8 Years, a Reckoning

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8 Years, a Reckoning

by Blink_Blue

Summary

Ilya learns some things about Shane over their eight-year situationship and discovers something about himself along the way.

Notes

This is really just an excuse for me to compile all the things I love about Shane Hollander and gush over how absolutely amazing Hudson Williams has been in his portrayal of him.

See the end of the work for more notes

i.

Shane has some neurotic tendencies.

The first time Ilya watches Shane fold his clothes into a neat little pile during their first hook-up, Ilya is done for. It's an absurd sight—watching this tightly wound, sexually repressed, Mr. Perfect golden boy take the time to fold his *fucking underwear.* Something warm and startling jolts in a tender spot in Ilya's chest, and he can't stop the smile that splits his face wide open.

It's adorable.

It happens less and less over the years. As they grow more comfortable, as desire sharpens and breeds urgency, their trysts become more about getting hands everywhere at once and clothes end up abandoned wherever they fall. Sometimes Shane still pauses and takes the time to line his shoes by the door, or he'll stack his watch and phone just right on the nightstand. But more often than not, the ritual gets swallowed by mutual need.

Ilya always assumed Shane's neurotic tendencies came from a place of wanting to be perfect. He has an image to uphold: the guy with the highest hockey IQ, the one who never misses a shot, the dependable star center a team is built around. The kind of man who controls games by anticipating every possible outcome.

There are other ways that Shane seeks control in his life.

It manifests in how he panics every time he thinks they might get caught sneaking around. That they might be seen sneaking into each other's rooms, or heard through a thin hotel wall. God forbid Scott Hunter, who is perfectly capable of recognizing Shane's voice even when he's trying to keep it low, as Ilya sucks his soul out through his dick.

Ilya laughs it off. He laughs at the tight line of Shane's mouth, the crease carved deep between his brows. At the anger in his jaw and the fire in his eyes.

It stirs something dangerous in him—watching Shane fight for control and lose it all at once. Ilya wants him more for it. He pushes harder for the separation between who Shane is in public and who he becomes when Ilya has him pinned to a mattress, breath stuttering, control slipping through his fingers as Ilya enters him.

"Now the bed's all dirty."

"What?" Ilya looks at him, incredulous, and wonders if he needs to fuck Shane again if he's focused on the sheets instead of the afterglow. "Shut up."

Ilya presses another kiss to his pec and then his mouth.

Shane's lips twitch, and he almost looks convinced to let it go.

Later, much later, Ilya learns that perfection isn't just a goal for Shane, it's how he keeps his anxiety on a leash. It's what allows him to step into the chaos of the ice, the noise of the crowd, and the scrutiny of the press—and survive his own head.

ii.

Shane knows everything about hockey. Even more than Svetlana.

Hockey is his whole life. He loves it with a depth that borders on reverence, the kind that only results from years of devotion and discipline and choosing it again and again. The game makes sense to him in a way that few other things do.

Some days though, Ilya isn't sure *he* likes hockey. He just happens to be one of the best. And when that happened, the world quickly closed its hands around him and pushed—more momentum than passion. It was expectations on expectations, layered on top of opportunity, until there was no longer a line between choice and obligation.

Ilya respects hockey. He excels at it. But loving it the way Shane does, with patience and faith and gratitude—that feels like an entirely different thing.

Ilya isn't convinced he's ever felt it at all.

iii.

Shane is awful at sexting.

The man has always been too literal with his words, answering questions (even unasked ones) instead of flirting. He's utterly incapable of exaggeration, even when exaggeration would be sexier. Just like on the ice, accuracy matters in his words too.

How many times can you cum in 1 hour?

I don't know. Maybe twice?

It makes Ilya laugh. Another small, earnest honesty that Shane doesn't know how to turn off. It's just one more cute little facet of him. One more little thing that makes Ilya fall even harder—that even when Ilya is being obscene, Shane is still meticulous, still sincere, and entirely himself.

iv.

Shane makes the most filthy, shameless sounds when he's got something in his ass.

Ilya has never really had much interest in bottoming. He's played with his ass, experimented with a finger or two. Even when he found his prostate, the thought of being fucked by another man just doesn't really do much for him.

"Is this okay?" Ilya asks, with two lubricated fingers buried in Shane's ass.

Whatever word that comes out of Hollander's mouth is incoherent, but Ilya gets the idea from the breathy moan and the eager nod of his head. His head is thrown back, the muscles of his back rippling in a way that makes Ilya want to press kisses all over him. His lips are parted as he pants, already so hot and desperate for more of what Ilya has to give.

And Ilya wants to give him everything.

Ilya's had men and women in his bed. Sometimes, he thinks it's easier with women. Their bodies slide together with less effort, less resistance, less adjustment. He moves, they move, and it just works.

It should be harder with Shane. But it isn't.

With Shane, every touch drags him in deeper. Every gasp and moan pulls him in. Every curve, every muscle, every inch of him fits perfectly against Ilya's body.

There's a hunger in Shane—always quiet, controlled, and restrained—that comes out when Ilya's fucking him. When he has his legs spread, ass in the air, and speared on his thick cock, Shane practically *sings*.

"Oh my god, oh my god—"

Ilya's ego gets a nice little boost and he rolls his hips deeper. "Fuck, Hollander, you're taking me so well."

Shane gasps. His fingers twist against the sheets. Even with his mouth buried in the pillow, his words filter to Ilya's ears, clear as day. *"Oh my god, you feel so fucking good—"*

Ilya's not a small guy. He's packing the kind of thickness that takes work to take. But Shane's been carefully stretched open. His hard body, carefully toned from a decade of hockey, pushes back, eager for every inch of it he can get—and Ilya delivers, pulsing in sync as he drags his cock along Shane's walls, fucking into him deeper and deeper as he continues to sob.

Shane comes untouched, choking on broken sounds as Ilya fucks him through his orgasm.

The feeling of Shane clenching down is a mind-numbing vice around his cock. Ilya did that. His cock did that. And it's so fucking hot.

With Shane, sex is a contest of want. A push and pull of heat and tension that leaves him breathless, craving more before he's even caught his breath.

v.

Shane's eyes go soft and wide when he's hurt.

They're warm brown and impossible to ignore. His lashes dark against his perfect skin, and the tears that gather catch the light instead of falling right away. He tries desperately not to let them spill—he blinks too fast, looks away with his jaw set and shoulders pulled tight, like he could hold it all in through sheer power of will.

Watching him, Ilya knows he could be ruined by this beautiful man and those eyes of his.

There's something devastatingly unguarded in Shane's eyes. The vulnerability hits Ilya straight in the chest, bypassing all his instincts to deflect, to tease, to turn everything into a joke. He feels it like a physical blow.

Those eyes could undo him. One look, all shining and wounded, and Ilya's defenses fold. And he would do anything to get Shane to stop looking at him with those sad, hurt eyes.

So he comes closer. And he steers it back into familiar, comfortable territory.

It works.

"When did your English get so good?" Shane's eyes shine bright as they trace his face, a soft smile gracing his lips.

Ilya turns away from the sight like it might make his chest stop aching. "I uh… I read the New Yorker now."

"Really?"

"No. The New Yorker is boring."

Shane bows his head. He gives away another little piece of himself that Ilya never asked for. "My dad loves it."

"Ah. So being boring is… is genetic."

"Wow. Genetic," Shane echoes, looking at him with something like wonder in his eyes.

There's that soft smile again. The tension in his shoulders eases, and Shane continues to watch Ilya with eyes that seem to see too much.

Ilya looks away again. He sidesteps the moment by twisting it into something flirty and safe by making his playful little deal. When they kiss, Ilya's pulse races and he tries to convince himself it's because he knows that no matter who wins tonight, he has a guaranteed reward to look forward to.

Ilya should have known then that by choosing to step closer—when every instinct told him to run—that he had already lost his heart.

vi.

Shane mimics Ilya's behavior.

At first, Ilya is flattered. It's obvious, almost sweet. The less experienced man learning from the master and borrowing what works. Shane touches him the same way Ilya does to him: with the same confident grip on the pec, the same practiced certainty, the same technique when he takes him into his mouth.

It feels good to be mirrored.

And then, Ilya starts noticing it elsewhere too.

On the ice, and not just in their games, where Shane's chirping starts to sound a little different—the timing sharper, the insults razor-edged, delivered with a cool confidence.

It's effective. It's very Ilya.

Then it bleeds into their texts, where Shane's phrasing becomes looser, lighter, and the now familiar teasing comes out.

It's cute, Ilya thinks, and it warms something inside his chest. Hollander wants to be more like him.

And then, to the whole league's surprise, Shane starts a fight with Scott Hunter on the ice.

"Since when does Hollander get into fights?" Marleau says with a laugh. "You better watch out, Roz. He might come after you next."

Ilya tugs his bottom lip between his teeth, eyes locked on the screen where Hollander's mouth is shaping expletives that aren't heard over the broadcast.

He grins despite himself.

Because Shane with fire in his eyes—loud, fearless, and utterly unapologetic—is *hot.*

vii.

Shane's best friend is the loud little one—number 35. Hayden Pike.

Ilya notices their closeness first on the ice. In every huddle, they drift toward each other, shoulders brushing, heads bent close. Hayden talks animatedly with his hands, always touching—a glove to Shane's arm, a tap on the ass with the stick, a knock of their helmets. It's casual and unremarkable. Allowed.

When they win the Cup, Ilya sees it again on the screen. Hayden is there immediately, arm slung around Shane's shoulders, shouting into his ear. They laugh and scream in each other's faces, sharing a victory like Ilya would never get to have with Shane.

The jealousy catches Ilya off guard. Not because Hayden matters—he doesn't—but because he gets to do what Ilya can't. Friendly touches in the public eye. Proof for the world to see that they're close.

Ilya gets nothing like that. As rivals on the ice, he's only allowed violence. Taunts and body checks. Hard edges and bruises that are part of the game. That's the only kind of contact he's permitted, the only way he's allowed to touch Shane when anyone can see.

Somehow, that makes it worse… Hayden is allowed what Ilya is not.

Ilya repeats it to himself—that Hayden is not important. That he doesn't matter.

"Is Hayden your mother?"

Shane huffs a breath. "No."

"No, he's not?" Ilya pushes.

"Fuck off."

"Who cares what you told Hayden?"

(And when Shane goes down hard, body limp and unmoving on the ice—Hayden is the one who holds Ilya back. Arms locked, braced around him, physically keeping him from getting any closer, from getting in the medics' way. *"Stay back! Stay back and let them work!"* Hayden's voice is tight and frantic in his ear, every word edged with the same fear that claws through Ilya's chest.

If Ilya weren't so scared, he'd almost be impressed. The little guy has stubborn strength. Or maybe Ilya lets himself be held back, because there are rules even panic can't break—and because Hayden, shaking and shouting and refusing to let him budge, is terrified over the same person he is.)

viii.

Shane's favorite drink is ginger ale.

Ilya learns this over the years, when he shows up at Shane's place in Montreal and there's an open can in hand, or one sitting on the counter. Once, he offers Ilya one. He declines, of course, and heads for the fully stocked bar to pour himself a vodka instead. He's almost certain Shane only keeps it that way for company anyway.

Later, Ilya will learn more about Shane's eating habits. He'll notice the patterns. The way ginger ale appears more often when Shane is stressed or uncomfortable. The way he avoids

certain foods and drink, and sticks to a perfectly clean diet during the season. Safe and predictable.

At first, Ilya thinks it's a little funny. That Shane is always drinking something meant to calm an upset stomach.

Much later, he learns it really isn't funny at all.

ix.

Shane is always putting things in his mouth.

The string of a hoodie, dragged between his teeth when he's thinking too hard. The straw of a drink, his lips closing around it without even noticing as he chews on it. His fucking mouth guard, hanging from the corner of his mouth on the bench, spit-slick and obscene in a way no one but Ilya seems to ever notice.

But Ilya does notice. And once he does, he can't seem to stop.

It's constant. Compulsive. Shane does it when he's bored, when he's stressed, when he's trying to keep himself contained. Especially then. It's one of those tells that Shane doesn't know he has, a quiet little habit that gives him away every time.

Ilya clocks the oral fixation long before the first time he presses his thumb against Shane's mouth, and Shane opens for him without thinking, his lips closing around him like instinct. Like he's seeking relief. Shane makes a soft, helpless sound, barely perceptible, and Ilya has to bite down hard on his own restraint. And then Shane drops to his knees.

After that, everything clicks. The way Shane settles when his mouth is occupied. The way he'll press his face to Ilya's crotch, nuzzle his nose, cheek, and mouth against him, his lips falling open like an invitation. Ilya sees the tension drain out of him, his shoulders loosening, eyes going hazy like he's finally grounded. It's dirty and intimate and far too revealing for someone who works so hard to stay in control.

And Ilya, who notices everything, who catalogues weaknesses and habits like second nature, he files it carefully away.

He finds himself thinking about Shane's mouth far more often than he should.

x.

Shane really likes to be submissive in bed.

It makes a certain kind of sense, once Ilya understands him better. Shane spends his entire life gripping the wheel with both hands. On the ice, he dominates through discipline, preparation, and structure. He constructs his entire existence around staying on top of his game, doing

everything right so nothing can slip. So nothing can be taken from him, and he stays at the top.

So when he's with Ilya, Shane seeks out the opposite.

He wants to let go. He wants someone else to decide for him. To tell him how to act, what to do, and where to touch. The relief is immediate and visible—the way tension falls away when the reins are taken out of his hands.

When Ilya tells him to get on his knees, Shane doesn't hesitate. He drops instantly, like the command is a relief instead of a demand. There's no pause or question, no flicker of resistance—just acceptance, eager and deliberate, as he takes Ilya out of his pants and swallows him down until his nose is buried in his curls.

When Ilya tells him to put on a show for him, Shane does. His cheeks are flushed, eyes bright and nervous—but he follows through anyway. He craves the attention, the approval, the permission to let himself go.

Sometimes Ilya makes him fuck himself open on his own fingers. Shane meets the order like he meets every challenge in his life—with focus, determination, and an almost frightening willingness to give everything he has. When he's three fingers in, it pulls a heavy groan out of him, aching and needy. And Ilya answers with a sound of his own as he strokes himself, eyes fixed on what's happening between Shane's legs. On the hard, leaking cock that's begging for attention.

"Look at me," Ilya says, and Shane does. Those eyes flutter open, and fuck—Ilya could drown in those eyes.

Ilya climbs over him, reaches for Shane's hand, and slowly pulls it away. Shane whimpers at the loss. His eyes flutter down to watch as Ilya slicks up his cock.

"You want this?"

"Yes."

"Tell me how badly you want it."

"Please, I want it so much—I want to feel you in me, filling me up, I want it so bad—I want you to fuck me, please fuck me, please—"

Satisfied, Ilya lines himself up and starts pushing in. There's a moment of resistance until Shane's body opens up for him. Ilya's gentle at first, he always is. And he presses in maddeningly slow, allowing Shane to feel every inch of the cock that's fucking him open.

Ilya whispers sweet Russian words mixed with English filth, *"Fuck, Hollander, you look so good taking my cock. You like that? You're so fucking hungry for it, my pretty boy—my pretty Hollander—"*

He has a hand buried in Shane's hair, the other firm on his hip, fingers digging into his flesh.

Shane gives a wanton moan as he's fucked. And when he reaches for the hand near his face, drags it down until Ilya's fingers are curled around the base of his throat—Ilya's heart stutters and his body stops.

"Please," Shane whispers and grinds down on his cock. "Please, Rozanov…"

Ilya stares down at the beautiful man beneath him, who is giving him this trust that he's not entirely sure he deserves. Now, it's his turn to obey.

Ilya's fingers tighten. He shifts a little, to get a better angle on Shane's hips, and he holds him down as he fucks him like he wants Shane falling apart under his touch.

Ilya doesn't have to be gentle with Shane. Shane's not weak, he's not delicate. He can take everything Ilya throws at him on the ice and in the bedroom. But still, he's careful not to leave marks on his throat. Nothing that could be noticed. Nothing that could give them away.

He watches, transfixed as Shane spirals closer and closer to the edge. He wouldn't trade the sight of his face when he cums for anything in the world.

"Go on, Hollander. You can cum anytime you want, right on my cock, just like that. Can you do that?"

Shane answers with a whine, clenching around him.

Ilya leans down and whispers in his ear. "I think you can. Cum for me, Hollander."

Shane lets himself go, throwing his head back in a silent whimper as he cums. He makes a mess between them, and Ilya keeps thrusting inside, deeper and deeper until he's spilling over the edge as well.

Ilya cums with a groan that's stifled in Shane's mouth.

When Ilya tells him to do something, Shane obeys without question. Not because he has to, but because he wants to. Because surrender is something he chooses, something he offers freely. Just like himself.

Ilya understands the weight of it. Being given that kind of control, and the implicit trust that comes with it—is something he didn't even know he needed until Shane placed it in his hands.

xi.

Ilya is in love with Shane Hollander.

The knowledge doesn't arrive all at once. It seeps in through the cracks—over the years, over meetings and missed chances, through watching him on the ice and fucking him off of it. It settles slowly, until one day it's all-consuming and Ilya's choking on the truth.

It happens in small, damning ways. In the way Ilya starts watching highlight reels and interviews and that stupid documentary. And he can no longer pretend it's about staying sharp, about beating Hollander. Not when he's watching to see Shane's face, to see if he can gauge his mood that day. Is he happy? Stressed? Horny?

Ilya's been careful his whole life. He knows how to want without needing. How to take pleasure and leave before it costs him anything. Love is too sentimental. Too dangerous.

And yet.

He's already ruined. He knows it in the quiet moments, when Shane isn't trying to be in control or be perfect. When he's just there. When Ilya finds himself softening instead of sharpening, wanting to stay instead of leave.

The realization makes him dizzy. It makes him reckless.

"But not like I love you," Ilya says, the Russian spilling out of him like a dam finally breaking. "All I want is you."

It feels like tearing his heart out of his chest and offering it up bare-handed.

It's terrifying. And he's never been so scared in his life.

"I'm so in love with you and I don't know what to do about it."

It's horrible. He can let it continue or he can end it—either way, he's already lost.

End Notes

x

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