

Protégée

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76005736) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76005736>.

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:	Coach/Player Relationship , Anal Sex , Spit Kink , Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics , Porn With Plot , Power Imbalance , Rough Sex , Choking Kink , Established Relationship , Hurt/Comfort , Blow Jobs
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-19 Words: 3,636 Chapters: 1/1

Protégée

by [kamifutura](#)

Summary

“What do you want, Hollander?” Ilya gasps out, surprised he’s capable of even formulating a simple thought, “Tell coach what you want.” He’s the older one, the mature one, the one with all the power. The least he could do is ask Shane what he wants.

Shane pauses his movements before looking up and meeting eyes with his coach. Brown eyes almost seem to sparkle with tears, mouth agape with soft little pants. He trembles slightly, overwhelmed by the question, as if he doesn't know what to say. Finally, he adjusts his knees on the cold, hard floor and lets go of the pulsing cock in his hand before leaning back slightly. Eyes shut closed, he takes a breath.

“Fuck my throat, coach.”

Coach Ilya and his star player Shane have been sleeping with each other for a year.

Notes

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

Shane Hollander was an enigma.

It would be an oversimplification to say the 20 year old was great at hockey — of course he was. Rather, the way he gracefully manoeuvred himself on the ice, swerving and dodging his opponents, passing the puck with a practiced ease, it would be more accurate to call him a prodigy, if anything. Despite being the youngest on the team, despite being an Omega, he carried himself with a calm confidence, as if he knew of his skill but had the tact not to be boastful, not to gloat. Never one to steal attention, instead he would prove his worth on the rink, silencing anybody who dared doubt him for his sub-gender, who brought his age into question, who underestimated him and the talent he worked so hard to hone.

More so than anything, Shane broke the conventions of what it meant to be an omega. Far from docile, the fact he was in such an aggressive sport was enough to turn heads, to have people question his decision making skills. This wasn't the environment for an omega, too much physicality, too many egos, too many alphas. In spite of that, Shane presented himself as an adept young man who couldn't care less about the way he presented. He was here for the sport, and he was damn good at it.

At least, that's what Ilya thought. Really, what Ilya saw in Shane was a *protégée*.

It wasn't fair really. At 38, Ilya was the coach of their university hockey team, and as such, all the team members should theoretically be his protégées. They are, to an extent. He cares for all of them equally, wanting to see the success that he moulded within them, making it worth the blood, sweat and tears he spends on perfecting their skills and form.

Ilya saw in Shane a reflection of himself. A promising young man with a proficiency for the ice, deemed a prodigy by his peers. Ilya had experienced it all when he was Shane's age, people having high expectations of you and the determination to prove them right. This resolution for hockey would lead the Russian to a successful career in the NHL unfortunately cut short by a nasty rink accident. He was a competitive man by his very nature, so if he could no longer be on the ice as a player, he was determined to create players who fit the strict ideals he had for himself.

This, however, did little in the way of changing the fact he had a clear favourite. At best a well-kept secret, unspoken by the other team members so long as they too received the attention they desired. There was no bad blood, simply small jabs sent Shane's way every time they saw the omega get doted on.

"You know he wants you, eh?" they would jibe, *"he looks at you as if he wants to eat you."*

If only they knew, Shane would think. Yet self-effacing as always, he would brush them off appeasingly, insisting that the coach simply wanted to help him improve, never admitting to the reality of their relationship.

So here he was, in the stale university gym, alone with Hollander as they so often found themselves.

Blue eyes raked over the young man's strong build, taking in every vein and muscle before settling on strong, thick thighs currently working the hip abduction machine. He watched as a sheen of sweat appeared on Shane's forehead, a single drop running down his temple past his ear before dropping onto his collarbone. He watched the muscles in his thighs flex, the soft, quiet grunts that he let out in exertion, testament to how hard he was working. Outer thighs bulging with a practiced ease of someone who had used the machine hundreds of times before. It was tantalising really and Ilya found himself entranced.

Ilya cleared his throat, "Your form is tense," he began, walking over to where Shane continues his reps on the machine, "I help you."

Shane had the humour to chuckle slightly, eyes creasing at what he considers to be a preposterous assumption. "My form is perfect, coach, you don't need to lie to have an excuse to touch me."

"No really, form is terrible, it's miracle you are even still standing."

"Oh I'm sure" Shane grunts, pausing his movement. With a beckoning finger, his voice turns into a sultry melody "come and show me how to do it properly then."

It was stupid really, playing their little game in the university gym. Despite the late hour, despite the fact everyone had gone home, despite the fact it was just the two of them, this was undeniably stupid and yet, they couldn't stop. 1 year of secret kisses in places they knew better than not to kiss in.

Ilya wastes no time sauntering up to Shane and grabbing him by the back of his head. Lips collide as tongue meets teeth and teeth meets tongue. Shane slides off the machine with grace, arms hurriedly wrapping around Ilya's neck as he gasps out a wet moan. The rhythm is steady but deep, as Ilya's hands grip Shane's hips hard pulling him against his body as their hips meet.

"Coach, fuck - *shit*," Shane chokes out, pulling his lips away from Ilya, "I'm gonna cum if we go too fast."

Ilya chases Shane's lips with fervency, instead meeting the meat of his jaw, sucking shallowly enough to not leave a bruise.

"We go slow, I promise." But go slow they did not.

Ilya pulls Shane down to his knees, hips pressed forward towards his face as he hastily unties his joggers and pulls them down just enough to free his cock from his underwear. He's pink and hard to the point that it hurts, seeing his student, his protégée on his knees so docile and eager to suck him off. It's a dream really.

Shane whines high and desperate, cheeks rubbing against Ilya before leaning forward to force his nose against his sac and taking a deep breath through his nose, filling his nose with Ilya's musk. The smell is hot and heady and it makes Shane dizzy, so unable to think that he can do nothing but lean back, eager to have everything in his mouth.

“Please coach,” Shane pleads, “I need it.” His mouth is held open, tongue lolling out as spit gathers at the tip and falls to the floor. Bright brown eyes look up pleadingly, silently begging for his mouth to be bred, for the alpha’s cum to reach the deepest parts of his throat, to be felt inside him for days - weeks even, a constant reminder of the debauchery they partake in.

And well, who was Ilya to say no?

He lets Shane grab him, watching as strong but nimble fingers encircle his cock, giving slow, steady pumps. Precum shines at the slit, before forming a droplet that makes its way down the length. The omega looks mesmerised, mouth agape as he takes in the sight of the cock he has seen so many times before. He sees it when he closes his eyes, as if the image of it has been tattooed on the back of his eyelids. Shane leans forward, tongue lathering the length of Ilya’s cock with his spit, before becoming bold, daringly taking Ilya in his mouth, bobbing his head back and forth in a frantic motion, before leaning forward and letting the cock rest snug in his throat.

“Fuck-!” Ilya’s voice breaks off with a heavy moan, eyes rolling to the back of his head in pure ecstasy, “you were made for this.”

Shane pulls off suddenly, knocking Ilya’s hand back. A string of spit still connecting him to Ilya’s cock as he stretches his lips wide in a shy smile. He brings his coach into his hand, using the wetness from his mouth and the sticky precum as lube, a disgusting squelch fills the room.

“What do you want, Hollander?” Ilya gasps out, surprised he’s capable of even formulating a simple thought, “Tell coach what you want.” He’s the older one, the mature one, the one with all the power. The least he could do is ask Shane what he wants.

Shane pauses his movements before looking up and meeting eyes with his coach. Brown eyes almost seem to sparkle with tears, mouth agape with soft little pants. He trembles slightly, overwhelmed by the question, as if he doesn't know what to say. Finally, he adjusts his knees on the cold, hard floor and lets go of the pulsing cock in his hand before leaning back slightly. Eyes shut closed, he takes a breath.

“Fuck my throat, coach.”

Shane sucked cock like his life depended on it.

He’s gripping the back of Shane’s head hard in one hand, with the other a comforting presence on his right shoulder. He sets a brutal rhythm, one that — if he had not been privy to Shane's dick-sucking capabilities — would have been seen as too much too soon, aggressive, barbaric even. It's hot and wet and disgusting, with spit and precum pooling and bubbling at the corners of Shane's lips. The alpha’s eyes are shut tight as he harshly breaths through his nose. Shane's throat has been trained well, he doesn't need to be pulled off, he doesn't need to

take a break, instead he sucks greedily, softly pressing the flat of his tongue to the underside of Ilya's cock. Like the ice, the omega takes to sucking dick like a fish does to water.

Rough gargles filled the room as the older man took Shane's head in two hands and fed his cock down his throat, careful not to go too hard but with persistent, forceful thrusts that pushes the spit and phlegm out of Shane's mouth, creating disgusting white bubbles that gather at the corner of his mouth.

For Ilya, the heat is intense. It's almost too much really, the spongy muscle on the underside of his cock and the tight canal of his throat providing a relief he begged, pleaded for. Shane looks his most submissive just sitting there and taking it, plush lips pulled taught as the girth stretched his mouth to its limit.

Shane could do nothing but take it, moaning around the length. Not daring to touch himself despite how much he wants to reach down, so long as he hasn't received permission, he wouldn't dare. His arms lay dangling at his sides, letting Ilya control the movements of his head, bringing him back and forth on his cock with little effort.

"You were made for this, huh?" Ilya groans, thumbs sliding up to Shane's cheekbones, "Made for sucking my dick."

He pulls Shane's head back to give him a chance to breathe. "Yes," Shane whines out, as if being separated by Ilya's cock was ruinous to him, "Made for you - *only you*."

"Say it again."

"I was made for you coach," He sounds devastated even as he says it, "I was made to suck your cock." And he means it.

Shane's eyes have a glossy sheen, as if he doesn't truly know where he is, or what he's doing. His mouth hangs barely open, his cheeks a lovely shade of pink from exertion, snot running down his nose, drool painting his chin. His breath is ragged and rough and yet still, he's the portrait of beauty, ethereal and dream-like. Ilya knows it will ruin him.

Ilya takes the pause to grab himself, wet with Shane's spit as he mercilessly begins jerking himself off. Rough strokes in tandem with the deep moans that leave his lips. He's determined to cum, to paint Shane's face a portrait of milky white, to claim, to seize, to conquer.

"*Shit* - close your eyes," Ilya gasps, voice deep and husky, reaching out to forcefully close Shane's right eye with his thumb, left hand continuing to furiously jack off. "'m gonna cum on your face, okay?"

Shane is so unbearably sexy Ilya is almost surprised he's lasted this long. He squeezes the base of his cock before breathlessly gasping. Streaks of cum spurt out, first hitting his eyelids, then his nose, before Ilya readjusts and aims the rest inside Shane's open, pliant mouth. He keeps cumming, almost an excessive amount before it tapers off into a pathetic dribble, excess falling to the floor. With a breath, he opens the eyes he didn't realize he had closed. Hands slide into Shane's hair, pulling slightly at the short black strands as the younger

man kneels with his mouth still open, warm, creamy cum laying on his tongue, waiting for permission.

Ilya puts himself back into his boxers before pulling up his sweats. He looks at Shane with a pensive look. He's almost tempted to leave him there with his mouth open, completely debauched and just leave. He is almost certain Shane would not move, ever the obedient boy, and wait for his coach to return and finally give him permission. "Swallow, then cum," He commands, and swallow then cum Shane does.

Shane curls his tongue, sliding the salty substance down his throat, reaching up to take his thumb and scoop the excess around his lips into his mouth. At the same time, Ilya sees the white spot begin to appear in his grey sweats, a high keening moan the only other indication that Shane has cum at all. The wet patch spreads, as if his cum has escaped his boxers and is running down his leg. Shane pants before collapsing onto his bottom, no longer on his knees as if he could no longer support himself.

They both let it linger, the musky scent overwhelming in the small gym room. The floor is a mess of translucent fluids as they take the moment to finally catch their breath.

"Are you okay?" Ilya asks, side stepping the dirty floor to sit beside Shane.

Shane can do nothing but grunt slightly in reply, eyes fluttering closed and he catches his breath.

"That's not an answer," Ilya continues, bringing the pad of his thumb to Shane's lips, lifting his chin until they are face to face, "When I ask you a question, you answer."

"I'm okay," Shane gasps out, almost as a question, as if he doesn't believe his own words. His eyes are unfocused, and he finds himself unable to meet Ilya's eyes with heartbeat pounding in his ears, he feels so, so tired, and cold, and sweaty and —

Ilya quickly gets up and marches towards his gym bag, rustling through before pulling out a sweatshirt. He returns to Shane's side, grabbing one arm before putting it through the arm hole and repeating on the other side. Shane is shivering despite the warm temperature of the gym, the warm air that envelopes them. Ilya wraps his arms around the omega, squeezing tight before bringing his nose to his neck and taking a languid sniff. Once he has gotten his fill, he moves his own neck up to Shane's nose as he hears the young man begin to take small little puffs, smelling deeply.

It is only then the omega begins to calm down, shivering coming to a halt as a calm wave overtakes him. Ilya can smell him, even underneath his own more powerful scent of wood and musk. He smells something on Shane almost lactonic, subtly sweet yet refreshing.

"M sorry," Shane puffs out, "that was a lot."

Ilya doesn't respond, just squeezing the omega tighter in reassurance, letting him know that he's there, and that he won't leave him as Shane falls into a deep sleep.

When Shane comes to, he is laying on an exercise mat with a bunched up t-shirt acting as a pillow.

“You are awake,” Ilya speaks as he walks into his sightline, “about time, I thought you were dead.” His tone indicates he is joking, though the stress in his forehead indicates that he is more concerned than he would ever be willing to admit. It’s sweet Shane thinks.

Shane looks down in embarrassment, “M sorry, I think I just got overwhelmed. It was good, I liked it — I promise.”

Ilya contemplates him silently, no emotion gracing his features. He doesn’t doubt that Shane enjoyed it, Ilya thinks of himself highly when it comes to sex, and they’ve been doing it together long enough that he thinks he knows exactly what makes Shane tick. He supposes he just cares so much about the younger man, too much, that to see him lay there exhausted scared him, as if he did too much and it was all his fault. He can’t help but spiral, thinking of all the things he could have done better in order to avoid Shane crashing so deeply. To not overexert, to not push him too hard, to not—

“Ilya.”

The blond is pulled out of his thoughts suddenly by the call of his name. Shane’s voice is soft but strict as he throws a questioning look towards the coach.

Suddenly, Shane grins a wolfish smile as if he found the missing piece of a puzzle “*Ohhh...* Is it that you feel bad? You think you did too much?” Shane muses, sitting up on the yoga mat.

“You wish, Hollander. If anything I did not do enough,”

Shane laughs “Oh really?”

“Yes really,” Ilya hums mockingly, sauntering up to where Shane is sitting on the mat before kneeling down beside him. “Because I didn’t even get to fuck you yet.”

“Well, I’ll have you know were not fucking in the gym floor —”

“Oh, so sucking dick is okay but fucking is step too far?”

“Yes it is, glad we’re on the same page.”

Ilya lets out a put upon sign before collecting his things and stuffing it into his gym bag, taking out the keys to his car before turning towards Shane and jerking his head towards the door.

“Lets go then, I will fuck princess on bed like he deserves.

Hurriedly getting up and almost tripping in the process, Shane rushes to collect his own gym bag, quickly switching out his soiled sweatpants for a clean pair of shorts before meeting at Ilya’s side so that they can walk out together, close in presence, fingers touching, yet not holding hands.

“Fuck-!” Shane's voice trembles with every deep thrust, taking the older man deeper and deeper until it feels as if he is to be consumed by him, dick reaching so far up that it would stick out his throat when he opens his mouth. It's overwhelming really, Ilya is like that, intense in everything he does. Shane is obsessed with it.

Shane is on his back, legs bent towards his chest as he holds them up as much as he can. They slip at times, the intense pleasure making him lose his grip. “Ilya,” he begs. “Harder — *please!*”

His whines are cut short by the hand that snakes its way from where they were gripping the omega's breast to clutch his throat, squeezing lightly, not to hurt, but to comfort. The omega can't help but gasp, the intense drag of the alpha's cock in tandem with the restriction on his throat making him feel so intoxicated and delirious he is surprised he doesn't cum on the spot.

Ilya lingers in it, letting Shane ride out the pleasure, pleased with his ability to make the omega become so submissive so quickly. He is determined to get more seductive sounds out of Shane, to know that he's doing a good job and pleasuring him like he is meant to as an alpha.

The hand on his throat becomes fingers on his chin, holding him tightly and manoeuvring his head to face towards the ceiling. Lips meet lips, soft but deeply. Ilya moans as the kiss becomes intense, tongues licking each other's teeth as they trade spit. It's nasty and sloppy and perfect. To kiss so intensely and thrust at the same time is almost too much for Ilya to handle. The sounds of Shane's whines and pants below him are enough to almost bring him to completion.

He pauses his thrusts, almost pulling all the way out before pushing back in with deadly accuracy, hitting Shane's spot in a way he knows drives the younger man crazy.

Shane can do nothing but scream at how deep it feels. Pulling away from Ilya's lips as if overwhelmed, his mouth is agape, eyes wide as endless loud whines leave his lips.

Ilya pauses his movement, leaning back away slightly and Shane looks up in confusion as he sees Ilya work his mouth to gather spit on his tongue. It takes him no time at all to realize what's coming, opening his mouth and sticking his tongue out eagerly waiting to take anything that Ilya is willing to give.

The alpha lets the spit dribble from his mouth and meet Shane's tongue so that they can intermingle in spit, in breath, in sweat, and in slick. To Shane, it's an ambrosia, an addictive substance that he can't help but want more of.

“Ilya, I-” his sentence lays unfinished as his small cock lets out spurts of cum, hitting his abdomen in milky white streaks. He had cum untouched as he often does with Ilya, not need to pleasure himself when he is being fucked so deeply. His eyes have rolled to the back of his head as he gasps as if shot, breath cutting out before no sound comes out at all. His body

contorts, head thrown back as a tear spills from his eye. Its too much, its too much, it all too much —

Shane feels his body being pushed forcibly into the mattress, immobilising his movements.

“My turn,” Ilya whispers. And Shane can do nothing but take it.

End Notes

Hope you enjoyed!

This was an excuse to learn how to write smut, really. All feedback is appreciated - it's my first ff so feel free to leave a comment on how I could improve!

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