slapshot

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/73045111.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Ilya Rozanov, Shane Hollander
Additional Tags:	Explicit Sexual Content, Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot, Post-Canon, Locker Room, Shower Sex, Blow Jobs, Rimming, Anal Sex
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-10-24 Words: 5,986 Chapters: 1/1

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by cutshot

Summary

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His voice is breathless and decidedly too slow when he says, "You dragged me back here just to—"

Ilya lowers his head until his nose brushes against Shane's. "Talk a little," he says, voice pitching low with how tight his throat has become. Then, after a beat— "And to remind you that tonight's win is yours but you are mine every time."

Shane gets his first win on the Centaurs. Ilya rewards him with something else.

Notes

val: faith can u write hollanov locker room sex
me: say less
val: THEIR FIRST WIN TOGETHER
me: SAY LESS

um. don't really know what this is. i didn't really proof it so if you see typos no you don't. anyway @ the hollanov gooner circle gc this one is for u... thank u for reading it and going crazy over it with me. and thank u hannah for showing me the series in the first place. i love u. and to the rest of u i hope u enjoy ilya calling shane kitty bc that's my kittycat gf forever fr. anyway (2). will be coming back soon. mwa

See the end of the work for more notes

The Centaurs lose the first game.

Barely, by a single goal in overtime. It gnaws at Shane all night, and Ilya wakes up multiple times because of the tossing-and-turning right next to him, violent and helpless. More than thrice had he had to tell Shane to stop watching the clips and close his eyes instead of dissecting every mistake they had made on the court. He didn't blame him. The reason he was on the Centaurs was already enough for Shane to feel like he had a million new things to prove.

Not that he didn't already know the truth. Not that Ilya spends every minute of every day trying to tell him so, either.

When defeat comes, so does Shane's unwillingness to lower his head.

Toronto learns as much again when the next game comes around, and Shane is skating like the loss had burned him clean—every pass, every turn, not a single thing left unaccounted for. Perfectly calculated, even skipping over Ilya's shoulders from where he sets up a beautifully thrown toss of the puck to Bood waiting in the perfect position for him.

Ilya can't stop watching. He doesn't even try.

But it's still a tight match, because Shane is new, and the team is still learning how to play together. They score, and Toronto scores, and they score, and Toronto scores, and—

It happens.

The breakaway, the clock bleeding out its final seconds, and the puck on Shane's stick.

Ilya's breath stills.

When the puck slams into the net, clean and final, Ilya's heart stops, too.

He doesn't entirely know how he gets there, but he's dizzy when he finds Shane at centre ice, helmet off, damp hair glued to his forehead with sweat, eyes bright with the kind of joy that made Ilya's knees weak and his belly molten glue. He doesn't think. He just throws the stick to the floor and grabs Shane by the collar and kisses him square on the mouth.

They can do that now.

There is not an ounce of regret when he pulls away a second later to find Shane grinning wide enough that he could drown in it.

Later, once the ice baths are done and the post-game debrief is over, the two of them are sent to do the post-game interview. It's fine until Ilya is posed with the question of whether he planned on celebrating his husband's win once they get home.

It would be embarrassing how quickly his cock twitches inside his pants, how readily it falls to the visceral image of Shane's wanton, pleasure-flushed face crying out for him, if not for

the fact that he has had a decade to grow used to the idea. Over eleven years of learning every freckle on Shane's perfect body and looking every inch the wet dream in every single one of Ilya's fantasies, beginning on the ice and ending in his sheets. Plucked straight out of his jerk-off material over the months they had been apart—and even better, now, years later when the beginnings of crow's feet are gracing Shane's eyes.

Shane had complained about it, then.

That singular line—but it did nothing but remind Ilya of when they were seventeen, and Shane had told him to smoke somewhere else. He had gotten off to the memory the next time they had met. Now, twenty-nine, Shane looks like he belongs to Ilya, and Ilya swallows down the lump in his throat, feels his fist clench into vice by his side.

He knows Shane is going to punch him if he makes it a big deal. He wishes he cared.

The mic almost bumps into his mouth when he leans close, lets his mouth curve into a wicked grin, and says lazily, "Da. Not much sleep tonight for Hollander, I think."

Shane predictably buries his face in his hands.

The pink-tipped ears were always Shane's give-away when he was being particularly dishonest. Ilya likes it because it is almost always his to cause. Fortunately, the interview doesn't take much longer, and by the time the cameras are gone, most of the team have already begun to slowly trickle out of the locker room. Half of them are already showered and dressed, and they are the only two still in their shorts.

Shane is sitting on the bench, tapping something on his phone—a message to Yuna, Ilya is sure—when the silver chain around his neck catches the light.

A solid wedding band glinting against his collarbone. The sight makes Ilya as hard as Shane's winning shot does.

Someone as good as that—all his.

He wonders if it's normal to be this obsessed—that every moment of every day, he is thinking about the million ways he has had Shane, and that nobody else had been given the opportunity. Only a single other man had tried, and failed. Shane didn't even remember his name now. All he did when they were apart was call Ilya's name on the phone like it would make him appear. Now, ring on his neck, and a new win—for the two of them, this time—under his arm, Ilya wonders whether he knows.

That he has never looked so wholely taken—by Ilya.

A champion, all for him. It was, back then, too. But this was different.

This was the first time the scoreboard changed for the two of them. He had seen Shane's face when the number went up. He remembered wanting to bend him over the fence. But he can't say any of those things as much as he wants to. They aren't hiding, but Shane still didn't like

it when they made their relationship the team's business, so Ilya just keeps his head down, pretending to fuss with his jersey.

He ignores Shane's curious eyes on him.

"C'mon, boys," one of the assistants calls, clapping his hands. "Media's done. We gotta clear out in twenty!"

A few players start filing out, tugging on coats, calling their goodnights. "You coming?" one of the rookies asks, blazer tucked under his arm.

"In a minute," Ilya says without looking up, shoving a hand into the small pocket of his duffel bag at his feet. "Need to talk to Shane."

There's a ripple of teasing laughter, and someone whistles. Maybe Bood. Then another one. Definitely Wyatt.

Shane groans. "Don't start."

To his credit, Troy remains silent, though Ilya figures that's because he has caught him and Harris in too many awkward positions for him to be saying anything about Ilya wanting some time alone with his husband. Not the rest of their team, though, who take the win for what it is and catcall them on the way to the door.

Wyatt throws an arm over the rookie's shoulder and grins. "Yeah, sure, talk. Got it."

Ilya lifts his head. "Go. Before I change my mind and make you run drills tomorrow."

That gets them moving.

The assistants exchange a glance, and as soon as Ilya sees Janine's mouth open—to start about the interviews, he knows—he just waves her off with the same dismissive care he used to give his previous team assistants. Not often does he play this card. Actually, he doesn't think he has ever since he had transferred to Ottawa, either. Back in Boston, it had become habit before Shane to find the company of any woman willing to brush his sweaty skin and peel off his jerseys.

Now, the only urge he has is to force his husband into the shower, press him into the wall, and express his gratitude in the only way he knows how.

"Is fine," he says lowly. "Will be fast."

They give each other another look, quickly realise that Ilya parading his captain's authority was a rarity that never ended well, and then sigh. As soon as the last of them disappear behind the door and down the corridor, Shane turns to him, thick brows furrowed in confusion "I thought you said everything after the game," he says in lieu of a question. "Definitely weren't holding back in front of the press, either."

Ilya shrugs, casual, maybe too casual. "You'll see."

Shane blinks, and then squints knowingly. “Ilya.”

But Ilya is already on his feet. “Come on, kotik. Humour me.”

For a moment, it is silent. Quickly enough, faint footsteps begin to follow him to the showers. “You’re planning something,” Shane says flatly. “And I don’t like it. You know how I feel about public surprises.”

“Da,” Ilya says simply, sliding a hand into the pocket of his shorts. “And it’s a very good plan.”

“Should I be worried?”

“Maybe a little.”

The steam from the showers curl out to meet them as soon as he opens the door, dripping water echoing against the wet tiles. Ilya’s pulse thrums in his neck, high in his throat—he is somewhere between clawing off his own skin and vibrating out of it now that they are finally granted this privacy that he has craved since the buzzer had sounded half a second after Shane’s winning shot.

He doesn’t hesitate.

The second the door swings shut behind them, Ilya whirls around and catches Shane by the elbow, ignoring his yelp as he shoves him back—further and further until his shoulder blades hit the cool tile with a muted thud. Above them, the showerhead. The entire room is empty. They should have taken their clothes off by now if they planned on showering but Shane doesn’t look like he minds Ilya’s rough treatment, a low laugh leaving his mouth as his head tilts back against the wall.

For a moment, Ilya stares, and Shane stares back.

He knows he hasn’t done the best job of hiding his hunger when Shane’s throat bobs. Not that he’s hiding it anymore. There is sweat still clinging to Shane’s neck. The ring glints from where it hangs from the chain resting on Shane’s chest, and Ilya feels his teeth sink into his cheek immediately. He would pin it there forever if he could. Press his mouth to it until it was branded to Shane’s skin.

So that everyone could see. Perhaps that was what this is about, too. Because beyond the need to reward Shane for being a good boy, there is an ever greater need—an intrinsic one: to reward Shane for being his.

When he lifts his eyes from Shane’s ring, Shane is still staring at him.

His voice is breathless and decidedly too slow when he says, “You dragged me back here just to—”

Ilya lowers his head until his nose brushes against Shane’s. “Talk a little,” he says, voice pitching low with how tight his throat has become. Then, after a beat— “And to remind you that tonight’s win is yours but you are mine every time.”

Shane's brows draw together, mouth trembling in one corner, and for a second, he almost looks startled. Like the ring touching him right now was a complete and total surprise, like he hadn't realised it had actually happened. Then, as it always goes, his face crumples—and Ilya watches everything spill out all at once like egg yolk, where it comes like a flood, ready to drown him in a heartbeat.

His voice is so quiet Ilya barely hears it over the dripping from the showerheads. "Yeah?"

"Yes," Ilya says, ignoring how hoarse his voice has become, and drops forward. "Because I can now."

And then, finally, their lips meet halfway.

Ilya feels a noise tumble out of his mouth when he hears Shane's whine, thin and wispy, almost loose when their hips press against each other. Shane is almost sinking into the wall, hands sliding up and fingers sliding into Ilya's sweat-soaked hair, seemingly trying to pull him even closer despite there being no more distance left. Apple-stained cheeks, the gasp that leaves him is like a reward when Ilya leans in.

He licks the seam of Shane's mouth, suckles on his lower lip when Shane's jaw drops, and for someone who should be rushing, it is not as heated as it should be. Slowly, indulgently. Where Ilya lazily licks into Shane's mouth and Shane melts under him into a pliant, needy mess. Wandering hands and wandering kisses. Like they had all the time in the world—which they do, now, Ilya realises.

There is no stopping the breathy laugh that slips out of him when he pulls away and catches the sight of Shane following, seemingly chasing for more, and his full lips curving into a pout when he realises that Ilya is stepping away.

The furrow between his perfectly manicured brows is one that Ilya wants to brush away, and he does.

Because he can.

"Kotik," Ilya rasps, dropping low again until their mouths are brushing softly. "I'm crazy. You know how crazy you make me? How much?"

Shane shivers, leaning into him. "I think I have an idea," he says, half-breathless.

Their foreheads press against each other again. When Ilya dips his finger down, he can trace the line of the chain that leads down to the ring. He thinks he can feel Shane's heartbeat, too. His other hand slides up to brush Shane's hair away from his beautiful face, and he feels his breath stutter when Shane's fingertips dig into his scalp.

Shane's voice is low and teasing when he says, "You're spoiling me."

He sounds content.

Ilya thinks the day he can burrow himself underneath Shane's skin is the day he would sound as satisfied as that.

“I want to,” he just says, fully aware of how rough his voice has become, and drops down again to kiss the corner of Shane’s mouth, his jaw, down his neck. “I want you to feel everything I feel. Crazy. So crazy about you.”

Shane’s eyes flutter shut when Ilya’s fingers find the waistband of his shorts.

They start moving, slow at first, tugging and peeling the damp fabric down until they drop onto the floor. Shane’s hands find Ilya’s crucifix as soon as they are free, and Ilya turns on the knob behind them.

A rush of water spills from the showerhead. Droplets catch in Shane’s dark hair, slide down his throat, over the chain resting on his chest. Ilya doesn’t think. For once, he doesn’t have to. He just moves in, hands finding the hard edge of Shane’s jaw, and kisses him—slow, completely contrary to the way Shane’s hands grip onto the shifting planes of Ilya’s back, seemingly for purchase. Like he was already undone.

He might be.

Ilya knows him far too well to dismiss the soft exhale Shane lets out into his mouth. “Serious, kotik,” Ilya says as soon as he pulls away for air. “I want to watch you like this forever.”

Shane blinks once, twice, reaches over until he is brushing his nose against Ilya’s. “Then don’t stop.”

And Ilya doesn’t.

The only reason it stops at all is because Shane is the one who moves away.

Most of the time, it is him, unable to forget how many years Shane had made him wait for that first time in Shane’s bed. They were always so desperate, Ilya’s hands hurriedly pulling Shane apart so he could put him back together. But then, on some days like this, Shane makes the first move, and shoves Ilya back just enough for him to slide his hands down, down, down—

“Fuck,” Ilya groans, and reaches down to grab Shane’s hand which is working his cock, already hard and dripping. “Fuck. Does winning with me make you that easy?”

Shane bites his lip, and looks up at Ilya with those deceptively soft eyes. “But I did get that shot for you,” he says. “I wanted to get it for you.”

Those fucking freckles, Ilya thinks dimly, and drops a heavy hand onto Shane’s shoulder and presses. “On your knees, kotik,” he grunts, taking another step back so the running water would hit Shane’s back instead. “If you want a reward, you’ll have it.”

Maybe it is because of the tile that Shane, for once, takes care of how he eases down to the floor. When they used to do this in random hotel rooms, Shane would go home with purpling knees and bodily aches. Now, he sinks down with ease, Ilya’s hands tangling themselves in his long hair, and when Shane looks up, the head of his cock pressed to Shane’s mouth, he knows that he doesn’t stand a chance.

He wonders if Shane would kill him for coming all over that pretty face. Those freckles call his name.

But that reward means something else to him—and to Shane, who pitches over and licks a fat stripe along the underside of Ilya's cock, and blinks at him like he can't help himself.

Then, he pulls back just the slightest, and presses his mouth against the tip.

The most obscene kind of kiss that he could ever conjure up in his sick little Hollander-obsessed brain, eyes glued to the sight of Shane's teeth-bitten lips dragging along the hard length. Ilya can't really help himself, either. This much won't nearly be enough after the decade he has been given the honour of having Shane in parts and in whole.

"So easy," Ilya repeats, carefully guiding Shane's head and easing him down. "Always so fucking easy for me, kotik."

Shane's hands glide from Ilya's hips, find the base and pump once, twice, and then his lips properly wrap around the head to let Ilya sink into his mouth with ease. He knows Shane can taste the precome dribbling from his cock because he moans louder than he has all evening, and two strokes later, his head is eagerly bobbing between Ilya's legs.

For someone who was so put-together in front of the cameras, Ilya knows the sloppy sight of Shane drooling on his cock would be a shock. Easily taking it like he was born to do it as much as he was born to win trophies. Sinking down on all of it even though his throat was convulsing in every single attempt.

Or, well, as much as he could—and he busies himself with the rest by using his perfectly manicured hands. The only ones that have ever managed to make Ilya feel like a loose cannon.

Shane, with everything that he does, gives it every single ounce of effort and attention he can find. An overachiever, really. He pulls back just enough to give Ilya one slow lick from base to tip, completely unbothered by the idea that Ilya is very obviously already close enough to coming all over his mouth and his face. Pink, pouty, and full. Almost too delicate for someone who had brought Ilya to ruin a decade ago. Small next to Ilya's cock that it looks like it would take work to fit inside.

And the way he stares—

Big, doe eyes, tearing in the corners. Sweat from his brows and damp skin everywhere else. Freckles. Hair glued to his forehead. So many freckles. Looking like the angel that has been sitting on Ilya's shoulder for the better part of his entire life while swallowing around his cock almost like a succubus, happy and content, seemingly more satisfied than—

As if being on his knees for Ilya was better than the change in the scoreboard tonight. As if, again, his first choice wasn't his sport.

Ilya can feel the tightening of his skin, the sweat rolling down his temple, the sweat under his nose. The tightening of my stomach. A million knots. White-hot in a million places he can't

name at the feeling of Shane choking around him. The curl of his toes against wet tile and the thick hair squeezed around his fingers. He's going to come, and he's going to come soon.

Actually, he thinks he's going to come in Shane's mouth right now. "Too fast," he chokes out, and it is a warning as much as it is praise. "You want me to finish like this? Before I can even fuck you the way you like?"

There is no answer, but only because Shane's mouth is too full to reply.

There is only one remedy for this, Ilya knows.

"Get up," he grunts, trying to pull away. "Shane. Get up."

Shane doesn't move. He just stares, mouth full and eyes wet, stubborn as he always is. Make me, he's saying.

Ilya doesn't have a problem with that. "I'm serious," he snaps, tightening his grip in Shane's hair and nearly yanking him off. "I want my cum in your ass, not your mouth. Do you want me to finish and call it a day? Go home and sleep?"

"You wouldn't, though."

Ilya stares.

There is a small pause, and then Shane huffs. "Fine."

He uses Ilya's arm as a brace when he pulls himself back up.

Ilya knows they don't have much time left, but truthfully, he thinks he can afford to take a nice, long shower with his husband after a win as brilliant as this. It probably wouldn't even make a dent in his bank account if he were fined. They probably already know what the two of them are doing in there, and when his hands glide down to touch Shane's ass, he knows that he will be extending their time a little longer in here. "Turn around," he says, and then lowers himself to the floor.

The tiles are cold and wet, but they feel like nothing compared to the dark look that Shane gives him, chest heaving a little harder at the sudden realisation of what Ilya plans to do. The showerhead is out of the way when Shane turns—water barely sliding over his shoulder now, a single stream sliding down the ridge of muscles down his back, and Ilya feels his throat turn into sandpaper.

Shane's voice is breathless when he asks, "Like this?"

"Bend over," Ilya says instead, reaching out to hold Shane's hips. "Just breathe."

It's not really a command, but that's because he never has to tell Shane anything twice when it comes to things like this. It was instinct, after all, for Shane to follow orders down to the very last detail. A bad habit he picked up even before he was drafted. Something that Ilya has found Shane utilises to get what he wants, and this time, the words fall between them like a

bag of rocks, and Shane only hesitates for a split-second before he bows his head and braces his hands against the wall.

Ilya's hands slide down to Shane's ass again.

And then he spreads it wide open.

The moan that Shane lets out at the first lick against his hole is the most obscene sound that Ilya has ever heard. This is Ilya's second favourite part of their trysts—where Shane first feels the heavy-hand of Ilya's experience at full force, where he realises that Ilya likes doing this to him, likes licking it open, suckling, loosening him up because that was the only thing that Shane could do to himself before.

Where he was getting ready for something that would inevitably bring him to ruin. Where the anticipation was more overwhelming than the feeling of Ilya fucking him to climax. Where Ilya was the only person who would see him so cock-drunk even without anything inside him.

Because he was easy.

"Fuck," Shane groans, and while Ilya can't see his face, he knows the expression he's making right now: eyes barely managing to stay open, pinked cheeks, drool running down his chin because he can't keep his mouth closed. "Please, Ilya—fuck, please fuck me, I don't need more—"

Because he was just too easy.

Ilya doesn't reply.

Instead, he just pulls back the slightest so he can reach his hand out and grab his wet shorts on the floor, and then crudely spits on Shane's hole.

It makes Shane's entire body jerk, a surprised moan leaving him when he feels Ilya return again, sliding his tongue inside. Then—

Shane freezes at the sound of a packet ripping open. "Wait."

Ilya pulls away.

Shane turns his head and looks down at where Ilya has poured lube on his fingers. He looks nowhere near impressed now. "Did you seriously pack lube?" he asks in disbelief. "To the game?"

"Don't ask stupid questions," Ilya says, and then presses his thumb onto the rim, making Shane moan again. "No time today. Will be quick."

And then—

Shane's hand smacks down on the tile when Ilya slides a finger inside.

He can barely hear the hitch of Shane's breath over the water that is still falling from the showerhead, but fortunately for the two of them, Shane has always been a quick starter, and an even quicker study. He likes feeling full as quickly as possible, and Ilya had taken great care in slowing him down as much as he has. Tonight, though, is not for patience, and Ilya circles a second finger around the rim as he soon as he knows Shane can take it.

"Put it in," Shane slurs, fingers slipping on the tile, even though they both know he's not nearly as prepared as he should be. "Put it in, Ilya—put it in, please, it's not enough—"

"It never is," Ilya grunts, using his other hand to tap Shane's knee, spreading his legs even wider than they already were. "So easy loosening you up. So easy making you cum. Never even had to touch your cock. Is useless, isn't it, Hollander? Because you can't cum unless I'm the one filling you up?"

Shane doesn't say anything, but only because he is incapable of it, Ilya knows. When he fills Shane up like this, sliding a third inside, he knows the only thing that Shane can think about is whether this fullness would amount to the kind he would feel when Ilya finally slides his cock inside. He stretches around every inch, every digit, body easily giving way to Ilya as if it was always meant to do that, and Ilya knows this, too: that it was finally time.

"What do you think they're gonna say?" Ilya murmurs, and Shane chokes on a moan. "When they find out you're a winner as much as you're a whore for me?"

Shane's body jolts like a live-wire. "Fuck—"

Ilya pulls his fingers out, and then Shane is moaning again, but for all of the wrong reasons.

The time it takes for him to get back onto his feet and take his cock out is the longest three seconds of his life, but the noise that Shane makes when he presses the head inside almost makes it worth it. Because this, Ilya has decided, is his favourite part: where he first slides in, and lets Shane feel the beginning of what would be his end, drooling open-mouthed like a dumb whore even though he was a million times more accomplished than Ilya would ever be.

He doesn't think he has cared that much about winning a trophy. Watching Shane win one and fucking him open after, however, is something else. By the time Ilya bottoms out inside of him, Shane is already squirming and pushing back with a steady stream of weak, unintelligible protests pouring from his swollen mouth.

"Don't be impatient," Ilya huffs, pressing his hand down onto Shane's upper back to push him into the wall, using his other hand to pull him back by the hips so that he was arched just enough for Ilya to press inside how Shane liked best. "I told you. Will be quick today. You will cum easily for me."

Both of Shane's hands are scrambling and slipping on the wet tiles that his face is currently pressed into. "Please," he whines. "Please, Ilya, wanna cum now —"

It's filthy, this slap of skin on skin and the wet sounds of Shane writhing underneath him, pressed into the wall and reduced to nothing but a moaning mess. He wonders, really. He wonders if they talk about him. He wonders if they know, really, what a winner looks like.

Because this is the closest thing to a winner that the league has, and he is opening up for Ilya right now, willingly helpless and at Ilya's mercy.

All for him.

Nobody else could have this.

Because Shane didn't want anyone else. This was all for him, and that would never change. "Ilya," Shane gasps, and when Ilya risks a glance up, there is drool on Shane's chin exactly as he had expected, and he feels a groan rumble inside his throat at the sight. "Ilya, I'm close. Really close. Fuck me. Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me—"

Ilya slides the hand on Shane's back up, up, up, and slides it into Shane's wet hair.

"Fuck," Shane groans, and his hands entirely slip off the wall and fall to his sides like loose rope from a noose. "Fuck, Ilya, please—"

"You've been a very good boy," Ilya murmurs, and drops low to press his mouth onto the curve of Shane's shoulder in a kiss. "So I will give you what you need, da?"

Shane quivers, and Ilya knows that he is going to come soon, all without a hand touching his cock. Exactly how Ilya had said earlier. It might have been to humiliate him, but they both knew it was true from the moment that Shane got his mouth on him and then came like a virgin. It overwhelmed him, this need to be broken and put together. It was this willingness to bend for Ilya that turned him into this—where Ilya only needs to grip his hair for him to start babbling like a child.

So, Ilya doesn't stop, and fucks him even harder, even quicker than earlier, because they are pressed for time and he knows Shane needs to spill onto the floor before someone can find them. The churning in his stomach has returned tenfold, the tingles in his toes and his fingertips, and the sudden dizziness threatening to take his vision. Actually, that might be the heat from the shower, but Ilya doesn't care.

Not when Shane is hiccuping on his moans and his words are ending in sobs. "I need to cum, Ilya—can I, please—"

Ilya feels the world splinter, and the order falls from his lips as easily as he had fallen for Shane, all the way back in Regina, when a freckled, baby-faced boy had come to tell him off for smoking.

"Come for me, kotik."

Almost immediately, Shane falls apart.

Ilya knows that he makes an absolute mess on the wall in front of him because he tightens up so much that Ilya feels his heart jump to his throat, along with the need to come inside Shane's perfect body. Shane jerks, twitches once, twice, hands flying out to smack on the wall again—and then it falls limp entirely, eyes rolling into the back of his head as Ilya chases and chases and chases—

“I’m close, kotik,” Ilya grunts. “Where do you want it?”

The words tumble from Shane’s mouth like he doesn’t even expect them. “On my face, please—on my face, cum on my face—”

Ilya chokes on the groan that erupts from his lungs at the plea, pulls back and lets Shane turn around before shoving a hand down onto his shoulder to push him to the floor. This time, Shane looks like he doesn’t care about falling down and potentially hurting himself. Ilya wishes he cared, too. He usually does. Right now, though, his brain is more occupied with sending his hand the signal it needs to find his cock, and as soon as he fists it, Shane is sitting on his heels, hands going down to his lap, and looking up.

Jaw slack, mouth wide open, wet eyes turned up at Ilya.

Begging to be made a mess.

It takes only two strokes before Ilya is coming all over Shane’s face.

They have done this enough that Shane knows instinctively when to look away, and he barely manages to close an eye in time when come drips from his eyebrow, but fortunately, Ilya manages to get it mostly around his mouth, his tongue, all the way to his chin. And that is how Shane sits there, mouth wide open and full of Ilya’s come, staring up at him like he never wants to be anywhere else.

Ilya feels his chest loosen with a breath and reaches over to swipe a finger across Shane’s lip.

Shane’s jaw drops, and Ilya’s finger pops into his mouth, resting on his tongue for a second before Shane hollows his cheeks and sucks. To clean the mess or to keep his mouth busy, Ilya doesn’t know. What he does know is that it is still enough to make him come undone, cock already twitching against his thigh, and they have to get going if he really wants to give it to Shane how he deserves.

Properly, in their bed, with Shane’s ring on his finger instead of resting on his chest.

“Don’t kill me before we get home,” Ilya warns. “At least until the car.”

Shane pulls away with a snort.

His legs wobble and almost give out on the spot, though, when Ilya pulls him up to guide him under the water. He tilts Shane’s head under the stream and wipes him down. Any other day, they both know that Ilya would have probably gotten onto his knees to eat it clean instead, but they’re already way over the mental time-limit that Ilya knows that Shane had given himself from the moment the door swung shut behind them.

Shane’s forehead rests against his when his face is clean.

“We are late,” Ilya mutters. “Very late.”

Shane’s mouth twitches, the perfect picture of a gooey mess. Ilya did his job too well today. He will have to make sure Shane is awake by the time they get home so they can get to the

main event. “Do you think anyone noticed?”

Ilya purses his lips. “Well.”

Shane makes a face. “Great. We’re a headline waiting to happen.”

“They already make enough,” Ilya says, and hooks a finger into the chain around Shane’s neck. “This one is true.”

The smile starts small, tugging at the corner of his mouth, then softens into something that makes Ilya’s chest tighten into a near-vice. The usual game-focus is gone, now, melted into open affection and the faint crease of his warm eyes. He looks even younger when he is in love, Ilya has learnt. Right now, he looks like he did when they were eighteen. “You’re impossible,” Shane murmurs. “Did you know that, Rozanov?”

“Proud,” Ilya corrects. “Is different.”

Shane makes a show of rolling his eyes and then reaches for the shampoo just a foot away from them. “Well, if we’re going to be late, we might as well actually shower.”

“Finally. Good idea from you, Hollander.”

Shane shoves him. “Saying that when you were the one who decided a facility like this was where we should—”

“Sh,” Ilya says, reaching over to press a quick, wet kiss to Shane’s mouth. “Don’t ruin it.”

They shower in silence, hands wandering a little bit more than necessary but still remaining where they should, and when the water goes off, Ilya knows that there is nothing else left for him that he wants.

Shane tosses him a towel when they finish, and when Ilya catches it, Shane gives him a look. “Next time,” Shane says seriously, “we leave on time.”

“Next time,” Ilya replies, slinging the towel around his neck, “we win faster.”

(They do get fined when someone finds the lube packet circling around the drain. Shane punches him when he says it was the best money he had ever spent.)

End Notes

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