

like a man starved

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by [istilltasteyou](#)

Summary

“I am going to fuck you,” Rozanov said, pressing kisses to Shane’s neck, “and if you are very, very good, maybe I will unlock you.”

Shane has been in chastity for two weeks and is desperate for release. Ilya makes him wait a little longer.

Notes

I've been gone from AO3 for two and a half years, but I devoured Heated Rivalry (both show and book) in a couple days and then noticed there were zero Hollanov chastity fics on AO3 - so I knew I needed to change that.

If you want a soundtrack to go along with this fic, I listened to [Ламбада \(Lambada\) by T-Fest & Skryptonite](#) a *lot* while writing it.

Enjoy!

- Ciaran istilltasteyou

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

Shane wanted to kill Rozanov.

More than the inescapable pressure, the ache for release that he felt through to his bones, and the way his skin felt constantly *alive*, this little game of theirs was incredibly inconvenient. He'd never thought too much about how often his fellow players saw his dick, but now it was a daily problem. He'd resorted to changing with a towel around his waist when necessary, and either showering in his hotel room or waiting until everyone else had left. He couldn't risk them seeing it - there was no explanation that wouldn't raise eyebrows.

"Can I ask you a personal question?" Of course it had been Hayden who asked, once they were alone. The others had noticed, he was sure of that, but none of them had commented on it so far. Whether it was out of respect or simply a lack of interest, he wasn't sure.

"Only if you don't make me answer," Shane said.

"What's with the sudden shyness? You got like..." he lowered his voice to a whisper, "herpes or something? Don't get me wrong, it's not like I *want* to see your dick or anything, man, it's just... out of character."

"No, I don't have herpes," Shane laughed, but then realized he couldn't think of a good excuse. "It's just - it's private, okay?"

"Sure," Hayden agreed with a nod. There was no way in hell he was going to tell him the truth, but he trusted that Hayden wouldn't push it any further.

The last thing Shane Hollander wanted to do was admit that Ilya Rozanov had locked up his cock in a little pink cage.

"That a new necklace, Rozanov?" St-Simon teased, hand coming towards Ilya's neck.

Ilya ducked away from his grasp and looked down at the silver chain, glinting beside the gold of his mother's under the overhead lights of the locker room. He tried to suppress the smirk tugging at the corner of his mouth.

"Yes. Is nice, right? I got it from your girlfriend." The other Bears laughed and gave a chorus of "oooh"s.

"Fuck off, man."

What none of them could see, hidden under his jersey and compression shirt, was the small key that hung on the end of the chain. The key that in a few hours Shane Hollander would be begging him for. A sick idea came to him as he turned his back to the others and grabbed his phone. Ilya pulled up the key from under his gear and pressed it gently between his teeth. He snapped a picture as fast as he could without drawing attention and hid the key once more.

Lily: 🙄 [image]

“Jesus Christ,” Shane gasped, drawing looks from J.J. and Hayden. “Sorry.” He wasn’t going to explain, but he couldn’t take his eyes off the key between Rozanov’s teeth.

It had been two excruciating weeks since that key had been used to lock away his release. Rozanov had showed up at Shane’s apartment building with a black bag clutched in one hand and a wicked look in his eyes. The Boston Bears had been playing in Ottawa while the Voyageurs were playing at home, which always excited Shane - having Rozanov so close yet just out of reach. He hadn’t expected to get a text from “Lily” that night which had simply read *“Usual place in 20 minutes. Be ready for me ;)”*.

Rozanov had fucked him so hard that night that he thought he was going to be sent through the mattress. When it was over and they were laying in a sweaty, panting pile, Rozanov leaned over and started fishing through the bag he brought with him.

“I hope there aren’t cigarettes in there, you know you’re not-”

Rozanov cut him off by holding aloft a pink plastic chastity cage. Shane would be the first to admit that he wasn’t exactly well-versed in this stuff, but there was no mistaking what this was.

“No,” he had responded, not even giving time for the question to be asked.

“Come on, Hollander,” Rozanov had sulked, “would be so good.”

“For you, maybe,” Shane replied, “but not for me.”

“Are you sure?” Rozanov asked. “Do you not think it would be hot, you wanting so bad but being all for me? Being...”

“Owned?” Shane suggested, throat thick. He couldn’t deny that the thought turned him on. They both saw his limp cock twitch as Rozanov spoke. It didn’t take much more convincing for Shane to let him lock him up. Rozanov guided his cock through the plastic of the cage delicately. He turned the key in the lock and hung it from a chain around his neck. Shane had stared up at Rozanov, eyes blown wide with lust and adoration. He pressed two fingers to the key against that golden skin, breath coming ragged. Rozanov pressed a kiss to his lips, deliberate and careful but just as intense as ever.

“You are mine, Hollander,” he had breathed between them.

Shane was well and truly fucked. He finally tore his eyes away from the picture of the key between Rozanov’s teeth and sent an honest, heartfelt response.

Shane: Fuck you.

Lily: You would need the key for that. I don’t think you will get.

Shane: You’re an asshole.

Lily: Do you wish you could get hard right now?

Shane: I wish I'd never let you talk me into this.

Lily: But you like it, yes?

Shane stared at the message. He wanted to lie. It would be so easy to say no, call it off and pretend that the whole thing had been a horrible mistake that left him with nothing but regret. He'd surely get off quicker that way.

Shane: Yes.

Lily: Maybe I will reward you tonight.

Shane's heart soared for a moment. The cage usually didn't bother him throughout the day - if he was honest, sometimes he forgot he was even wearing it - but at night, when he usually had the freedom to decide whether he got off or not, he was sometimes so frustrated he could cry. He had even tried to use his dildo once, just to find some kind of release, but without the ability to get hard it just left him feeling unsatisfied. He was so desperate to get off that it was killing him. When a second text came through, he was filled with both determination and that now-so-familiar frustration.

Lily: If you win.

He was going to destroy Rozanov. He had to.

Ilya knew that he should have been paying more attention to the game, but he couldn't take his eyes off of Hollander. He was still the best player on his team by a mile, as usual, but Ilya could tell that his mind was elsewhere. His face was more flushed than usual, his eyes half-glazed during the initial face-off.

"You are distracted?" Ilya murmured to him.

"Never," Hollander said, "why would I be?"

Ilya winked. He won the puck with ease.

Boston won 3-1.

"Get this fucking thing off of me," Shane gasped as Rozanov crowded him against a wall that night. Rozanov had discarded his shirt the moment they were safely alone, and the sight of the silver key resting against that perfect, glistening skin was driving him crazy.

"Uh-uh," Rozanov scolded, "That was not the deal, Hollander. You did not win, why would you get reward?"

“Please?” He felt like he was vibrating out of his skin. It was bad enough when he was in bed alone, wandering hands unable to find satisfaction. But now with Rozanov here, fingers touching Shane in nearly all the right places, it was inching towards unbearable.

“I am going to fuck you,” Rozanov said, pressing kisses to Shane’s neck, “and if you are very, very good, *maybe* I will unlock you.”

“Maybe?”

Rozanov pulled back and smirked. “Or no, if you do not want?”

“No! Please, I want it, I want it,” Shane begged.

“Are you going to be a good boy for me?” Rozanov asked. Shane gulped and nodded. “Suck my dick. Show me how much you want.”

Shane dropped in an instant and pulled at Rozanov’s pants. One of Rozanov’s hands found its way into Shane’s hair, and the other caressed his shoulder as Shane freed Rozanov’s cock. He was hard already - probably had been for hours now, just how Shane would have been if he hadn’t handed over the freedom of his pleasure to the man towering above him. Shane dragged the flat of his tongue from the base to the tip, the hand on his shoulder clenching as he took Rozanov’s cock into his mouth like a man starved.

“Fuck, Hollander,” Rozanov moaned.

Shane was set on making this the best damn blow job he had ever given, if only to earn himself the right to his own pleasure. If Rozanov wanted a good boy, that was exactly what he was going to get. Shane wrapped his tongue around Rozanov’s length, moaning as he sucked and licked the cock he would crawl across hot coals just to get a taste of. He gripped a hand around the base and stroked in time with his mouth, his other hand gripping Rozanov’s waist. He stayed down there for what felt like both hours and no time at all, drinking his fill of the other man. His caged cock strained against the bars of its enclosure, begging to finally be released.

“Okay, okay, fuck, you will make me come before I even get to fuck you.” Rozanov gasped, pushing on Shane’s shoulder lightly to guide him off his cock. He pulled him upwards and ran a thumb across Shane’s cheek. “You are incredible. My good boy.”

Shane will go to his grave denying that he blushed so deeply that his ears tingled.

“Yours,” Shane swore.

Rozanov grabbed him by the arms and walked backwards, spinning them around and pushing Shane onto the bed. He kicked off the rest of his own clothes before focusing his attention on Shane’s. Rozanov’s hands trailed slowly up Shane’s stomach, pushing his shirt up his chest and over his head. Shane was loose under his touch, allowing himself to be shifted and undressed at the other man’s whim.

“So good,” came the whispered praise again as his legs were carefully guided out of his pants. Shane watched as Rozanov folded his clothes gently but precisely, just as Shane would when undressing himself, and placed them on the chair nearby. He couldn’t tear his eyes away. He knew that now, with only a thin layer of fabric covering him, the silhouette of the cage under his underwear could be made out easily. He had both admired and examined it a thousand times himself, sometimes in reverence and amazement of the control he had handed over, and other times in an anxious blur, fixated on ensuring it wouldn’t show through his clothes. Even when he was anxious though, a part of him loved it. He was pent-up and frustrated, worried about somebody noticing, but it also thrilled him. While his cock was locked up, this thing with Rozanov existed outside of their night-time encounters. When he was home alone, or training with his team, or gritting out a grin through another monotonous interview, he was still Rozanov’s. He wore the proof of whatever this was wherever he went. A piece of Rozanov was always with him. Always owning him. It connected them despite the miles separating them.

But god did he want to come.

Clearly, Rozanov’s mind was in the same place. His eyes swept down Shane’s body slowly before landing at his groin, a smirk blooming as Shane watched him trace the outline of his imprisoned cock.

“Is it torture?” he asked, padding back towards the bed and looming over Shane. “I bet you are desperate.”

Shane could do nothing but whine in response. Rozanov’s fingers slowly crept to Shane’s waistband, and he breathed low and heavy as he finally stripped Shane of the final layer between them. He muttered something in Russian, Shane was sure it was a curse, as the pink plastic of the cage trapping his leaking cock was revealed.

“God, you are so wet for me already, Hollander. I bet you have been wet every day, such a good boy who wants to come so bad. Did you try?”

Shane tried to hide his face behind his arm, but Rozanov pulled it back with gentle fingers.

“Tell me,” he pressed, “did you try to touch yourself through it?” Rozanov’s other hand came to rest on his thigh, slowly inching between his legs. “Or did you try to fuck yourself?” He pressed a finger to Shane’s hole as he spoke, dragging a gasp from between Shane’s lips.

“Yes,” Shane breathed, “it wasn’t enough.”

Rozanov chuckled. “No, is not enough. You need me to fuck you, don’t you?”

“I do. I need you, please.” Rozanov pushed Shane backwards, their mouths colliding in a brutal kiss as Shane’s back hit the pillows. Shane’s legs fell apart easily, welcoming Rozanov between them as their kiss deepened. Shane nipped at Rozanov’s bottom lip, thrusting his hips up to find some kind of friction against his neglected cock - testing the waters. He needed to see what he could get away with, how far Rozanov would let him push before correcting him.

“Such an eager boy,” Rozanov said as they broke apart for air. His hands began to roam across Shane’s body once again. One palm caressed his side as the other hand slid across and pinched his nipple.

“Ah!” A moan tore from Shane’s mouth, loud and sharp. Rozanov’s mouth followed quickly, lapping and sucking at the tender nub as Shane’s fists clenched in the sheets below him. “Fuck...” The more that Rozanov teased him, the tighter the pressure against his cock as it fought to harden in its cage. “Please, Rozanov, please please *please*...” He wasn’t sure what exactly he was begging for - for release, or for Rozanov’s cock in his ass. He just knew he needed *more*.

Rozanov lapped his tongue over Shane’s nipple one final time before leaning over to the bedside table. The cool air against his wet skin made Shane’s breath hitch. He could hear Rozanov retrieving the lube and a condom, and he couldn’t help the way his hips twitched upwards in anticipation.

“You are ready?” Rozanov asked, making a show of squeezing the lube out onto two fingers. Shane nodded, faster and harder than he’d meant to, but he was drowning in desperation for the other man. He was blind to everything outside of those four walls - at that moment, the only thing in the universe that mattered was getting Ilya Rozanov’s fingers inside of him. And *oh*, there they were, circling around his entrance all gentle and careful. No matter how much of an asshole Rozanov could be, he was always gentle in these stolen moments - except for when Shane didn’t want him to be. They had fallen into a wordless rhythm, where Rozanov always knew exactly what Shane needed. Today he needed to be fucked, and shown just how much Rozanov appreciated his sacrifice and submission.

It was almost reverent, the way Rozanov opened him up. A single finger became two, pumping in and out of him strong and slow, turning Shane to jelly as he moaned on Rozanov’s fingers. He reached a hand down to his poor cock, aching to be freed. Rozanov batted his hand away.

“No touching. Not yet. Be good boy, Hollander, yes?”

“Yes,” Shane panted, “I’ll be good, I’m your-” Rozanov’s fingers found his prostate, and Shane gasped as his back arched off the bed involuntarily.

“*Say it*,” Rozanov commanded, fingertips rubbing intently over the spot that sent electricity through Shane’s bones.

“I... I’m-” Shane struggled to get the words out, “I’m your good boy.”

Rozanov growled, his fingers slipping out of Shane as he moved up the bed to press hot kisses up Shane’s body. He trailed them up from his navel, sucking on his neck before finally reaching Shane’s lips, their mouths sliding together filthy and deep.

“*Mine*,” Rozanov said. With each kiss, Shane found himself believing it deeper and deeper in his soul. He had been claimed. He belonged to Ilya Rozanov.

Rozanov moved back down his body, and Shane knew what was coming next. He closed his eyes and listened to the sound of his own breathing as he waited for the feeling of Rozanov lining up with his entrance.

“You are ready?”

“Yes, please. Please fuck me.”

He didn't need to ask him twice. Shane's fists clenched again as he felt Rozanov's cock pushing into him, familiar hands sliding up his body and caressing his muscles. The pace was slow at first, Rozanov giving Shane time to get used to the stretch - and oh, *god*, he wasn't sure he could ever really get used to it. Every time he took Rozanov inside him he felt so impossibly full, like he was being stretched to the very limit by the other man's cock. It was indescribable, overwhelming and oh-so *good*. When they fucked, Shane never wanted to feel empty again. Ilya Rozanov could split him in two and Shane would thank him for the pleasure.

Rozanov picked up the pace, and Shane felt one hand snake up his body, fingers working under his own to pry them loose from the bedsheets and clasp their hands together. Shane opened his eyes - had Rozanov ever held his hand while he fucked him before?

“There they are,” Rozanov said, “those eyes. Beautiful.” He didn't give Shane any time to respond, catching his mouth in another kiss as Shane felt the waves of pleasure roll through him as he was fucked. Now that their bodies were pressed closer together Shane's cock, still in its cage, was trapped between his own stomach and Rozanov's. The amount of friction was incredible and overwhelming, intense pleasure twinged with pain as his cock strained and rubbed against the plastic bars. To top it all off, that damn key was still hanging around Rozanov's neck, and now it was dangling between them, gently running over the skin of Shane's chest as Rozanov moved.

“Oh god,” Shane moaned, “It's too much, please Rozanov, please, please take it off me. Please let me come.”

“You beg so sweet,” Rozanov said, “but is not time yet.” He slid out of Shane. “On your knees.”

Shane loved and hated how quickly he obeyed. He wanted nothing more desperately than for his cock to be freed, to come for the first time in two torturous weeks, but at the same time this feeling was intoxicating. His desperation made him feel crazed, like every slight touch could set him on fire, a simple kiss could make him come if only Rozanov would unlock him. He wanted to come so bad... but he also never wanted this feeling to end. His chest hit the mattress, ass high in the air as he waited, heart thumping hard.

He felt Rozanov line up once more behind him, and he keened as soft kisses were littered on his shoulders, in contrast to the harsh pace set the moment Rozanov entered him again. At this angle Shane's cock simply bobbed in the air. The only stimulation he got was from it occasionally hitting his own stomach, when Rozanov thrust into him particularly hard. The lack of friction made his desperation at least slightly more bearable, but the intense pleasure

that shot through him each time Rozanov's hips met his still had him moaning and whining into the mattress.

"Yes, fuck, Hollander," Rozanov moaned, "so good."

Shane met Rozanov's thrusts eagerly, seeking pleasure both from Rozanov's cock inside of him and from his own against his stomach. He was thankful for his cock not being trapped between them any longer, but it didn't make him any less desperate to come. Part of him wondered if he could manage it without being freed from the cage - was that even possible?

Rozanov's thrusts came harder and faster, the rhythm slipping as Rozanov neared his peak. Shane said nothing but a string of moans. His face was buried in the sheets in a hopeless attempt to muffle himself as Rozanov panted above him, fingers gripping hard into his hips. He hoped they'd leave a mark, tiny half-moons he could admire in the morning. He loved when Rozanov left a mark - evidence of their secret, for Shane's eyes only.

Rozanov's fingernails dug in hard as he stilled above Shane as he groaned, pressing even more kisses to Shane's back as he came. Shane whined as he felt Rozanov's cock slide out of him, leaving him empty and still as desperate and wanting as ever. His cock ached with need as he shifted to lay on his side.

The bed creaked as Rozanov collapsed beside him. Shane watched as his sweat-glistened chest rose and fell as Rozanov caught his breath. After a few moments of silence Shane reached a hand over to Rozanov's cheek, turning his head to face him.

"Please," Shane begged.

"Did you want something?" Rozanov asked, lips quirked up into a smirk. He pressed a quick kiss to Shane's lips before pulling back again, the smirk now transformed into a shit-eating grin. "Was good, yes?"

Shane whined, so frustrated he couldn't even articulate it. Was Rozanov really going to leave him like this? The thought scared and thrilled him in equal measure. He had thought that two weeks without coming was unbearable - could he really survive for longer? Was he going to have any choice in finding out?

Shane gasped as Rozanov's hand cupped his caged cock and balls. "Of course. Your reward, I would not forget."

The chain was pulled from Rozanov's neck, and Shane couldn't take his eyes off of that damn key. He watched intently as Rozanov brought it towards him, sliding it into the tiny lock at the top of the cage. There was a click, and *finally* he felt the plastic sliding off and his cock being freed. Rozanov squeezed lube into his hand and stroked up Shane's cock, slow and delicate, just enough pressure to feel good. It was the first time he had been touched properly in so long, and Shane was painfully hard in seconds.

"God, Hollander," Rozanov said, "You really want to come for me, don't you?"

“Please...” It was the only word in Shane’s vocabulary right now. He couldn’t think of a single thing except the hand on his cock, the relief of being hard and touched and *free* after so long. He wanted to live in this moment forever.

“Maybe I should lock you up again after,” Rozanov mused, “make sure you are for me only. Nobody else gets to touch, not even you.”

The thought went straight to Shane’s dick as Rozanov kept stroking him.

“Oh, *fuck*-”

“Good boy,” Rozanov purred, “come for me, Hollander.”

Shane was nothing if not obedient.

“Ah- ah, fuck, oh my *god*” he moaned as he came hard, painting Rozanov’s hand and the sheets with his come. Usually he would be pissed that he messed up the sheets, but he couldn’t find it in him to care when this moment felt so god damn incredible. Despite coming so fast, it was the best orgasm of his life. It was as if every moment of desperation over the past two weeks was being satisfied at once. His skin was on fire, every muscle in his body tensing and releasing as one, his body singing down to the atoms. Shane thought he might die as he watched Rozanov bring his hand to his own mouth and lap up Shane’s come, swallowing it with a lusty smile on his face.

This stupid Russian asshole was going to kill him.

Rozanov stayed longer than normal that night, back against the headboard as Shane’s head rested on his shoulder. It was more intimate than they usually allowed themselves to be, but Shane was trying not to think about that. He just needed to be close to him, after all that.

One question plagued his mind as Rozanov traced circles on his arm.

“Were you serious?” Shane asked, “About locking me back up again?”

“Do you want?”

“Maybe.” Shane blushed. “And I thought... what if it was longer?”

Rozanov smirked. Clearly, the idea thrilled him just as much as it did Shane.

“Come here,” Rozanov said. He pulled Shane into a kiss, and every inch of Shane’s skin tingled as he felt Rozanov’s hands guiding his cock back into the cage.

He kept kissing him.

The lock clicked.

End Notes

Thank you for reading! I haven't written anything in quite a while and I feel like I'm pretty rusty now, so I would really appreciate a comment if you enjoyed this fic. Especially because I only posted Buddie fics before - is Hollanov something people want to see more of from me?

Thank you again for reading x

- Ciaran istilltasteyou

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