

hotel, motel, holiday inn

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76687496) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76687496>.

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:	Sexual Roleplay , Power Imbalance , Explicit Sexual Content , Oral Sex , Face-Fucking , Snowballing , Spanking , Anal Fingering , Anal Sex , Creampie , Established Relationship , Dom/sub , Degradation Kink , Praise Kink , Size Kink , Safe Sane and Consensual , Married Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-30 Words: 2,897 Chapters: 1/1

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by [mandathegreat](#)

Summary

Shane's hands shook a bit as he knocked at the door, once, twice, three times. He waited, only a few seconds before the door opened, and Ilya Rozanov stood before him.

His voice cracked a bit as he spoke. "Your luggage is here, Mister Rozanov, sir."

...

Or: Married Shane and Ilya revisit their bellboy role-play from the cottage.

Notes

This series has consumed my every waking moment and brought me to tears.

Anyway, here's porn.

Feel free to give me a follow on twt @/manda_fanfic, or bsky @/mandathegreat. I still talk about genshin too much and probably won't ever stop.

Ilya Rozanov was staying at the fancy hotel Shane worked at in downtown Ottawa. He was a hockey superfan, and even before the forward was traded to Ottawa, he had followed his career steadfastly throughout the years.

And sure, Rozanov was probably a huge asshole, if rumors were true. A womanizer, a party animal, flipping off paparazzi and cursing during interviews. But Shane could admit that Rozanov was his favorite player to watch—and not just for the hockey.

No, there was something that drew Shane to the Russian player, something deep inside that wanted the man desperately. He knew there were tons of people—women, hot, gorgeous women, throwing themselves at him. But he thought, privately, like some forbidden secret, that he wouldn't mind too terribly being one of Rozanov's girls.

So, as he pushed the luggage cart with two sleek, black bags atop it, somewhat garish, LV branded tags labeled "Rozanov" on them, Shane trembled with something a little like anticipation.

Shane's hands shook a bit as he knocked at the door, once, twice, three times. He waited, only a few seconds before the door opened, and Ilya Rozanov stood before him.

His voice cracked a bit as he spoke. "Your luggage is here, Mister Rozanov, sir."

Rozanov nodded, stepping aside to let Shane in the hotel room. Shane wheeled the cart inside until the door closed, and unloaded the luggage onto the rack in the room. He could feel eyes on his body as he bent over, and flushed as an appreciative hum made its way out of Rozanov as he slowly stood up.

Shane turned around to face the hockey player, seated on the plush bedding, openly staring at him.

"Will that be all, Mister Rozanov?" Shane asked, voice unusually demure, a little breathy.

Rozanov stood up, pulling out a fine leather wallet from his pocket, and holding out a crisp hundred dollar bill to Shane.

"Yes, thank you," he said, an accented voice ringing in Shane's ears.

Their fingers brushed as Shane reached for the tip, pushing it back toward the man. "Sir, this is far too generous. I'm just a bellboy."

"Keep it," Rozanov said, pressing it back into his hand. "What's your name?"

"Um, Shane, sir. Thank you," he said, pocketing the change.

Rozanov's eyes lingered on his face, on the smattering of freckles on his cheeks, on his lips. Shane was fully dressed, but he felt naked under his heated gaze, and he swallowed thickly.

"Okay, *Shane*," Rozanov said. "Anything fun to do around here?"

Me. The thought came unbidden from Shane, and he felt himself flush even further, before he spoke.

“Uh, well, Ottawa is a nice city. Do you like museums?”

Rozanov hummed for a bit, pretending to think. “No. Something more exciting than that, I think.”

He stepped closer to Shane, who stumbled backwards until his back was nearly against the wall.

“Um, well—what kind of excitement are you looking for?” Shane said, voice ending in a whisper as Rozanov crowded him against the wall.

“You want to fuck, *Shane?*”

And Shane’s breath hitched, his whole body felt hot. He was far too close.

“Sir, this is hardly appropriate.”

He tried to sound resolute, but it was cheapened by the whimper that was forced out of his mouth as Ilya—as Rozanov gripped his jaw, forcing him to meet his eyes.

“But you want it, don’t you? You want this cock, pretty boy?”

Shane groaned, both at his words and at the press of a thigh against his half hard dick.

“Yes, sir.”

Rozanov grinned, smug and a little mean. “Say it.”

And Shane should know better, should do anything but this, should run for the hills—but when would he ever get an opportunity like this again?

“I want your cock, Mister Rozanov, sir.”

And Shane watched as blue eyes darkened, as a grin bloomed on his handsome face. Rozanov moved away from the wall to sit on the edge of the bed once more, pushing the band of his athletic joggers down, his boxers, until he had a grip on his dick. He stroked it slowly, looking up at Shane.

“Come here and suck it, then.”

Shane felt a shiver down his spine, but he did as he asked, approaching the foot of the bed before kneeling between Rozanov’s spread thighs.

His cock was huge. It fit well in his own enormous hand, but Shane’s hands were smaller, and he looked even bigger in comparison. How would he get this in his mouth, let alone his ass?

“Problem?” Rozanov asked, at his hesitation.

Shane shook his head. “I’m just—it’s so big, sir.”

And Rozanov chuckled, one hand caressing the freckles on Shane’s cheeks, before hooking a thumb into his mouth and pulling it wide.

“You can make it fit, sweetheart. Is a challenge. If you do it good, I’ll reward you.”

Shane nodded as much as he could with his mouth forced open, flushing as Rozanov’s hand withdrew, dragging his own spit down his chin. He planted one hand on a thick thigh, and the other around the base of his cock as he leaned in closer, licking at the bead of precum that collected at the tip of his dick.

“Just like that,” Rozanov said, letting a hand weave into Shane’s straight hair. It was longer now, long enough for his fingers to get a good grip and pull him forward, until Shane was forced to take the head of his cock inside. He moaned around it, letting his tongue play with the underside, before pushing down even further, drawing a gasp from Rozanov.

The weight on his tongue was famili—new and different, the feeling of his jaw straining open as he established a rhythm, of the hand in his hair guiding him deeper each time. He tried his best to suppress any gag reflex as Rozanov’s cock hit the back of his mouth, and was rewarded with the hand in his hair scratching at his scalp, drawing a pleased purr from his mouth.

Shane pulled back for air, lavishing kitten licks to the head again as Rozanov complimented him.

“Such good quality service at this hotel, Shane.”

Shane smiled, dopey and loose, at his words. “Thank you, Mister Rozanov, sir.

“Is not completely perfect, though,” he said, and Shane gaped up at him in concern.

“You only took about half of me inside this hot mouth. You can do better than that, right? Take me all the way down?”

His voice was goading and a little mean, but Shane was eager to please. He steeled himself, planting his hands on Rozanov’s thighs.

“I want to, Mister Rozanov. Please fuck my face, sir.”

Rozanov hummed. “You’re so good at taking orders.”

He fed his cock inside Shane’s mouth slowly, inch by torturous inch, until he reached the back of his mouth again—this time, he bullied forward, forcing Shane to swallow and suppress the urge to cough or gag as he went deeper.

“Good, Shane. So good,” Rozanov said, and Shane could feel his mouth stretched obscenely wide, drool escaping from a corner as Rozanov began to fuck his throat in earnest. Shane tried his best to breathe through his nose, taking in the scent of Rozanov’s expensive cologne and his natural scent. It was hypnotizing, and he moaned around him again, overwhelmed by

it all—the feeling of being so thoroughly used, the sound of himself choking on cock over and over, messy and wet. His vision was cloudy with tears and his head was hazy from lack of oxygen when Rozanov pulled back.

“*Fuck*, Shane,” he panted, stroking a hand over his cock repeatedly. “Your mouth is so perfect.”

And Shane moaned at his praise, mouth still wide open and messy, lips swollen and red.

“Time for your reward, no?” Rozanov said, as he worked himself over, and Shane only understood what he meant when he was coming in long pulses over his face. He felt every hot streak like a brand, marking him as Rozanov’s. Over his freckles, his lips, his tongue. He swallowed what he could, and was mesmerized as Rozanov gathered the rest of the mess on his fingers and sucked them into his own mouth.

“Open,” he commanded, and Shane was so out of it that he followed his order without much thought. He opened his mouth, and watched as Rozanov leaned down and spat the rest of his cum onto Shane’s waiting tongue.

“Swallow it all, don’t let it go to waste.”

That...was so hot. Shame and embarrassment and deep, heavy arousal made him flush all the way down to his chest, but he made a show of swallowing the rest of his cum, revealing a pink tongue when he was done.

“Thank you, Mister Rozanov, sir,” Shane said, and his voice was fucked out and hoarse—every time they did this, he spoke with a little rasp for days, and—

“Get up. Strip for me,” Rozanov ordered.

Shane rose unsteadily to his feet, toeing off his shoes, before reaching for the buttons of his shirt. He felt eyes on him as he revealed more and more skin, so exposed. He removed his belt, his trousers, carefully folding them all until he stood in his own tight underwear, the front already stained with precum.

“So wet for me already?” Rozanov teased

“Shut up,” Shane bit back.

Rozanov’s expression grew displeased. “Is this how you talk to your VIP guests? How disrespectful.”

Shane looked down, guilty. “I’m sorry, Mister Rozanov. Please forgive me.”

“Maybe I should punish you, just a bit. Go into that suitcase. Get lube and come here.” Rozanov ordered, and Shane scrambled to obey. He went back to the luggage rack and opened up the suitcase, rifling through clothes until he spotted a bag full of toiletries. He returned, half empty bottle of lube in hand, standing at the foot of the bed.

Rozanov gestured to him. “Get naked. Then come here, across my lap.”

Shane did as he was told, even as he trembled in anticipation. His face burned as he crawled over Ilya Rozanov's lap, ass in the air. One large hand caressing the muscle there before coming down without hesitation.

Shane gasped.

"I think, hmm, ten? Ten hits like that, across your ass, since you were so disrespectful."

Shane nodded, not trusting himself to speak.

The second hit came with no warning either, and Shane whimpered—it didn't hurt very much, but there was something about the situation, about being draped over Rozanov's lap like this and spanked, that had him trembling. The third followed in quick succession, and he was sure his cock dripped precum down on Rozanov's lap. Fourth and fifth were met with a whine—Shane could not believe he was getting off on this right now. How—

How embarrassing. How hot. He jumped at the sixth hit, right where ass met thigh. This one stung more than the rest, and Rozanov followed it with a soothing rub at tender skin, followed by the eighth hit. His thighs shook, and his eyes had tears in them, his whole body tense awaiting the final two strikes.

The ninth one was hard, so hard that Shane could imagine the mark it'd leave behind, a perfect map of Ilya's handprint on his left cheek. He sobbed, and his cock leaked more, so much more that he worried he'd come if he had to endure much more.

"I can't," he mumbled, and Rozanov shushed him.

"But you can, Shane. You've been so good for me."

Shane whimpered as Rozanov squeezed his ass cheek.

"You feel so hot here now. Skin all pink and red. So pretty, Shane."

He groaned, letting his body relax into the touch, into the grip of calloused fingers on sensitive skin, and when the tenth hit came, he was ready for it.

"There we go. Is all done."

Rozanov guided him—more like manhandled him—to lay on the sheets, to let his body sink into the plush bedspread.

When he spoke, it was far too gentle. "Was too much?"

And Shane knew that he was no longer talking to Mister Rozanov, he was talking to his Ilya.

"No, it's perfect. You're perfect," he said, smiling, lazy and tired.

"Okay," Ilya said, stroking his cheek. "Do you want to stop?"

Shane huffed from his spot on the bed. "If you don't fuck me, I'll make you sleep in the bathtub."

Ilya laughed. "Okay, *lyubimyy*."

And then he was moving, parting Shane's legs on the mattress and throwing them over his shoulders.

"Not done with you, bellboy. You want big tip tonight?"

Shane could help it, he laughed. "*Big tip?* Is that a dick joke?"

Ilya snorted. "I thought it was funny."

They laughed for a minute more until Shane smacked Ilya on the chest, forcing himself to return to his persona for the night.

"I don't know, Mister Rozanov. You've already been so generous," he said, biting his lip.

Ilya smiled, uncapping the lube and wetting his fingers. "I have so much more to give you. You need it so bad, right?"

"Yes, please. I need it," Shane panted, voice cracking as Ilya slid two fingers inside. He spread them out, doing his best to stretch his hole open, delighting in how quickly Shane's body seemed to open up for him.

"So eager here, you're sucking me in," he said, in wonder. "Are you such a slut for all your guests?"

Shane groaned. "Only for the hot ones, Mister Rozanov."

A third finger then, sliding in alongside the other two, spreading and prodding at his insides.

"Pretty whore, I can change that. Gonna fuck you, fill you so good you won't want anyone else," Ilya said. His eyes were black, irises swallowed by lust and need, and his fingers withdrew with a filthy sound.

Shane whined, both at his words and the feeling of emptiness in his ass, stretched around nothing. His belly was wet with tacky precum, poor dick ignored and throbbing.

"Please, sir," he begged. "Need you right here."

Ilya's eyes went wide as Shane's hand splayed across his stomach, and his meaning came across.

He swore in Russian, and Shane watched as he poured more lube into his hands, slicking up his cock. Before he could say another word, Ilya pressed the fat head of his cock against his hole, and pressed inside.

“Oh *fuck*,” Shane bit out. No matter how many times they did this, he never stopped feeling huge. Especially in this position, with his legs bent back, pressed nearly in half—his cock seemed to carve a path inside him that had Shane trembling and moaning, raking neatly trimmed nails down Ilya’s back.

Ilya snarled at the feeling and pressed into him harder, bullying his way inside until his hips met Shane’s ass, and he had taken him all the way down.

“Fuck,” Shane repeated, voice cracking and desperate. Ilya nodded, almost in agreement, and for just a moment they breathed together, foreheads pressed close.

Once he felt Shane relax into the sensation, Ilya pulled back. He slammed back in, hard, and Shane saw stars. Every thrust had him slamming into his prostate, driving Shane closer and closer to the edge. Not only that, but every thrust sent his hips smacking into Shane’s ass, red and sensitive from the spanking.

It was all too much, and before Shane could even think to warn him, he was coming all over his stomach. His hole clenched around Ilya’s cock as he spilled, and Shane could barely see, barely hear. He could only feel Ilya’s thrusts losing rhythm, his hips stuttering, cock twitching inside him as he came, deep inside.

When Shane came to, Ilya was slack, panting on top of him. It was a little awkward, considering he was still folded nearly in half like a pretzel (thanks yoga). He managed to get his legs in a better position, wrapped around Ilya’s waist—all the better to make sure he didn’t pull out right away, since Shane didn’t want to ever be separated from him.

Ilya finally caught his breath. “Hi,” he said, pressed into Shane’s hair.

“Hi,” Shane echoed. “That was fun.”

“It was. You owe me 100 dollars, give my tip money back.”

Shane scoffed. “We’re married. We have a joint bank account.”

Ilya shook his head. “You bet \$100 that you would not break character. You lost.”

“Well, I’m sorry Mister Big Tip,” Shane muttered, making Ilya laugh.

“Are you sore? Tired? We should shower,” Ilya said, gently moving off of Shane, pulling out of him, much to his dismay.

Shane yawned. “Tired, yes. Can we stay here for a few minutes?”

“Of course, *lyubimyy*.” He held Shane gently, pressing kisses into his sweaty hair.

Shane didn’t like mess. He didn’t like laying in sweaty sheets, knowing he was dripping come down onto his thighs and that they’d have to leave the hotel maids yet another huge tip. In a different time, he would have been in the shower before he could have any pillow talk, unable to quite meet Ilya’s eyes after what they’d done.

Now, there was honestly no place he'd rather be.

"I love you," he said, half asleep and comfortable.

He felt Ilya smile against his temple.

"Ya tebya lyublyu, my Shane."

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