toil and trouble

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toil and trouble

by thathastu

Summary

> “Wow,” Ilya snickers. “Not even Golden Boy Hollander is safe from the pussy curse, huh?”
>
> “Do *not* call it that.”
>
> Ilya crosses his arms and looks at Shane like he’s being stupid. It’s a frustratingly familiar look. “It is a curse that gives a pussy. Pussy curse. It’s not that bad of curse, actually.”

Or; Someone commissions a witch to curse Shane with a vagina. It’s a flagrant violation of MLH rules, but Ilya’s always been good at making lemonade out of lemons.

Notes

this honestly doesn't fit in with the timeline of the series because it's meant to take place pre-tuna melt but hayden knows things that are only revealed around tuna melt time but please suspend your disbelief and indulge in shane hollander's magic vagina with me.

See the end of the work for more notes

Shane doesn't even get time to breathe. Less than a millisecond after he texts Lily *sorry, have to cancel, save yourself the trip,* his screen flashes with an incoming call. In his panic, he hits the green button instead of the red one. "Y-Yeah?"

"My wallet is empty, Hollander," Ilya drones, somehow perfectly striking the balance between churlishly annoyed and annoyingly lazy. "I have no money to go back to hotel. You want me gone, you must come down and pay for taxi yourself."

It's bullshit, and Ilya doesn't even try to hide that. It's a testament to Shane's complete and utter panic that he doesn't even consider calling Ilya out on it. "Just-" he wheezes instead, running a hand through his hair before ultimately deciding, "Fuck, just, wait there-"

Three minutes, some curt pleasantries, and an awkwardly silent trip up the stairs later, Shane drops his pants to show Ilya his pussy.

"There," he snaps, mortified and murderous in equal measure. He feels like a fucking dumbass, his pants around his ankles and cunt exposed to the fucking world in the middle of his apartment, all because Ilya couldn't take Shane at his word and demanded that he *prove it.*

And because Shane's life is apparently a goddamn joke, Ilya takes one look at his pussy and fucking snorts. "Wow," he snickers. "Not even Golden Boy Hollander is safe from the pussy curse, huh?"

"Do *not* call it that."

Ilya crosses his arms and looks at Shane like he's being stupid. It's a frustratingly familiar look. "It is a curse that gives a pussy. Pussy curse. It's not that bad of curse, actually. Easy to break, fun, feels *very* good."

Shane valiantly ignores the last thing that Ilya says, instead questioning, "Wait, you've gotten this curse too?"

Ilya shrugs. "Boston tradition. Morning after my first hat trick, woke up with pussy." In Shane's baffled silence, Ilya suddenly grins. "Some pussy mad that I scored, so they gave me pussy."

He looks *unbelievably* proud of his shitty joke. Something pulses between Shane's legs, much to his horror—multiple horrors, at that.

Through that horror, Shane can recognize that he's much, much calmer. "Okay," he sighs, leaning back against the counter. The cold marble against his ass makes him flinch. Ilya snickers. "Shut up. This is my first curse, okay? I panicked."

Ilya's eyebrow arches. "First, as in very first? You have not had bad luck curse, or headache curse, or diarrhea curse?" Shane shakes his head. "Lucky you. Well, we should celebrate."

He reaches down as he crowds Shane against the counter, fingers easily finding Shane's clit as his lips find Shane's neck. "W-Wait," Shane starts, stomach flinching at the new sensation.

Already, it's so *much;* the heel of Ilya's palm against his trimmed pubic hair, the rough pads of his fingers just settling on Shane's… Shane's mound. The sensation that swells behind Shane's stomach is almost nauseating, in a way. Deep and powerful. It's scary.

Thankfully, Ilya listens, though not without a scoff. "What is it? You have reported to your team manager, filled out incident form, applied counter charm, no?" Shane nods. He might not have noticed the mid-flight genitalia switch until he got back to his apartment, but he was quick to follow protocol. "When did they say it would work?"

"Before our game tomorrow night." More specifically, between twelve and fourteen hours later. Shane had been so relieved to know that he'd still be able to play against Ilya that he completely forgot that Ilya was going to come over before the curse was scheduled to break. By the time he remembered, Ilya was already outside.

He doesn't explain any of that to Ilya. Partly because it'll get him laughed at, mostly because Ilya's fingers are making slow circles against him, and his mouth is preoccupied trying to bite back helpless little sounds.

Ilya hums, tilting his face to kiss under Shane's jaw. He sounds oddly disappointed. "Ah. Would've been nice if you could still feel the stretch during game, but-"

"Fuck you," Shane grumbles, breathier than he'd like. He can't stop his hips from rocking down into Ilya's calloused hands. God, he can feel his… wetness leaking out of him.

"You can't, not that you would want to," Ilya chuckles. He nips the lobe of Shane's ear. "Let me… how do you say… *pop this cherry* too."

Shane makes a *noise* at that. Without a dick for the blood to rush to, his face feels about a hundred degrees hotter than it usually would. It's embarrassing how much he wants it, how badly Ilya's words make him crave it, but there's still a knot of anxiety lodged behind his chest.

"What if I have-" Shane's voice breaks off as he bites his lip, embarrassed. "F-Fuck, this is dumb…"

Indulgently, Ilya's touch slows and he moves his hand to place it on Shane's hip, allowing him to breathe. "Have what?"

This should *not* be what Shane is caught up on. Shane should have a million other protests before this one, but uselessly, the only thing he can say is, "We're out of condoms."

"Condoms?" Ilya tilts his head. "You want to go back to always using-" Shane watches the puzzle pieces come together. "Ah."

"Yeah."

There's a beat, and then Ilya shrugs, remarkably nonchalant. "Well, if need then we just…" he slashes at his neck with a hand, clicking his tongue.

"Jesus *Christ,* Rozanov."

Ilya just grins. “What, you think you are the only MLH player to do dumb things with new pussy?” He taps Shane’s clit like a reminder, like Shane could’ve forgotten what’s now between his legs. Or, rather, what’s not. “Boston has clinic on speed dial just for that.”

Shane stares at him. “The Raiders are getting cursed and knocking each other up so often that your team has an abortion clinic on speed dial.”

“Eh, yeah,” Ilya shrugs. “Mostly rookies but like I said. Tradition. Like losing at Garden and wanting to kill yourself, and team, and every Boston fan ever.”

“Did you…” Shane doesn’t want to finish that question. Doesn’t want Ilya to answer it. Doesn’t want to think about a young, baby-faced Rozanov coyly spreading his legs and showing off his virgin cunt for his teammate. That Rozanov was the first boy that Shane ever kissed. He seemed so mature and experienced back then, when he invited himself to Shane’s hotel room and kissed him against the door. He was so young. They were both so young.

Ilya’s expression gets wry. “They do it as joke. Sleeping with each other, I mean.” Shane swallows with sickening understanding, but Ilya isn’t done. “The joke is that they are both men, but because one has pussy, it works. If they don’t look at the rest, then they can get off.”

“But you would look,” Shane murmurs. He thinks back to that first moment they shared the showers. How he knew where his eyes should be, and how he still couldn’t look away from Ilya.

“I would look,” Ilya echoes. Their eyes meet, and Shane’s breath catches in his throat. He wonders when Ilya’s eyes will stop being hypnotizing, when Ilya will stop making him feel eighteen and stupid and *wanting.*

He’s snapped out of it with a sudden smack against his hip. “I would like to look at you too, Hollander, unless you have anything else to have panic attack over.” Ilya shoves at his sweater, pushing it overhead. “Hiding anything under here, any new big tits you’d like to show me?”

“Fuck you, Rozy,” Shane sighs, lifting his arms for Ilya to strip him. He regrets being so cooperative when Ilya’s teeth immediately go to his pec and sink into the flesh. *“Ah,* o-ow, watch for fuckin’ marks-“

“Just same big tits,” Ilya hums, kissing a rapidly hardening nipple.

Shane gasps, twitching into it. This feels different too. Usually, Ilya playing with his chest helps stoke the flame of arousal. Now, it’s like he’s throwing fresh kindling on the fire.

“Rozanov,” he starts, knuckles white where he’s holding the countertop. “I… I am scared, this time. This is- this is scary.”

Ilya looks up at him, eyes going soft. He moves back up and Shane’s eyes flutter shut. It’s seamlessly timed with the gentle press of Ilya’s lips against his.

“Only if you want,” Ilya promises him. It’s redundant. They’ve been doing this for years. All Shane does is want and want and *want.* “If you want, I will make it very, *very* good.”

The greasiness of his voice makes Shane smile against Ilya’s mouth. “Oh, you will?”

“They call me a… what, womanizer, no?” Ilya grins back. Something sour twists in Shane’s stomach, but over it, Ilya is saying, “Let me show you how I womanize them.”

“Gross,” Shane laughs, stepping out of his pants as Ilya takes him by the wrist and leads him up the stairs.

Five minutes, some kissing, and an orgasm and a half later, Shane is no longer laughing. Shane wishes he gave Ilya the fare for the ride back home and waited this goddamn curse out in peace.

“T-There-!” he’s gasping, pitchy and bright, his hips trying to buck off the bed but held down by Ilya’s forearm. Shane writhes in place, keening out these *awful* sounds as his cunt gets ruthlessly fingerfucked, split open and swollen around three of Ilya’s fingers.

Ilya was gentle with Shane’s first orgasm, bringing Shane to his peak with gentle kisses to his nipples and a steady rhythm against Shane’s clit. It was powerful and unfamiliar, a climax that seemed to come from somewhere deeper and shook out of him in a series of breathy, stuttering cries, but a part of Shane felt almost disappointed as he came down from it.

That was when Ilya grinned at him with all his teeth and said, *“Now* we have fun.”

Sometimes, when they fucked, Ilya would tell Shane that his ass was like a pussy. Wet and tight and greedy. Shane found it hot and irritating in equal measure, but he’s not sure if he ever really got what Ilya meant before now. Before he had to blink away tears to watch his own wet cunt take Ilya’s relentless fingers.

Relentless, but not ruthless or careless. No, Ilya’s as irritatingly good at this as he is at all other aspects of sex. When he’s three knuckles deep in Shane’s cunt, he rolls his wrist in a way such that the heel of his palm *grinds* over Shane’s clit. It’s the same kind of mind-melting pleasure that Shane feels when Ilya is tonguing the slit of his cock while methodically working at his prostate, but at the same time it’s not. It’s wholly different and frighteningly unfamiliar and utterly overwhelming.

It’s Ilya, the same as he always is, but from an entirely new angle, bathed in an entirely new light. Shane’s eyes blearily flit up from his cunt to look at Ilya’s face. He finds a knot of exertion between the brows, a concentrated clench of the jaw, and complete and utter focus in his fiery eyes. He looks like all he wants is for Shane to cum. Luckily for him, Shane is almost all the way there already.

The biggest difference in having a cunt is that things happen so much faster. There aren’t any refractory periods that need waiting out—or at the very least, whatever refractory period that Shane has now is one that Ilya can easily barrel past. Off the heels of his last climax, the next one comes like a tidal wave.

Shane's gut tightens and swoops as it begins to crest over him. He can feel his pelvis shift and flex, his body trying to bear down on the sensations as the tsunami looms overhead. "R-Roz-" Shane stammers out in warning, the soft plane of his stomach jumping as his thighs start to shake. His legs try to close, but Ilya shoves them apart with his knee. "Fuck, *Rozy-"*

Through the static in Shane's ears, he swears that everything sounds *wetter.* Ilya swears, jaw clenched and face ruddy with it, like he's the one getting fingerfucked to insanity. "C'mon, Hollander," he grinds out. "Fuck, that's it, c'mon-"

The wave crashes down onto the shore. Shane's back bows up and off the sheets as he cums and cums and *cums.* He can feel himself gush, Ilya's fingers roughly pulling out of him with a jet of fluid that completely fucking misses the towel they laid down and hits the goddamn floor. Shane would be really mad about that if Ilya's hand didn't smack down on his clit to rub quick, tight circles there.

"H-Holy shit," Shane gasps, laughing as he throws his head back. Every part of his body is trembling. He presses his forearms to his face, hands clasped together as if in prayer. He feels delirious, like half his brain left him through his cunt. Jesus, even just the feeling of his nipples exposed to the air is making him twitch with overstimulation.

The hot, insistent press of Ilya's dick against his hole makes Shane jerk like he's been electrocuted.

"Too much?" Ilya asks, panting through the question. Shane can't answer right away, hypnotized at the sight of Ilya leaking against him, grinding against Shane's cunt and smearing pre against the mouth of his cunt.

Shane doesn't get to see the point where they connect outside of straining his neck in some incredibly specific positions. Having it right in front of him, shown off to him—it's dizzying, electrifying.

He'd be lying if he said he hasn't thought about this exact thing before. Well, not exact, because Shane has never once desired a vagina in his life. But just being made to take it, to push through the sensitivity, to take more and more and *more.* Ilya's called him greedy for it, begging for more of what he's already being given. Ilya fucking loves it, would love to indulge it, but Shane's body often reaches its limit before they can't try.

Now, Shane's cunt is sore and sensitive, but it aches in a way that feels absolutely blissful.

"Not enough," Shane slurs back, drunk on it, rocking down to slick Ilya's cock back up with his cunt. Ilya groans, fully crawling over Shane's body and dropping his head to the crook of Shane's neck. Shane brings his ankles up to press into the small of Ilya's back, urging his hips forward and begging, "Give it to me Rozy, fuck me, please, *f-fuck-!"*

Shane's voice breaks into a sob at the sheer stretch, Ilya's hands settling on his hips to hold him as he pushes in. "Look at you," he mumbles, and Shane obeys. Even through the patch of hair obscuring his sex, he can see how pink and raw the lips of his cunt are as it wraps around Ilya's length. He can feel his walls—virgin walls, fuck, what the *fuck*—stretching to accommodate the intrusion. Ilya carves him open, making Shane his perfect mould.

The sound of Shane's abrupt burst of laughter makes Ilya's hips still, right before he bottoms out. "What?" he asks, an odd note of insecurity in his voice. "Is this joke to you?"

"N-No," Shane wheezes, breathless. "I just- this is real dumb."

Ilya pulls back, wholly unimpressed. Shane starts laughing harder. "You are dumb," he snaps, driving his hips in hard, choking out the laughter in Shane's throat. "Fucked dumb, dumb on my cock."

He might have a point. As Ilya picks up rhythm, knocking the headboard into the wall with the force of his thrusts, Shane feels his mouth go slack and his vision go hazy. Fuck, Ilya is so *deep.* His hand finds his stomach, shaking fingers pressing around his navel. He swears he can feel the skin shift when Ilya's hips press flush against his.

"Shit," Ilya hisses. "Hollander, fuck, hah, *mnh-"*

He sounds like he's going to cum, like he's already close even though his entire focus has been on Shane's pleasure so far. Shane probably won't cum again—he's almost *too* sensitive for it now—but knowing that he's managed to bring Ilya to the brink makes sparks skitter up Shane's spine.

"Rozanov," Shane breathes, before being struck by a sudden spike of embarrassment at what he was about to beg for. He doesn't even know what words he was on the verge of saying, only that they were on his tongue and desperate and earnest. Shane bites his lip, rocking down and clenching, urging Ilya in a whisper, "Please, please…"

Ilya supplies the words. "Going to fill you," he grits out. Shane's breath catches at the thought, and then trembles into a gasp when Ilya moans, "Breed you, Hollander, God, *fuck-!"*

Shane whimpers at the hot warmth that floods inside of him. They've fucked without condoms a few times now, whenever they've found themselves without and decided to fuck anyway, but Ilya still tries to pull out. Because he is fucking gentleman, as he so eloquently puts it.

Ilya has never buried himself to the hilt and *whined* through an orgasm, grinding small circles as if trying to fuck even deeper, trying to push his cum even further inside. He's never filled Shane with his release, never taught Shane how it feels to be left fucked open and leaking. It's a good thing too, Shane thinks as he feels Ilya's cum trickle out from where they're connected. Had they done it sooner in the hole that Shane won't be losing in the next twelve hours, he might've never been able to think about anything else ever again.

"Oh my *God,"* Shane gasps as Ilya pulls out, more spend flooding out of him. His hand comes down instinctively, fingers framing the sloppy mess of his cunt, knuckles bumping his swollen clit. His veins feel full of syrup, the golden lights of his bedroom making the world look honeyed and slow.

Panting, Shane looks up at Ilya. It's almost startling to find Ilya already looking at him with flushed cheeks and dilated eyes. Not Shane's cum-filled pussy, but his face. A part of Shane that hasn't changed at all, but that Ilya looks at as if in an entirely new light.

Swallowing thickly, Shane tries joking, “Better call the clinic.” It comes out too shaky and nervous to properly land. He adds, a beat too late, “Or go buy Plan B. Please.”

Ilya blinks, face clearing. Then he smiles, wicked and sharp. “Will buy after,” he promises, crawling back down the bed. Shane sits up, wary, to which Ilya just bats his eyes sweetly at him. “Let me clean up first.”

“I-Ilya, I swear to God-“

Shane’s warning comes too late. Ilya leans down and licks the cum leaking out of Shane’s hole, one smooth and languid movement that brings him right up to Shane’s flushed and swollen clit. He takes that in his mouth and *sucks.*

With a broken cry and inhuman core strength, Shane shoots all the way upright and doubles over, clutching at Ilya’s curls as he’s devoured, completely and utterly and agonizingly.

Twenty minutes, another orgasm, and one careful shower later, Shane is certain that he’s finally been cleaned out.

“There,” he says, oddly proud where he sits on the counter, legs spread for Ilya’s inspection. He’s come back around on the vagina. Honestly, it’s less embarrassing than a dick is. He almost wants it to stay for the game. Without a cup in the way, he might even play better than normal. “Did I miss any?”

Ilya strokes his chin thoughtfully and leans in close. Then closer. Then even closer, close enough for Shane to feel his breath against his sex. “Hmm…” Ilya muses for a moment, giving Shane enough time to sweat.

Then he leans in and plants a kiss on Shane’s clit.

Yelping, Shane’s leg reflexively jerks out to kick him in the head. *Hard.*

One day, a dozen frantic apologies, and *far* too much laughter later, the Metros’ home announcer watches the Raiders take the ice and wonders aloud, “What did Rozanov say to get a shiner like that *between* games?”

The other announcer jokes, “I think you mean *‘Who* did Rozanov mouth off to.’ There’s a lot of people in this league lining up for a shot to cold clock Boston’s captain.”

“Indeed. For those unaware, Rozanov was voted as the second most punchable player in the MLH by his fellow players. Do you think anyone on the ice could be responsible?”

“My money’s on Hollander, personally.” That gets a round of laughter from the broadcasting crew. “He’s so proper on the ice, he has to let that aggression out somewhere.”

Down on the ice, the back of Shane’s neck burns the whole damn game, the heat flaring whenever he gets a look at Ilya’s black eye behind his visor, framing his smug, knowing smirk. He can only be grateful that it’s a narrow loss in the end.

There’s a text waiting for him in the locker room. More come in as Shane opens his phone.

Lily

A few things

1 You still owe me apology

2 Now you also owe me reward

3 Montreal HATES me

Right as Shane reads number three, a photo gets sent. He almost throws his phone at the wall in his panic.

“Damn,” Hayden laughs under his breath, clapping Shane on the shoulder. He keeps his voice low when he jokes, “You might wanna be careful checking your texts from Lily in the locker room." When Shane looks at him, panicked, Hayden raises his hands placatingly. "Hey, I didn't see much of it. But I'm just saying, from what I did see? That girl is *bold.”*

Distantly, Shane croaks, “Will do.” Or at least, he thinks he says that. He can't hear himself, too busy thinking about the glistening wetness of Ilya’s hairy cunt framed by muscled thighs, the hood of his clit pulled back by two thick fingers that make a V on his lips, the cocky grin that Shane *knows* lies just out of view, beyond the sculpted abs and thick pecs and broad shoulders, glistening with sweat from the game that they *just* played-

Shane waits until Hayden is done laughing and has turned around before he pulls his phone back out. His dick throbs in his cup as his shaking fingers type his response.

Jane

When’s your flight?

Lily

Tomorrow afternoon.

Have to be at airport by 11

Jane

Shit

Lily

Plenty of time.

Except…

Have you ever touched a pussy before?

Jane

Fuck you.

Lily

For once this is correct

Don’t worry, you are fast learner

And I will teach you very well 😉

End Notes

I have a real love for aus where literally everything is the same but witches are real and they're on fiverr.

the logic im working on here is that after people get cursed for the first time, they build sort of a curse immunity that requires more power to be put into subsequent curses + wards against uncursed people are super finnicky + most people get cursed in a minor spat at some point in their life. so in sports leagues like the MLH, uncursed rookies kind of just take their lumps and then get wards applied. curses beyond the minor inconveniences listed would get flagged by some kind of magical authority. I thought a LOT about this.

for the record, shane got cursed by a toronto fan bc right before this fic, he pulled off a hat trick against the Guardians. ilya got cursed by a vancouver fan because even though the 2011 stanley cup is not canon to the game changer universe, I think that the canucks' hate for boston should be immortalized for all time. and yes, the most punchable player survey is real and yes, Brad Marchand placed second irl. I love you my asshole boston players <3

anyways, 1st heated rivalry fic! not pictured is shane trying to convince himself that he was able to fuck ilya's pussy, therefore he has to be at least a LITTLE straight/shane desperately trying to use what ilya taught him on rose and failing miserably.

please note, I will not be writing a sequel for this. I appreciate the sentiment behind leaving comments asking for more, but I do not find them encouraging. thank you for your understanding

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