

things we cannot mention

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76742431) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76742431>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid , Heated Rivalry_(TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Established Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Freak4Freak Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Jealous Shane Hollander , Possessive Shane Hollander , Power Bottom Shane Hollander , Bottom Shane Hollander , Cocky Ilya Rozanov , Drunk Ilya Rozanov , Top Ilya Rozanov , Ilya Rozanov is a Menace , until he isn't , Possessive Sex , Jealousy , Clubbing , Semi-Public Sex , Consensual Sex , Bathroom Sex , Rough Sex , Anal Sex , Anal Fingering , Orgasm Denial , Not Beta Read , Spanking , Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot , Dom/sub Undertones , Shane wants to put Ilya on a leash , Dom Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Walks Ilya Rozanov Like A Dog , Sub Top Ilya Rozanov
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-31 Words: 1,961 Chapters: 1/1

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by [idioticthoughts](#)

Summary

“I need to talk to you.”

Ilya pretends to peer around, exaggerated, chin jutting, then points at himself. “Me?”

“Who the fuck else, Ilya?” Shane hisses Ilya’s name, sees his pupils dilate. “Go to the bathroom. I’ll meet you there in five.”

Ilya looks dazed, then shakes his hair out of his face and rights himself, reaches for another shot. “You do not tell me what to do, Hollander.”

Shane is going to kill him.

Or, Shane and Ilya, at the club, post-game. Ilya has let Boston’s victory get to his head and Shane brings him back down to earth.

Notes

title inspired by “sex with me” by rihanna

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

vodka and water, and a lemon
and a few other things i cannot mention

January 2019 - Boston

It's well past midnight and Shane and Ilya are still at the club, the last place Shane wants to be. Ilya is drunk, celebratory, brazen. He's electric, magnificent in his leather jacket, his black jeans, victory emanating from him in heady waves. Shane can barely keep himself from staring, can't help but notice everyone else staring too, should be used to it by now.

But tonight Ilya is bold, unabashed. Had scored twice against Montreal, slammed Shane into the boards, and stole the puck from between his skates. The Raiders had won, 4-1 with Shane scoring at the beginning of the third period, but it had been a listless match for the Metros and nobody had been in the mood to go out, everyone disappearing into their hotel rooms, defeated.

Ilya had been waiting for Shane in his room, jacket draped across his lap, two glasses of vodka sitting on the bedside table.

"Ilya ..."

"I am winner, tonight. Going out is my prize. Want to dance. Want to fuck." Ilya's English is broken, he's been drinking already, stands to bite Shane's ear. "Change. Car is coming in fifteen minutes."

Shane had started to protest – it was their one night together all month, wouldn't Ilya rather stay in, relax – but Ilya had simply brought Shane's glass to his lips, poured. He'd snuck them downstairs, taking the steps two at a time, had clicked his damn heels as he'd jumped down the last few steps. Shane should've known then, that Ilya is in rare form, at his most provocative, but he'd just been hopelessly charmed, stupidly happy to be back in his boyfriend's presence.

He's much less charmed now, though, watching groups of women and the occasional daring man flirt and fawn over Ilya, congratulatory winks and lithe hands that linger just a moment too long, against his neck, his shoulders.

Shane tries to blend in, fuse into the crowd and lose himself as Ilya seems to have, but it's impossible. The music is suddenly all too loud, beat discordant, oppressive. Shane needs some air. He pushes his way to the edge of the crowd and turns back to see if Ilya has noticed.

He hasn't. A swarm of women, a bachelorette party, by the looks of the white sash, the penis-shaped headbands, has descended upon him and Ilya is kissing the bride's fucking cheek, playing the part too fucking well.

Shane fumes, barely realizes he's glaring. He turns to the bar and signals the bartender, downs a shot, his throat on fire.

"Woah, slow down, Hollander. Didn't know you were a lush."

It's Ilya, appearing unsteadily, hand held high for another round. Shane gives him a look.

"Very hypocritical, Rozanov." He lowers his voice, glances around. "I need to talk to you."

Ilya pretends to peer around, exaggerated, chin jutting, then points at himself. "*Me?*"

"Who the fuck else, Ilya?" Shane hisses Ilya's name, sees his pupils dilate. "Go to the bathroom. I'll meet you there in five."

Ilya looks dazed, then shakes his hair out of his face and rights himself, reaches for another shot. "You do not tell me what to do, Hollander."

Shane is going to kill him. Ilya can read his mind, his face, but doesn't seem to care, his throat working easily as he slams the glass back onto the bar.

"See you soon, *moy lyubov*," Ilya whispers as he trails past. Shane feels the ghost of his fingertips against the small of his back, almost lets this go, but then Ilya is holding a tray above his head, yelling something in Russian as he descends back upon the dance floor, women in glittering dresses rising to meet him.

Shane has had enough. He turns and shoves his way toward the bathroom, locking the door behind him. His heart is pounding; he feels as if there are mere seconds left on the clock and no one has scored. Shane's hand works at his collar, loosening the top two buttons, and he can breathe, but just barely; can't breathe properly when half his heart is still on the dance floor, doing God knows what, with God knows who.

How dare he? Ignore Shane all night, pretend like it's still all those years ago, like it's alright to leave a sea of distance between them. Doesn't help how ridiculously beautiful he looks, how much he wants Ilya, how he's half-hard, even now, alone in the bathroom of a club in the middle of Boston.

Fucking Ilya. Shane can hear the music thumping through the door, bass bouncing madly. He could scream and Ilya wouldn't hear him. He is going to tear him apart, remind him whose he is, ruin him, here, now, if he would just show his fucking face.

As if on cue, summoned, there's a sharp knock. Shane draws in a breath, unlocks the door and there's Ilya, smelling of vodka, of his earthy cologne, and a trace of something lighter, citrus and sweet.

"You smell like fucking perfume." Shane reaches past Ilya to slam the lock shut once more and they're alone, his rage ballooning rapidly, filling the air, shoving Ilya against the door, pressing him to the sink.

Shane has only had that one shot and the swallow of vodka Ilya had poured down his throat back at the hotel. He shouldn't be so reckless, but he's beyond caring, every cell in his body

intent, wired. Ilya is wearing a thin black shirt beneath his jacket, his chest barely visible and Shane focuses, bites at Ilya's nipple, hard enough to hurt.

“What the fuck do you think you're doing? Did you forget who you belong to?”

Shane barely knows what he's saying, has his hands caged around Ilya's wrists but Ilya doesn't resist, doesn't know if it's because of the alcohol spiraling its way through his own body or the way Shane's brown eyes are nearly black with anger, with lust. It makes Ilya's stomach fall out from beneath him, cock twitching in anticipation.

Ilya sometimes forgets Shane's raw strength, his intensity, but he can't ignore it in this cramped bathroom, pressed together, Shane's chest broad, rippling. Shane grabs him by the back of his thighs and hoists him onto the counter. Ilya moans.

“Fuck, Shane.”

“That's fucking right, Ilya. Say my name,” Shane whispers harshly in Ilya's ear, grabs him by the hair and exposes his neck further, bites there too. “Should fucking mark you here, let them know you've been claimed.”

Ilya loves this. He's never been so turned on in his life, hadn't expected Shane to have been so affected, had thought they'd been teasing, building to a mutual crescendo but Shane has been conducting this entire affair, has somehow brought him close to the edge without touching him, normally Ilya's own party trick. He's impressed, intoxicated, wants to let himself go in Shane's hands, his mouth.

His hands push at Shane's shoulders. He wants to see Shane kneel, to feel the ferocity of his throat around him, but Shane steps away, smoldering. He looks like he does coming off the ice, hair damp, dark and swept across his forehead, exhilarated and alive.

“Absolutely fucking not. Maybe if you'd behaved yourself, been a good fucking boyfriend, a *good boy*,” Shane says, and it's the first time he's said this, would've thought the words would sound foreign in his mouth, but he feels nothing but power, possession, as he undoes his own belt, pulls out his cock. Ilya drools.

Shane holds his hand beneath Ilya's chin. “Spit.”

Ilya spits. Shane wraps his hand around himself, begins working the length of his cock, stroking fast, desperate. Ilya moves to do the same but Shane shakes his head. Ilya freezes.

“Not until I say so,” Shane breathes and Ilya swallows, thinks this could be a dangerous game, his favorite nightmare. Shane grabs Ilya's waist and his hands wrap nearly all the way around, gripping hard, turning Ilya, forcing him to meet his own gaze in the graffiti-covered mirror. He is a man undone, curls wild, heart-shaped lips parted, panting, held at Shane's mercy, within his wrath.

Shane shoves two fingers into his mouth. Ilya sucks gratefully, moans at their withdrawal, then jumps, almost shouts as there's a sudden smack and a slap against his ass, Shane's hand firm through his jeans.

Shane spans Ilya again, grasps wantonly at his ass, unable to help himself. Ilya doesn't know where this is going or how it will end but Shane is wound tight, his cock hard, furious against Ilya, looks like he's reached the point of no return. They lock eyes in the mirror and Shane can still smell that fucking perfume, can still see Ilya kissing that blushing cheek; there's a renewed wave of anger, something inside of Shane snaps.

He shoves his pants down and pushes in front of Ilya, feels the cold of the countertop dig into his hips. Ilya is compliant, finally, stands still and obedient as Shane works his fingers into himself with singular focus, like he's not bent over in a grimy bathroom, like Ilya isn't even there.

Ilya is rock hard, everything in him aching for release, but he knows better than to interrupt Shane when he's like this, has learned to hand over control when the moment is right and fuck, Ilya can't picture anything more *right*, more debauched than this - Shane opening himself up for Ilya with half of Ilya's teammates, the world, just feet away, his fury pulsing between them, a secret of its own.

Shane doesn't look at Ilya as he sinks back onto him, barely seems to register Ilya's low moan. Ilya wants to lick at Shane's ears, melt kisses onto his neck, but Shane leans forward, bracing himself over the sink, finding his own rhythm, selfish, assured. Shane reaches down to touch his cock, slick with pre-come, and Ilya focuses on his tip sliding between his fist, red and wet in the mirror, utterly pornographic.

"F-fuck, Shane, I'm c-close," Ilya chokes out, has been worked up all night, caught between the bass and the sheen of seduction in the air, the vision that is Shane in that white t-shirt, tight against his chest. Shane's eyes fly open, a warning.

"Don't you fucking dare." Shane spits the words at Ilya and coming is no longer an option, Ilya relents, focuses on Shane's pleasure. Doesn't touch his waist, doesn't think Shane wants that now, focuses on nothing but the look on Shane's face, how his head is beginning to loll. He shifts his weight to find Shane's prostate, makes Shane's hips shudder, and then Shane is biting his fist, ropes of come shooting over his hand, across the counter.

Shane barely allows himself a chance to exhale, doesn't feel sated, not yet. He pushes Ilya off him, ignores the whimper that escapes Ilya's throat. He grabs a paper towel, scrubs at his hands, the sink. Ilya is quiet behind him but Shane can feel his need radiating towards him, his restlessness beginning to grow. Inevitable, Shane thinks. A menace.

And then Ilya is pressed back against him, questioning, seeking Shane's gaze in the mirror once more. Shane shakes his head and presses his lips together to keep from smiling.

"Ilya. We've already taken too long. If you *behave*, then *maybe* you can come when we get back to the hotel," Shane says, attempting to straighten his hair. Ilya nips at his ear, reaches up to muss his hair back into disarray. Shane slaps his hand away, incredulous.

"Keep it up, Ilya. You'll see." Shane says, stares. "I'll put you on a fucking leash."

"Is that threat, or promise?"

“Both.”

End Notes

this is pure smut that i wrote in a few hours after seeing this [tweet](#) about shane walking ilya like a dog that i just could not stop thinking about. thank you for reading!!

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