have you been looking for my picture online?" Shane doesn't answer, so he pins him to the wall with his hips and nips at his ear. "Hmm?"

“Everyone knows,” Shane pants. Ilya loves to watch him try to keep a grip on himself. He’s not very good at it, not when Ilya touches him. Ilya cups his tit and strokes his thumb over his nipple, a little harder this time. Drags his nail against it, just a little.

“Knows what, Hollander?”

“That you can get any girl you want. That you—that you...” he trails off when Ilya sucks at his neck, uses the precise amount of pressure to leave a mark that will fade before Shane walks out of his house. Ilya pulls back to let him finish. Ilya watches Shane’s eyes try to focus before he squeezes them shut again and says quietly, “that you’ve got a girl in every city.”

“I see,” Ilya growls into his throat. “And you want to know if my girl in Montreal is my favorite?” He nips at the skin of his throat and rolls his hips into Shane’s. “If she takes my cock better than all the other girls I’m fucking?”

Shane whines, and it sounds almost like a cry. Ilya wants to remember the sound forever.

He hoists Shane up and Shane clings to his neck, wraps his legs tight around his waist. Ilya carries him to the bedroom. “You like that? Big strong hockey player carry you to the bed to fuck you stupid?”

“Fuck off, Rozanov,” Shane complains, but his heart’s not in it. He presses closer, and Ilya drops him on the bed.

“Strip, zaika, I want to see your pretty tits.”

Shane’s cheeks flush bright red, but Ilya knows he can make them redder.

Shane slowly strips out of his clothes, methodically folding them and placing them in a neat stack on top of Ilya’s dresser. He should make fun of him, but he doesn’t. He likes waiting, watching Shane do this. Every time, since the first time. He always does it, no matter how frantic and desperate he is.

“You are the only girl I fuck who folds her clothes so neat. So polite with your clothes but you beg for my cock like a whore.” Shane whines and falls to his knees like he can’t help it. Ilya slaps his face a few times, not hard enough to hurt but enough for him to feel it. “You are not the only girl obsessed with my dick, Hollander.” He gets a handful of his hair and pulls him up to standing so he can whisper in his ear. “You are right. Girls all over America, Canada, Russia. I can go anywhere I want and find a girl as desperate as you to suck to my dick.”

“No,” Shane whines, “please.”

Ilya tugs him back to study his face. There are tears in his eyes, catching on his bottom lashes and threatening to spill over. They don’t.

He grabs his pec and squeezes it meanly. “Smaller than the blond I fuck in New York.” Ilya spins Shane roughly and shoves him down on the bed so he can smack his ass and watch it

jiggle. "Your ass is fatter though."

Shane whines and tilts his hips back. Ilya spansks him again and then drags his thumb up and down his crack, teasing at his hole.

"Not many girls let me fuck them in the ass, Jane. Is a lot of work for a quick hookup."

"You can," Shane whines, shoving his hips back.

Ilya swats him again, then presses his thumb against his hole. "Yes, I know, Jane. You would let me fuck you raw, too, hmm? Can't fuck a puck bunny raw, might get her pregnant. But you, Jane?" He moves his thumb just long enough to spit on his hole and then press it inside. "I can fuck you raw, yes?"

He hasn't. They've always used condoms. But Shane presses his hips back, taking Ilya's thumb to the knuckle. "You can," he whines. "Please."

Ilya works his thumb in and out until Shane is begging and desperate. "Please," he begs. "Please fuck me."

Ilya pulls his thumb free and brings his hand down hard against his cheek. Stares at the stark red handprint against Shane's pale ass. He wants to hit him hard enough to leave a bruise that won't fade so quick.

"Stay," he mutters, going to the nightstand to grab the lube. Shane does.

He lubes up two fingers and shoves them roughly into Shane. He chokes off a moan.

"Montreal girl is so quiet," Ilya says. "She tries to hide her pretty noises from me. But I can make her scream too. There is a girl in Florida she screams so loud we've gotten kicked out of two hotels. Tell me nobody makes her come like I do."

Shane whimpers and Ilya shoves another finger into him. He squirms back on it, trying to get more.

"Greedy," Ilya chides. "You'd break my wrist trying to get my whole fist in your ass."

"Fuck," Shane chokes out, rolling his hips.

"You like that? Let me hear you, Jane. Scream pretty for me and maybe next time I give you my whole hand."

Shane lets a moan that makes Ilya squeeze the base of his cock. "Please, Rozanov, please, fuck—"

"California girl, haven't seen her in couple years. She likes big vibrator. Wand? I hold it on her clit while I fuck her and she come so hard she black out. Says she saw in porn, want to try. I could do to you, Jane. You buy and next time I fuck you in your apartment I hold you down and use on you until you scream so loud next building can hear."

“Please,” Shane begs, desperately rolling his hips into his hand. “Please fuck me. I need—fuck.” He sounds like he’s crying.

Ilya hesitates, but he rolls a condom on and teases Shane’s hole with the tip of his dick. “This what you need, Jane? Hmm?”

“Yes, Rozanov, please, give it to me, I need it, fuck me, please. ”

“You sound so pretty when you beg,” Ilya says, getting a hand at the base of Shane’s neck so he can haul him back onto his cock, quick and rough. Shane makes a sound like he’s dying.

“More, please,” he pants, and Ilya gives him everything, fucks him so hard he thinks the bed might break.

Hollander’s screams so loud his voice cracks when he comes all over himself, and then he melts into the bed, muttering, “come on, Rozanov, come on.”

Ilya wishes, not for the first time, that he could fuck him raw, fill him up and watch it leak out of him after, push it back in and toy with him all night. Maybe put a plug in him and send him home full of Ilya. He comes in the condom, instead of pulling out to mess up his back like he usually does, the closest he can get to filling him up.

“You take so good, Jane,” he says, stroking up his flank when he eases out of him. Ignores the little whine Shane can’t keep in when he pulls out.

When Ilya comes back from the bathroom with a damp cloth, Hollander’s already up and scrambling for his underwear. He usually stays locked in a boneless haze long enough for Ilya to coax him to stay and float for a little while, but he’s shoving his feet into his joggers and won’t look at Ilya.

“Hollander.”

“I’ve gotta get back, I told you,” he says. Then he’s gone.

Ilya texts him a couple hours later. Shane should be asleep. He’s fussy about his sleep schedule.

*always good to see my montreal girl
take my cock so pretty*

He watches dots stop and start for a couple of minutes.

*I’m not your girl
Have fun in new york*

Is all he gets back. Three nights later, Jessica texts him, like she always does when he plays here. He doesn’t answer. Tells himself his body needs the rest, but it’s Shane’s pretty face he sees behind his eyes when he wraps his hand around his cock in the shower.

End Notes

Shoutout to Route 96 Kanata, which everyone should read, for Ilya telling Shane his ass is "fatter than a girl's" which has clearly stuck with me 🤔

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