12 to 12

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by womanlypanther

Summary

Shane once told himself it was purely strategic, that Ilya was his greatest adversary on the ice and that his obsession was borne of his killer competitive instinct.

Now he knew better.

Shane could be battling for the Stanley Cup and in that room full of people he would look for Ilya. Always and against his better judgement.

Shane wandered into the communal showers and peeled off the undershirt that stuck to his body like a sweaty second skin. His teammates milled around him with the pleasant hum of a victory in the air. Even naked under the stream of the shower heads, they swatted at each other and horsed around.

Shane stuck to his corner and ignored the merrymaking. He had a reputation for being a bit of a wet blanket but he could not begrudge his team the celebrating this time. He of all people knew there were few better feelings than trouncing Boston.

Every game against Rozanov went something like this. The rink was charged with electricity before they even set foot on the ice. By the time they were facing off the feeling was overwhelming. Small forms of release would come in body checks and stolen pucks, in thrusting each other against the boards, in assists and goals. At some point around the second period they would start to lose sight of anyone but each other.

Shane once told himself it was purely strategic, that Ilya was his greatest adversary on the ice and that his obsession was borne of his killer competitive instinct. Now he knew better. Shane was looking for Ilya because not a single person in the arena of screaming fans mattered. Shane could be battling for the Stanley Cup and in that room full of people he would look for Ilya. Always and against his better judgement.

This game had became a two person test of wills, a stubborn and begrudging negotiation of who would come out on top that night. They hated to lose about as much as they loved to fuck each other. And that energy would inevitably follow them into locker room as they quickly moved through the post game rituals. Shane was almost shocked his teammates could not feel it, that he and Ilya orbited each other.

The press conferences were torture. It was one of the rare times he and Ilya got to exist together in public without skates on. But there were cameras everywhere and questions designed to instigate barbs that would end up in headlines or on Twitter.

“Shane, you have played against Rozanov for five seasons. Talk to us about that. What does it take to beat someone with his agility and strength?”

Or “Ilya, Hollander’s backhand conversion at the end of the second period looked an awful lot like one of your signature moves. What do you have to say to that?”

Ilya loved when the press leaned into their rivalry. He would give taciturn one word answers or wink to the camera with his signature grin. He rarely if ever made eye contact with Shane. Their feet would tap against each other occasionally, but beyond that they were focused on the mics and cameras in their faces, as if they were two unruly specimens behind a wall of glass.

Finally they were back with their teammates and at the part of the night where they made their inevitable excuses about why they could not go out that night to celebrate their victory or bemoan their loss. A festering injury. A previous bad night of sleep. A far off girl who

wanted to FaceTime. And each time their teammates would accept it with teases and exasperated shrugs.

Now they were off to the race. Sprinting to Ilya's penthouse or Shane's empty apartment, where every minute to midnight felt like running through water or dancing on a knife's edge, equal parts exhausting and excruciating.

This night it was Shane who burst into Ilya's apartment and into his arms. They were on each other as the door shut, wrestling for the upper hand as if this was the real conclusion to their on ice spars, a final wrestle that had them at each others throats and hip to hip. Ilya practically consumed Shane's mouth. His tongue delved into him like he had hadn't had a drink of water for days.

"Shh," Ilya mumbled thickly as Shane whined into his mouth. "I know. I will not let you out of my sight."

They had until noon of next day, when Shane's team would make their way to the airport and back to Montreal. Getting a proper morning was a real treat for Shane and Ilya, and one they never squandered.

Ilya spent the first two hours taking Shane apart in every way possible. First with his hands as he gripped their shafts tightly against one another.

Next on his knees with Shane's cock in his mouth.

Then with his length buried into Shane and his balls slapping wildly as he piled into him from behind.

And then with Shane riding Ilya as Ilya held his impossible large hands to his hips in the way that Shane loved, that made him feel somehow feminine and so obviously a man, the sharply sculpted lines of his abdominals moving as he rode Ilya's cock. It was usually here, where Ilya had a perfect view of Shane's wanton and blown out eyes, that he couldn't hold back his commentary, often in Russian, a language that Shane had slowly begun to understand.

In Russian, "you are so beautiful. Taking me like you could do it forever, like this is all you want."

Shame let out a diabolically low moan, one that sounded as if he were in pain. He arched his back as he took Ilya even deeper inside him, frantically riding him as his muscular thighs drove himself up and down. This was nirvana. He felt a level of transcendence here that he only came close to feeling when he completed a perfect assist or slotted in the winning goal in a playoff game. Sex and hockey. He was fastidious in both. Athletic, quietly but consistently skilled, aiming to please.

Shane came first, pulling Ilya in with him. He loved the feeling of Ilya's warm release filling him. And the panting the came after. And him leaning forward to let Ilya's softening cock pull out. And the feeling of his come running down Shane, gushing out in a way that made him stumble to the bathroom with a mumble and a promise to be back over the bark of Ilya's laughter.

Once clean, Shane returned to bed and Ilya's open arms. Slow breathing hit quickly and they passed out curled against each other.

At some point in the night Shane woke up sweaty and delirious from the heat of the room. Ilya liked to sleep with the shades completely drawn and the pitch dark made it feel like they were hermetically sealed. Shane could feel his soft cock in Ilya's mouth. Ilya loved to do this. To gently take him and see how long he could quietly blow Shane before he woke up.

Sometimes Shane would only fully wake up upon coming in Ilya's mouth, realizing too late that this dream was a reality unfolding on the bed sheets. This time they fell in and out of sleep. Bringing each other to orgasm again and again, slipping back into slumber in a cadence that was both sweet and exhausting with not a single minute wasted.

Ilya woke up again blearily at six in the morning with Shane twisted around him. He only could tell the time because of the angry red lettering of the hotel's digital clock. He rolled his body off Shane and spooned him from behind, taking him in his hand absentmindedly. He had to touch Shane right now, to feel the consistent pulse of his heart and the shallow sweep of his breath.

When they finally both properly woke up they stayed in bed as long as they could in the dark. Almost like it was a test to see if they could make it to noon without leaving other's arms, even for the necessities. When his alarm went off, Shane pushed himself off Ilya with a groan. He kissed his forehead, his eyelids.

Whatever he and Ilya had was singular and destructive. He did not care. He did not care to overthink it, at least not when in the presence of Ilya. It was like drinking water from the hose. He couldn't think of anyone but Ilya, of anything at all really.

Shane finally showered and pulled on a fresh set of sweats out of his gym bag. He kissed Ilya with tongue, leaning up into him. Ilya murmured something that sounded like "five weeks," when they would find themselves on the ice for a rematch in Montreal.

Shane pulled away before he could fully process what he was doing. Flinging himself through the door like he was getting out of Ilya's gravitational pull. Back into the world where Shane had to make space in his brain for everyone else, for all the parts and pieces that existed outside of whatever this was.

The door clicked shut and the countdown began.

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