

Hidden in Plain Sight

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Hidden in Plain Sight

by [Ineffableoutpost](#)

Summary

5 times Ilya teases and flirts with Shane in public without getting caught, and 1 time they do get caught.

Notes

This show and the books have grabbed me by the throat and held me hostage... I'm supposed to be writing my thesis for college right now, and instead I'm writing about two gay boys going at each other.

Hope you guys enjoy.

Chapter 1: Warming Up

1

Shane stood on the opposite side of the skating rink with the rest of the Montreal Voyageurs, prepping as they watched the stadium buzz in action, the Boston Bears on the other side. Just being in the same place as Ilya already had his heart hammering, anticipation for their antics after the game floating around in his head. They had just finished skating a few laps and Shane was busy drinking water and looking at the Bears when he caught Ilya's eyes.

Ilya, unlike Shane, was currently on all fours on the ice, knees moving up and down in circles as he warmed up. It shouldn't be anything out of the ordinary, this was how they all did it, yet he couldn't stop staring. This wasn't the same as when JJ or anyone else did it in front of him, this was Ilya basically humping the ground and holding eye contact with him.

Shane was taken back to the one time they hooked up at a fancy hotel in New York. The room was much bigger than what one person could have needed, and Shane almost died in mortification when he realized there was a full body mirror diagonal to the bed. Ilya knew too. He had flipped them around that night so their heads were on the foot of the bed, eyesight lined up with the mirror. Various times throughout their escapades, Ilya would grip Shane's head up from where he had been drooling on the comforter to look at their reflection.

"Look up, Hollander." He whispered breathlessly in his ear. "Look good taking my cock." Shane's eyes had rolled back in his head at the filthy and vulgar words being processed by his brain.

And now, that's all Shane could think about. It's like he was in an out of body experience, watching Ilya from a third point of view, imagining himself sprawled on the ice, almost suffocating with the intensity of desire.

Ilya smirked and winked back at Shane, moving up to rest on his thick thighs, changing the position to the next warm up. As soon as it had started, it had vanished. The stretch couldn't have lasted more than two minutes, yet it had felt like an eternity.

Miitka smacked Shane on the back, a smile plastered on his face. "Nervous there?"

“What?!” Shane exclaimed in panic. “No!”

'Mitty' laughed and looked at him with worried eyes. “Hey it’s okay! Don’t let Rozanov get in your head.”

“He’s not- I’m fine.” Shane stated, anxiety flooding his senses. Was he being too obvious? Could people notice the blush creeping up his cheeks?

“Okay.” He spoke, looking unsure of Shane’s answer.

Shane tried to shake it off, tried to go back to his professional self. He needed to be the professional hockey player, not the twenty-three year old that definitely wasn’t in love with his rival. He couldn’t be a sex-crazed guy who could only think about sex. He had responsibilities, a reputation to uphold, a game to win. For the rest of the warm up, Shane forced himself to not look Ilya’s way.

When the face off came, Shane tried his hardest to not utter a word. Ilya smelled like sweat and his cologne, and it took everything in Shane to not moan.

“Feeling flustered, Hollander?”

“Fuck you.”

“Da,” Ilya winked, distracting Shane long enough to win the face off.

—

Shane knocked on Ilya’s door, looking around the hallway every two seconds, fearing someone might walk by. The door opened and Ilya opened it in nothing but his boxers.

“Hello, Hollander.”

“Open the fucking door properly and let me in before someone catches us.” Shane hissed, half wanting to punch Ilya’s face in.

Ilya closed the door and undid the chain, pulling in Shane by his jacket in the two seconds the door opened up again. The second the door closed, Ilya took Shane by the lips, tongue slipping in, welcoming the taste he’d been dreaming about for weeks.

“How long were you hard for?” Ilya asked between kisses, feeling a little *deja vu*.

“The entire fucking game, you ass.” Shane gasped when Ilya began sucking under his jaw. He slapped his shoulder, urging him to not leave a visible mark there.

Ilya pulled back and made a frowny face, cackling shortly after. “Did I distract you? Was game *hard*?”

“Fu-fuck you.” Shane whispered, not being able to think properly with Ilya’s hand down his pants.

“Get on bed.” Ilya whispered, pushing Shane slightly towards the bed.

Shane plopped down on the bed, slipping off his shoes and socks, watching as Ilya stood over him, his swanning frame watching over him. Ilya’s hand came to Shane’s jaw, thumb stroking his lips and pushing past them. Shane sucked with vigor, noticing the small “fuck” that came from Ilya.

“I was hard too.” Ilya began, taking his hand from Shane’s mouth and pulling up his shirt. “I saw you warming up, Hollander.” He leaned in and gently kissed Shane, pulling on his lip as he pulled back. “I saw you do the same exercise I did.” Another kiss, this time on the edge of

Shane's lips. "Saw how your hips moved," another kiss on his adam's apple. "All I could think about was you, moving like that on my cock."

Shane gulped. He was split between wanting to be under Ilya or riding him into heaven. "Yeah?" Is all he could muster up.

Ilya nodded, pushing Shane against the comforter and leaning in, licking a fat stripe from his throat all the way down to where his pants were unbuttoned. He nuzzled his head against Shane's erection, inhaling and moaning. Shane cursed at the sight. Ilya wasted no time pulling off Shane's pants and underwear, gripping his strong thighs and pushing them up against his own shoulders, sucking into his mouth the head of his cock.

"Jesus Christ." Shane moaned.

Ilya kept sucking, hollowing his cheeks and going deeper each time until he had Shane completely in his mouth, the little hairs at the base of his dick flush against his nose. Shane was speechless, his hand tangled in Ilya's curly hair, pulling taught on the curls. Ilya began bobbing his head to a rhythm, enjoying the way Shane slowly began to fall apart.

"I'm- fuck, I'm close." Shane warned, not wanting to finish just yet. Ilya pulled off and kissed the tip of Shane's dick, enjoying the way he vibrated in sensitivity. As Shane tried to catch his breath and come down from the close encounter with his impending orgasm, Ilya pushed his legs against his chest and dove to lick at his hole.

A small and high-pitched yelp came out of Shane's mouth, he could practically feel Ilya smiling underneath him. Ilya spat against his hole, licking messily against it and prodding it open with the tip of his tongue. Shane moaned in pleasure, writhing on the bed as he got eaten out. Ilya pushed one finger in and enjoyed the way Shane clenched against it, but something was different. Shane was not as tight as usual.

"Why are you not tight?" Ilya asked, disappointment lingering in his tone, all the while still pumping the finger back and forth.

“I had to take the edge off a little bit.” Shane spoke, remembering how he had quickly fingered himself in his hotel room so he wasn’t walking around on the verge of exploding.

Ilya pouted at his response. “So selfish.” Ilya mumbled, leaning in to kiss Shane.

“Just fuck me already.” Shane whispered back.

Ilya flashed Shane his signature smirk and rolled to pull a condom out of the night stand. He rolled it on and huffed in pleasure, finally giving himself some attention.

As he plopped back down on the bed again, he tsked. “I won game, you ride me tonight.”

Shane, who was still laying on his back, didn’t even have it in him to argue about it. He got to his knees and crawled on Ilya, hovering over his dick. Ilya looked at him with such intensity, it was hard not to get lost in his eyes. Shane braced himself against Ilya’s chest and aligned himself up before slowly sinking down on his dick.

Ilya’s hand shot up to hold his hips, fingers digging in harshly. They both moaned in unison. “*Ugh*, Hollander” Ilya groaned, watching how Shane’s eyes rolled to the back of his head as he sat flush against Ilya’s hips. He felt so incredibly full, like Ilya was deeper inside him than usual.

He began circling his hips, letting Ilya’s dick pulling out a few centimeters before he sank back down. It felt foreign, being this in-demand of his pleasure, having the reigns on the situation. After a few minutes, Shane’s body began demanding more, and before he knew it, he was bouncing up and down, thighs burning in strain and sweat trickling down his back. All the while, Ilya laid perfectly still underneath him, hands still gripping at Shane’s hips and enjoying the show.

“A-Are you going,” He paused, shivering at the intensity of the pleasure coursing through his body. “Are you going to do anything?” He asked with indignation.

“But you look pretty doing all the work.” Ilya answered, beginning to create circles with his thumbs. The touch against his hips felt like a scorching fire.

“Please,” Shane begged, mentally cursing himself for being so weak and quick to give in.

Ilya was a strong man in every sense of the word, but he knew that his one weakness was to see Shane Hollander begging. It suited him too well. His voice low and squeaky, his eyes slightly watering. It was too much and not enough for Ilya. Which is why he almost came apart at Shane’s words. Instead, he grabbed him by the jaw and pulled him in for a filthy kiss, tongues slipping out of their mouths and teeth clashing every so often. Shane’s grip on the pillow behind Ilya slipped and he fell on Ilya’s sweaty chest. The change in angle made him moan out loud.

Ilya had to do something. He parted his legs and pushed them up at the knees as he began thrusting back. Shane fell apart into a mess of moans and whines, eyes closed as he struggled to stay in this realm of existence. “So pretty for me, Hollander.” Ilya commented. “Going all limp and cock-drunk on me.”

Shane vibrated and shivered in desire, the new angle providing Ilya a direct path to his prostate. With each thrust, Shane was pushed closer to the edge. He clawed at Ilya’s arms, trying to hold himself up. All he could do was lie on Ilya’s chest as Ilya fucked into him at an unrelenting pace.

“Gonna cum,” Shane warned, drooling over Ilya, hole clenching against his dick. Ilya began squeezing his ass, kneading the soft skin. He was close too, and deep inside of him, he wished he could come in Shane without the condom, being allowed to watch after how his spend trickled out of his abused hole.

Shane’s entire body clenched and shivered as his orgasm ran through him. His moans were cut as he laid in silence, mouth agape in pleasure. Ilya began thrusting faster, chasing his own release and using Shane’s body for it. Had it not been that he came two seconds ago, just the thought of Ilya using him like that would have had him going again.

“Uhhhh, God!” Ilya moaned, pulling Shane in for a kiss.

The minutes passed and they stayed wrapped around each other. Shane's legs felt like jelly and his mind was still foggy after his orgasm. Ilya was still buried inside Shane, his cock softening with each second.

“Thank god for those warm ups.” Ilya joked, slapping Shane lightly on the ass.

Shane laughed in return.

Chapter 2: Not like the movies

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the lack of update yesterday, i had to actually lock in and work on my thesis.

Thank you so much for all the love, I hope you keep enjoying it!

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

Shane should be grateful, he really should, but as the night dragged on, he found it harder. He had been one of the few people that had been invited to the film festival and awards show. It was a smaller event than say the Golden Globes, but it was still quite popular. He had gotten the invitation a few months back and had been about to politely decline until the higher ups told him it would be good publicity for them. That is how Shane also found out that Ilya had been invited.

They hadn't seen each other in almost three months, and Shane's embarrassingly empty sex life outside of his hookups with Ilya, has left him hornier than usual. This is why he has been actively avoiding Ilya all night, because he knows that one look at him with his hair pushed back and a perfectly tailored tuxedo and he'll pop a boner. He's pretty sure that is not the kind of publicity the NHL wants.

Before the screening of the winning film of the night began, Shane made sure to make his way to the bathroom, not wanting to disturb anyone when his bladder inevitably got full. The lights in the building dimmed and fluttered, announcing that the show was about to start. Shane cursed under his breath and powerwalked to the bathroom, rushing in and unbuttoning his pants in record speed. The door behind him closed and opened again, but Shane had no reason to pay attention, that is until he felt a hand squeeze his ass.

He turned around in horror, ready to punch a creep when he saw Ilya's mischievous smile looking back at him. "What the fuck, Rozanov?" Shane asked, his need to pee having vanished.

"What? I'm bored of this dull event."

"Anyone could have walked in." Shane hissed, eyes flicking back and forth from the door to Ilya.

"The movie started, no one is leaving until intermission." Ilya explained, crowding Shane against the urinal.

"What are you talking about? This is not a play, there is no intermission." Shane answered, ignoring the fact that his dick was already at half chub.

Ilya smiled, “then that means we have approximately two hours to kill, here in bathroom.” He checked his watch to add to the point, showing Shane the time.

“You’re joking?” Shane leveled. “I’m not having sex with you in a public restroom at an awards show.”

“Come on Hollander, my dick misses you.” Ilya teased, lacing his hand on the small of Shane’s back, pulling him taught against his own body.

“Ilya-“

“Look at how easy you react to me.” Ilya pointed out, moving his other hand to cup the back of Shane’s neck and angling it so he could look down. Ilya was hard, but Shane was already leaking in his underwear, fabric darker where the tip of his dick was straining against it.

“Someone will catch us.” Shane warned again, feeling himself struggling to not give in.

Ilya groaned dramatically. “You are boring, Hollander.” He still leaned in and messily kissed Shane, kissing him a second time much softer before pulling away. “But is okay. You are good boy and must follow rules.” He grabbed Shane’s dick and stuffed it back behind his pants, buttoning his trousers back up. “413,” he whispered and playfully slapped Shane’s cheek before leaving the bathroom.

Shane was left with a burning desire in his belly. Ilya has called him a good boy and the implications of what those two words did to his head was not something Shane could unpack right now. With no need to pee anymore, Shane walked to the sink and splashed some cold water on his face, hoping to calm down. He checked himself over twice to make sure his boner wasn’t noticeable before he made his way back to his seat.

It was about 30 minutes into the film when Shane got the first text.

Lily: still hard over there?

Jane: fuck you, you know the answer

Lily: I wasn’t lying before, my dick missed you

Lily: and I think your dick misses my mouth

Shane clicked his phone off, feeling his cheeks heat up. He hated how easily Ilya’s texts got him riled up, it was embarrassing how fast his body reacted.

He kept trying to concentrate on the movie, trying to understand why the female protagonist was all of a sudden in a train when she had just been in her apartment the previous scene when he felt his phone vibrate again.

Lily: do you think we could get away with sneaking out early?

Jane: no.

Lily: forgot, you are boring
Lily: but good at following rules, I'll keep that in mind

Jane: shut up

Lily: I keep seeing you on your knees
Lily: mouth all red and swollen

Jane: is typing

Lily: with my cum in your mouth

Jane: Jesus Christ
Jane: just watch the movie

Now that Ilya had put that image in his head, it was all he could think about. Shane missed being on his knees, having Ilya's pleasure in his control. Bobbing his head at the exact rhythm he knew would unravel Rozanov in less than a minute. He missed the weight of Ilya's heavy dick on his tongue, the slightly salty taste of his pre, and the way Ilya would wipe the cum that fell out his mouth with his thumb, pushing it back so Shane could lick it up.

He sighed, frustration growing as he opened his phone again. He was grateful his seat had been towards the back.

Jane: I hate you, you asshole
Jane: I haven't been able to pay attention to the movie this entire time

Lily: :(

Lily: you fantasizing about my cock
Lily: ??

Jane: yes
Jane: among other things

Lily: like what?
Lily: how easily you take these 9 inches?

Shane cleared his throat as discreetly as he could, squeezing his thighs together for some relief.

Jane: I'm turning my phone off
Jane: see you after

Lily: 🍆💦

Shane did as he told Ilya and put his phone on silent, forcing himself to focus for the last 45 minutes of this film. He hoped he didn't get interviewed afterwards about his opinion on the film, because for all he knew, he could have been watching anything. How would he explain

that, no, he didn't pay attention because a certain hockey player was sexting him and arranging their plans for later.

The minute the credits rolled and everyone stood up to clap, Shane scurried out through the back, faking that he had to use the restroom.

Lily: leaving so early?

Lily: wait for me

Lily: get yourself nice and prepped

Lily: I'll be there as soon as I can

Jane: hurry the fuck up

Chapter End Notes

Any comments are devoured like good soup!

Chapter 3: Smile for the Camera!

Chapter Summary

You know those cheesy firefighter calendars... well imagine a hockey version of them

Chapter Notes

So sorry for the delay in an update! My classes are almost done but exam week has been intense :(

Enjoy this update that i worked on between assignments!

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

The rapid fire click of the camera's shutter echoed in the background of whistles and wolf whistles. The captain of the New Jersey Devils posing with his shirt off and the hockey stick braced between his shoulders.

The NHL had decided to jump on the trend of "sexy calendars" to raise money for their charity, which led Shane to being sat near the end of the line, anxiety-filled and waiting for his turn. It had been decided that for the trial run, they would make a calendar with only the top team Captains of the last season, which is why Shane was there during their off-season

He was friendly with most of the guys, but after a few minutes, the conversation died and he was sitting in awkward silence. It made him miss his team and realize he had to socialize a bit more.

Ilya was up next, shirtless and glistening with the fake sweat they'd been spraying on him for the past minute. Shane tried not to stare, even if every bone in his body wanted to look at Rozanov. They hadn't seen each other in three months, and Shane was already itching to be under him. But he couldn't risk looking up at him, not after the debacle with Scott Hunter.

Speaking of Scott Hunter, he was sitting a few people ahead of Shane, smiling down at his phone as he typed, oblivious to the rest of the world. Shane wished he could do that, tune out everything and everyone and just have his brain be quiet for a little bit. They hadn't talked since Shane tried to hit him on the ice— not that they were super close before, but they had been friendly.

Shane quickly glanced at Ilya and caught his eyes for a fraction of a second. Ilya winked and Shane felt bile rise up in his throat. He knew no one would think much of it, especially since Ilya has a vulgar way with his words, Shane knew that first hand. The Pittsburgh Penguins captain hollered at Ilya something about making girls drop their panties to which Ilya laughed.

“Everyone’s panties already drop for me!” He yelled back, and Shane knew that it was a call back to him. He knows it was a pointed comment because he did in fact drop his boxers at the first sight of Ilya’s command. The rest of the men laughed and kept throwing comments back and forth, but Shane decided his weather app was much more interesting.

Shane had been assigned December for his month, so instead of having a normal picture like Ilya got for June, he was wearing a tiny red Santa hat. It was humiliating.

“Okay, Shane, please stand on the X and wait for my signal.” Shane nodded nervously and stood on the X, trying to ignore the instinct to run away from this whole situation. The woman next to the camera signaled a countdown from 3 to 1 and then pointed at him. Shane dug his thumbs into the waistband of his hockey pants and pulled down a little bit while he smoldered at the camera. He felt so incredibly stupid, the same embarrassment one feels when you accidentally show up to school wearing nothing but underwear in your dreams.

Some guy whistled, Shane couldn't quite make out who it was. “Damn Hollander! I guess Canada’s good boy has it in him.” Shane knew he was blushing, he gave a slightly nervous and fake chuckle.

“Pull them down further, show the girls your mini Hollander!” Another guy said, and Shane was pretty sure it was the captain of the Toronto team. Some others joined in and whistled as Shane looked at the camera people. They nodded so he begrudgingly pulled them slightly more until you could see the first patch of pubic hair.

The guys whistled and howled, some of them moaning in a high pitched voice, it got a tiny smile from him. It really was a ridiculous photoshoot. In the back, mostly hidden by the darkness, Shane saw Ilya looking at him with crossed arms and a deep smirk.

Once Shane was done he asked if he could go pee before the final group picture. On the way to the bathroom he felt his phone vibrate, once he pulled it out, all it said was:

Lily: 1112.

Shane gulped and looked at the mirror, a rush of panic and anticipation flooding his senses. He lowered his face to the tap and took a deep drink, hoping the last picture would go smoothly.

When he returned all the guys were waiting for him in front of the backdrop, positioned in various poses and in a semi circle. The last spot was next to Ilya, and he was almost 100% sure that it was on purpose. He swallowed and made his way there, hoping the anxiety he was feeling wasn't radiating off him in waves. Being so close to Ilya and being shirtless was not helping him, especially since the only time he saw him like this was during their nights together. He could feel each breath Ilya took, could smell his cologne wafting in the thick air. He had to physically stop himself from dropping to his knees and licking the light brown curls that scattered his chest and down south.

"Okay everyone!" The woman clapped, Shane felt bad that in the commotion of his anxiety, he couldn't remember her name. "This is the last one for the shoot, please hang in there for a few more minutes." She then looked directly at Shane and Ilya. "We want you two to get in a position for a face-off"

Shane screamed internally. The only thing that could make this worse was having to look Ilya in the eyes. They got into position as the woman kept instructing the rest of the players to get into their own poses.

Shane's eyes met Ilya's and the breath was pushed out his lungs. He could tell Ilya was feeling the same, as his dilated pupils and slow breaths indicated his arousal.

“Nice posing out there, Hollander” Ilya spoke, voice so low and soft Shane thought he had imagined it. “You’ll have the girls on their knees in no time.”

“Fuck you, Rozanov.” Shane whispered back, tone shaky and with no bite to it.

“Mhmm.” is all Ilya said.

The last flash went off and everyone clapped, signaling the end of their day. Shane shot out of his spot and went to thank as many people as he could before he could leave. As he left the changing room, bag in hand and looking at “lily’s” contact on his screen, he bumped into someone near the entrance of the building.

“Shit—”

“Shit, I’m so— oh, Shane.” It was Scott. Shane’s blood ran cold and a wave of nausea threatened to make him spill his lunch.

“Hey,” Shane said awkwardly. They both looked at each other for a few seconds, each trying to come up with something to say.

“Listen, I wanted to apologize—” Shane began.

“Hey, don’t worry about it! We all get a little too heated during the season.”

“No, I know, but still, I shouldn’t have tried to hit you.” Shane admitted coyly.

“Well, I appreciate that.” Scott nodded. “For what it’s worth, my comment was out of line too.”

Shane felt the panic rush through him again. The thing is, Scott's comment would have been harmless if it had been said to anyone else, but Shane's reaction to it was not in the least chill for it to have been 'nothing.'

Shane went to say something but was interrupted again. "Like I said, do not worry about it."

Shane nodded slowly and watched Scott go back into the building, probably having forgotten something. He looked back down at his phone as he walked to his taxi, replaying every single interaction he'd had with Scott in his head. When he reached the hotel, his feet carried him up to Ilya's floor, and before he knew it, his fist was rapping against the wooden frame.

Ilya pulled him inside and was on him in seconds, his large hands pulling and pushing against Shane's skin. Shane tried to match his enthusiasm but his brain was too busy.

"What's wrong?" Ilya asked as he pulled back, gripping Shane's jaw and pulling it so their eyes could meet.

"Nothing, my head is just busy." Shane was caught between spilling his guts to Ilya about how he was sure Scott Hunter knew about them and not saying a single thing. The selfish part inside him didn't want to spook the beautiful man in front of him and have this arrangement end.

"Thinking of all the women that will masturbate to your sexy picture."

"You're so fucking disgusting." Shane pushed against his chest, cringing at the image Ilya had painted.

"Is very hot picture." Ilya smiled, leaning forward and kissing Shane's lips, sucking on his upper lip before he pulled back. "I will get copy for myself."

"Shut up."

Another kiss was planted on Shane, this time a deeper one. Ilya moaned into it, backing Shane against the wall and wrapping his hands around his jaw. Shane felt a low buzz envelop him as his senses vibrated in pleasure. "I will make you forget," Ilya whispered against his lips, dropping to his knees and pulling Shane's sweats and briefs down in less than five seconds. Ilya kissed the tip of Shane's already hard dick, eliciting a moan from himself. "But is better on the bed." He stood back up and picked Shane up, hauling him over the shoulder and walking to the bed, where he deposited him as if he wasn't a fully grown male athlete. His dick twitched at being manhandled.

Ilya took his t-shirt off and discarded his pants, throwing them behind him as he crowded Shane's frame on the plush, white bed. He looked like a predator teasing its prey, delighting in the delicious meal he was about to have. Indeed, he pounced on Shane like a lion, but instead of going for his aching dick, he flipped him around. Shane felt his arousal double at the insinuation of what was to come. Ilya hiked Shane's leg up and placed his hand on his perfectly round asscheek, pulling it taught and letting out a groan.

"Fuck, Hollander," he moaned, and Shane felt the second the bed dipped as Ilya got comfortable on his stomach and elbows. He spit at the ring of muscles and dove in, nuzzling his head like a feline.

Shane moaned against the pillows, trying to reach back and grab Ilya's head. He felt the wetness of Ilya's tongue tease him, circling the rim but never going inside it, it was driving him crazy. "Oh god," Shane whimpered, pushing back against Ilya's face, feeling the slightest bit of stubble beginning to grow out of his face. He moaned at that too, because the thought of feeling that after and remembering this was all too much.

Ilya came up to catch his breath, "God, Hollander," he licked from Shane's balls all the way up to his hole, making him shiver in pleasure. Ilya chuckled slightly as he slapped Shane's asscheek gently. "Is your head still full?" Ilya asked.

It took Shane's brain a few seconds to register what he had been asked. He in fact was not suffering from having a full and loud head at the moment. He was more preoccupied with needing a tongue in his ass. He shook his head roughly, unable to form words.

"Good," Ilya praised, distracting Shane as he pushed his thumb inside, making him moan slightly louder than usual. Ilya stood up a little bit and pushed Shane's head against the

pillows, shushing him. With his thumb still in his ass, Ilya used the rest of his fingers to gently pry out any last remaining thought out of Shane's brain as he massaged his prostate.

"If only the guys knew how different things are," Ilya began, using his spare hand to give Shane's poor dick some attention. "The only panties that are dropping are yours."

"Fu-fuck off, I don't wear pa-uhh god, i don't wear panties." Shane cursed, feeling himself get closer to his release. He should be embarrassed that all it took was five minutes of Ilya's hands on him and he was close to exploding.

"Da. But you would look so nice in them." Ilya let go of Shane's dick and pulled out his thumb, replacing it with his index and middle finger.

"Fuck, oh my god."

"Maybe I get you some for birthday." Shane vibrated at the insinuation of panties. He had never given them much attention, but Ilya had a way of making everything enticing. He now had the mental image of being tucked into silk or lace panties, having it be his little secret. He has an inkling that it would drive Ilya crazy, seeing the swell of his hard cock against the delicate fabric. Would he get fucked in them, the fabric hastily pushed to the side? It was the mental image of Ilya fucking him in panties that sent him over the edge, needy moans coming out in sporadic squeaks.

"*Fuck*, Hollander," Ilya leaned down and kissed Shane's inner thighs and buttocks, pulling out his fingers and planting a kiss right in the middle of his hole. Shane shivered, feeling his body weight near to nothing as he felt a low rumble in his stomach. Was he hungry or horny again?

Ilya grabbed the lube and squirted an exaggerated amount between Shane's cheeks. Shane felt his thick and warm length plop down on the arch of his ass. Instead of pushing in against Shane's aching hole, Ilya began to rut against it, letting himself glide back and forth. Shane would be utterly humiliated if he came just from this, but it was not out of the picture, as he felt his dick twitch at the prospect of another orgasm.

“Rozanov,” Shane moaned, he felt the head of Ilya’s dick catch against his rim, and it was too much for him. “Please,” he begged, “just put it in.”

Shane heard Ilya murmur a curse in Russian and the crinkle of the condom before he began pushing in, stretching Shane to accommodate it to his length. It had been too long, and they had both been craving this far too much. Shane could have used a bit more prep, but the slow and stinging stretch grounded him back to earth. As Ilya kept pushing in, Shane felt the air leave his lungs, he felt so full and whole. He could feel his left leg shaking uncontrollably at the overwhelming feeling of having Ilya inside once again.

“Okay?” Ilya checked in, groaning once he bottomed out, placing a trail of kisses along Shane’s shoulder blades. Shane nodded enthusiastically, circling his hips in tiny movements. Ilya began moving, slow at first but picking up the pace once he was confident Shane was enjoying himself to the fullest.

Ilya slapped Shane’s asscheek harder than usual, eliciting an uncontrollable moan from Shane, making him clench down on Ilya. Ilya then used both hands to basically knead Shane’s ass, pulling at it to reveal where he disappeared inside Shane, where he gripped onto Ilya’s dick. “Maybe I make calendar for myself.”

Shane had learned that Ilya loved talking during sex, not just in general. He especially loved to tease Shane and revel in making him blush and squirm. It was almost a game, seeing what he could say to get those little noises out of Shane. “Shut up,” Shane mumbled, holding on to the pillow in front of him for dear life.

“Calendar of Hollander.” He began teasing again, moving to splay himself across Shane’s back. “Fill it with pictures of you gripping on to my cock, you with my dick in your mouth, eyes all watery like I like them.” Shane was too far gone to focus on the fact that Ilya had said he liked his eyes a certain way.

“I- fuck, I’m close.” Shane cried out, moving his hand under him to grip at his dick. He got a pinch at his side, making him squirm and turn his head as much as he could to see Ilya,” what the fu-?”

“No touching.” Ilya reprimanded, kissing the corner of his mouth. “Come hands-free, you have done it before.”

Shane nodded, and he had half a brain cell to realize how easily he gave in to whatever Rozanov wanted, no questions asked. God, he was so pathetic. Ilya was going faster now, hips slapping roughly against Shane, the pressure on his prostate becoming overwhelming much too quick. Shane thought he could feel little tears at the corner of his eyes, the ecstasy he was in felt like the hardest drugs anyone could take, he was high off it.

Shane came in quick and hot spurts of pleasure as Ilya rested his forehead on his shoulder, pistoning himself in rapid movements until he came. Shane had the rouge thought of cursing the condom they had used. There was a part of him, that grew each time, that wanted to feel what it was like to have Ilya dripping out of him.

They both laid in silence, labored breaths echoing in the room. The weight of Ilya's body against him was like a weighted blanket, it calmed Shane and made him want to stay like that forever. Eventually, Ilya carefully pulled out and discarded the condom, flipping Shane around to kiss him sloppily.

"I order food now. What do you want?"

Shane was blissed out of his mind and mumbled "whatever," even though he knew he would regret eating 'whatever' later on. Ilya kissed Shane on the lips once more and grabbed the hotel phone, dialing the room service number.

Shane was too exhausted to think about the fact that he was staying longer than he usually did, that Ilya was ordering food for both of them, but the soothing touch of Ilya's hand drawing circles on his arm was lulling him to sleep, and suddenly, he didn't really care.

Chapter End Notes

I've loved reading all your comments, and it makes me happy to see everyone enjoying reading this ;)

Chapter 4: Let Me Mark You

Chapter Summary

They have a rule of not marking each other up, but rules can be broken easily in a moment of passion.

Chapter Notes

I am finally done with classes and can dive head first into the depths that is the control HR has on my life.

Episode 4 has been playing on a loop in my head since it came out, and i have many ideas.

Hope you all enjoy!

Shane walked into the locker room already dreading his day. His boyfriend, YES, his *boyfriend* had missed him a little too much and now he barely had a voice and was wearing a hickey that couldn't be covered by his shirt.

“Putain!” JJ exclaimed, dropping the shirt he'd been putting on and gripping Shane's shoulder. “Mon ami! I feel like proud mama!” He squealed, bringing everyone's attention to the very obvious scatter of hickies on his neck.

“Fuck yeah, Hollander!” One of the newer rookies clapped him on the back as he walked by.

Hayden gasped as he entered the locker room, having stayed behind to finish his call with Jackie. “Fuck off! There's no way I'm seeing what I think I'm seeing!” He walked across the room in what seemed like two steps and pulled Shane's collar, revealing even more hickies.

“Our little Hollander is all grown up.” They both cooed, faking tears welling up in their eyes.

“Fuck all the way off.” Shane croaked out and immediately regretted it. His voice was barely there, all raspy and squeaky, breaking out in certain syllables. He saw the tick in Hayden’s eyebrow and the shit-eating grin on JJ’s face.

A few of the guys around them laughed at the voice crack. Shane wanted to die, he should’ve just said he was sick. Yet again, he had never missed a game unless he was physically unable to play. Maybe if his teammates didn’t act like an earthquake had just split the earth in half because he had had sex, this would all have been slightly less mortifying.

“Oh, she had you screaming, didn’t she?” Hayden poked him in the side. “Did she suck the soul out ya’ dick?”

Shane was about to retort bitchily when they all heard screaming, whistling and clapping coming all the way from the visiting team’s locker room.

“What the-?” Hayden started, moving to see what the commotion was. They peeked out the door, forgetting about Shane’s bruised skin for a few seconds. The chanting continued and Shane soon realized the Bears were chanting “Roz.”

A few of the players came out of the room, laughing and shaking their heads, starting to make their way to the rink. “Psst! Rookie!” Hayden called one of them up. “Go talk to your buddy over there and ask him what the deal is.”

The poor rookie looked like that was the last thing he wanted to do and Shane wished Hayden could find it in his soul to mind his own business. Before the new kid could protest, the rest of the Bears walked out of their locker room, still chanting and pushing Ilya along.

Shane knew where this was headed. His eyes linked with Ilya’s and all it took was that stupid fucking smug smile he loved so much to know that Ilya has bed behind this little parade. He could imagine his stupidly gorgeous boyfriend changing into his uniform and feigning innocence and aloofness at the evident scratch marks along his back.

Shane was near the edge, he had been for the past hour, enduring a test of patience that would break even the strongest men. He was covered in a sheen of sticky sweat as he thrashed under Ilya's heavy frame. "Fuck, Ilya, please!" He begged, pulling hard on the blond curls he was fisting, urging his boyfriend to let him cum.

If there was something Ilya was good at, it was pleasuring his partners, and Shane's pleasure was his life's goal and the drug that fueled his deepest and strongest desires. He still didn't know how he had gone so long without admitting his feelings openly to Shane, it felt so natural to him now. He looks back even just a few months back and scoffs at their joint stupidity, because Ilya now fully depended on Shane to breathe. He didn't know how he woke up almost most of his life without knowing that the beautiful and boring Canadian golden boy was his. He wished he could shout it across every hallway, write it on his forehead, tattoo it on his back; Shane Hollander is mine

As much as they both wanted to stop keeping secrets and just be open about their relationship they knew it wasn't the time just yet. Instead, Ilya took out his frustrations about not being able to publicly vocalize his love for Shane by making him cum as many times as he could.

Today though, he was feasting on the thrashing, beautiful whimpering mess that was his boyfriend. Ilya himself was hard against his thighs where he kneeled down on the floor, bracing Shane's legs on his shoulders, but that didn't matter when Shane made such pretty sounds when Ilya took him in his mouth. He kept sucking on the head of Shane's angry, red cock, letting his tongue slip between the slit, moaning himself when Shane shivered in pleasure.

"I- Ilya!" Shane yelped, getting the closest he had been in a while, his stomach tensing as he prepared to finally let himself go. But the victory had been too sweet and easy and as soon as it was within reach it had been snatched away. "No no no! Please! Baby, please let me cum!" Shane all but cried, feeling his frustration get the better of him.

"Patience, Hollander." Ilya tsked, placing a small kiss on Shane's hip, taking a second to suck a small bruise. He lowered then stood up, ignoring the faint "pop" from his knees protesting the nearly 30 minutes he'd been lying on them. Grabbing Shane's ankles, he repositioned them on his shoulders, extending them and marveling at the way his boyfriend's perfect skin stretched against the carved muscles. "Oh fuck, so perfect for me." Ilya groaned, pulling out the toy Shane had nestled inside him, watching as Shane's hole expanded against the girth and then clenched against nothing, a little pearl of cum spilling out.

“Ah, ahh, please! Please Ilya.” Shane begged, letting his tears slip from his eyes and onto his heated cheeks. He knew that Ilya would eventually reward him with an orgasm from heaven, but this teasing journey he was on had unraveled every nerve ending in Shane’s system, leaving him exposed and overly-sensitive.

“Moya lyubov,” A warm hand caresses Shane’s cheek, wiping the tears and moving to caress him in a soft manner. “Always so pretty for me, so ready to give yourself to me.” Shane melted under the praise, head feeling full and fuzzy, like he was underwater and hearing Ilya talking from far away. He leaned into the touch, placing a soft kiss against the palm of Ilya’s hand.

As Shane was busy nuzzling into his hand, Ilya lined himself up and began pushing in, moving the hand Shane had trapped with his affection and adjusting it so his pointer and middle finger could slip into Shane’s agape mouth. Shane was warm as he always was, hole clenching and adjusting to the nine inches Ilya loved to brag about so much. It was such an incredibly tight fit, he could feel every ridge, enraptured by the tight grip. He bottomed out and Shane threw his head back, spit-slick fingers slipping out of his mouth. “Feel good?”

“Ye-yeah,” he nodded enthusiastically, as if his leaking cock wasn’t a clue to how much he was enjoying it. “Feel so full.”

Ilya gave him a genuine smile, one he knew made him look like a whipped man. He leaned down and captured Shane’s lips in a kiss, smiling between each kiss he placed on Shane. As he began moving, Shane’s kissing became a mess of open mouth huffs and moans, rubbing his cheeks and forehead against Ilya.

“I make you cum now.” Ilya whispered against his neck, sucking tiny little kisses as he began picking up the pace. Shane squirmed under him, wrapping his legs around Ilya’s waist and his arms around his neck, fingers immediately going to their favorite golden curls.

“Faster,” Shane moaned, not even acknowledging that Ilya kept placing hickey after hickey on his neck and collarbone. He went back and kissed Shane’s plump lips again, letting his tongue slip inside and press itself under Shane’s.

With one final messy kiss, Ilya propped himself up and grabbed Shane’s thighs, groaning at the sinful sight of the faint stripes on his skin. His grip tightened as he pulled at the fullness

under his touch, kneading this skin that had stretched to accommodate Shane's body. He felt as Shane was preparing to beg again, and as much as he wanted to hear it, he also loved seeing the surprised moan that ripped through his body and the way he threw his head back, exposing himself. Ilya pushed against the back of his thighs and pressed himself even deeper, resting his weight in shame as he began going fast.

Shane's moans turned into whimpers as he finally came untouched with the unrelenting pressure against his prostate. "Fuck yes, Shane." Ilya grinned, kissing Shane's cheek and nestling himself in the crook of his neck as he kept going, chasing his own relief. Shane's cock made a mess between their bodies, but the bliss of his orgasm finally happening was too high to focus on the stickiness of it all.

Shane soon realized that Ilya wasn't stopping, and the pleasure he was feeling had slowly begun to turn into unrelenting over-sensitivity. But he didn't want Ilya to stop, he wanted to feel the fine line between pleasure and pain as he saw his boyfriend and the man he loved, use his body to get his own pleasure.

"God, Shane!" Ilya moaned loudly, gritting his teeth as his own orgasm came into view. "You were made to take my cock. Look at how breathtaking you look while getting fucked by it."

Ilya's own breathless voice was getting slightly higher by his own impending orgasm, so instead he nestled himself further against Shane's neck and went to town on his skin, focusing on the exact points he knew made Shane squirm.

In an attempt to get comfortable, Ilya shifted and pushed Shane's other leg at an angle that allowed him to go even deeper, eliciting the same moan from both of them. "Oh fuck!" By this point, Shane was holding on for dear life, thanking every god out there and the universe that had destined both of them to end up together. Shane's hands scratched against Ilya's back, nails leaving a little trail behind, and the slight sting on his skin made Ilya groan. If allowed, Ilya would prance around showing off every mark Shane left on him, a feat they only allowed themselves when they were sequestered off in the cabin. Ilya was aware that Shane's brain was too far gone and lost in the fog of pleasure to realize he was marking him up. So Ilya allowed himself to leave behind an array of hickies, a galaxy of blue, purple and red, decorated by the constellation of freckles Shane had around his shoulders.

"I love you," Shane yelped, feeling his second orgasm begin to build at an unprecedented pace. "I love you so fucking much." He felt Ilya halt the attention he had on Shane's skin and looked up, eyes glassy in a mixture of fondness and pleasure.

“Yalyublyu tebya bol'she zhizni,” (I love you more than life itself). Shane picked up what he could from his limited Russian knowledge, but it was enough to understand the sentiment. Ilya gasped as his own orgasm hit him, blurring his senses until all he could think about was Shane... although that wasn't too different to reality.

Shane could feel Ilya empty himself inside, thrusts slowing down but getting sharper and harder. “I love you, Shane.” He said softly, kissing his boyfriend with every ounce of passion he could muster up, letting his tongue slip inside and explore. Shane moaned lowly in his chest, his head was still buzzing and his limbs felt tingly and floaty.

Ilya went to move and pull out but was stopped by a high and needy whine from Shane. “No, don't pull out yet, just stay here for a bit.” Ilya would have to be physically dragged off his boyfriend to ever say no to a request such as that one.

“Okay.” he smiled, kissing Shane's cheek and scoping him up slightly so they could both lie comfortably. Shane himself smiled, nuzzling deeper against Ilya's sweaty chest. When we thought about it, it was insane how much Ilya's love had helped him cope with his anxiety, just a few years ago he remembers complaining about the bed being a mess after having sex, and while it was still on his mind, he was comfortable to ignore it for a while. He could feel himself still twitching in arousal as Ilya laid inside him, snugly fit, even if he was starting to go soft. Ilya had begun to scratch soothing patterns along his skin, nuzzling and placing soft kisses on his hair. Shane knew that he was putty in Ilya's hands, but he was happy to be taken care of and spoiled rotten.

“You still hard, Hollander?” Ilya asked as he took Shane's ear in his mouth, sucking softly at the lobe. Shane moved further into Ilya's touch wanting to be as close as possible, he wanted to merge if that was a possibility. His mouth slacked open with a soft moan when he felt Ilya's hand grasp him, jerking his newly hard cock and swiping his thumb where the precum had begun to build. “I knew you were. Always so greedy and willing to take more, my pretty boy.”

Shane shivered at the praise and threw his head back when Ilya began teasing with his thumb the underside of his dick, sending jolts of electricity down his spine. “Ah- I always-fuck, want more from you.” Ilya began to slowly circle his hips, his own dick regaining blood flow and filling out inside Shane.

“I will always give you more, just ask, moya lyubov.” He grabbed Shane’s chin and turned it at a slightly awkward angle to capture his lips in a messy kiss. They were both fighting the overstimulation of a second round happening so soon after the first one.

“I’m close.” Shane said into the kiss, messily dragging his tongue against Ilya’s teeth, sucking on his bottom lip before breaking apart. “Please cum in me again.”

“Christ, Hollander. Such a vile but pretty little mouth.” Ilya kissed him harshly, seeking Shane’s mouth like it was a saving breath. “Sit back and look pretty.” He smirked as began snapping his hips faster once more, moving his hand to jerk Shane’s dick in tandem. The bed creaked with their movement and Ilya was glad they were at his place, because this much commotion would have woken up half the hotel and the rest of the Montreal team.

Shane’s moans were loud and breathy, sounding like little whimpers as he struggled with the pleasure overtaking his body. Ilya loved those whimpers, it made his brain malfunction and go into overdrive at the same time. It made him want to trap Shane in his bed and pleasure him until they both passed out. He wanted to film them and show everyone the needy little sounds Shane made only for him.

They both came within seconds of each other, and it was no surprise that they fell asleep just minutes after that. Ilya hadn’t noticed the scratch marks until the next morning when Shane left his house earlier to go put up the facade that he had spent the night at his own hotel room.

“Why are you guys celebrating?” One of Shane’s teammates asked.

“Celebrating an early win.” Marlow grinned, slapping Ilya’s shoulder as he forcibly turned him around. More whistles echoed as people reacted to the red claw marks Ilya had across his back, and the one evident hickey Shane had left near Ilya’s collarbone.

“What the fuck is that supposed to mean?” JJ asked, annoyance clearly radiating off.

“Roz here tends to play better when he gets laid, and he wins more when it’s his usual hookup.”

Shane felt shame wash through him. A part of him wanted to shut everyone up and brag that he was the reason Ilya played better after getting laid, that Shane's nails had been the ones responsible for the chaos on Ilya's mole-scattered skin.

"Well," Hayden started and Shane wanted life to swallow him up, because he knew where it was going. "Holzy here got laid too, so we will see who's got a better game."

Shane blushed beet red, but his eyes remained locked with his boyfriend's.

The game ended with a tie and Shane getting fucked into the mattress once more.

Chapter 5: Invitation to The Mile High Club

Chapter Summary

Hayden can only tolerate so much...

Chapter Notes

So sorry for the delayyyyyy, I've been devouring fics and couldn't find the time to sit down and write.

Happy Christmas eve tho!

Also, i was reading back and realized I made it seem like Scott was part of the Voyageurs lol, I stared the first chapter thinking it would be an All starts game thing and then i abandoned that and forgot to change it, i'll go back and adjust it soon.

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

Ever since Hayden found out his best friend was dating the devil incarnate, he kept beating himself up over not noticing what was obvious to anyone with a pair of eyes. He's spent countless nights replaying every interaction he's seen Shane have with Rozanov and he can't believe they had been a thing for such a long time and right under his nose. He still wasn't completely sold on Rozanov, and he probably never would be, but he could try to be civil, at least for Shane. And to be completely frank, Rozanov was not a bad guy, he just had a specific way of knowing how to get under his nerves.

Ilya Rozanov however, was making it extremely hard to like him at the current moment. There had been a pretty bad snow storm in Boston, meaning that both the Bears and the Voyageurs had to share a plane ride to their next destination. The Voyageurs would be going back to Montreal for a home game against the Bears, meaning that Hayden was stuck with Rozanov for the next 12 hours at least. He was friendly with the rest of the Bears, their bad blood only lasted for a few minutes while they were on the ice, so he had no issue with his circumstances. Their delayed flight had kept them waiting at the gate for an extra three hours already, and every player was starting to get antsy and easily annoyed. He saw Marleau snap

at one of his teammates for bouncing their leg, and another one from the Voyageurs had already snapped at Rozanov for his chirpiness.

Shane was sitting in one of the corners trying to read his book, but it was obvious that he was having a hard time, as he kept getting distracted and looking up to coyly smile as Ilya joked around with some of the rookies from both teams. If there was one thing that Hayden was glad came out of having to occasionally hang out with Rozanov was the Shane was the happiest he had ever seen him.

“You know,” Hayden started, plopping down in the seat next to Shane. “If you want to keep your relationship a secret, I would refrain from making heart eyes at your boyfriend.”

Shane’s eyes went wide at the implication, uncrossing his legs and adjusting his posture. “I have no idea what you’re talking about.” He scoffed, closing his book. “I was not making heart eyes at him.”

Hayden laughed, it was endearing to see how flustered Shane got. “It’s fine man, I’m just warning you that you look like a lovesick idiot.”

“Fuck you.” Shane’s eyes couldn’t help themselves as they looked back at Ilya one last time, seeing that huge smile that made his brain light up.

“You might want to wipe the drool from your chin though,” he joked, making Shane wipe at his face even though he knew there was nothing there to begin with. Shane mumbled a loose insult back at him and reopened his book. Hayden decided that he would take a nap, at least that way once he opened his eyes again, they might be boarding a plane.

— — —

Hayden woke up to Shane gently wobbling his knee from side to side. “Cm’on, the plane’s finally boarding.” Hayden sniffed harshly and stood up, still half-asleep and wishing he could be in his bed, next to his wife and children. He opened his passport and waved it across the scanning machine, smiling at the tired woman at the gate and walked down the tunnel. If he hadn’t just slept for a while, he probably would have missed the flash of disappointment that Shane had on his face when Ilya was sitting on the same row as them, but on the other side.

Boarding, i'll text you when we land <3: **Hayden**

Jackie: Love you, thanks for letting me know, the kids send their kisses (Attached was a picture of his two youngest fast asleep on the bed and the two oldest smooching their lips at the camera.

Placing his bag on the overhead compartment and only taking his phone out, Hayden got ready to listen to the latest commentary on their last game, opting not to sleep so he could crash once he got home. He looked to his side and saw Shane vividly blushing at his phone, a small smile he couldn't contain splayed behind the hand that was trying to hide it.

He regretted it as soon as he did it. He had leaned over to tease Shane about what had him blushing like a virgin when he saw Rosanov's dick on Shane's screen. "Oh my-"

Shane flinched like he had been burned and turned an even darker shade of red. Both friends stared at each other in mortification, eyes wide and mouth agape. Hayden hoped the flight offered lobotomies with his drink of choice. Ilya's snort broke them out of their stupor, and the quick vibration from his phone made him regret ever creating that chat.

NHL's Best + Pike

Ilya: Like what you see, Pike? 🍆

Why in the ever loving fuck are you two sexting right now? :**Hayden**

Shane: Pls let's forget this happened!

Ilya: no, I think Hayden liked what he saw but is too shy to admit it...

Dude, shut the fuck up :**Hayden**

Shane: Ilya!!

Also, why the fuck is the chat called that!? :**Hayden**

Ilya: is truth.

I don't understand what Shane sees in you. :**Hayden**

Ilya: passionate lover, can cook and have big cock... he is spoiled 😊😊

I regret ever having met the two of you: **Hayden**

Ilya: Love you too 🍆💖🏳️‍🌈🎉😊

Hayden heard Shane take a shaky breath and turn his phone off, looking out the window in an attempt to calm himself down. Hayden would be damned if he had to sit there and watch more of this go down, so instead of busying himself, he decided sleep would be best.

— — —

Shane's phone buzzed again and he threatened at look at it, not being able to fight the smile when he saw "lily" flash on his screen. He was already mortified at the fact that Ilya had sent him a dick pick while he was in public, but it only doubled when Hayden accidentally saw it. Before opening his phone, Shane made sure Hayden was asleep, and even then, he still shifted his body towards the tiny window, so any potential indecency would be between him, Ilya, and the sky.

Lily

Lily: Meet me in bathroom.

Jane:

WHAT?

Have you lost your mind!? We cannot do that!

Lily: don't be so boring, Hollander

Jane:

I am not sucking your dick on an airplane filled with both of our teams.

Lily: Who said anything about sucking dick?

I have mole on back i need you to check out...

Such a dirty little head...

Shane burned in his seat, looking back up at Ilya from across the row, only to get one of his signature winks. Shane hated (not really), how quickly his body reacted to Ilya's teasing and attention, to Ilya as a whole, actually. He had been ready to pop a boner at the picture he had been sent, it was his raging anxiety that prevented him from embarrassing himself in front of everyone.

Jane:

you have like a thousand moles on your back, asshole

Lily: Da, that is what I plan to have later tonight

Yours specifically

Jane: Stop talking!

Lily: cannot wait to have you on bed, spread open like a five-star meal

Jane: that doesn't even make sense

Lily: pft, that is because you cannot see yourself like that.

Beautiful sight, I could die happy buried between your cheeks

Jane: oh my god

Lily: "Ilya Rozanov, best NHL player in history found dead between Hollander's ass cheeks. Cause of death? Blissful overindulgence."

Jane: where did you even learn these words?

Lily: I read, my head can be used for things other than giving you pleasure

Greedy boy...

Jane: Ilya, stop, I'm being serious.

Lily: 😞

Jane: We're on a plane right now! Just wait a couple of hours

Lily: Fine.

Will keep thoughts about eating you out to myself...

Shane took a deep breath and looked back out at the dark night sky, hoping to calm the burning flame that had erupted in his lower stomach. He was also trying extremely hard not to pop a boner in public. Ilya fed a rush inside Shane's life, it had him feeling more alive than ever, even if their relationship wasn't ideal for his anxiety, it nourished him much more than it could ever be to his detriment. He wished more than anything that their relationship didn't have to be such a controversial topic, that he could love Ilya in public without fearing for both their careers. Maybe one day, they would be able to love each other in the public eye.

— — —

Shane had arrived at his apartment nearly 45 minutes ago, which he had used to put a load of laundry on and take a long shower, cleaning himself properly. He was currently lounging on his bed, scrolling through his phone when he heard the front door click open, followed by a flurry of steps that carried Ilya's frame up the stairs until he was at the doorframe to Shane's room, looking at him like a wolf that had been starved for months.

"Game got cancelled." Ilya spoke softly, kicking off his shoes and sliding down his black joggers. "Snow storm supposed to come early in morning." He ripped his shirt off and crawled on the bed, grabbing Shane's ankle and pulling on it, earning a yelp from him.

"I'm glad you used your key," Shane whispered against Ilya's lips, planting a soft kiss against them. He would never grow tired of how good it felt to kiss Ilya, it felt like coming home. They had exchanged house keys a few months back, and it excited Shane every time they were able to use them.

"I'm glad I have you all to myself for the next 24 hours." They both smiled into the kiss, skin warm and lips tingling. "Now, I had promised myself a meal before I go to sleep." Ilya grinned, kissing Shane deeply until he felt the man melt under his touch.

Ilya placed his hands on Shane's hips and flipped him around, propping up his hips with one of the many decorative pillows and pulling down the boxer shorts he was sporting. "Fuck, Ilya." Shane shivered in anticipation, feeling his dick fill out and ache under him.

“I’m glad Pike doesn’t get to see this,” Ilya spoke, massaging Shane’s ass and leaning down to place an array of kisses down Shane’s spine. “This is only for my eyes.” He grinned and spread Shane open, spitting directly at the puckered hole, earning a breathy gasp from Shane. He leaned in and got comfortable on his stomach, licking a stripe across Shane’s entrance.

“Fuck, baby.” Shane whimpered, pushing back against Ilya’s touch as his pleasure began building.

Ilya’s tongue pushed past the muscle and they both moaned in unison, Ilya’s hands digging into the meat of Shane’s asscheeks, pulling them apart and kneading them like dough. He pulled back and spat against it again, “No one else gets to see you like this, only me.”

Shane nodded, completely blissed out. “M’only for you.”

Ilya felt a spark of electricity shoot down his spine, he was torn between wanting to showcase Shane off to everybody and brag about how he was his forever, and keeping him all to himself, like a princess in a tower. While his mouth went back to pleasuring Shane, one of his hands shifted to palm himself, groaning at the relief he got from it.

“More.” Shane whined, a subtle sheen of sweat starting to adorn his hairline. “I need more.”

Ilya would have had to be mentally insane to deny such a request, which is why he removed the hand he had been using to palm himself and used one finger to push past his tongue, enjoying the effect it had on his boyfriend. Ilya had been mostly fucking with Shane while on the plane, since he enjoyed seeing his uptight boyfriend get all flustered, stuttering over his words and unable to hide the coloring on his cheeks. However, he had *not* joked about being happy if he died eating Shane out. It would be a champion’s death, he was sure of that.

“God, Hollander.” Ilya groaned, he bit his cheek softly, mostly just nipping at the skin and sucking some hickies as he added a second finger. “So good for me.” He planted another kiss and returned his mouth to toy at the rim. Ilya’s own dick was aching against the mattress, getting only little bits of relief from rubbing against the soft material.

“Need you in me, please!” Shane begged, knowing his boyfriend got off on it, thrived on hearing Shane’s meek voice beg for him.

Ilya however, had other plans. Plans that included Shane cumming multiple times until he passed out. So instead of giving in and sinking inside like he so desperately wanted, Ilya began curling his fingers, hitting the spot that made Shane’s back arch and his mind go completely blank.

“Ohmygod-“ Shane was gripping onto the pillow under him, cursing and pushing back against Ilya’s fingers and tongue. “Ilya, baby, I’m gonna cum.” He whimpered desperately, losing every ounce of control he had, forfeiting control over his body to Ilya.

Ilya didn’t even get to answer Shane as he felt when his boyfriend came hands free, grip tightening on his fingers as his cock dribbled ropes of cum on the comforter. “Fuuuck,” Ilya rasped, pulling back and looking at the mess he was responsible for. “Such a pretty boy.”

He heard Shane whimper something muffled against the pillows, his breath still coming fast. Ilya draped himself over Shane’s back and pulled him to the side, kissing his cheek and nibbling on his earlobe. “My turn.” He whispered. He moved his arm to what was now considered his side of the bed and blindly grabbed the lube bottle, squirting an obscene amount on Shane’s thighs.

“Wha-?” Shane began to question but moaned as Ilya placed his cock between Shane’s thighs and closed them, capturing his dick between the hot skin. He began to thrust sloppily and fast, losing the rhythm he normally had.

“Fuck, Shane! Feel so good.”

“Jesus Christ.”

Shane could feel the pull in his lower belly swoop over in waves of pleasure, his own dick twitching in interest as if he hadn’t just had an orgasm less than a minute ago. The rub of Ilya’s cock against his thighs, so close to his balls and hole but not enough to touch, was far too overwhelming.

“Love using you like a fuck doll,” he began, taking Shane’s earlobe in his mouth. “Always too good for me.”

Shane nodded enthusiastically, his brain having given up on forming words. “This is so fucking hot, Ilya.”

Ilya nodded in agreement, breathing harshly against Shane’s neck as he snapped his hips harder, orgasm within grasp. It took Shane squeezing his thighs to suppress his own pleasure, for Ilya to cum all over those strong thighs. “God, fuckk.”

The room felt too warm and stuffy as they both came down from their highs, Shane having been turned on all over again. He pushed against Ilya, wanting more but not having the ability to speak just yet.

“*Blyat*, give me two minutes.” Ilya laughed, pressing his forehead against Shane’s shoulder, leaving a little kiss too.

An hour later, Ilya and Shane stepped out of the shower to a steamed bathroom. Ilya had kept on his promises and fucked Shane promptly after his first orgasm only to then drop to his knees and blow him until his last orgasm of the night. Shane’s brain had gone foggy and quiet as he leaned against the cool counter, watching as his boyfriend stripped the sheets from the bed.

“We need to put towel down more often.” Ilya joked, earning a soft smile from Shane. Shane thought that this would be enough for him. He didn’t need a massively successful career and adoring fans when he had a man who loved him beyond words right in his home, currently stripping the bed at midnight because he knew Shane loathed the thought of dry cum on them as they slept.

As Ilya finished and walked back to the bathroom and grabbed Shane’s chin, pushing it up to look him straight in the eyes. “You okay, *moya lyubov*?”

Shane nodded as he looked up at the man he loved. “M’ tired.” Ilya smiled and kissed his hairline.

“Let’s go to bed.”

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed! Let me know what you thought!

ps. hayden's discovery of hollanov sexting does not count as the +1, bc that's just an ordinary day for him

Chapter 6: Don't Worry About It

Chapter Summary

They're each other's safe space, not just the person that knows their pleasure inside and out.

Chapter Notes

This fucking show has left me with an aching heart in the best way possible. I haven't felt this way about a queer show since the first season of Young Royals. There's something so healing for the soul about watching happy endings for queer people on TV.

I literally own my heart and soul to Jacob, Hudson, Connor and Rachel. Thank you for creating something so beautiful and being so protective over it.

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

+1

Ilya and Shane were used to the stolen moments, the few hours of rushed kisses and frantic hands every few weeks. Ever since they had become an official couple, those moments apart became harder than they had been in the past. They had finally allowed themselves to be free of their fears and it seemed more gutwrenching than normal to have to be apart for their work. Ilya loved Shane wholly and unabashedly, a waterfall of suffocating love that wrapped Shane in the security he longed for all those years. In return, Shane had pried open the lock that held Ilya's heart, he allowed him to feel fully and in the open, he no longer had to hide his feelings.

Many nights were spent cuddling each other after they'd had sex, Shane's head on Ilya's chest or vice versa. They were both incredibly touchy, as if they'd never have enough of the other, and the best thing was that it wasn't purely sexual. Ilya for instance, sought solace in mainly touching Shane. When he was having a particularly harsh day and the memory of his mom seemed to fade away more, Ilya would lie his head on Shane's lap and gently kiss his knee, allowing Shane to rub soothing circles among his curls.

“There was this time when I was sick and she stayed with me all day, even though she got sick too. She cuddled me in bed and fed me soup.” He sniffled, the memory was so vivid in his mind he allowed himself to pretend, if only for a second, that Shane’s hand was his mother’s. “She read to me and told me stories of when she was little.”

Shane’s chest felt tight every time Ilya recounted memories of his mother. He wished more than anything that he could meet the woman responsible for raising the love of his life. He wished Ilya still had his mother; that she would have a house down the road from them, and that they would have Sunday dinners with both of their parents.

“I would have loved to meet her.” Shane whispered into the quiet room, the sound of the fire crackling in their living room the only other sound. He felt Ilya’s breath hitch as he tried to suppress a sob.

“I told you when I came to the cottage the first time,” He stared, voice shaky with the threat of tears. “She would have loved you.”

Ilya sobbed quietly as Shane kept rubbing soothing circles on the side of his face. Ilya’s hand, which had been kept close to his own chest, clutching his cross, moved to pull Shane’s hand to his lips, placing a soft kiss and moving it so they were both clutching the cross.

On other days, when Shane’s anxiety got the better of him and he was specifically rigid with his diet, Ilya would run him a bath, making sure to get in behind Shane to drape him across his chest. With each passing second, Ilya would feel Shane come back down to earth, return to the happy and giddy man Ilya had fallen in love with.

Shane laid against Ilya’s warm chest, the dimmed lights making his eyes flutter with the threat of falling asleep. Ilya had been especially sweet that night, doting on him and making Shane’s comfort dinner. Looking back, it was ironic that tuna melts had become their go-to dish for comfort, especially when that day had caused so much hurt and turmoil in both of them. For Shane though, it represented the day he realized Ilya was it for him, even if it had been terrifying and at the time his fears made him run away from him. It was the day Shane felt safe and loved, the day he was sure his heart beat in tune with Ilya’s.

“Okay?” Ilya asked, placing a soft kiss on Shane’s shoulder. The water was still warm enough, but they had maybe ten more minutes till it turned cold. Shane melted into the touch,

basically purring at the sweetness his boyfriend was providing him with.

“Mhm,” he nodded, genuinely feeling like he had been able to unload 50 lbs of weight off his shoulders. The Voyageurs had lost their latest game, his flight had been delayed, and against better judgement, Shane had scrolled through social media and let other’s negativity bring him down.

“People don’t know you, the real you.” Ilya squeezed him tighter, resting his chin where he had just placed a kiss on Shane’s shoulder. “They know you as hockey legend, and they might think they love you, but never like those close to you.”

“Ilya-”

“Don’t let people’s parasocial behavior bring you down.”

Shane turned his head and gently kissed Ilya’s lips. “Where did you learn that term?”

“Weib gave us a small chat one day about it.” Ilya’s voice was quiet and scratchy against Shane’s ear, soothing him even further. “I think he meant it for the rookies, but it helped me too.”

“I love you.”

“I love you more.”

Neither man could imagine their life without each other. It had taken so long for them to get to the current point in their relationship, then any moment apart made them reconsider their careers even more. Which is why whenever they *were* together, they were attached at the hip. The establishing of the Irina Foundation had allowed them to spend even more time together, especially when they were both in Canada, either in their respective homes or at the cottage.

— — —

Shane parked his car outside of Ilya's house, furrowing his eyebrows as he realized his boyfriend's car was missing from the driveway, yet he could tell there was someone inside. Ilya had texted him a few minutes ago letting him know he was home. They saw each other much more often ever since Ilya moved to the Ottawa Centaurs, but it was not nearly enough for Shane not to get giddy and have a racing heartbeat at the prospect of holding his partner.

Shane knew something was up when he tuned in to listen to the game on his drive from Montreal and heard mid-way through that Ilya had been harshly rocked against the boards by another player and had caused Ilya to break his nose, at least that is what the commentators had said. His heart had been in his throat for the rest of the drive, waiting patiently until he got a call or text. Midway through the third period, a large traffic jam trapped Shane in the middle of the highway, as he learned that a two-car collision three miles ahead had stopped everyone in their tracks.

An hour later, Shane was itching in his seat, heart still threatening to spill out of his throat when he got a call from Ilya.

"Hello?"

"Shaaane!" Ilya chirped happily, clearly high off whatever painkiller they had given him.

"Ilya! Oh my god, are you okay?"

Ilya giggled on the other side of the line and Shane could hear someone else speaking. "Did you accidentally call Hollander?"

"Nooooooo!" Ilya slurred in response. "I called m'boyfriend."

"Ilya!" Shane called back, not knowing who else was on the line with him. "Who is there with you?"

“Mhm, s’ just *Weeebe*,” he slurred again, his accent thick like the first day they had met.

“Put him on.”

“Nooo,” he complained, and Shane could only imagine the way his perfect lips were held in a tight pout. “Wanna talk to you, miss your pretty face.”

Shane’s decidedly *pretty* face was currently on fire at the implication that Wiebe could be hearing this entire conversation. He then heard some shuffling and Ilya’s phone being dragged against some fabric until the other voice spoke again.

“Shane, this is Coach Wiebe. Ilya doesn’t have a broken nose, it just bled like crazy, but he does have a minor concussion. The doctors have cleared him and gave him some good meds, as you can tell.”

“Thank you for letting me know.”

“Anytime.”

“Uhh, about Ilya calling me,” Shane began, feeling like he had to say something.

“Hey, it’s cool, Ilya was just calling his *friend* to update him on his status.” Shane isn’t the best in social situations, he often fumbles awkwardly through small talk or misses social cues, but there was a clear change in Wiebe’s intonation when he said “friend.”

Shane was searching his head for something to say when Wiebe spoke up again. “I suppose that as Ilya’s *friend* you’re on your way here?”

“Yeah, about an hour and a half away.”

Wiebe nodded and made an agreeing sound. “Okay, I’ll take him back to his place.”

“Thank you!” Shane managed to get out, he heard Ilya complain about not being able to talk to him until the call suddenly dropped, an indication that his boyfriend had tried to get his phone back from his coach.

Shane immediately called his mom and stayed with her on the phone for about half an hour, talking to her about his deepest fears at the moment and his anxiety over Ilya accidentally outing them. He obviously tells her that the coach seemed fine and actually tried to sooth Shane into believing their life about only being friends. “Sweetie, don’t jump to the worst case scenario, take a deep breath.” That’s the mantra Shane kept repeating until he parked his car in the gravel driveway of Ilya’s house.

He got out of his car, duffle bag in his arm and keys already in his hand, the dread inside his head growing with each second. As soon as he opened the door and pushed past the cold air and into the warm home, he was met with the low sound of the TV. Ilya’s head snapped towards the door, regretting his harsh movements when his head began pounding.

“Moya lyubov” he groaned into the pillow sluggishly, throwing himself back against the warm couch as waiting for Shane to come to him. Shane turned the corner and spotted Coach Wiebe sitting in one of the armchairs. Shane was split between going to shake Wiebe’s hand first or greeting Ilya. He was unsure of how to even greet his boyfriend, although he was sure there wasn’t much to hide as Ilya was pouting his lips and Shane and holding out his arms.

With a deep sigh Shane dropped his bag and welcomed Ilya’s embrace, holding him close and kissing his head of curly locks and his warm forehead. “I’m glad you’re okay.” He meant it too, while the panic of someone knowing about them was still present in his brain, the fact that Ilya was sitting in front of him in one piece and only slightly high was like a waterfall had washed away all the possible worst case scenarios.

“He’s still kinda out of it, as you can see.” Wiebe spoke, standing up from his chair and collecting the small bag he had been carrying. “I’m sure you’re no stranger to the procedure after a concussion; no screens for the first few days, and he should take it easy.”

Shane nodded and looked back at the couch where Ilya was clinging to his hand like a koala bear, eyes closed and mumbling something unintelligible in Russian. “Thank you, I really

appreciate it. “

“No worries,” Wiebe smiled and chuckled at the domesticated sight of Ilya Rozanov. “He kept insisting that he wanted to watch the replay of his game, we compromised on only listening to it. I’ll drop off his car tomorrow.”

“Thank you again,” he paused, trying to find the words in his brain. “And about *this*...” he motioned with his other hand to the both of them.

“I won’t say anything, don’t worry, I’m happy for you both.” He smiled tightly and made his way to the large front door.

Shane looked back down at Ilya, who had moved and was now looking at him with those lovesick eyes Shane loved so much. “Okay, you big baby, let’s get you to bed.” Ilya’s eyes turned half-lidded and shifted to grab Shane by the hips, hands fumbling with the button.

Shane huffed and lightly slapped Ilya’s hands away. “ You cannot suck my dick right now.”

Ilya pouted and whined, resting his head against Shane’s stomach. “Pleaseeeee, I will feel better.”

“Ilya you have a head injury! You should not be bobbing your head on anything.” Ilya huffed and looked up at Shane, trying out his best ‘Shane eyes’ as he would often describe.

“Let’s go to bed and maybe we can talk about this tomorrow.

After finally convincing Ilya to follow him to his room without the promise of sex, Shane left to get his bag and begin prepping for Ilya’s next dose of pain killers or the inevitable migraine that would come at any second. He grabbed Ilya’s favorite reusable water bottle that he had stolen from Shane’s own collection in his apartment, and filled it up, placing it on his bedside table. When he returned from brushing his teeth, Ilya was fast asleep with his mouth already slightly open.

Shane smiled warmly at the sight as he got under the covers, kissing Ilya softly on the lips before turning off his own lamp and letting himself fall asleep too. It might not have been the weekend either of them were expecting, but Shane wouldn't trade a single moment with his boyfriend for anything in the world, even if he was high on meds and a horny pain in the ass.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you all enjoyed my first Hollanov work, i had a blast writing this and I definitely won't be going anywhere... I have a list of ideas i need to get through after all :)

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