

Ilya's 2014 Stanley Cup Celebration

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Ilya's 2014 Stanley Cup Celebration

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

About a month after Las Vegas, Ilya has his day with the Stanley Cup.

He texts Shane to fly to Boston and celebrate with him, and they have angsty sex with the Cup in the room.

FYI: It's a superstition that touching the Cup before you've won it will prevent your team from winning it.

**Thursday
July 17, 2014
12:46pm**

Lily: What are you doing this weekend?

Jane: Nothing. Why?

Lily: Come to Boston

Jane: Why?

Lily: 😏

Jane: Aren't you in Moscow?

Lily: Not yet. Come to Boston

Lily: The 19th

Jane: What? I can't! That's this Saturday

Lily: Will be worth your while 😊

Jane: No way

1:24pm

Jane: Flight lands at 3

Lily: 🙄

“Are you fucking kidding me?” Hollander dropped his duffel bag, jaw slack with disbelief.

Ilya stretched his arms out in welcome, a wide smile on his face. “Glad you could make it.”

Sitting in the middle of his luxury penthouse was three feet of gleaming silver, practically winking between them. Ilya leaned over, resting his arms over the top of the Stanley Cup.

“This is why you texted me?” Anger twisted in Hollander’s eyes, and Ilya immediately knew he’d made the right choice on how to spend his day with the Cup.

“Thought I’d let you see it for yourself.” Ilya grinned. “You will probably not get another chance to be so close to it, so.”

“God, fuuuck you.” Hollander rolled his entire head as he said it, looking to the ceiling as though it might have some answers.

“Yes.” Ilya smirked, nodding.

Hollander turned back sharply. “So that’s it? You wanna fuck me with the Stanley Cup in the room?”

And there was that heat, the exact reason Ilya had known Hollander was the perfect person to celebrate with. Internally, he felt like cheering.

Instead, he sauntered over, grabbing Hollander by the waist and pulling him close. The look in his eyes was so murderous it was making Ilya giddy. Hollander hadn’t even been there for five minutes, and it was already giving him a head rush.

He hadn’t known if he would show up. After the NHL Awards, Ilya told himself he’d let it rest this summer. He’d enjoyed the Cup parade. He’d seen Svetlana. He’d delayed his flight to Moscow once, then twice.

But now a month had passed, and on late nights and in morning showers, he could not shake the mental image of Shane Hollander jerking off for him in a Las Vegas hotel suite. The thought of that obedience alone had already made him come into his fist more times than he could count.

“I’ll let you touch it.” Ilya purred, pushing his hips into Hollander’s, lining their cocks up through their sweatpants. “If you want.”

Hollander tried to pin him against the wall, but Ilya had already moved on to stripping clothes off of him, piece by piece, as he tugged him further into the room.

He felt cold metal hit his back and wobble, and Hollander immediately let him go, jumping back three feet.

“I swear to God, Rozanov, if you let me anywhere near that thing—”

“Shh, shh.” Ilya cooed, returning the Cup to its standing position before pulling Hollander back into his arms. Hollander spooked easily, and he was well aware that he was already walking a fine line. In an effort to calm him down, he kissed him, enjoying how quickly he softened in response. “Is okay. You will probably never get one of these either way.”

Hollander’s nostrils flared in an intoxicating mixture of fury and arousal. “Get. Fucked.”

“Am hoping to,” Ilya leaned down, dragging his lips along Hollander’s jaw and tracing teasing fingers along the soft skin beneath his shirt.

Hollander exhaled, closing his eyes as he fought the inevitable, but Ilya could already feel him growing hard against him.

“Come on, Hollander.” Ilya nipped at his earlobe, gently tugging with his teeth. “Aren’t you proud of me?”

With that, his eyes flared open, instantly irate again, and Ilya couldn’t resist the smile splitting his face. He didn’t have much time to enjoy the gloating though, because Hollander took one last incensed glance towards the Cup and lunged forward, mouth attacking his.

Bingo.

Hollander shoved him away, and all Ilya could do was cackle as he watched him drop to his knees, ripping at Ilya’s zipper like it had personally wronged him.

“You’re such an asshole,” Hollander growled, forcefully yanking down Ilya’s briefs. He gripped Ilya’s ass, hard, and positioned him so that he was in front of the Cup, providing a barrier. Aroused as he was, Ilya couldn’t wipe the smile off of his face. At least, not until Hollander did it for him.

Hollander always sucked his cock with determination, but right now, he was taking out his wrath. He took him into his mouth with no preamble, no teasing, and immediately began deepthroating Ilya like he was trying to punish him. If he was, it wasn’t working. It felt fucking incredible.

“Jesus, Hollander,” Ilya said, all of the air leaving his lungs at the feeling of that furious, wet mouth wrapped around him. “You have gotten very good at this.”

The sigh Hollander let out at the compliment sent vibrations all the way down Ilya’s dick, but he wasn’t letting up.

“I have taught you very well.” Ilya breathed, tugging at Hollander’s short, silky hair, trying to maintain control, though he knew he didn’t have it anymore. The seething eye contact he received almost made him finish on the spot.

“Maybe if there was a Cup for sucking my dick, you would win it.” Ilya couldn’t take his eyes off of Hollander’s face, entranced by the sight of his own cock disappearing and reappearing between his lips. The way his cheeks hollowed out only accentuated those stupid fucking freckles, and Ilya groaned.

He’d hoped that last comment might piss Hollander off even more, but instead his eyes fell closed and he moaned, soaking up the praise. Ilya had probably said too much, but the way Hollander was devouring his dick left little room for second thoughts. He tried to steady himself, or he was going to come before he ever got to fuck Hollander, and that would be a shame.

“Do you want to keep sucking my cock, or do you want to get fucked by a Stanley Cup champion?”

“Oh my *God*.” Hollander pulled off of him, shoving at his thighs until Ilya fell backwards. “You are the most annoying person on earth.”

Ilya found his balance easily — he was, after all, a world class athlete — and laughed as he held a hand out to Hollander, raising him to his feet.

“Come. I want to fuck you while we look at the Cup.”

Hollander’s hand clenched at his side. “I’m not looking at the fucking Cup while you fuck me.”

“No?” Ilya corralled him into his arms. He leaned forward, pressing slow kisses to Hollander’s cheeks and face until he felt hot, shallow breaths hit his neck. “Will be easier for you to keep an eye on it if you can see it.”

Hollander shot him a glare, and it took everything in Ilya to resist smiling into his sulky face. He could see it now. Hollander would do it. He wouldn’t be able to deny the logic of it, as paranoia and lust openly fought for dominance on his face.

“Fine.” He said in an adorably grumpy tone. “But we’re not getting within six feet of it, or I’m leaving.”

“Whatever you want.” A seductive grin slid across Ilya’s face, and then he flipped Hollander around so fast it took him off guard. He grabbed Hollander’s wrists, pulling them flush to face the Cup. The quick exhale Hollander let out as he tossed his head back against Ilya’s chest let him know that he was just as into this, fight as he might.

“Your hands will stay here.” Ilya spoke directly into his ear. “So you don’t accidentally touch it. Winner’s privileges, you know.”

“I swear to fucking God, Rozanov—“

“Shh.” Ilya sucked softly at his neck, holding both hands in place with one of his own as he used the other to trace and pinch Hollander’s nipples, already hard in the cool draft of the air conditioning. “Don’t move. Would not want you to fall over and hit it, yes?”

Hollander practically whined, and Ilya took one last bite.

“Spread your legs. Hands behind your back. Stay here. I will get the lube.”

Ilya walked to his bedroom, taking a moment to clear his head. He felt drunk, elated that Hollander was even agreeing to this. He took his time trying to pull himself together, knowing Hollander wouldn’t move no matter how long he took. Just that knowledge was already intoxicating enough to put him on edge.

Sure enough, when he returned, Hollander remained splayed out, legs apart, hands joined together, erection bobbing in the air. Ilya smirked. So fucking predictable. So fucking good for him.

“Did you lose it or something?” Hollander snapped, shooting a pissy look over his shoulder.

“Face forward.” Ilya grabbed him by the back of his neck and bent him to where he needed him, then coated his fingers appropriately.

He dug his fingers into Hollander's hips as he pulled him taut, reaching around to giving his erection a few long strokes, and Hollander hissed at the contact. He let his own cock slide between Hollander's cheeks as his voice dropped low.

"You want this, yes?"

Hollander huffed a resentful exhale.

"You have probably dreamed of getting fucked next to the Cup." Ilya began circling fingers around Hollander's ass, opening him slowly and carefully.

"Go fuck yourself."

"Hmm. I think that is your job today." Ilya grinned, glad Hollander couldn't see it.

"Then fucking get inside me, asshole."

When he'd thought of this plan, he'd planned on the feeling of Hollander clenching around his cock while they stared at the Stanley Cup, but now that it was happening, he couldn't rip his gaze from the blazing look on Hollander's face if he tried. He tilted his face backwards and kissed him, distracting him right as he pushed inside, reveling in the way Hollander gasped.

"Look." He moved Hollander's jaw forward again, and railed into him hard. Hollander instinctively bent over, only the tightness of Ilya's grip on his wrists holding him up, and let out a sharp, surprised moan as his whole body seemed to shudder in relief.

Ilya groaned as he watched Hollander's fantastic ass bounce against him. His head was dizzy with the power of being completely in control of the beautiful man in front of him.

Ilya could only see the side of his face — mouth slack, eyelids half-lowered in rapture — and the view of his submission made his cock swell. His own eyes closed, completely overwhelmed by the situation, but the noises alone coming out of Hollander might kill him anyways.

"Fuck. Fuck. Too close. Fuck. Back up." Hollander's voice was panicked, but he didn't move, and Ilya's eyes flew open to see that in his vigor, he had actually moved them closer to the Cup itself.

He yanked at Hollander's hands, pulling him upright and away from it.

"Cannot have that. Touching the Cup is for champions."

Hollander growled, but the sound broke into something higher and squeakier as Ilya repositioned himself.

"Is okay if you come on it, though. No rules against that."

"Rozanov." Hollander's breaths were ragged now, anger completely set aside to the sensation of Ilya sliding in and out of him.

“Do you think you can?” Ilya leaned to speak into his ear. “If I move you close enough, could you shoot far enough?”

“Fucking hell.” Hollander’s eyes had fallen closed, focused on nothing but Ilya pumping inside him.

“Right here, yes?” Ilya the same spot over and over again, and Hollander grew louder, repeatedly saying his name in a warning.

Abruptly, Ilya paused in his thrusts, pushing Hollander closer to the Cup before resuming. Hollander yelped at the proximity, only a foot away at this point, but Ilya re-entered him too fast for him to focus on it.

“Come on. You can do it, Hollander. I think you can come like this. Will not even have to touch your dick. Are you close?”

His back was sweaty, and Ilya already knew he was, but he wanted to make him say it.

“Ye— yeah.” The word came out raspy, and Hollander threw his head back against Ilya’s shoulder.

“Go ahead, Hollander. Show Stanley how well you take my cock.”

“*Fuck*, Rozanov. I’m almost there. Are— are you? I’m gonna—”

“Eyes open. I want to come inside you while you come on the Cup.”

“Oh God,” Hollander’s face screwed up, and then it was happening. His dick barely missed the tip of the Cup, his release splattering all over the rim of it, and the view immediately had Ilya pulsing through his own orgasm. He pulled Hollander straight up by his hands as he let out one final grunt, and dropped his head to his shoulder.

For a moment, they just heaved in silence, catching their breaths, still intertwined.

“Jesus fucking Christ.” Hollander sighed when Ilya finally pulled out, and immediately stumbled several feet away to crash onto the couch.

“Yes.” Ilya nodding, lips upturned as he struggled to slow his breathing. He bent to kiss Hollander on the lips, which was probably stupid, and said, “Be right back,” excusing himself to dispose of the condom and get cleaned up.

He returned to find Hollander lying flat, eyes closed in a meditative expression, chest still rising and falling too quickly. He looked sleepy. It was disgustingly cute. Ilya needed to get a fucking grip.

He dropped the wet hand towel directly onto Hollander’s stomach, earning himself a petulant look, and that, too, Ilya found annoyingly charming.

Hollander rose to a seated position as he wiped himself down, and the sight of the Cup, still dripping with evidence, made him wince.

“God, that’s disgusting.”

Ilya looked over and chuckled. “Is probably not the first time it has happened.”

“Ugh.”

“Go,” Ilya kissed his crotchety little face. “Shower. I will clean it up. You can’t anyways.”

“You’re a dick.” Hollander breathed as he stood, but there was no heat to it.

Later, Ilya lit a cigarette on his private patio as Hollander tentatively took the seat next to him, still shirtless.

“Those things will kill you.”

“Oh, will they?”

Hollander rolled his eyes, and for a moment they simply sat in silence watching the sun set over the Boston skyline.

“Did you enjoy the parade?” He took a sip from the glass of water he must’ve found inside.

“Did you enjoy coming on the Stanley Cup?”

Hollander shot him a glare, and Ilya chuckled.

“See? We can both ask stupid questions.”

The scowl Ilya received only worked to fill him with an ache of fondness.

“So when are you heading back?”

“Hmm?”

“To Moscow. I thought you’d be there by now.”

The smile dropped off Ilya’s face, and he took a pull of his cigarette to avoid the question. He went with the most vague answer, not wanting to tell Hollander that he’d been considering pushing his flight back a third time. “Soon.”

“Oh. Right.”

Ilya didn’t want to think about Russia, so he blew smoke into the wind, angling it so that it would rebound onto Hollander’s face. The aggravation Hollander sent his way restored his mood, at least a little.

“I should probably get back.”

“Back?”

“To my hotel. I haven’t even checked in yet.”

“Oh.” Disappointment twisted in Ilya’s chest. He’d been hoping Hollander would stay overnight. He wanted to pin him down in his bed and make out for hours. He wanted to fuck him over this very patio railing. He wanted to fall asleep together, and then wake up together, and then blow him in the shower. He wanted to have coffee with him and maybe play video games.

Which was exactly why he should let him go.

“Of course. You have an early flight?”

“Sort of. Eleven tomorrow morning.”

He nodded. Eleven. More than enough time for morning sex. The idea tugged at Ilya’s brain, and he was dangerously close to suggesting Hollander stay over, when—

“I’m gonna go call a car.” Hollander stood up, walking back inside.

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