

the gift

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77663691) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77663691>.

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:	Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Bottom Shane Hollander , Top Ilya Rozanov , Butt Plugs , Come Swallowing , Shower Sex , inappropriate workplace behaviour , these freaks omg , Blow Jobs , Anal Sex , Porn with Plot , Sexual Overstimulation , Spoilers for Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers)
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-15 Words: 2,285 Chapters: 1/1

the gift

by [mintamelon](#)

Summary

“A gift,” Ilya murmured, “Keep it in during afternoon practice, as a promise of what is waiting for you afterwards.” Shane’s face went so red he thought it must be glowing.

Shane gets surprised by another one of Ilya’s Evil Horny Shenanigans (can I trademark that?) and everyone has a good time!

Notes

chat i wrote this at 1:49 am no beta on my notes app LOL inspiration strikes at the weirdest times. pls leave comments i love reading them ❤️ love u guys!

“Ah, you’re alive.” Shane said playfully, as Ilya walked into the kitchen, late in the morning.

“Shane, stop making those protein shakes. They are fucking disgusting.” Ilya said, eyeing the blender that Shane had his hands on.

“Fuck off,” Shane said, reaching back for the blend button. “They’re healthy!”

“Yes, but not so good tasting.” Ilya said as he walked over and hugged his husband from behind.

“You know what does taste good, though?” He said in his best seductive voice, earning an eye roll from Shane.

Ilya smirked at his own joke as he peppered kisses all over the back of Shane’s neck, before turning him around so he could hold his face in his hands and kiss him properly.

It was still so new to them, being able to wake up together, eat together, drive to practice together. They had spent a decade with only brief moments alone, so this new life was truly a dream come true.

Ilya deepened their kiss, slipping him his tongue, and tasting Shane’s mint toothpaste. God, he smelt so good. He bit Shane’s lip teasingly, and squeezed his pec when Shane groaned.

Shane ran his hands under Ilya’s t-shirt, feeling his lean muscle, marvelling at his gorgeous fucking husband. They continued kissing, touching, and rubbing against each other until they were both hard and panting

Shane let his hand drop until he could feel Ilya’s bulge, rock hard and straining through his sweats.

“Bedroom?” Asked Shane.

“Fuck, yes.” Ilya replied, as he took his hand and led him to their shared bedroom, complete with navy sheets and pictures of them over the years scattered around the room. They had nothing to hide, after all, they were married now.

Shane climbed onto the bed, taking his shirt off and shucking off his pants. He vaguely saw Ilya grab something from the dresser before putting it in the drawer beside the bed that they kept the lube in. However, Shane didn’t have any time to dwell on it, as Ilya began to strip at the foot of the bed, and Shane’s mind began to blank.

Years of intense hockey and strict training regimes had made Ilya quite a sight to behold. There was no doubt that Shane was also quite fit, but Ilya always managed to make him feel small whenever he stood in front of him like this.

Shane’s eyes travelled across his broad shoulders, over his pecs, down his abs, and came to rest on his hard, thick cock.

“Jesus,” Shane breathed out. “Get over here.”

Ilya climbed onto the bed, pinning Shane’s arms down, and kissing him again.

One of Ilya’s hands slid down Shane’s chest, and he touched him there for a while. His hand was warm and big and slightly rough, and he groaned when it grazed his nipples.

“So needy. Don’t worry, Hollander. I know what you want. What you need.”

Shane moaned at his words as Ilya lowered himself down to Shane’s cock, rock hard and bobbing against his stomach. It was red at the tip and leaking, begging for any kind of stimulation.

Ilya flitted his tongue out for a quick lick at the slit before taking the head into his mouth, swirling his tongue around it.

“Fuck, Ilya,” Shane gritted out.

Ilya slowly took Shane’s whole length into his mouth, sucking and using his tongue. He groaned, sending vibrations through his dick, making Shane whimper.

“Ilya, fuck, you gotta get off before I-“

Ilya pulled off, giving the head a quick kiss. He lazily stroked his own dick, pleased with how fast Shane already looked fucked-out.

Shane’s brow was sweaty, his lips were cherry red and slightly parted, panting for air. His eyes were dark and glossed over, and were staring directly into Ilya’s.

“Please, please fuck me, fuck, I need you.” Shane rushed out. “Please, I need you inside of me, god, please. Been thinking about it all morning.”

And Ilya was only a man.

He crashed his lips against Shane’s before flipping him onto his side. One of Ilya’s hands disappeared and came back cold and slick, sliding it in between Shane’s thighs.

Shane spread his legs slightly, and Ilya began to rub a finger around his rim.

“So fucking beautiful.” Ilya murmured as he pushed in a finger.

Shane groaned and arched his back towards the sensation.

“Stay still, you’ll get it .” Ilya whispered in his ear.

Ilya pushed in a second finger, slowly opening him up.

Suddenly, Shane gasped and cried out, and Ilya knew he had found his prostate.

Ilya circled it, rubbing against it, sending delicious pleasure up Shane’s spine.

“Fuck, Ilya, that’s good, I’m ready. I’m going to come if you keep going.”

Ilya pulled his fingers out and licked them clean, never breaking eye contact with Shane.

“Fuck,” Shane whispered.

Ilya moved himself so that he was behind Shane, getting a perfect view of his hole, wet and pink.

“On your hands and knees. I want to hear you, любимый.”

Shane hurriedly turned himself over and Ilya lined himself up.

The blunt pressure of the head popping in made them both groan, as Ilya slowly began thrusting into Shane.

“God, you’re so perfect. So perfect for me.” Ilya said as he thrust deeper.

He experimented at different angles, until Shane let out a sharp cry and arched his back.

“Please-, ah, Jesus, right there. Don’t stop.” Shane moaned out.

Ilya was happy to oblige, thrusting deep and hard, chasing his own pleasure.

“Yeah, yeah, take it. Look at that, you fucking love it, don’t you?”

Shane was truly a mess now, whimpering and gripping the bedsheets so tight that his knuckles were turning white.

“Ilya, I’m- fuck, I’m going to-“ Shane gasped.

Ilya took Shane’s cock into his hand and began to stroke it in rhythm with his thrusts.

“Come for me, малыш.”

Shane clenched down before spurting out white ropes onto the bed, with Ilya close behind.

“You want it inside or out?” Ilya gritted out.

“Inside, fuck, I want it inside. Fill me up.” Shane moaned. He was overly sensitive and trembling, eyes glassy and red.

After a couple last thrusts, Ilya’s hips stuttered before he emptied himself into Shane.

The feeling of warm liquid filling him up and beginning to dripping out of his hole was a damn good try at getting Shane hard again, but it was a little too soon.

He shook when Ilya pulled out, hand twitching toward where he was open and wet, as if to stuff Ilya’s come back inside before it all leaked out.

But then something else pressed against his hole, something smooth and cool, and it slipped inside and stayed there. Shane gasped, clenching down on the plug. Ilya's fingers traced the base of it, brushing against Shane's rim.

"A gift," Ilya murmured, "Keep it in during afternoon practice, as a promise of what is waiting for you afterwards."

Shane's face went so red he thought it must be glowing.

...

The drive over to practice wasn't easy. Shane babbled about how irresponsible this was, how they could get caught, or how he won't be able to play properly.

Every move, no matter how slight, made the plug inside him shift. It was torturous, a constant reminder that he still had Ilya's come inside him.

Ilya just smirked and stroked his thigh. "Hey. You do not have to do this. I don't want to push you too far."

Shane looked at him with nervous eyes. "I... I'll try. I always like a challenge." He grimaced, but seemed determined. Ilya didn't think he'd ever been more turned on in his life.

...

Inside the Centaurs locker room, Shane kept his head down. The plug was pressed tight against his prostate, and he was aching hard in his pants. He changed into his practice gear as fast as he could, before making his way toward the ice, not making eye contact with anyone.

"Something wrong with Hollander?" asked one of their teammates.

"No, he just has his mind on something else." Ilya said grinning. Oh boy, this was going to be fun.

...

Shane had to catch the boards to keep his knees from giving out. His teammate had just skated by and bumped him into the boards, jostling the plug inside him, jolting it right against his prostate, and Shane had almost come in his jock right there in front of his whole fucking team and coach.

Face flushed, Shane skated over to the team huddle. It was going to be a long practice.

Skating was excruciating. Every stride made his breathing stutter until he had to take a water break, pretending to rest while he held himself up on the boards.

After running a drill, Ilya skated over and crushed him against the boards, pinning him there, like he knew Shane's legs were shaking too badly to hold him up. He gripped Shane's jersey,

and if anyone was watching, it might look like a couple teammates having a chat in the corner.

Shane squirmed underneath him, hot and overstimulated. Anything could set him off now, it was only a matter of time.

“Having fun, Hollander? I’m honestly surprised you would go through with something this slutty. Imagine what your teammates would think if they knew what you were doing right in front of them.” Ilya said.

Shane stared at him, shock and arousal swirling in his gut, and Ilya gave him one more shove for good measure. The plug pushed against his prostate and Shane couldn’t help himself anymore. He gave a little gasping whimper, failing to completely muffle himself, and slumped against Ilya as he came in his jock.

Ilya caught him, holding him up to get a look at his face. “Fuck, Shane. Did you just-? That was so fucking hot. God, let’s get you out of here.”

Shane gritted his teeth and skated towards the bench to the best of his ability. Practice was basically over, with only a couple rookies staying behind to work on their shot.

Back in the locker room, most of the players were quickly changing and leaving, wanting to take advantage of the rest of their day. Thank god they were all distracted, because Shane looked a mess, trembling and bright red.

Ilya took off his own gear, watching Shane do the same with trembling hands, before hurriedly leaving towards the showers. Ilya followed close after him, and found the showers empty. Today was just getting better and better.

Shane quickly turned on a shower head and began gulping down the cool water, not even bothering to wait for it to warm up. Ilya came up behind him, pressing him up against the cool tile, and began toying with the plug still in his ass.

“So,” Ilya started.

“Fuck, Ilya. I thought I was going to die.” Shane gasped out, fingers scrambling at the tile to no avail.

Ilya twisted the plug and tapped on the base a couple times, earning a moan, before unceremoniously pulling it out and dropping it on the floor with a clang.

Shane looked around worriedly, but there was no one else there, except them.

Ilya’s come began to drip out of Shane’s hole, slowly, but surely. Ilya lowered his hand and ran his fingers through it before suddenly putting his fingers into Shane’s mouth.

Shane gasped. It was gross, so gross, and yet Shane was so fucking turned on. He moaned around his fingers and his knees began to shake.

“Please, fuck me.” Shane whined, muffled by the fingers in his mouth.

Ilya pressed his body harder against Shane's and whispered a single word into his ear.

"Swallow."

Shane let out a strangled whine before following Ilya's instructions. That's what he was supposed to do, right? He couldn't remember, his mind was going blank.

"Fuck." Ilya whispered before pressing into Shane, his hole already open and wet enough for him to slide in.

Ilya covered Shane's mouth as he fucked him against the shower wall, muffling his moans.

"Fuck, I waited all practice for this. It killed me, knowing you were hard the whole time and I couldn't do anything about it. God, I love you."

Shane cried out against the wall, and came into the tiles in front of him.

Ilya patted his ass gently before he pulled out, not wanting to push Shane too far. He stroked himself until he finished, the sight of his absolutely wrecked husband enough to push him over the edge.

Shane slumped against him, and Ilya took great care to wash his hair and body, carefully not getting any soap in his husband's eyes. He was responsible for him, after all.

Back in the locker room, they were the only ones left.

"Shane, are you okay?" Ilya asked. "That was a lot."

"God, Ilya. I've never been so fucking turned on, I couldn't even process it. It was so much. It was so, so much. But I loved it. I love you. Fuck, where do you get these ideas?" Shane asked, a smile splitting across his face.

"Also, I'm pretty sure I can't walk straight."

Ilya laughed before crossing the room to give Shane a kiss on the forehead. Ilya helped Shane to his feet, holding his hand all the way to their car.

"Can we watch a movie when we get home?" Shane asked, sleepily.

"Of course. We have all the time in the world."

A grin appeared on Shane's face as he lay his head back against the car seat, and a warm, fuzzy feeling appeared in Ilya's heart. Maybe not everything was perfect, and maybe it never would be, but for now, in this exact moment, he was truly happy.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!