

say my name and everything just stops

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say my name and everything just stops

by [jjunniemoon](#)

Summary

Shane Hollander can handle a playoff game, a rivalry, and an international tournament without breaking a sweat.

Nevertheless, what he can't handle is Ilya Rozanov looking at him like that.

Notes

everytime i post something is abt a different fandom omg...anyways ive been deeppp into the heated rivalry hole ever since i read the books and watching the show just did something to my sanity so here's my lil contribution :P I included some canon events from the book/show but there's also stuff of my own! Hope you enjoy <3

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

The Bell Centre is loud enough to shake bone.

Shane feels it under his skates, a deep-throated vibration rising up from the stands and shivering along the boards. Playoffs always hit different, but tonight the air is thick - charged in a way that makes his pulse jump like he's already mid-shift instead of just...standing at center ice.

The ref skates up with the puck.

Across from him, on the opposite dot, stands no other than Ilya Rozanov.

Boston's golden boy.

Boston's machine.

Boston's infuriating, unshakeable alpha presence.

Shane's nightmare ever since they first met, years ago.

Shane tells himself he's not affected. But the truth is, he lies.

Ilya adjusts his gloves, the smallest movement, but his eyes never leave Shane. Not for a second. They're steady in a way that always makes Shane want to break something - either his stick or maybe his own sanity, whichever gives first.

Shane leans in, blade angled, weight forward.

"So stiff." He mutters, loud enough for only Ilya to hear.

Ilya's mouth twitches, barely.

"Your hands are shaking."

Shane blinks, because - fuck.

They are, just a little. Not from nerves. Not from fear.

From the scent.

His scent.

Because the ice between them feels too small tonight, and Shane's pheromones are betraying him, spiking sharply under his skin like carbonation ready to burst. The stupid stadium heat, the adrenaline, the way Ilya keeps looking at him like he's waiting for Shane to misstep. It's always been a problem, between him and Ilya. Shane's omega scent went through the roof whenever he was near that damned Russian boy whereas him...his alpha pretended to be cocky and ice-cold, as if nothing could ever get past him, but Shane knew it to be different. Every year, every time they met on the ice, it just got worse.

It all rolls together and makes Shane's scent flare defensively bright.

He can tell the exact moment Ilya catches it.

The alpha's posture stiffens, shoulders tightening under black and gold. His jaw locks. The air around him dips, weighted like smoke rolling in after a spark.

Shane swallows hard. (No. Nope. He is not doing this on open ice. In front of cameras. In front of literally everyone.)

"Watch it." Ilya says softly, low enough to be a growl without actually being one. When Shane raises an eyebrow, he continues. "Your scent."

Shane's face burns.

"Mind your own business."

Ilya leans in a fraction, eyes narrowing. "I am trying." The Russian accent rolled under his tongue in a way that shouldn't be seductive at all. Shane wasn't seduced. Not at all.

The ref drops the puck.

Shane reacts a bit too late, just a heartbeat, but enough for Ilya to snap it back cleanly. Boston gains possession instantly, his teammates streaking past.

"Fuck off." Shane hisses, already pivoting, pushing off hard to chase.

He hates that Ilya gets to him. He hates that whenever they get close, something in Shane's glands misfires like it's never learned self-preservation. He hates that he can feel the weight of Ilya's attention even when the alpha isn't looking at him anymore.

He skates aggressively through mid-ice, catching up to the play, checking a Boston winger harder than necessary. The crowd roars at the hit; Shane feeds off the sound, blissfully drowning in it.

For a second he almost forgets about the other man - until something slams into his side.

Ilya fucking Rozanov.

Perfect angle, textbook body contact, but somehow deliberate, somehow personal. They tangle up for a moment, locked chest-to-chest against the boards. Shane's breath punches out of him and then rushes back in all at once when he smells it.

Ilya's scent. Cool and steady, getting under his skin and in his lungs like nothing ever has before.

Shane goes a little lightheaded and his legs have the audacity to tremble in the middle of the fucking game.

Ilya's voice is a quiet threat against his ear.

“Still shaking.”

“Get off me.” Shane snaps, shoving him back, skating away before he can embarrass himself further.

Before Ilya can see the flush rising under his helmet.

Before he can feel his scent spiking again.

But Ilya already sensed it. Shane can tell by the way the alpha watches him skate off - focused, assessing, something sharp and hungry simmering just beneath the surface.

Shane doesn't look back. He plainly refuses to do so.

He finishes his shift, skates to the bench, drops heavily beside Hayden who's panting from the play.

“You good?” Hayden asks.

“Peachy.” Shane mutters, staring too hard at the ice, refusing to glance across to the Boston bench where he can feel Ilya's eyes still on him.

The cameras catch everything, obviously. Fans online will slow down the footage and analyze every glance and start weird, unfounded rumours.

But none of them will know the truth: Shane's scent embarrassingly gave him away tonight. And Ilya smelled it.

The air in the tunnel between the benches is always colder. Echoier. It funnels sound and scent like a trap.

Shane wipes sweat off his face, breathing hard as he heads toward the locker room during intermission. Hayden walks ahead, chirping something about Boston's sloppy defense.

Shane barely hears him.

Because he feels it before he sees it, the shift in the air.

Then Ilya steps out from Boston's tunnel exit, helmet under his arm, hair damp, eyes - and this is the part that pisses Shane off - eyes already fixed on him. Shane takes a deep breath. What an asshole.

“Oh boy.” Hayden mutters under his breath.

Shane kicks him lightly. “Shut up.”

They're supposed to keep walking, but they don't.

Ilya stops right in Shane's way.

Not touching. Just close enough to force proximity.

The scent hits first - steady alpha calm, sharp with adrenaline.

Shane feels it deep in his ribs.

He squares his shoulders. "Move."

Ilya tilts his head slightly. "You're flustered."

"I'm not."

"You are."

Shane's jaw tightens.

"Get out of my way, Rozanov."

Ilya steps closer by a fraction. Barely enough to be noticeable. Except Shane notices *everything*.

"You need to get control of your scent." Ilya murmurs, quiet enough that Hayden can't hear. "It spikes every time you look at me."

Shane's entire body goes hot.

"You're imagining things." he snaps.

One corner of Ilya's mouth lifts, dangerously close to a smirk.

"I do not imagine." Ilya says. "I react back."

Shane's heart stutters. Of course right then his scent spikes and Ilya's pupils dilate.

Hayden very loudly clears his throat. If he noticed the smell filling the corridor, he doesn't say.

"Hey! Can you two like, get along for five seconds? Or more like, can you Rozanov get the fuck away from Shane? We have strategizing to do."

Shane shoves past them both, face burning.

He doesn't turn back.

He can feel Ilya watching him all the way down the hall and hears him say:

"You won't be so nice when we beat you."

Shane curses and dives into the locker room.

Montreal wins.

Barely, but they do, and the crowd is wild.

And yet the only thing rattling around in his brain is Ilya's voice in the hallway.

They line up for the traditional handshake, sweat-soaked, hearts pounding.

Shane wipes his palms on his jersey.

He shouldn't care. He really shouldn't.

He does.

Ilya is near the end of the line.

Tall, handsome, broad, more intense than any human has a right to be. Shane tells himself he's not staring, but he fails.

Then it's his turn.

Ilya's hand closes around Shane's. Firm, warm and too steady.

Their eyes lock.

Ilya leans in, expression unreadable. Then, he whispers:

"You still smell like you want me."

Shane's breath catches and his knees actually nearly give out.

He rips his hand away, heart punching his ribs.

He storms off without completing the rest of the line.

Hayden jogs after him.

"What did that motherfucker say? Hey? So much to say for someone whose team has just lost...okay wow, you look like a mess."

"Shut up!" Shane snaps, voice cracking embarrassingly. He doesn't need Hayden to know how worked up he actually is.

He pretends he doesn't hear Ilya's low exhale behind him.

He pretends he isn't shaking.

And he then pretends he isn't rock hard.

He barely remembers getting onto the team bus. Or the elevator. Or his keycard clicking green.

The moment the door shuts behind him and he enters his hotel room, Shane drops his gear bag like it weighs a thousand pounds.

He's buzzing, overheated *and* underfucked.

He strips on the way to the bathroom, practically ripping off his base layers, tossing them anywhere. The cold tile should shock him into sanity.

It doesn't.

He gets under the water before it even heats up.

He braces one hand against the wall, bowing his head as the spray hits his shoulders.

"Fuck." He hisses when the cold hits his body, but not even that is enough to calm down his raging erection. He needs to seek help immediately and figure out why the hell his suppressants just seem to stop working altogether when he's near Ilya. It's humiliating, at this point.

He tries not to think about said man, but he fails terribly. He tries not to think about the handshake, about that goddamned perfect mouth saying those words.

You still smell like you want me.

Inevitably, he wraps his hand around himself. He would never admit this to anyone aloud, but the heat between his legs was nearly maddening. He could feel his hole clenching on nothing and dripping down his legs, even underwater.

When the fast pace doesn't work, he tries slowing down, but it still doesn't hit. Not when he's so focused on avoiding it entirely instead of just...embracing whatever the fuck he's doing.

His breath quickens when he starts thinking about Ilya instead; his skilled hands holding his shaft and pumping him in slow motions, caressing his tight balls and poking his entrance teasingly. Shane throws his head back and moans as steam fills the bathroom and he leaks even more.

When he pictures Ilya's mouth around his throbbing cock, Shane loses it. Of course it has to be his stupid mouth that does it for him. He comes in thick, white ropes against his hand and shower tiles that are swiftly washed away down the stream, but his hole continues leaking as if he were on heat and okay wow, this has never happened before. The fact that just thinking about Ilya while masturbating did this to his body should be enough to send him into a psych ward.

When he gets off the shower as if nothing had ever happened in there and gets in his bed, he cannot quite shake the eerie feeling that he still doesn't feel fully satisfied. He just had the best orgasm of his life back there (he hadn't had much experience, mind you) and it still

didn't feel...enough. Aware of what that might mean but entirely keen on ignoring it forever, he tries closing his eyes and sleeping it off.

The next days fly off quickly, as quickly as they can for an elite hockey player. Shane finds himself recording ads for campaigns and sponsors, hours and hours working out at the gym and even more hours practising on the ice rink.

That night, Canada would be playing against Russia, and it wasn't just like any other game. It was a national pride, broadcast-everywhere, high-stakes international match. And, of course, he and Ilya were the most talked about prospects in the world.

At 1:30 am, Shane decides he really cannot bring himself to sleep that night, nerves eating him up, and decides to burn off some steam at the hotel gym. That might help calm down his...whatever is wrong with him lately and might put him to good sleep.

Obviously, the hotel gym is empty when Shane enters. He then gets on the treadmill, running like he's running from himself.

He's trying to burn out the ache in his chest, in his scent glands, in his fucking everything.

After some time, the door cracks open and Shane closes his eyes for a brief moment before tilting his head to the side. He had smelled him before his eyes landed on the blonde guy standing on the treadmill next to his.

Wearing loose shorts and a tight black tee, Ilya starts speeding up his pace, until he's running just as fast as Shane.

They lock eyes in the mirror, but neither of them speaks.

However, Shane, as competitive as he is, increases the speed on his machine. Consequently, Ilya does too.

Shane raises it to the maximum and runs as fast as his body allows him to, legs burning with each step. Ilya is breathing hard, but he doesn't falter. Shane would rather eat a knife than lose against him here.

The heat from their bodies and their scents mix up and it gets quite literally insane in the room. So much that Shane can barely stand it, always sensitive to strong pheromones.

Shane's scent is spiking sweet but sharp, whereas Ilya's scent goes low and dark and steady, like a warning growl wrapped in smoke.

Shane keeps running even when he feels his thighs trembling. He can't stop. He won't let Ilya win.

Then, he stumbles, head dizzy from the smell. Ilya's hand comes out instantly - gripping his elbow, stabilizing him.

The contact alone makes Shane's knees go liquid.

When they finally get off their treadmills, they both fall on the floor with heavy tuds, panting as they try to catch back their breaths. Shane thinks he's going to pass out at any given moment.

Ilya grabs his water bottle, opens it, and chugs down a decent amount. Then, he offers it to Shane, silently.

Shane hesitates.

"Take it."

He does. When his lips wrap around the bottle, he swears he can taste Ilya's scent in the water.

He tries handing back the bottle back, flushed and panting.

"More." Ilya demands and Shane obliges right away. He is embarrassed to the core as he drinks some more, Ilya's eyes never leaving him.

After that, Ilya takes the bottle slowly, eyes locked on him, something dangerous flickering under the surface. Their fingers brush for a brief moment and Shane feels sparks jolting through his whole arm.

Shane looks at him silently, watching as Ilya's chest heaves with each intake of air and the way sweat drips down his temples and neck, the way his Adam's apple bobs with each gulp, the way he...

"You should be more careful when you train like this." Ilya says, interrupting his trail of thoughts.

Shane is brought back to reality for a moment. He swallows.

"Why?"

"Your scent is...too strong." Ilya shakes his head and props his hands to support himself in standing up, not before leaning closer towards Shane's ear and whispering. "Someone might lose control."

Shane's chest caves inward. He opens his mouth to say something back, anything really, but Ilya is already moving.

He grabs his towel, turns, and leaves.

Shane collapses on the floor and decides he won't make it out alive the next time they face each other.

The arena during international games always feels different. Brighter, louder. The flags hanging from the rafters make the ice look smaller, tighter, like it's all closing in over Shane's head.

Or maybe that's just the lack of sleep.

He skates out for warm-up with the rest of Team Canada, the roar of the red-and-white crowd crashing around him like a storm. He should be vibrating with adrenaline right now, as he usually is.

Tonight, though, his nervous system is fried from something else. *Someone* else.

Shane swallows hard, throat tight.

He tries to focus on his skating routine, tries to angle his blade properly for tight turns, tries to ignore the fact that his scent keeps spiking whenever he thinks too hard about last night.

And then Russia comes out onto the ice.

He feels Ilya before he sees him, the familiar shift in the air pressure, a calm alpha wave rolling out like smoke across the rink.

Shane's skate blade catches for a fraction too long. He fixes it quickly, but not quickly enough to stop Hayden from noticing.

"You good?" Hayden murmurs as he passes.

"Totally fine." Shane lies. He can tell Hayden doesn't quite believe him, but he's not pushing. Yet.

He's absolutely not fine.

Because Ilya Rozanov is skating along the far boards, visor down, jaw set, shoulders broad and lethal in Russia's red jersey. And even from across the rink, Shane's body reacts. He shakes his head vehemently. He *needs* to get his shit together and focus on his game.

He hates, however, the way Ilya's eyes find him instantly and lock onto him like they were waiting.

Shane looks away first.

Humiliating.

The puck drops and the pace is fast, since international ice is bigger, passing lanes wider, strategies different. Shane knows this. He knows that Canada is, overall, a better team than Russia. He's played this game before, but nothing has ever felt like *this*.

Every time he's on the ice and Ilya isn't around, he can breathe. But every time they overlap on a shift, the air thickens, electric, like someone lit a match between them.

Halfway through the first period, the puck cycles behind Canada's net. Shane collects it, pivots sharply, and then - well, then, Ilya slams into him.

Not dirty, not even illegal. Just perfectly timed, perfectly angled body contact.

Shane's breath punches out of him. Ilya leans just a little too close, but enough for Shane to catch a drift of his scent. His usual cool, controlled, wrapped tight like a leash scent was now all over the place, as if -

Someone might lose control.

Shane's own scent spikes embarrassingly sharp at the thought of Ilya wanting him.

Of course Ilya feels it. Shane knows he does because Ilya inhales once, sharply. Then, he elicits a tiny sound, dangerously resembling a growl. Shane swears he could have imagined it if it weren't for the way Ilya is looking at him.

"Little omega, you need focus." Ilya mutters against his helmet.

Shane all but combusts.

"Fuck you, you fucking asshole." He rasps, but his voice cracks and ruins the effect.

Ilya skates away with the puck like nothing happened and Shane stands frozen for half a second, burning alive inside his gear.

Shane gets himself under enough control to play. He's given Ilya enough, he's not about to give him this game as well.

Late in the period, Canada gets a perfect rush. Hayden dishes the puck across the slot, Shane snaps it top corner without thinking.

Goal.

The arena explodes.

Shane skates to the bench adrenaline-drunk, chest heaving, teammates shouting and pounding his helmet.

But when the camera pans to Russia's team, Ilya is staring at him.

Not angry at all. He looks...genuinely impressed. And something else that Shane cannot quite pinpoint.

Shane looks away, face hot, and focuses on his team and the celebration.

During the third period, Russia is pressing hard. Ilya is everywhere, playing like a man possessed. Shane knows he's determined not to lose against him, but so is he. Shane matches him stride for stride, hit for hit, burn for burn.

Entire shifts go by where they only touch each other, collide with each other, breathe each other in.

Late in the period, Shane and Ilya chase a loose puck into the corner. Ilya gets there first, pins the puck to the boards with his skate and Shane tries to pry it loose.

Their bodies press together.

Shane's scent flares so hard he feels dizzy.

Ilya's hand comes up like he might touch him - just a fraction, just a brush of fingers to Shane's hip through padding.

However, he stops himself. Shane forces himself to step back.

Ilya only looks at him before he's going back into the game.

Final score: 4-2. A perfect win for Canada.

The crowd roars and Shane is swarmed by teammates, laughing breathlessly, high on victory and exhaustion.

But his eyes flicker once - just once - to the Russian line as they prepare for post-game handshakes.

Ilya stands at the end, helmet off, hair damp, chest still heaving.

Waiting.

Shane pretends he's not walking faster and making himself look like a total fool.

Because when they meet in the handshake line, Ilya doesn't trash talk.

He leans in close enough that only Shane hears him and whispers:

"Good play." He says. "But, next time, do not run from me." Shane's entire body lights up like a live wire.

He yanks his hand away and almost trips out of the line.

Hayden catches him by the elbow.

"Dude, what the hell? Do I need to punch him? Did he say something again?"

Shane shakes his head, forcing a comforting smile to calm Hayden down before he heads back for Rozanov and they start punching each other.

However, inside, Shane feels like he's burning up. As much as he's tried to ignore this, he can feel his heat coming anytime now.

Shane steps onto the practice rink straight into a wall of cameras. Through the swarm of photographers and crew members and clipboards there's a familiar figure standing near center ice.

With hands clasped behind his back, helmet off and hair damp like he got here early, Ilya Rozanov is already looking at Shane by the time their eyes meet.

Shane's stomach nosedives so hard he nearly folds in half.

A PR woman skates forward, tablet in hand.

"Shane Hollander! Great, you're here already. Gear up and join Rozanov at center. We'll start with the rivalry set."

Shane blinks.

"We'll start with the tournament promo. Photos, short video clips, some close-up shots. Shouldn't take long!"

"You want me to, huh, pose? With him?"

"Yes! You and Rozanov have great chemistry on camera."

Shane represses the urge to snort. If only she knew.

His eyes drift helplessly back to Ilya, to the way he's standing still and straight, to the unreadable calm on his face, save for his eyes. The eyes that burn holes straight through Shane's ribcage.

Shane drags himself over there, his skates suddenly feeling too heavy.

Ilya doesn't say anything, at first. He just watches as Shane approaches, gaze flicking down his body once, slow and precise, taking in every tremble.

"Ready?" A photographer calls out.

Absolutely not, but Shane nods anyway.

They move into position: bodies low, sticks angled, the exact posture from a real playoff faceoff.

They're close. Way too close.

One breath apart. One wrong movement from touching helmets.

Shane can feel Ilya's heat radiating off him through layers of pads.

Obviously, the photographer shouts:

"Closer!"

Shane bites his tongue and steps in, their helmets nearly brushing. He can feel Ilya's warm breath against his face and the pheromones between them go feral.

"Glare at each other!"

"Look tense - yes, perfect!"

Shane nearly chuckled. Tense, that he indeed is.

Shane's lungs feel tight, his heart's a drumline.

And then the photographer asks,

"Hollander, chin up. Rozanov, look like you want to kill him."

Ilya raises an eyebrow, lips curling.

"Not even close." He whispers, words nearly against Shane's mouth.

Shane chokes on air and Ilya's lip curls further.

After some time, the shoot never seemed to end. Another angle. Another pose. Another round of forced proximity that feels less and less forced every second.

Shane finally whispers, out of desperation:

"For fuck's sake, how long are we doing this?"

"It's fun." Ilya presses closer and Shane flushes violently.

When they're finally done, Ilya rests his weight against the boards, Shane in front of him drinking some water.

"When did they tell you about this?" Ilya asks him, suddenly.

Shane blinks. He wasn't really expecting conversation.

"Um... two days ago, I think." He murmurs. Then, he frowns. "Why? When did they tell *you*?"

Ilya doesn't hesitate.

“They didn’t.”

Shane’s breath stutters. He looks at him, dumbfounded.

“What?”

“They told me nothing. It was my idea.” He replies, shrugging like it wasn’t even important. He looked amused by it all.

Everything in Shane’s body goes hot. Of course it was.

His scent spikes so sharply he almost stumbles. He stares, open-mouthed, pulse hammering.

“Y-you - why?” He asks, a mere whisper.

Ilya’s gaze drops to Shane’s mouth. Then back up again.

“I wanted to see you again, outside of the game.” He simply answers.

Shane’s brain explodes and his vision goes hot and blurry.

Something inside him shifts, deep and visceral, like a lock turning.

Before he can respond, the PR woman claps her hands together and walks up to them.

“Okay! Great work, you guys. Now we just need some close-ups. Without gloves.”

Shane feels faint when they remove their gloves and stand shoulder to shoulder, posing for a shot with arms crossed, then a shot with their sticks at their sides.

Accidentally, Shane’s fingers brush Ilya’s and it feels again like touching a live wire.

Without being able to control it, Shane’s scent hits the room, erupting a soft gasp from a crew member - she probably has no idea what it means, but she can feel it. Everyone can, apparently.

Shane jerks his hand back, face flaming.

Ilya’s nostrils flare. His jaw flexes like he’s barely holding something in.

Then Ilya mutters, too soft for anyone else to hear:

“Hollander. You need to get out of here.”

Shane swallows.

“I’m fine.”

“No.” Ilya says, firm and low. “You’re not.”

Shane opens his mouth to argue, but the floor tilts beneath him. His skin suddenly feels too tight and heat pools low in his stomach.

Oh *fuck*.

He's so fucked.

He mutters something and practically flees off the ice and makes it into the locker room just in time.

He slams the door behind him, breathing fast, ripping at his gear straps because his body is boiling and his scent glands are pulsing and he cannot let this happen. He needs to regain his control.

He stumbles into the shower and turns on the cold water, but, again, it barely helps.

His heat hits like a spark catching dry kindling.

Shane gasps, bracing himself against the tile, panting heavily.

And that's when he hears footsteps.

By the time he looks up, Ilya is standing in the shower next to him. Naked.

"Hollander." He says, voice low and dripping with want.

"Get out." Shane's barely able to voice out. He keeps his eyes fixed on the shower tiles, trying to focus on his breath like he's learned in his yoga classes. He's not about to-

"Hollander." Ilya repeats, his tone more severe this time. "Look at me."

Slowly, Shane obeys. He looks at Ilya standing in all his glory in front of him, wet from the shower, droplets dripping down his sculpted body, his cross chain glistening against his neck. He looks even more perfect than in his imagination and Shane swallows hard when his eyes follow down his navel and trail that leads to... Ilya is as hard as a rock. When Shane realizes it was because of him his legs nearly give up on him and his own dick twitches, leaking precum like he was squirting.

Embarrassed to the core but too proud to showcase that, he looks back at Ilya's eyes, holding his gaze.

Ilya's hands grab the soap and starts rubbing himself with it, from his neck to his shoulders and perfectly rounded pecs, down to his abs and his cock, and Shane's transfixed by the way Ilya's fingers wrap around it and start pumping it, slowly, without breaking eye contact.

"I-" Shane whimpers, shaking his head. "Not here."

He tries to leave but Ilya grabs his hand, forcing him to stop.

"There's no one here."

“They can enter, Rozanov. Besides, there’s the PR team outside and...”

Ilya has the audacity to smirk. Shane is about to strangle him with his own hands and not in a sexy, choking way.

“I locked the door. And kicked everyone out.”

“What? How?” Shane’s too shocked for a moment to notice anything else.

“I pushed one locker against the door. They cannot enter now.” Ilya shrugs, as if it was the simplest thing to do. “And I kicked them because you are in heat.”

Shane refuses to acknowledge how embarrassed he is.

“That’s none of your business.” He lies through his teeth and he knows Ilya knows.

“Oh it is.” Ilya reaches out his hand and grabs Shane’s own hard dick, making him throw his head back in pleasure as a moan escapes past his lips. “You are my business.”

“No, I am not-” Shane tries to retort, failing to do so as Ilya pumps him, *fast*.

“*Mine*.” Ilya literally growls as Shane grows closer and closer. He knows he is definitely in heat the moment he came heavy on Ilya’s hand, shaking and trembling as the climax reached through him, yet he was still hard and felt nowhere near satisfied.

Ilya’s lips crash into him like waves crashing into rocks, forceful and eroding any second thoughts Shane might have had about this. The moment he feels Ilya’s tongue on his mouth his brain turns into molten lava and his only preoccupation is the Russian man in front of him.

“On your knees, please.” Ilya breaks the kiss to order him, between heavy breaths, and Shane does, in a heartbeat. He snuzzles his head against Ilya’s crotch and doesn’t even have time to be embarrassed because his mouth becomes full right away, Ilya’s cock shoving against his throat in a way that makes tears prickle at the corner of his eyes, but it feels as good as if he was the one getting head.

“Fuck, Hollander.” Ilya moans, hands tangled in Shane’s hair as he bobbed his head up and down, taking as much of him as he could. He is no deep-throater but he gives his all, sucking at the tip, licking all the precome leaking through the slit, savoring each drop with a lap of his tongue, making sure to give his balls some attention as well. “Stop, stop.” Ilya forces him to stand up and Shane is way too dizzy, strong arms around him keeping him in place.

“Was it bad?” Shane asks, shyly. It’s his first time giving head to a man and he’s quite sure Ilya has had plenty of experience before so it might not have been the best blowjob of his life.

“No.” Ilya shakes his head, his pupils so dilated he looked high on drugs. “Was too good, too hot. I was close.”

Shane feels a wave of pride rushing through his veins at the praise. He needs to hear more of that, and he needs it asap.

“I-”

“Turn around.” Ilya does a circle motion with his finger, signaling for him to turn around. He does just that, chest against the shower tiles, Ilya’s own pressed against his back, his warmth engulfing him.

Shane’s whole body is trembling by the time Ilya reaches down his lower back to his hole and he notices the way the alpha is staring at him without touching him yet.

“You’re dripping.” He states, as a matter of fact, but to Shane’s surprise he sounds as affected as he is. “Fuck, Hollander.” Ilya bends a little to be able to touch between his thighs, the slick dripping down his hand as he continues oozing. The more Ilya watches, the wetter he gets.

“So fucking wet for me and I have not fucked you yet.” Ilya murmurs against his ear, a low growl that sends shivers down Shane’s spine. Unconsciously, he spreads his legs a little further and he can feel Ilya shaking behind him, his composure breaking into tiny pieces.

“Hollander.” Ilya says, cautiously.

“Yes?”

“What is that you want?”

Shane tilts his head to look back at him.

“I need you.” He confesses. “Fuck me, *please*.”

Ilya closes his eyes for a dead second, inhaling deeply. Shane begins to wonder what is haunting him that bad.

“I don’t think-” Another deep breath. “God, Hollander. If I fuck you I don’t think I’ll be able to stop. My knot...”

Shane turns around and looks at him. He knows it might be the horny talking but he cannot be the only one that felt the connection between them. That...was not normal. It must mean something.

“Ilya, please.” Shane purrs against his year, fully aware this is the first time he’s using his first name. It definitely works because Ilya’s jaw tenses even further. “Fuck me, knot me. Make me yours. I want...I want to be yours.”

That’s all it takes for Ilya to lose it entirely. He grabs Shane’s face between his hands and pulls him back into the kiss, so hard Shane’s back collapses against the shower tiles forcefully, and soon Ilya is lifting him with both arms, Shane circling his hips with his own body while Ilya drags them towards the locker room and places him on the benches, never breaking the kiss.

“Your freckles...” Ilya caresses them with his hand. “Am nuts about them.”

Shane thinks he has died and reached heaven because this is how it must feel. He has the rival’s team captain kissing him like he never wants to stop, holding onto him like he wants to leave his marks for everyone to see and bathing him in praises. It’s all Shane’s ever wanted, really.

“I can’t take it anymore.” Shane confesses between kisses, desperate for another release. He needs to be filled so bad it’s starting to make him feel physically sick.

“I know, sweetheart.” Ilya kisses him one more time before he’s on his knees now, between Shane’s legs, peppering his inner thighs with kisses as he inhales Shane’s scent. “Your scent is so...intoxicating.”

“Mmphh.” Is all Shane can muster, elbows propped on the bench and legs wide spread for the man in front of him, who is now poking his fingers against Shane’s hole.

“You’re so wet, you probably don’t even need any prep.” He says, but he still does. Two fingers at the same time and Shane’s hole opens like he’s been meant for this. “Fuck. You will ruin me.”

“Please.” Shane whimpers, the filthy sounds of his hole squelching every time Ilya pumps into him filling the room, alongside with their moans. “Fill me with your knot, please.”

Ilya curses some more before he’s grabbing Shane’s hips, the tip of his cock aligning against his entrance. He’s so big Shane wonders if it will even fit, but it feels as if he’s been made just for him, because when Ilya finally, *finally*, pushes inside, it takes him in completely in a smooth movement, no pain involved at all.

“Oh God.” Shane’s vision goes white as Ilya thrusts into him with an inhumane speed until he pushes out and orders him to turn around, getting on all fours on the bench, grasping the wood with his fingers for his dear life. He had a feeling the bench wouldn’t be able to stand the way Ilya rammed back into him, holding onto his shoulder and lower back as he fucks him into oblivion.

“Shane.” Ilya says, using his first name as well. It does things to Shane that shouldn’t, like his heart skipping a beat and feeling all types of warm. “Fuck, Shane. You take my cock so well, my good, good boy.”

Shane can only moan and whimper as he feels his orgasm building up way too fast, spurting all over the bench as he comes hands-free.

“I will keep fucking you.” Ilya bites his shoulder blade, teeth digging into his skin and the pain that travels through Shane’s body goes straight to his cock, getting hard again. “Until you come one more time.”

“I-I can’t.” Shane cries out but he’s in a haze, his prostate being hit each time with Ilya’s dick, slick dripping down their bodies, making a mess of everything.

“You can, sweetheart.” Ilya doesn’t relent and Shane can feel something growing bigger inside his hole, stretching it even further. Ilya’s knot. “Be good boy and come for me again.”

“When you-” Shane moans so loud when Ilya slightly changes his angle and fucks him even better that he’s pretty sure if there is anyone on the ice, they have heard him. “When you knot me. Please.”

“Am close.” Ilya’s movements become erratic as his knot grows wider inside Shane’s hole and the sensation of being filled up so good and so deliciously by no other than Ilya is enough to send him through another climax at the same time as Ilya comes inside of him, so much cum that Shane can feel it oozing out of his hole along with his slick, despite the thick knot being inside.

The sensations are so overbearing that he nearly collapses, but Ilya holds him in place, kissing his back with light kisses that ignite all the butterflies in Shane’s tummy.

“So good.” Ilya mutters against his skin, his breath hot. “For me. Taking my knot so well, sweetheart.”

“Yes.” Shane nods pathetically and presses his butt closer towards Ilya, wanting to feel everything, until the last centimeter.

“You are mine.” Ilya grunts against Shane’s ear. “Mine only.”

“Yours.” Shane finally gives in, his emotional turmoil finally clearing up like a weight has been lifted off his shoulders. The attraction he felt towards Ilya and the way his scent would flare up wasn’t like anything he’s ever felt before, towards anything else. He needs Ilya to know that as well.

“Does it feel...like agony, for you too?”

Ilya helps him turn around, until he’s facing him while still tangled, his swelled knot slowly decreasing. However, Ilya still doesn’t pull away, not even one inch.

“Not anymore.” Ilya responds, a soft kiss against Shane’s temple.

Shane’s chest fills with a happiness that he didn’t know was possible ever experiencing. He smiles, softly, and Ilya smiles back just as much, pressing their foreheads together. He then grazes Shane’s scent glands with his teeth, but doesn’t bite.

“I-I want to-” Shane mutters, head dizzy from the sensation.

“Not here.” Ilya responds softly, pressing a soft kiss against the skin he was nibbling. “Next time, I will make you mine for real.”

Shane nods, slightly out of breath. *Next time.* He was having a hard time thinking Ilya wanted to mate him. Everyone would know they were together, but the alpha didn’t seem to give a single fuck. Actually, he looked like he really wanted everyone to know Shane is his.

When they are finally back from the showers (clean, this time) and have cleaned all the mess they made over the bench and floor, Ilya shoots him a question in the middle of getting dressed.

“Have you thought about what you will tell Hayden?”

Shane furrows his eyebrows as he slides into his shirt.

“Hayden? About what?”

Ilya chuckles. “He will smell me on you. From a mile away.”

“What?!” Shane’s voice cracks with the question.

The knot. Ilya biting into him. Ilya’s scent impregnated on him. Oh God, there’s no way he’s getting out of that alive.

Ilya’s smirk only deepens as he holds Shane’s hand and they get out back on the ice.

End Notes

as always, kudos and comments are very much appreciated, thank you so much for reading!!



(if you like it i might do a 2nd part including that mating mention, just saying...hehe)

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