

Scott Hunter gives long speeches

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/78011171) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/78011171>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Hayden Pike , Scott Hunter (Game Changers) , Cliff Marlow
Additional Tags:	Power Bottom Shane Hollander , Sub Top Ilya Rozanov , Power Dynamics , Butt Plugs , Public Play , Light Dom/sub , Light Voyeurism , Desperation , Pathetic soft dom Shane Hollander , he's whiny , blowjob , explicit anal sex , No Condoms , Ilya begs Shane to ride his dick , I mean really he begs
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Bottoming every way but missionary
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-20 Words: 3,252 Chapters: 1/1

Scott Hunter gives long speeches

by [HollowedHypoxia](#)

Summary

Ilya wears a plug during an awards ceremony. Shane doesn't warn him that it vibrates.

They're both desperate by the end of the night.

Ft. SubTop Ilya / Pathetic, Soft Dom Bottom Shane

Notes

I love babying Shane but sometimes I think he deserves to fuck with Ilya.

and I think Ilya LOVES to be at the end of Shane's leash, he's so freakin' in love with that man

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

Warm, slick fingers trailed down the cleft of Ilya's ass, self-assured, taking their time in their exploration. Ilya's face was pressed to the thin, rough sheets on his hotel bed, his ass in the air. It was more exposed than he had ever been and he didn't *hate* it, but if Shane let out another one of those soft, self-satisfied sighs, he was going to scream. He was going to flip over, fuck himself open with his own fingers, and put the stupid plug in.

Finally, the pressure of one finger, firm and unyielding, pushed past Ilya's rim, making him huff into the bedding. He didn't always enjoy being on the receiving end of anything in his ass, and he *never* wanted to bottom, but there was an appeal in letting himself be used for pleasure like this.

"Hollander, my hair, it will be grey before you put it in."

A scoff, and then two more fingers to join the first, making Ilya moan, his hole stretched to the point of burning.

"Fuck, Rozanov, you're sucking my fingers in," An incredulous, wheezy laugh as Shane crooked his fingers, trying to find the spot that always made himself feel stupid and drunk with lust. When he found it, when Ilya's hips jerked forward and he made a noise that Shane wished he could have recorded, he knew that he had found it. "*Ohmygod*, fuck, Rozy." The way he whispered it, reverent, with a broken voice, made it seem like *he* was the one getting fingered.

He would be, later, when the Awards ceremony and the after party was over, and Ilya had him where he wanted.

Ilya said nothing, only gripped the sheets and whispered fractured streams of English and Russian, his words littered with curses. Shane drizzled lube onto the butt plug, silicone, black, and with the ability to vibrate. He hadn't told Ilya about that part, but-- Where was the fun in ruining the surprise? He wanted Ilya desperate and needy, begging to fuck Shane by the end of the night. Begging to steal him away into some dark hallway, fumbling to get his cock out of the bottoms of his suit, ready to fuck him somewhere that someone might stumble past.

Shane sucked his bottom lip into his mouth, chewing it, settling himself down as he removed his fingers, gasping at the way that Ilya's hole fluttered, clenching around nothing. So fucking hot. He pushed the plug in, admiring the way the base sat, flared and contrasting against the pretty pink skin there.

"Matches your suit." He touched the base, giving it a little push for emphasis.

"*Ah*, what?" Ilya's breathing was ragged as he slowly moved, adjusting to the feeling of something inside of him.

"The plug. It's black like your suit."

Ilya's eyes were wide, greener than they usually were, the brown ring of his iris eclipsed by blown out pupils. "Something is fucking wrong with you." He finally said, reaching out to cup Shane's chin, pull him into a greedy, open-mouthed kiss.

Shane moaned at the slide of their tongues, the way that their teeth pressed together, hard enough that it almost hurt. His underwear were sticky with pre-cum already, but he had promised himself that he wouldn't be the one to ask tonight. Not when he was *always* the one to ask. Having this power over Ilya went straight to his head, made him feel fuzzy and loose just like one too many drinks always did.

He broke the kiss, his lips spit-red and swollen and smiled. Genuinely smiled at Ilya, despite the caged, wild look on his lover's face. He reached up to adjust one of the wayward curls, pushing it back with the rest of the slicked back hairs. "Gonna go, s'we don't show up with each other." He stood, running his hands over his suit to make sure it wasn't wrinkled. Ilya watched him move, his eyes narrowed with a predatory sheen. He would have Hollander that night, fuck him until they were both tear-streaked and stupid from want. His dick throbbed, resting heavy and half-hard against his thigh. *Fuck*.

Scott Hunter's speech had lasted far too long. Ilya held his glass, swirling the straight liquor around the bottom of it. Had they not told him to wrap it up? To make sure that everyone there was still awake by the fucking end? He shifted his weight, feeling the twinge of the plug with every movement. He had lost track of Shane amongst the attendees and found himself searching the never ending crowds for even just a hint of black hair and pretty, almond shaped eyes.

Nothing.

Marlow was saying something to him, or maybe to one of their other teammates that had been invited to the ceremony, but Ilya could hardly focus on it, too busy wishing that Scott would just *shut up*.

He jolted forward, his hand fumbling for purchase by gripping the edge of the table. His face flushed a brilliant shade of red, contrasting with his golden hair. The *thing*, the plug was vibrating in him, brushing the edge of his prostate in a way that threatened to make him see stars.

Sneaky fucker.

Ilya focused on breathing through his nose, stiffening his spine until he was sitting up acceptably.

Cliff's eyes cut to him, one dark eyebrow raised. "Blushing, Rozanov? Jane send you something good?"

"Is lie. Russians do not blush." Ilya waved his hand, gritting his teeth as the vibration increased in speed. He looked up at the ceiling before looking back at Cliff, a thin, strained smile on his face. "But yes, ah, *Jane* sent me something *really* good. So good I will be busy tonight, so.." He trailed off, reaching underneath the table, pretending like he was putting his phone back in his pocket. Instead, he was adjusting his leaking, aching cock.

Cliff whistled at that, clapping Ilya on the shoulder with enough force to make him wince. "Fuck yeah, Roz. That's why you're the Captain."

Really, Ilya thought he was the Captain because he was the best at hockey, but he supposed getting laid *was* a contributing factor to his string of excellent games. He patted the table, letting himself be lulled by the dull buzz of conversation, finishing the rest of his drink with a grimace. Shitty, low quality vodka. No burn, no reward for swallowing it down.

The buzz was incessant, keeping him grounded in the moment, unable to zone out. That was more torture than anything. When the rest of the audience began to clap, he mouthed ‘*thank fucking god*’ and stood with the rest of their table, clapping until his hands hurt. Standing changed the angle, made the plug press harder against his inner walls, hard enough that his lips parted, his face going rosier if that was possible. He was going to kill Shane. He was going to ruin Shane’s hole until no other cock filled it.

When attendants started to mill around again, the crowd thinning as people started to leave, he snatched another glass off a tray, drinking it down too. His fingers shook as he got his phone out, leaning against one of the dark walls outside of the auditorium style room.

Lily: is cruel, this toy

Jane: you’ve done worse.

Lily: will do worse to you tonight, hollander

Lily: enjoy being able to walk tonight

Lily: will have trouble tomorrow 🍆

When there was no immediate response, he locked the phone, focusing on breathing through the vibration, clenching around the toy with no relief. His head fell back against the wall, and he badly, badly needed a cigarette. He waded through the still dispersing crowd of people, the two spots of color on his cheeks now a permanent fixture. Could they tell, that something was wrong with him? The thought turned him on even more. *Fucking freak*. He smiled to himself at that thought, shuddering when he finally made it into one of the stairwells. He stood next to one of the **NO SMOKING** signs and fished his lighter and pack of Marlboro’s out of his pocket, bringing it to his mouth before lighting it.

Without Shane there to tell him how bad smoking was, it was actually quite peaceful.

When he had finished it off, smoked it down to the cherry red butt, he stamped it into the floor then picked it back up. He dropped it in his pocket after seeing that there were no trashcans nearby. Oh well. He’d had worse in his pockets before.

When he exited the stairwell, he ran into someone, their bodies clashing with a solid *oof*. He reached out to steady them, his hands dropping when he realized it was Shane.

“Come to find me, Hollander?” He asked, a cocky smirk lifting one side of his mouth.

Shane blinked at him owlishly, his hands shoved in his pockets. A *click*, and then Ilya’s knees were buckling. This time, when he reached out and gripped the muscle of Shane’s arms, it was to steady himself.

“*Fuck, fuck,*” Ilya moaned, gasping raggedly. “Am not going to last night with this.” He admitted, tightening his grip on Shane’s arm to drag him back into the stairwell. He pressed Shane against the wall, boxing him in with his body. “Turn down. Please, Hollander.”

Shane nodded, turning the speed down with another click of the remote before bringing his thigh up between Ilya’s partially spread legs. “So warm here,” He said, letting Ilya lean down to kiss him. He rubbed his thigh against Ilya, his breath hitching when Ilya gripped his jaw firmly enough to sting. Make him throb.

Dry humping each other in a semi-hidden spot hadn’t exactly been in Shane’s plans for the night, but he wasn’t upset by it. The thrill of anyone being able to stumble in just as they had made his face heat, made him feel so fucking alive he could hardly stand it.

He pulled back, spit connecting their lips, filthy and wet. Ilya wiped it away, his eyes hazy, shiny with desire. “Please,” he whispered, burying his face in the crook of Shane’s neck, pressing hot open-mouthed kisses to the skin there. “Let me fuck you, Hollander, *please*. Want to make you feel s’ good.”

Shane felt like putty in Ilya’s skilled hands, which were currently making their way to his ass, kneading the flesh there. Turning him into mush, breaking down the walls he had placed. “But--” He started, his lips clamping shut as Ilya spread his ass through the thin pants he was wearing.

“Pozhaluysta, pozhaluysta, pozhaluysta,” Ilya nipped at the spot where Shane’s pulse fluttered, sucking on it long enough to leave the hint of a hickey. “Will die if I do not get this ass,” He squeezed Shane again, scraping his teeth down the column of his throat.

“Jesus, um, okay, um, if you can, *ah,* handle on the next setting until we--” Shane whimpered at the feeling of Ilya’s hip against his cock, “‘Til I say bye to Hayden and wegetbacktothehotel, we’ll--” Ilya’s mouth on his again, searing, his tongue silencing whatever else Shane was going to say. It was his favorite way to be shut up. Or maybe it was his second favorite way-- He did love cock in his mouth, too.

Another broken kiss, their foreheads pressing together. “Shut up, Hollander. We go to hotel. I fuck you, you have trouble boarding flight tomorrow. Is simple.”

Shane only nodded, once again turning the vibration setting up. It was worth being quiet, to hear the muffled whine that left Ilya. To see the way that his eyes watered and his legs shook. So hot, desperate, and all his. He adjusted his suit jacket and dipped his chin in a nod to Ilya. He needed to find Hayden, fast.

“I just don’t see what’s so good about sleeping with another guy,” Hayden mused as they waited for Shane’s Uber to arrive, shivering in the cool breeze.

Shane flinched, blinking, trying to make sure he had heard that correctly. “What are you talking about?”

Hayden frowned, rubbing his hands on his arms to try and warm himself up. “Um, well, I was just thinking about the LGBT charity that Scott mentioned and I don’t think I could ever sleep with a man.”

“Oh.” Shane sighed, relieved to the point that he felt faint. He had thought, just for a second, that Hayden had known that he was going back to the hotel for sex with Ilya. Stupid, considering he wasn’t out and no one knew about their secret hookups. “Yeah man, sounds terrible. Would hate it.” He nodded to emphasize what he had said, bumping his shoulder with Hayden’s as his car arrived. “See you tomorrow?”

There was a thoughtful look on Hayden's face that he wasn't entirely sure he liked, but Hayden only held his hand up in a wave. "Yeah, see you."

They stumbled into Ilya's hotel room, already pulling, tearing at each others' suits.

"*Ilya, Ilya,*" Shane moaned, his jaw going slack as Ilya sank to his knees, sucking him down to the hilt, his nose pressed into the sparse, dark curls at the base of Shane's cock. "Your mouth," He sobbed, tangling his fingers in Ilya's hair, "feels so fucking good, *fuck.*" His balls drew tight, warmth pooling in his stomach, and if Ilya didn't stop he'd wind up with a mouth full of cum. He pulled Ilya's hair, just a few firm tugs, until Ilya sat back on his heels, his lips pursed as he looked up at Shane.

Ilya's cock twitched, leaking and angry red between his legs, his thighs a smeared mess of pre-cum. "Hollander. *Shane.* Let me fuck, need to fill you, like this is filling me." He pressed his cheek to Shane's smooth thigh, squeezing his legs together as the plug once again brushed his prostate, sending jolts of pleasure through him. He wondered if he could come hands free from it. He shifted, grinding his ass down. Another sharp jolt, his cock twitching. *No*, he thought. *Probably not.*

Another noise from Shane that sounded suspiciously like a sob as Ilya sucked another bruise into his inner thigh. "Deserve it?"

Ilya looked up as he pressed the flat of his tongue against the heavy weight of Shane's balls, his eyebrows raised in a question.

"Do you," Shane repeated softly, his eyes teary and dark, "deserve it? To f--" A high-pitched, keening moan as Ilya sucked one of his balls into his mouth, "*to fuckme?*"

Ilya withdrew, contemplating this question. Did he? He tapped his finger to his chin, then started to strip, rising to his feet to finish removing the clothes from the lower half of his body. He took a few backwards steps to the bed, laying back on it. He pulled his legs to his chest, spreading his thighs and ass so that Shane could see the plug.

Shane's mouth went dry as he tugged the last article of clothing off-- His shirt, which he folded as he walked to the bed. He put it down on the floral armchair in the corner of the

room, sinking to a kneeling position at the foot of the bed. “C’mere,” he murmured, a surprising amount of command in his voice.

Ilya shuffled, moving until he was further down the bed, his ass at the edge. Shane reached up to grab Ilya’s strong, muscular thighs, gripping them hard enough to leave finger shaped indents. He kissed the base of the plug before pressing his tongue to the sensitive skin that was pulled taut around it. He kneaded Ilya’s thighs, kissed the crease of his ass, relishing in the soft, sweet noises Ilya made from his careful touches.

“Hollander,” Ilya whined, squirming. “If you do not ride me, fuck yourself with my cock, I will not survive this.” A strained, quiet laugh as his hips bucked of their own accord when Shane pulled at the plug, then pushed it back in. “*Shane*. Is serious.”

Shane gave his own dick one last squeeze before slapping Ilya’s thigh, wordlessly telling him to move back up in the bed. When he did, a clumsy, uncoordinated scramble, Shane climbed on top of him to straddle his hips, rubbing his wet, stretched hole against the blunt head of Ilya’s cock.

Ilya looked like an angel, one that had fallen from grace, spread out and wanton against the bed.

When Shane started to sink down, Ilya’s cock sliding in easily, Ilya hissed through his clenched teeth, moving until his arms were above his head, clasping his own hands together. “Fuck, you are open already?”

Shane nodded, giving a few experimental bounces as he found his pace. “Wasn’t, *ah*, listening to, *mm*, Scott’s speech. Fingered myself in a bathroom, thinkin’ about how,” A squeak as he nailed his own prostate, his head tilting back, gulping down the drool that pooled in his mouth. “Thinkin’ about how you wanted me so bad and how you let me plug you, and, and how you,” He reached down, grabbed the base, and started to thrust it in and out of Ilya, his fingers slipping around it, too lube-slick and uncoordinated to do much.

It worked, though.

Ilya's face was pretty, flushed pink, his chest heaving as he moaned, begged, pleaded with Shane to keep going. To fuck him, to fuck himself. Shane leaned forward, the sound of their skin slapping against each others' filthy and erotic in a way that made his orgasm start to build, his pleasure cresting until he came with a cry, his cum painting Ilya's chest as he rode out the aftershocks.

He continued to rise, sink down, rise, sink down, clenching around Ilya, pressing the toy further into his ass until Ilya spilled inside of him, a hot flood filling his ass, enough to leak out around their still joined bodies.

They stayed there like that for a few minutes, until Shane started to feel uncomfortably sticky, the beginning of overstimulation settling beneath his skin. He climbed off of Ilya, whining at the soreness that had already started to develop between his legs, collapsing on the bed in a still clean spot.

Ilya removed the toy from himself, wincing at the sudden emptiness after being filled for the majority of the evening. He set it on a tissue on the nightstand-- He'd clean it later, pack it back into his suitcase, hidden in a bag under layers of clothing. He grabbed another tissue, started to wipe Shane's cum off of his chest, tossing the tissues into the little wastebasket by the bed. When he felt that was clean enough that Shane wouldn't push him away, he reached out for him, pulling Shane to his side.

Shane tossed one of his legs over Ilya's, settling against him with a contented sigh. "How long 'til we see each other again," he mumbled, tugging on the curly strands of Ilya's coarse chest hair.

Ilya thought for a moment, the overlap in their schedules memorized at this point. "Three weeks, is game in Montreal." The hand on his chest was comforting, a reminder that they were together, even if it was just for a night, just in a hotel room in New York, and just a secret they shared.

Shane paused, then continued, pinching one of Ilya's nipples with a grin. "Can't wait." He finally said.

He sounded just like Ilya felt. Excited, lovestruck, and like they had their whole lives ahead of them.

End Notes

So this is going to be a small series, probably just two parts, but I want to consensually whore Shane out to Hayden :/

Show sweet Hayden what he's missing out, y'know.

So part 2 will be Hayden/Shane/Ilya. A sandwich where the pieces of bread despise each other. yummy.

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