

Hollander's Secret

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77866726) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77866726>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander & Hayden Pike
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Hayden Pike
Additional Tags:	Lingerie , men in lingerie , Shane Hollander wearing panties , Shane Hollander Wears Lingerie , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Top Ilya Rozanov , Ilya Rozanov is a Menace , Ilya Rozanov is Obsessed With Shane Hollander , Smut , Shameless Smut , Spanking , Shane Hollander's Stretch Marks , Praise Kink , Shane Hollander Has a Praise Kink
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-18 Words: 3,293 Chapters: 1/1

Hollander's Secret

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Summary

"You were missing goals because of this...secret." He thumbed over the lace at the thought. Shane tried to swallow the lump in his throat but this new form of humiliation with Ilya was arousing to him. Ilya's reaction was not judgment, just pure want. "Put them on."

Or: Shane loses a bet with Hayden and has to wear lingerie during a game. Ilya finds them and is insistent that Shane try them on.

Shane Hollander was a man, and men - at least in his mind - did *not* wear such garments. He glanced at himself in the mirror, clenching his jaw so tight that it hurt. The locker room was a sea of pre-game chatter - sticks tapping against the floor, laughter echoing off the walls, and a pungent scent of sweat-caked gear lingering in the air. But Shane paid no mind to any of that because he could not remove his thoughts from the humiliating secret hidden underneath his hockey gear.

It was just a stupid bet really. Hayden Pike had been his friend and foe on the ice for years, playing with and against each other as they were passed from team to team. Their banter was playful and sharp, but at the end of the day they were still good friends. Although after tonight's game, Shane might have to reconsider. A few weeks ago, after Ottawa had pushed Montreal out of the play offs in over-time, Hayden cornered Shane outside of the dressing room.

"You've gotten feisty Hollander," he grinned, eyes gleaming with mischief. "Bet you I can score more goals than you in the next match up."

Shane, still buzzing from the adrenaline of the loss, shot back, "You're on. Loser does what exactly?"

"Something embarrassing." Hayden grinned.

"What like wearing woman's underwear during a game?" A question he would later regret asking.

Hayden laughed in delight. "Perfect! Full game though, no backing out and no taking them off half way."

Shane was certain he would win, but fate - or bad luck - would prove him otherwise. In their rematch, Hayden racked up one solid goal and a hat trick while Shane only managed an assist. A fact that otherwise would not have bothered him, but the bet was sealed. And now, Shane was wearing the black lacy panties Hayden had mailed him with a note: *can't wait to see you squirm*. What a dick.

The fabric was soft, almost too soft. It hugged him in a way that felt foreign and intrusive. As he laced up his skates, he desperately tried to ignore how the lace rubbed against his skin with every movement. It was supposed to be a joke, just a humiliation tactic, but as he slipped on his jersey a strange heat crept up his neck. He shook it off, focusing on the game ahead. Tonight was crucial - this was his teams chance to earn their spot back in the play offs and Shane will be damned if he lets a silly bet get in the way.

The team filed out to the ice for warm-ups and relished in the roar of the crowd. Shane glided onto the rink and relaxed a little when the cool air hit his lungs. He circled the net, firing pucks at the goalie, trying to find his rhythm. But every stride and pivot sent him a subtle reminder of what was hidden beneath his uniform.

"Focus." he muttered to himself. Hayden was out there too, smirking as he stretched. Their eyes locked and Hayden winked. Shane vowed to give that man a taste of his own medicine tonight.

The national anthem played, the puck dropped, and the game began. Shane won the opening face off and sent the puck back to his defenceman. He charged forward while stick-handling through the neutral zone. Ottawa's defense closed in and he passed to the wing man, but his mind wandered for a split second. The lace pressed against him as he accelerated. He thanked god that his helmet hid the blushing on his face.

First period flew by in a blur. Shane assisted on a goal, bringing the score 1-1 but he couldn't shake off the awareness. Every time he sat on the bench to catch his breath, the fabric teased him. It wasn't painful, just constant. By intermission he was sweating more than usual and his heart pounded in his chest. The coach barked orders in the locker room, adjusting lines and replanning strategies. Shane could only half-heartedly pay attention. *What the hell is wrong with me?* He thought. This was supposed to be embarrassing...not arousing. He shifted in his seat and the lace shifted just right, sending blood to his groin. He stifled a whimper and prayed that none of the other guys had heard what did slip past his lips.

During the second period the intensity grew. Ottawa scored on a power play to take the lead. Shane retaliated with a hard check to an opponent, the impact jarring through his body. But even the brute force of the collision couldn't drown out the thrill he felt from this secret. As he skated back to the bench he realized that the lace was now cradling his half hard cock in a devilishly pleasant way.

"Hollander get your head in the game!" His lineman yelled as they set up for the next shift.

Shane nodded, but he knew that would be an impossible task. He imagined Hayden knowing and pictured a smug look on his rivals face. that thought only heightened the sensation. During a penalty call, Shane looked over at Hayden who was trash talking another Mett. Hayden caught his eyes and his expression shifted. *Fuck.* Shane thought. *He knows.*

The puck dropped and Shane exploded off the bench. He intercepted a pass and made a break away towards Ottawa's net. The crowd roared but all he could think about was the sliding of lace against his growing erection. He deked the goalie, slapping a shot that dinged off the post. Close, but not a goal. He circled around and huffed in frustration. How could a stupid pair of panties throw him off his game this badly? He would have never missed that shot otherwise!

By midway of the second period, Shane was a mess. His plays were sharp but fueled by a bizarre adrenaline that had his sweating profusely. His thoughts were consumed and he liked it. God he liked it. And the make matters worse, he started thinking about Ilya...on his knees...kissing up Shane's thigh to- *NOT NOW!* He yelled at himself. Shane was all to aware of the sensations in his body now, and not just his arousal. The pressure of his skates on his feet, the weight of his helmet on his head. He wanted to rip his gear off and let someone have their way with him. He wanted Ilya.

A whistle blew for icing and Shane lined up to face off with Pike.

"You're not looking so good Hollander," Hayden smirked. His voice low enough for only them to hear. "That bet making you uncomfortable?"

"Shut up Pike." Shane shot back, keeping his eyes on the ice.

Hayden chuckled as the puck hit the ice. They battled for dominance, shoulders slamming together. Shane won but it wasn't long before Hayden hip checked him. The impact rippled through the panties. Shane gasped but managed to get away with the puck. He passed it 15 feet up the ice and allowed himself to take a deep breath. Hayden doesn't actually know, does he? There's no way he actually knows that Shane is rock hard under his gear. How could he? Hockey gear is thick.

The period ended quickly and Shane guzzled ice cold water in the locker room. His teammates were in high spirits but Shane felt isolated by the shame and arousal he couldn't escape from. The lace was damp now, clinging to his skin in a way that made his dick ache. He made some excuse about having to pee and used the privacy of the stall to readjust himself in a way that was less painful. He nearly groaned at the sight of his erection under the lace, but he had no time to dwell on how badly he wanted relief.

Third period was just as much of a frenzy. Ottawa pressed hard but Shane was on fire. He scored on a one-timer, a highly skilled technique that is hard for the goalie to predict. The arena erupted and his team mobbed him with praise. But as he celebrated, the lace shifted, and he had to mask his groans as sounds of cheer. It was torture. Midway through, a fight broke out after a particularly bad hit. Shane was in the thick of it, shoving and hurling insults. Hayden got in his face.

"Admit it Shane," he taunted, "You like this way too much."

Shane froze for a second then growled, "Fuck off Hayden." They were separated and penalties were called. Shane sat in the penalty box, bouncing a leg in anticipation. Hayden was right, he did like it. He liked the edge it gave him and the adrenaline high he had no control over. He imagined peeling off his gear later, finally getting to enjoy the sensation of sweat-soaked lace. His cock throbbed.

The game wound down to the final last minutes, tied again at 3-3. Shane's line was out for a circular shift. He won a puck battle in the corner but he didn't trust himself enough to score, so he passed to his wing man who did. The bench roared. Ottawa pulled their goalie in hopes of sending the game into over time. Shane blocked a shot with his shin, the pain mixed well with his pleasure. Hayden made a breakaway down the ice but Shane was hot on his tail. He stole back the puck seconds before the final buzzer sounded off, winning the game 4-3.

The team poured onto the ice in triumph, gloves and sticks flying. Shane hugged his goalie and highfived the captain, but his eyes searched for Hayden. Their gazes locked as the handshakes began. When they reached each other, Hayden's grip was tight.

"Good save Hollander," he started, "but really, how do you feel."

Shane swallowed and nodded, "better than expected." he admitted, the words slipping out before he could edit them.

Hayden raised an eyebrow in amusement. "Interesting. Maybe we should make another bet."

"Not a fucking chance."

Shane stepped out of the arena into the crisp night, the cool air cutting through his jacket enough to make him shiver. His post-victory high was accompanied by a much smaller erection but he still thrilled at the notion of those damp panties in his gear bag. He had stripped them off in a toilet stall and managed to find an empty shower where he bathed in ice water. But he wasn't done for the night, he needed Ilya to fuck the frustration out of his bones.

Jane: my place in 20

Shane waited a moment before the 3 bubbles popped up.

Lily: I was thinking the same thing

Shane wasted no time and practically threw himself into his car. The drive back felt like a life time and he couldn't help but shift around in his seat knowing he will soon climb Ilya like a tree. By the time he had gotten his key into the lock, his heart was pounding. Ilya was already there, lounging against the kitchen counter like he owned the place.

"How did you get in here?" Shane asked.

"Because you hide spare key like an idiot." Ilya smirked. The infliction of his accent lit a fire in Shane. He dropped his hockey bag and left his coat in a similar fashion. Ilya raised an eyebrow, as he had never seen Shane act so carelessly with his clothing. "Bad game?"

"We won." Shane said walking towards Ilya with intent. He didn't give time for the other to respond before initiating a hungry kiss. Ilya grabbed Shane's waist and responded with equal force. Shane tasted the linger of beer on Ilya's tongue - probably stolen from his fridge - but he didn't care. He pressed further into Ilya, the friction delicious after today's events. They stumbled towards the bedroom, shedding layers of clothing along the way. Ilya pushed Shane down on the bed and hovered over him.

"You are desperate tonight." Ilya purred.

Shane huffed, "Who said I'm desperate?" *You forgot to fold your pants.* He reminded himself.

Ilya's chuckle was low and wicked. He ground down, drawing a gasp from Shane. They kissed again, slower this time, exploring with tongues and teeth. Shane's mind raced ahead of to what was coming: the intense sex that left him gasping for air and spent. But as Ilya's hand slid down the band of his briefs, Shane remembered the condoms. He had bought a new pack on the way to the game and still had them with his gear.

"Wait." He stopped, lightly pushing on Ilya's chest. "I need to grab something."

Ilya groaned in frustration but rolled off of Shane without protest. He watched Shane pad out to the living room and come back with the gear bag dragging at his feet. Shane shoved it into

a corner and began to rummage through the front pocket. It was a mess of tape, socks, and protein bars but it is where he had stuffed the condom box. Unfortunately it is also where he stuffed the panties but he was too focused on retrieving a fresh condom to notice that the panties had tumbled out onto the floor.

"What the fuck is that?" Shane turned his head to face a surprised Ilya who gaze was fixated on the floor by him. He followed the line of sight to see those damn panties laying next to his feet. Shane panicked and tried to stuff them back in the bag. But it was too late. Ilya had moved at lightning speed to snatch them from Shane's hand. "Hollander...are these...?"

"It's not-" Shane stammered, embarrassment coiling in his gut. He tried to snatch them back but Ilya blocked his reach.

"Who do they belong to?" Ilya questioned with a hint of jealousy.

"M-me technically but-"

"You wear them?" Ilya's tone shifted. His sense of urgency shifted to amusement. He held them up, inspecting them like a new found prize. Black with tiny flowers in the pattern. He turned his head back to Shane, pupils blown with lust.

Shane's face burned. "It was a stupid bet with Hayden. I had to wear them during the game tonight."

A beat of silence hung in the air before Ilya laughed. It was a deep rumble that made Shane's skin tingle with delight. "You wore these...on the ice?"

"Yes and it was humiliating so can we just forget it?" Shane croaked, looking away.

Ilya shook his head. "Humiliating maybe. But so fucking sexy Hollander."

Shane's head snapped up. "What?" With his free hand, Ilya grabbed Shane by the chin, forcing eye contact. He relished in this new found kink: making Shane squirm with embarrassment.

"You were missing goals because of this...secret." He thumbed over the lace at the thought. Shane tried to swallow the lump in his throat but this new form of humiliation with Ilya was arousing to him. Ilya's reaction was not judgment, just pure want. "Put them on."

Shane opened his mouth to say no but he couldn't bring himself to. The look of lust in Ilya's eyes nearly mirrored the thrill he had experienced during the game. Instead, he nodded, allowing Ilya to drop the now dry panties into his palm. Ilya stepped back with a predatory smile, eagerly waiting to watch the show. Shane dropped his briefs methodically, this time folding them with the intention of making Ilya wait. Then, he slid the panties up his thighs and held his breath as that familiar feeling of lace hugged his ass again.

"Fuck." Ilya groaned with hunger. "Turn around." Shane obeyed and faced the wall. Ilya's hands immediately found him, smoothing over the lace and squeezing his cheeks. "So fucking beautiful."

Shane shivered and leaned back into his touch. "Ilya..."

"Bed. Now" Ilya demeaned. He didn't give Shane time to react before pulling him over and shoving him down face first. His hand cracked down on the left cheek before kneading both with his hands. His fingers traced over the stretch marks that poked out from the edges. Shane was too beautiful like this and Ilya did not deserve such a person. "Look how pretty your ass looks." Shane moaned at the impact of another slap.

Ilya leaned in to whisper in Shane's ear, "What would your team think, if they knew about your secret?"

Shane shuddered at the cold metal of Ilya's crucifix on his bare skin, and his cock twitched at the thought. "They'd laugh at me."

"Mmm. Maybe." Ilya kissed the nape of his neck. "Lucky for you, I don't find this funny." He rolled Shane over gently to take in the sight - tanned skin flushed with shame, eyes full of awe, and a rock hard cock in need of more. "Pretty." he murmured, tracing a light finger over the others erection. "So hard already." Shane arched into his touch, relishing in any friction he could find. "I will take care of you."

Ilya reached for the lube in the bed side table and slicked two fingers with such a wet sound that Shane's stomach clenched against his will. Ilya tugged the panties aside - enough to expose Shane's hole but not enough to free his cock - and pressed one finger into the tight ring of muscle. Shane gasped at the stretch and relished in the feeling of being slowly worked open.

"Look at you," Ilya whispered, using his free hand to stroke Shane's thigh. "taking it like a good boy." Shane rolled his hips to chase the new found pressure on his prostate. Pre-cum soaked the lace making it cling to the head of his cock, adding extra friction when the fabric moved. Ilya withdrew his fingers and shed the rest of his clothing before slipping on a condom. He settled between Shane's thighs, cock nudging at his entrance. "Ready my pretty boy?"

"Please." Shane croaked.

Ilya pushed in slowly to savor to look on Shane's face a little longer. The stretch burned so well that Shane's breath came in shallow. When Ilya bottomed out, he stilled and pressed their foreheads together, allowing Shane to adjust to the intrusion.

"So good," he whispered. "So tight around me." When he did move, it was with slow, deep rolls in his hips. Every thrust dragged the lace against Shane's groin that had him digging his nails into Ilya's back. "Let me hear you Shane. Let me hear how much you love this."

The rhythm built and the room filled with an array of erotic sounds - sweaty skin slapping, the bed frame creaking, and best of all, Shane's pleas for Ilya to fuck him harder.

"You're so beautiful Shane." Ilya groaned. "So beautiful you don't even know."

The praise was enough to tip Shane over the edge. He came untouched with a broken cry, pulsing hard against the lace. Hot spurts soaked the fabric as the confinement drew the orgasm out. His hole clenched rhythmically around Ilya, sucking him in deeper.

Ilya groaned, "Shane - fuck-" and buried himself to the hilt, coming with a low growl.

They stayed locked together, catching their breath. Ilya planted soft kisses around Shane's face. "You are incredible Hollander."

Shane hummed, boneless and satiated. Ilya eased out, discarding the condom and throwing the soiled panties in Shane's hamper. He retrieved a damp wash cloth from the bathroom to clean Shane up, then settled in behind him for a cuddle. They lay tangled in silence for a while, enjoying the quiet wind down.

"Next game," Ilay said, breaking the silence, "Maybe red lace for luck."

Shane snorted a laugh and gently smacked Ilya's thigh. "You're such an ass."

Ilay kissed his hair. "You love it."

Shane closed his eyes and hummed. *Yeah...I really do.*

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