Slip of a finger

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Slip of a finger

by Blombus

Summary

> "Hollander..." The name came out strangled, broken. "Fuck. Fuck, I forgot—"
>
> Shane understood in the same instant, the absence of latex a shocking heat inside him.
>
> *Christ.*
>
> or - the boys forget to use condoms for the first time
>
> Pt2 - Ilya Rozanov does, in fact, own a belt

Notes

> Thank you, Tupps, for always supporting my stories. You motivated me to start writing little by little, and now I think I can somehow string a sentence together. Thank you for helping me find my flow.
>
> Let's give it to the sweet, sweet RWRB to Heated Rivalry pipeline, it's one glorious beast.
>
> Over the last couple of weeks I absolutely devoured the book series and ofc the TV show.
>
> Fml the directors knew what they were doing 🥵🥵

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

Shane Hollander never felt such desperation. It was spilling from every pore in his body, as he writhed on the hotel sheets, the five-thousand-thread-count Egyptian cotton catching on his already damp skin.

He was all alone in Ilya's hotel suite. It was almost midnight in Boston, and the Voyageurs wrapped up early after their loss to the Bears—his loss to Rozanov. It was always a hard pill to swallow. Not the scoreboard, not the two points, not even the noise of the crowd. Shane could take a loss. He could file it away, repress it. He would use those emotions to tighten his routine, get back to work and get better.

But this one didn't sit in his stomach like a normal loss. This one lodged higher, somewhere under his ribs, where pride and fury and something far more dangerous lived. Because against anyone else, it was just another loss…something not new to him.

But a loss against Ilya Rozanov. That felt like an indictment.

It was the way his name sounded in Shane's head long after the final buzzer. The way whenever a replay came on the screens, it would focus on Ilya's excellent skill, his speed, his tenacity. All while sporting his sexy, crooked grin.

It was the fact that Shane could do everything right…he could be disciplined, relentless, sharp…and it still wouldn't be enough if Ilya decided it wouldn't be.

That was what made it *poison*.

Because Shane had been good tonight. He'd been better than good. He'd played some of the best hockey he'd ever played. He did everything correct, it was almost textbook. He played it safe when it was needed, he took risks when the moment demanded it.

For anyone else, it would have been enough.

But it wasn't enough to beat *him*. His Russian. His obsession. His… well, if Shane was ever honest with himself about it—his *everything*.

But Shane was anything but honest with himself. He couldn't do that. He was too scared to open his heart for the inevitable heartbreak that came with letting the Russian inside. There were moments, however, when he was too weak to resist his fantasies, imaging the world where they could openly love each other. Be boyfriends. Maybe move in together—start a family.

Shane's breath hitched. As the thoughts of Ilya holding a small baby with dark curls crossed his mind. Too fast to stop them, too dangerous to keep.

Shane quickly shook his head, repressing his thoughts right back down—this time with a bit more force—where he and especially Rozanov could not reach.

He focused on cataloging his environment around him. The hotel penthouse was obscenely luxurious, Rozanov splurged on their night together. It was about five floors higher than the rest of his team was staying, where he should be staying—rooming with Hayden.

Tonight, however, he was not in business of making sensible choices. Instead, he left the lights low in the hotel room, letting the amber glow of the bedside lamp, light up the sweat on his chest, the tremor in his thighs.

He was here for a while. The loss meant their team wrapped up early, the post-game interviews didn't dwell on the losers, especially not in Boston. On the home soil of the Bears. He knew Ilya would be occupied for much longer, going from interviews, to a conference, to a celebratory drink with the team and the sponsors. Especially as team captain.

So Shane let himself in to the suite Ilya booked for them.

He gave himself permission to be bold today.

Shane wanted to get revenge on Ilya tonight. He felt this overwhelming need to get an upper hand. Their situationship over the years has had its fair share of ups and downs, but again if he was honest with himself, he'd not have it any other way. He could not imagine his life without Ilya anymore—even if in secret—only when their cities and games matched.

Only under the pretense of their rivalry.

Relaxing further into the stacked pillows behind him, Shane's mind wandered again over the last few years, thinking back to the stolen moments they had together. The desperate kisses, hungry hands, shared breath.

He was Shane's first for almost everything sexual. The first blow job he'd given, first person to fuck him, rim him, cherish him.

It was all those memories that filled his brain as he got himself ready. He closed his eyes and sucked his fingers, imagining Rozanov's heavy cock on his tongue. When they were wet enough he opened his knees wider, quickly spreading the moisture across his ass. And now he'd been ready for twenty minutes. Forty. An hour, maybe; time had dissolved into a haze of anticipation and the slick slide of his own fingers stretching himself open. Sometime during Shane grabbed the expensive lube Ilya bought, and got to three fingers, his hole open and wet. Empty.

Hungry.

Now, lounging on the sheets, every shift of his hips, spread the lube every further around his ass and thighs—and he'd been pretty liberal with the product. His cock was leaking helplessly against his abs already.

Shane felt obscene, he couldn't wait any longer, moans stuck in his throat. He would not allow himself to let them out, to make a noise, especially before Rozanov touched him, heck before he was even in the room with him.

The sound of the keycard in the lock was a gunshot. Shane's breath hitched, his whole body going still except for the involuntary clench around…nothing.

His mind spun.

But then the door swung open, sound of footsteps across the wide corridor and there was Ilya —still in his suit from the post-game conference, tie loosened, hair damp from the snowfall, his dark eyes sweeping the room and landing on Shane sprawled across the king-sized bed, legs spread, chest heaving.

Seeing Shane all spread out, the Russian's mouth opened. No sound came out. Just a strangled breath, his fingers tightening on the wall to his right, hard enough to whiten his knuckles.

Shane watched the words die die in Ilya's throat, that rough, beautiful voice reduced to nothing but a sharp intake of breath. For a long moment, they just existed in the moment—Ilya frozen, Shane trembling, the city humming far below them.

"*Hollander*." Ilya's voice finally emerged, low and fractured, his accent thickening around the name. "The fuck—"

Shane's lips curved into something too sharp to be a smile. "Don't talk." He shifted his hips deliberately, the wetness evident in the low light. Shane could feel his hole opening and clenching in the clod air.

Ilya's gaze tracked the movement like a man starved.

"Just fuck me, please. Rozanov. Please."

Ilya dropped his wallet and keys on the mahogany side table, the metal clinking against glass, and started on his cufflinks with fingers that shook so visibly Shane could see it from across the room. The suit jacket came off, then the shirt, revealing his torso—muscles carved from years of brutal discipline. Just like Shane, his routines were unrelenting and brutal, and it showed.

Hollander licked his lips. He couldn't wait to taste the ridges of his abs. When Ilya finally moved toward the bed, his movements were careful, controlled, but his eyes were wild. He knelt on the mattress between Shane's spread legs, his hands hovering just above Shane's trembling thighs like he wasn't sure he was allowed to touch. Shane solved that by reaching down and yanking Ilya's hand to his own cock, slick and hot and impossibly hard. "Touch me," Shane demanded, his voice raw with hours of waiting.

Ilya's palm closed around him with a familiarity that made Shane's spine arch. The Russian's thumb swiped over the head, gathering pre-come, and Shane watched Ilya's throat work as he stared at the evidence of Shane's desperation. "So wet, Hollander. Needy."

Ilya's other hand moved between Shane's thighs, fingers tracing his rim, where he could slide right in. "You did this." Not a question. An accusation, maybe, or reverence. Shane couldn't parse it through the haze of need.

"Hours ago," Shane admitted, canting his hips up into Ilya's grip. "Couldn't stop thinking about you. About this. So hurry up."

Ilya's expression darkened, something possessive and furious flickering in his eyes. He slid two fingers right in, crooking them expertly, grazing his prostate dead-on, then pulled them out in one smooth motion that left Shane gasping and empty.

Three fingers next, sliding in easy and deep, testing the give of Shane's body. "So ready," Ilya muttered, his accent turning the words into something filthy. "Too ready."

"Stop talking," Shane hissed again, reaching for Ilya's belt with shaking hands. "Just—"

Ilya caught his wrists, pinning them to the mattress above Shane's head with one brutal hand. The other was already working his fly open, the sound of the zipper loud in the quiet room. Shane's cock throbbed against his stomach, hard and straining.

"Look at you," Ilya breathed, his voice a low rumble that Shane felt in his bones. "Desperate for me."

"Always," Shane admitted, the word torn from him before he could stop it.

The truth hung between them, heavier than the cold, hotel air. Ilya's expression cracked, something raw and vulnerable flashing across his face before the mask of possession slammed back down. He spat in his palm, stroking himself twice before lining up. The head of his cock nudged against Shane's entrance, and they both stilled.

In the haze of need, Shane didn't see Ilya reach for the nightstand drawer. Didn't see the moment Ilya's hand fumbled past where the condoms should have been.

Ilya's brain was white noise—Shane spread beneath him, saying words like always that made this thing between them too real. The push inside was slow, inevitable. Shane's body gave around him, slick and hot and impossibly tight despite the preparation. Ilya groaned, his forehead dropping to Shane's shoulder as he bottomed out, buried to the hilt. They were both breathing hard, the sweat between their chests turning slick.

Shane was in heaven, Rozanov's cock seemed hotter, larger. Touching that spot inside of him more acutely, than ever before. It felt different...like more.

Then Ilya stilled. His entire body went rigid. Shane felt the tension coiling in him before the Russian's head snapped up, eyes wide and dark with sudden, horrified realization. "Hollander..." The name came out strangled, broken. "Fuck. Fuck, I forgot—"

Shane understood in the same instant, the absence of latex a shocking heat inside him.

Christ.

Shane's spine arched violently, every muscle locking as the knowledge detonated through his nervous system—Ilya inside him bare, nothing between them, skin on skin for the first time.

Another one of Shane's firsts.

When the last thought crossed his brain, Shane came without warning, untouched. The orgasm ripped through him like a freight train, painting both their stomachs in hot, messy stripes. Shane's vision whited out, his voice raw.

Ilya watched him fall apart with something feral flashing in his eyes, the guilt already being devoured by primal satisfaction. He didn't pull out. He ground deeper, chasing the clench of Shane's body around him, his own release barreling down with the inevitability of an avalanche.

"Fuck—*fuck*," Shane gasped out, almost screaming, his body still convulsing around Ilya's cock. His orgasm not relenting in the slightest.

The sensitivity was immediate and brutal, every nerve ending screaming. Rozanov must've noticed his wince, as he went to pull out, his hand braced against the mattress, but Shane's legs locked around his waist with surprising strength.

"Stop—" Ilya's voice was strained, wrecked, his Russian accent bleeding through. "Sensitive, niet?"

"Stay," Shane commanded, his voice cracked but fierce. "Fuck me. I'm still so fucking hard I..." He broke off, panting, they both looked down to see his cock which was still rigid, smearing fresh pre-come through the mess on his stomach. "My medical, *fuck*, the team testing. You know we get screened. We're both..."

"You will let me breed you, Hollander?" growled Rozanov, the words cutting through Shane's breathless ramble like a blade.

The question landed like a physical blow.

Shane's entire body went rigid beneath Ilya, his spine locking, his breath catching in his throat.

The vulgarity of it—*let me breed*—wrapped in that thick Russian accent, twisted something primal in his gut. It was crude, possessive, filthy in a way that made his still-hard cock twitch violently between them.

Ilya's hips had gone still, but his cock was pulsing inside Shane, hot and heavy and impossibly deep. The Russian's free hand...because the other still had Shane's wrists pinned...traced a brutal line down Shane's sternum, nails dragging through the cooling mess on his stomach.

"Answer me." Ilya's voice was low, his accent thickening with every word. “Is what you want? Want my come? Be mine?

"Yes," Shane answered, the word tearing out of him before he could think, before he could regret it. It was barely a sound. It was, however, a surrender, an admission, of everything he'd been too terrified to say out loud until this exact moment, with Ilya buried inside him and no barriers left to hide behind.

Ilya's expression grew more possessive, his grip on Shane's wrists tightened to the point of bruising. The Russian's hips snapped forward in one brutal thrust that drove a cry from Shane's throat, his vision whiting out at the edges again.

"Fuck," Ilya hissed, his accent so thick Shane could barely parse the word. "Fuck, Shane..."

Shane.

Not Hollander. Not anything else. Just his first name, like a prayer sounding on Ilya's lips. In that exact moment, when their eyes met and the realisation that Ilya used his real name, his control snapped completely. The rhythm changed. It became brutal, claiming in nature.

Ilya fucked into him with a single-minded ferocity that bordered on violence, each thrust bottoming out with a wet slap of skin on skin. The sound was obscene, warmed by the lube and Rozanov's pre-come. Together, echoing off the suite walls alongside Shane's broken moans and Ilya's guttural Russian curses.

The pressure built impossibly fast. Shane's untouched cock was leaking steadily against his stomach, smear mixing with the cooling evidence of his first orgasm. Every thrust hit something inside him that made his entire body shudder, his thighs trembling where they were locked around Ilya's waist.

"Please," Shane choked out, not even sure what he was begging for. More. Less. Something to make the coiling tension in his gut release before he shattered completely. "Ilya—"

Ilya's rhythm faltered at the sound of his name, in return. The Russian's forehead dropped to Shane's shoulder, his breath hot and ragged against sweat-slick skin.

“блядь,” Ilya cursed in Russian, the word muffled. “Shit, I can't—"

"Don't stop," Shane gasped, his wrists straining against Ilya's grip. "Don't you fucking dare —"

“я не могу,” (I can't) Ilya growled, the Russian breaking through. "Too much, you're…fuck —"

He shifted his angle, and Shane's eyes rolled back. His second orgasm hit like a body check, sudden and brutal, his cock jerking against his stomach as he spilled in thin, desperate pulses. The clench of his body around Ilya's bare cock was what finally broke Rozanov.

He came with a sound that wasn't human—more a snarl, a Russian curse mangled into something animal. Ilya's hips stuttered, his entire body locking up as he buried himself as deep as physically possible. Shane felt the first pulse inside him, hot and thick and claiming, and it was that sensation, that knowledge that Ilya was coming inside him, marking him, breeding him, that made Shane's oversensitive cock twitch helplessly against his stomach. Fuck, too soon.

But Ilya was too far gone to notice, his rhythm broken beyond repair. Halfway through his orgasm, his hips jerked back too hard, too fast, and he slipped out. He was still coming,

though...the rest of his release landed in scorching stripes across Shane's rim, the sensitive, stretched flesh still fluttering and clenching from the sudden emptiness. The heat of it, the shocking, wet burn, made Shane's thighs spasm, a broken cry ripping from his throat that was equal parts pleasure and overstimulation.

"Fuck, fuck!" Ilya was babbling, Russian and English tangling together as he stared down at the mess he'd made, at Shane's body still shuddering beneath him. His hand...the one that had held Shane's wrists...finally released its grip to trace the cooling evidence of his release, smearing it back toward Shane's entrance with a thumb that wasn't quite gentle.

Shane couldn't speak. Could only lie there, wrecked and trembling, his legs fell still wide apart, thighs burning from the strain. He looked up at Rozanov, expecting to meet his eyes, but Ilya wasn't looking at his face. The Russian was staring at Shane's hole. It was open, wet and thoroughly claimed. Rozanov looked at him with a feral expression.

Shane barely had time to process the intent before Ilya was moving down his body, shoving Shane's legs wider with rough hands that didn't ask permission.

"Ilya, what? Wait!"

The first swipe of Ilya's tongue against his sensitive, come-slick rim made Shane's entire body jerk like he'd been electrocuted. His hands flew to Ilya's hair, fingers tangling in the dark curls, but he didn't know if he was pulling him closer or pushing him away. The sensation was too much, wet heat and deliberate pressure against flesh that was already oversensitive and throbbing. They've only done it once before, and back then Shane lost his mind at the crude action.

Now, knowing that Rozanov was eating his own come straight from his open rim, Shane's perception of the pleasure altered. He'd never felt this turned on. This dirty.

"Mine," Ilya growled against his skin, the vibration sending shocks up Shane's spine. The Russian's tongue pressed inside, lapping at his own release, chasing more of the addictive flavour.

Shane was hard again, impossibly so, it was almost painful to get it up again. Ilya's fingers dug deeper into his glutes, spreading him further apart. Ilya ate him out with a single-minded focus that was almost clinical in its intensity.

"Fuck! fuck, Ilya…" The name dissolved into a sob as Shane's hips bucked involuntarily against Ilya's mouth.

The Russian's hands moved to his hips, holding him open, holding him still while he worked his tongue even deeper.

"Я не могу остановиться," (I can't stop) Ilya muttered against his rim, the Russian slurred and desperate. He must've caught himself, as Shane noticed him shaking his head, as if looking for the English translation "Can't fucking stop—"

"Don't," Shane gasped, his voice wrecked beyond recognition. "Jesus Christ, don't—"

Ilya's thumb pressed against his perineum, massaging in firm circles while his tongue fucked into him, and Shane came for the third time that night with a cry that was barely human—just raw sound. His cock pulsed dryly, oversensitive and aching, spilling nothing but a thin trickle while his body clenched around Ilya's tongue.

When Rozanov finally pulled back, his mouth was slick and swollen, his eyes dark and feral. He crawled back up Shane's body, not bothering to wipe his face, and kissed him, letting Shane taste himself mixed with Ilya's come and the copper tang of desperation.

Shane kissed back with everything he had left, his hands still tangled in Ilya's hair, pulling him closer even as his body trembled from overload.

The Russian's hand found Shane's cock for the first time tonight, stroking it with a roughness that should have hurt but only made Shane whimper into his mouth. He was still so hard, it was a fucking miracle. Only Rozanov could make him feel this way. This lost…this obsessed. It fucking terrified him.

"ещё раз," Ilya breathed against his lips. "One more time. I want to see it again."

"I can't," Shane protested, but his hips were already rolling into Ilya's grip, seeking friction, seeking release.

"You can." Ilya's thumb swiped over the head, smearing pre-come down the shaft. "You will. For me."

The words were a command, and Shane's body obeyed before his mind could catch up. His fourth orgasm was nothing but dry pulses, his cock twitching in Ilya's fist while his entire body arched off the mattress. He came with a silent scream, his throat too raw to produce sound anymore. The orgasm ripped through him like a muscle cramp, after a brutal hockey game or training session.

Shane's entire body spasmed with aftershocks. Ilya didn't let go. He kept stroking Shane through it, his eyes locked on Shane's face like he was memorizing every twitch, every gasp.

When Shane finally collapsed back against the sheets, trembling and spent, the Russian released his cock, but only to drag his fingers through the mess on Shane's stomach, playing with Shane's orgasm. There was barely a space on his chest that was dry

"красивый," Ilya murmured, his voice wrecked. "So fucking beautiful like this."

Shane couldn't respond. Could only lie there, chest heaving, his legs still splayed open obscenely. He felt hollowed out, his hole throbbing with the memory of Ilya's cock and tongue and come. The air in the suite was thick with the smell of sex and sweat and something else—possession, maybe.

Ownership.

Ilya's thumb traced Shane's bottom lip, and Shane opened for it instinctively, sucking the digit into his mouth without thought. The taste was bitter, salty—his own release, Ilya's skin. He

licked it clean while Ilya watched with dark eyes.

The kiss they shared next was sweet, almost too sweet after the depravity of their night.

With the last peck, the Russian collapsed beside him, both of them heaving in the wrecked silence of the hotel suite. Sweat cooled on their skin, sticky and unpleasant, but neither of them moved to clean up.

Shane stared at the ceiling, his thoughts fractured. "This was crazy," he finally managed, his voice a dry rasp.

Ilya's hand found his on the mattress, fingers threading together without looking. "Da," he agreed, accent thick as syrup. "Crazy."

The words hung between them, each of them too small for what they'd just done. There were three little words they could let out, but both of them were too chicken-shit to confess their true feelings to each other.

Ilya broke the silence, his voice strained from exertion. “How long do we have?”

“Our plane leaves at 10 tomorrow, Hayden is not expecting me tonight.”

"So you stay?" Ilya's thumb brushed the back of Shane's hand, a question disguised as touch.

Shane stared at the ceiling. He'd already let Ilya breed him like an animal, what was one more night of surrender? "If you want."

Ilya's fingers tightened, possessive and sure. "I want.”

Shane turned his head. The Russian's eyes were dark and steady. It was the same look Ilya gave him across the ice when they lined up for a faceoff, focused, inevitable and hungry. Like he could see deep into his soul. But Shane knew it was not possible. If Rozanov knew what he had hidden for so long, even from himself, he'd run away screaming.

Or maybe he'd stay. He'd love him back.

Love.

Shane's breath hitched at the thought, still captivated by Ilya's gaze. "Okay."

The word was barely out when Ilya's mouth found his again, softer this time but still claiming.

The kiss tasted like the end of something and the beginning of everything, and Shane let himself be pulled under.

***

Shane woke to grey light bleeding through the curtains. Rozanov was sleeping soundly beside him. Shane never saw him this peaceful, this at ease.

Shane bit his lip, his imagination running rampant. What if every morning could be like this?

He took the time to catalogue this sight to memory. This new softness of his Russian. The quiet rise and fall of his chest. The way his lashes made a shadow on his cheek, dark against pale skin. The loose sprawl of his hand on the sheet as if he belonged here, as if this room was his and Shane forever.

If only, Shane thought.

Shane lay perfectly still, because any movement felt like it might tip the moment into something he couldn't control. He could already feel himself reaching, wanting to brush that stray curl off Ilya's forehead, wanting to press his mouth to the corner of Ilya's shoulder, wanting to coax him out of sleep for more pleasure, he knew was awaiting.

But he didn't.

Because wanting Ilya in daylight was a different kind of risk.

In the dark, in the aftermath of a game, in the privacy of a locked hotel door, it was easier to pretend this was contained. The morning exposed all the raw edges of their fragile relationship.

The possibilities of what it could be was way too bright, too exposed.

It was not what the world would accept. They wanted Shane Hollander the captain, the professional, the predictable.

Ilya shifted, a soft exhale, and Shane's heart clenched. For a second he thought Ilya might open his eyes, might blink up at him with that lazy, knowing smile and pull him close like it was the most natural thing in the world.

Shane chickened out. He slipped out before Ilya could wake up, dressing before the sun could come up. He paused at the edge of the bed, looking down at Ilya one last time. No matter what he craved, he turned away, quiet as a ghost, before he would do something stupid and stay.

On the team plane, Shane shifted in his first-class seat and felt the dull throb sharpen.

Something slick shifted inside him, a reminder so visceral he had to bite his lip. His face burned as he realized what it was—what Ilya had left behind, still leaking out of him hours later.

He pressed his thighs together under the blanket, grateful for the privacy of the window seat, and tried not to think about what that meant.

Across the aisle, Hayden glanced up from his tablet. "You okay? You're flushed."

"Fine," Shane lied, voice tight. "Just…tired."

The ache stayed with him the whole flight, a secret he carried under his skin.

He never felt more grateful to have this reminder.

As soon as he stepped off the plane, Shane's phone buzzed

Lily - You leave like thief.

Another buzz.

Lily - Next time I chain you to bed. I have belt.

Shane smiled at his phone, biting his lip. There's going to be a next time.

Chapter 2: I have belt.

Chapter Summary

Pt 2 - Ilya Rozanov does, in fact, own a belt

new tags - undernegotiated kink, somnophilia, bottom Ilya Rozanov (but bottoming from the top), Ilya POV (later on)

Chapter Notes

Thank you to the amazing commenter (@holyfandomfeelsbatman) who gave me the idea to keep going with the belt idea! It sparked this monster of a smut - I hope you like it xx

Thank you, everyone, for the amazing support. Never, ever, have my stories reached this wide an audience, and I am riding the high of positivity from everyone. It's like a fucking Christmas miracle.

Lastly, thank you, Tupps, for always supporting my stories. You motivated me to start writing little by little, and now I think I can somehow string a sentence together. Thank you for helping me find my flow.

This somno is for you!! I know how much you love this tag 🤠🤠🤠

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Shane

Shane dreamt of pleasure, his body instinctively gravitating towards the source. Even though he could not see anything, he knew who was making him feel this way.

The only person who could.

Ilya.

Fuck. He hoped it was him.

Shane wasn't a dreamer. He never remembered his dreams. It was unusual for him to wake up thinking about anything other than what the plan for the day was. For him, sleep was usually just a hard reset…lights out and then blackout to nothingness. Clean and controlled, the same way he tried to keep everything else.

Well, that was usually the case, but everything changed when Rozanov entered his life.

Every time they interacted, when they'd share ice, text messages and especially bed—every time he went to sleep, Ilya would be right there with him. It's as if his mind refused to go quiet, refused to file him away.

Instead, his mind would make a dream out of him—like right now.

Tonight, Shane wasn't in his apartment or the cottage. It wasn't any real place he could name—there was a faint sound of the water and warmth. It felt like the most luxurious of holidays.

Hands were the first thing he registered. They were large and sure, sliding up his ribs. They spread heat and shivers down his entire body. The fingernails joined next, they prickled his skin, massaging the sore muscles. Shane arched into it without thinking, his body responding before his mind could protest. There was a weight over his hips, as if someone was sitting or lying on top of him, making him feel secure and loved.

Then he felt a mouth. First, it was at his throat, the corner of his jaw and then below his ear, right near that spot that always drove him senseless. The kisses he was receiving weren't gentle…they weren't rough either. They were familiar and warm. It was as if the person giving them, touching him, had learned him by heart.

He wanted to know more; he needed to make sure it was Ilya. He was certain, but without his sight, he could not confirm. Not properly. Not in a way his brain would accept.

Shane's breath hitched. Who else would know him this way? Who else could see into his heart like this, even in the dark? Confused in his dreams, he tried to find out, his brain working in overdrive to figure out who the person was with him.

He thought of using his hands to feel, if he could just reach for his curls, or feel the mole on his cheek, or the shape of his biceps…he'd know then. Then his mind would stop scrambling for proof. He'd know it was Ilya. Despite his gut feeling, he needed the concrete evidence that …

But he couldn't move.

He was pinned in place, his hands above him felt as if they were made out of lead. He tried with all his might, every muscle straining to pull them down.

The last bit of effort made his breath break, a sound catching in his throat.

A breath of laughter brushed Shane's ear. A mouth touched his lips. It was just a small peck, as if a loved one was greeting him. It was more reassuring and comforting than anything else.

"Wake up, Hollander."

The deep baritone made his pulse race, especially since it was paired with a Russian accent so familiar to him. *Ilya*.

Shane smiled to himself, like his body had solved the problem before his mind could. He'd been right. He wasn't losing it. It had been him all along.

Shane made a sound of protest anyway, a broken noise that sounded desperate and whiny even to him in his dream. He tried shaking his head, tried to sink further, to chase the warmth of the kisses again, but the person above him wasn't letting him.

"Mm…n-no," Shane managed. "Don't go…"

"Shane," the voice said, this time softer…more coaxing.

At that, Shane's eyes fluttered, the dream fading away from him. When his brain caught up, however, he realised it might not have been a dream after all. They were in the hotel room after the Boston-Montreal game. Shane noticed the smell of sex still clinging to their skin from last night.

Jesus Christ—last night.

Ilya fucked him hard, and he begged for more. They were insatiable, driving out every inch of pleasure from each other after the six long months of being apart. For Shane, it was six celibate months. He didn't know if that was the case for Ilya, but a part of him hoped it would was.

Something was off, though.

He felt stuck and a bit constrained. As if…?

Then he felt it: the pressure around his wrists. He looked up to confirm his suspicions, despite full knowing what he was about to see—his arms were stretched above his head, bound together by a belt.

Rozanov's belt.

The leather was cinched around the metal headboard. It wasn't painful, but you could see that it was carefully wrapped. It was a deliberate statement.

Shane's pulse hammered as he tugged experimentally…he could get loose if he tried.

But then he wouldn't.

"I told you I have belt." Ilya's voice came, low and smug.

Shane was about to say something; he wanted to say something witty, something that would regain his footing.

He could let out a weak protest against being chained. But then again, his entire body was already thrumming with need, a low, desperate pulse that had nothing to do with logic and everything to do with the weight of Ilya above him, and the fact that he was at his mercy.

His hips lifted instinctively, seeking friction, and the drag of Ilya's bare skin against his cock made him groan. It was obscene how hard he was already. He must've gotten that way in his sleep, with Ilya there—watching him, planning this.

Jesus. He didn't think he was ever that turned on. Maybe the last time, when Ilya came inside him for the first time without a condom.

"Fuck," Shane breathed, arching up again, wrists straining against the belt just to feel that resistance, like a reminder. "Rozanov—"

Ilya cut him off with a kiss. It was hard, stealing his breath and whatever protest he was about to make. Shane's mouth opened automatically, letting Ilya in, kissing back with a desperation that made him dizzy.

When Ilya pulled back, Shane was panting. Too drunk on Ilya to care about how embarrassingly gone he was already.

"Good morning, Hollander," Ilya murmured, voice rough and darker. "You sleep like dead."

Shane took the moment to slowly take it all in—take Ilya in. The room was grey, with the brief rays of light poking through the windows. This gave Ilya's body a stunning glow. Every muscle looked as if it were carved from stone, his shoulders broad and possessive. The lines of his hips made Shane catch his breath. He'd seen a perfected male physique almost daily in the showers...*Christ,* he'd seen *Ilya* naked numerous times. This time, however, he looked and felt like more. The whole shift in power made him dizzy with want.

Ilya was naked, straddling high on his hips. It wasn't their usual position. Normally, when Shane was the one on his back, his legs would be hitched over Ilya's legs or shoulders while Ilya fucked into him. It was all so new, he didn't know how to handle it all.

Ilya's hand moved down and behind him, wrapping around Shane's cock with a slow stroke. "You were hard before I even woke you. Dreaming about me?"

Shane's throat worked, trying to form words, but Ilya's thumb swirled over the head, spreading pre-come, and all that came out was a choked sound. "Tsk, so wet already, Hollander. It's so fucking hot. Was the dream me fucking you?"

Shane's mind could not formulate a lie. "Yes! Fuck…yes!"

Ilya's hand released him, reaching back to position the head of Shane's cock at his entrance. "We try something else today."

Shane's breath hitched. "What..."

Ilya began to sink down. The tight, scorching heat of him enveloped Shane's cock so slowly…inch by devastating inch. Shane's spine arched off the mattress, the belt pulling taut as his wrists strained. "*Oh Jesus*…"

"Not my usual," Ilya breathed, leaning down until his lips brushed Shane's with every word. "But your dick looked so fucking lonely."

Shane couldn't think straight. He'd never been inside anyone like this…never fucked anyone, in the ass, before. That had always been Ilya's role. But now, with Ilya fully seated on him… *Fuuuuck*.

“Have you ever…?” Ilya asked slowly, his voice strained. The question hung between them for a second, until Shane’s mind cleared. His ability to speak was shot—instead, he shook his head. *No, never.*

“You want?”

He desperately nodded his head up and down…his abs clenched when he felt Ilya adjust himself, sinking even deeper, fucking into his ass.

Was *he* fucking Ilya, or was Ilya still fucking *him?*

The power dynamic had twisted into something unrecognisable. His brain short-circuited as Ilya began to move. Just a slow roll of hips at first, experimental, testing the angle. Shane felt it everywhere…the drag, the clench, the short feeling of release, only to focus on the tip of his cock. Or the way Ilya’s huge cock bobbed up and down sensually against his stomach. Every downward grind had Shane's toes curling, his wrists yanking against the belt just to anchor himself.

"Rozanov—" Shane gasped, but Ilya's mouth covered his again, swallowing the sound.

Ilya’s hand moved to Shane’s face, caressing his cheek gently before hooking two of his pointer fingers across his lip, and then further into his mouth. Shane's tongue curled around them on instinct, sucking them deep, his eyes rolling back. The dual sensation of his cock buried inside, Ilya’s fingers filling his mouth…it overwhelmed him completely. He could not speak or think. He was reduced to an individual feeling of desperation and need.

“Ya znayu, moya lyubov” (I know, my love), Ilya whispered, his voice dripping with affection. “I know you need to be filled somewhere. I know you are inside, but I am still in control, da?

The Russian landed like a physical touch, and Shane whined around Ilya's fingers, nodding frantically. *Yes. Yes. Fuck yes.*

Ilya rode him harder now, hips snapping down. It was how usually Shane fucked him when he was on top.

Oh, Jesus, is that how Ilya feels every time they do it? Shane could not comprehend how the Russian lasted so long each time the fucked…how amazing his stamina was. Within seconds, Shane was already losing his mind, so turned on, he could only pray to the gods that he could satisfy Ilya.

Shane’s thoughts were interrupted by Ilya’s hand, which gripped his jaw, locking their gazes. His fingers still fucked Shane’s mouth in time with the rhythm of his hips. Shane could feel spit pooling inside his mouth. It was all so fucking obscene.

"Feel that?" Ilya panted, sweat gleaming on his chest. "Feel how I take you? Even now, you are still mine.

Shane's orgasm built with terrifying speed. He tried to warn Ilya, tried to pull back, but the belt held him fast, and Ilya's fingers kept him gagged, the slick slide of them over his tongue making him choke on his own sounds. He was going to come. He was going to come so hard it would probably kill him.

Ilya must have felt…He pulled his fingers free with a wet pop, leaving Shane gasping, spit trailing down his chin. "Not yet, Hollander."

Shane sobbed out a sound that might have been a protest. Ilya chuckled at how needy he was being. "Nyet. You come when I say."

Shane nodded, head bobbing erratically. They had briefly talked about this dynamic before. It was over the phone when they were both alone in their houses. Each time the topic was brought forward, it ended with them with their hands down their pants, moaning like crazy into the speaker phones.

It was the first time, though, that they took it this far… and Shane was in heaven.. His entire body strained against the cruel, exquisite denial of it all. He was so close he could taste it, his cock throbbing inside Ilya, who slowed his rhythm to a torturous grind, rolling his hips in slow, deliberate circles that had Shane seeing stars behind his eyelids.

"Look at you," Ilya breathed, voice wrecked with his own need, his cock smearing wet lines across Shane's abdomen. "So desperate. So perfect for me."

He leaned down again, kissing Shane deeply. Both of them moaned into each other’s mouths, as Ilya’s pace turned brutal again. Shane couldn’t breathe.

He wrapped his hands around the belt and allowed himself to float between surrender and control. He wanted to exist solely for this, for Ilya’s pleasure.

The kiss broke, and Ilya's forehead rested against his, their ragged breathing mingling.

"Now," Ilya whispered, and slammed down hard.

Shane came with a cry, muffing it into Ilya’s shoulder, straining his hips as he emptied himself deep inside. Ilya's body clamped down around him, milking every last spasm, and then Ilya was coming too, painting Shane's stomach with hot, thick stripes.

Shane closed his eyes and focused on breathing. His brain was warm and fuzzy. He let himself float with the sensations. It was as if the softest of waves were rolling through him.

He heard a small chuckle next to his ear, then a pressure around his wrist loosened. The belt was undone.

Ilya guided his arms down; the strain of his muscles was not an unusual sensation. It felt as if he just did a particularly intense shoulder and bicep workout. They wrapped themselves

around each other. Ilya's hands cradled Shane's face. "Good morning," he murmured again, this time with a soft smile.

Shane looked down at the satisfied Rozanov lying in his arms, and then he let out a chuckle, which quickly turned into laughter, which felt wild and ridiculous. It was the kind of laughter that came from someone who was so in love, so completely amured, and so entirely undone before breakfast. He was still twitching inside Ilya, oversensitive and shaky, come cooling on his stomach where Ilya came.

Ilya joined him, and for a while, they just rode the high of endorphins, enjoying each other's bodies.

"Fuck you," Shane wheezed after a while. There was no heat behind it, just pure, delirious affection. "You fucking planned this."

Ilya's lips curved against his. “Maybe.”

Shane felt a hand move to his wrist, where Ilya began to massage the faint red marks that were left behind. Shane's fingers found Ilya's hair, carding through the blonde curls with trembling hands.

They were still joined, sticky and messy and impossibly close.

"You're still inside me," Ilya murmured, almost thoughtful. "I can feel you, dripping a bit."

Shane's breath hitched. "Jesus. You can’t say shit like that. I can’t get it up this fast.”

“We both know it's a lie, Hollander.”

Shane rolled his eyes, but he knew Ilya successfully called his bluff; he could get hard this quickly. It had happened before. But before he could fully let himself go, he needed to know the answer to his question—otherwise, he’d spend the rest of the two weeks between their games overthinking every aspect of this morning.

“You don’t usually bottom.”

“No. I don’t.”

Shane didn’t ask further, waiting for Ilya to finish. He knew he needed the time to process the English words. In times like these, he took his time to study how handsome Ilya was. How truly breathtaking was his soft, raw masculinity. He also wished he could learn Russian faster; he was getting there, but it was slow progress with how busy his life was during the playoff season.

“Not my usual preference, but I wanted to try with you. It was my first time too.”

Shane’s eyes watered. “Oh, Ilya.”

“Don’t get mooshy, Hollander. We just fuck like crazy.”

“Well, stop saying sweet things.” He protested, but then he added with a soft voice. “It was my first time, too.”

“Da, yeah no shit, Hollander. You were a blushing virgin when we meet. You still blush when I say dirty things.”

Shane smacked Ilya’s arm in fake annoyance and let his head rest against Ilya’s chest—the movement, however, shifted his hips just enough. His cock slid free of Ilya's body with a wet, filthy sound that made them both hiss, Ilya's fingers clenching involuntarily against Shane's back.

"Fuuuck," Ilya groaned, the word dragged out low and guttural. The sudden emptiness made him shudder, and Shane could imagine how he could feel the clench of muscle around nothing…the hot spill of release beginning to leak out.

Shane's spent cock twitched against his stomach.

Ilya's hand shot down, fingers catching the mess, spreading it further. "You filled me up so much," he got out. Shane never heard his voice this raw. "Still dripping out of me."

Shane buried his face against Ilya's neck, breathing hard. He couldn't look, couldn't handle the way Ilya's words made his chest tighten and his cock throb, still oversensitive. "You're trying to kill me."

"Just getting started."

****

Approximately 40 minutes ago

Ilya

Ilya watched Shane sleep, the rise and fall of his chest steady beneath the sheets they'd kicked to the floor mere hours ago. He felt so at peace. As always, whenever he got to spend a night with him.

They spent the last night re-learning each other yet again. It was always these long periods of time before they met again. He remembered the last time they'd slept like this, after the first time they'd forgotten condoms. Or rather, how *he'd* forgotten, because Shane Hollander made him do crazy fucking things.

He remembered waking up happy. Happy and stated, until he noticed the absence of beside him. The empty space where Shane had been, the sheets cold to the touch. The initial hurt had been sharp and immediate, but he also understood.

Of course, Hollander had run. Of course, he’d been terrified. Shit, Ilya had been terrified too —of the thing between them, of what it meant. Of how it felt awfully like forever, yet they barely reached their mid-twenties.

He remembered grabbing his phone and texting him - finding *Jane* on autopilot.

Ilya

You leave like thief.

Next time I chain you to bed. I have belt.

He remembered lying down then, imagining Shane's cute little smile and hoping their next time would not be cut short like it was before.

Tonight, he made sure to wake up early, allowing himself the time to watch Shane sleep. He looked so peaceful, so trusting. One arm thrown above his head, brows faintly knit, as if he was trying to solve something in his head.

Ilya lay on his side and studied him in the dim lightning, his eyes getting used to the dark.

He noticed how Shane's lashes trembled.

He must've been dreaming.

Ilya's dreams have always been vivid, even as a kid. He used to sneak into his mum's bed and tell her all about the monsters he slayed, the cars he drove. His favourite dreams were about hockey, where he always dominated on ice. He often used his dreams to analyse his opposition's weaknesses. It gave him extra time of practice. It was like stealing time from the night and turning it into an advantage.

The more detailed his dreams were, however, the more tired he was. He never truly rested on those nights. Relying on coffee and energy drinks to keep up with practice.

The only time when he slept soundly was after spending time with Shane—on those nights, his mind was clear. There were no vivid colours or ice rinks. Just pure blackness. He would finally rest. His mind would turn off.

Sometimes, Ilya wondered if that was the real reason why he slept soundly, because he tasted what it was like to feel safe.

So when Shane left that last time, sneaking away in the darkness…something in Ilya broke.

His body still felt rested the next morning. He could sleep. He could wake up and move through the day like nothing was wrong.

But his soul was exhausted.

He did not want to feel this way again. He wanted to do anything to keep Shane here with him, for as long as humanly possible—before their responsibilities tore them away, yet again.

His gaze returned to Shane. He noticed that Hollander's lips puckered, as if he was kissing someone—in his dream. He smirked.

Shane Hollander was having a wet dream.

With him right there.

Amazing.

Shane's fingers flexed against the sheet. His hips shifted, small and unconscious. A soft sound caught in his throat.

Ilya's mouth curled into a full-blown grin. He bit his lip.

Jesus, he was so cute, with the freckles and full lips. Every time he saw him, he wanted to ruin him a bit, ravish the shit out of that perfect little mouth.

Ilya reached out and brushed the back of his knuckles along Shane's cheek, light enough not to startle him. The skin was warm, flushed.

"Mm," Shane breathed, face turning instinctively toward the touch.

Christ. Ilya could not handle another morning, waking up alone. His gaze looked around the room, spotting his own belt askew on the bedside table. He breathed out.

He couldn't.

Could he?

They discussed going further, not extensively, but he knew Hollander wanted to dip his toes into the darker side of sex. Something, Ilya was fully on board with. But this would be him taking this step without the initial consent. He would be taking the reins on a whim, without consideration.

His scattered thoughts were interrupted by Shane, who made another soft sound in his sleep, his hips rolling forward, seeking friction against nothing. The movement was small and, needy and it cracked something in Ilya's resolve.

Fuck it.

He will ask as soon as Hollander is up, but he could not let him leave—not again.

He moved slowly, carefully, reaching for the leather strap. His fingers worked silently, looping it around Shane's wrist—not tight enough to bruise, just enough to hold. Just enough to say stay. Shane's breathing didn't change, his body still lost in whatever dream had him flushed and restless.

Ilya secured the other end to the headboard, his hands steady despite the adrenaline coursing through him. This was insane. This was exactly the kind of thing that would make Shane bolt.

But when Ilya settled back on his side, watching Shane's bound wrist, the panic in his own chest quieted. For the first time since that morning Shane had left him, Ilya felt like he could breathe.

Next, he spotted the half-empty bottle of lube. He knew Hollander was still open from last night. He fucked him well enough.

Well enough that he could slide right in, probably without too much of preparation.

This time, however, his brain went into a different direction.

He was already hard, remembering how Shane came apart beneath him hours ago.

His fingers moved before his brain could catch up.

He slicked them with lube, the cool gel warming instantly against his skin. Then, without breaking his gaze from Shane's sleeping form, he reached behind himself. The first press of his own fingers made him flinch.

He almost hissed at the intrusion. His own finger was slick and deliberate, pushing past resistance that hadn't been tested in years. Not since he was a teenager, curious and alone. Never with someone else. Never with *Shane.*

He watched Shane's sleeping face, the way his lips parted around a dream-sound, and Ilya's breath caught. He imagined it was Shane's fingers instead—Shane's careful, calloused touch working him open, those same hands that handled a hockey stick with expert accuracy and precision.

He added a second finger, the stretch burning. His cock jerked, hardening further against his stomach. His dick was a bit sore after fucking Shane, who felt tigther than ever before. As if he hadn't been opened in months.

Ilya let himself hope for a second; he was the only one ever fucking Shane—even when it was six months in between. They trusted each other enough to go without condoms. The league made them complete mandatory tests, almost monthly now, so Ilya knew he was clean.

He hoped (and was sure) Shane was too.

Shane stirred, a soft whimper escaping him, hips lifting slightly off the mattress. Ilya froze, fingers buried deep, pulse hammering. But Shane didn't wake—just shifted, unconsciously chasing something in his dream.

Ilya exhaled, then slowly, deliberately, began to move again. Curling his fingers inward, he found that spot that made his vision blur. He could not sustain this position for long; his wrist ached already. Not wanting to tease himself further, he quickly added a third finger.

At the burn, his breath stuttered loudly, Shane shifted again, his bound wrist tugging lightly against the leather, and Ilya's gaze snapped to it. The sight of Shane restrained in his sleep made his cock throb against his stomach.

He imagined Shane's eyes on him, watching him fall apart like this. *That* thought alone nearly undid him.

Ilya withdrew his fingers with a slick sound that felt too loud in the quiet room. He slicked his hand again, more deliberately this time, and reached for Shane, wetting his cock, which was hard as a rock already.

Jesus, his dream must've been something else. He was weeing pre-come already. Shane always got wet, but it took a bit of coaxing to get him into this state.

Whatever he was doing in his dream must have really set him off.

His ego knew that he was starring in Shane's wet dreams, that he was fucking him senseless. That—and also the fact that Shane was mewling his name softly, for the past few minutes.

He shifted, straddling Shane's hips, positioning himself. He could take the step and let himself fall down onto his cock. But he wanted Shane awake for that.

"Wake up, Hollander."

Chapter End Notes

I was, in fact, blushing most of the time writing it.

I am going to go away and hide, like Hudson Williams' cosmetics and pores. I hope he never gets media trained :D

End Notes

Sorry, as I force myself into a new fandom. Hope there's room 🫡😅

блядь - shit
ещё раз - one more time

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!