Somewhere only we know

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Somewhere only we know

by frozen_applesauce

Summary

> “I want you to fuck me, Rozanov,” is the first thing Shane says as soon as the door closes behind him.
>
> “Hello to you too, Hollander. It’s good to see you. Want some coffee?”

— After a bad game, Shane seeks out Ilya to relieve some tension in a purely physical way. Or at least that's what he tells himself. It's not that he wants to be comforted. Definitely not.

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“I want you to fuck me, Rozanov,” is the first thing Shane says as soon as the door closes behind him.

And, well, it’s certainly one way to greet Ilya. Cheeky, direct. It's such a shame that Ilya doesn't seem to appreciate it.

“Hello to you too, Hollander,” he says instead, a hand still on a door handle. When he looks Shane up and down, his eyebrow raises in that scrutinizing way Shane can’t stand. Not today. “It’s good to see you. Want some coffee?”

Asshole.

“It’s past midnight,” Shane answers.

That annoying eyebrow raises even higher.

“I know.”

“It’s too late for coffee.”

“Hmm.” Ilya’s lips press into a thin line for a second, as if deep in thought. When they part… “Tea then?”

Fucking asshole.

Shane seriously can’t stand him. Not here, not now. Not after the shit show that happened on ice just a few hours ago.

Something inside him bristles at the mere memory. Rage surges into his bloodstream.

“Cut it out,” he hisses right in Ilya's face. Or rather, in the direction Ilya’s face should be in. Somehow, tonight he’s unable to meet that molten gaze head-on – can only observe Ilya’s slightest twitches from the corner of his eye, cataloging his reactions. “If you have to, at least give me some vodka.”

Once again, Ilya only hums.

Anger tightens like a ring around Shane's arteries. Blood roars in his head. Nausea returns. So does the need to jump out of his skin. The need to scratch deep grooves into his arms, till he peels off everything that feels constricting.

He screwed up today. Completely screwed up, and everyone saw, Ilya included. That’s why…

“Jesus Christ, just fuck me,” he repeats with more heat than he expected to hold inside. It feels like throwing up, except no lightness follows. “Fucking fuck me, Rozanov, and then—”

“Amazing English,” Ilya cuts him off, still so casually. Too casually. “Been reading The New Yorker?”

Fucking, *fucking* asshole. Pretending as if everything’s alright. As if he hasn’t seen Shane royally mess up today, over and over again, until there was no way to save the damn score. Or maybe worse – maybe this is his weird, sarcastic way of dangling the failure over Shane’s head. Ha, that would be fitting. Shane’s loss is his win, after all. Bastard must be so happy.

This was such a bad idea.

“Whatever,” Shane spits out, turning back towards the door. “I’m leaving. I shouldn’t have come here anyway—”

He reaches for the door handle – and instead runs into Ilya’s hand. Calloused fingers wrap around his own. Tightly.

“What the—”

“Done throwing a hissy fit?” Ilya asks. “Or you need a moment longer, Hollander?”

“What do you think—”

“A moment longer, then,” Ilya decides – and yanks Shane towards himself so hard that Shane can’t help but stumble a few steps forward.

“What are you—”

“You played good today, you know that?”

It’s stupid how easily one sentence can put out all the anger burning in Shane’s chest. How it’s enough to make him let go: stop controlling his body and just fall face-first into Ilya’s chest. How in the moment he doesn’t even feel embarrassed.

Above all, it’s stupid how he expected exactly all of this to happen. How – even if only subconsciously – he’s come to Ilya because he *wanted* it to happen.

It’s one thing to hook up with his rival after an intense game – it’s completely different to come to him looking for comfort. The first one is dumb; the second even dumber.

And yet, Shane is here, and Ilya…

“You did your best,” he whispers, pressing his nose to the top of Shane’s head. “Team was shitty, but you did good, yeah?”

Shane lets out a long-held breath.

“Don’t talk about my team like that.”

Even right now, when doing something they can never know about, he feels protective of the guys he steps on ice with. And Ilya must find it endearing. Barely holding back a smirk, he presses his nose against Shane's coarse hair even harder.

"Is true. They were shitty." His hand finally lets go of Shane's hand. Instead, his arms embrace Shane's entire body. "You were… not perfect. But good. Compared with their shitty play."

Shane's deep breath turns into a huff.

"Thanks, asshole. You, on the other hand, sucked."

"Aww!"

If Ilya tries to sound offended, he fails big time. Especially since right after he presses a small kiss into Shane's head. And another one, right behind his ear.

The warmth returns, but it's not fueled by anger anymore.

Shane's eyes flutter, then close. His tense muscles relax, letting him melt into Ilya's body. *God*, how he missed this feeling. It's been over three months…

"You didn't actually suck that much," he mumbles.

Ilya lets out a small, triumphant, "Ha!"

"Still, you picked too many fights. Pointless fights, might I add," Shane continues. "One day someone's going to actually snap and break your nose or something."

"That would be a pity. You like my nose."

"Fuck off."

The snort that escapes Shane's throat is not elegant. Too bad. He can't bring himself to care. The rhythm of his heart is peaceful now, pumping the blood through his veins without a sound. He almost forgot his body can be this quiet. In the off-season, without Ilya near, even his breathing has a tendency to be too loud. Which… Yeah. He's not going to think about that, either. No matter what weird dreams he's been having about Ilya recently, their relationship isn't like that. It's purely physical.

"For the record," he whispers with face still pressed into Ilya's neck, "I did mean it when I said I want you to fuck me, Rozanov."

This time it's Ilya's turn to snort.

"Alright," he answers in a tone somewhere between sarcasm and amusement. His hand slides down Shane's back, one finger running over the line of Shane's spine until it reaches his pants. There, his thumbs hook into the belt loops.

"I'll fuck you in a second, Hollander."

It’s a promise – one Ilya often gives and always keeps. That’s why, when their lips meet, and the slow kisses turn Shane's mind into foam, he tries not to worry. They'll end up in bed anyway, just as they should. Without any unnecessary feelings.

Chapter End Notes

Well, guess who had an idea for a follow up smut, but then got too shy to include it... ✌

Comments are love ♡

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Ilya kisses him for a long time. Without a hurry. Their lips brush against each other, first gently, then hungrily. Their breaths mingle.

At some point, Shane allows himself a quiet sigh – Ilya takes advantage of it, and pushes his tongue in, deeper. Really deep. Until Shane forgets where his own body begins and ends.

Ilya is inside him. Everything Ilya touches belongs to him.

“Louder, Hollander,” he commands into the kiss, voice thick with desire. “I want to hear you.”

So Shane answers with a whine. It’s not a conscious decision – he makes the sound out of reflex, because Ilya has ordered him to. And in moments like these, whatever Ilya wants, he’ll get.

“Fuck, you’re perfect.”

The praise tears through Shane’s hazy thoughts. It pierces him, slithering down his neck, sending shivers down his spine.

More, he wants to plead.

But he can’t. When his lips part, his tongue is powerless, forcing out only another gasp. Ilya swallows it. He pushes in again, all the way down, as far as he can. Oxygen is running out, making Shane's head pleasantly light, his lungs constricting in protest. Saliva gathers in the corners of his lips. The kiss becomes wet and messy, and so good that if Shane were to open his eyes, they would immediately roll back.

It ends before he's ready. One second, Ilya is so close, as if he were inside of Shane, and the next, he's stepping back, letting the cold wash over Shane's heated body. It's like a thousand tiny needles on sensitive skin.

Shane protests, unable to control himself again. "Please..."

A curse in Russian answers him, raspier than he's ever heard. Another shiver runs down his spine.

But Ilya doesn't return to him. Shane has to open his eyes.

The first thing he sees in the dimness of the hotel room is the familiar, tightly clenched jaw. Every muscle in Ilya's body seems tense. A vein in his neck – one that Shane has explored with his lips more than a few times – pulses, and his lips are pursed and hidden behind his

hand. Teeth dig into the soft flesh. His chest rises and falls as if after running a long distance. But Ilya's eyes are closed just as Shane's were a second ago.

Before, Shane couldn't look into them, too ashamed of his failures. Now, he'd give anything for a second of eye contact. He might even fall to his knees.

And maybe that's the best idea. If Ilya, for some reason, refuses to look at him, Shane just needs to present a better argument.

He doesn't even give himself a chance to think it through – his body moves of its own accord. Forward, towards Ilya, and then down, to a kneeling position.

“No,” a stern protest stops him at the last beat. Ilya's eyes snap open. His hands reach for Shane's shoulders and lift him up. “Not like this.”

It's not a direct rejection, but it feels like one. Shane can't help himself again – a short whimper escapes his lips.

“Fuck,” Ilya curses again. But at least his eyes aren't closing anymore. On the contrary, they're wide open, as if trying to pierce Shane through and through. Devour him. The dark pupils are so dilated that the irises become nothing more than thin rings.

Under their pressure, Shane barely manages to swallow. The hairs on his arms stand – not from cold anymore, though he feels more naked than ever.

“Why not like this?” he finally manages to choke out. “I wanted to...”

“I know. But... just not like this.”

Ilya's words are making less and less sense. Why does he suddenly not want to see Shane on his knees? Is he bored? Has Shane's previous behavior, so uninvited during their already infrequent meetings, repulsed him?

“Stop thinking, Hollander,” he interrupts before Shane can lose his mind in the worst-case scenarios. “You're not thinking today. You're… doing nothing today, okay?”

That… makes even less sense.

Shane opens his mouth to point it out – but Ilya finally takes a step towards him, cups his face in both hands, and captures his lips in another kiss.

“You're not doing anything,” he repeats between delicate brushes, and something begins to tremble in Shane's chest. “Today, you're just taking.”

It's no longer a whimper – the sound that rips from Shane's throat is more like a cry.

Ilya swallows this one, too. He pushes deeper again, until his tongue fills Shane's mouth, until Shane feels him everywhere.

When two strong hands travel down to Shane's thighs, he simply accepts it as a matter of course. He allows himself to be carried further into the room and laid on the bed, amidst the still-untouched, soft sheets. He allows Ilya to climb on top of him, pressing down with his full weight. Trapping him, until his muscles can do nothing but relax.

Only then does the kiss end. Ilya's lips, wet with saliva, move lower. They leave a sticky trail on Shane's jaw, neck, and collarbone.

At the same time, Ilya's hands find the belt in Shane's pants and blindly try to undo it. The buckle clinks. The zipper opens with a metallic hiss. The material slides down Shane's legs – both pants and underwear disappear. But it's not cold at all, because Ilya caresses the bare skin with something akin to worship, his own body pulsing with desire.

“You did good today, Hollander,” he whispers.

His lips move lower as he does so. They brush against the spot where Shane's nipple hides behind the thin cotton T-shirt.

“You always do good.”

His hands lift Shane's T-shirt and roll it up to his neck. Without any barriers separating them, his tongue flicks the nipple once more, gently, then scrapes it with his teeth.

Shane's hips jerk forward involuntarily.

“You like it,” Ilya notices. It's not a question, but a statement, followed by a gruff, “Good boy.”

Shane has to squeeze his eyes shut to prevent any pathetic expressions. He can't…

“Just let go, *malýsh*. For me.”

He can't help himself. His hands grip Ilya's shoulders as he moans with need.

It's enough to make Ilya abandon the teasing of the other nipple. He moves even lower, still seemingly unhurried, trying to pepper Shane's stomach with kisses, but there's something tense in his touch. His teeth graze the skin more and more frequently. He breathes deeper.

When he reaches Shane's crotch, but ignores his cock, Shane nearly jerks in protest. Nearly – because he doesn't have time to actually do so. Ilya is faster. He tightens his fingers on Shane's thighs, pushing them up, pressing them against his chest, as if folding Shane in half were no achievement. And then he goes down.

A tongue demanding entry into the depths of his body is the last thing Shane expects.

“Wait—”

“Slap me if you really don't like it,” Ilya commands, then attacks again.

Burning heat presses against Shane's hole, caressing the rim in small licks. A few moments are all it takes – Shane's body relaxes, and Ilya immediately goes deeper. As deep as he can.

“Oh my god, Rozanov—”

There's no place in Shane's body that doesn't belong to Ilya now.

The knowledge of that is even more addictive than the pressure of the tongue penetrating him. Shane can't ignore it. Doesn't want to ignore it. So instead, he buries his fingers in Ilya's curly hair and pushes his hips down, rolls them, grinds into the violating tongue.

When Ilya groans, he feels that sound echo deep inside himself.

It's unfair. It's not right. But now that Shane's tasted it once, he can't contain himself. He needs more. His hips start moving on their own – and Ilya responds eagerly, pushing his tongue deeper, licking and probing until Shane is a mess and all his little gasps turn into more incoherent moans. Only then does he pull away.

“Look at you… Riding my face, so ready to come on my tongue.”

Shane doesn't have to open his eyes to know Ilya is grinning at him.

“You're fucking beautiful, *malýsh*.”

He doesn't even need the touch anymore – those words are enough to elicit another moan from him.

“Please, Rozanov...”

“I was supposed to fuck you, yes?”

Apparently, Shane's answer doesn't come fast enough.

“I'm asking you something,” Ilya repeats. “Yes or no?”

It's only a split second, not even half an inch of separation, but Ilya starts to pull away, so Shane...

“Yes,” he moans. “Yes, please. Fuck me. Please.”

There are a thousand more pleas on the tip of his tongue. Thankfully, he doesn't need to resort to any of them, because Ilya is already tearing off his pants, throwing them wherever, and... God. The sound of a bottle of lube being opened, a condom wrapper being ripped in half makes Shane tremble shamefully. He needs it now.

“Such a good boy, huh...” Ilya groans above him. His thick fingers press into Shane's already softened body. “Made for this, made to take me, yes?”

“Yes,” Shane echoes, not knowing what he's even agreeing to. Not that it matters. In this moment, nothing really matters. Nothing but the burning stretch when Ilya finally pushes in.

And Shane falls apart.

Soon, there are grunts, and moans, and the filthy sound of skin slapping against skin. Their bodies tangle in the bedsheets. Shane's legs twitch, his toes curl, as Ilya drives into him with increasing force. Someone begs for something – it's probably Shane. Definitely Shane. That doesn't matter either. Not when Ilya steals each word straight from his mouth, licking around his lips like a starved man.

“So good for me,” he repeats over and over again. “Don't forget. Will have to fuck it into you if you forget.”

When it gets too much, he flips Shane over in one swift motion and slams in again. The thrust reaches so deep it might as well punch through his belly. Maybe Ilya really is trying to carve himself a space inside Shane. That... would be good. Forever being filled with each other. Forever in each other's grasp.

“'m gonna come,” Ilya warns at some point, and Shane parts his lips to signal the same.

But that would be a lie. The warmth that curls inside him doesn't radiate from his cock anymore. He's soft, he must have already come... But when? He can't remember. It's another thing that doesn't matter. Not when his brain is this mushy, and Ilya's hips snap against his reddened cheeks as he comes with a stifled moan.

After that, there are only their heavy breaths.

When Ilya's sweat drips onto Shane's neck, he gently leans over to lick it off, but can't find the strength to straighten after. His body presses Shane into the mattress once more. Shane welcomes the weight with a small sigh.

“Good?” Ilya hums next to his ear in that hoarse, post-sex voice that always makes Shane's already fucked-out body even more numb.

“Very good,” he answers.

Ilya, at last, allows himself to rest on Shane fully.

“Wanna stay like this forever,” he says. “You?”

The question probably violates a handful unspoken rules of most *we-are-just-fucking* arrangements, but somehow, in their case, it doesn't feel out of place.

Rather, it seems only natural for Shane to respond with a quiet, “Me too.”

After he does so, Ilya kisses his nape again.

Chapter End Notes

Apparently, I can be talked into posting anything, even smut. I don't really know how this came out... Please let me know if it's horrible so I can hide somewhere in shame ;___;

As always, comments are love ♡

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