

Parcel Post

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76005466) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76005466>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Sex Toys , Masturbation , Sexting , Ball Gags , Anal Fingering , Light Humiliation , but kinky , Tags to be updated as the chapters are posted , Collars , Discussion of various other toys , Anal Sex , A small amount of hockey , Kink Exploration , Podfic Available
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-19 Completed: 2025-12-30 Words: 6,910 Chapters: 3/3

Parcel Post

by [jtimu](#)

Summary

He spots the note, finally. It was half-hidden under the packing peanuts. *So you do not wake the hotel next time.*

“Fucking asshole,” Shane says into the quiet. His heart is pounding. There’s no one there to see, but he feels raw and exposed. He’s standing in his kitchen holding a fucking ball gag that Ilya Rozanov sent him. A ball gag in Boston Raiders colors: red and gold and black.

--

Ilya sends Shane sex toys.

Notes

My descent into madness continues. I suspect I will be getting into hockey but I'm not there yet, so technical corrections are welcome.

Set somewhere in the first five minutes of episode 4.

Chapter 1: Gag

Shane's address isn't exactly a secret. Some of the guys on the team know where he lives. Hayden has been over a few times, even once with the sticky-handed whirlwind of his kids. Shane's parents stop by, of course, though his mom always gets a hotel when they stay in Montreal. He's not evasive about it. It's just—it's his. His fortress of solitude, Hayden said once, his mouth wide on the grin.

Fan mail gets delivered to the rink. There's a lot of it. More than he'd ever expected, back when he was first starting. It's flattering, and he wishes he had more time to respond to it. Now, during the early days of the season, it's in a lull, but it'll pick up once they start winning games.

He doesn't get a lot of other mail. Bills, mostly. Cards around Christmas, from the family and friends that know the address. He's at the age where wedding invites are trickling in, more every year.

He doesn't remember ordering anything.

The box is plain cardboard sealed up with paper tape. There aren't any markings except for the address on the front, printed, not hand written. It's light for the size, and Shane frowns at it, unsure. Some of the other guys have had their home address leaked, and the fans that send things to their homes are... Shane hasn't had to deal with any of them yet.

Still, there's no sign anything's wrong. He drops the box on his kitchen table along with the few other envelopes that have piled up since the last time he checked his mail and goes looking for the scissors.

The tape parts easily neatly under the sharp edge, and Shane thumbs the box open curiously. There's another box inside. It's smaller, a matte black, and surrounded by packing peanuts. There are still no labels, no note, so Shane tugs the smaller box out and flips the lid open, and inside that is—

He freezes.

It looks cheap. The red plastic ball is shiny, and looks like it would dent under his nail. Two straps of leather come out of it on either side. Not real leather, he notes, his mind spinning. It's the black plasticky stuff, glossy and new and held together with bright gold rivets and rings. The two straps are buckled together to form a loop, latched together.

He lifts it with one finger. It dangles oddly, like the balance isn't right.

The card inside is cheap, too. Glossy cardboard with a manufacturer's logo and a web address. *Ball gag*, it says, in slanted block letters, like he couldn't have figured that one out for himself. And *lockable*, which, yeah, he's not sure what that part means.

Lockable. Shane doesn't understand, until he does. The buckle is a thick gold ring. The other strap, the one where the punched holes already look like the material is delaminating, has a matching ring sewn into the pleather. There isn't a lock included, but it wouldn't take much. A carabiner, or a zip tie. Once they're connected, it doesn't come off.

He spots the note, finally. It was half-hidden under the packing peanuts. *So you do not wake the hotel next time.*

"Fucking asshole," Shane says into the quiet. His heart is pounding. There's no one there to see, but he feels raw and exposed. He's standing in his kitchen holding a fucking ball gag that Ilya Rozanov sent him. A ball gag in Boston Raiders colors: red and gold and black. It's too shiny, too bright, catching the light streaming from his open windows.

His mind supplies a vision of his own face. His mouth stretched wide around the red plastic, his teeth clenching and drool collecting at the corner of his mouth. His jaw, aching from the strain. He imagines how the buckle would feel under his fingers, cool metal out of sight. If he would scrabble at it and find it latched closed. Helpless, until Rozanov decided to let him out.

His heartbeat picks up, pounding in his ears. His cock starts to stir, fattening up at the thought. The insane, impossible thought.

It's a joke, he reminds himself as he grinds the heel of his palm against his cock and wills it down. A bad joke. His face burns with the memory of the last time he saw Rozanov in a hotel. Not like Rozanov was any quieter.

Shane picks up the spilled packing material, separates the recyclable cardboard, and tosses the gag and the note at the bottom of his underwear drawer, out of sight. He'll deal with it properly later. He can't look at it right now.

The season settles in around him, almost before Shane can blink. It's training and tape and an endless parade of airplanes and buses and bland hotels. They won't play Boston for another month. The calendar stretches out forever between now and then, fickle squares marking out his life. A loss in Toronto, a win in Chicago, and now home for five precious days.

He wants to enjoy it more. By the end of the season being home is a candied treat. Now, he wants to get on with it. He could play for the cup tonight and be ready for it, buzzing with fresh anticipation in his veins.

He forces a breath in, another one out. That nervous energy won't fade. He's tempted to go run it off, but it's late and the streets are iced over with an early first snow. He tries yoga, stretches himself into lean lines in his living room, but it does nothing to touch the simmering restlessness under his skin.

"Fuck it," Shane says and lets himself collapse onto the mat. He's damp with sweat, and his shirt is clinging to his skin. He rolls over onto his back and tries to breathe out the frustration.

They'd spent half the day watching film. His mind keeps snapping back to plays and weaknesses, spiraling around an epiphany that's just out of reach. It doesn't do any good to linger, he knows. He needs to think about anything else.

He wonders what Rozanov is doing. If he's been watching Shane play. What he makes of the season so far. Shane turns his head. His phone is perched at the very edge of the coffee table. They haven't texted much. Shane refuses to give him the satisfaction of acknowledging the gag, and Rozanov hasn't brought it up.

Shane can feel its presence in his apartment like a lodestone. It's a constant reminder of Rozanov. Rozanov who has been in this apartment. Rozanov who fucked Shane in his own bed, between his own sheets. He's always been able to shrug it off before, but now his thoughts spring back to Rozanov over and over.

Maybe, he thinks, and draws his lip between his teeth. He bites hard enough to sting, but it doesn't chase the thought away.

It's still there, tucked underneath his brand ambassador underwear. It's not something that's meant to be used properly. Shane knows Rozanov didn't buy it for that. Rozanov likes flashy, expensive toys. If he wanted to use a gag on Shane—Shane shudders at the thought, something going hot and liquid in his chest. If Rozanov wanted that, he would have bought it in leather, probably monogrammed. He likes throwing his money around. He likes *things*.

This thing is just a joke. It's meant to harass Shane. Rozanov probably assumes he's thrown it away already. Shane should have. He still can.

He doesn't shake when he pulls it out of the drawer, but it's a near thing. It's just as tacky as the first time. Untouched plastic and fake leather and those gold rings that catch the light. Shane runs his thumb over the plastic bulb and imagines it between his teeth.

His reflection looks back at him from the mirror, a little panicky. Shane lifts the gag to his mouth and watches his teeth go wide enough to allow it in. It stretches his lips into an obscene *o*, wide and pink. He drinks it in, this version of him he's never seen before. There's no one to see, but the sharp sting of humiliation prickles across his skin.

He peels it carefully back out of his mouth. He's wound tight down to his marrow. He can see the decision fall into place on his own face, a lock clicking open behind his eyes. His adam's apple bobs in his throat.

He keeps his bedroom cold, but his skin is flushed and hot against the cool sheets. He doesn't strip properly. He's already too exposed. His cock is already hard when he tugs his boxers down to his knees, trapping them together. They're damp at the crotch, sticky from arousal, and he can feel it on his skin. It only adds to the feeling coursing through him, hot and needy.

The lights are off, as though that can cover up the fact that he's on his back with his shirt hitched up under his elbows, his underwear pinning his straining knees together. The gag is on the pillow next to him.

He tries to take his time with it. Small movements, just the ring of his fingers up and down his cock, pausing at the head to smear the wetness around and then down to tug at his balls. He thrusts into his own hand, his eyes flickering with the muted pleasure. It takes a little work to reach behind himself like this. He has to arch his back, rolling his weight to one side. His fingertip drags on the dry skin.

The dildo is just there, in the bedside table. It would be too much, he thinks desperately. Too much to have these both.

He lies there for a moment, gathering his courage. Pushing down his better judgement.

The plastic slots easily between his teeth. His mouth feels overfull immediately, his jaw held at an odd angle. The plastic taste coats his tongue, and he has to swallow down a wave of saliva. When he grits his teeth into it, it doesn't give. It's not like a mouthguard, it's not meant to disappear comfortably around his teeth and tongue. He doesn't buckle it. The straps hang by his ears.

He moans, and it comes out muted and distorted. Still loud. They would hear him in the next room, if this were Rozanov fingering him open. He can imagine Rozanov there, pinning Shane to the bed with a hand splayed across his chest, his fingers working in Shane. *Like a slut*. He hears it in Rozanov's voice, and sparking pleasure shivers through him. *So open. Louder.*

He does. He moans out the wrongness of his want and imagines it rippling through the walls. It's gratuitous, and Shane is not gratuitous, but Rozanov is. Rozanov would rip this out of him, hollow him out until there's no room for anything but the overwhelm.

He's about five seconds from coming, just from the taste on his mouth and his own fingers rubbing dry between his legs. He wants to hold out. Another night, he might. He could edge himself for an hour, let it tingle its way up his spine only to rip it away again. It makes the end sweeter, punishment before the pleasure.

His self-control is nowhere to be found tonight. All it's taken is a piece of cheap plastic and a fantasy, the thought of Rozanov straddling him, clicking that lock into place. Maybe Rozanov would buy the shitty handcuffs to go with this, the cheap metal with the pink fuzz around it. Shane's heart stammers out its interest. His hands up by the headboard, his whorish mouth full of red plastic. Rozanov would replace his fingers with his cock and—

Shane comes at that thought, clenching tight around his own inadequate fingers. It rolls through him like a thunderclap, his entire body shoving into a tight crescendo. If he moans something that sounds like a name, that's fine. There's no one to hear it.

He keeps the gag tucked between his teeth for a minute longer, enough time to wipe the mess off his stomach and wash his filthy hands. He spits it out into his palm. His jaw *is* sore, not as much as he'd imagined. It won't last, he doesn't think. It's an ephemeral soreness, something to relish while it lasts. He yawns his mouth open and shut to feel it further, presses his tongue into the side of his mouth.

He drops the gag on a towel. It's garish like that. Red and black against the white terry cloth, and his face heats up again at the evidence of what he's done. All the same, he feels lax in a way the season doesn't usually allow. Pleased with himself.

The photograph is a close-up. Just the red ball, with the straps poking out to the sides. It's slick and shiny with spit. The indents of Shane's teeth are visible in the plastic.

He hits send.

Chapter 2: Collar

Chapter Summary

Boston.

Shane knows exactly when Rozanov's game ends.

"Hollander, did you?" Rozanov is out of breath still, whispering like he's tucked into a corner, or looking for one. Shane can hear the team in the background, a distinctive post-game rumble fading away as Rozanov talks. Something unfurls in Shane's chest, a pleased satisfaction that Rozanov is talking to *him* when he should be in the locker room.

"Didn't want to wake the neighbors."

Rozanov groans, gravel-deep. "Fuck, Hollander."

"Did you win?"

"Of course. Is Florida. They are terrible. Tell me. What did you do?" Rozanov's words come quickly, stepping over each other in a rush to escape.

"Go celebrate with your team, Rozanov." Shane waits for the annoyed huff before he hangs up.

Shane won't see him for another month. He shoves Rozanov forcefully out of his mind. He has to focus. There are more hotels and more practice and more tape. There's a tweaked knee that tugs at his focus and drills upon drills that leave him aching and exhausted.

He watches Rozanov's games. He's smoothing into his own season, tighter and faster every time he plays. Shane's stomach clenches when he thinks about going up against him. He thinks Rozanov might have picked up an injury on his left side. His shoulder, maybe. He's playing through it, but there's a subtle jerk when he passes. Shane rewinds and watches again. He can take advantage of that.

They have a short string of home games before they're back on the road. Practice, play, collapse. Talk to the press. Film a commercial. He's been ignoring Rozanov's texts, though he can't help the smile that steals over his face whenever a new one pings through. *What did you do* and *did you like* and *do again*. *Send picture*. Shane will see him soon enough. Rozanov can stew on it for a while, build up some tension. Maybe he'll be wound tight enough that Shane can sneak something past him on the ice.

He's amused when another package arrives. It's the same bland cardboard packaging, and he catches his tongue between his teeth as he grins in the privacy of his kitchen. Another cheap toy, probably. Something to try and throw Shane off in return. This is a new game for them, and Shane can't decide if he likes it or not. Probably he does, given that he's grinning like an idiot.

The inner box is different this time. The color is deeper, and the box itself is smaller. It's sturdier, a heavy hardstock, with a magnet clasp. It feels fancy, the type of thing the fancy watches he never wears come in.

"Moving up in the world," Shane says to no one, amused. He holds the box between his hands and makes a bet with himself on what it's going to be. A plug, maybe, to replace the stick that Rozanov complains is stuck up his ass. A blindfold, because he couldn't play any worse with it on. A flickering anticipation builds up low in his stomach.

He flips the box open and nearly drops it. He looks around instinctively, a catching glance over his shoulder, even though he knows his apartment is empty. He closes it again carefully, latching the magnet again and sets it gingerly on the table.

Shane pours himself a glass of ice water. He gulps it down and the cold settles in his stomach. Two deep breaths, in and out.

When he walks back over, the box is just the same as it was. The contents haven't changed.

It's not cheap this time. This wasn't bought in some back alley sex shop or off a seedy website with flashing pop up ads. The leather is real. It's supple under his fingers. The inside is a soft suede, and the metal clasps and loops are thick and well-set. A tight run of stitching runs around the outside, even and precise. The colors, though, are the same. Black and gold nestled in a red suede lining.

"Asshole," Shane says, because he has to say something, even when his breath is catching in his throat.

It's a collar. A fucking collar. All of the blood in Shane's body has settled somewhere in his dick, and isn't that a treat.

It's not custom, at least. Shane latches onto that, trying to halt the spinning ride of his brain. The back of the box has a model number and description. Except. *Except.*

There's a gold loop at the front of the collar, exactly where it would sit above the bob of his throat. Dangling from that is a tag. Round, gold. Where there might have been a name, or an *if found*, are just two numbers, a little bigger to fill the space. He brushes his thumb over them to feel the engraving. 81. Rozanov's number.

"Fuck," Shane says, but his voice comes out thin.

He would have used anything else Rozanov sent him, probably. It's a game, though, and Rozanov doesn't know how to do anything but raise the stakes. A boiling shame is replacing

the blood in Shane's heart. He can't wear this. He *won't*. He traces the soft leather and wonders how it would feel around his neck.

A *collar*. Like something you'd buy for a pet. Something owned. The thrill of arousal bubbling up inside him scares him a little.

Probably Rozanov didn't mean any of that. Probably Rozanov thought of a way to get under Shane's skin and went with it. Shane wraps it around his wrist instead, like that's any better, and buckles it shut with unsteady fingers.

"What are you doing?" He lifts it to his face. It smells like new leather, like polish. "Fuck," he says again, and swallows hard.

Shane's used to playing on Boston ice by now. It rattled him the first few times. All that vitriol, pouring out of the stands and through the chill air, settling in like fog. He's used to it now, being hated. It slides off like water. Some of the other guys let spite drive them. They talk about it while they put their skates on, nearly gleeful at how many people out there hate them.

Shane doesn't linger on it. He can't. He's here for hockey, and he can't think about the things he's left at home or the people out there who hate him or anything other than the quick glide of skate and puck and stick.

The game is brutal. He takes a high stick to the chin and a bruise is blooming on his ribs. Rozanov catches his eye when they're trailing out at the end of the period and winks. Shane rolls his eyes, but can't help the warm thrill that courses through him. The only text he got that morning was a room number.

It goes to overtime. Shane pushes through, willing his exhausted body onward, but Rozanov sneaks the puck past him with seconds left on the clock. It was a good game, the kind he'll think about later. They'll watch this footage to find the places they could have done better, been faster. Win some, lose some.

His heart hasn't gotten the memo about the loss. He has to hide his smile as he strips off his gear.

Rozanov got another room in the same hotel. It's a few floors up where the rooms are nicer with a better view of the city. Shane thinks he could like Boston, given a chance to see more of it than highways and airports.

Rozanov doesn't look much better than Shane feels. His cheek is swelling, and his lip is split. He's exuberant with victory, though; it spills out of him in thick, jubilant waves even while he crushes Shane against the wall, his thigh between Shane's legs and his mouth hot and hard on Shane's.

"Did you bring?" Rozanov asks against Shane's neck, where he's pressing wild, open-mouthed kisses.

“Bring what?”

“Bring *what?*” Rozanov mocks, sounding almost incredulous. He pulls back to look at Shane. “What do you think?”

“Oh, fuck you,” Shane says, flushing. “You sent me a fucking collar, you asshole. With your number on it. I’m not bringing that to an away game.” Not *I’m not wearing that*. Not *why would you think that’s ok*. Just *not to an away game*. He wants to kick himself.

Rozanov nods seriously. “I send you one without number next time.”

“You’re an asshole.”

“You like it.”

“I don’t,” Shane insists. “I don’t know why I even came here.”

“I know why you are here. I will show you.”

Rozanov kisses him again, mouth moving softly against Shane’s this time. He cradles Shane’s chin with one hand, holding him steady. Shane can feel his own heartbeat against Rozanov’s thumb, or maybe it’s Rozanov’s heartbeat. Hard to tell, hard to care.

His hand moves to cup Shane’s jaw, thumb pressing into the vibrant patter of Shane’s heartbeat. Rozanov’s palm curls around his neck like a collar now. Shane can’t breathe. The hand isn’t tight, it’s in Shane instead, choked by his own desire, a weed taking roots in his lungs.

“Fuck. Rozanov.”

“Hollander.” Rozanov moves them both, walking Shane backwards to the bed and tipping him onto it. Shane goes easily, biting back the hiss as his sore leg lands awkwardly. They grapple to pull each other’s shirts off, limbs tangling. Shane shimmies his own pants down until he’s naked, splashed out on the scratchy hotel coverlet.

Shane likes the way Rozanov looks at him like this, like he’s drinking him in. Shane sprawls a bit. Hitches his leg up.

Rozanov crawls onto the bed and settles. Everywhere his skin touches Shane is warm; a hand on his chest, Rozanov’s shoulder pushing his inner thigh out of the way. His mouth is hot and wet on Shane’s cock, and Shane has to pull him off too soon, his fingers tangled in honey curls.

“Stop. Stop,” Shane mutters. “Not yet.”

Rozanov nips the inside of Shane’s knee. “No? You have something else you want, Hollander? You want me to fuck you?” His grin is wicked.

“Yeah.”

“Ask nicely.”

“Fuck you.”

“That is not nicely.” Rozanov’s hand slips between Shane’s legs, his finger dragging across Shane’s ass. Shane tries to arch up into him, but Rozanov pulls his hand back. “This takes time. You must be polite. Must open you up properly. Maybe next time we take, ah. Shortcut. I will send you plug. You wear it during the game. You will be ready for me, then.” He draws himself up, leonine, to loom over Shane. “Then I can fuck you right away.”

“Maybe,” Shane says, drunk on the fantasy. He wouldn’t, of course. He wouldn’t do anything to jeopardize the game, but his cock twitches against his leg thinking about it. Facing up against Rozanov, both of them knowing that Shane’s full up with silicone or metal, ready for him. Dripping lube down the inside of his hockey pants. Shane’s hips rock involuntarily, his mouth parting.

Rozanov crawls further up the bed, and Shane wriggles down to meet him, his mouth wide for Rozanov’s cock. Rozanov waits until Shane’s mouth is full before he says: “So good, Hollander. You love sucking my cock. Always need to have something in your mouth. Maybe this is why you like ball gag.”

Shane stills, mouth still stretched over Rozanov’s cock. The truth of it only sharpens the humiliation, only spurs the hunger that courses through him. His cock is hard against his thigh, damp with precome and Rozanov’s spit.

“You bring next time.” Rozanov thrusts a little, and Shane swallows around him. “I want to fuck you with your mouth stuffed full.”

Everything is too much and not enough, not nearly enough. He wants Rozanov in his mouth and in his ass and curled across him and checking him into the boards. He wants all of it all at once. Rozanov must feel some share of it too, because they’re moving now. Rozanov puts Shane where he wants him, soft murmurs of *turn over*, and then slick fingers are finding their way inside of Shane, too much, too little.

“Come on, come on. Fuck me already.”

“You are impatient. Maybe next time I do not fuck you. Lots of toys to play with.”

“Toys.” Shane’s mind sparks across possibilities, blurring into white noise. “Like what?”

“You have gag. I put collar on you.” Shane moans involuntarily at that. “There is, how you say? Hook.”

Shane huffs, amused and aroused. “What do you know about anal hooks?”

“Goes here.” Rozanov punctuates the statement with a twist of his fingers. “And here.” Those same damp fingers trail up Shane’s ass to his lower back. “Hold hands here for me. Maybe handcuffs. You can do nothing, then.”

“Oh, *fuck*.” Shane’s eyes flicker shut. He’s learning new things about himself. “And then what?”

There’s an audible shrug, a little Russian noise. “I do not know. We find out later, maybe. Put leg up.”

Shane does as he's directed. He kneels on the bed, his legs spread wide and his face mashed into the covers. Rozanov’s cock presses slick against his hole, and Shane gasps, like he always does, when he slides in. It’s better than he remembered. It always is; every time is a new surprise.

Rozanov knows how Shane likes this. It doesn’t take long before Shane is grabbing at the sheets, his mouth wide open, his moans punctuated with Rozanov’s unyielding rhythm. Rozanov doesn’t stop moving, but he taps Shane’s side briskly. “Hands. Give.”

Shane feels drunk and ridiculous. His head is swimming. “What about my hands?”

“Give.” Rozanov maneuvers Shane’s arm behind his back, leaving him supporting his weight on his shoulders and chest. Shane offers up the other, wrists crossed behind his back.

Rozanov uses them for leverage. Shane’s whole body is contained, constrained. It’s all too much: the talk of—shit—anal hooks and collars and Shane’s wrists held in Rozanov’s steady hands, he’s floating, spiraling, desperate and slaggy. He shoves his body back at Rozanov, using the little leverage he has in this position, needing him in further and deeper and *more*, always more.

“I buy you handcuffs next,” Rozanov says. His knees are shoving Shane’s apart. Shane can barely move, overcome with the heat curling up his body. Wants to shove a hand under himself and tug at his cock but he *can’t*. He can’t do anything except take what Rozanov is giving him, sharp thrusts against his prostate that have Shane’s body going tighter and tighter.

Shane just manages one last *fuck*, muffled in the fabric, before he comes, his whole body shaking with the intensity. Rozanov keeps hold of his hands, holding Shane up by them now, *using* him. Shane shudders again. He lets his eyes close, basking in the slow satisfaction as Rozanov brings himself off with Shane’s body.

Rozanov brings him a damp towel after, when Shane is still half undone with bliss. It’s an unguarded moment, which is probably why Rozanov chooses then to ask: “Why did you send picture? Of gag,” he clarifies, when Shane blinks up at him.

“I don’t know,” Shane says truthfully.

"You put it in your mouth. You jerked off?"

"Yes."

“You did not send picture with collar.”

“Fuck you.”

“Why not?”

“Do you really want me to wear it?” The nerves are settling back under Shane’s skin. He can feel his traitorous cock twitch.

Rozanov’s eyes linger on Shane’s neck. “Yes. Yes, I want that.”

“Next game is in Montreal,” Shane says.

“Yes.” Rozanov says, eyes glinting in the reflected city lights. “I know.”

Chapter 3: Reprise

Chapter Notes

I've had a little too much prosecco to be posting but here we are anyway. Merry Christmas ya filthy animals.

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

Rozanov shows up at Shane's home after the game, freshly showered with his curls tamped down against his skull and a bag slung across his back. Shane barely beats him there; he's still putting his things down when his phone buzzes on the counter.

Shane clicks the door open, and Rozanov sidles into the stairwell with an eager, hungry energy.

"You're an asshole," Shane says, and Rozanov's mouth goes wide on a grin.

"You did not like? What did your team say? Do they like? I can make more."

"Fuck you."

"No, is gift for *you*."

Shane can't handle the restless thrum of his heart. He wants to hold onto his anger, but it's slipping through his fingers.

He *should* be angry.

He knew something was coming. Rumors have been spiraling through the league, through the back channel chats and texts between old teammates. *Did you hear what Rozanov did in Tampa and I can't believe he's getting away with this*. Mocking little gifts delivered to the opposing team's captain before games. Flowers and condolence cards and Raiders merch with a note that they should have something to wear from a better team. It's a new form of flirting that Shane doesn't know how to manage; two months' worth of buildup that Rozanov knows will make its way back to Shane.

The *gift* was waiting in the locker room when Shane got there. He showed up at the rink early to head off whatever calamity Rozanov was trying to stir up, and it was there, a neat black and red wrapped package in his locker. Inside, nestled in a mountain of crinkled crepe paper, a dildo. Smooth and plasticky, half-erect. Familiar. Shane shoved it in the bottom of his bag, out of sight, and lied when Hayden asked what he'd gotten, sure someone would see the guilt on his face.

“It’s not fucking funny,” Shane snaps, and leads the way up the stairs. Rozanov catches him halfway up and nuzzles his face into Shane’s jaw, sucking open-mouthed kisses against his pulse.

“Is funny.”

“It’s *not*. You’re going to get us caught.”

“How?” Rozanov steps back and spreads his hands wide. “How, Hollander? I send shit to every captain. You are not special. Except for part where it is my dick.”

Shane chokes. He suspected, but to have it confirmed is a step too far. “*Your* dick?”

“I did a, uh. A kit.”

Shane is overcome with the mental image of Ilya Rozanov with his dick stuck in a container of silicone, making a mold of his allegedly nine-inch cock.

“It’s smaller than you think it is.”

A shrug, rueful. “Cannot fit whole thing in mold. Sad. It is a curse, Hollander. A curse for me. Gift for you.”

“I’m not using that.”

“No,” Rozanov agrees. “Is no good. Real thing is here. You can save for lonely day. Maybe after end of season for you.”

“After we win the cup.”

“Mm. No.”

Shane shouldn’t find him charming. He shouldn’t let Rozanov kiss him against the wall and then pull him the rest of the way up the stairs and into Shane’s own home.

The gag and the collar are on the table, out in plain view. It sends a shivering discomfort through Shane to see them there, even though he knows it’s only the two of them there. He keeps the collar in the safe in his bedroom, behind his birth certificate and his passport. It’s damning. He can’t let other people see it. Can’t risk the housekeeper opening the wrong drawer.

Rozanov slings the bag down and sets it on the same table. It thuds against the wood, a hollow clatter. “Is for you.”

“What the fuck else is in there?”

“Is for later. When I am not here.”

“You can’t do things like that.” Shane is retreading old ground, but it’s important that Rozanov understands this. “You can’t send me things in public.”

“This is not public. And maybe new dildo is good for you. Replace stick in your ass.” Rozanov looks at him and relents. “Ok, ok. I will not. I bring to you instead. Direct delivery. Like so.” He gestures to the bag.

Rozanov likes to get under people’s skin. Shane doesn’t understand the instinct. It’s not one he shares. The chirps and jibes don’t get to him on the ice. It’s different here, when Rozanov shoves his mystery bag to the side and picks up the thick leather collar. It looks delicate in his hands.

“I’m not a pet. Or a dog.” It’s important to Shane to say this. It’s important that Rozanov understands that even though the line is messy it’s still there. “If I put that on I’m still me. I’m not going to—fuck. I’m not going to crawl around for you or let you put me on a leash.”

“But you like to be on your knees so much.”

“Fuck you.”

“No, no.” Rozanov must see something on his face. That big hand cups his cheek. “You think I am pervert, that I want to fuck dog? No, Hollander, I want to fuck you. I want to fuck you while you wear collar with my number on it.”

“Why?”

“Is hot.” Rozanov shrugs with exaggerated affectation. “Do you want me to wear instead?”

“What?” Shane laughs, and a month of tension shatters. He has to pull the collar back out of Rozanov’s hands where he’s holding it up appraisingly to his own neck. “No, fuck you, that’s mine.”

“My number is on it.”

“Yeah, well, you can’t take it back.”

“Oh now you want.”

“What do I get out of it?” Shane clings to his boldness like a life raft. It’s a game. It’s just a game, and they can talk like this. He needs to know the rules of this game.

“Is for fun. I can do this,” Rozanov motions with one finger like it’s hooked in the loop of a collar, “put you where I want. Put you on my dick. Put you on your knees.”

Shane wants that. He likes when Rozanov tells him what to do and where to go, which is something he tries not to think too hard about. He spends his life going where other people tell him to, but this is different in some deep and visceral way. He can let himself go and become a vessel for Rozanov’s intentions. He nods, barely.

The collar is warm around his neck, the buckle a bright shock of cold at the back of his neck before the metal warms. Rozanov directs him to the ground with a palm on his shoulder, and Shane kneels, knees spread, his hands in front of him just brushing the floor.

Rozanov makes a sound like he's choking, a throaty noise clawing out of him. "Fuck, Hollander."

Shane doesn't respond. His mind is clear and empty, like freshly swept ice. He breathes, and the discomfort and the shame fade away. The only thing that matters is Rozanov in front of him and the fingers making their slow way across the crest of his cheek.

"If we have more time—" Rozanov cuts himself off. "Here."

His fingers make quick work of his pants, and he guides his cock into Shane's mouth.

Swallowing feels different with something around his throat. It's oddly constricted, and Shane can't help but feel the collar's presence with every movement of his throat. He works mindlessly, falling into a familiar rhythm. His own body is something far away and distant. Unimportant. After a while Rozanov pulls away, and Shane follows automatically, the movement halted by a finger hooked into a loop of leather.

"No, no," Rozanov says. "Not yet. We do not have time. I want to fuck you. To come in you."

"Yeah," Shane says, and his throat scratches on the word.

Rozanov positions him over the armrest on the couch, like it's too much to move to another room and he has to have Shane *now*. His hands are a roving brand across Shane's skin, touching his thighs and his side and tracing the knobs of his spine, one after the other on their way down to his ass.

It's one lube-slick finger and then two. Rozanov is kneeling behind him. He must be watching how his fingers disappear into Shane. He likes to watch. It makes Shane self-conscious, usually. Not today. Today he feels open and uninhibited, like some curtain has been ripped away. Rozanov levies a bite to the meat of his ass and his inner thigh. He lays a hand on Shane's ass, palming the meat of it.

Shane tenses. "Are you going to hit me?"

Rozanov pauses. His fingers are still inside Shane, holding the muscle open. "Do you want that?"

"No." Shane's voice sounds quiet in his own ears. "I don't think so."

"Then no." His voice is unusually gentle, like he can tell Shane is grasping at the edge of a precipice. His fingers move again, feeling inside Shane for that sweet, hot point. "Is ok?"

"Yeah. Yes." Shane swallows just to feel the movement of his throat against the leather. "Fuck me."

"Ask politely."

"Please."

Rozanov fucks into him in short, sharp thrusts. Their skin slaps together with each one, hard and then harder until Shane is moaning in an unceasing torrent that rips through him. He doesn't have to be quiet here, but he wants to be. He wants the gag and the collar and all of it, whatever is hiding inside Rozanov's unopened bag.

"My mouth—"

Rozanov hauls him upright, nearly tipping them both over when Shane moves to follow. He sets Shane's leg up on the sofa so they're standing, Rozanov's arm slung around his chest to hold him in place. He fucks up into Shane. It's an awkward angle. It's unbearably hot, and Shane drops his head back onto Rozanov's shoulder, his mouth half-open.

"You want gag?"

Shane makes a little noise of assent. He can't find it in himself to be embarrassed about it. Rozanov's fingers coil into Shane's mouth, pressing down on his tongue. Drool collects in the corner of his mouth. Shane's body can't remember how to swallow.

"Next time," Rozanov promises. "One at a time. Today is for this." He tugs at the collar, tightening it around Shane's neck. "Today I want to hear you." Shane can't breathe but it has nothing to do with the collar. He whines, and Rozanov kisses the side of his face, his neck. His fingers dig into Shane's mouth, a bruising pressure against his lip.

"Gonna," Shane mumbles, nearly incomprehensible. He tugs at his own dick, like he's just now remembering it exists.

"Yes, Hollander." Rozanov's hand leaves Shane's mouth to cover his hand and he guides the harsh up and down strokes. Shane's own spit eases the way, all while Rozanov is thrusting in and out, his collar around Shane's neck a constant reminder.

Shane comes at that thought. Rozanov holds him steady throughout, and then knocks Shane back down over the arm of the couch, one hand tucked into the back of Shane's collar, the other on the curve of his waist, and drives into him over and over and *there*.

They stay like that for a moment, Shane with his face pressed into the sofa and Rozanov with his softening dick up Shane's ass and his thumb tracing little circles across Shane's skin.

Rozanov brings him a washcloth and a glass of water and Shane takes them both gratefully. It is a loss when Rozanov unbuckles the collar and slips it away from Shane's skin. He feels raw underneath, and is surprised to find the skin whole and unblemished when he reaches up to feel.

"I should go," Rozanov says, but his hand is in Shane's hair, stroking it in soft movements. It's a bit like how you would pet a dog, but Shane doesn't mind. He leans into the touch.

"See you in April," Shane says. His breathing and his heartbeat have steadied. If he couldn't see the collar in the periphery of his vision, he could almost forget it was there.

Rozanov dips down to kiss him, soft lips and teeth that nip at Shane's lower lip. "April," he agrees. "In Boston."

It doesn't mean anything that Rozanov knows the next time they play. Of course he does. Shane does. His traitor heart kicks a new beat.

"Bring what you like," Rozanov says, and gestures at the yet-unopened bag on Shane's table. Shane's half afraid to open it. It won't fit in the safe, all his secrets spilled out across his home.

"What's in there?"

"You will see. Bring this, yes?" Rozanov says, and tangles Shane's fingers around the collar. Around that damning 81.

"Yeah," Shane says. "Yeah. I will."

Chapter End Notes

This is [Shane on his knees](#) btw.

Works inspired by this one

[\[Podfic\] Parcel Post by jtimu](#) by [Lexi_Leckstar](#)

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