

Change on the Fly

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by [raywrites \(haunt_me_then\)](#).

Summary

“34 is not that old, Ilya. And he’s in amazing shape too.”

Ilya says nothing for a few seconds and Shane glances up again from typing to see he’s being stared at with teasing eyes. He hates how the look still makes his heart flutter and neck go warm.

“Amazing shape,” Ilya parrots in a poor North American accent. “So kind of you to notice, Hollander. Good to know for future matches.” The smirk that launched a thousand penalty shots. “Or maybe you just like looking at older boring hockey players? Good to know for me.”

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Shane knows he’s the jealous type. He just didn’t know Ilya would be even worse.

Notes

I wrote this quickly with no edits and no patience for the next episode release. oops.

Note: SPOILERS for the book ending, this takes place before the epilogue though. It's been a minute since I read it, but I'm pretty sure Ilya was not the only man Shane found attractive and that Scott Hunter would have been his childhood/teen role model for a hockey player. Obviously not canon compliant, since I have no idea when Scott and Kip got together, but they're open, who knows.

I love an em dash, idc

The thing is, Shane knew he could be a little... possessive.

It comes with the territory of his profession. Once a center wins the face-off, it's their duty to form the play and drive the puck home, no matter who on the other team gets in the way. Shane takes this responsibility seriously and therefore commits to his duties with single minded focus and covetous hands. Be it hockey or boyfriends, no one could claim he allows any room for his opponents to gain the upper hand.

It doesn't help that his boyfriend—still a *secret*-boyfriend, even if his parents and Hayden now know and their tentative public relationship announcement is years away, but his *boyfriend* none the less— is dead gorgeous.

Fans have been making edits and tweeting inappropriate thoughts about Ilya since he was barely of age. And God, does that asshole know it. He gets such a stupid little kick out of every rabid fan post or even just eyes following him appreciatively through the airport. Shane can't decide if he wants to wrap a claiming hand over that sculpted waist or smack the smirk off his idiot boyfriend's face when they get a free dessert at dinner.

Shane knows Ilya had a reputation for being a bit of a man-whore during all their years of sparse meetups. How could he not? The hockey fans sites and sports tabloids sure managed to highlight all the beautiful women he would be seen with for short stretches of time. Shane once stupidly asked how many people he had slept with and almost choked when Ilya responded with "per week?"

And Shane knows things changed after the summer at the cabin, or probably long before that. He used to wonder if Ilya would ever want to sleep with women again, would feel restrained being exclusive with just one man. Shane only brought it up once after a little too much champagne and Ilya quickly shut him down by proving just how much he looks forward to fucking Shane into the headboard. And Shane can't deny feeling lighter (and a bit sore) after affirming their sex life would remain lovingly monogamous.

So Shane knows he's the jealous type. He just didn't know Ilya would be even worse.

"Not fair that Hunter gets brand deal for being gay in June. Is not hockey season, let the tennis gays have the Nike money."

Shane barely glances up from the email he's writing to Farah for the foundation's donor page. Through the frames of his glasses, he easily clocks the sweat-slick look of concentration on Hunter's face as he slow-motion trains in brand new Nike gear with tasteful rainbow accents. Ilya's television is exceptionally high definition.

"It's for early Olympics hype, maybe. Good for him," Shane says, then goes back to typing and proof reading.

Ilya scoffs in a way that says he knows, he just wants to complain. "Ancient man is lucky if he makes it to the new year, let alone the Olympics," Ilya comments, fiddling with his phone

on the other end of the couch. Shane has his feet tucked under his thick right thigh just because. “Team USA will be easily beat if they have arthritis.”

Shane frowns, disapproval winning over the small joy of hearing Ilya saying words like arthritis. “34 is not that old, Ilya. And he’s in amazing shape too.”

Ilya says nothing for a few seconds and Shane glances up again from typing to see he’s being stared at with teasing eyes. He hates how that look still makes his heart flutter and neck go warm.

“Amazing shape,” Ilya parrots in a poor North American accent. “So kind of you to notice, Hollander. Good to know for future matches.” Then the smirk that launched a thousand penalty shots. “Or maybe you just like looking at older boring hockey players? Good to know for me.”

“Fuck off,” Shane softly mutters as he wiggles his toes under Ilya’s heavy leg. “Hunter’s good looking and fit, that’s all. And he’s not boring, just reserved off the ice. Respectful.”

The commercial ends and the game flips on again after the break, but Ilya’s sparkling hazel eyes never leave Shane. The heat on his neck turns up a few notches and he has to retype the last line of the email.

“High praise from league #2 Shane Hollander. I didn’t know you two were so close.” Ilya wraps a broad hand around his ankle and delicately strokes the strip of exposed skin between his socks and sweats.

Shane shrugs, feeling the flush begin to bloom on his cheeks. “We’re not *close* close. We just chat during All Stars. And there was that one time during the Olympics.” Shane squints down at his writing for errors and then remembers. “Didn’t you and his boyfriend go out together once? Seems fairly friendly for you.”

Ilya hums and continues petting Shane’s ankle. “Yes. They were both very boring, a good match. What is *one* time during Olympics?”

Giving up on the email for now, Shane looks back up into Ilya’s oddly intense stare. He could have sworn they already talked about this and his boyfriend is just being a jerk to make him repeat it. Right? But going by the carefully blank set to Ilya’s face, maybe not.

Shane swallows and fiddles with his glasses. “You know, the games a few years ago. Canada and the US faced off in medal matches. The atmosphere was a little... intense.”

“Intense,” Ilya repeats. His eyes go distractingly half-mast and Shane’s face flushes all the way to his hairline. “Moy zayka. You are telling me now that you fucked Scott Hunter, yes?”

“*No!* No, no way. Not really. Ugh,” There was no helping it, Shane’s face is entirely unsalvageable, and he buries it in his hands to try and collect himself. It’s so strange to be on the other side of this conversation.

“‘Not really’ he says,” Ilya needs to stop repeating Shane and go back to watching the Admirals' season analysis, but his attention seems to have entirely diverted to Shane's cringing form against the arm of the couch. His hand still grips his ankle, thumb circling the bone. “So. You half fucked him? Or Scott Hunter half-fucked you?”

“You're such an asshole,” Shane mutters into his palms, scrubbing his eyes before looking back at his boyfriend's teasing smirk. Though something about it is a little off center and on edge, a shaken coke bottle.

Shane closes his laptop and gets this over with. “No one fucked anyone. Sochii was way too dangerous and crowded for that. It was just sort of a—release. We were both a little pent up and he must have put two and two together about my sexuality a long time ago. It cleared my head of some stuff and I didn't even think about it during the game after.”

Ilya is oddly quiet for a moment, his hand stilled its petting motion to rest like a chain around Shane's leg. “Where?” he asks, though it didn't sound like a question.

Shane clears his throat. “One of the private bathrooms in the arena. It locked from the inside and most people were watching the ice dancing medal ceremony. It wasn't the safest idea, but. You know.”

In truth, Shane had been pent up for a lot of reasons that day. It was his first Olympics and first time overseas. His family would all be watching him at some ridiculous hour the next day play for a medal and represent his country. The boy he really liked had a devastating loss and wouldn't even text Shane back to make sure he was ok. Would barely even look at Shane when he offered an olive branch of—friendship? Kinship? Understanding? And he sat next to one of his teenage role models who was terribly kind and terribly handsome.

Shane had just come back from that humiliating interaction with Ilya and Scott had been able to tell something was off, suggesting they take a lap around the arena for something to drink. He had been grateful for the company and comradery. Thinking back, Shane's not sure if it was a spur of the moment thing or if Scott had planned to take them by that bathroom. Either way, it was nice. Even if Shane had only been with Rozanov a handful of times and barely knew what he was doing.

“No, not where,” Ilya says, annoyed. His palm snakes up his pant leg and squeezes Shane's calf in a quick, possessive pulse. “Where did he touch you?”

Heart fluttering for an entirely new reason, Shane is caught between stammering out that it doesn't matter, that it was so long ago, and relenting to the familiar gravelly tone in Ilya's voice that makes him weak.

“You—you want to know?” Shane asks, bewildered and a little turned on. The television flashes through game highlights of last season and the roaring cheers as Scott Hunter sinks goal after goal. But Ilya's eyes never stray from Shane's face as he slowly bends down to press a delicate kiss to the inside of his knee before nodding.

Shane clears his throat and tries not to stare at his boyfriend's plush mouth. “Well, we kissed for a while against the door and uh, felt each other out.”

He can't remember who kissed who first but it must have been Scott. A twenty-three year old Shane would have never made the first move. Scott's not quite as tall as Ilya, so Shane didn't have to tilt his head back as far. His beard was soft and very well groomed, like the rest of him. Shane no longer gets jealous after having watched Ilya take time to shave everyday, but he loved the gentle scratch of it against his cheeks.

And he was not lying when he said Scott is very fit. Shane had adjusted his diet plan after seeing Scott's adonis belt in full high definition.

Ilya hums and presses another kiss to his other shin. His eyes still look the slightest bit off. "Did he undress you? Play with your chest? Or did you drop straight to your knees?"

Chest tight, Shane hates how well Ilya knows him. He reluctantly admits, "Yeah, well. We didn't have all that much time."

They had both stayed mostly clothed, terrified by the prospect of someone breaking in and simultaneously, secretly thrilled by it. Shane's skin buzzed with adrenaline and his knees cracked when they hit the tile floor with a speed he's a little embarrassed by. But *god*, Scott had been really into it. His hands were gentle against Shane's face and his thrusts wild as he bruised his throat.

A calloused hand sneaks up from the back of the couch to grasp Shane's jaw, thumb coming to rest delicately against his bottom lip. He smells like the soap Shane's mom brought back from Vancouver. Ilya's eyes are burning with some hidden intent and Shane is entirely helpless to divert any attention away from himself. He wouldn't ever want to. To make Ilya stop looking at him like that would be a sin.

"So he used your mouth then," Ilya flatly remarks, eyes tracing the small caresses of his thumb. "Did you take all of him? Did you gag? Swallow?" The fingers trail down to draw the delicate lines along his throat. "Did you enjoy having his dick in your mouth?"

Yeah, actually. Shane loves the power that comes with pleasuring someone like that, so intimate and a little dangerous. The first couple times he attempted it, his timing was off and he couldn't breathe right, but the rush was worth it. And Scott looked like some greek god of desire above him, slim hips rolling and insane abdominals flexing as Shane let himself be used.

It was the first time Shane had ever heard dirty talk in an American accent. Quiet, still, since they were in an arena bathroom and the walls would echo, but Shane always lives for praise, for being the best. However—"He wasn't you."

Ilya growls something in Russian that Shane could only catch vague components of and releases the grip on his leg to snatch the laptop and toss it onto the floor. "Hey!" Shane scolds but his protest cuts off when a two-hundred pound Russian man crawls between his legs and crushes him into the cushions. The open mouthed kiss wipes any further complaints from his head.

Wrapping his arms around his boyfriend's strong back, Shane basks in the feeling of being held down by all that power and passion. Shane wonders if he ever had a type before meeting

Ilya Rozanov or if Ilya managed to embody it so perfectly without even trying. Typical.

Ilya, however, seems to be putting in a lot of effort to lick into every corner of his mouth like there was some hidden prize. He tastes like the grapes Shane shoved into his lap earlier. Shane wishes he could distill this feeling into something to get drunk on whenever there's an away game.

He just begins to grope his boyfriend's amazingly sculpted ass when Ilya pulls back, likely to catch his own breath.

"You are going to kill me, Hollander," he pants, lips spit-slick and eyes very dark.

Shane's glasses are eschew and foggy, but he can't bring himself to remove his hands and adjust them. Either way, he's starting to see what's going on.

"Would it make you feel better to fuck my mouth, zolotse?" Shane whispers, still blushing up to his roots. "He didn't return the favor, if you're wondering. Just a handjob." Shane absolutely did not mention how he was so close to coming anyway that it was a shamefully quick one. Shane leans up, kisses the curve of his lover's jaw and speaks into his skin. "Or would you rather fuck me for real? Like only you have done."

"Fuck," Ilya moans and presses their foreheads together. "Don't say these things when looking like that. Not with your stupid sex glasses."

Ilya seems to be genuinely indecisive and Shane wants to laugh. Thinking about Ilya with anyone else normally kills his libido like a harsh swipe to the gut, but it must be having the exact opposite effect on his boyfriend. He wonders if he should mention the man from Guadalajara, but maybe it's best to keep one story in the back pocket, just in case Ilya asks again.

Shane rolls his hips into the waist cradled between his thighs and groans softly at the feeling.

"Fucking fuck," Ilya mutters, and finally makes a decision. But instead of tossing Shane's considerable weight over his shoulder and marching him back to the bedroom to be ravaged, his boyfriend twists and releases one arm to rummage through the drawer of the coffee table.

Shane huffs, "You've got to be kidding me. Do you have lube and condoms stashed in every room of the house now?"

Ilya lets out a triumphant noise when he finally catches a handful of foil packets. "Yes," He smiles, perfectly smug now. Shane hates that stupid crooked grin so much. "Now be naked. I am going to fuck you until you can not remember what Scott Hunter looks like."

Unable to contain it, Shane laughs and tries not to get his shirt caught on his glasses. Ilya doesn't but that's because he's too busy spilling the lube packet everywhere and cursing. Later, Shane has one of the most mind-blowing orgasms to date with his knees next to his ears, his boyfriend between his thighs, and the Nike commercial fuzzing into the background.

“Hey, Hunter!”

Good God. Nothing good could possibly follow that delighted tone from the league’s most disreputable forward. Rozanov skates by with an obnoxious flourish that sprays ice all over Scott’s gear.

“Fuck off, Rozanov,” Scott grunts, catching his breath before the next period starts.

“You played well today, despite the new lines in your face,” Rozanov chirps, pleased as fucking punch for some reason.

Scott ignores the jab at his age. “Game’s not over, remember. I have an extra 20 minutes to beat your ass.”

Rozanov makes a sudden twist and crowds in too close for comfort. “Would have thought you prefer my mouth,” he murmurs. He rolls his mouthguard in a way that makes the honorable Scott Hunter want to spit. “But careful. I bite.”

Just as fast as he appeared, he skates off to rally his team like a good captain would and not the nasty little gremlin he actually is.

“Those two are fucking crazy,” Scott mutters, before gliding into position for start of overtime.

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