Hit Me Where I Live

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/76676446.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Teasing, Banter, Spanking, Kink Discovery, POV Ilya Rozanov, Hotel Sex, Mention of Exhibitionism Kink, that's what I get for writing this from Rozanov's POV, so valid of him to want to show off his slutty little bottom, little hint of a daddy kink, they're kinda joking around so up to you how seriously to take it, Kink Meme
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-05 Words: 2,370 Chapters: 1/1

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by gunstreet

Summary

In a hotel room in Montreal, Ilya Rozanov accidentally learns something new about Shane Hollander.

Notes

Originally posted to the Heated Rivalry Kink Meme on Dreamwidth, as a fill for this prompt about discovering that Hollander really likes being spanked. I have edited/expanded this slightly from my original fill, which can be read here. Many thanks to the mods & the prompter!

Timeframe here is some point after the Olympics and before the latter half of S1E4.

Title and epigraph come from the song "Twist My Arm" by the Tragically Hip.

See the end of the work for more notes

do I want to? with all that charm?
do I want you? twist my arm

Ilya's reputation as an asshole exists for a reason. He knows this. It's useful. And you don't make it through training, let alone MLH, without a thick enough skin to hear people calling you *prick* and *motherfucker* and *asshole* and even more colourful terms he'd had to look up in his rookie year. He knows *asshole* is not the same thing as *mean*. Ilya is certain he's not mean. At least, not without good reason to be mean.

"Come on, asshole," Hollander groaned, twisting his neck back to glare at him, "fucking do it already."

But sometimes, yes, he could be a bit of an asshole.

It's been almost three months since the last time. Before he'd dressed to go to the rink that afternoon, Ilya had jerked off hastily in front of his bathroom counter while texting with Hollander, thinking about rubbing his cock up against the crack of Hollander's ass. About the way Hollander moaned as Ilya's cock sunk into him. About pulling out of him afterwards and biting the soft meat of Hollander's asscheek as he lay face down on the bed beneath him, panting and wrecked. He'd considered texting Hollander a picture of his dick in his hand after he'd finished, maybe with 'couldn't wait', but decided against it. As hot as it had been that time Hollander had been pissed about him sending sexts before the game, Ilya didn't want him to think he never listened. But after Montreal had closed out their 4-2 win that night — Hollander had a goal and an assist, both of which Ilya had been on the ice for— Ilya kind of wished he *had* sent it.

Hollander had practically pounced on him the second he'd opened the door, and Ilya had let him. It wasn't like Hollander was normally passive or anything like that, but it was always fun when Ilya could tell right off the bat what he wanted and how badly he wanted it. Sometimes he was a tamed creature who let Ilya press him against the wall as he kissed his neck, because he wanted to be undressed and taken to bed and laid on his back for Ilya to lick and suck and manhandle. Sometimes he would pull away after only a short kiss and Ilya would see him look down and know that he was about to watch Hollander drop to his knees, because that particular look meant he wanted to feel Ilya's cock in his mouth before it was even hard. Tonight, Hollander was high on his victory, and he wanted to be fucked.

Of course, Hollander almost always wants to be fucked, so it wasn't exactly a struggle for Ilya to pick up on *that* little hint. But he'd kissed Ilya hard and fierce, because he wanted to be fucked hard and fierce. And as much as he's been looking forward to fucking him again, as much as he wants to feel Hollander spasm as he comes, Ilya is in no particular hurry. He continues rubbing his cock, still wet from Hollander's pretty little mouth, up against his balls, teasing his hole with his thumb.

"I forgot condoms," Ilya says casually, folding over his back to suck at his earlobe. "I just realised. I'll have to fuck you twice next time instead."

“Fuck you, you did not.” Hollander presses back against him. He is cute when he gets a little bratty.

“How do you know?”

“Because you’re an asshole, not an idiot.”

“You’re right,” Ilya replies, unable to resist. “I am an asshole.”

He straightens up and slaps Hollander’s ass, quick and sharp. Not too hard. Just for fun. And maybe a *little* bit because of that dangle Ilya should have been able to break up before it led to Hollander’s goal. He knows he’s going to be watching the replay of it at their next practice.

Then, as he hears the sudden intake of breath beneath him, Ilya realises he’s never done that before. He’s opening his mouth to check in when Hollander exhales a shaky *ohh* of surprised pleasure, the same kind of sound he’d made when Ilya touched his asshole for the first time.

“Oh, you fucking like that?” A shiver snakes down his spine, making his cock throb as he thrusts it between Hollander’s legs, a little faster. He kneads the slapped cheek, and Hollander lets out an annoyed sort of groan that means he doesn’t want to give him the satisfaction of saying yes. Ilya reaches forward and hooks two of his fingers into Hollander’s mouth. He turns his head to suck them eagerly, moaning around them. It feels so good Ilya can’t help moaning back. When they’re sloppy enough that he can feel saliva trickling onto his palm, he yanks them out again and straightens up a bit. He slaps his asscheek a little harder with his other hand, making Hollander jolt slightly, his head falling forward as he moans. “Tell me, Hollander.”

“Nngh... oh, fuck…”

“Tell me what you want.”

“Jesus christ, fuck me,” he says, impatient.

“Not my name.” Ilya spanks him again, thrilled as Hollander moans and arches his back. He rubs at his hole with his wet fingertips.

“Oh, god…”

“Mm, closer,” Ilya says, sliding a finger into him, a smile creeping over his face as Hollander lets his head and shoulders drop down to the pillows. Ilya can see him in profile now, his eyes closed and his skin flushed underneath his freckles. His ass is angled up toward him, strong and inviting. “But still wrong.”

“Ah—” Hollander gasps as Ilya’s palm strikes his same asscheek again. His hand stings a bit, so Hollander’s ass probably stings too, but that was definitely a sound that said *please more* rather than *please stop*. Ilya holds off, rubbing the flushed cheek gently as he opens him up more with his other hand.

“You look so good like this, Hollander,” Ilya says. “So much less boring.”

“Fuck off, Rozanov,” he says, but the smile at the edge of his mouth gives him away.

“Finally he gets it right!” Ilya leans over, sucking at the skin of his shoulder, sinking his teeth into warm, soft flesh. “You want me to fuck you now?”

Hollander groans with the movement of Ilya’s fingers, nodding his head, his hair rustling against the crisp pillowcase. Ilya’s own patience has worn down. His cock aches. He wants it as badly as Hollander does, and they both know it. With his free hand, he roots around for the lube and condom he stashed under one of the pillows. Hollander lets out a breathless laugh. “I fucking knew you were lying.”

“What do you want, to hear that your ass is perfect and I have been dying to fuck you?” Ilya tears the condom open with his teeth and spits the wrapper aside, rolling it on one-handed. “Hollander, your ass is perfect and I have been dying to fuck you.”

He laughs again. “I hate you.”

“Now who is the liar?” Ilya pulls his fingers out of him to smear some lube onto them both, wiping his hand on his discarded underwear after. Hollander lifts himself back up onto his elbows as Ilya’s cock pushes into him, both of them moaning. They move slowly at first, Ilya waiting to feel Hollander’s body relax, but they find a rhythm pretty quickly after that. It’s good. It’s always so unbearably good with Hollander, who takes it like he was made for it, and Ilya never knows what to do with all the *feeling* that bubbles up in him when they fuck like this. So he grips his hips, pulling him back onto his cock like he owns him, and Hollander is loving it, and Ilya, on a whim, spanks the side of his ass again.

“Oh, fuck,” Hollander pants, “harder.”

“Mm… fuck you harder, or spank you harder?”

“Both, either, I don’t know, just— fuck, don’t stop.”

Ilya spanks him again, hard enough to feel the echo through his fingers and palm. The moan he gets in response from Hollander is enough to make him do it a third time, and then a fourth and a fifth, until his hand burns like when he’s outside too long in winter without gloves, so he switches to the other side, because it’s too fucking hot how much Hollander is enjoying this.

“You like it?” he asks, wanting to hear it out loud.

“Yes, *fuck*—” He breaks off, moaning as Ilya’s hand cracks down on his ass again, pink on both sides now. “Yes—”

He’s glad the room is at the end of the hall, with the bed near the window, because it would be completely obvious what was happening if anyone overheard them. The thought turns him on even more for some reason, the fear that someone from the team might learn that he has Shane Hollander in his room with him, Ilya’s cock plunging into him while he spanks his beautiful tight ass.

“Fuck, Hollander…” Ilya can tell when Hollander’s getting close, because his back muscles are all tense and he’s got his face back down on the pillow, gripping it like he’s going to tear it in half. Ilya’s close too; they might come at the same time, which he likes. But he also likes it when Hollander comes first, the way Hollander’s body goes limp under his hands as he fucks him, chasing his own orgasm. He likes it, too, the times when he comes first, laying Hollander on his back to suck him off after, the sensitive tip of his own softened dick brushing the bedsheets. He likes all of it. He likes Shane Hollander.

He slaps his ass again.

Hollander bucks and moans, and Ilya pounds into him, reaching around for his cock now that they’re going too fast to spank him at the same time, and he’s only barely gripped him, three or four strokes before the cock in his hand starts to pulse.

“Oh, god, Rozanov—”

“*Oh*, I’m—!” He feels Hollander spilling over his hand, his ass clenching around his cock, and within seconds Ilya is right there with him, moaning wordlessly as he comes inside of him, thrusting hard and holding his waist with his free hand. He closes his eyes until his hips slow and the blood starts to return to his brain.

Letting go of Hollander’s cock as it goes flaccid, he fumbles around for the pair of underwear to wipe his hand off again, and they collapse down onto the bed, panting. Ilya kisses the back of his neck. He smells like sweat and shampoo. Hollander doesn’t mind Ilya’s full weight on him like this— he’s said so— but after a minute he makes a displeased noise.

“You’re making me lie in the wet spot,” he mumbles into the pillow.

“It’s *my* bed and *you’re* the one who made it wet.” Ilya is still catching his breath, but he pulls out of him and rolls off, folding the condom into the pair of underwear and setting them on the bedside table. Hollander flops onto his back on a more desirable part of the bed, and Ilya crawls over. They kiss a few times before Ilya settles in at his side with his head on his chest.

“You could have told me,” Ilya says after a moment of quiet between them. He props himself up on his elbow.

“Hm?” Hollander turns to look at him.“Told you what?”

“That you liked being spanked so much, bad boy.” Ilya tweaks his nipple.

He laughs softly, almost shy, rolling his lip between his teeth before he replies. “I actually… didn’t know. I mean, not… not practically. It seemed so over-the-top in porn.”

“Okay.” Ilya nods. Sometimes he forgets that Hollander doesn’t have the same level of experience in bed— you’d never know from the way he fucks that Ilya’s and his own are the only dicks he’s ever touched. “Well, it was fucking hot.”

“It *was* fucking hot.” Hollander smiles. “We can… do it again sometime, if you want.”

“If *you* want,” Ilya corrects, running a hand through Hollander’s hair, leaning over to kiss him. “I want to give you everything you like.”

“Oh, yeah?” Hollander gets an evil look on his face. Or what he must think is an evil look. It kind of just makes Ilya want to kiss him again. “Everything? You gonna let us win when we come to Boston in two weeks?”

Ilya pushes his face away, scoffing. “Everything involving your dick,” he says, “or mine.”

Hollander shoves him playfully back. “I know what you meant, asshole.”

It doesn’t sound like *asshole* when he says it. It sounds like a pet name. It sounds like *I want you*. It sounds like *Ilya*.

“Good,” Ilya says, “because I am planning to score hat trick that night. After I fuck you and spank you so hard you will have to stand up when you are on the bench.”

“We are *not* fucking before the game.”

“Okay.” Ilya makes a noncommittal tilt of his head.

“Rozanov. We’re *not*.” It’s cute how seriously Hollander takes everything.

“I said okay!” He’s grinning, and Hollander’s body relaxes again. “I spank you after the game, if you are as bad as you were tonight.”

“Fuck you, you know I played great tonight.”

“But you made daddy so unhappy.” Ilya pouts, rolling on top of him and kissing his chest, tasting the salt of his sweat. “That is bad.”

“Gross, don’t call yourself *daddy*.” But Hollander is laughing; his hands are in Ilya’s hair, fingers idly moving through the strands as Ilya’s mouth moves over his skin.

“You are grown man, Hollander, don’t tell me you call your *father* that?”

“Oh my god, obviously I don’t, and can we please not talk about my father while you’re naked on top of me?”

“Okay,” Ilya says lightly, grinning harder at the blush on Hollander’s face. *It would be so easy to love you, Shane Hollander*, he thinks suddenly, *and so terrible.*

Hollander pulls his head down to kiss him, and Ilya obliges, letting the thought fall away.

End Notes

My original ending felt incomplete, so hopefully the addition here feels okay! I might add another chapter later to let them to explore this kink some more.

A note about the epigraph: if you look up the lyrics for this song online most sources will have this line from the chorus as 'do I want to twist my arm?' throughout, but the official lyrics booklet has two instances where it's 'do I want *you*? twist my arm', and all three instances, whether it's 'to' or 'you', have the question marks in the middle of the phrase rather than the end. So I thought that was interesting in how it fits the dynamic between Hollander and Rozanov at this time of their relationship, where they're still both kind of trying to convince themselves they don't like each other as much as they do. Sorry for thinking way too hard about my PWPs (it will happen again).

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