

heart on my sleeve (not where it should be)

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by [thatgayprince](#)

Summary

Hollander had made one attempt to give back his clothes a year or so ago but Ilya had brushed him off with an excuse he couldn't remember now. Hollander hadn't asked again. And Ilya liked seeing Hollander in his clothes- or well, he didn't usually see them on Hollander, but knowing that he had them was enough. Ilya didn't have an explanation why he liked it so much. He tended not to think about it too much.

- or: 5 times they wear something of each other secretly and one time they take it off

Notes

hiii new fandom omg

i'm just gonna introduce myself by saying. i'm a yapper. so this author's note might get a bit long lol. but hi nice to meet you!

this little fic was supposed to be "short and sweet" - 8k max i told myself. we're at 18k now and i only have the last chapter left to write so. my guess is gonna be 25k. well. if you know me you won't be surprised by that.

but let me set you the scene of how i ended up here. two weeks ago someone used one of hudson williams' tweets to talk about one of my fics and i was like who the fuck is that guy. and then my lovely friends [erica](#) and [chantel](#) used that opportunity to indoctrinate me.

erica has since confessed to plotting to create a monster: "i sent you that wrap party video of them on the floor knowing it would get you intrigued. my whole plan was to get you into heated rivalry so you would start writing fics so i wouldn't have to go searching for other fics. i could just get piping hot deliciousness delivered straight to my door." - it clearly worked. i read heated rivalry and the long game in two days and wrote most of this fic before the premiere of the show last friday. i haven't been the same since, i feel so feral about shane and ilya

so like i said in the tags, this is book canon compliant, basically adding missing scenes to the timeline we see in the book (and ho boy let me tell you it's HARD to keep track of this massive timeline)

erica and chanel helped beta this fic as well as my ride or die [tiff](#) who's read the book through my extensive live reaction and "doesn't even go here" but if you have a question about the book and ask him - he'll know the answer lmao

also this is me coming back to smut writing after over a year which is so exciting honestly especially bc usually when i come into new fandoms it takes me a while to get into smut writing - but i guess hollanov made it easy lmfao

title is taken from my moon my man by feist - to keep with the canadian theme! this is my love letter to canada which is already my home at heart and will hopefully be my home for real in the near future

as i said, most of this is written already so there will be regular updates! next one on thursday most likely! (that one's gonna have smut!)

i hope you enjoy <3

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

Chapter 1: February 2010 — Whistler

Chapter Notes

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

1: February 2010 — Whistler

The 2010 Winter Olympics. Shane couldn't quite believe that he was actually here. Not as an Olympic athlete — not yet — but as a visitor this time around. His parents had surprised him with this trip after he'd been drafted for the NHL. "To get a taste of what it'll be like when you're on Team Canada." Not *if*, but *when*. Shane couldn't fucking wait.

He looked around himself, taking it all in. There was an undeniable buzz in the air that made him giddy with excitement. He'd ditched his parents, who were only interested in the hockey tournament and were doing sightseeing until the qualification playoffs started in two days. But Shane had wanted to experience the whole deal so he'd made the trip from Vancouver to Whistler to watch some of the alpine skiing competitions.

With all that excitement about *being* at the Olympics, Shane could almost forget that he was actually freezing. *Almost*. He'd stupidly left his toque and gloves at the hotel in his haste to experience the Games. There was nothing he could do about that now, except shove his hands as deeply as possible into the pockets of his coat and hunch his shoulders against the icy wind and wet snow.

As Shane was awaiting the beginning of the competition, he let his eyes wander around the crowd. Despite the terrible weather, everyone was in high spirits, cheering and waving their countries' flags. It was contagious. There was a huge smile on his face when he joined in with a holler of his own, his hands cupping his mouth.

He dropped his arms back to his side, his jaw going slack in surprise when he met a familiar hazel gaze. Familiar because he'd been obsessing over those eyes too much in the last couple weeks.

Shame and heat coiled in his stomach, and Shane quickly averted his gaze. When he looked back a second later, just to make sure that his eyes hadn't deceived him, Rozanov's lips were pulled into that infuriating smirk that had fuelled one too many of Shane's dreams.

Fuck.

"Hollander!" greeted Rozanov a moment later once he'd pushed through the crowd towards him. He slapped a hand to Shane's shoulder, resting it there for a moment and squeezing a little before taking the touch away.

Shane squeezed his eyes shut, his heart thudding loudly in his chest. He hoped Rozanov couldn't hear it. "Rozanov," he replied, breathless. His eyes flitted to him, and then away again, before being drawn right back. His cheeks felt warm despite the biting cold.

Rozanov was bundled up appropriately for the weather, much more so than Shane, and Shane was a bit envious of that. Maybe if Rozanov wrapped his arms around him and held him- *no*.

"You want to experience the Olympics to know what you will never have?" Rozanov asked conversationally.

Shane huffed, his breath coming out in white puffs. "I'll be an Olympic medallist before you," he replied, and he was sure the words would've hit harder if Shane's teeth weren't chattering.

"You are cold," Rozanov said, an annoying furrow in his brow.

"Shut up, I'm not," Shane bit back, stuffing his freezing fingers deeper into his pocket.

Around them, the crowd cheered loudly when the first athlete went down the slope.

Rozanov didn't let it go, nudging his arm against Shane's. "Why did you not bring hat?"

Shane's breath caught at the minuscule touch, hot even through the layers they were wearing. He ground his teeth together forcefully, focusing his gaze on the athlete coming down the slope rapidly.

"You will freeze," Rozanov insisted as if there was anything Shane could do about that that didn't involve heading back to the hotel. Why was he even here? This was the last place he had expected to run into Rozanov and it untethered Shane to stand next to Rozanov in a context that didn't involve hockey. "Is no fun, Hollander. Wanna see your face when I beat you in our first NHL game against each other."

Shane flushed, heat licking across his body. Rozanov's voice was so... gravelly. Masculine. He refused to look at him. "Keep dreaming, Rozanov," he hissed through chattering teeth, which took away any potential at viciousness. *Goddammit.*

"Take this," Rozanov said, and Shane's eyes snapped to him. He watched in horror as Rozanov took off his stupid toque that looked warm and cozy and fucking perfect. Rozanov's curls framed his face roguishly, and really, it was just unfair that he seemed to be immune to hat hair. "Here," Rozanov insisted, pushing the toque against Shane's chest when Shane didn't make a move to grab it.

Shane blinked his eyes away from Rozanov's infuriatingly perfect face and glared down at the offending piece of clothing. At Rozanov's palm against his chest. Shane wondered if he could feel his angrily pounding heart. "I don't need your toque," he growled, hating how much he really, *really* wanted to take it.

Rozanov dropped his hand, his face scrunching up in confusion. "What the fuck is a... *toque*?" He asked, his lips forming carefully around the unfamiliar word. Shane was a little bit obsessed with it.

His lips quirked slightly despite himself, and he waved his hand at the toque in explanation. His icy cold fingers brushed against the leather of Rozanov's gloves briefly, and with a flash of embarrassment, Shane wished Rozanov wouldn't wear gloves in that moment.

"Is a beanie, no?" Rozanov pointed out, a stubborn set to his square jaw. *If Shane pressed his fingers to it, would he feel the tension there?*

Shane bit the inside of his lip, hard, ripping his eyes away from Rozanov's jaw. He broke into a full smile then. "It's the Canadian way to say it!" He explained, delighted at the deep frown on Rozanov's face.

"English is stupid," he said, shaking his head in disapproval.

"You'll get the hang of it," he offered but couldn't help but chuckle.

The sound died on his lips when Rozanov took a step closer, and unceremoniously placed the toque on Shane's head, pulling it carefully over his ears.

Shane stood frozen for a second, his gaze on Rozanov's sparkling one and then down to that infuriating little smirk, the soft curve of those lips. Shane licked his own lips before he forced his gaze away and tried to squirm away from Rozanov. "What are you doing!" He hissed, breathless. "Someone will see!" The toque was as cozy as it looked, still retaining some of Rozanov's body heat.

Rozanov rolled his eyes, arranging the toque on Shane's head to his liking. Cold leather swooped against the shell of Shane's ear, and he let out a small, embarrassing gasp he hoped Rozanov didn't hear. Rozanov's fingers pressed against his neck before he dragged his touch away. "Is cold, don't be dumb. No one cares." As if to make a point, he stepped away and gestured towards the crowd that was enraptured by the competition in front of them.

Shane swayed slightly, his body wanting to step back into Rozanov's space before his brain caught up. He was in *so much* trouble.

A part of him, the traitorous part of his brain, wondered if in this relative anonymity he could just fall into Rozanov — to give in to that *craving* he'd felt since their draft day, to feel Rozanov's lips against his. Get him out of his system for good. Start his NHL career with a clear head.

Shane shook his head decidedly, turning towards the slopes. What he *should* be doing was walk away from Rozanov. There was no reason to stay. They hadn't come here together, and they had absolutely no obligations towards each other, except-

Except Shane was wearing Rozanov's toque, and it really would be quite rude to just walk away with that. And now that he *was* getting some warmth back into his body, he was reluctant to give the toque back to Rozanov. *Just five minutes longer*, he told himself.

Five minutes passed, and then five more, and Rozanov hadn't said another word to him, and neither had Shane. It was awkward and electrifying, and Shane felt hot all over which had absolutely nothing to do with the toque on his head.

Shane had no idea who was in the lead in the competition, and really did it even matter when Rozanov stood close enough that their arms nearly brushed, and if he concentrated hard enough, he could almost feel the heat radiating off of Rozanov. Did it really matter when Shane could almost imagine them holding hands in this anonymous crowd. What would it feel like to have Rozanov's large hands on his body, Shane wondered, rough callouses against heated skin, around-

On the slope, one of the skiers took a crash landing, a gasp rippling through the crowd. Shane reached for Rozanov's arm unthinkingly, wincing. "*Oof*," he exhaled quietly, watching the competitor get back up almost instantly. No matter the sport, it was always a relief when someone recovered quickly from a crash.

It took Shane a moment to realize the position he suddenly found himself in, his wide eyes landing on Rozanov's amused expression. There was something... *soft* in his eyes.

God, they were close. Shane could count every mole on Rozanov's face, could almost feel the flutter of Rozanov's long lashes against his own cheeks. His stupidly soft looking lips pulled up in a smirk that made Shane's stomach drop.

"Okay?" Rozanov asked, too quietly, his eyes seemingly dropping to Shane's lips. He wouldn't- *would he?*

Shane gasped, forcefully pulling himself away from Rozanov. They couldn't- not here, not ever.

The Olympian who'd taken a fall was back on his feet, skiing down the rest of the slope buoyed by the supportive cheering of the crowd. Shane joined in on the cheering, his heart pounding.

Rozanov let out his own holler and when he dropped his arm back down to his side, the side of his hand brushed against Shane's, and it almost felt intentional when his pinkie curled around Shane's briefly. *Almost*.

Chapter End Notes

i hope you liked it! send me some love in the form of comments and kudos and bookmarks, and come yell to me about hollanov on tumblr [@prince-simon](#)!

Chapter 2: October 2012 — Boston

Chapter Notes

hello hello!

thank you soooo much for all the love on the first chapter it really made me so so happy!!!!

i don't have a lot to say about this chapter except three disclaimers:

1. smut starts now. this fic turned out to have a lot more smut than i expected which shouldn't be surprising bc this is hollanov after all. i hope you enjoy! it was so fun to write smut again hehe
2. the clothes sharing part of this fic? well. it *is* there. technically. ksskks
3. this was written before the show aired so any back arches are my own and not related to 23mil views lmaooooo

once again thank you to my lovely friends and beta readers [chantel](#), [tiff](#) and [erica](#) who i can always count on hyping me up or bullying me accordingly. i love you so much.

now enjoy ilya's pov which was terrifying to dive into but i think i did a good job! see you at the end!

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

2: October 2012 — Boston

Ilya would have been decidedly more upset about the loss against Montreal if it wasn't for Hollander roughly pulling him into his hotel room the second he knocked on the door. He'd been so ready to let out all his pent up aggression about having spent the last couple of months in Russia dealing with his asshole family on Hollander.

As it was, he'd fully expected Hollander to not even give him the time of day anymore, that he'd finally come to his senses and was ready to end this dangerous game they were playing. They hadn't seen each other since before the start of playoffs in May that had frustratingly ended too soon for both their teams once again.

But then Hollander had messaged him his room number, and now he was kissing Ilya like a starving man, and before the door was even fully closed, he'd honest to God ripped open Ilya's shirt, making buttons tumble to the ground.

"Fuck... Hollander," Ilya groaned, when Hollander dropped to his knees, frantic fingers scrambling to open Ilya's pants.

Hollander nipped and licked and kissed along his hipbone, as if he'd die if he didn't have his mouth on Ilya. Ilya was pretty sure Hollander's mouth would leave behind some marks — the thought of that made a moan tumble past his lips, his hips jerking in anticipation.

He sighed in relief when Hollander finally managed to unbutton his pants, pushing them down with his boxer briefs, and cool air hit him.

Hollander's lips brushed scorching hot against his skin, but it was when he murmured, "missed- *fuck*, *need* you," that Ilya knew he would not last long at all. He absolutely loved when Hollander got like this: when he forgot himself, and took what he wanted. *Needed*. It surprised Ilya time and time again to realize that as much as Ilya thought *he* was in charge, Hollander was able to turn it around on him in seconds.

Hollander buried his nose into the coarse hair at the base of Ilya's cock before he flattened his tongue against his hard length and licked his way up to the tip, his gorgeous lips wrapping around Ilya.

"Yes... like that," Ilya said on a breath, falling back against the door. Hollander instantly followed the movement, making Ilya chuckle at the eagerness. Hollander took him deeper, and Ilya cupped his face in his hand, his thumb brushing over those damned freckles.

Hollander's eyes fluttered open and he met his gaze, holding it. It was too much but Ilya couldn't look away, not when his eyes were so big and hazy with sex. He loved and hated how he didn't seem to be able to recreate this feeling with anyone else but Hollander.

"Couldn't wait to get your slutty mouth on me," Ilya groaned, unsure if he was accusing Hollander or talking about himself. He buried his other hand in Hollander's hair. He wanted

to pull on it, push into the tantalizing warmth of Hollander's mouth, but he forced himself to hold still instead.

Hollander made a sound around him that sent torturous vibrations up Ilya's cock. He bucked his hips, moaning a soft, "sorry," as he pressed back against the door in an attempt to keep still.

Hollander's fingers dug into his hips, maybe hard enough to leave bruises. He bobbed his head a couple of times, his lips tight around Ilya before he pulled off suddenly. Ilya just so stopped himself from giving an embarrassing whine. "You can," Hollander said, voice gravelly, his breathing coming out ragged. *Ilya* had done that, *Ilya* had ruined him — he was almost certain he was the only one able to do that to Hollander. He felt a little bit cocky about it. "Fuck my- my mouth," Hollander finally got out, a gorgeous blush climbing into his freckled cheeks.

Ilya managed a lazy smirk, raising his eyebrows. "Is your reward for winning the game?" He teased, licking his lips.

Hollander's gaze followed the movement. His nod was almost imperceptible. *God*, he really did love sucking cock, it was driving Ilya insane.

"Get on with it then," Ilya said loftily, tightening his grip in his hair to guide him back to his cock.

Hollander wrapped one hand around the base of Ilya's cock, poking his tongue out to lick the slit before taking him all the way into his mouth. Ilya only vaguely noticed how Hollander's other hand pressed down on his own erection.

And then Ilya hit the back of Hollander's throat, making him lose any coherence or composure he still had. With his hand still in Hollander's hair and the other one cupping his jaw again, Ilya held him in place as he snapped his hips violently, chasing his own release. Hollander moaned around him in encouragement, taking him so well.

When Ilya noticed tears trickling from the corners of Hollander's eyes, he halted his movements- or well, *tried to*, but Hollander's hand reached for his hip, indicating for him to continue.

"Close..." Ilya warned a moment later, tugging on Hollander's hair slightly. "Hollander... I'm..."

Hollander pulled off of him just when Ilya came with a breathless shout, his come painting Hollander's cheeks and chin.

"*Fuck*, oh god... I..." Ilya panted, lacking the words in both English and Russian to say how phenomenal of an orgasm this had been. And Hollander- he looked absolutely... "Gorgeous," Ilya gasped, sinking down to the floor, and then crawling across the small space between him and Hollander where he was still kneeling. "You are..." Ilya murmured, his brain fizzing too much to form proper sentences. He held Hollander's face in his hands to wipe the come away and then cleaned his hands on his ruined shirt before he kissed Hollander roughly.

Hollander moaned into the kiss, the sound almost a whimper, and Ilya pushed him back until he was lying on his back and Ilya was looming over him. "I got you," he promised, leaning down to kiss Hollander again, who reciprocated eagerly. Ilya made quick work of his pants, not even bothering to pull them all the way down before he shoved his hand into Hollander's boxer briefs and took him into his hand.

Hollander's back arched off the ground, nonsensical words tumbling from his lips paired with Ilya's name like a prayer. After only a couple of tugs, Hollander came with a broken off moan, biting Ilya's lip in the process.

Ilya tasted blood in his mouth, and he let out a disbelieving laugh as he kept gently stroking Hollander through his orgasm until he squirmed away weakly from his touch. "That was..." Ilya whispered into the crook of Hollander's neck, brushing his lips teasingly against the sweat slick skin.

Hollander shuddered under him, his fingers tangling in the hair at the back of Ilya's neck. "Yeah," he said breathlessly, nudging Ilya's head slightly until their lips found their way back together in an open-mouthed, lazy kiss.

Ilya couldn't quite believe he'd gone without this for five months. No one kissed like Shane Hollander did — none of the women Ilya had been with in the meantime compared to Hollander's eagerness, his desperation. And that was fucking dangerous, Ilya knew, but how was he supposed to stop this when Hollander was so pliant and fucked out under him, giving him exactly what he needed?

"Will you fuck me tonight?" Hollander asked, his voice shot from Ilya's cock down his throat. It was enough to ignite the familiar heat low in Ilya's belly again. He rolled his hips into Hollander's tentatively, laughing when he hissed quietly.

Ilya traced his lips from Hollander's jaw up to his ear, catching the lobe between his teeth carefully. "Can you take more?"

"Please," was punched out of Hollander and he froze for a moment, clearly embarrassed at how needy he was. "Been thinking about this," he admitted, barely more than a breath.

Ilya smirked, humming softly. "Me too," he whispered back. "Maybe in bed, yes?"

Hollander gave a small laugh, still grinning when he pulled Ilya back in for another kiss.

Ilya stepped out of his pants and discarded his tattered shirt right there by the door to walk into the hotel room. He fell down on the mattress, leaning up on his elbows to watch Hollander take off his own shirt. He folded it carefully and put it aside, making Ilya roll his eyes much too fondly.

When he was just as meticulous about his pants, Ilya threw his head back and groaned, "Get over here, Hollander!"

Just in his boxer briefs now, Hollander stood awkwardly, his typical shyness radiating off of him — even when he'd just had Ilya's dick in his mouth; even when Ilya was lounging on the

bed stark naked. He was so stupid.

"Come here," Ilya repeated softer, gesturing his hand towards Hollander.

Hollander crawled on the bed, and Ilya pulled him between his legs. With a hand to the small of Hollander's back, he coaxed him close enough to bring their lips back together.

The kiss turned filthy quickly with their tongues sliding together hotly. Hollander made soft sounds of approval, his hands exploring Ilya's body.

When he started rolling his hips into Ilya's, Ilya smirked. "You want me to fuck you," it wasn't really a question but he nevertheless needed to make sure that this was still what Hollander wanted.

"Please," Hollander said on a near whine, his thumb caressing Ilya's nipple distractingly.

"Please what?" Ilya murmured, sounding embarrassingly breathless as he ran his hands over Hollander's ass and squeezed.

Hollander's groan was somewhere between annoyance and arousal. "Rozanov, please... fuck me."

Ilya rewarded him with a deep kiss that made Hollander moan. His body was trembling under Ilya's touch when he hooked his thumbs into the waistband of his briefs to pull them down. "Lube and condom?" He asked, massaging Hollander's perfect ass in his hands.

Instead of reacting immediately Hollander deepened the kiss again, rutting against Ilya's thigh desperately.

In Russian, Ilya muttered, "I fucking hate how perfect you are."

"Hmm?" Hollander hummed, wrapping his fingers around both their cocks.

Ilya moaned, letting Hollander's hands work over them for a moment before he reminded him, "Lube and condoms. Where?" He pressed his thumb teasingly over Hollander's hole, huffing a surprised laugh when Hollander's body greeted him eagerly. "Opened yourself up already?" He asked, his hands falling to Hollander's hips when he leaned over to the bedside table.

He chuckled the supplies somewhere by Ilya's head. His face was scrunched up in embarrassment when he admitted, "A little bit. In the shower earlier... wanted... hoped-yeah."

"Hoped for my dick," Ilya mused, nodding thoughtfully, "is a great dick."

"Shut the fuck up," Hollander growled and then kissed Ilya roughly.

Ilya reached for the lube and drizzled some directly on Hollander's ass. He laughed at his sharp intake of breath, and Hollander's hissed, "You're so annoying, Rozanov."

"Sorry," he breathed into Hollander's mouth, not meaning it at all. He spread the lube over Hollander's hole, delighting in the way Hollander was melting right into him at the touch.

With Hollander's prep work, it didn't take long for his body to accommodate two fingers and Ilya fucked them into him steadily, hitting his prostate repeatedly.

Hollander's lips left a string of curses and pleas and he looked so gorgeous, Ilya contemplated if they could stay like this, with Hollander on top of him. He didn't think the request would go over well. "On your hands and knees, Hollander," he said instead, removing his fingers from his ass and giving it a light slap.

A low moan rumbled in Hollander's chest as he complied, scrambling to position himself on the bed.

"So eager," Ilya groaned, giving himself a couple tugs before he rolled on the condom. He took a moment to just watch Hollander, the way his body was trembling with anticipation.

"*Rozanov*," Hollander grumbled after a moment, impatient. He rested his forehead on his crossed arms on the mattress, his back arched as he presented his ass to Ilya.

"*Fuck*," Ilya couldn't help but say, pressing a kiss to the swell of Hollander's ass.

Hollander shifted, his voice high-pitched and needy when he whispered, "*Please*."

Ilya lined himself up with Hollander's hole, pushing in slowly. *God*, he loved how tight and perfect Shane stupid Hollander was. It made it nearly impossible to want to stop this dangerous thing between them.

He gripped Hollander's hips to steady himself, wondering how mad Hollander would be if Ilya held him hard enough to leave his own marks. But he kind of didn't want to risk not having Hollander like this again the next time their teams met.

"Feel so good," Hollander moaned once Ilya had bottomed out, and he rocked back slightly on Ilya's cock, "*fuck me, come on. Please*."

Ilya kept one hand on Hollander's hip while he let his other hand brush over his ribs and to the base of Hollander's neck where he pushed him a little harder into the mattress.

A breathless sound was punched out of Hollander when Ilya snapped his hips back so that his cock slipped out of Hollander almost all the way before he drove it back into him. Hollander scooted up the bed with the force of it.

"You take me so perfect, Hollander," Ilya groaned, finding a steady rhythm to fuck him. He fell back into Russian because that was safe, as he continued, "Wish we could do this all night...want you like this all the time..."

Hollander let out a shout when Ilya hit his prostate just right, mumbling into his arms, "Yeah, like that. Need you... like that... again. Please. *Rozanov*."

It was his name that drove Ilya to the brink of insanity. His stomach flipped whenever Hollander said his name like that, all breath, and pleading, his stupid English accent slurring around the syllables, and Ilya should *hate* it, should hate *Hollander* for how he bastardized his name, but it was so fucking *sexy*.

Suddenly, Ilya felt like they weren't close enough, he needed Hollander *closer* which seemed impossible because Ilya was already inside him but- Ilya shifted his knees on the mattress to get a better angle. He draped himself over Hollander's back, looping his arm over his chest to hold him close.

His thrusts were shallower like that but Hollander's moans turned whinier, and Ilya was able to trail wet kisses against Hollander's neck and jaw until finally he connected their lips.

There was no finesse in the kiss, but Ilya drank Hollander's broken moans from his lips eagerly, his own groans rumbling between them. He was already embarrassingly close. "Touch yourself," he whispered against the shell of Hollander's ear, tracing his tongue against it. "Come for me, Hollander."

Hollander whined, pushing back against Ilya desperately. "*Yeahyeahyeah*," he gasped, "so good. I'm gonna... I'm-" Hollander let out a drawn out moan as he spilled all over himself and the bedsheets.

His hole clenched around Ilya and it took everything for Ilya not to black out from it. It felt fucking incredible. Ilya was aware that words of praise fell from his lips in both English and Russian but he was too focused on chasing his own release that was so close to really pay attention to what he was saying.

"Rozanov," Hollander gasped, "*oh god*," his whole body trembling on the verge of overstimulation. His nose nudged against Ilya's cheek where he was nuzzled against the crook of Hollander's neck. "Fill me up," Hollander pleaded, and suddenly white hot arousal was bursting through Ilya's body as he came with a shout.

He collapsed on top of Hollander, his arm still trapped between him and the mattress. Against the palm of his hand he could feel Hollander's thudding heartbeat. Ilya knew he should move, knew that Hollander would start complaining in a second, but for the moment, Ilya just wanted to stay exactly like this. He could probably fall asleep just like this...

"Ugh..." Hollander groaned, "gross. *Move*, Rozanov." The annoyance was back in his voice, and Ilya loved it almost as much as the breathless reverence with which he said his name when they had sex.

Ilya braced himself on his hands, pulling out of Hollander as carefully as possible but Hollander made a small, displeased sound anyway. Ilya rolled over on the mattress, still catching his breath as he took off the condom, and then reluctantly got out of bed to discard it.

He cleaned himself up in the bathroom and then returned with a damp cloth to help Hollander clean up.

Hollander's movements were sluggish as he let Ilya do most of the work, twisting his upper body around to let Ilya wipe his chest before he promptly fell back down headfirst on the mattress, just a couple centimeters away from the wet patch on the sheets.

He buried his face in the pillows and Ilya couldn't resist to lean down and press a kiss between Hollander's shoulder blades. He smirked when he lapped at the sweat that had gathered on Hollander's skin with his tongue and it made Hollander give a weak groan, somewhere between pleasure and protest. If Ilya could, he'd spend the rest of the night in bed with Hollander, drawing all these annoyingly perfect little sounds out of him.

Ilya, regrettably, had to leave so he crawled out of bed. He sat on the edge of the mattress for a moment, inspecting the faint marks along his hipbone. Hollander had never left any marks behind before. Ilya chuckled quietly, pressing his thumb to the biggest one where his hip met his thigh. Warmth and want pooled low in his belly.

He stood up with a sigh to gather his clothes when Hollander called out, "Wait." His voice was raw, and his eyes sleepy, his hair sex ruffled. Whatever Hollander would ask of him right now, Ilya would give it to him.

Hollander closed the distance between them, and suddenly his hands were warm and firm on Ilya's hips, pulling him in so that his knees bumped against the bed. And then Hollander's mouth was back on his skin, biting and sucking the already tender skin around his hip bone. "Again?" Ilya asked breathlessly, his eyes falling closed. "I don't think I can... *Jesus*, Hollander. You never have enough." Despite his objections, Ilya was already half hard again.

Hollander looked up at him with his big, dark eyes, spit slick lips parted slightly. His thumb brushed distractedly over the marks. "You need to go." It almost sounded like a question, a plea *not to*.

Ilya took a deep breath, carding his fingers through Hollander's hair before taking a step back. "Yes," he replied, forcing his gaze away from Hollander sitting hunched over in the bed.

Ilya went to the closet because of course Hollander was the annoying kind of person who actually unpacked their suitcase for single night stays in hotels, hanging up all his clothes neatly. He was so stupid. Ilya rifled through the shirts and sweaters, one more boring than the next, and sighed.

"What are you doing?" Hollander asked, his upper body hanging halfway off the bed to peek around the corner where Ilya was standing.

Ilya shrugged, explaining, "You ruined my shirt, I need something else to wear." His fingers halted on a familiar hat that he hadn't seen in *years*. Something in his stomach twisted at seeing it again now, nestled so casually between all of Hollander's boring wardrobe.

He'd been convinced Hollander would have thrown it out or something, or stuffed it in the back of his dresser in his elusive Montreal apartment. Ilya would have never imagined that Hollander would bring the *toque* — what a stupid word — on the road with him.

Ilya remembered the weeks after the Olympics when every one of his thoughts had been consumed by perfect, shy little Hollander, and how much Ilya had wanted to ruin him. Two years later and he still felt the exact same way.

Ilya had used that word, *toque*, around his teammates once, accidentally, after he'd given Hollander his. *It's the Canadian way to say it!* Which had resulted in merciless teasing from his teammates. From "what does that even mean?" to "are you hooking up with a Canadian hottie or what?" the latter had made his stomach curl unpleasantly... pleasantly? Stupid English, and stupid Shane Hollander.

How many times had Shane worn the hat since Ilya had given it to him on that cold day at Whistler Creekside? "This is the best piece in your wardrobe," Ilya said as he grabbed the beanie to wave it at Hollander.

Like clockwork, Hollander flushed deeply. Ilya wanted to put his mouth on him and chase the heat under his skin. "I wanted to give it-"

Ilya interrupted him, teasing, "Miss me that much, Hollander?" He didn't want the stupid hat back. He *liked* the thought of Hollander wearing it. He shook his head at himself to chase that particular thought away. "You get off with it?"

"That's disgusting, Rozanov," Hollander exclaimed, appalled. Ilya snickered.

He put the hat back on the shelf, smoothing out the edges, before picking out a cream-coloured sweater that looked exactly like all the others. Ilya held it up to his body contemplatively, muttering to himself, "This is okay. A bit tight maybe because I am bigger."

A look over his shoulder confirmed that Hollander was frowning at the dig. His freckles were still painted a faint pink colour. Ilya tried to hide his smile. "Not that much bigger!" Hollander argued.

Ilya grabbed his pants from where they lay discarded on the floor and slipped into them, omitting his briefs. "You're small, like girl," Ilya mused, just to get a rise out of Hollander. It was an obvious lie, of course, Ilya could still feel where Hollander had slammed into him earlier in the game.

"Fuck. You," Hollander said breathlessly. When Ilya pushed his arms into the sleeves of the sweater, Hollander said, "You can't wear that! People will know!"

Ilya pulled the sweater over his head, shaking out his curls as he pulled it down over his body. "Your clothes are boring, not notable. No one will notice." The sweater *was* a bit tight, stretched taut over his shoulders and chest and the hem didn't quite reach the waistband of his pants. He snorted, raising his eyebrows when he spotted a sliver of one of the marks Hollander had left peeking out.

Hollander on the bed wore a petulant expression. "You look ridiculous," he pointed out with a huff.

Ilya gave a twirl, his smile widening when Hollander's expression broke as well. "Is sexy. Good view, good for everyone. Good for *you*, Hollander. Try to keep it in your pants!"

"I hate you," Hollander deadpanned, rolling over to lie on his back.

Ilya sauntered over to him, and leaned down. Their lips were almost touching when he whispered, "How much?"

Hollander closed the minuscule distance between them, crashing their lips together as his fingers tangled in Ilya's curls. A low moan fell from Hollander's lips.

Ilya smiled into the kiss. The angle was a bit weird upside down but Ilya didn't care, he really fucking loved Hollander's mouth. He loved it even more when Hollander's hands started wandering, pushing the sweater out of the way to grope at Ilya's naked skin.

"I really need to go," Ilya said regrettably, smushed against Hollander's lips.

Hollander groaned in reply, shoving his tongue down Ilya's throat. After another minute or two, he pulled away and sighed. "I know."

Chapter End Notes

how did you like it??? let me know with comments or on tumblr i'm there [@prince-simon](#)! also enjoy ep3 tonightttttt i'm so hyped!!!
ch3 of this fic will be out around monday i think!!

Chapter 3: March 2013 — Montreal

Chapter Notes

helloooo i'm back with another chapter!! i wanted to wait until tomorrow but i'm too impatient hahah

once again thank you to everyone who's left comments on the last two chapters they really all mean so much to me!! i can't stop smiling and i'm so happy you're enjoying this little story!!

we're back in shane's pov today and let me tell you i am soooo excited for this chapter! lots of fun things happening in this one!

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

3: March 2013 — Montreal

Shane spotted it when he stripped the hotel bed of the soiled sheets.

They'd be going into the playoffs soon so tonight had marked the last night he and Rozanov had had together before they only focused on their game. Shane felt... weird about it.

This thing with Rozanov was stupid and dangerous, and he really should end it. It had been going on too long already. Instead, he was in the process of acquiring real estate that they could use to fuck discreetly whenever they met up here in Montreal.

The Bears' win against Shane's team tonight had secured them the second spot in the playoffs, with Montreal remaining in the top spot — Shane was still mad about the loss. There was no one to blame but himself either. He'd been on edge all night, all week really, looking forward to getting Rozanov in him after the game. He was terrified about how much he needed it but argued that of course he would when somehow Rozanov was the only sexual encounter that ever did anything for him. No matter how hard he tried for things to work out with women — it usually ended up being embarrassing at best, and humiliating at worst.

He was *more* terrified about how much he wasn't looking forward to *not* seeing Rozanov until at least the second round of playoffs and even then, their clandestine hookups would be off limits. Shane wanted the Cup so badly, he couldn't let Rozanov interfere with that.

The necklace caught his eye when he bunched up the sheets in his arms, the gold chain reflecting the dim light in the room. Shane discarded the bedsheets on the floor and went to pick it up, cradling the crucifix pendant in his palm.

He sat back down on the edge of the bed, inspecting the chain closer. Shane had never seen Rozanov without it. As he ran his finger along the chain, he realized why the necklace was *here* and not with Rozanov. The clasp to hold it together was broken.

Was it Shane's fault? His cheeks flushed as he thought back to how frantic he'd been earlier, about getting Rozanov out of his clothes and on top of him. Had he accidentally tugged on the necklace too hard?

This was a *disaster*. He needed to get the necklace fixed, obviously, but there was no way he could just walk into a jewellery store with Ilya fucking Rozanov's necklace. Everyone would *know*.

Shane brushed a hand over his face and reminded himself to breathe. It was fine, everything was fine, he could figure this out.

One week later — Montreal

It was not fine.

Rozanov's necklace was burning a hole into the pocket of Shane's jeans. He had tried to fix it himself but quickly gave up on that. And now he was just... carrying it around everywhere, catching himself stuffing his hand deep in his pocket to fiddle with the chain on multiple occasions.

If he'd been thinking about Rozanov from time to time before, he couldn't stop at all now. Because the stupid necklace was always *there*.

Of course he could have just left it in his apartment but he had cleaning staff come in once a week and what if they saw it? Shane Hollander could not be caught with Ilya Rozanov's necklace.

He wrapped the chain in his pocket around his fingers, running his thumb along the edge of the crucifix as he stared down at the steak in front of him as if it had personally offended him.

They were at a team dinner and all Shane could think about was his archrival. It was so ridiculous and embarrassing. He had absolutely no clue about the conversations going on around him. Probably hockey. And women. Shane should make more of an effort.

"You alright?" Hayden asked quietly from next to him, and when Shane looked at him his brow was furrowed in concern. "You're not worried about the playoffs, are you? We've been doing exceptionally well this season, I don't think there's anything to worry about. You're Shane Hollander!"

Shane shot him a weak smile, mumbling, "Just nerves. I really wanna win the Cup." It came out more halfhearted than was warranted really.

"So let's get it!" Hayden cheered, starting an obnoxious chant of, "Stanley Cup! Stanley Cup!" that the rest of the team chimed in eagerly. It drew the looks of other guests in the restaurant, but the Voyageurs didn't care.

When things had calmed down somewhat again — as much as was possible during these loud and chaotic team dinners — Shane reluctantly nudged his elbow against Hayden's. "Hey... Hayd?"

"What's up?" Hayden asked easily, completely oblivious to the anxiety swirling in Shane's chest.

Shane brushed his hands over his thighs, his right hand resting over his jeans pocket where he kept Rozanov's broken necklace. "Do you, uh- you don't happen to know of a good jeweller in town?" He muttered, keeping his gaze on the plate in front of him, "someone who's *discreet*?"

The dramatic gasp that left Hayden's lips made Shane look up to meet his gaze. His best friend wore a shit-eating grin. "Shane Hollander!" He crowed, slapping Shane on the back unexpectedly.

Shane swayed forward with the force of it, completely confused by Hayden's inexplicable excitement. "Well... do you?" He asked quietly, shifting uncomfortably when he realized they'd caught J.J.'s attention across from them.

Hayden yanked his shoulder, and exclaimed — with complete disregard about who would hear, "You sly dog! Did you get a girl pregnant!"

Shane blinked at him, confused and horrified. Did he somehow black out and miss half of this conversation? "What," he said, dumbfounded.

It was too late. The entire team was suddenly incredibly invested in what was going on between Shane and Hayden. Not that Shane himself had any clue what was happening.

"Who's pregnant?"

"Hollander has a girlfriend?"

"Gotta tie the knot now that you're gonna be a dad!"

"Who's the lucky lady?"

"Not sure how lucky she is with Hollander for a baby daddy!"

"He's gonna name the kid Stanley."

Shane dropped his steak knife loudly on his plate. "I didn't get someone pregnant!" He shouted, panicked, a tight knot in his stomach. This was going so terribly wrong. The elderly couple from the table next to theirs shot them curious glances. "No one's pregnant," Shane repeated, more calmly, "what the fuck."

"But you do wanna get your secret girlfriend a ring!" Hayden accused. There was a broad grin on his face. "I call dibs on being best man! Is she hot?"

"Who is she?" J.J. chimed in, leaning heavily across the table in interest.

Comeau said, "Make sure to get her a big shiny diamond! You're Shane Hollander, don't wanna disappoint!"

"There's no secret girlfriend, no one is proposing!" Shane argued weakly.

Drapeau said, "Come on, Hollander, we're your teammates! You can tell us who she is!"

"Unless she's ugly, and you're embarrassed," Comeau added, earning him laughs from the rest of the team.

Shane ground his teeth together and heaved a sigh. "Look," he started slowly, scrambling for something that would get them off his back, "there's this necklace that belonged to my mom's grandmother that my cousin borrowed and accidentally broke. I just offered to get it fixed so my cousin's girlfriend can wear it to her sister's wedding, alright?" *There*. That was a perfectly acceptable explanation.

His team looked at him speechless for a moment. It was J.J. who broke the silence with a snort. "Okay, so you broke your secret girlfriend's necklace and feel embarrassed about it. Just get her a ring on top of the fixed necklace and she'll forgive you in no time if you know what I mean." He made a crude gesture with his hand that made Shane blush.

"Is she famous or something?" Comeau wondered, "is that why you won't tell us? Who is it, Hollander?"

"Is she *married*?" Drapeau added.

J.J. gave an obnoxious whistle. "Didn't think you had it in you, Hollander! I'm impressed!"

For one crazy moment, Shane wondered what it would be like to tell them about Rozanov. *I broke Ilya Rozanov's necklace while he fucked me. No girlfriend, or affair with a married woman, just Rozanov.* That at least would shut them up, he was sure of it. "There's nothing to tell," he lied, weakly.

Hayden slapped him on the back, laughing. "Whoever she is, she's lucky to have you!" He said encouragingly, much gentler than the ribbing from before, "I'll text you the address of a jeweller. Just- let us meet her before the wedding, alright?"

Shane rolled his eyes, sinking back against his chair. "Yeah, alright," he muttered. There didn't seem to be a point to argue. Let them think what they wanted. It didn't really matter anyway.

Shane went past the jeweller Hayden had sent him the address of three times before he finally had the balls to actually go in.

He wore understated jeans and a hoodie in hopes that no one would recognize him but now that he looked at the sleek interior of the store, he felt wildly underdressed and out of place.

A store clerk approached him, her smile plastic and overtly friendly when she said, "Good morning. How may I help you, sir?"

Shane swallowed down his nerves and raised his chin a bit. Recognition flashed across her features for a brief second before she put her neutral mask back on. "I- uh. I'd like to buy a necklace." He grimaced, squeezing his eyes closed. Not *exactly* what he'd come here for. Rozanov's chain weighed a ton in his pocket.

"Of course!" The clerk said amicably, "what did you have in mind, Mr Hollander?"

Shane was going to be sick. *What was he doing here?*

"Men's or women's?" She prompted when it became increasingly clear that he wouldn't answer.

The knot in Shane's stomach tightened, and he had to remind himself that Hayden had assured him this jeweller was extremely discreet. "W-women's?" He stuttered out, cringing at

himself.

"Perfect!" She said, not showing any particular reaction at all, "come this way. I will show you what we've got." She chatted to him about the different options, and Shane barely paid attention to it.

By the end of it, she slid a small bag that contained a two-thousand dollar Cartier necklace across the counter that he didn't need. *Jesus Christ*, he was a mess. He grabbed the bag miserably and said his thank you before he walked towards the exit.

He stopped at the door and turned back around, "Uh, excuse me. Do you also do- repairs?"

The clerk looked at him in surprise but nodded. "Of course."

Shane took a deep breath and walked back towards the counter. "I have this..." He trailed off while he fished Rozanov's chain out of his pocket. "The- uh, the clasp broke? I wondered if..." He dropped his gaze to the ground as he handed the necklace over reluctantly. He already anticipated her calling him out on having Ilya Rozanov's necklace.

After a minute of silence, and no such accusation, the woman said, "Would you just like a new chain, sir? We can get the clasp fixed but-"

"Yeah, just get it fixed, please," he interrupted her.

"No problem," she nodded, "I'll have to check but we can probably have it done in about an hour for you if you'd like to come back then, Mr Hollander?"

Shane felt untethered by how *easy* this all seemed to be after he had blown it up so much in his head. "Oh," he exhaled weakly, "I- could I just wait here?" He hated the idea of leaving the necklace out of his sight. It felt too important.

Shane was spotted leaving the jeweller with a "suspicious-looking shopping bag" and within the hour, several news outlets were asking one and the same question: *Who is hockey star Shane Hollander proposing to?*

There were entire articles detailing his (lacklustre) dating history, and Shane felt sick looking at everything. It was an absolute nightmare, and Shane would have very much liked to hide under a rock until it all blew over. Instead, he holed up in his apartment, curled up on the couch with his phone left on the kitchen counter where it continuously buzzed. He *should* probably talk to his agent, but it all felt too overwhelming and terrible. Shane didn't want to keep denying that he wasn't seeing anyone. It was no one's business anyway.

Rozanov's newly fixed necklace rested in his palm where he'd been playing with it since he'd come home. Shane groaned and threw his head back. This stupid necklace was giving him more trouble than it was worth. He should've just stuffed it in the back of his drawer when he found it and given it back to Rozanov at the next possible moment.

Instead he just had had to get it fixed and now the whole world thought he was getting *married*. To some woman.

Shane wished there *was* a woman. That would make things so much easier. For one, he could stop thinking about Ilya fucking Rozanov and his stupid necklace. He tried not to think about how unhappy the woman he'd end up marrying would be.

Shane looped the chain around his neck and fastened the new clasp. The crucifix fell heavily to his chest. Clearly, the necklace was somehow important to Rozanov if he wore it all the time, and Shane felt responsible to keep it safe until he could give it back. That was the only reason he wore it.

A part of him wanted to text Rozanov to let him know about the necklace. That it was safe with him. But the playoffs were about to start and both Shane and Rozanov had more important things to focus on. This would be the year Shane won the Stanley Cup, he was sure of it. No distractions, and especially no Ilya Rozanov, would change that.

On the kitchen counter, his phone rang with his mom's ringtone. He went to pick it up because while he could ignore the rest of the world, he couldn't ignore Yuna Hollander.

"Hey mom," he greeted her.

Without a greeting of her own, she said, "You're *engaged*! And I find out through the *press*?"

Shane winced. He should have seen that one coming. "Mom..." He tried to cut in meekly but she wasn't done yet.

"And just when the playoffs are about to start! Shane, you can't get distracted now! Your chances of winning the Cup are better than ever!"

Shane smiled. It was good to know that she had her priorities straight. "Mom, I'm not engaged. There is no girl..." He said quickly into the pause when she took a breath. "I'd tell you if there was!" *There's a boy that I really-* His smile fell.

"You've been spotted leaving a jeweller's..."

Ignoring his churning stomach, Shane pointed out, "Maybe I just wanted to buy a beautiful necklace for my brilliant mother's birthday. Have you considered that?" It was obviously not the truth entirely but he did come in possession of an expensive necklace he had no use for.

"Oh," she said quietly, sounding a little embarrassed. "Well," she cleared her throat, "how are you feeling about the playoffs?"

"Really good, mom," he assured her, settling in more comfortably on the bar stool at the kitchen island as they started talking about strategy for the playoffs. He was glad they could move on to a topic that didn't feel like walking a mine field. Absentmindedly, he fiddled with the chain around his neck.

May 2013 — Montreal

Shane knew that, realistically, Rozanov wouldn't text him to figure out where they could hook up after the game. It was the playoffs, and that was their one sacred rule. No hookups during playoffs. *Easy*. But Shane hadn't seen Rozanov in two months except when he'd tuned into the Boston games on TV, and would it really be so bad to take off the edge a little bit?

Rozanov certainly seemed like he could use it. He'd been terribly off his game for the entirety of the first round of playoffs and it had been sheer luck that they'd beat Florida to the second round — where the Bears had met the Voyageurs for the first time tonight.

And Shane could admit that his team beating Rozanov's tonight really hadn't been pretty but he'd just thought-

He didn't really know what he had expected.

That he could *comfort* Rozanov? They weren't like that, and besides, Shane couldn't promise that he wouldn't gloat a little bit about his win tonight. *That* was who they were.

But Rozanov's necklace was burning against his chest — he'd gotten used to wearing it now, always hidden under his clothes, under his jersey, but he was just so aware of it all the time. And he wanted to give it back. It wasn't his to keep.

He tried not to think about how nice it was to carry a piece of Rozanov around with him even when they couldn't see each other often. That wasn't who they were. He still had Rozanov's toque.

Despite it all, Shane had booked a room in the same hotel the Bears were staying in. At a quarter to eleven, he messaged Rozanov, 3428.

He was terrified of the reply. He was terrified of not getting a reply.

Shane had paced the length of the hotel room ten times by the time his phone finally buzzed in his hand. His stomach plummeted in nervous anticipation as he swiped his shaking finger across the screen.

Lily: *Threesome with your fiance?*

And a moment later, he added, *Not interested. Sorry.*

Shane's brow furrowed, wondering what the fuck Rozanov was talking about.

When he remembered the shit show of his alleged engagement a moment later, he groaned in embarrassment. But he couldn't help the flip his heart did at the realization that Rozanov must have kept tabs on him through the tabloids.

Shane: *Don't be stupid, Rozanov.*

Lily: *I didn't even know you were seeing someone! Enough to get married! Congratulations!*

Shane: Just come to the room please?

Rozanov didn't reply, and Shane felt awful. He had half a mind to do something risky like try to figure out which number Rozanov's hotel room was. *Please*, he sent after another fifteen minutes of silence.

Shane jumped when there was an angry knock on the door five minutes later. He smoothed out his shirt nervously and brushed a hand through his hair before he approached the door.

He opened it and was immediately pushed against the opposite wall, an angry Ilya Rozanov in his face. Shane's lips quirked up a little bit. "Does your fiancée know you're secretly hooking up with me?" Rozanov asked, sounding breathless and angry, and Shane had forgotten how much he liked the deep rumble of his voice. "How many secrets do you keep, Hollander?"

"Fucking hell, Rozanov. There *is* no secret woman," Shane told him, pushing at his chest without much force behind it. Before he'd pushed Rozanov away entirely, he curled his fist in the front of his shirt to keep him close. "You're my only secret," he whispered.

And then Rozanov's mouth was on his, his tongue forcefully brushing against Shane's lips which he parted happily for him. He sighed into the kiss, letting his hands wander over Rozanov's hard chest and shoulders up to his neck and tangling his fingers in his soft curls.

"True," Rozanov breathed against his lips, "not a secret that whole world knows you're bad at hockey."

Shane snorted, the sound turning into a moan when Rozanov started kissing down his neck. "Says the guy who i won against tonight."

"Lucky chance," Rozanov muttered as his fingers made quick work of Shane's belt. His teeth scraped lightly against Shane's collarbone, making him shudder. It wouldn't leave a mark which Shane should be glad for now that the teasing about his secret girlfriend in the locker room had finally died down a bit.

Then Rozanov all of a sudden froze, his hands going slack on the waistband of Shane's jeans. "What's that?" He asked, and Shane had no clue what he was talking about, still reeling from having Rozanov's mouth back against his skin.

"You..." Rozanov's lips formed soundlessly around the word as his eyes flicked to Shane's, something indecipherable in his expression. He dropped his gaze back to Shane's neck a second later and instead of his mouth, his thumb ran carefully, *reverently*, against the dip of his collarbone.

Shane felt warm metal press into his skin and- *oh*. "Oh," he said dumbly.

Rozanov yanked on the necklace lightly, cradling the crucifix in his hand and bringing it up to his lips. "Is mine?" He murmured, in awe, as if he couldn't quite believe he saw the necklace he thought he'd lost on Shane.

Shane suddenly felt bad for not having mentioned it to Rozanov before. Of course he'd been looking for it. He felt pretty damn stupid now.

Rozanov could probably relate because suddenly, his expression hardened. "You stole it?" He accused, his tone flat as he pushed at Shane's shoulder without much force behind it which maybe was worse. Because he looked *disappointed*.

"No!" Shane exclaimed, frantically, "hey, *no*. Rozanov, come on. I- uh, I found it. After- last time we... it was broken. I had it fixed! I wanted to-" He cringed. This all sounded so dumb now that he said it out loud. "I wanted to fix it for you... and then give it back. *Obviously*. But with playoffs..."

Shane scrambled to unhook the clasp but Rozanov wrapped his fingers around his shaky hands. "You wore it?"

"I'm sorry!" Shane pleaded, his face scrunched up in embarrassment. "I figured that's where it was safest," he mumbled, not meeting Rozanov's gaze.

Rozanov's touch disappeared from his hands, and Shane thought, *this is it*, except suddenly his large palms cradled Shane's face and Shane dropped his hands uselessly to his side.

A muffled, "hmmph?" fell from his lips when Rozanov kissed him, *hard*.

"You wore it?" Rozanov repeated, his hot breath panting against Shane's lips, the length of his hard, strong body pressed against Shane's. He kept one hand cupped around Shane's jaw with his thumb rubbing distractedly over his cheek, while his other hand dropped to the necklace, his palm covering the crucifix against Shane's chest. "Whole time?"

His voice sounded... complicated. But Shane didn't feel the need to apologize this time. *The whole time? During playoffs?* "Yeah," he gasped, overwhelmed with how they were touching *everywhere*. Shane had *needed* this so bad. "After it was fixed..." He mumbled, his head lolling against the wall behind him, "yeah..."

Rozanov's lips trailed against his jaw, his tongue and teeth taunting him. "You're a bad idea, Hollander," he whispered into his skin.

"How bad?" Shane replied, nonsensically. He lifted his hands to rest on Rozanov's hips, just for something to hold on to. The tips of his fingers dipped into the waistband of Rozanov's pants.

Rozanov's tantalizing mouth kept moving wet and hot across Shane's sensitive skin. Hysterically, he thought he could come just from this. "Is the playoffs... we have rules..." Rozanov reminded them both.

"Please," tumbled past Shane's lips.

"Please what?" Rozanov asked, the smirk audible in his voice and pressed against Shane's collarbone. "Should I make you come?" Rozanov murmured, huffing a breathless laugh at Shane's frantic nod. "Then I beat you in the playoffs and win Stanley Cup."

Shane moaned, tightening his grip on Rozanov's hips. He was rock hard. "You wish," he said without any heat.

Suddenly Rozanov's weight on him was gone except for the grip he still had around the crucifix resting against his chest. Shane felt so untethered, he couldn't hold in the sound of protest falling from his lips. "I should not make you come?" Rozanov asked innocently, his fingers twitching against Shane's chest.

"Asshole," Shane grumbled, pulling Rozanov back in by his belt loops. He made quick work of the pants and shoved them down Rozanov's thighs. "Want you to..." Shane palmed Rozanov over his tented boxer briefs, "get your head back in the game so it's... actually fun to beat you."

For a short second after the words were out, Shane wondered if he'd gone too far, taunted Rozanov a little too much, but then Rozanov made a dangerous sound at the back of his throat and he was back on Shane, his mouth more bite than kiss as he rid Shane of his pants and boxer briefs in one swift movement.

Shane hissed at the cool air hitting him, and then breathed Rozanov's name when he wrapped his fingers around him.

"Already so wet for me," Rozanov hummed while brushing his thumb over the head of Shane's cock, spreading precome down his length.

Shane was already so embarrassingly close, his hands frantically pulling at Rozanov's boxer briefs and shirt. "Off. Off, off, *off*." He muttered, blindly fumbling. He would feel mortified later how much he *needed* to get his hands on a naked Rozanov in that moment.

Rozanov took pity on him, pulling his shirt over his head and pushing his briefs down. He tugged on the hem of Shane's shirt then, and Shane struggled out of it. Rozanov threw it to the side and then his hand was back on Shane with a steady grip. "You love this, Hollander," Rozanov murmured, voice gravelly, before he bent his head slightly to press an open-mouthed kiss to Shane's chest just above where the crucifix was resting.

Shane felt heat flush him. He was still wearing Rozanov's necklace, *oh God*. He should give it back. *Right now*. He was gonna... in a second-

Rozanov twisted his wrist just right, and Shane squeezed his eyes shut. "Look at you," Rozanov hummed, capturing Shane's lips in a filthy kiss.

Rozanov's hard cock pressed against Shane's thigh. Shane was flying, feeling like he was bursting at the seams, but he managed to reach for Rozanov, wrapping his fingers around him. Rozanov's perfect rhythm faltered for a moment, a gasped moan swallowed by Shane's eager mouth.

Shane was pretty sure there was no finesse in the way he was stroking Rozanov with how far gone he already was. But Rozanov for once didn't have anything to say, his mouth hot and wet sliding over Shane's, his tongue claiming him.

"Rozanov, I'm- gonna- I'm gonna," Shane gasped, feeling like he didn't get enough air into his lungs.

"Don't," Rozanov growled, "not yet." His hand was back to the center of Shane's chest, covering the crucifix as he pressed Shane hard into the wall. Shane wondered if the touch would leave behind a cross-shaped bruise.

Shane jerked Rozanov off harder, desperately. "I don't- I can't-" He was *so* close.

"*Fuck*," Rozanov rasped, infuriatingly pulling away from Shane's lips. Rozanov's hand dragged down his body, and suddenly he was kneeling in front of Shane, taking him into his mouth. His palms that were splayed out across Shane's stomach and hips were scorching.

"*Rozanov*," Shane groaned, his hands flying into Rozanov's curls. Rozanov tightened his grip and when Shane looked down, Rozanov met his gaze with blown pupils before his gaze fell to Shane's chest. And now that Shane had lost that anchor of Rozanov's eyes, he squeezed his shut, letting the searing wet heat of Rozanov's mouth overwhelm him.

The only warning Shane gave Rozanov before he spilled into his mouth was a weak tug on his hair. It felt like he was coming forever, he was definitely too loud, but he couldn't stop himself, not when Rozanov kept working his mouth over him like that, his throat tightening around Shane as he swallowed him down. Not when Rozanov's hands dug into his ass almost painfully, holding him in place as he shook apart.

"*Roza-*" He whispered weakly when it became too much. His whole body felt on fire, he couldn't feel his legs. There was a chance he would simply burst apart if Rozanov let go of him. Shane tightened his grip in Rozanov's hair.

"Hollander," Rozanov pulled off of him and huffed a laugh, but it wasn't malicious, "my god." He nuzzled his face against Shane's thigh, the scratchiness of his playoff beard against his sensitive skin was a heady feeling. "When was last time you fucked someone?" He mumbled, running his tongue along the crease of Shane's thigh and groin.

Shane slid down the wall a little bit, his legs buckling. He wanted to argue, say anything that wouldn't reveal that he hadn't been with anyone since he'd last been with Rozanov. It hadn't been that long anyway. Just two months. It wasn't that big of a deal. He'd been busy with playoffs! All he could do with his sex-hazy brain, however, was gaze down at Rozanov, a smile stretching across his lips.

Rozanov pressed a kiss to Shane's hipbone that sent a tremble through Shane's whole body, before he hauled himself off the floor. He splayed one hand out across Shane's ribs, the other one coming up to fiddle with the necklace again. "You need to fuck more people, Hollander. Your poor dick," he murmured before he pressed his tongue to Shane's collarbone and licked a path to Shane's throat. Shane was pretty sure he was floating.

Rozanov's hard length pressed against his thigh. "Let me help you," Shane mumbled. His limbs felt heavy and useless but Rozanov was hard and beautiful and Shane wanted him to come. *For him.*

Rozanov laughed quietly, and Shane smiled along, feeling boneless and happy. "You're useless, all fucked out," Rozanov hummed, bringing his hand up to the back of Shane's neck and keeping his strong grip there. "I have an idea..."

Shane nodded, turning his head towards Rozanov, stealing a kiss.

As they kissed, Rozanov shuffled them around until Shane's leg was lodged between Rozanov's. His cock rubbed deliciously against his thigh, smearing sticky precome there. Shane's synapses were on fire, it was simultaneously too much and not enough. He was half convinced he could get hard again like this in no time. Maybe Rozanov would even fuck him.

And then Rozanov started rutting against his thigh, soft hisses and low groans falling from his lips. "Yes, like that..." Rozanov muttered, digging his fingers into the base of Shane's skull. He tugged slightly on the chain around Shane's neck, and if Shane had any capacity left to speak, he'd tell him to be careful, to not break the necklace again.

Shane let Rozanov use him for his own pleasure. His own hands had somehow found their way to Rozanov's shoulders for support and he just held on as the force of Rozanov's thrusts rocked him into the wall. He wished Rozanov was inside him.

"God, Hollander..." Rozanov groaned, his movements becoming more erratic. His mouth slid across Shane's chest, his teeth nipping on skin and it felt so good that Shane forgot to reprimand him for it. There was a sharp sting of pain at the center of his chest that was immediately soothed by Rozanov's tongue and Shane could feel himself plumping up again already. His knee jerked, pressing into Rozanov harder, and he muffled his moan against Shane's skin.

Shane gasped when sticky heat spilled against his thigh, and he mumbled words of encouragement that mixed with the string of Russian falling from Rozanov's lips. "That was incredible," Shane said breathlessly, smiling when Rozanov looked up at him. Shane reached up to brush sweaty curls out of his face. His skin was tingling where Rozanov rested his fingers lightly against his collarbone, rolling the chain between his thumb and pointer finger.

Rozanov kissed him roughly. "Bathroom. You first..." He dropped a hand to Shane's thigh, dragging a finger through the mess there. He smirked when Shane squirmed away from him as he tried to wipe his hand on Shane's stomach.

"Stop it, Rozanov," he hissed, "that's so gross."

Rozanov chuckled, low and rumbling against Shane's cheek. "You love it," he accused, his hand wandering until he squeezed Shane's ass. Leaving behind stickiness. Shane probably shouldn't be as turned on about it as he was.

He kind of didn't want to leave Rozanov's space but then Rozanov abruptly stepped away from him to let him pass. In the bathroom, Shane got a cloth and got cleaned up, avoiding meeting his own gaze in the mirror. One day he was going to end this terrible, terrible thing with Rozanov. He was sure of it.

He needed a shower desperately but he was also still kind of holding out hopeless hope that Rozanov would stay longer and fuck him so he made do with a quick wipe down for now. When he was done, he almost reluctantly undid the clasp of the chain around his neck. The necklace wasn't his to keep.

Shane froze when he spotted the mark in the center of his chest that was clearly visible now that the pendant wasn't covering it anymore. "Rozanov!" He yelled, storming out of the bathroom.

Rozanov was lounging on the bed in all his sweaty, naked glory, seemingly endlessly amused by Shane's annoyance. "What is matter, Hollander?" He asked, dragging his eyes over Shane's equally naked body. His gaze stopped on the mark he'd left.

"You gave me a hickey!" He accused.

"Ah, yes," Rozanov said, unperturbed. "You can tell your teammates is from your eager fiancée."

"I don't *have* a fiancée!" Shane growled, stalking over to the wardrobe to grab a fresh pair of boxer briefs that he yanked on quickly.

A moment later, he felt Rozanov's presence behind him. "Is not a good idea to tell them the best hockey player in league gave it to you," he mused, running his nose along the shell of Shane's ear as his arms wrapped around Shane. One of his hands came up to splay out against his chest, where the necklace used to rest, while the other brushed teasingly against the waistband of the briefs.

"Rozanov," Shane breathed, all anger having left him.

"I will fuck you, yes? I'm better than your fiancée," Rozanov whispered.

Shane gasped, the tension he hadn't realized he'd been holding in his shoulders leaving him. He turned in Rozanov's arms, bringing their mouths back together. When he pulled back a while later, he opened the palm of his hand between them where he'd clutched Rozanov's necklace. He carefully untangled the chain and wrapped it around Rozanov's neck, fastening it there. When the crucifix dropped to Rozanov's chest, where it belonged, Shane took an unnecessarily long amount of time to arrange it in its proper position. Rozanov watched him with an undecipherable expression.

In the end, Shane realized, it had been stupid to let Rozanov distract him. The Bears kicked the Voyageurs out of the playoffs with a humiliating 4 - 2 after Rozanov got his game back, and the only consolation was that Boston lost round three of the playoffs.

Chapter End Notes

let me know how you liked this chapter! comments are my fuel <3

Chapter 4: June 2014 — Las Vegas

Chapter Notes

hiiii you lovely people!!!

first things first, i am sooooo incredibly overwhelmed by the response this fic has gotten so far???? i feel so overwhelmed and grateful for every single comment and kudos and i cannot stop smiling!!! truly. thank you all so so so much!

i'm superrrrrr excited to share this chapter with you! we're starting this chapter right after That Vegas Scene hehehehe i am soooo hyped for it omg [chantel](#) called this the best chapter yet when they read it but then they also reacted to ch5 last night and maybe they changed their mind now hahahah but!!! it's still an incredible chapter! also if you haven't yet, you should definitely definitely read their hollanov fic [Worth The Wait](#) bc it's absolutely insaneeeeeeee and hot and perfect!!!

also shout out to [tiff](#) again for beta reading and just generally being my cheerleader! and to [erica](#) without whom this fic would not exist

i hope you're ready for some good ol' yearning! enjoy reading <3

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

4: June 2014 — Las Vegas

They hadn't kissed.

The thought replayed on a loop in his brain. Shane sat on the edge of his own bed, his tuxedo jacket still clutched in his hands... and between the folds of fabric, a secret.

Another secret.

He hadn't really thought when he'd spotted the shirt draped over the back of the couch in Rozanov's hotel room. He'd grabbed the shirt, the worn burgundy material soft under his fingertips, and he had really tried *not* to think about what it meant as he had left the hotel room.

They hadn't kissed. And Rozanov was going back to Russia for the summer, and it felt cruel that he apparently felt like he needed to when Shane had seen him be so miserable in his home country during the Olympics. Shane was *scared* for Rozanov, scared of what it meant for him to be back in Russia.

Shane wished he hadn't asked him about it tonight. He wished he could've... what? Stayed? Held Rozanov? Shane shook his head. This was stupid. He felt... vulnerable, probably, after what he'd done tonight for Rozanov- *with* Rozanov. God, he couldn't believe he'd touched himself like that and Rozanov had *watched*.

It had been too much, and now Shane was holding Rozanov's shirt in his hands that he had *stolen*. It was one of those stupid souvenir shirts too, *BOSTON* printed in bold letters across the front under the outline of a cityscape. At least it wasn't a Bears shirt, he supposed. Not that he could wear either.

Oh god, did he *want* to wear it?

He rubbed his thumb over the printed on letters, and then, embarrassingly, brought the material up to his face. It smelled like Rozanov- clean, warm and a hint of spice from his cologne. *Familiar*.

Shane startled, dropping the shirt back in his lap. It caught him off guard that he thought of Rozanov's smell as *familiar*, when what he'd usually connect to Rozanov was the heavy smell of sex in the air, of sweat and musk and *want*. Shane groaned, his skin felt on fire. He'd *just* come back from being fucked by Rozanov, and he already contemplated sneaking back to his room. Wondered if Rozanov would welcome him back in.

Shane stood up forcefully, chucking the stupid t-shirt on the bed and grabbing the tuxedo jacket to hang it up in the closet. He stripped out of his dress shirt and pants as well before walking back over to the bed, glaring at the offending shirt still lying there.

Before his brain had really caught up with his actions, he'd grabbed the t-shirt and pulled it over his head. The material was threadbare and draped over his body softly. Did Rozanov like the soft feeling of it when he wore it himself? Shane imagined a young Rozanov, newly drafted to the Boston Bears, terrified and excited in a new city that he couldn't call home yet, buying this shirt on a whim. He wondered if Rozanov could call Boston his home now.

Shane stood at the foot of his bed, feeling stupid and embarrassed with an ache in his chest he didn't want to attribute to anything specific. *Couldn't*. He wore a shirt that had touched Rozanov's body, now clinging to his own skin, touching him where Rozanov had touched him not twenty minutes ago. He should sleep. Today had been a lot.

He didn't take off the t-shirt before he crawled into bed. It didn't have to mean anything. He always slept in a shirt. Rozanov hadn't kissed him tonight.

Shane woke up in a dream fantasy the next morning, the familiar scent of warmth and spice enveloping him.

"Rozanov?" He asked, sleep-hazy and soft. He turned to face-

The empty side of the bed.

Shane tried to ignore the stab of longing, of disappointment. *Why* would he want to wake up next to Ilya Rozanov. What an insane and humiliating thought to have.

Shane tugged on the t-shirt clinging to his body, crunching the material in his fist. In a fit of panicked rage, he pulled the shirt over his head, chucking it to the end of the bed. He was breathing heavily as he stared up at the ceiling, his sight infuriatingly blurry.

"*Fuck!*" He groaned, slapping his hand against the mattress before he sat up and reached for the shirt again. He draped the t-shirt back over his body, inhaling the comforting smell. This was... normal? *Right?* Shane was just losing it a bit because of what they'd done last night.

It had felt so *powerful* to have Rozanov's eyes on him as he masturbated. *Show off for me*. The way Rozanov had wanted to *see* him.

Shane was half hard in his boxer briefs now, thinking about it. He wanted Rozanov to press him back into the mattress with his strong hand between his shoulder blades. He wanted the touch to turn soft, after, for Rozanov to hold him. Just for a moment. Just until the embarrassment ebbed away. He wanted Rozanov's whole body to cover him, heavy, secure, just until his breathing turned to normal again.

Shane inhaled Rozanov's scent and let his hand wander from his stomach to the waistband of his briefs. Maybe afterwards he could pretend that the soft fabric was Rozanov's embrace, and he wouldn't feel so embarrassed about getting himself off in Rozanov's shirt.

He nearly missed his flight. Scrambling to pack his things, and throwing on a hoodie on top of Rozanov's shirt, Shane rushed to the airport.

Security luckily wasn't busy but as he went through the full-body scanner, Shane wondered if it would detect that he was wearing his archrival's t-shirt hidden under his clothes. Would everyone be able to tell how much he couldn't stop thinking about Ilya Rozanov, his mouth mapping out all the freckles and birthmarks on his skin. Would they see the heated trail his lips had left behind? Would they be able to tell that this stupid t-shirt was a sorry excuse for the real thing.

The scanner didn't light up, and Shane wasn't exposed, and he could just walk to his gate where boarding was already happening but he still felt naked and unmoored.

Shane pulled out his phone, twirling it between his fingers for a moment. He and Rozanov didn't text outside of arranging their hookups but-

Shane: *Have a safe trip home!*

He just wanted to say *something* to acknowledge that- *what?* They were nothing. They couldn't be anything, and Shane didn't *want* that anyway. Last night had messed with his head. *Text me when you land*, he typed out and didn't send. They hadn't kissed.

He handed over his boarding pass to the flight attendant. "Enjoy your flight, Mr Hollander," she said amicably, and Shane wasn't sure if she recognized him or if she'd just taken his name from his boarding pass. It didn't matter.

Shane stared back at his phone, deleting the last unsent message. He sent a different message instead.

Shane: *Five hour flight ugh. Worst part about this job honestly.*

Someone needed to take his phone away from him.

Shane: *I guess that's nothing compared to your flight back to Russia. Are you flying directly back? Or back home to Boston first?*

Shane settled into his window seat, just about to put on his headphones when the person next to him gasped, "Shane Hollander! Wow! I'm- I'm a big fan!"

He tried not to let his annoyance show. He was tired and grumpy and missed- he was really tired. Too tired to interact with fans, but he'd also hate to be an asshole to the guy. "Hi," he said with a forced smile.

The middle-aged businessman beamed at him before his expression turned solemn. "Too bad about the Stanley Cup," he mused.

Shane accepted his fate, chatting to the man until takeoff when Shane used the safety instructions as an excuse to end the conversation. Once those were done, he quickly pulled his headphones over his ears and stared out the window. After a moment, he grabbed his phone again.

Shane: *Do you ever get tired of fan interactions?*

Shane: *What's your favourite in flight snack? I think you'd like the Air Canada mini pretzels. They're my favourite.*

Embarrassment flooded him as he stared at that last message. *All* of those unnecessary messages. What was he *doing*?

Shane: *You're probably already in the air. Sorry. Ignore me.*

Shane: *Sorry!*

He buried his nose in the collar of his hoodie, catching a whiff of the shirt underneath. Shane wondered how long it would smell like Rozanov. He wondered when he'd see Rozanov next. If maybe they would kiss again.

July 2014 — Ottawa

It was good to be back at the cottage. It really was his favourite place in the world. Here, he could recuperate after a stressful season. He could recenter himself, and just *breathe*.

His days usually looked much the same: he kept up his morning routine of a ten-kilometer run right after waking up, which was so much nicer out here in nature. After finishing his workout in his home gym, he'd have breakfast and watch SportsCenter. Then a shower.

And then came the fun part, the things he couldn't do when he was busy with practices and endorsements and interviews during the season. Going kayaking on the lake, sometimes spending hours out there just watching nature, or going for a long swim; trying to focus on a book.

It was nice. Lonely, but that was a good thing. He didn't mind being alone, not when there were so many people always pushing and pulling him in every which direction during the season.

And when it did start to feel a bit oppressive, his parents were a ten-minute drive away. That was nice too. His parents tried to see his games as much as possible during the season but he still missed them a lot. So it was good to have them that close.

Even if sometimes they dropped by unannounced, and threw Shane's plans into disarray. It was mostly okay — it wasn't a big deal, it wasn't like he had important plans or anything during the summer, but it still always threw him for a loop when he couldn't do what he'd set out to do.

Like today, when Shane had wanted to get in a bit of hockey on his practice rink before lunch but suddenly he heard his mom's voice calling out into the cottage, "Shane?"

"In the kitchen," Shane called back, rolling his eyes fondly. "Hi mom, dad," he greeted them when they appeared in the kitchen. Both their arms were loaded with grocery bags. A longer

stay then.

"Hi honey," Mom said cheerfully as they unloaded the bags on the counter. "You haven't eaten lunch yet, have you?"

Shane put down his glass of water and leaned over the counter to give both of them a brief hug. "I was just gonna get in some practice before," he told her with a shrug of his shoulders.

She tutted, shaking her head, then paused. "What are you wearing?"

"What?"

Yuna waved her hand towards his shirt, and Shane froze when he looked down. *BOSTON* written across his chest as if it had a claim over him- as if the owner of the shirt had a claim over him. Shane felt heat crawl into his cheeks.

Dad chimed in, "I didn't know you liked Boston that much."

Shane's stomach was twisted. "I- uh..." He said lamely, not quite sure what to reply that would make him seem normal. He hadn't even realized it this morning when he put on the shirt. It didn't even smell like Rozanov anymore now that he'd had to wash it. It was just a comfortable shirt. And he should've been safe to wear it in his own house.

"Well, at least it's not a Bears shirt, right?" David continued with a laugh, then paused. "You *aren't* secretly a Bears fan, are you?"

Shane grimaced, shaking his head. "Oh my god! No! Dad, what the-" He stopped himself at his mom's stern expression.

"I've never seen that shirt on you before, honey," Yuna pointed out. Shane felt they were making a much bigger deal out of this than it needed to be. "It's a nice enough city, I suppose, though I would like it a lot more if it wasn't for them snatching the Cup from you! Rozanov especially!"

Shane's heart gave a lurch at the name, his sweaty palms brushing against the soft shirt. "Oh, uh- he-" He cleared his throat, trying again, "Rozanov played an exceptionally good season. That win was well deserved."

Both his parents looked at him dubiously, and Shane fought down the urge to run and hide. "You deserved it more," Yuna said stubbornly, like any good parent would.

Shane remembered the look in Rozanov's eyes when he held the Stanley Cup. *No*, he thought, *Rozanov needed that win more than I did*. "There's always next year," he mumbled.

"Damn right!" David cheered, and Yuna slapped his arm in admonishment for the curse word. But she was smiling when she said, "You'll get it!"

Then she slid a high stack of containers towards him, telling him, "These are for you, Shane." Shane breathed a sigh of relief at the change of subject, crossing his arms over his chest as if that could hide the fact that he was wearing Rozanov's shirt. "Put them in the fridge."

Shane looked at the containers filled with food, inspecting the labels that told him what the contents were including how many grams of protein and carbs each dish contained. He really loved his mom. "Thanks," he murmured.

"And now we're making lunch together! Practice will go much better once you actually have the energy for it," Mom said in her no nonsense voice, "You can practice with your dad after."

His dad laughed. "I fear I'm no match for Shane Hollander," he pointed out good-naturedly.

Shane smiled. He hadn't played against his dad in a long time because Dad usually argued that he was getting too old to still play hockey. "Who knows, maybe you can teach me a trick or two," Shane said, silently hopeful.

Dad's laugh was booming as he rolled his eyes fondly. "You flatter me too much, Shane."

August 2014

Shane was bored. That was usually what happened when summer drew to a close. He loved all his little routines, and he loved being alone all summer with no obligations, but eventually, he'd get antsy for the new season to start. For the excitement and the stress and the anticipation of winning games and being the best he could be.

He'd been home alone all day, went for his usual run, then on his peloton, and he had had his protein shake that didn't taste *great* but was good for his body. Then his shower, he had even put on a sheet mask to treat himself, swam in the lake, and lounged in the sun, and now he was in bed.

And Shane was happy being boring — before Ilya Rozanov, anyway, but now he was home alone in Ilya Rozanov's shirt in his bed and he wanted, *needed*, something more than being bored out of his mind.

Rozanov was staring at him from the screen of his phone. He wasn't *really* there, of course, because they didn't just call each other, let alone do video calls. In fact, they hadn't talked at all since they parted ways that night in Vegas. And why would they? Hookups only happened during the season, Rozanov was in Russia still, and Shane in his cottage. They were worlds apart — as it was supposed to be.

But Shane had tried to quench his boredom by watching highlight reels of the last season, and he'd ended up watching Rozanov score the winning goal for the Stanley Cup one or six times, and suddenly, somehow, the words *Ilya Rozanov* were glaring at him from the search bar and Shane was scrolling through images of him on the internet. Most of them were from games or press conferences, but there was also an infuriating amount of pap shots of Rozanov with beautiful women. Shane didn't look at those too closely. It was upsetting that Rozanov had such an easy time being around women, genuinely enjoying spending time with them, *pleasuring* them, when Shane never seemed to be able to muster the same enthusiasm for women. He just had to keep trying.

A few of the paparazzi shots showed Rozanov alone, out and about in Boston, in trendy clothes and chic sunglasses that obscured a view of his mesmerizing hazel eyes.

Shane's heart stuttered in his chest when he came across a picture of Rozanov in his *BOSTON* shirt, the fit a bit tighter around his shoulders than on Shane, hugging his muscular frame nicely. His head was thrown back in laughter, one of his teammates by his side. Shane's eyes zeroed in on the shape of his throat, the smattering of moles, and he remembered what it was like to press his lips to the soft skin, the press of his tongue into the hollow of his throat and the almost involuntary gasp that would leave Rozanov's lips.

Shane dropped his hand to his chest, feeling the soft material of the t-shirt under his fingertips, imagining it was Rozanov he got to touch instead. His nerve endings were fizzing with... *want*. Shane sighed, teasing his thumb against one nipple before he could stop himself.

No, he admonished, *not again*. Shane was ashamed to think about how many times over the summer he'd masturbated while wearing Rozanov's shirt. It was wrong, and humiliating, and *addicting*. Even when the t-shirt stopped smelling like Rozanov, at least it felt like Shane still had a fragment of a piece of him.

Shane quickly scrolled past the picture, scowling at rows and rows of pictures of Rozanov with more beautiful women. He was about to throw his phone away when his eyes caught on a familiar sight. Again, Rozanov was entangled with a gorgeous woman — some model, Shane was pretty sure. It was an older picture, Rozanov's hair shorter than he wore it these days — but what caught Shane's attention was the sweater he was wearing. Cream-coloured, simple and *boring*. Too short on Rozanov, but somehow, infuriatingly, he made it work.

Shane wondered if Rozanov had done more than shove his tongue down that beautiful model's throat while wearing *his* sweater. Had he been thinking about Shane while he fucked her?

Shane's unoccupied hand dipped lower, toying with the waistband of his briefs. He wondered if Rozanov fucked everyone like they were the most important person in the world. Did he take such good care of everyone he fucked, pressing into them with single-minded focus, hazel eyes as intense as they were on the ice when he got ready for a face off.

Shane groaned breathlessly, ghosting his palm over the bulge in his briefs. Did Rozanov enjoy watching all of his sexual partners get themselves off, did he study all of them so closely? Or was it different with Shane?

Shane swiped out of the image search, his chest heaving as he suddenly stared at the unanswered messages he'd sent Rozanov at the beginning of the summer. He pushed the embarrassment at those away, the humiliation of coming across so needy when they'd never texted to chat before. Instead, he typed out a new message, hitting send before he could think too hard about it.

Shane: *Thinking of you.*

He glared at the bright screen until texting bubbles appeared and his heart lurched. He hadn't really expected a reply, and when he thought about it, it must be pretty early in Moscow.

The bubbles disappeared again, and no message came through. That was more like it.

Shane tried not to be disappointed. His cheeks, all the way down to his neck and chest, felt hot with humiliation. He shouldn't have sent that. Why couldn't he just stick to what they'd agreed on? Maybe Rozanov had a beautiful Russian woman with him right now — or worse, his old coach's son.

The knot in Shane's stomach tightened. If Rozanov was with someone else, Shane supposed he'd be pretty pissed if he made him think about *Shane* while he was doing that.

Shane: *What are you wearing right now?*

That made it pretty clear what he was hoping to achieve, right? He wasn't very good at sexting but that was what people asked to get going, right?

The text bubbles appeared again. When they disappeared, a message came through.

Lily: *It is 6 in the morning Hollander what the fuck?*

Lily: *Are you horny? Is why you're sexting me?*

Shane refused to be embarrassed now that he had Rozanov's attention.

Shane: *Answer the question.*

Lily: *Oh! Bossy! Is new! Alright let's see if you're any better than last time.*

Lily: *I wear sweatpants, no underwear. No shirt. You?*

Shane flushed, panicking. There was no way he could tell Rozanov that he was wearing his shirt. He'd never hear the end of it.

Shane: *Nothing!*

Lily: *Fuck. Yes? And you touch yourself, Hollander?*

Shane: *Can I?*

It took a moment for Rozanov to reply, and Shane started worrying that he was doing a very bad job of this. This was such a bad idea.

Lily: *Fuck Hollander. Touch yourself. Go slow. Tell me how you like it.*

Shane: *Are you?*

Shane pushed his shirt up under his armpits, reluctant to take it off but wanting more access to his body. He thought of his lie to Rozanov and unceremoniously pushed his boxer briefs down his hips and thighs, kicking them off. He was already hard and leaking. With languid

movements, he trailed his fingers over his pecs and down his body, reaching for his balls and taking them into his hand. As he was massaging them, low moans fell from his lips. He squeezed his eyes shut and imagined it was Rozanov's big hands making him feel good. He almost forgot about the phone in his hand.

Lily: Am I what? Best hockey player in the world? Yes of course I am.

Shane snorted, and wrapped a loose fist around his length, just holding it there for a moment without moving.

Shane: Idiot. Are you touching yourself?

Lily: Yes. Thinking about your mouth. Is so hot how much you love my cock.

Shane: Want to do it right now. Suck you off.

Shane dropped his phone on his chest and shoved two of his fingers into his mouth, swirling his tongue around them and hollowing his cheeks. *God*, he missed having Rozanov's cock in his mouth. He moaned around the fingers and tightened his grip on his own cock. The slide of his hand was a bit dry but it was too good to stop and get lube.

With spit smeared across his chin and dripping down his fingers into the shirt, Shane took the fingers out of his mouth and reached for his dick, making the glide a lot smoother. "Like that, yeah," he panted, squeezing his eyes shut as he stroked himself frantically.

He remembered his phone when it nearly slid off his chest, and clumsily tapped the screen to look at Rozanov's messages.

Lily: Yes. You're so good at it.

Lily: Thought about it all summer.

Lily: I will fuck you so good next time we see each other.

Lily: Hollander did you forget about sexting?

Lily: You did.

Lily: You're so needy, can't think about anything but getting yourself off.

Shane: Shit. Sorry!

Lily: Is okay. I think about how you looked in Vegas. Took my cock so well.

Shane: Thought about it all summer too. Need you back in me.

Lily: Fuck. I want that.

Shane whimpered, rubbing his thumb across the head. He was already so close. His movements grew more frantic as he started moving his hips into his fist at a punishing pace.

Lily: *Wish I could hear you. Love hearing your moans.*

Shane froze, squeezing the base of his cock to stave off his orgasm. He didn't want this to end already now that he had Rozanov again. His thumb hovered over the keyboard. And then he did something he'd blame his sex-hazy brain on later. He pressed the button for the voice message, closing his eyes at the sudden embarrassment.

"Rozanov," he breathed, "feels so good. *God. Need you.*" He shuffled around until his phone was lying precariously on his chest and he could lift one leg towards his chest, reaching around it to tease at his hole. He didn't touch himself there often, didn't really see the point when it was never as good as Rozanov's cock filling him up. His other hand kept a steady rhythm on his cock.

"Hngh," he gasped at the gentle pressure, "*please. Fuck me. Need you inside me. Ah!*" He breached the rim with his thumb, the burn too intense without any lube. "Want to feel you for days after this," he babbled, a whine leaving his throat that he'd be embarrassed about if he wasn't so far gone when he removed his thumb.

Blindly, he reached for the bedside table, knocking something off of it as he reached for the lube. It was a struggle to get it to open with one hand but he managed, sighing in relief when he squeezed some of it on his fingers. "Fuck," he breathed as he brought his hand back around his leg, smearing the lube over his hole.

He pressed a finger back into himself slowly, a keening sound at the back of his throat. The hand on his cock slowed as he focused on opening himself up. "Yeah, like that," he whispered, "getting myself all ready to take you. You take such good care of me, Rozanov."

Shane stilled the thrusts into his body, remembering that he'd been recording all of this for Rozanov. He quickly pressed send and squeezed his eyes shut again before he could see Rozanov's reaction, pumping his finger in and out of himself a couple of times to distract himself. He added another finger and wrapped his other hand back around his cock, starting a steady rhythm again.

With a tight grip around his cock and his fingers nudging into his prostate, it only took a little bit longer for Shane to spill over his hand, a quiet, pathetic, "Ilya..." falling from his lips.

He stroked himself through his orgasm and tried not to panic when his brain started working again. Next to him, his phone buzzed.

Shane wiped his hands on the sheets and reluctantly picked up the phone.

Lily: *Holy shit Hollander*

Lily: *[sent an image]*

Shane blinked at his screen dumbfounded. The picture Rozanov had sent showed his torso, covered in come. There was come *everywhere*, Shane felt hot all over looking at it. Droplets sticking in the dark hair under Rozanov's belly button, and streaked across his abs. His hand was draped against his bear tattoo, covering it except for the corner of an ear, and Shane

wondered if that was a safety precaution. His fingers were covered in come too. Shane had the urge to lick them clean. He imagined how good his fingers would feel in his mouth right now. Rozanov's chest was glistening with sweat, and his crucifix rested in the dip of his collarbone.

Shane had never seen anything hotter.

Shane: Did you come?

Lily: Did you look at picture yes?

Shane: Asshole. I meant from like...

Lily: You sent voice message moaning in my ear like little slut you are. Yes.

Shane: :)

Lily: Was very good Hollander.

Shane: For me too.

Shane: Just don't forget to delete it when you're done with it!

Lily: I'm not stupid.

Shane: Okay. Well. Thank you.

Lily: You're still terrible at sexting. We need to practice more yes?

Shane buried his face against his shoulder, hiding a smile. He felt sticky and gross and needed a shower terribly, but he also hoped Rozanov would stay on the phone a little bit longer with him.

Shane: Yes.

Shane: Are you back in Boston soon?

Lily: Flight is next week. Training camps after. Winning against you in October.

Shane: Dream on.

Lily: Remind me who won Stanley Cup?

Lily: Pretzels is not a good snack. Chocolate chip cookies is better.

Shane's heart lurched and then pounded in his chest like it was gearing up to run a marathon to Russia or something.

Lily: Take a shower and sleep Hollander. I will see you in October.

Shane: Okay. Safe travels back, Rozanov.

As he walked into his bathroom, there was a stupidly large grin on his face that stayed all through his shower and while changing his sheets. Only once he was cozy in bed, did he grab his phone again to look at the picture Rozanov had sent him. He tried to commit it to memory before he deleted it.

September 2014 — Montreal

Shane received a message from Rozanov when he was half-dressed after his post-practice shower. He was in a good mood: the team had made him captain which was absolutely *wild* to wrap his head around, and training camps were going well and promised a great season ahead. He sat down on the bench, thumbing the message open.

Lily: *[sent an image]*

Lily: *You look like thief!*

Shane's heart dropped out of his ass. Rozanov had sent him a picture of Shane as he was leaving practice a couple days ago. He wore a zip-up hoodie with a burgundy shirt underneath. Where the hoodie wasn't zipped up entirely, the letters *BOS* were visible.

Shane: *Okay listen, I can explain...*

Even though he very much couldn't. *Shit*. How could he be so *stupid*? Who else had him all figured out? He looked around the locker room, expecting disgusted looks in his direction but no one really paid him any attention. Everyone was just joking around with each other.

Lily: *I was looking for that t-shirt but looks good on you!*

Shane rolled his eyes. It wasn't even *that* visible. A smile was pulling on his lips.

Lily: *Maybe next time show it properly!*

Shane: *I can't wear a Boston shirt publicly! That's stupid. You've been seen in it!*

Lily: *Oh were you looking at pictures of me Hollander? Really miss me a lot yes?*

Shane pressed his lips together. This was *so* stupid.

Shane: *I don't.*

He wanted to tell Rozanov that he liked it when he was wrapped up in his scent, that he smelled like mulled wine and spiced cookies, cozy winter evenings spent in front of the fire. But that would be *embarrassing*. Shane just missed Rozanov's mouth and his dick inside him, his strong body...

Lily: *Is funny to imagine Shane Hollander being seen with a Boston t-shirt. Is scandal!*

Shane: *I'd be ripped to shreds. I'll give it back to you next time. Sorry for taking it.*

Lily: You can keep it if you like it. Like beanie.

Shane: No. I'll give it back, promise. The toque too. I don't know why I keep forgetting.

Lily: I keep your boring sweater, you can keep my clothes. I'm doing you a favour!

Shane snorted, shaking his head. He really really hated Rozanov.

"What are you so smiley about?" Hayden asked as he sat down on the bench next to Shane, knocking their shoulders together.

Shane quickly turned off the screen of his phone. "Nothing!" He rushed out.

"Lily," Hayden said in a singsong voice. "Is that your mystery girl from last year? What happened to her anyway?"

Shane felt like he couldn't breathe. He was so close to being discovered. "I told you there never was a mystery girl!" He said urgently, pleading silently that Hayden would drop the topic.

"But there is now?" Hayden asked pointedly.

Shane ground his teeth together. "Lily," he breathed out quietly, feeling sick to the stomach, "it's nothing. We're just hooking up when it's convenient."

Hayden wrapped his arm around Shane's shoulders and jostled him. "Good boy! I'm worried about you not getting enough action! You never come out with us!"

Shane managed a weak smile. "I'll come out more," he offered, just to get Hayden off his back.

He needed to end this thing with Rozanov. He would. Next time they saw each other. He'd give him back his toque, and his t-shirt, and be done with this whole mess once and for all.

Chapter End Notes

i hope this was a nice little treat while we wait until thursday night/friday for the new episode!!! (personally i have a feeling i won't survive the episode tbh)
pleaseeee let me know what you thought!!!

Chapter 5: January 2016 — Boston

Chapter Notes

hi friends!

how are we holding up after friday's episode? i, for one, am completely and utterly destroyed. like. holy shit. that was insaneeee. we better get to see shane wearing ilya's clothes next episode!! i need it so bad you don't understand!

also hey, we got my moon, my man featured in the episode! so [erica](#) asked me to remind everyone that it was her idea to title this fic after the song! thanks erica you're a genius!

i really hope we get to see some variation of this chapter in the show. i'd lose my mind. please please please jacob tierney. i beg you.

i really hope you enjoy this chapter! i think this chapter has some of my favourite banter in it and i'm very excited to share it!

can't believe we're almost at the finish line! see you on the other end!

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

5: January 2016 — Boston

Hollander jumped out of the bed as soon as his breathing had calmed down after Ilya had fucked him into the mattress. He tended to do that whenever they were at Ilya's penthouse. Ilya pretended he didn't know it was because Hollander was scared of being in Ilya's home.

It was a little bit cute how terrified he was when it was just convenient to fuck here instead of a hotel room. Ilya was tired of hotel rooms.

It was nice to have Hollander in his space, nice to fuck him on every available surface around the penthouse. One day, Ilya would convince Hollander to let him fuck him against the windows.

"Rozanov," Hollander groaned, angry and petulant, holding his hoodie up in front of himself. It had a large come stain on the front. His face was scrunched up in disgust and annoyance, his freckles shadows against his cheeks. Ilya hated how much he liked looking at his stupid face. Every time they met up again he thought, *today must be the day I've had enough*, but it had been eight years and that day hadn't come yet.

"You can sell it on Ebay. Your come makes lots of money I'm sure," Ilya joked, leaning back into the cushions more comfortably.

"I can't fucking wear that in public!" Hollander pointed out.

Ilya shrugged, bored by Hollander's antics. He stood right in front of the closet, surely he could figure out the next move here.

Hollander stood, half naked and hunched over, clearly not knowing what to do with himself. Ilya wished he'd just come back to bed. He wished they could spend all night together so he could find out how many times he could make Hollander come. Which pretty sounds to draw out of him. It felt like they never had enough time for these things.

Ilya heaved a sigh, letting his eyes wander over Hollander. He really was incredibly beautiful. Ilya licked his lips and smirked. "You know, they made new Rozanov jerseys," he said conversationally.

"Okay?" Hollander asked flatly, his brow furrowed in confusion.

Ilya's smirk widened. He was excited for Hollander's reaction. "New merch. Sent me a couple for... sample?"

Hollander still didn't get it, it was adorable.

Ilya crawled out of bed, pressing his lips against Hollander's confused little pout when he passed him. He just couldn't resist. It was an awkward kiss because Ilya couldn't stop

smirking but Hollander was swaying into him eagerly, his hands groping Ilya's pecs. Maybe there *was* a chance that he'd stay just a little bit longer.

Ilya left the room to grab one of the jerseys from the box that sat in his living room. This was such a stupid idea, and Hollander would potentially murder him for even suggesting it, which shouldn't thrill Ilya as much as it did.

"You can wear this," Ilya suggested when he was back in the bedroom, holding out the jersey for Hollander to grab. "Instead of come stained hoodie," he added, just to remind Hollander of the dilemma he was in.

"Fuck off," he growled when he finally realized what Ilya's plan was. "I'm not wearing that." He slapped Ilya's hand away.

Ilya's smile widened. "Okay. Maybe you can make come stained clothing into fashion," he said solemnly, "is less boring than your normal clothes."

Hollander did in fact look like he wanted to kill Ilya. "Can't I-" He gestured at the closet behind him, finally clueing in on the vast collection of clothes he could wear instead of a stupid merch jersey.

Well, too late now. Ilya was going to tease him until it wasn't fun anymore. "No," he said.

Hollander's face turned into a scowl. He still looked incredibly cute and not at all threatening. "You're such an asshole, come on, Rozanov."

Ilya shrugged. "You never give back my clothes. I will have none left one day! And then I will have to walk around naked and no one will get on with their lives because everyone is staring at me. Is not good, Hollander. I'm too handsome."

For a second he thought that Hollander would agree. Instead, his expression darkened even more. "You never wanted any of it back!" He accused, throwing out his hand angrily.

Ilya grinned. That was true. Hollander had made one attempt to give back his clothes a year or so ago but Ilya had brushed him off with an excuse he couldn't remember now. Hollander hadn't asked again. And Ilya liked seeing Hollander in his clothes- or well, he didn't usually *see* them on Hollander, but knowing that he had them was enough. Ilya didn't have an explanation why he liked it so much. He tended not to think about it too much. "Wear the jersey, Hollander."

"No," he spat out, "I'm not putting on a fucking Bears jersey! Definitely not one with *your* name on it."

Ilya couldn't help but ask, "What's more offending? That it's the Bears or that it's me?"

"Both!"

"Aw," Ilya cooed, "but you can pretend to be best player in the league! Everyone can see you're a fan of me! I know you're a fan of-"

"Don't say it," Hollander threatened.

Ilya cackled. "Of my dick," he dropped his voice and stepped closer, backing Hollander against the closet, "inside you."

Hollander gasped, pulling Ilya in by the shoulders to bring their mouths together. He was so easy to rile up, and so easy to break. It terrified Ilya sometimes.

"Wear it," Ilya breathed against his lips a moment later before pulling away and waving the jersey in front of Hollander.

"No."

"Are you scared?" Ilya taunted.

Hollander looked at him perplexed for a moment before shaking his head. "It's just stupid, Rozanov. I'm not gonna wear your name in public!"

He had a point, of course, but Ilya didn't want to let it go just yet. "Ah, I see. You are scared to feel great for once in your career. Shane Rozanov..." He trailed off, he didn't know why he'd said that. That was stupid.

Hollander's whole body flushed. *That* wasn't stupid. Ilya loved seeing Hollander's freckles against a backdrop of pink.

Ilya plowed on, "I can get you a seat with the other WAGs for next game. It will be nice! You can experience real professional hockey for once!"

Hollander looked at him with parted lips. Ilya was pretty sure Hollander was seconds from punching him in the face, but he also looked like he really wanted to kiss Ilya again. Ilya was gonna take his chances. He pulled Hollander against his chest and claimed his mouth. His tongue brushed against Hollander's and he let out a quiet moan that only made Ilya kiss him harder.

When he pulled away, Ilya was smirking down at Hollander whose eyes were still closed, a half smile on his lips. Too bad Ilya was going to ruin it. "You can't kiss me like that, you know," he mused, brushing his thumb against Hollander's freckled cheek, "after I've won the game. Everyone will get jealous I have prettiest WAG."

Hollander's expression didn't immediately turn into a frown, which surprised Ilya. Instead, his mouth opened slightly, his fingers against Ilya's arms curling to pull him back in. The moment was over in the blink of an eye, and Hollander opened his eyes to glare at Ilya, pushing at his chest slightly. "Will me putting on the stupid jersey shut you the fuck up?" He asked.

Ilya laughed, wiggling the jersey between them. "I guess you will have to find out." He watched in awe as Hollander snatched the jersey from him and pulled it over his head, muttering to himself the entire time. Ilya didn't understand everything he was saying but he was convinced it was only unfavourable things.

Hollander smoothed the hem of the jersey over his hips, glaring at Ilya. And Ilya smirked down at him, brushing his palms over Hollander's shoulders before he reached out to tie the strings resting on his chest into a neat bow, just for something for his hands to do.

When he stepped back with a satisfied grin, it caught Ilya a little off guard to actually see Hollander wearing *his* team logo, *his number*.

"Happy now?" Hollander asked through gritted teeth.

Ilya spread his arms out. "Give me twirl... Hollander," he said, holding his breath. Hollander's name, he found, suddenly felt clunky in his mouth. He was wearing his jersey, his number, his name, Ilya wanted...

"You're such a fucking asshole, Rozanov," Hollander complained, crossing his arms in front of his chest self-consciously.

And suddenly the teasing wasn't all that fun anymore. Not if Hollander wasn't enjoying it as well. Ilya stepped close to him, grabbing Hollander's chin before claiming his mouth in a heated kiss. He licked into his mouth, tasting him, wanting him... *claiming* him.

When Ilya pulled away from him, Hollander kept his eyes closed, dark lashes fanning out against his freckled cheeks. He was so- "Turn. Around..." *Shane*. The words came out in a growl but the name sounded soft in his head. Ilya bit down hard on his lip, willing those new ideas away. *Hollander* was just another guy to pass the time with. If Ilya wanted, he could go out tonight and pick up any other man or woman and it wouldn't make a difference. He tightened his grip on Hollander's jaw before giving it a slight nudge and letting go.

Hollander turned his back to Ilya, a dazed expression on his face. And there it was: **ROZANOV 81** in bold letters across his back. *He is wearing your name because you asked him to.*

Ilya let out a heavy breath through his nose and then plastered himself to Hollander's back. His cock rubbed, half-hard again already, against the curve of Hollander's perfect ass. "You know what happens," Ilya murmured against the shell of Hollander's ear, using a bit of teeth. It made Hollander shiver against him. Ilya smirked when he wrapped an arm around Hollander's chest, his other hand pressing to the bulge in his briefs. Hollander let out a quiet sigh. "When someone wears my jersey?" He finished his sentence.

"Hmm?" Hollander hummed, his head lolling back against Ilya's shoulder.

Ilya smiled against his jaw. "They're desperate for my cock."

Hollander laughed, the sound breathy. "Right. All those hockey dude bros want you."

"Is a big... responsibility," Ilya murmured, running his thumb over the head of Hollander's cock where he felt precome already leaking into his boxer briefs, "when you're hot like me. Everyone wants piece of you." He left a trail of kisses along Hollander's throat. "So you should consider yourself lucky..." *Shane*, the name stayed lodged in his throat. Ilya squeezed his eyes shut, biting playfully at Hollander's collarbone to distract himself.

"You're lucky," Hollander mumbled, his chest heaving under Ilya's embrace.

Ilya's lips pulled into a smile. He really wanted to drag Hollander back into his bed, and have his way with him — *again*. Jersey and all. Instead he removed his hand from Hollander's cock and dropped his arm.

Hollander swayed forward, caught off balance by the sudden loss of contact.

"You can go now," Ilya told him, keeping his face impassive when Hollander turned towards him with wide, angry eyes.

Ilya really *should* send him away, but he already knew he wouldn't.

"Fuck you," Hollander spat out, "finish what you started, Rozanov!"

Ilya would be lying if he said the words didn't go directly to his dick. "Come here," he said, to regain some semblance of control.

Hollander stumbled over his feet and nearly fell into his arms in his haste, but Ilya caught him, steadying fingers curling over the **81** on each of the sleeves of the jersey.

"Desperate for my cock?" Ilya asked with a teasing smirk.

Hollander licked his lips, his gaze dropping to Ilya's mouth but he didn't say a word.

"Hollander," Ilya hummed, brushing his thumb against his bottom lip and dragging it down a bit until Hollander curled his tongue around it and sucked it into his mouth. Ilya needed a moment to just *look*. His voice sounded a lot more raspy and shaky than he would have liked when he asked, "What do you need?" He replaced his thumb with his tongue, kissing Hollander, hot and dirty, until Hollander was moaning and writhing against him. "I could let you suck my dick or—"

"Fuck me."

"What?" Ilya pulled away from him slightly, looking at Hollander in awe. His expression was determined, his big brown eyes shimmering and endless.

"Fuck me," Hollander repeated, almost challengingly.

Ilya felt on fire. He hated when Hollander caught him off guard; he loved it so much. "*Again?*" He asked, just to make sure.

Hollander nodded, his eyes crinkling when he smiled. "*Please.*"

Ilya huffed a small laugh. "You're very polite... very Canadian."

"Shut the fuck up, Rozanov," Hollander replied, his fingers sliding into Ilya's curls as he pulled him in for another kiss.

Ilya ran his hands down Hollander's body until he reached the back of his thighs. He lifted him up, Hollander's legs automatically wrapping around his waist. They stopped kissing for a second and Hollander used that moment to breathe, "I hate you."

"I know," Ilya hummed, trailing smiling kisses against Hollander's neck as he carried him back over to the bed. He lowered Hollander down on the mattress almost gently, unwilling to break away from him for too long. When Hollander wrapped his fingers around Ilya's cock, he knew that they were at least on the same page. "Fuck," Ilya murmured softly, his hips snapping into Hollander's touch.

He let himself have this for a moment, giving in to his own pleasure instead of following up on what he really wanted to do to Hollander. *Again. God*, he felt dizzy.

"Stop," he gasped, "stop, Hollander-"

Hollander let go of him, wide-eyed and waiting, and Ilya squeezed his eyes shut for a moment, resting his forehead against Hollander's collarbone. This was entirely too much, Ilya wasn't sure how he was supposed to get out of this unscathed.

He suddenly understood why Hollander refused to let Ilya into his stupid Montreal home, understood why he looked so spooked ever time they hooked up at Ilya's place. Because with every new time that Ilya had Hollander in his own bed, looking all kinds of lovely, he wanted it more and more.

But it simply wasn't an option.

Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov could never share a bed for longer than what they were already given. The repercussions would be disastrous. Most of all, if Ilya let himself hope for more, it would ruin him even more than Hollander already had.

Hollander pushed at his chest so Ilya pulled away from him, understanding dawning on him as soon as Hollander wiggled around and turned on his stomach for Ilya. *It's already too late*. He should've never made Hollander put on his jersey.

Ilya absentmindedly traced his fingers against the letters of his name. Hollander gave a small, content hum, lifting his hips off the mattress slightly to press his ass against Ilya's front. "Hmm, desperate," Ilya whispered, trailing his hand to the base of Hollander's neck and into his hair. "Tell me how much you want me."

Hollander whined, trying to turn his head but Ilya's grip in his hair was too tight. "Please," he whimpered, "fuck me, Rozanov. Need you inside me."

"You already had me," Ilya said with a smile, yanking on Hollander's hair a bit which resulted in Hollander gyrating his hips into Ilya.

"Need you," Hollander repeated, *"always"*. Feels so good... when you fuck me."

Ilya groaned, turning Hollander's head to kiss him roughly. If he just focused on fucking Hollander, it would be fine. He could do this. *Had been* doing it for years.

He sat back a little, trailing his eyes over his name splayed out across Hollander's back. Averting his eyes, Ilya yanked on Hollander's briefs. He was too impatient to help Hollander out of them completely, letting them rest around his knees. With one hand he kneaded Hollander's ass, smirking when he pushed back into the touch, while his other hand reached for the lube that still laid on the mattress.

Hollander wouldn't need much preparation, and his small pleas of, *"get in me already,"* suggested that Hollander wasn't patient enough for any dragged out teasing either, but Ilya still needed to make sure that he wouldn't hurt Hollander.

Ilya slicked his fingers with lube and moved his other hand to the small of Hollander's back, pressing him into the bed more. Circling two fingers around Hollander's hole that easily slipped into his body, Ilya let out a low groan. He didn't understand what it was about Hollander that made him want this so much more with him than anyone else. Why did it have to be the one person he couldn't have any meaningful connection with?

"Yes," Hollander rushed out, arching his back further which made Ilya's fingers slip into him deeper, "oh god, Rozanov."

Ilya hummed, fucking his fingers into Hollander at a steady pace. "Hollander," he groaned, wondering if he could come just like this, just from watching Hollander take his fingers so well, wearing his jersey.

"Please... Rozanov, fuck me, I- I can't-"

Ilya pulled his fingers out of Hollander and wiped them on the bedsheets before he draped himself over Hollander's back just because he could, deliberately dragging his cock against his ass. Pressing his lips to Hollander's ear, he whispered, "Kneel for me."

"W-what?" Hollander asked, a tremble running through his whole body.

"Want you on your knees like the good boy you are for me. On the floor." Ilya dragged his lips along the shell of Hollander's ear, pressing a wet kiss to the hinge of his jaw.

"Oh my god," Hollander said weakly.

Ilya reluctantly pulled away from him, smiling at how fast Hollander scrambled to get off the bed. He got down on his knees, his eyes blown when he looked at Ilya for direction. Ilya dragged his eyes over him languidly, couldn't quite believe that Hollander had actually gotten on the floor without argument. "Here," Ilya said almost softly as he reached for a pillow, "it will be better for your knees."

Hollander grabbed the pillow and rearranged himself to kneel on that instead. His cheeks were flushed, and his lips were parted. He looked so beautiful, it hurt a little to look at him.

Ilya climbed out of bed to stand behind Hollander. "Bend over," he instructed, his breath catching when Hollander draped his upper body across the mattress. Hollander's hands grasped at the sheets by his head.

Ilya walked around Hollander and the bed to grab another condom, taking his time as he did so. Hollander's cheek was pressed to the mattress and his eyes watched Ilya carefully.

"Please," tumbled from his lips eventually. Ilya didn't want to wait anymore.

He put on the condom and positioned himself back behind Hollander. Steadying himself with a hand to the small of his back, Ilya slowly pushed into Hollander. He was still so incredibly tight but welcomed him back in so much easier than he usually would, and Ilya had to close his eyes and remind himself to breathe lest he blacked out from how good it felt.

"Oh god... oh my- fuck," Hollander babbled helplessly, pushing back against him.

"Fuck," Ilya echoed, the warm heat around him almost unbearable. He kept himself still, wanting to let Hollander adjust to the feeling of having Ilya back inside him *again*, and give himself a chance not to come in two seconds but, of course, Hollander was having none of it.

He started to snap his hips back on Ilya's cock, and Ilya leaned into it, his eyes opening again and settling on the bold letters across Hollander's back. Ilya's hand trailed up his spine, wanting to touch skin but also mesmerized by having Hollander in his jersey. He pressed his hand to the letters again, between Hollander's shoulder blades, imagining the heat of his palm to brand his name into Hollander's skin. *Mine*, even when he knew that Shane Hollander would never be his.

Ilya tightened his hands in the fabric and met Hollander's thrusts desperately, his rhythm frantic. This would be over embarrassingly quickly.

Hollander moaned his name, his fingers tangling in the sheets.

"Will you come without hands again?" Ilya groaned, pushing into him harder. He leaned more heavily on Hollander, pressing him deep into the bed, as he leaned forward and dragged his other hand from Hollander's waist to reach for his hand instead. Ilya tangled their fingers together.

"Close," Hollander gasped, squeezing Ilya's fingers. "*God, Roza- 'm gonna- fuck.*"

"Yes, Hollander, come on," Ilya panted, groaning when Hollander tensed and stilled under him. "So good," Ilya murmured, holding Hollander's hand in a death grip as he thrust harder into him. His own orgasm was building steadily.

"*Rozanov*," Hollander breathed shakily, turning his head to nuzzle his nose against their intertwined hands. His whole body was trembling. "Too much," he whispered, and Ilya slowed down instantly.

"Want to stop?"

Hollander shook his head against the mattress, his brow furrowed. His lips were warm and wet against Ilya's fingers. "Keep... going," he begged.

"I'm close," Ilya reassured him, moving his free hand into Hollander's hair to pat at the sweaty strands.

"Please," Hollander whimpered, his teeth grazing against Ilya's knuckle.

Ilya's hips snapped into Hollander one last time as he released into him, his teeth boring into his bottom lip when he tried to suppress a sound. "Fucking Christ, Hollander," he groaned, weakly. His eyes found Hollander's face whose eyes were wide and shining brilliantly, his mouth suckling on the side of Ilya's finger. "Okay?" Ilya rasped, gently carding his fingers through Hollander's hair.

He gave a contented sigh and Ilya carefully pulled out of him. He was reluctant to do so but he let go of Hollander's hand, something shifting in his chest when Hollander protested weakly. His legs felt shaky and weak when he went to discard the condom.

Hollander hadn't gotten up yet, still kneeling on the floor, looking debauched and beautiful with Ilya's jersey draped over him.

"Come on, Hollander, is time to get up," Ilya murmured, tangling his fingers back in his hair. Hollander burrowed into the touch.

"Can't," Hollander said simply, "can't feel my legs."

Ilya couldn't help but laugh, a quiet, fond sound punched out of him. He leaned over Hollander to bury his face against the back of his neck, pressing a kiss to the protruding bone. "Let me help you," he murmured against his skin, brushing his hand across Hollander's shoulder and along his arm.

He brought Hollander's arm into a more comfortable position, repeating the same for the other one before he slid his hand down to his hips and massaged his thighs carefully.

Hollander groaned softly, carefully moving his limbs when Ilya guided him off the floor. He all but collapsed on the bed, hiding his face in the sheets. "I should go," he muttered.

He was in no shape to leave just yet — nor did he make any attempts at actually moving.

Ilya lay on his side, supporting his head with one arm and petting Hollander's hair some more before he trailed his touch back down to his name on Hollander's back. He traced the outline of the letters with his finger, smiling a little when Hollander hummed in approval.

"I need to go," Hollander repeated, turning his head to look at Ilya. His expression was soft, his eyes large and dark and beautiful. His freckles were illuminated by a soft pink glow.

Ilya leaned down to press a kiss to the side of his nose. "Let me look at you wearing my name a bit longer."

Hollander snorted quietly. "You're obsessed."

"Hmm," Ilya hummed noncommittally, "Have you not ever put anyone in your jersey before?"

He furrowed his brow, his shoulder raising in a half-shrug. "My parents maybe," he said after a moment.

Ilya rolled his eyes. "You're so boring, Hollander. I mean, *to fuck*." Nevermind that Ilya had never felt this strongly about anyone in his jersey.

"Maybe I'll make you wear mine next time," Hollander said, the corner of his lip quirking up. Ilya leaned down to kiss it.

"No, you cannot do this," Ilya shook his head, keeping his face impassive, "I cannot be seen in a Voyageurs jersey."

"*To fuck*," Hollander mocked. He scooted closer to Ilya, his hand coming up to trace a feathery touch against the bear tattoo on Ilya's chest.

Ilya smiled, brushing his hand down across Hollander's back until he reached the hem of the jersey and could slip his fingers under it. He revelled at the feeling of heated skin against his fingertips, mapping out each bump of Hollander's spine. "Is not good," Ilya hummed, "Ilya Hollander sounds terrible!"

Hollander replaced his fingers with his lips, pressing open-mouthed kisses to the tattoo. Ilya hissed, his nerve endings fizzing when he sucked a nipple into his mouth. "You're full of shit," Hollander pointed out, stubbly chin digging into Ilya's pec as he looked up at Ilya.

Ilya tangled his fingers in Hollander's hair again. "You're the WAG, you take the name."

Hollander gaped at him. "Okay, misogynist."

"I love women!" He argued, having a hard time keeping an impassive face. "Is just that it would be embarrassing to wear second best hockey player's name!"

Hollander pushed at his chest, muttering a, "fuck off!" as Ilya fell on his back laughing. After a moment, Ilya rolled over to lie halfway on top of Hollander. "You're the one kissing the bear tattoo, and wearing my jersey and a Boston t-shirt. Is no point denying how much you love the Bears, not when Ilya Rozanov gets to fuck you."

Colour climbed into Hollander's freckled cheeks and Ilya pressed his fingertips against the heated skin in awe. "Maybe he should find someone else to fuck," Hollander huffed.

There wasn't much heat behind the words but Ilya's stomach plummeted anyway. "No," he pouted, "but you're so convenient... so desperate for my cock."

Hollander rolled his eyes. "Get off of me," he grumbled.

Ilya didn't move and Hollander didn't push him off. In fact, when Ilya leaned in, Hollander met him halfway. The kiss was soft, unexpected, and Ilya's breathing hitched.

When he pulled away from Hollander, his eyes were closed in bliss and Ilya had to resist the urge to try and feel how soft his lashes were fanned out against his cheeks.

"I really should go," Hollander murmured, brushing his hands over Ilya's shoulder blades. "I still don't feel my legs."

Ilya grinned, drinking his fill of Hollander's relaxed expression. His chest ached with how much he wanted Hollander to stay. Maybe next time he could actually ask him. Maybe one day he could be at least somewhat certain that the answer wouldn't be a resounding *no*. "I can carry you to shower," he suggested, half-teasing, half-serious.

Hollander cracked his eyes open, glaring at Ilya. "Don't you dare." And then he trailed off in a yelp when Ilya hoisted him off the mattress, Hollander's arms and legs automatically wrapping around him for support.

"Put me down, asshole," Hollander argued to no avail.

When they were in the bathroom, it was Hollander who didn't let go of him, keeping himself tightly wrapped around Ilya. "Shower, Hollander," he reminded him with a laugh, pushing halfheartedly at the jersey. He didn't think there was an actual chance to get him back into it after the shower.

Hollander put his hands on Ilya's shoulders as he set him to the ground slowly, reluctantly. Ilya held on to his waist when his legs buckled slightly.

"My dick has broken your legs?" Ilya teased, running his nose along Hollander's temple. He tugged on the jersey while his lips trailed along Hollander's jaw.

Surprisingly, Hollander didn't have a sharp comeback for that, instead only murmuring quietly, "Maybe." It was getting late and after what they'd done, he was probably getting sleepy. *Stay here, Shane, it doesn't have to mean anything.* "Are you going to kiss me?"

Ilya's heart skipped a beat. He pulled away to look at Hollander, his eyes wide and pleading. Ilya helped him out of the jersey and manoeuvred him into the shower, blindly turning on the water as he connected their lips again.

Hollander, taking the brunt of the first rush of cold water, squawked, pressing himself closer to Ilya.

They showered relatively quickly, interrupted by lazy kissing, but Hollander's eyes were drooping so Ilya was set on getting him out of the shower, and, contrary to popular belief, back into clothes quickly.

"I need another shirt," Hollander reminded him quietly, sitting at the edge of the bed. He looked so tired and lovely and all Ilya really wanted to do was push him back on the mattress and loop his arms around him and fall asleep together.

Instead, Ilya grinned at him, and said, "Don't worry, I have other jersey."

"Come on, Rozanov," he groaned, slapping his hands against the side of the bed in petulance.

He was so pretty when he was annoyed. "Everything else is... in laundry," Ilya told him.

"Why do you have to be such an asshole?" Hollander called after him as he slipped out of the bedroom to grab another of the sample jerseys. He honestly didn't know why they had sent him so many, he had no one really to give them to. No one he wanted to wear them.

When he returned to the bedroom, Hollander was still in the same position, his hands brushing over the rumpled sheets. Ilya could almost imagine that he was thinking about staying. He could almost see that maybe Hollander would even say yes if he suggested it right now. The thought was terrifying. *Next time.*

"Will be good for you," he said conversationally, leaning against the doorframe. "Wearing the jersey. They will give you WAG of the Year award while you cheer me on for receiving MVP. Again."

Hollander let out a loud groan. "On second thought, I think I'll go home shirtless, thanks," he quipped.

Ilya huffed a short laugh. "Thirst trap to give you better chances at WAG Award, I respect it."

"Do you ever shut up, Rozanov?"

Ilya smiled at him, bright and uninhibited. "You should know by now that I very rarely do. Mostly when I have your-"

"Be my fucking guest," Hollander interrupted him, spreading his legs.

Ilya laughed in delight. "You'll never leave my bed," he said, terrified of how much he wanted it. Instead of giving in to that heaving *want* in his chest, he chuckled the jersey at him.

Hollander caught it, kneading the material between his hands. His brow was furrowed as he looked down at it contemplatively.

Ilya was prepared to fetch another shirt for him. In fact, he went to grab a zip-up hoodie from his closet before Hollander had even protested. It was a nondescript grey hoodie that he only ever wore at home so he wouldn't miss it once Hollander inevitably held it hostage. He loved wearing that hoodie, actually, he loved the idea of Hollander getting to wear it more.

When he turned around, Hollander still remained on the bed but now he was wearing a scowl... and the jersey.

"Oh," Ilya laughed breathlessly, "wow."

"This is stupid, I hope you know that," Hollander growled, tugging on the sleeves self-consciously. "If anyone spots me with this..."

"We say it was joke," Ilya offered with a shrug. "You look..." He trailed off, crossing the distance between them to sit next to Hollander. Too gently, he draped the zip-up hoodie around his shoulders. "Here," he murmured quietly, "it will help. Do not pout, is not pretty."

Hollander bristled, "I'm not pouting!"

Ilya grabbed his chin, turning his head so their eyes met. "My English is not so bad anymore, I know what pouting is."

Hollander's lips tilted up. "Your English is good," he agreed quietly while slipping his arms into the hoodie.

Something warm flickered in Ilya's chest. He kissed Hollander to forget about it. His whole body felt on fire. "Is hard to see you in my jersey," he murmured against his lips. Half a truth. Not enough for Hollander to understand the depth of it. Hopefully.

"Why? Are you going to jump me again?" Hollander teased, nudging his nose against Ilya's.

"You are the one who is desperate for my cock," Ilya said. He let his hand wander over Hollander's arm and shoulder until he could cup his face in his hand.

"It's a good cock," Hollander hummed.

Ilya gave a dramatic gasp, leaning away from him. "That is nicest thing you've ever said to me, Hollander! You must be really tired to do it."

"I say nice things all the time!" Hollander argued, "I complimented you the first time we met!"

Ilya smiled fondly at him. "Ah, but was before you knew I was asshole."

"So whose fault is it really!" Hollander stood up, marching out of the bedroom without another glance.

Ilya hurried after him, smiling the entire time he watched Hollander put on his shoes. Which was also how he noticed the exact moment reality dawned on Hollander and his bravado tipped over into uncertainty.

The hoodie was zipped up almost completely, only the collar of the jersey visible underneath. It probably wouldn't be noticeable at all once Hollander put on his coat.

Ilya stepped into Hollander's space, zipping the hoodie up entirely. He rested his hands against Hollander's chest, trying to catch his gaze. "Okay?" He murmured.

His answering nod was so tiny, Ilya didn't know if he could believe it.

"You want to wear something else?" Ilya asked, *offered*, because he didn't want Hollander to actually be uncomfortable.

All that seemed to do was make Hollander more determined. Ilya probably should have known. "I'm not scared!" He rushed out. He looked *terrified*.

Ilya dragged one hand up from Hollander's chest to his neck, his thumb pressing lightly against Hollander's bottom lip. He leaned in for a soft kiss. "Goodnight, Hollander," he breathed against his mouth, reluctant to let him go into the night.

"Goodnight," Hollander replied, a shuddering breath brushing against Ilya's lips before, "Rozanov."

Chapter End Notes

let me know what you thought! your comments are everythinggggg!! or come yell to me about the show/episode 4! my tumblr is [@prince-simon](#) so come say hi and yell if you want!

Chapter 6: October 2021 — Ottawa

Chapter Notes

hiiii lovelies!

quick disclaimer to start off: as you can see by the chapter title this is a bit further in the future. so it DOES contain spoilers for the long game! (it's set in the epilogue of tlg) proceed with caution!

with that out of the way. HOLY SHIT. i've had the best time writing and posting this fic! yall are crazy kind and lovely and i'm gonna tear up thinking about it too much! i've been posting on ao3 since 2017 and within a little over 2 weeks this fic has made it into the top 5 of hits on all my fics AND is 6th in kudos! i appreciate you all so so so much gaaaahhhh!!

in terms of the premise of this fic... sharing clothes or other things well. we kindaaaaaa get it here. don't look too closely lmaoooo it's okay we're vibing sksksks this is a sweet little ending to this fic that contains no smut unfortunately - i wanted to but then i liked where i ended it and it felt off to continue! but trust that there'll be more smutty fics from me in the future bc it's hollanov and they're always fucking nasty yay instead of smut we get some hockey in this one lmaoooo man i've watched too many highlight reels of hockey games and post game interviews for this one kskksks everything i know about hockey i learned against my will! and you might learn some stuff against your will too i'm sorry in advance (i'll put a definition of one or two things in the end notes lol)

i wanna thank the lovely [tiff](#), [chantel](#) and [erica](#) for betaing, supporting me, brainstorming with me and bullying me (mostly lovingly) through all of this! i promise i'll reward you with bottom pov and ilya crying eventually!

lots of love to all of you and i hope you enjoy! happy heated rivalry day everyone!

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

+1: October 2021 — Ottawa

"Are you wearing my hoodie?"

Ilya hesitated, then, "...no?" At Shane's disbelieving gaze, he added, "I think, maybe. Does it really matter, Hollander? We share same closet!"

Before Shane could answer, he was being jostled as Harris wiggled his way between them. "Technically neither of you is in the closet anymore."

Shane rolled his eyes while Ilya laughed as if Harris had made the funniest joke in the world. Shane's own lips quirked up at the sight of Ilya's beaming face even when he still hadn't learned to control that lurch in his chest every time his being gay was brought up. The Centaurs had proven that they were nothing but supportive, of course, some of them being queer themselves, but after Shane had been treated the way the Voyageurs had treated him, he couldn't help but still *worry*.

"I'll see you two inside!" Harris told them cheerfully and skipped ahead. Shane briefly wondered if he'd missed part of a conversation, he felt a bit out of it before what felt like the most important game of his career.

A couple meters in front of them, Harris turned back towards them with a large grin, "I've got a good feeling about this season! Shane, let's get some good material of you tonight for your introductory video! Let's show 'em what a bunch of queers can do!"

Shane winced at the word, panic cursing through his body. He just wanted to play hockey.

Only when Ilya's hand slipped into his, did his heartbeat slow down again. "So... my hoodie?" He asked just to distract himself. Today was *a lot*.

When Ilya had won his first Stanley Cup after the disastrous Olympics in Russia, Shane had instinctively known the desperation with which he had needed that win.

Shane understood the feeling now.

He'd managed relatively fine during the day when they'd had lunch with his parents but once they'd gotten ready to head to the arena, he'd kind of zoned out. Hence why it had taken him until they'd arrive to notice what Ilya was wearing.

Shane had tried to stay calm and focused as he went into his first season with the Centaurs but the *need* to have a successful season was beyond anything he'd ever wanted.

Well, *almost* anything.

Ilya grinned at him now, his tone challenging when he asked, "So when you steal my clothes is fine but I can't wear yours, Mr. *Is-it-still-your-toque-if-I-had-it-for-ten-years?*"

There was so much disdain in the way Ilya pronounced *toque*. Shane wished he could keep a straight face but the smile that pulled on his lips was so big it hurt. "It's different..." He argued weakly, fiddling with the toque in question on his head. "You're the one who keeps insisting my clothes are boring!"

Ilya shrugged, almost absentmindedly reaching out to tuck a strand of hair under Shane's toque. "Is boring but also smells like you."

Shane's breath caught. He didn't think he'd ever get used to how casually Ilya would deliver such earth-shattering revelations.

"Everything okay?" Ilya asked after a moment of extended silence. His brow was furrowed in concern.

Shane tried to meet his gaze with a reassuring smile. He was sure he missed the mark. "Ya lyublyu tebya, Ilya," he whispered, careful of his pronunciation. There was no one around to overhear, but Russian was safe.

Ilya returned his smile and pulled Shane against his chest, resting their foreheads together. "I love you too, Shane," he murmured as he backed Shane against the building, and slotted their lips together.

Finally, it felt like Shane could breathe again.

"It will be okay," Ilya said softly when he pulled away, "do not worry, moy lyubimyy."

Shane connected their lips again, tangling his fingers in Ilya's curls. He tried to do as he was told, to push all his worries away, and with Ilya pressed against him, it felt almost possible.

"Come." Ilya pushed away from him but grabbed Shane's hand to tug him towards the entrance. "Is time to win this game!"

"Shouldn't be too hard with me on the team now," Shane replied, sounding much more cocky than he actually felt. He *really* needed to do well this season. He wanted to get to the playoffs, he wanted to beat the Voyageurs, he wanted to prove that they were really fucking stupid for ever letting him go.

Ilya laughed, squeezing Shane's hand in his. He didn't let go, not even when they entered the locker room where the rest of the team was already gathered. In fact, Ilya leaned into his space, saying in a quiet rumble, "Honeymoon will have to wait."

His lips brushed against Shane's temple, and Shane's nerve endings buzzed. He wondered if he'd ever get used to being able to love Ilya openly. To *be loved* by him. He was scared that he wouldn't.

Besides the usual round of greetings, the rest of the team didn't comment on their public display of affection. Shane willed his heart to calm down.

"I will take you all the way to the Cup," Ilya continued as they settled in in their stalls, conviction in his eyes.

Shane raised his eyebrows. "Maybe I will take *you* to the Cup, Rozanov," he pointed out with a grin. He felt a little more at ease now, the banter familiar and comfortable. He started undressing slowly, noticing his fingers shaking. It had been a long time that he'd felt this nervous about a game.

Ilya raised his eyebrows, that familiar, challenging smirk on his face. "Okay, Hollander. Score two more goals than me tonight then!" When Shane met his gaze, his expression softened. In front of the other guys he didn't want to draw more attention to Shane's nerves, but they both knew he could tell how worried he was.

"And how many do you plan to score?" Shane asked, with a small, grateful smile.

Ilya shrugged nonchalantly as he pulled off his shirt. "Five maybe," he decided after a moment.

Shane snorted. "You want me to score seven goals?"

"Unless you're scared, Hollander."

"Fuck off," Shane laughed, holding out his hand, "alright, deal. Two more goals than you, captain."

Ilya grabbed his hand to shake on it, and really, Shane should have seen it coming when Ilya pulled him in and sealed their deal with a kiss. They had a somewhat loose rule of keeping public displays of affection in the locker room at bay, but they weren't always successful adhering to it.

There was a wolf whistle behind them and then a well-aimed elbow pad hauled at Shane's shoulder interrupted their kiss. Wyatt grinned at them without remorse when they looked up to find the culprit. "Captain, don't distract our star player! We're here to *win*!"

"Don't think you can get lazy now that we have Hollander," Ilya shot back, pointing a warning finger at Wyatt, "still need you to defend goal well, Hazy!"

Shane smiled, pulling his shirt over his head. "You guys were doing really well without me last season," he offered. Yes, he *was* good but he didn't want the rest of the team to feel like he was their only chance at the Cup. It simply wasn't true, especially considering they had Ilya too.

Bood stepped up to them, grabbing both Ilya and Shane by the shoulders and jostling them. "This is gonna be our season!" He announced, his face splitting into a large grin, "I'll make you a deal, Roz, Hollander. We win the Cup, I'll pay for your honeymoon."

Shane snorted in disbelief while Ilya slapped Bood's chest. "I will take your word for it! Better start saving, Bood!" Ilya warned him.

Shane tuned out their banter as he focused back on undressing and getting ready for the game. With a sigh, he took the wedding band off his finger. Him and Ilya hadn't been married for long but the ring already felt like a part of him- a part of *Ilya* that he always carried with

him. So taking it off for games felt *wrong*. He'd done it all through pre-season practices but nevertheless, it still was as if he was taking off an important part of himself. He wondered if he'd ever get used to it.

"I never like this part," Ilya said quietly, startling him. His eyes were focused on where Shane was fiddling with the ring between his fingers. His own wedding band was already resting against his chest on the chain with the crucifix.

Shane gave him a soft smile at the unexpected earnestness. Ilya usually made fun of the situation, making light of something they both struggled with. It felt a bit silly to feel this affected by it; they were on the ice together, they were *married*, with or without rings on their fingers and yet... maybe they'd had to hide for too long, maybe their brains were just a little bit fucked because of it. He put the ring down gently on the shelf of his cubby, frowning at it.

"You know, one day you will lose it like this," Ilya commented drily.

Shane ripped his gaze from the ring to look at Ilya with raised eyebrows. "No, I won't. I always put it in the exact same spot. *You're* the one who always misplaces things!"

"Ah, but not this ring. Is safe, right here," Ilya tapped his chest over the ring and crucifix, "we should get you chain too, is safer!"

Shane started putting on his protective gear, pointing out, "It's not safe if you lose it on the ice! And then what? The Zamboni is gonna crush it!"

Ilya rolled his eyes. He tried not to smile but Shane could see the telltale twitch of his lips. "Oh, I see how it is, Hollander. You can wear my necklace on the ice but not this ring."

Immediately, heat crawled into Shane's cheeks at the reminder of wearing Ilya's beloved chain through half of the playoffs years ago. In hindsight, Shane had already been so in love, craving every scrap of Ilya he could have. Maybe that was the reason why it was so hard to take the ring off now. "*You* lost it first!" He argued, just for the sake of arguing.

Ilya was fully smiling now. "Is no matter. You will lose ring and we won't be married anymore."

"Oh, we are only married with rings?" Shane asked, "will you not get me a new ring if I were to lose it? We can just wear the rings from our first wedding again."

The plastic rings from their pretend wedding officiated by Ruby and Jade Pike were still resting on their dresser at home. Ilya chuckled before he heaved a long-suffering sigh. "I don't know, Shane, maybe I will have to find new husband."

Shane pushed at Ilya's shoulder in retaliation. "Don't even joke about that," he admonished, and with a smirk, "they don't make them as pretty as me, Roz."

"*Roz*," Ilya faked his accent. "Is true," he agreed then, "I have league's prettiest WAG."

"Stop calling me that," Shane muttered, his face feeling hot.

"Hmm," Ilya hummed, "no. I also have league's second best player as my husband. Is good accomplishment."

Rolling his eyes, Shane said, "This second best player will score two more goals than you tonight."

"And you will get good reward for it," Ilya said in a low tone, his eyes burning with intensity.

Shane averted his gaze, squeezing his eyes shut. He pulled his jersey over his head, reminding himself that he had a *game* to play. And that all their teammates were in the room with them.

Ilya shot a knowing wink at Shane before he turned away from him to address the team. "Okay, listen up." Instantly, the chatter died down and everyone looked at him with rapt attention.

"Last season was a great season for us. We found our footing as a team, we improved, we *proved* to the fans that they can be proud of us. Tonight is first game of new season, and no matter the outcome, I know this season will be even better than last. We will make it to playoffs because we're strong team-"

Dykstra hollered, "We have Hollander!"

Shane ducked his head in embarrassment while Ilya smirked first at Dykstra, and then his gaze softened when he looked at Shane. "Is true, we have best player in the league now. But we also have Haasy, who had exceptional rookie season!"

The guys surrounding Luca Haas jostled him in encouragement as Ilya continued to address every single one of them, pointing out their strengths. Shane loved watching Ilya being their captain, he was so good at it.

"And for motivation, I will blow who plays best tonight!" Ilya finished his speech.

"Ilya!" Shane exclaimed. The rest of the team snickered. Ilya was a terrible captain, actually.

Ilya grinned at him. "Is joke. Will be Hollander." He looked around at their teammates, "Unless!"

Shane groaned, speaking up, "What Rozanov *means* is. Let's get this job done!"

"*Blow* job," someone muttered, making the rest of the team break out in raucous laughter.

Ilya walked back over to him, throwing his arm around Shane's shoulders. "Do not frown, Shane. Team is happy! Is good for winning!"

"Don't go around offering blowjobs, Hollander," Shane pouted, and to really drive the point home, "you're *mine*, Ilya Hollander."

"Aw, you are jealous," Ilya grinned at him, pressing a kiss to his temple. "Is okay, you're the best, yes? I will give you blowjob."

Shane huffed a laugh, shaking his head. "You're so annoying."

"But you loveeee me," Ilya singsonged as they walked out of the locker room.

Shane smiled, unable to deny it. "I do." His smile widened when he remembered, "You called me the best player in the league."

"Yes," Ilya gave a thoughtful nod, "you are married to me. My name makes you best player, Rozanov."

They did this sometimes, call each other by their respective last names. Legally, they were both Rozanov-Hollander, but for simplicity they had kept their names for hockey. But it felt nice to be able to put a claim on each other like this. Shane's stomach swooped every time that Ilya called him *Rozanov*. It made him feel like he could do anything.

"You know," Shane said. "The last time I was at an Ottawa Centaurs home opener, I was twelve years old."

When his name was called and he went out on the ice, the response of the crowd was deafening. Shane's heart was pounding in his chest, the smile on his face so big it hurt. It was as if Ottawa wanted to tell him, *you're finally home. Welcome!*

Shane felt the energy thrumming in his body. He was doing this for the fans now, not just himself.

"Rozanov on a breakaway! He's got a clear shot at the goal... passes to Hollander? Interesting choice- and Hollander SCORES! That's a hat trick! For both Hollander and Rozanov!"

Shane found himself in a pile of his teammates as the final seconds of the game ticked down. Laughter bubbled from his lips, elation at a game well played making him feel giddy. This was just the first game of the season but he'd needed this — needed to prove to himself that he wasn't a failure just because the Voyageurs had questioned his integrity.

He met Ilya's gaze who was *beaming* at him, and Shane wanted to kiss him *so bad* but their teammates were jostling him and then he was rushed off the ice to do interviews. And maybe that was a good thing because he didn't think he was brave enough to kiss Ilya in front of the whole arena.

"Your first game with the Centaurs, and you already have a hat trick. How does it feel?"
Some reporter asked.

Shane couldn't stop grinning. "Pretty great. Being out on the ice is always more fun when you're winning," he said diplomatically when really he wanted to say, *suck it, Voyageurs. This is only the beginning*. "I couldn't have done it without the rest of my team."

"And did you expect Rozanov to pass to you?"

Shane bit his lip, shaking his head fondly. Ilya could have easily scored that goal himself. But he didn't. Shane needed to have a word with him later. "That's just how the game goes sometimes. I saw him breakaway and I'm the fastest player in the league so I knew I could keep up with him just in case. Worked out in the end!"

"Do you think he couldn't have made that shot?" was the next question, and Shane just had the feeling they were looking for some of that good old Rozanov-Hollander rivalry.

Shane laughed. "Rozanov's a show-off. He wanted that Gordie Howe." It got some laughs out of the reporters.

The inevitable follow up was, "Rozanov's fight with Fisher happened in response to Fisher coming for you in second period. What can you tell us about that?"

Shane couldn't quite stop his frown. Fisher's homophobic remarks made him sick to the stomach but he hated the fact that Ilya had felt the need to step in like he was some damsel in distress. He didn't want to think about what everyone had to say about that. "Hockey's a team sport. You just look out for your teammates on the ice. He was being a good captain," he said measuredly, and could imagine Ilya's eye roll at his boring answer.

As if summoned by his bland words, Ilya was suddenly by his side, throwing his arm over Shane's shoulders and smacking an obnoxious kiss to Shane's temple that Shane would be furious about if it didn't make his nerve endings thrum and the anger at Fisher fizzle out.

"Talking about me, yes?" Ilya asked the gathered reporters. His hand squeezed Shane's shoulder comfortingly and it took everything in Shane not to melt into him. "Fisher played dirty and it's lucky that Hollander didn't get hurt," he said, any amusement wiped off his face, "no one fucks with my team, yes? Beautiful hat trick from Hollander, focus on that! We will win Stanley Cup this year!"

Shane took a deep breath, relieved when the reporters latched on to Ilya to ask him about his surprising decision to pass the puck to Shane for that last goal. He was relieved when they could finally make it back to the locker room.

"Still mad that I fought Fisher?" Ilya asked when no one else was around to hear.

Shane had given him an earful about it in between second and third already. He looked at the bruise starting to bloom on Ilya's jaw with his brow furrowed. On a shaky exhale, he dropped his shoulders. "No," he admitted, "maybe. I don't know. Why did you pass to me?"

Ilya smirked. "*That* is what you're upset about?"

Shane rolled his eyes. He really wanted to kiss him. "You could've easily scored, Ilya."

"Ah but you said it yourself, I really wanted that Gordie Howe. Is my tenth one, Hollander. Be happy for me!" Ilya said in that annoying whiny voice of his that made Shane want to push him against the wall and kiss him breathless. "And is sexy," he added thoughtfully, "mutual hat tricks!"

Shane couldn't help the smile tugging on his lips. "Don't give up goals for me again!" He warned as they stepped into the locker room that was thrumming with energy as if they'd just won the Cup. The team cheered when they entered.

They got swept up in the celebrations before Shane couldn't take it anymore and hit the showers. The relative quiet — only interrupted by the occasional whoop drifting in from the locker room — allowed Shane to replay the game in his mind.

Ilya had scored the first goal (with an assist from Shane), winking at Shane after to remind him of their little competition. Shane had been on fire the entire time but it became clear very quickly that Fisher had had it out for him — and not just as the best player in the league but making it personal. It had become increasingly hard for Shane to even get near the goal.

When Shane had been checked into the boards violently, accompanied by a string of slurs, he'd needed a moment to catch his breath. His shoulder had hurt but not enough for him to give up the game. The words had hit harder. If anything, he'd wanted to win even more after.

Shane rubbed his hand over his shoulder now, the hot water helping to relax him. He knew he'd have to be careful with it for a couple days now. Taking a break wasn't an option, but he needed to be at his best for the game against Montreal in two weeks.

When he returned to the locker room, the celebrations had calmed down a bit but everyone was still in high spirits. Ilya grinned broadly at him. They still hadn't kissed.

Shane went to his stall to grab his ring, which was always the first thing he did after showering only to find it gone.

He groaned, turning to glare at Ilya. He needed to stop doing this.

Shane had to adjust his line of sight to where Ilya was kneeling in front of him, still in his sweaty undershirt and hockey pants, his sweaty curls falling roguishly into his face. The smile on his face was wide and teasing, and Shane loved him so much.

"Shane Rozanov-Hollander," Ilya said solemnly, holding out Shane's wedding ring, "will you do me honour of being my husband?"

Shane's stomach swooped despite the ridiculousness of it all. His eyes quickly darted to the rest of the team who either watched with barely concealed (fond) amusement, or had stopped paying attention to Ilya's antics after the third time he'd done it during their pre-season practices. Shane looked back at Ilya now, his heart feeling so full. "One day I'll say no, you know," Shane lied.

"Hollander, *no*, I want to marry you!"

"We *are* married," Shane pointed out, and he couldn't believe he was actually indulging in this ridiculous argument. *Again*.

"Say yes, Shane!" Ilya pouted. "Consider the children!"

Shane laughed, his cheeks heating. "We don't have any," he reminded Ilya. Amused, but also with his heart beating faster at the thought of a future reality in which he did have children with Ilya.

Ilya gave a dramatic gasp. "Are the boys a joke to you?" He waved a hand around in the general direction of their teammates, "is Anya? Maybe divorce is best option after all."

Shane rolled his eyes, pulling on Ilya's arm to get him off the floor. "Give me my ring back before I change my mind," he threatened without any heat.

Troy chimed in at that point, "I'll go with Hollander in the divorce." Wyatt and Bood immediately muttered their agreement, with most of the other teammates joining in with shit-eating grins.

Ilya's jaw dropped more and more. "Traitors! All of you! Haasy, what about you?"

Luca's face was beet-red, avoiding everyone's expectant glances. At the ground, he muttered, "Yeah, I'll go with you, Roz."

Ilya whooped, circling his arm around Shane's waist. "That's why you're my favourite, Haasy! Everyone else, fuck you! You won't be able to handle Hollander for even three days before you beg me to take him back!"

"You're such an asshole," Shane exclaimed, and it might as well have sounded like *I love you*.

Ilya grabbed Shane's hand and slid the ring back on his finger. He raised it to his lips to press a kiss over the metal. "No divorce for now, yes?"

Shane melted against him, gasping softly when Ilya finally brought their lips together. Ilya still had Shane's hand clasped in his, Ilya's own ring digging comfortably between Shane's knuckles.

He brought his free hand up to Ilya's jaw, careful of the bruise there as he flitted his fingers against it as if by touch alone he could make the hurt disappear.

Ilya hummed against his lips and deepened the kiss, his hand around Shane's waist pulling him in closer.

They kissed until both of them were breathless and smiling, their teeth clanking together. It was almost appropriate enough for the locker room.

- **hat trick:** scoring 3 consecutive goals in one game; **Gordie Howe hat trick:** 1 goal, 1 assist, 1 fight in one game
- **breakaway:** a player with the puck has no defending players except for the goaltender between them and the opposing goal

This line: "You know," Shane said. "The last time I was at an Ottawa Centaurs home opener, I was twelve years old." is taken directly from the epilogue of The Long Game!

how did you like it????? leave me some lovely comments and come chat on tumblr

[@prince-simon](#) if you wanna!

and let's hope we'll all survive episode 5 oh my godddd (i know what's gonna happen and i'm still scared haahha)

End Notes

i hope you liked it! send me some love in the form of comments and kudos and bookmarks, and come yell to me about hollanov on tumblr [@prince-simon](#)!

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