

a different kind of game

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76189266) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76189266>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Sex Toys , Public Masturbation , Public Sex , Kinda , Airplanes , Established Relationship , Dirty Talk , Teasing , Orgasm Edging , Butt Plugs , Masturbation , Aftercare , Autistic Shane Hollander , freshly out , Dom/sub
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-22 Words: 3,757 Chapters: 1/1

a different kind of game

by [thepinkcrayon](#)

Summary

Shane and Ilya came out as a couple and started playing for the same team. They get to travel together now. Ilya wants to have some fun, and Shane can't say no to his boyfriend.

That's how he ends up with a plug in his ass on an airplane surrounded by teammates.

Notes

i love writing them as freshly out.... i just love it. can't explain why. enjoy!

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

Playing for the same team was a blessing in so many ways. The biggest one was that their schedules finally lined up. No longer hiding their relationship was the icing on top. Shane liked flying with Ilya, loved being able to hold his hand whenever he needed some reassurance.

Most of the team had wandered off after the last announcement that had been made at their gate. Their flight would be delayed one more time, giving everyone enough time to grab something to eat before takeoff. Shane and Ilya remained in their seats, backs to the giant window.

Ilya had his arm slung around Shane's shoulders with a casual ease, Shane tucked against his side as they both scrolled through random apps on their phones. "Are you sure you don't want to grab something to eat?" Shane asked, locking his phone so he could look at his boyfriend.

Ilya locked his phone too, giving Shane all of his attention. "I am sure. Do you need to eat?"

"I had a snack, I'm fine."

"Good," Ilya murmured, shoving his phone in the front pocket of his hoodie. "Want to play game?"

Shane looked up, glancing around them. No one was paying attention to them, no one was close enough to hear Ilya's low murmur. Shane bit the inside of his bottom lip, tossing the idea around in his head.

"What kind?" Shane finally asked in a whisper, scooting a little closer. Ilya grinned a little, pulling a velvet bag from his pouch. He dangled it between them by the string, cocking an eyebrow. Shane snatched it from the other man, stuffing it in his own hoodie pouch. "*Ilya!*" he hissed, glancing around again. He knew his face was flushed, heat creeping up his spine.

"Relax. No one knows what is," Ilya soothed, nudging his nose against Shane's temple.

“Did you go through security with this in your pocket?”

“No,” Ilya chuckled, shaking his head. “Got it from carry-on. Go put it in?”

Shane’s heartbeat picked up, considering his boyfriend’s request. “I don’t have any lube. And we’re in *public*.”

“I have lube in carry-on. Take with you.”

“It has *your* last name on the side of it.”

“No one will notice.”

Shane met Ilya’s pretty eyes, nodding a little. “Okay... But you can’t be mean to me. You can’t turn it on until we board. And take off.” Shane knew he’d need the constant roar of the inside of an airplane to muffle his noises.

“I won’t be mean to you,” Ilya promised, kissing Shane’s cheek. “I’m already half hard thinking about you finger-fucking your hole in airport bathroom,” Ilya whispered in his ear, nipping at the lobe. Shane flushed further, standing up suddenly.

He grabbed Ilya’s carry-on that was between their feet, thanking what god there might be that his hoodie was oversized to the point of hiding his boner as he walked to the nearest bathroom. Thankfully, it was close. He went into one of the stalls, sending another thank you up to *whoever* that the stalls were floor-to-ceiling and offered complete privacy.

Shane set the bag on the floor, taking a deep breath to steady himself. He took the velvet bag out of his pocket, pulling the relatively small plug out. It was one of their favorite toys to play with. Ilya liked to have Shane wear it while he sucked Ilya off, constantly toying with the remote in his hand while Shane pleasured him.

Shane bent over and unzipped Ilya's carry-on bag, finding the lube easily. He left the bottle and the toy on top of one of the sweatshirts that was in Ilya's bag, slipping his hands under his waistband. He pushed his joggers down to his knees, spreading his legs so they didn't fall to the floor, doing the same thing with his briefs.

He braced himself against the stall's wall, snagging the bottle of lube from Ilya's bag so that he could cover his shaky fingers in the slick substance. He didn't give himself time to reconsider, reaching back to press wet fingers against his hole. Shane slipped his middle finger inside himself slowly, eyes closing. He pressed his warm cheek to the wall, exhaling slowly against the cool tile.

Shane wasted no time, adding a second finger when he was ready. The plug was small, especially compared to his boyfriend, so he didn't need much in the way of prep. Shane focused on keeping his breathing as steady as he could, withdrawing his fingers so he could grab the dark blue toy. He pressed the power button, waiting until the little red dot came on.

More lube was added to the plug, spread over the surface with trembling fingers. Shane spread his legs a little more, cocking his hips back as he brought the toy behind him, blindly pressing the tip against his hole. He pushed it in slowly, biting his lower lip to stifle a moan as he stretched around the body of the plug. It settled at the neck, just long enough for the curved bulb of the plug to nestle against his prostate.

Shane exhaled, clenching around the toy. He was so hard now, neglected cock hanging between his spread thighs. His phone vibrated in the pocket of his joggers, still stretched around his knees. He fumbled for the phone with his clean hand, reading the message on the lock screen.

Ilya: Do not touch your cock.

Fuck Ilya *and* his perfect timing. Shane wiped his hand clean with some toilet paper before he fixed his clothes, pressing his palm against his erection through his joggers. He took a few steadying breaths as he put the lube back where he'd found it.

Shane straightened his clothes one more time before he grabbed Ilya's bag and exited the stall, going to wash his hands. He returned to the seat next to his boyfriend as quickly as possible, pouring a lot of focus into walking *normally*. Shane deposited the bag back where it had been, carefully lowering himself into the chair.

Ilya watched him like a hawk, a self-satisfied half-smirk on his pretty lips. He wrapped his arm around Shane's shoulders again, tucking the other hand into his hoodie pocket. Shane's eyes followed that hand, looking up at Ilya quickly. "You promised you wouldn't."

Ilya's hand retreated from the pouch, his phone in his hand. He chuckled, shaking his head. "Relax, Hollander. Rest here," Ilya instructed, applying gentle pressure to the side of Shane's head until he let it rest against Ilya's strong shoulder. Shane closed his eyes, taking a deep breath and letting it out slowly.

The rest of the team returned after a few minutes, bags of different snacks in their hands, just in time for boarding to start. Ilya stood up first, offering his hand to Shane to help him to his feet. Shane took it, letting his boyfriend haul him up. He suppressed a little shiver as the toy shifted with the movement.

Ilya grabbed both of their carry-ons in one hand, keeping Shane's hand in his other. They boarded the plane together, their seats next to each other. It was something Ilya insisted on with every flight, and he was always charming enough that the desk attendant would do their best to move people around so they could be together.

Shane was thankful that the flight wasn't full, the third seat in their row blissfully empty. Shane settled into the window seat while Ilya situated their bags. He took the middle seat, fastening the seatbelt. Shane did the same, fingers still trembling slightly. Ilya took his hand and tangled their fingers, their joined hands resting on Ilya's knee, his long legs spread so their calves were pressed together.

The plane filled with passengers that settled quickly, and within no time, they were in the air. Ilya released Shane's hand once the seatbelt sign turned off, getting up. Shane watched as he pulled his bag down from the overhead compartment and unzipped the side pouch. He pulled out a rolled-up blanket, tossing it to Shane gently. He returned the bag to the compartment and sat down, settling in his seat again.

Shane unrolled the blanket, a soft, minky thing with the MLH logo on it. Ilya took the blanket and settled it across their lower halves. Ilya quickly found the release button for the armrest between their seats, lifting it so they could cuddle closer.

Ilya wrapped his arm around Shane's shoulders once more, pulling the other man flush against his side. He tucked his hand in his pouch pocket and grabbed the small remote, turning it on immediately.

Shane inhaled deeply as the vibrations started, cock jerking in his briefs. The dull roar of the air covered the sound easily. Ilya turned so his lips were closer to Shane's ear, murmuring just loud enough for his boyfriend to hear.

"You will not come until I allow. Understand, Hollander?"

Shane nodded, ducking his head so he could lean it against Ilya's neck. Ilya's fingers rubbed soothing lines over Shane's shoulder as the vibrations continued steadily. Shane swallowed hard, stifling a moan.

Ilya left the remote in his pocket, reaching up to tap on the screen on the back of the seat in front of him. He put on the first movie that he found, turning the subtitles on so that they had plausible deniability. Shane looked at the screen with unfocused eyes, too focused on the toy buzzing away inside him.

"Four hours, Shane. Can you handle that?"

Shane kept his eyes on the screen, shaking his head a little. "Fuck, *no*. That's too long, Ilya, please," he whispered, biting the inside of his bottom lip.

Ilya hummed, fingers pushing through Shane's soft, dark hair. "Alright... Two hours, then you come." Ilya knew that was still too long, but he was enjoying teasing his boyfriend entirely too much, loving that he could feel the way that Shane's breathing hitched as he considered the proposed timeline.

Shane shook his head again. Ilya's free hand went back into his pocket, Shane tensing in anticipation. The vibration kicked up a level, Shane unable to hold back his little whimper. Only Ilya could hear it. "One hour. Have done before," Ilya reasoned.

That hour of edging had been in Shane's apartment, where he could make as much noise as he wanted, squirm and writhe as much as he needed. Shane had *barely* survived the 60 minutes of the delicious torture of Ilya denying him an orgasm over and over and *over*.

"Half," Shane whimpered, toes curling in his shoes. He shifted a little, pressing his thighs together. "Please."

Ilya wasn't in charge of this negotiation, and *he* knew it from the start. He'd cave to any length of time that Shane whined out. Half an hour was longer than Ilya thought he'd go for, so he nodded, pressing a kiss to Shane's forehead.

"Half," he murmured in agreement, turning the vibrations up another level. Shane whimpered, pressing his hand against his hard cock under the blanket. "I will play with you for half hour, then you are allowed to go to bathroom and jerk off. Yes?"

Shane's breathing was unsteady, eyes still glued to the screen in front of them. He had no idea what movie Ilya had picked, and he really didn't care. He just needed to focus on something other than the unending vibrations against his prostate. Ilya turned the toy up one more level. Shane's eyes found the clock in the corner of the screen.

"I need answer, Hollander," Ilya murmured in his ear, accent thicker as his mouth formed Shane's last name. Ilya's voice drove Shane crazy during a normal conversation, but this low crooning in Shane's ear was going straight to his cock.

"Yes," Shane hissed quietly, shivering slightly. Ilya turned the vibrations down again, leaving it on the first setting. Shane forced his body to relax against his boyfriend, his brain working overtime to try to figure out how he could get his hand down his jockers without anyone noticing.

The stewardess came as Shane turned over the different options in his mind, eyes still glued to the screen. Ilya smiled at her, getting a water bottle for them to share. Shane barely noticed her, single-minded focus still taking over. Ilya nudged him gently. "Drink."

Shane glanced down at Ilya's hand on top of the blanket, a small water bottle in his grip. He shook his head, shifting a little. Ilya balanced the water bottle on his thigh and opened it with one hand, offering it to Shane again. "Drink, Hollander," he demanded, gentle but leaving no room for the other man to argue with him.

Shane carefully freed his hand from under the blanket, making sure his lap stayed covered. He took the offered bottle and drank a little. The cool water cleared the fog that was starting to cloud his mind, too focused on the vibrations against his prostate. Shane took another slow sip before he recapped the bottle and tucked it in the seatback pocket under the screen that they were watching a movie on.

"Good boy."

Shane settled with the blanket over his hands, glancing past Ilya to see if their aislemates were paying attention. He pressed his hand against his hard cock, chewing on the inside of his bottom lip to keep from moaning.

"No," Ilya chided softly. "Hands off."

Shane pulled his hand back, swallowing thickly. "You're being mean, Ilya."

"You touch your cock, you come. Is simple, sweetheart. Not allowed, not yet." Shane's eyes went to the clock in the corner of the screen, grimacing a little. Ilya leaned forward, tapping the time. "Twenty more minutes."

Ilya tucked his hand in his pouch pocket, turning the vibrations off. Shane melted against his seat, exhaling heavily. Ilya pressed a kiss to Shane's temple, chuckling softly. Shane's head fell back against the headrest, groaning a little.

One of their teammates, Jordanson, appeared out of nowhere, plopping himself down in the empty aisle seat. “Rozanov, Hollander,” he greeted, grinning at both men. Shane swallowed hard, clearing his throat. He nodded at Jordanson, much more polite than the almost disgusted expression Ilya wore. “I just wanted to see if you guys would sign something for my baby sister. She’s gay too. She’s a huge fan and was way too excited when we got you in the draft, Hollander.”

Shane nodded, doing his best to pay attention to the words coming out of Jordanson’s mouth. Gay sister, big fan. Signature. “Sure, yeah. We’re, uh, um. We’re on the cover of Out Magazine soon. We can sign a copy for her.” Ilya nodded in agreement.

Jordanson grinned, patting Ilya’s shoulder. “Thanks. She’ll love it. You guys look cozy.”

“I get cold on planes,” Shane explained lamely.

“We are watching movie, Jordanson,” Ilya pointed out, raising an eyebrow expectantly. Jordanson nodded, standing up.

“Right. Have fun.” Jordanson walked down the aisle, presumably back to his seat.

Shane took a deep breath and let it out slowly, relaxing against Ilya’s side. He hadn’t realized how tense he had gotten when Jordanson sat down, his muscles almost trembling with the tension. Ilya’s arm tightened around Shane’s shoulders, hauling him impossibly closer. “Do you want to stop?”

Shane took a moment to consider. He was still *achingly* hard in his pants, and the plug still felt *amazing* pressed against his prostate, vibrating or not. He shook his head. “No. We can keep going.”

Ilya’s eyes met his for a long moment before Ilya was satisfied with Shane’s answer, his hand disappearing into his pouch pocket again. Shane suppressed the jolt that ran up his spine as the vibrations resumed, glancing at the clock on the screen. He could survive another fifteen minutes.

Ilya looked at the screen in front of them, hand still in his pocket. “Is good, Hollander?” Ilya asked, a teasing lilt to his tone.

Shane glared at him a little. “Yeah, the *movie* is fine.”

Ilya turned the vibrations up by two levels, blue eyes on the screen still. Shane jerked this time, his hand moving under the blanket to rest on Ilya’s thigh, above his knee. Shane gripped his boyfriend’s leg, cutting off a moan.

“Fuck, Ilya,” Shane muttered, fingers digging into the muscle.

“When we get to the hotel,” Ilya promised, turning to look at the other man, amused with himself. The vibrations ticked up another level before Ilya removed his hand from his pocket. He slid his fingers along Shane’s jaw, tilting his chin up so that Ilya could steal a short kiss.

Shane immediately tucked his head against Ilya’s shoulder, whining softly. Ilya could barely hear it over the rush of recycled air in the plane, but it was still enough to make his cock jerk in his pants.

Ilya hummed, tucking his hand back in his pocket. The vibrations continued endlessly.

Shane looked at the clock, begging the numbers to change faster. They didn’t. Ilya rested his chin on top of Shane’s head, pretending to watch the movie.

The pleasure built steadily, Shane’s cock aching where it was trapped, untouched and leaking. Shane’s hand was still clutching Ilya’s thigh, his anchor to the real world. Ilya took pity after a few minutes, when Shane was *dangerously* close to coming in his pants.

Ilya’s hand went into his pocket and the vibrations lowered before stopping. Shane slumped heavily against Ilya’s side, doing his best to keep his breathing even. Ilya rubbed his upper

arm soothingly. “You are doing good, sweetheart,” Ilya praised softly. Shane whimpered.

“Ilya...”

Ilya shushed him gently, soothingly. “I know. I am going to turn on again. Go to bathroom, touch your cock. Come while you think about what I’m going to do when we land,” Ilya instructed lowly. Shane’s eyes went to the clock in the corner, shaking his head a little.

“It’s n-not time yet,” Shane panted softly.

“*I* say when is *time*, Shane. Is a few minutes,” Ilya shrugged a little. “You have been good. Go fuck your hand.”

Shane met Ilya’s blue eyes, his own hooded and hazy. Ilya pressed a short, quick kiss to Shane’s parted lips, nodding toward the aisle. “Go, Shane. Be good for me.”

Shane nodded, carefully pushing the blanket off his lap. He made sure his hoodie was covering his crotch before he stood up. Ilya stood too, going into the aisle to give Shane room to get out. Shane squeezed past him in the tight aisleway, inhaling the scent of Ilya’s cologne. It made his cock jerk and leak more.

Shane made his way up the aisle as quickly as he could, the vibrations starting again as he reached the bathroom. He stepped into the cramped space and locked the door behind him, pressing his forehead against the door.

“Fuck,” he whispered, the vibrations kicking up inside of him. He moaned softly, shoving his joggers and briefs down roughly. His cock sprang free, bobbing a few times in the cool, recycled air. Shane wrapped his hand around his cock, stroking himself in a few halting motions.

He imagined it was Ilya’s hand instead of his own, the other man slotted up behind him and reaching around to jerk him off. The vibrations kicked up again, startling a gasp from Shane’s

lips.

He knew that Ilya would take good care of him when they landed and got to their hotel room, that his boyfriend would fuck him through the mattress and force a few orgasms from him. Shane felt hot all over, eyes squeezing shut as his hand picked up speed.

He didn't have it in himself to tease like Ilya would, to stroke slowly and twist his wrist at the head. Shane was almost brutal with himself, panting as quietly as he could. The toy inside of him vibrated even *harder*, shoving him into an orgasm.

He had the presence of mind to make sure he came in his palm, catching all of his release so he didn't make a mess in the public restroom. Shane shuddered, the vibrations still going. Ilya had no way of knowing when he would come. Shane turned on the faucet and rinsed his shaky hand quickly, carefully reaching between his legs to pull the toy out.

He pressed the power button, panting softly as it turned off. Shane rinsed the toy off under the faucet, glancing up at his reflection in the shitty airplane mirror. His cheeks were flushed brightly, and his lips were shiny and red from biting them, but otherwise, he looked normal.

Shane dried the toy off with a paper towel and shoved it in the pouch pocket of his hoodie. He pulled his pants and underwear up, fingers still slightly trembling. *Christ*. Shane smoothed his clothes down and looked himself over as best as he could in the small space, taking a deep breath before he opened the door.

He made his way down the aisle, back to his seat, his *boyfriend*. Ilya was on his phone, still covered by the blanket. He looked up and shot a smirk at the other man, standing up so that Shane could get to his seat. Shane sat down, sliding under the blanket again.

"Good?" Ilya asked, still smirking with all the satisfaction in the world. Shane shoved him slightly under the blanket, settling under Ilya's arm again.

"Yeah." Shane pulled the toy out and passed it to Ilya under the blanket, depositing it in the other man's pocket. Ilya chuckled, pressing a kiss to Shane's warm cheek.

“What do you say?”

Shane pulled back, eyes narrowing slightly. Ilya simply raised an eyebrow.

“Fuck you,” Shane mumbled. Ilya reached into his pocket and put the toy and remote back in the velvet bag.

“Mm, no. I will fuck you, *maybe*, if you are *polite*,” Ilya told him, still waiting for the other man’s pretty words.

Shane bit his lower lip for a second, meeting Ilya’s eyes. “Thank you.”

Ilya grinned, cocky and smug. “You are welcome.”

Shane settled back against his boyfriend’s chest, Ilya’s fingers going to his hair to run through the silky strands. He pressed a kiss to Shane’s head, settling in for the rest of their flight. He was still half-hard in his pants, but he didn’t care. He wanted to hold his boyfriend after his orgasm.

Once they landed and got to the hotel, Ilya knew he’d be able to take Shane apart. He wasn’t the most patient man, but for Shane, he could wait.

End Notes

leave a comment if you liked it! having fun writing them!!

Also, are you interested in participating in or purchasing a Heated Rivalry Pride fanzine? Fill out the form below! and follow @pb-zines on tumblr for updates!

<https://forms.gle/FTpEcgXy2yx52RcQ7>

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