

## prizes

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76098856) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76098856>.

|                  |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |
|------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Rating:          | <a href="#">Explicit</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |
| Archive Warning: | <a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
| Category:        | <a href="#">M/M</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |
| Fandoms:         | <a href="#">Heated Rivalry (TV)</a> , <a href="#">Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |
| Relationship:    | <a href="#">Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
| Characters:      | <a href="#">Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Scott Hunter (Game Changers)</a> , <a href="#">Hayden Pike</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |
| Additional Tags: | <a href="#">Sexting</a> , <a href="#">Blow Jobs</a> , <a href="#">Strip Tease</a> , <a href="#">Stripping</a> , <a href="#">Voyeurism</a> , <a href="#">Exhibitionism</a> , <a href="#">Anal Fingering</a> , <a href="#">Anal Sex</a> , <a href="#">Fantasizing</a> , <a href="#">Not Canon Compliant</a> , <a href="#">I take some artistic liberties</a> , <a href="#">Dom/sub Undertones</a> , <a href="#">Possessive Sex</a> , <a href="#">Not really but it's certainly hinted at</a> , <a href="#">Rough Sex</a> , <a href="#">2015 Stanley Cup Playoffs</a> , <a href="#">Top Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">My baby boy is learning new things about himself</a> , <a href="#">Bottom Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">Ilya Speaks Russian During Sex</a> , <a href="#">Shane Gets Off On It</a> , <a href="#">Author wants to hear about dead batteries</a> , <a href="#">Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov's Complicated Ten Year Situationship</a> , <a href="#">No beta we die like Grigori Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">Author Uses Em Dashes and Hates AI</a> , <a href="#">Pre-Scene: Ilya Rozanov Makes Tuna Melts in Episode: s01e04 Rose</a> , <a href="#">pre-tuna melt</a> , <a href="#">Ilya Rozanov Wears Shane Hollander's Hockey Jersey</a> |
| Language:        | English                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |
| Stats:           | Published: 2025-12-20 Words: 10,181 Chapters: 1/1                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |

# prizes

by [CharlieDC](#)

## Summary

When Shane wins his first Cup championship, Rozanov promises more than just a league win if he earns MVP as well. Rozanov delivers.

**For Russian translations, click on Cyrillic words**

## Notes

I'm back from a very long writing hiatus to bring you my #1 special interest: GAY HOCKEY! I am so fucking grateful for Heated Rivalry because queer hockey culture and stories have never been in the spotlight and some of us (me) have been in the upper echelon of queer hockey fiction for a very, very long time. We get our day in the sun! Anyway, I will be on my bullshit once again with a new queer hockey fixation, so you are now along with me for the ride. Enjoy 10k of pure fucking filth.

One of my favorite things when I'm writing is that a kernel of an idea will start the process, and as I continue on, a whole story evolves. This started as Ilya giving Shane a strip tease after winning the Cup and MVP (hence the not canon compliant tag because I'm certain that doesn't happen), but turned into a MUCH MORE INTERESTING TURN OF EVENTS! Ilya ends up wearing something sultry, Shane is feral, and they fuck into next week.

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

## Game 4 MLH Finals June 2015 | Montreal

*J: What happens when I win tonight?*

*L: Trying to brag?*

*[draft] J: I want to know what you'll*

“Hollander!” Shane jumps out of his skin at the shout. Hayden grabs his attention effectively with it. “Ready?”

Game four. Shane watches as Hayden hunches over to lace up his skates. That wild, determined look is in his eye. Shane considers the question, considers Hayden’s expression, and he looks around the room:

Palpable energy is thrumming through the building. It seems that from the entrance, to the arena, even down to their locker room, the chaos that is rattling the stadium walls thunders its way into Shane. He nods at his teammate, ready to bring the Cup home.

Shane is ready to join the greats. He’s ready to win.

There’s another buzz.

*L: So cocky. Might need to humble you.*

*J: Says the one sitting on their couch about to watch a playoff sweep!*

Shane taps his fingers against the corners of his phone, contemplating the delicate approach to this conversation.

*J: You got a prize last year in Vegas...*

The response comes immediately.

*L: This is not Vegas.*

*J: So I don’t get a prize?*

*L: Cup not prize enough?*

Shane grins.

*[draft] J: I think you should be my prize*

Before he can hit send, Shane is interrupted by Coach calling out the lineups. His knee bounces restlessly as he waits to hit the ice. Eyes dart around the room, taking in the hunger on each player’s face as they brace themselves for the fight. Shane, too, braces. Not just for the win (because they *will* win), but for the next buzz—

*L: Win Cup first.*

So Shane does.

Fiery adrenaline is pumping through him, coasting him on a high of bringing a championship home to Montreal for the first time in 16 years. Shane's mind is racing, his heart won't stop pounding. Amidst all the screaming fans, thrown hats, and Cup hoisting, Shane almost forgot to check his phone once he got back to the locker room.

*Almost.*

There's a single text from Rozanov waiting for him, buried in a sea of calls and texts from family and friends. Shane's heart jumps to his throat as he zeros in on one single text thread. (The most important one, if he's honest.)

Then, his heart drops to his stomach and his blood goes right to his cock when he sees the picture attached to the caption:

*L: Still want your prize or too busy celebrating?*

Shane immediately slams his phone back on his stall before the rest of the team parades into the room. Champagne is sprayed, bottle after bottle. Shane gets endless hugs from his team, his *brothers*—the troops that he braved the ice with and came back victorious. Hits and checks and *blood* and *sweat*. Through it all, they fucking *did it*. There's pride in his heart that no other win could match. He looks around the room with that pride welling up inside him, thinking of every loss, every challenge (every turnover and faceoff and shootout). All of it accumulated to this; the smiles, the pride, the *victory*.

One sweaty kiss on the cold brass of the Cup and hoisting it overhead to share with all of Montreal. A wild scream of joy and victory from him, echoed by his team and their fans. The ultimate prize.

Shane's mind keeps wandering back to any other prizes that await him, though.

He steals a private moment in the supply closet, only for a minute. It had been a borderline insufferable *twenty-three* minutes since Rozanov's text. Shane mentally slaps himself for ever taking a championship win for granted, regardless of any tantalizing pictures on his phone that await him.

This photo isn't just *any* picture, though. Shane swallows hard as he finally is able to study it in private. Fingers shake as he writes back.

*J: I was busy celebrating.*

He hits send before he realizes how *absolutely stupid* that sounds.

*J: Not that I don't want it*

*J: I do*

He is frantically typing out an unnecessarily long explanation of how *very badly* he wants it when a response comes through. Thank God.

*L: Of course you do. Sad you too busy to admire my cock 🙄*

*J: Like I wasn't thinking about it the whole time!*

*L: You think about my cock while Pike sprays you with champagne?*

Shane's eyes go wide, trying to ignore the heat in his chest. The heat growing in his belly at the thought. Rozanov is right, but he doesn't exactly need to know that.

*L: While you get photo taken with the Cup? With your team? How many times you think about me today?*

Another photo comes through— Shane chokes on nothing, only his own mental faculties, as he scans every pixel of Ilya gripping his flushed prick with one hand, foreground to a skin-tight black shirt and matching sweats. It's as if he had taken gentle time stroking himself to full hardness while texting Shane back with the other. Shane's mind wanders, wondering what Ilya thought about to get himself oozing precome and purpling at the head. Shane knows it must be throbbing; he's seen Ilya's cock up close in a very similar state, Shane's hands and mouth working it with deliberate and practiced movements.

*L: What is the same about Cup and my cock?*

Shane can't help but laugh. The moment of reprieve from how pathetically hard he is getting is welcomed. The growing tent in his uniform shorts is not.

*J: ?*

He needs to get back to the team. A shiver of panic runs down his neck as he begins to worry. They'll certainly begin wondering where the hell he ran off to in the middle of *celebrating a championship win*. His *first* win; Shane can almost believe it, it doesn't feel real yet.

*L: You have had your lips on both*

The back of Shane's head gently *thunks* against the wall he is leaning on. One hand unconsciously rests on his clothed thigh, and when he notices the contact (how close he is to gripping his half-hard cock), Shane takes a deep breath.

Fuck it. For once, Shane ignores the anxiety in his mind and shucks his shorts low enough to stroke himself. Gathers up his jersey in his mouth and spits in his hand, groaning quietly as the delicious contact. Shane thinks about Ilya's hand — his mouth, his lips, his fingers tightening over the shaft as he looks up at Shane through long, blond lashes. There's that tell-tale smile on him that tells Shane *you're going to fucking love this* before he gets to work.

A flash from Shane's phone is the only light in the otherwise dark supply closet.

*J: We have something in common, then.*

*L: Fuck*

*L: I get my own prize and I didn't even win Cup*

*J: Do I get my prize now?*

*L: You just did. Not good enough?*

Shane groans in frustration, the meaning twofold.

*L: So cocky after win*

*J: I think I earned it*

As he strokes himself slowly, teasing his cockhead and closing his eyes, he thinks about Ilya *right now*. Laying on his couch, shirtless and pants frantically thrown off to the side. He's probably naked now— has he been touching himself all night, when Shane scored? Did he try not to come when Shane *won*?

The thought alone of Ilya, naked and watching and *wanting*, has Shane's head spinning. He hesitates for a moment, but in honor of the *fuck it* mentality he is currently on about, he writes another text.

*J: Please?*

A final photo comes through. Sweaty stomach muscles and naked thighs, and Shane moans at what is in focus. Red, thick, and covered in come; there's no doubt in Shane's mind (and in his mind's eye, for sure) what Ilya was doing. Jerking himself frantically at the photo Shane sent, probably cursing in Russian and throwing his head back in pleasure as he came over his fist. Thinking about Shane, about how he *feels*, how his cock *looks*—

Shane has to stifle a groan as he wonders what Ilya's exact reaction was when he saw Shane's heavy cock in his hand, championship winning hockey gear still on as he couldn't wait a second longer to let Ilya know he was thinking of him, of how those photos so quickly affected him. Shane's own strokes become erratic as he nears the edge. Does Ilya know how *badly* Shane wants him right now? Does he know that Shane not only thinks about Ilya, naked and waiting on Shane's own bed as a prize, but as someone to *share* this with?

Shane stops that train of thought and focuses back on the photo — he can fantasize about Ilya in all kinds of positions in his bedroom, but not on the ice. He won't allow himself that hope.

*L: Earn MVP. Then you earn prize.*

Shane comes with a muffled cry. The navy of the jersey that is shoved in his mouth is wet with his spit, but luckily it doesn't look out of place with the hard-won sweat that's stained onto it. Shane grabs a towel and cleans himself up quickly, rejoining his teammates who are (thank fucking God) none the wiser.

## Awards Night June 2015 | Los Angeles

Shane doesn't get asked to present, which sparks a lot of hope in his heart. Rozanov, however, is up on stage. When he walks out in his tailored suit, all Shane can think about is how he wants to peel it off of him tonight:

Does he take his time? While corny jokes are read from a teleprompter on stage, Shane lets his mind meander to pushing Ilya against the wall of his hotel room. He glides his hands over the silky lapels of an expensive suit, working down to the two buttons keeping the blazer tightly fit to the muscles underneath it. Shane pops one, glancing up at Rozanov as he pops the second one. He can see the desire in Dream Ilya's intense stare, feel his pulse beat under his hands and mouth as he kisses his neck—patience only present, only lasting this long, in the world of Shane's fantasy.

What if he can't wait any longer? Shane is pulled out of his mind for a moment as Rozanov catches his gaze on stage (how he is able to single Shane out in a sea of black suits is impressive, but there is no mistaking the tell-tale smile on his face, even from the third row back). That smile, that glance from all this way has Shane *desperate*—he slams Ilya against the door the second he steps in. He rips the buttons off, snaking his hands under the jacket and pulling it off of Rozanov with quickness. Then, *fuck*—Shane lifts him from the floor, gripping his thighs and pressing him against the door to hoist him in the air. Ilya may gasp, he may moan at the strength and desire from Shane; he wraps his legs around Shane's waist as he grinds into the other. Ilya always plays dirty—Shane wonders what hundreds of dirty plays he might employ to drive him wild; nipping his ear, swearing his name (swearing in *Russian!*?), or even just telling him directly that he wants Shane to take him to the bedroom so Ilya can bend him—

“Shane Hollander!” The lilting Russian accent pulls him deftly from his thoughts. Then, there's a spotlight on him. Shane is in headlights, literally, as his mom kisses him on the cheek and shoos him towards the stage.

He awkwardly makes his way to stand beside Rozanov. The other shakes his hand, but pulls him in close for a very normal “bro-hug.” Shane seizes the moment to ask what he just won, and Ilya laughs.

“Too busy thinking about something else?” There's *that* look in his eye, the same Dream Ilya was just threatening Shane with. “Congrats, *MVP*.”

Shane smiles, but not just for the award.

He smiles for the prize, too.

\_/\\_

However wonderful it is to celebrate his successes at the after party, Shane wants to get to his *real* celebration with a quickness. He lets Pike order him a beer and enjoys a cheer with his teammates, but Shane's eyes won't stop wandering.

Across the room, Rozanov's eyes seem to have the same problem. Shane steps away from the noise of the table to pull out his phone.

J: 🏆

L: *Who taught you how to use emoji?*

J: *You did*

J: 🏆🏆

J: *One for the Cup, one for MVP*

L: *You forget one.* 🏆🏆🏆

Shane looks around the room to see if Rozanov is nearby, but he can't find the familiar mop of blond curls.

J: *What am I forgetting?*

Hope rises in him, like the countdown clock to the end of a winning game. Shane waits for the buzzer, waits for his phone to light up with Rozanov's answer.

L: *Prize.*

Suddenly, there's a heat next to Shane that snaps his eyes from his phone at the familiarity.

"Room number?" Rozanov's voice is quiet. He turns to offer a friendly, professional handshake to Shane. Shane takes it, holds the warm and soft hand in his as his eyes stay locked on Rozanov's.

"Penthouse." Excitement in Shane's voice, luckily, doesn't come through as heavy as he feared. Ilya smirks, as if he should have known. "I can head out now, actually."

Ilya smirks. "Oh, can you?" He squeezes Shane's hand then drops it. "So impatient, Hollander."

Shane can't help but smile back. "I think I've waited long enough. I think I *earned* it."

Rozanov looks him over and steps back. Shane hopes he looks as good to Rozanov as he feels right now — he's never been one for fancy attire, but he *knows* how good he looks tonight. Maybe the thrill of winning the Cup *and* MVP in one year has inflated his ego by a little.

Ilya bites his lip. "One hour," he says nonchalantly as if he didn't just light all of Shane's insides ablaze with two words.

Still wearing his trademark smile, he disappears into the fray of players and guests alike. Shane's hand is still warm from the contact and he feels the skin tingle from where Rozanov's fingers squeezed.

It's surprisingly easy to slip away from the celebration. Shane isn't normally one to brag, but he has gotten *very* good at leaving social gatherings unnoticed. He still has forty-eight minutes to shower, prep, and think a million times over about how he wants tonight to go. As he's playing over a very enticing (and unexpected) scenario involving the silk tie Rozanov is wearing *right now*, Shane runs directly into none other than Scott Hunter.

"MVP!" The veteran says. "Congratulations, man! Have a drink with me."

"Oh, I was actually about to turn in—"

"What!?" Scott faces Shane with a hint of dissatisfaction. "No way, man. It's barely ten and *you* are a champion *and* award-winner tonight." Shane sees Scott fully turn to him with determination. Shane never noticed how large Scott's hands were until they were gripping his shoulders. "One drink, then I will set you free."

As good as Shane is at leaving social gatherings, he needs to work on his Politely Turning Down Company skills. Especially when that company is hockey legend and infrequent guest of Shane's dreams, Scott Hunter.

"*One* drink," Shane repeats. Besides, he likes Scott. He could probably learn a lot from him, too. Shane glances at his Rolex and sees a forty-five minute window waiting for him. He'll be fine.

One drink turns into three. Which also turns into a shot and twenty-one minutes left in his one-hour window. Shane and Scott are regaling their own match-up from earlier in the season when the conversation gets turned onto Boston and their hard-hitting players.

"And fucking *Rozanov*," Scott spits. "What an asshole."

"Eh, he's not that bad," Shane finds himself admitting. "Rough around the edges, but not bad." There's a smile at the end of that sentence, and Shane looks down at the last of his beer and thinks of what kind of vodka Ilya ordered tonight.

Scott squints, but Shane doesn't catch the puzzling going on in Hunter's head. There's something *there*, and Shane let just a sliver of it through.

Before Scott can say anything further, Shane reels back from the bar top after checking his watch.

"Fuck!" Shane says too loudly. "Do you know what time it is?"

Scott shrugs and sips his beer. "Ten forty?"

"Ten forty-*seven*!" Shane downs the rest of his beer and steps away from the bar. "I— I have to go!" His eyes are wide and after a very pregnant pause, Shane tacks on. "*To bed!*"

Expert work. No one will ever suspect a thing. With a thank you and good-bye, Shane bolts out of the bar.

Shane manages to get up to his penthouse suite, dump his jacket on the floor, and loosen his bowtie before collapsing on the fancy couch in the middle of the room. He unbuttons his shirt, letting cool air ghost over his alcohol-warmed skin. There's no time to shower, or prep, but beer and liquor have fogged Shane's mind up enough that it doesn't upset him. He isn't all that worried, actually— Rozanov will be here soon, yes, but all Shane cares to think about is what he'll *actually do* when the Russian lands on his doorstep.

Again, his mind wanders. Maybe Ilya won't show up in his suit at all. Shane thinks about him walking right in completely naked. How incredible that would be — or maybe he does that sexy thing that ladies do in movies where it's "nothing under the trench coat." Shane wonders if Ilya would ever do that, or even get the reference at all.

Maybe their version will be "nothing but a jersey." Shane would like to see Rozanov in nothing but a sweater. The contrast of the Boston black on his fair skin is gorgeous. Or baby blue—

Shane's gut stirs in interest at the thought of Ilya walking into Shane's bedroom with nothing but *Shane's* jersey on. Prepped and ready, even. Shane has never thought much about topping Ilya until this moment. While he's on his knees, Shane could grab at the name on the back— *his fucking name*— and have Ilya begging for more. *Harder and faster and deeper*— all in that thick Russian, while he wears Shane's goddamn name on his back and—

An urgent arousal rears its head. Usually, Shane is slow with touching himself, but tonight he can't wait. Fuck, it's been *agony* waiting for tonight alone. Shane pulls out his phone, scrolling back in his texts with Rozanov to his Cup win. He zeroes in on the photos, clicking on the first one and studying it over and over again.

Shane teases a nipple and starts undoing his belt. There's an urgency, yes, but he can't get himself *too* riled up. There's still more to be celebrated tonight and the alcohol in his blood makes him feel relaxed and happy, yet still hard and wanting. The second photo is immaculate, and Shane is thankful that Ilya was so bold to send it. A button pops, his zipper teeth click as he flattens a palm over his bulge.

A hiss, a quick suck-in of breath, and Shane's head falls back onto the fluffed pillows on the couch. He wants to pull his cock free *so bad*, but Ilya is set to be here soon. Shane closes his eyes and breathes, thinks of Rozanov's mouth and hands— he thinks of the ways he wants to use them tonight.

Slowly, his mind tricks him into thinking of Rozanov— of *Ilya*— in Shane's jersey again.

"*Fuck—*" Shane has to pull his hand free. He looks down at himself and sees he's mostly hard. He could do with some deep breaths, thinking of baseball or wet clothes. He needs to calm down — there is a dance between he and Ilya and even *if* he did drink a little too much tonight, he doesn't want to fuck up the delicate balance between *want* and *give*.

There's a buzz in Shane's palm. He doesn't need to look to know; he heads to the door and opens it. The energy in the room shifts as Rozanov (still dressed in that delicious suit) walks in and looks around the suite.

On his heel, Ilya turns to look at a disheveled, half-dressed Shane Hollander. His hands are in his pockets, and that wolfish smile makes Shane feel hot.

“Get started without me?” Ilya stalks closer to Shane, slowly backing him towards the wall.

“Well,” Shane starts, “I was thinking about—”

Rozanov squints. “You drinking?”

There’s a pause, and Shane exhales. “Yeah.” Rozanov is much, *much* closer and Shane snaps his gaze down to his lips, then back to the mischief in his eyes. “Is that a problem?”

“No,” he says quietly. A curled hand reaches up, touching from Shane’s naked stomach up to his throat. “It’s not ginger ale,” he says gently. Light fingers glide from his neck, to his jaw, to his lips. Ilya leans in, pinching Shane’s chin between his thumb and forefinger as he gently, softly lays a kiss. His tongue swipes quickly, tasting whatever is left on Shane’s tongue.

Shane exhales at the release, eyes fluttering and heart pounding.

“Beer,” Rozanov says. “And whiskey?”

Shane scoffs, “I ran into Hunter at the bar. He offered me a drink. To celebrate.”

“To celebrate,” Ilya repeats. “You celebrate with *me*.”

“Is that what we’re doing?” Shane notices himself smirking. The heat from Ilya’s still-clothed body is comforting, his proximity even more-so. Shane runs his hands up his sides, feeling the softness of the fabric molded to Ilya’s firm body.

“We do what you want, Hollander.” Ilya winks, and Shane pulls him in for a kiss. It happens quickly, pushing him away from the wall and walking back towards the couch. Rozanov leans against it, half-sitting and half-standing as Shane crowds against him. Hands all over, teeth nipping as they kiss and gasp into one another.

It’s like an old memory, slithering his hands up Ilya’s body and into his hair. Shane tightens his grip, Ilya moans, and they’re at each other’s mouths and necks and grinding frantically.

“This— this what you want?” Ilya pants. “Dry hump me on the couch?”

Shane laughs and pulls him in for a filthy kiss. He steps back, examines the pink of Rozanov’s lips and the swell that begins to fill them. He breathes heavily, his legs spread open and his eyes curious. Shane loves him like this, a little messy like him and wanting so badly.

“I want you to strip,” Shane says confidently, which comes as a surprise to both him and Ilya, it seems. The alcohol is helpful, here, and Shane wonders why he hasn’t done this before.

Ilya would say he hasn’t earned it, but Shane would blame it on something else.

Rozanov starts with his jacket, but Shane holds up a hand. “Not here,” he says and he crosses his arms, looking Ilya up and down. It’s interesting, seeing how Ilya shifts under Shane’s gaze like this. There’s an authority in him, one that isn’t present most of the time, but Ilya doesn’t seem to mind.

In fact, Ilya looks at him with a *hunger*. But, he stays still until Shane speaks again.

“Bedroom,” he says and Rozanov is quick to kiss him. They walk, tangled together, lips on lips on necks and jawlines and they stumble across the penthouse to the bedroom. A king-sized bed is made up neatly, and Shane is *very* excited to mess it up.

Shane pauses, arms still encircled around the other and gazes locked firmly. He looks at the kiss-swollen mouth, the ferocity in his blue eyes.

“What do you want, MVP?” Ilya asks. He’s giving Shane the reins, and it feels foreign. The last time they were in this position, it was all for Ilya. What he wanted, how he wanted it—he *earned it*.

Shane thinks for a moment about what *he* wants to do, he’s been thinking about it all night. Slow, fast, filthy, sensual—how does he want tonight to end? *Does* he want tonight to end?

Hollander steps back and rounds the bed, Ilya’s hand in his as he leads him where to go. Shane seats himself at the foot and Ilya invades his space with fluidity; straddling him slowly and cupping his jaw in his warm hands. The bed faces the wall that the door is on; a large open area in front of them with two lounge chairs and a small coffee table under the flat-screen TV.

They melt together in a tender kiss, and Shane feels his hands move on their own — down Ilya’s back to his ass, then lower to his thighs and back up the front to his stomach. Shane pushes him away slightly, hands roaming higher to his chest and then the lapels of his jacket (they *are* a soft silk, and Shane smiles at the fact his Dream Ilya is just as perfect as Real Ilya).

“I want you to strip for me,” Shane repeats quietly.

“Yeah?” Ilya’s smile is infectious, and Shane wants to kiss him all over again. “What then, Hollander?”

“I don’t know,” Shane says honestly. He’s thought this over so many times but he doesn’t know what comes next. He likes the idea of Rozanov putting on a show, of peeling his own clothes off for Shane, like a gift unwrapping itself. He’s realized that he’s content to watch and with no plan, for once, he wants to see where the night takes them. “I’m sort of figuring this out as I go.”

“You’ve had all this time to think of what you want for a prize and you *don’t know*?” Ilya laughs, but not in a mean way. Shane thinks it’s sort of an endearment, in a way. The alcohol makes him feel fuzzy.

“Not necessarily,” Shane starts. And this is where the alcohol begins to do what Shane often doesn’t— speak his mind without hesitation. “I’ve thought about *a lot*, actually. Since that first photo— and you should probably start now, Rozanov—” Ilya laughs at that, but starts with his shoes, toeing out of them and kicking them aside— “I’ve thought about what I want to do to you nonstop for the last week.”

Ilya actually undoes the button of his jacket this time. “And?”

“When you were up on that stage, in that *ridiculous* suit— seriously, you look like fucking— like if sex was a *person*— and I thought, ‘Maybe I want to strip him myself’.” Shane leans back, legs spreading open a little wider and he catches Ilya’s gaze dropping. “Start with your buttons, then get my hands under your jacket—” he notices that Ilya follows his words, buttons undone and his hands sliding under his jacket; he grips a pec and keeps his eyes locked on Shane as he squeezes and that beautiful mouth drops open on an exhale.

“Then, maybe I’ll get your tie undone.” Shane’s train of thought comes less rushed as he thinks over his words with a pinch of caution. “I thought about using—” he stops himself as Ilya slips the tie out of its knot. Rozanov stops with him, the silky material loose in his strong hands.

“Using...?” Ilya tightens his grip on it and smirks — he rolls his wrist and wraps the tie around it with the motion. “Using the tie?”

“Yeah,” Shane exhales. “I thought about using it to tie up your wrists.”

Ilya moans, deep and throaty and Shane puts a hand on his own thigh. The sound of pure, carnal pleasure erupting from Ilya at the confession had Shane’s body reacting in an immediate, similar fashion. His cock throbs, still aroused from his previous train of thought, from Ilya’s kisses, to his iron-strong gaze that’s locked onto Hollander now.

“You want to tie me up?”

“Maybe,” Shane says. “I thought about that, about pushing you against the door and just ripping your jacket off.”

“Oh, Hollander,” he gestures to the jacket, “my nice suit? What about buttons?”

“Buttons,” Shane whispers with a grin. “By the time you realized the buttons were gone, I’d already have you naked.”

“Going too slow, then?” Ilya steps forward, but Shane is quick to hold up a hand in pause.

“No,” he says firmly. Shane thinks for a moment, and decides to switch. “Get on the bed.” And Rozanov is quick to do so while Shane grabs one of the lounge chairs and pulls it to the bed.

Exactly like Rozanov did for him last year. It’s a funny mirror tableau; Rozanov sitting at the edge of the bed, Hollander below him in the lounge chair. He spreads his legs, and watches

Ilya track the movement. His pants are still unzipped, his shirt undone, but the bowtie got discarded somewhere along the way.

Shane leans back, “I didn’t say stop,” and it’s not in the icy tone one would expect. Shane doesn’t quite feel the power that’s been tilted in his favor, but Ilya *certainly* does. It’s a welcome change — the alcohol has empowered Hollander in a unique way, and Rozanov is nowhere in the realm of complaining about it.

A strip tease is a delicate thing. Ilya has seen many before, but seldom performed one himself. He thinks that Shane, Mr. MVP and Championship Captain, earned (nay, *deserves*) a highly-coveted Ilya Rozanov strip tease on his special night.

At the *very* least. Ilya believes in rewarding good behavior, and he likes the confidence that Shane (or maybe, *the alcohol*) has managed to show tonight.

He delicately folds the tie, in true Shane fashion, and sets it aside on the bed. Blue eyes never leave brown, and Ilya hopes that tells Shane everything — *yes, I want you to tie me up. No, I’ve never thought about that. Fuck me, I want you to do anything and everything you want tonight, I am so fucking hard for you.*

“Can I ask you keep telling me your fantasies, MVP? I like to know what you’re thinking about me when you’re alone.” Button-by-button, Ilya delicately pops them open for Shane’s viewing pleasure.

It’s as if the Canadian is in a daze, as his eyes snap back to Ilya’s (and away from his gradually-exposed chest) to answer the question. Shane tilts his head and he *smiles*.

“What if I pushed you to your knees right when you got here?” Shane starts. “I thought about going fast, and having you fuck me right against the door— or the window, even— like, *anyone* could see us, y’know?”

*Yes*, Ilya fucking knows, and the nonchalance in Shane’s question is driving him up the wall with how keyed up it’s getting him.

“But then I thought, nah—” he *laughs*, “I want this to last.” His eyes are back on Ilya’s, whose shirt is open and peeling off his shoulders and arms with care. “I am in a very special position, you know. Championship, *MVP*—”

Ilya rolls his eyes. “Yeah, rub it in.”

“Like you did?” Shane is quick with the reply. “You made me jerk off while you watched me. I thought, ‘How could I top that?’”

Ilya swallows. “How could you?” His belt goes next, fingers deftly moving over the buckle and sliding the leather free— drawing out the movement through each belt loop as Shane watches. The sound of the buckle’s *clank* and their steady breathing filling up the tacit room.

Shane smiles, “Well, I couldn’t really think of just *one* thing. So I thought of a few. I want to watch you jerk off,” and before Ilya can interrupt to let Shane know how that is not *at all*

better than his idea from last year, Shane continues, “And then maybe, before you come, I want to see you open yourself up with your fingers.”

The belt drops to the floor with a *thud*.

“And then maybe you fuck me against the window, I’m not sure.” Shane has the god-fucking *audacity* to shrug. “Kind of a gray area between watching you and the sex, but I’m sure I’ll come up with something.”

“Hollander—”

“Is that— what do you think?” Shane is genuinely curious. Not in a *haha you’re so horny right now, I got you* kind of way, but in a *I’m kind of spit-balling here and want your input* fashion. Ilya is *hard* — thinking about fucking himself open *on his own fingers* while Shane sits in the chair and watches him be so vulnerable is— it’s—

Ilya kind of wishes he thought about it last year, frankly. It’s sort of not fair.

He’ll just have to come up with a few mind-blowing ideas for when he wins in 2016.

“Y—yeah,” Ilya genuinely stutters, still in shock at the nonchalance and gall of the man in front of him. “And, what, you touch yourself while I play with my hole?”

“Maybe,” Shane nods. “I’ll probably have no choice— I almost started doing that before you came over here because those pictures you sent were sort of driving me crazy.”

Ilya unzips his pants, “You like them that much?”

“Yeah,” Shane sighs, and he pushes a palm into his growing bulge, almost negating the idea of waiting for the main event. Ilya finds it funny the way alcohol messes with Hollander’s mind; he says one thing, then forgets and does the opposite so quickly. It’s almost endearing if it wasn’t so hot at how he is teasing himself presently. Shane interrupts his thoughts, “You like mine?”

“Still in jersey? Yeah.” Ilya turns around and glances over his shoulder as he peels the pants over his ass slowly for Hollander’s benefit. The way those eyes track the hem of his trousers going over his black briefs is mesmerizing. Ilya could do this more often. “I like seeing you in your jersey. Maybe I see you in *just your* jersey.”

Shane laughs louder than he has before as Ilya’s pants drop to the ground.

“What’s so funny?” Two thumbs hook into the band of his underwear before he pulls them down.

“I almost came to the same idea earlier.” Shane’s eyes track up Rozanov’s back, over his shoulder, and meet his gaze. “But mine was a little different.”

“Different how?” Ilya pulls the band over the curve of his ass, and as soon as those eyes are on him, they’re back where the show is.

“Different, like maybe you wear a different jersey.” Shane doesn’t see Ilya drop his underwear. His eyes had snapped back up to meet his again, the intensity of the gaze matching his words. “Like, *my* jersey.”

“*Fuck*, Hollander.” Ilya notices that Shane’s been gripping himself through his trousers for a minute now. He wishes he could break himself from these bonds that Shane has him in (and his mind travels back to the goddamn *tie*, and it’s almost too much). He wants so badly to drop to his knees and get Shane’s cock in his mouth — what he wouldn’t do to tease him all night long and swallow load after load of Shane’s come.

“I thought maybe, you wear my jersey, and I can see my name on your back. You’d look really fucking hot with my name on your back,” Shane sighs a moan, slowly rubbing himself through his pants. Ilya turns around and spits in his hand, quickly gripping his own hard cock and matching the easy motion that Shane has on himself.

“You see me from back?” Ilya asks, and he really, *really* hopes he knows where this fantasy is going.

“I never thought about it *before*, but maybe—” Shane moans again, then kicks his pants off the rest of the way. He’s sat in his underwear and dress shirt, hair a bit of a mess and his chest flushed from arousal. “*I’d fuck you*, y’know.”

Ilya swears in Russian, and Shane’s half-lidded eyes are suddenly *very* wide and looking at him fiercely.

“Get on the bed,” Shane instructs. Ilya obeys him quickly, squeezing his way into the too-many throw pillows. He looks to the bedside and before he can say anything, Shane tells him that lube is in the first drawer.

“*ТЪАНК ёу (Thank you)*,” Ilya says with a wink. Shane groans, head falling back as he gives his cock a much tighter grip. Ilya hisses in pleasure as he dribbles lube on his cock. “You like my Russian, Hollander?”

“I guess,” Shane says honestly. It’s sort of funny, in a different context, that they are both jerking off to each other and the sexual tension is thicker than ever, and Shane responds to Ilya’s flirting with *I guess*.

Ridiculous. Ilya can’t get enough.

“I can speak more, if you want.”

“No, no,” Shane’s eyes are closed tight as he tries to regain composure (and not come too quickly, of course). “I want to hear you— I still want to understand you.”

“You want to fuck me?” Ilya probes. “In *your jersey*?”

It’s Shane’s turn to swear, and Ilya smiles at the accomplishment. Try as he might to give Shane the control that Ilya always wields, it’s *very* hard to not tease him when he’s so heady.

“Yes, *yes, yes*—” Shane is chanting like it’s a prayer, wanting to fucking Ilya has never crossed his mind before but there is *something* about *this* scenario that they’ve concocted that has him feeling feral. Maybe it’s Rozanov playing along so easily, or maybe the idea of *Shane’s* jersey on *Ilya*, like it’s a brand. Shane always bottoms— *always*. “Seeing you on your knees and begging, wanting me, *my cock* so bad and— and it’s so much— *too much* and you start speaking—”

"Руссиан?"(Russian?) Ilya smiles at the groan Shane emits. “I can speak Russian to you as much as you want,

"котенок."(*kitten*)

“Like when you’re about to come?” Shane smiles back at him. Suddenly, it’s like he realizes how close he is, on a knife’s edge, and abruptly stops touching himself. “*Fuck*—” he gasps, running a hand through his hair. “Fuck, I was close.”

“Yeah?” Rozanov tilts his head, watching Shane curiously. “I like watching you.”

Shane leans forward in the chair. “I like watching *you*.” He spins a finger in the air to tell Ilya it’s time to turn around. “I want to keep watching you, Roz.”

“Don’t look away.” Ilya winks before flipping around, lube in hand and legs spreading wide. He takes a free hand and pulls himself wide for Hollander, teasing him evermore.

“I don’t think I could if I tried,” Shane confesses quietly, but it’s loud enough for Ilya to hear. It’s almost... *tender* in the way he speaks. Ilya lubes up a finger and ponders how slow he should go — he thinks about if Shane even has his jersey here in LA. If *he* is doing all this work to open himself up, they might as well make Shane’s fantasy come to life. No use in letting a loose hole go to waste.

Ilya wonders if Shane’s hole is already loose. Did he open himself up before Ilya got there? Did he *really* say *he* wanted to be fucked against a window? There’s a quiet moan that escapes his lips as the first digit slides in. Ilya doesn’t crane his neck to look at Shane, but presses his head into the pillow to accept the pleasure.

“Look good, Rozanov,” Shane is offhanded with his remark, like he’s talking about something as mundane as a power play. He sounds closer, but only by a little. Rozanov likes to think he scooted in for the best part of the show. “I— I wish I had seen this sooner.”

“Could have asked sooner,” Ilya exhales. “Probably would have let you.”

Shane scoffs, “*Probably*. ”

“Eh, you beg enough I would have considered.” Ilya and Shane both laugh at his comment, and a second finger enters alongside the first. Ilya gets a rhythm going, fucking himself with lubed up digits and a thrust with his ass. He isn’t hurrying it, he wants Shane to savor the sight since it *is* a rare one. Ilya gets lost in the pleasure of it, putting himself on display while making such heinous noises and all for Shane Hollander.

“Do a third,” Shane gently orders, and his voice is *much* closer now. It sends a chill down Ilya’s spine, and a warm hand replaces the goosebumps as Shane is close enough to touch him with such reverence. Ilya moans at the third finger (and Shane’s tenderness) stretching him wider than he’s felt in a *long* time.

Ilya looks up at Shane, who is standing over his bedside and watching intensely. On a whine, he gets the other’s attention and their gazes match— molten and needy.

“You have your jersey?”

Shane swallows. All the air feels sucked out of the room.

He leaves Ilya’s side for a moment, enough time for him to reapply more lube, and then he’s back in a blink. In his right hand he holds his cock — it drips precome and is flushed angrily at the tip. For a second, Rozanov has to take a breath and nix the urge to immediately fit it in his mouth. He wiggles his ass and moans on his three fingers, watching vehemently as Shane’s brown eyes linger on the sight, then drift back to him.

Ilya sees that Shane is undressed, but he isn’t without clothing. If he wasn’t so turned on, he’d break into laughter.

“You really have it?” Ilya tries not to sound too incredulous, but it is *very hard*.

Shane looks sheepish for the first time tonight. “I— I was going to give it away tomorrow at the airport. I have a few, actually.”

“How sweet, Champion Captain Hollander, *MVP* Hollander,” Ilya teases. Shane squints, then reaches out and grips Ilya’s wrist and slowly pushes his fingers deeper in his hole. Ilya cries out and Shane releases his grip as if it shocked him.

“Sorry—”

“Do again,” Ilya pleads. “Then give me your fucking jersey.” His accent is much thicker now, and Shane feels his cock throb in pleasure and desire to follow his request. He does it the exact same, pressing and pressing until Ilya lets out a sob in ecstasy. Sweat rolls down Shane’s brow as if they’ve been fucking for hours, but it’s simply the heated tension in the room — Ilya’s begging on this altar that he’s made for Shane, showing his gorgeous body *just for him*.

And now Shane gets to fuck him. *Shane gets to fuck Ilya Rozanov.*

It’s like Christmas.

The jersey slips over Ilya’s shoulders almost too easily. He’s on his haunches on the bed, facing Shane. There’s a snake-like movement to him as he slithers closer, grabbing Shane by the backs of his thighs and, while still looking up at the other, Ilya wraps his lips around Shane’s cock for the first time tonight.

*Christ—* why didn’t they start with this?

Ilya pops off to pump Shane's cock with pressured strokes, and the deep red on his chest, creeping up to his neck, has Ilya groaning in pleasure. He looks *immaculate* like this — perfectly wound up and Ilya is all ready for Shane to take it out on him. It's been a *very* long time since he's felt this way.

"You want to fuck me, Hollander?" Shane looks down and at that moment, Ilya licks long and savory up Shane's shaft to his flushed tip. "You can have my mouth or my hole, which is it?"

"H— hole," Shane gasps. "*Fuck*, Rozy."

"Come take it, MVP," Ilya whispers, his hot breath over Shane's cock. Shane watches him put his mouth back on and suck at his head. It shoots electricity through him, teetering him towards a very quick end.

Hollander is overtaken with lust — he grips Ilya by the shoulder and pushes him off his cock. There's a wild flame in his eyes as Ilya looks up (impressed and *certainly* aroused at the show of force). Shane kicks it up a notch by pushing Ilya back onto the bed.

"On your knees," he mimics the words that Ilya has ordered before. The flutter of Ilya's cocky expression gives way to desire, to *want*. He'll obey, he'll do *whatever* Shane asks of him right now.

Ilya crawls back up the bed, but he doesn't flip over yet. It's not his night, he knows this, but there's one thing that's been missing this whole time. He would be remiss if he didn't get his mouth on Shane's before getting his back blown out.

"Hollander—"

Shane sighs, "Do you want to get fucked or—"

"Kiss me," he pleads. Ilya reaches out for him, and Shane falls into his arms willingly, as if snapped from a rope. The material of the jersey slides against Shane's skin— a jersey he's worn *countless* times, but it is certainly different now. He's laid bare, and Ilya—

Ilya is not only wearing *a* jersey in bed, which Shane would believe is ridiculous enough. Rozanov is wearing a *number 24 Shane Hollander Montreal Metros* jersey.

There's a brief moment to catch his breath, but he takes the time to speak instead. "You look fucking gorgeous—"

"This is a *one time* thing, okay?" Ilya strokes Shane's cock. "You have special night, I want to give you special treatment."

"You sure?" Shane thrusts into Ilya's hand and works his way down the Russian's neck. His hands follow the motion, pressing the jersey onto Ilya's naked skin underneath as he travels lower to find the hem. When he does, he grips Ilya tight and thumbs his cockhead. "You might like me fucking you, Roz."

Ilya gasps as Shane's other hand spreads his thighs wider so he can fit a finger in his loosened hole. There's a slurred whine of words from Ilya's mouth, some Russian, some English, and Shane revels in the noise as he nips his way across exposed skin.

"I might want you like this," Shane purrs. "I think you look pretty like this, Rozy." His confidence hasn't waned, and Ilya is quite liking this side of him.

*Shit.* He might be right.

"You don't want to see big 'Hollander' name while you fuck me?" Ilya quips, but when Shane curls his finger inside him, his face contorts and he moans. His eyes roll and his back arches.

"Ебать! (*Fuck!*)

"Maybe," Shane watches Ilya's reactions as he continues to play with him. He strokes, he twists, he squeezes; it's quite the sight. "Maybe I want to watch your face when you scream my name—"

"Jesus *fucking Christ*, Hollander—"

"Not that name," he says.

Ilya gains a morsel of composure and leans up, lips to Shane's ear. "Шанья? (*Shanya?*)"

Shane closes his eyes. "Is..." he exhales, "Is that my name..."

"In Russian?" Ilya leans back to look him in the eyes. "*Da.*"

Shane lunges to yank open the drawer containing his condoms and rips one out of the package with a swiftness. Ilya helps him roll it on as they kiss; Shane's hands find their way to his hair and pull him this way and that to fit them perfectly together. As one, they gasp into one another and breathe as a unit, as one creature joined in this moment.

Shane coats himself in a liberal amount of lube — he anticipates Rozanov chirping him, but when he looks up to see the other, the sight makes him catch his breath. Ilya has the jersey hiked up over his hips, legs spread wide and inviting. His eyes are fluttering closed as he strokes himself, hair a complete mess and lips red and swollen, watching Shane looking like a fucking *painting*. Shane moves into his space, a hand on his pale thigh and the other gripping himself for guidance. Ilya's eyes shutter open and he looks up at Shane.

The smile Shane is met with could melt him in an instant.

"Ready?" Shane whispers, like it's a secret.

"Ready for *you*," Ilya whispers back, and it is.

Shane's grip on Rozanov's thigh tightens immediately as he presses in. The sweet, tight pressure on his cock is *incredible*— unlike anything he's felt before. Ilya gasps, hand snapping up to grab onto Shane's bicep and his eyes shut tight.

“Okay?” Shane asks, trying not to panic.

"Хорошо—(Okay—" Ilya says, then corrects, "Okay.")

He looks up at Shane and pulls him in for a kiss. "Easy, котенок (kitten), I'm okay."

Shane kisses his forehead, he takes his time hoping that this simple act of affection soothes Ilya. "Tell me if you need to stop or anything, okay? I can go slower—"

"No, no," Ilya pulls Shane close for a messy kiss. His tongue slips into Shane's, making this tender moment filthy in a heartbeat. Shane melts onto him, finding his lips to be a perfect fit to his own as they kiss and he moans into Rozanov's mouth. Ilya breathes, "Don't stop," he says into the quiet of the bedroom, "keep going, Hollander, *please*."

Shane listens, and he presses further. Ilya takes the stretch beautifully; the bright blue of the jersey contrasting the harsh blush on his neck. It's as if Shane can see the kisses he left on the flushed skin, watching his jaw tense and release pressure. Shane kisses where he can, trying not to overwhelm himself with the feeling of Ilya literally *stretching himself open for Shane to fit*.

"Хороший, хороший,(*Good, good*)" Ilya chants. "Good, Hollander, keep going. I—" The hand holding onto Shane's arm slips to his back and pulls him closer, scratching him lightly in the hurried movement. "I want more, please, "

"Шанья, (*Shanya*) *please*—"

"Yeah, yeah, I got you," Shane says. He kisses Ilya on the mouth, firmly with that same message. They're rivals, sure—they're supposed to hate each other, especially when Shane is winning *both* the Cup *and* MVP.

Right now, though, Shane is feeling the farthest from hate as he looks down and sees Ilya's hole stretch to compensate. He looks at Ilya's eyes, watching him *watch them*. Shane slides in further, deeper, and suddenly—

A roar of Russian, presumably swears, rips from Ilya's chest.

"Roz!?" Shane holds Ilya's jaw in his hand and searches his face. "Rozy, you okay? Is that good Russian or bad Russian?"

Ilya laughs and gives Shane a playful slap on the cheek. "Хороший(*Good*). You fuck me good, you hit it."

"Oh," Shane says dumbly, "Good."

Ilya nods, "Хороший(*Good*)."

Hollander bites his lip. He tries to mimic the sound that just came out of Ilya's mouth and, unfortunately for Ilya's resolve, delivers it decently well. A single word, otherwise undistinctive, used millions of times a day by ordinary people around the world.

Shane Hollander is no ordinary person.

Ilya hears his native tongue slip over Shane's, and he's helpless to not kiss him. Rozanov would like to flip him around and fuck *him* if he could. Maybe if Ilya slips enough, he can get Shane mimicking his Russian to near-perfect pronunciation with one listen. Ilya replays the sound in his head, and has to take a deep breath to control himself as Shane continues to fuck him into the excessive pillows on this enormous bed. Hearing Shane swear in Russian might make him come too early, now that he thinks about it.

Instead, he pulls Shane in, wraps a leg around his back and begs, "*Fuck me, Шанья(Shanya)*. Just like that."

Shane hears his name, recognizes the sound for a third time now, and does it *just like that*. He pulls out halfway, and fucks back into Rozanov with precision. Ilya arches, and Shane takes the opportunity to wrap his arms around him. He falls into the other, breathing into Ilya's neck as he does the same movement. Ilya cries, the sensation lighting him up from the inside out. There's a moment where Shane feels the warmed metal of Ilya's necklace under his face and takes an opportunity to turn his head, place a kiss to the metal and skin, and continue his ministrations. Shane thrusts, pulls back, thrusts, *moans*, thrusts—he fucks Ilya into the mattress until they're both sloppy with kisses and movement.

"What—" Shane gasps, "—the tie?"

Ilya laughs and pulls Shane in for a kiss. "Next time," he breathes. "Don't stop fucking me."

The angle is good, but it's not enough. Shane pulls back and gets a hand on one of Rozanov's pecs, squeezing him through the material of the sweater.

"Over, over," Shane tells him. He pulls out hastily and Ilya doesn't take a second longer to move. On his knees, he spreads his legs wide and looks over his shoulder at the other with a gleam in his eye. Rozanov gives him a teasing wiggle of his hips, and Shane scoffs at it.

"Like this, Captain?" And the word shouldn't— *should not*— have such a piercing affect on Shane, but *holy shit*. It's unholy, the word coming from the lips that have touched just about every part of Shane's body. Lips that kiss him, speak sweet to him, *tease* him. Forming sinful words and wrapping them around Shane's cock like a vice.

"*Fuck*," Shane exhales. He grabs Ilya by the waist and shuffles the jersey up to find his hole. Shane slicks up his cock once more before lining up (carefully, calculated) and presses into Ilya again.

"Don't have to be so gentle, you know, you can just—" The last few words of that sentence die in Ilya's mouth as they are replaced with a resplendent moan. Shane lined himself up, he made sure he had the right angle.

And once his tip makes it past Ilya's rim, he knows exactly what he's doing. It was foreign only a moment ago, but Shane can't imagine doing anything else with his night. Sure, being fucked into next week would have satiated the hunger inside him.

But watching Ilya Rozanov moan and writhe underneath him as the bold white letters of *HOLLANDER* ripple across a blue jersey on his Russian's back has Shane thanking any and every god out there that *this* is what he asked for instead. Even then — Ilya so graciously gave it to him. It makes Shane wonder if he ever wanted to be fucked before. Or if he would like to be fucked again after.

This moment is so perfect, though, Shane is grateful he waited for it. Had he known it was coming, he would have been filled with so much anxiety and worry. But here, in the spur of the moment as a plan forms between them (as if they were on the same line, coming up with a play on the spot), they moved together as one *thing*. One beautiful body in sync — Shane thrusts into Ilya's push back and they create a chorus of noises that grow louder and louder.

Shane grips the 24 on the back, seeing his name— *his fucking name on Ilya Rozanov's back* — scrunch and move as he uses it for leverage to go deeper, to hit harder, to change the angle.

A string of words come out in Russian, none that Shane can make out. All except one.

***“Oh fuck me, that's so good, Shanya.”*** Ilya moans with his eyes screwed shut. ***“If I knew that you were this good at being on top, I would have bent over and handed you my ass from the first day I met you. In the showers—”*** he looks up to see Shane looking down at him, a hand on his hip and the other holding onto the sweater as he fucks him rough and fast, ***“—you could have thrown me against the wall and taken me and, honestly Shanya, I would have let you if I had any idea how fucking hot you are like this. I don't even care that I'm wearing your stupid jersey, I— I'll get you back next year, yeah? I'll bend you over a balcony and fuck you in my game-winning sweater.***

***Or maybe I put you on your knees and fuck your throat. Maybe I use your dildo and have you suck my cock at the same time. I watch you wear MY name on your back as I let the whole city watch US. I'll fuck you after a game— center ice for— for the whole stadium to watch. Is that what you want, Shanya?”***

Shane moans, and Ilya knows his body well enough to notice that Shane is *close*.

“Is this what you want?” Ilya repeats. ***“Fuck me*** like this in jersey? Like I'm your little wifey, ***yeah?”***

“No,” Shane breathes. “Not wife, no,” he leans down and slows his movement. “But you're definitely mine.”

Ilya moans as Shane fucks him faster, pushing into him with force and determination. It's that same energy, that same drive, that got him the Cup. It's what got him *here*— to tonight, this room, *to Ilya*. Shane won't trade it for anything. The power behind it has Ilya dropping down to fall face-first to the pillows, cheek smashed against them as he grips towards the headboard for reprieve. Shane hits him *perfectly* at this angle; all force and no reprieve, right where Rozanov wants him hitting the most.

“You coming?” Ilya asks, and Shane nods with his eyes closed and expression tight. ***“That's it, Shanya, come for me—*** come for me, MVP. Come inside, ***yeah, shit that feels— feels so***

*fucking good!*”

Shane shouts, a loud and resounding *Ilya!* into the otherwise empty bedroom as Ilya follows suit. His Russian breaks back into English as he cries out from beneath Shane’s naked and spent body—

“Yes! Fuck me, *Shane!*” He reaches back and grabs at Shane’s hand, squeezing and holding on as he rides his orgasm. He swears a few times in Russian and after Shane pulls out, they both fully collapse on the bed.

It’s quiet. Sounds are minimal, save for their heavy breathing. Shane gets up to discard the condom, then slides under the covers. He raises an arm and Ilya shuffles willingly into the embrace.

Then, Shane makes a face.

“What?” Ilya asks. “Don’t say after all that you *didn’t like*. I know you liked it.”

“No!” Shane snaps out of his thoughts and looks at Ilya. “No, no,” he grabs Ilya’s face for a kiss, firm at first, then softer. “I liked it,” he says softly. His thumb finds Ilya’s lower lip, who takes the opportunity to suck the digit into his mouth. Shane makes a small moan and kisses him again.

Eyes wander to see Ilya still in the jersey, sweat soaked into it and the material wrinkled and bunched. It seems that same thought from before is back in Shane’s head—

“I can take off,” Ilya offers.

“I would *pay you* to sleep in my jersey tonight,” Shane jokes, “but it’s sort of...”

“Covered in my jizz?” Ilya finishes. Shane laughs and nods. “You have soiled *my sheets* before and I have still slept. You are grossed out because of *a jersey?*”

“A.” Shane starts, “that was *your choice*.” Ilya scoffs. “B., I don’t know— it’s— the sort of *high* has worn off? Now you’re just in a dirty jersey, y’know?”

“Hollander, did my hole fuck your head somehow? Men would kill to see me in *their* jersey. So ungrateful.” Ilya slips out of the jersey anyway before he continues his onslaught of chirps. “I think it might not be good for head, you know. Might need to go back to taking. So good at it, anyway.”

“Oh?” Shane asks, and Ilya crawls on top of him slowly. Shane welcomes his warm body against his, hands moving to hold Ilya’s ass. “We might have a problem...” Shane kisses his way up Rozanov’s shoulder, to his neck, and ear— “Because I *really* liked fucking you.”

“In your gross jersey?” Ilya quips. Shane laughs and nips at his ear, which causes Ilya to squirm in his arms. “You play dirty, Hollander.”

“No dirtier than you.” Chirping back and forth with Rozanov is as easy as breathing, Shane finds. “You taught me the dirtiest plays in the book.”

Ilya kisses him. They move much easier now— they're spent and lazy, languishing in the feeling of lips on lips. The room is quiet, but it's not unwelcome. The noise of the game, of the lives they have, create enough cacophony for a lifetime. It's the quiet moments like this, where all the noise in the world is their connected breathing and hearts beating, that there's calm and reverie.

"Hollander," Ilya whispers after a moment, forehead resting against the other's.

"Hm?" Shane asks, eyes closed and breath still.

Ilya rocks forward, his spent cock brushing against Shane's. "You want to learn more dirty plays?"

Shane laughs boisterously and rolls Ilya over on the bed.

## End Notes

Thank you for reading!! Please share your favorite moments or lines in the comments, if you don't mind inflating my ego just a bit 😊 I have 19827 more story ideas brewing in my head as we speak, so stay tuned!!

Follow me on Bluesky @gentlepanpirate 💙 &  
Twitter @3rdperiodpens

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