

The Game

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The Game

by [dntat](#)

Summary

Ilya starts a new game: using Russian to fluster Shane in public. Shane is terrible at this game.

Notes

I am back with more possessive Ilya Rozanov and beautiful, blushing Shane Hollander.

This story was inspired by the scene The Long Game, where Shane gets off to hearing the other All-Star players in the halls of their hotel while him and Ilya are fucking.

Thank you to the HL discord for encouraging me to make them get a bit more filthy in this one and shoutout to the Russian speaking folks in the comments who helped fix the translations in this fic!

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

For all the good he knew they did, Shane still disliked attending the NHL's charity events.

This one was particularly grating. It had been filled with repetitive conversations with clout chasers, fending off increasingly handsy donors, and a surprising number of people who seemed to think they could play hockey better than he could, if only they were given the ice time.

Shane took a moment to collect himself after a particularly bland conversation with one of the event's major donors. Closing his eyes, he took a deep breath that did little to calm him, or ward off the headache that was threatening to settle in behind his temples. A glance at his watch had him holding back a sigh. There were still hours to go.

Across the room, Ilya watched as his husband's marketable, media-friendly smile slid off his face the second the donor turned away. Despite everything that had happened, Shane was still very much one of the league's golden boys, and it seemed everyone in the room was waiting for their chance to bask in his presence. To siphon away a little bit more of his light.

He watched as Shane's eyes scanned the room until they landed on Ilya at the bar. Only then, did his face light up with a true smile. A smile meant just for Ilya.

A possessive thrill curled in Ilya's stomach. Even here, surrounded by hundreds of people, he was the only one who could make Shane smile like that.

He decided to make Shane's night better. Or worse. It could go either way. But he knew his husband, so he was fairly confident it would end in the former.

He cut through the crowd, ignoring those who tried to catch his attention until he came to a stop beside Shane, now in conversation with another dull-looking suit who had crowded into his space. Ilya was fairly certain his name was Bill. Or Bob. Definitely something boring.

Shane was nodding along to whatever Bill was saying, but, Ilya noted, his eyes were beginning to look a little glazed.

"Hollander," Ilya said, cutting across the monologue Shane was being pelted with. "Is Bill boring you to death?"

Bill laughed, loud and nervous. "Rozanov! Just talking about how I used to be quite the player myself, back in the day." He clapped a hand on Shane's shoulder and gave it a squeeze. Ilya's eyes narrowed at the offending hand. Shane did not particularly like to be touched by people he didn't know, but would put up with it for the sake of being polite. Ilya was less inclined.

"Yes, I am sure," Ilya said, his smile dark. He pulled Shane to his side, out of Bill's grasp. "I must speak to my husband for a moment. I am sure you understand."

Shane looked up at Ilya curiously. Ilya smiled down at him, his face a mask of politeness. "Mne ne terpetsya otvezti tebya domoy i zanyat'sya s toboy seksom segodnya vecherom," he said casually. *I can't wait to take you home and fuck you tonight.*

A violent flush immediately spread across Shane's cheeks, painting his fair skin a gorgeous pink. His eyes, wide and startled, shot from Ilya to Bill.

Bill blinked. "You alright there, Shane? You look a little warm."

"I'm— it's— the room is just a little stuffy," Shane stammered. He couldn't look at Ilya.

"Is it?" Ilya asked. Then, just for fun, he added, "Ty pozvolish' mne vylizat tvoyu zadnitsu segodnya vecherom?" *Will you let me eat your ass tonight?*

That got Shane to send Ilya a glare. Ilya stared back, enjoying the way Shane's blush was making his freckles pop. Bill, clearly lost, just nodded. "Well, there are a lot of people here tonight," he said. "Really warms up the room."

Ilya kept watching Shane. The game was even more fun than he'd anticipated.

"You should get some air, moy malen'kiy yebabelniy krolik," he said. *My little fuck bunny.*

Shane made a choked sound in the back of his throat as he reached a level of furious pink that Ilya couldn't recall ever seeing before. It was gorgeous. He wanted more of it.

Bill nodded. "Sounds like a good idea. Really looks like you might need it, Shane."

"Yes. Air might be good." Shane managed to get out, his voice tight. "Bill, will you excuse me?"

"I will take you," Ilya said. He placed his hand on the small of Shane's back and gave him a gentle push towards the open courtyard doors.

They made their way through the crowd, Ilya's hulking presence and warning gaze stopping any would-be interrupters from approaching them.

"What the fuck is wrong with you?" Shane hissed the moment they were outside, though the anger in his words was undercut by the way he was already leaning towards Ilya.

Ilya crowded him against the courtyard wall, shielding him from the view of anyone who might walk out the doors behind them. He nuzzled into the space behind Shane's ear. "What did I do?" he asked in a murmur, his lips brushing the soft skin.

"You know exactly what you did," Shane whispered furiously.

Ilya pulled Shane flush against his body, covering him completely. His hand dipped lower. He could feel the hard line of Shane's erection straining against his pants. "All I did was share some truths with you."

He could feel it as the last of Shane's resistance drained from his body, replaced by a familiar, yielding warmth. Shane tipped his head up, and Ilya tipped his head down. Their lips met in a filthy kiss. Ilya loved this, the size difference between them. He knew Shane did too, although he was less likely to admit it.

“Let’s get out of here,” Shane whispered when they finally broke apart.

Ilya kissed him again, lightly. “No,” he murmured against his lips. “Not yet.”

“Ilya,” Shane protested. But it was a weak one, especially when paired with how he pushed his hips against Ilya's thigh in a desperate grind. “Someone will see.”

“Maybe,” Ilya agreed. He kissed the sensitive skin beneath Shane’s ear. “Maybe Bood will come out looking for you. Or Troy. Imagine Troy’s face, after seeing you like this. He has always had a thing for you.”

A full-body shudder wracked through Shane. Ilya smiled against his husband’s neck. He did know Shane, better than anyone else ever had, or would. Was able to tease out what would get him going, even before Shane himself would admit to it. Taking his hand, Ilya laced their fingers together. “Come.”

He knew Shane was fully committed to their little game when he came willingly. He pulled them away from the doors, deeper into the shadowy courtyard. He guided him into a small walkway with a wooden overhang, the dense foliage trailing down from its beams creating a fragile veil between them and the party. They could still hear the muted hum of conversation, the lilting rhythm of the quartet.

Pushing Shane back against one of the wooden beams, Ilya captured his mouth in another deep kiss. When he pulled back, they were both panting.

“Keep your eyes open,” Ilya ordered softly. “Watch the doors.”

“Ilya, please...” Shane whimpered, but his eyes, wide with a mixture of terror and arousal, flickered toward the doors. Ilya smiled. He loved how well Shane obeyed him.

“Good, Hollander,” Ilya praised. His hands went to Shane’s pants, quickly working them open. He didn’t push them down, just slid his hand inside, past the soft cotton of his briefs, and wrapped his fingers around Shane’s aching cock.

Shane’s head thumped back against the wooden beam as a moan escaped him.

“Tikho, dorogoy,” Ilya whispered. *Quiet, sweetheart.* He began to stroke Shane slowly. “Everyone is so close. One wrong turn... one curious look... and they will see the great Shane Hollander coming apart in my hand.”

Shane’s wide eyes were fixed on the door, even as his hips jerked into Ilya’s hand. The chance of getting caught probably wasn’t so high. They would have a few moments to compose themselves, were anyone to come their way. But to Shane, with his cock in Ilya’s hand, it felt like a spotlight was shining directly on him. Every voice that rang out from the doors sounded like it was getting closer. Every shadowy tremble of a leaf made his heart race faster.

“They have no idea who you really are,” Ilya continued, his mouth pressed to Shane’s temple. His hand worked him steadily, his thumb smearing the wetness at the tip. “They think you are

a proper, polite Canadian boy. They do not know you like to be fucked in dark corners where anyone could see.”

Shane couldn't deny the truth to Ilya's words. “Only with you,” he breathed. “Only ever with you.”

A wave of fierce possession crashed over Ilya. He tightened his grip, his strokes becoming faster. “Look at the door, Shane. Tell me what you see.”

Shane's vision was blurring, his entire world narrowing to Ilya's hand. “N-nothing. Just... light.”

“But you are listening, da? You hear them? Your team. Our friends. They are right there.” He punctuated the words with a twist of his wrist that almost made Shane's knees buckle. Ilya held him upright with a thigh between his legs. “They could walk out any second. See what an eager little slut you are for me. See how you will do anything for me.”

That was it. Ilya's filthy whispers, his skilled hand, and the terrifying, exhilarating proximity of discovery shattered the last of Shane's control. A gasping sob was ripped from his throat as he came, spilling over Ilya's fist.

Ilya held him through it, whispering praise against his hair. “Moy krasivyy. Takoy khoroshiy dlya menya.” *My beautiful. So good for me.*

As Shane shuddered through the last waves of his climax, Ilya gently wiped them both off with his pocket square before tucking Shane back into his trousers. Set back to rights, he grabbed Shane's chin, tilting his face up.

Shane's eyes were hazy, his freckles standing out against his flushed skin. He looked completely, blissfully, wrecked.

Ilya kissed him, deep and slow. “Now,” he said, “We can go home. I have some promises to keep.”

End Notes

Thank you for reading! 💕💕 Kudos and comments are very much appreciated.

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