

## I Only Threw This Party for You

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# I Only Threw This Party for You

by [OrYouCouldHaveMine](#)

## Summary

Slut,” Ilya says, watching Shane’s mouth fall open at the name. “What? Are you not?”

Shane opens his mouth again, but no words come out.

“Stretched yourself open in here, while your team was just down the hall? Fingering your ass in my bed,” Ilya says, “in a stranger’s bed,” he adds on for effect, “during a party. Is pretty slutty,” he says.

Shane swallows. “I guess so.”

“Do you like it?”

“Like what?”

Ilya rolls his eyes. “Being a slut. Prepping yourself for a stranger’s cock? Getting naked in his bed with people in the next room,” he says.

Shane chews his lip, and he nods, just the smallest movement Ilya barely catches.

“Mm. Of course you do. Imagine if they knew,” Ilya purrs, and he pulls his shirt over his head, dropping it to the floor.

“You’ll keep your mask on?” Shane asks.

“Da. Of course. Otherwise you’d know who I am.”

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Ilya throws a masquerade party so he can fuck Shane without having to face anything else.

## Notes

Hello!

Note that this takes place sometime between the club scene with Rose and the reunion at the All Star Game.

cw: alcohol is involved but neither character is very drunk. Ilya has some insecurity that all he is good for is sex. Ilya pushes Shane a bit when it comes to making him beg and they don't talk about it after. Some light degradation with role playing slut shaming.

Enjoy!

Ilya doesn't really host things. His space is his space. He's selective with who he lets inside of it. Selective, as it turns out, has really come down to about two people; his friend Svetlana when the two of them decide to let off some steam, and Shane Hollander when he's in town. Except, not really so much anymore. Shane hasn't been over in two months, and Svet is busy with her business. Come to think of it, Ilya isn't sure the last time someone knocked on his door who wasn't a delivery person of some kind. He pushes the thought away.

Ilya likes parties, usually. They're nice in the sense that the people there are invited, in someone's inner circle, even if it isn't his. He doesn't get photographed or bothered as much at parties; they're insulated, safer. There's also a downside, though. The security lends itself to intimacy. Everyone knows each other. Ilya likes strangers. He likes anonymity, to the extent he can get it. Sure, maybe people out at bars know his face, but they don't know him, and sometimes that's better. Easier. He can be what they expect him to be, some idea of himself without going any deeper; the bad boy of hockey, womanizer, black sheep, good for a night and gone by morning.

Anyway, Ilya doesn't host parties, which is why it's weird that he's currently looking over his inventory of booze and food, checking that his playlist is good enough, and messing with his hair in the mirror for the tenth time in the last hour. He hired someone to do all the prep; make and set out food, procure drinks, that sort of thing. He declined having anyone work the party. The food is done, the drinks are self explanatory, he doesn't see the need to have anyone walking around with little plates or pouring two ingredients into a glass to make a drink.

He's hosting a party. There's not a particular reason for it, not one that he can say. It's January. The days are short. It's cold. The Montreal Metros are in town. Rose Landry is filming in LA. Ilya hasn't been laid in two months. Ilya's chest has hurt for two months. Ilya's had eleven unopened cans of ginger ale in his fridge for two entire months. None of these are acceptable answers to give to his teammates when they ask him why the change, why the sudden party, why now, what for?

It's something he knows he can't answer. He just hopes it works. That's the other thing; the success rate of this plan is very low. Sure, the entire Montreal team is invited. Ilya had asked everyone he played with, some who were more friendly with some of the Metros than Ilya was, to make sure the invite extended to them. He'd gotten some questions on that, some confused looks.

“Maybe it will throw them off their game, ah? They will be so confused Rozanov wants them over to his home, they will lose game,” he’d answered jokingly. He didn’t ever provide a real reason as to why he’d been insistent on making sure the Metros knew they were invited, but a few people he played with said it was a nice gesture. One of his teammates is friends with their goalie, so he was glad. They don’t hate Boston, apparently, they just hate Ilya, so... Some of them should come, Ilya thinks.

Maybe some of them who are Shane’s friends. And maybe they will drag Shane along.

It’s a stupid reason to throw a party. Shane isn’t going to come. Ilya is all but certain. So he’ll have a dumb party and he’ll pretend not to be upset all night, he’ll try not to sulk, he’ll get drunker than he should. But at least he’ll be on Shane’s mind. At least, when Shane stays back at his hotel room alone, he’ll think about how his team is partying at the house Ilya fucked him in. That’s something.

“We really gotta wear masks?” Cliff asks him a few days before.

Ilya lifts his eyebrows to say ‘duh’. “Yes. Is masquerade party,” he says flatly.

“I just didn’t know you were so theatrical, Roz. Anything I should know?”

Normally Ilya would joke back, ask him if he wants to find out, but instead he just scowls. “Themes are fun. People like themes,” he says.

Cliff stares at him.

“Is hot. Girls think masks are hot. Okay? Is... seductive. Mysterious,” he says, waving his hand dismissively.

Cliff seems to like that answer enough that he backs off of him.

So. Yeah. Ilya is throwing a masquerade party, at his house, after the Friday night game that his team had barely won, in the hopes that Shane shows up, and the knowledge that he won't, but at least he'll think of him.

The hired help had been here during and after the game to set up, and everyone had a good two hours to get ready and show up, which means now Ilya is ready, with ten minutes before it starts, panicking just slightly.

His place looks great. There are twinkling string lights all over to make things romantic and mysterious. The kitchen island is covered in trays of ice with sushi, oysters, tuna tartar, caviar, and other bites. There are several ice buckets filled with bottles of champagne, there's a whole spot dedicated to vodka martinis, classic or dirty. There's a cooler of beer. And, of course, there's ginger ale in the fridge. Just in case.

His place isn't the only thing that looks great. Ilya looks pretty fucking good too. He's in leather pants and a black silk button up with ornate gold stitching of a snake that weaves up his chest and around his collar. Then there's his mask. It's custom, and it matches. It goes just over his eyes, and it's a shiny gold with swirls and scales on it. His hair is slicked back, and the mask rests comfortably on him.

God, he hopes people do the theme. The whole point is the theme. Because if Shane does show up, they'll be in masks. Of course, they'll recognize each other. They aren't incredibly concealing masks. But there's something in Ilya that feels like the masks are safer. Like maybe they can pretend. He's not Ilya. Maybe then Shane will want him. Shane won't be Shane. He won't have a moviestar girlfriend. He won't be the person who got up and left Ilya two months ago just because Ilya said his name.

Shane had said Ilya's name back. For two whole seconds, Ilya had thought-

It doesn't matter, really. It was a stupid thing to think. He just misses Shane's mouth. His body. He misses fucking him. He misses how easily he submitted, how good he felt. Maybe Shane will be more likely to fuck if they're in masks. That's all.

His doorbell rings, and thank god, it's a group. Cliff is there, some of his other teammates, their girlfriends and wives and a few friends. It's a good ten people who show up right away, all on theme. His teammates clean up well, nice shirts, designer shoes, some in cool leather

masquerade masks, some in metal. The women are in cocktail dresses, one in a pretty mask of peacock feathers, one of gems.

“Hi!” Ilya beams. “Yes. Come in. Good, good. You all look good,” he says, a little awkwardly.

“Relax, Roz,” Cliff says, smacking him on the shoulder. “It’s a party.”

Yes, he thinks. A party he’s hosting.

“Drinks,” Ilya says, gesturing toward the wide display of options. “Food,” he says.

“Shit, dude,” says Mack, a rookie. “This is nice. Can’t believe you invited us all over.”

“Of course,” Ilya says, despite the fact that there is no ‘of course’, he’s never done this before, and he probably never will again.

Ilya goes with them and makes himself a vodka on the rocks. His playlist is going, and he watches as his guests chat, as the men pour their dates and their friends champagne and make themselves cocktails. One woman gushes over the sushi, asking Ilya how he knew it was her favorite food.

“Andrew’s wife’s friend,” Cliff tells him quietly. “She’s a big fan of yours.”

“Ah,” Ilya says nodding.

“Like, a big fan,” Cliff continues.

“I got it,” Ilya says. She wants to fuck him, obviously. Okay, not obviously, but the suggestion is there. There’s only one person he wants to fuck tonight, and the only thing he can think of that sounds worse than not fucking him is fucking someone else.

She’s hot, though.

The doorbell rings again, and Ilya goes to get it. It’s a few more teammates, a few more friends. He lets them all in, and they go to join the rest. Just as he’s closing the door, he sees a few more people walk up. Metros players. It’s harder to know exactly who is who with the masks, since he doesn’t really know them, but he recognizes some, and shakes their hands. They don’t introduce themselves, because probably Ilya should know who they are, but the three who come in all come with women, and they introduce their prospective dates, so Ilya is polite. He shakes their hands, kisses their cheeks, laughs as one makes a joke about how she had to bully her husband into going to the party of the team that just beat them.

“I think it’s nice,” another woman says, the goalie’s girlfriend, Ilya thinks. “It’s cool you invited the other team. It shows camaraderie, you know?”

Ilya doesn’t know, because he doesn’t know what that word means, but he nods anyway. “Yes, thank you,” he says.

God, usually he doesn’t care about how he sounds. He used to, when his English was worse, when he’d fumble press conferences. He used to think he sounded stupid. Now he doesn’t. People think it’s sexy. It’s who he is. But here, when he’s insecure already, with people who probably don’t even like him, every word sounds stupid coming out of him.

“Come in, get drinks, food,” he says.

He shuts the door and follows the group, which is at nearly twenty people now. Not bad. He downs his drink and pours himself a new one, and then he busies himself making drinks for people. They don’t ask, but he’s by the drinks, and he lifts an eyebrow, and a Metros player asks for a beer, so he hands it over. A girlfriend asks for champagne, so Ilya pours that too, and suddenly ten minutes have gone by of him playing bartender, and he feels a little more relaxed. It feels good to have something to do. He doesn’t have to focus on spiralling, on making conversation. He can take some light hearted banter and pour people drinks, and that’s good.

Their goalie asks for a Moscow mule, which makes Ilya laugh. “Ah, I beat you and now you want a Moscow drink, is that it? I have rubbed off on you?” He asks.

The goalie laughs. “Sure, man. Wait ‘til Hollander gets here, maybe he’ll actually have a drink if there’s ginger beer in it.”

Ilya’s world stops.

“Nah dude,” says another player. “He likes ginger ale, not ginger beer.”

“It’s not the same?”

Ilya isn’t really listening anymore. He’s squeezing lime into a copper glass and trying to stop his hands from shaking. Hollander is coming. He said Hollander is coming.

It doesn’t mean it’s true. He could just assume. He could think the whole team is coming and just threw Hollander’s name out there because of the ginger beer. That’s probably it. He doesn’t know if Hollander is coming or not.

Ilya looks down to his glass to find it empty again. He pops a piece of sushi in his mouth, because maybe it’s good to eat while he’s pouring his third drink.

More people show up over the next hour. Most of his team, their partners, some more friends, both men and women. Ilya had told them it was fine to bring people. He doesn’t want Shane to think he’s lame. Food is being eaten, drinks are being drank, people are spread out throughout his kitchen and living room, mingling, laughing. So far, everyone is on theme too, which is fun. People look sexy like this, a little mysterious. He watches the women, because really, he trusts the input of women on if a party is fun or not more than a bunch of hockey players.

The women look like they're having fun. They're laughing, mingling with each other, even dancing a little bit with their champagne flutes.

"Party's a hit," Cliff says, stepping beside him in the kitchen. "You gonna play bartender all night, or are you gonna come chat?"

"I am chatting," he says defensively.

"You're tense. We won, man. Are you scared of the Metros? You're the one who wanted them here," he says.

"Not scared. I'm good. Not tense. See?" He says, and flashes a smile.

Cliff winces. "Yeah, work on that before you go talk to anyone else. Seriously man, the party is going well."

Ilya nods. It is going well. The doorbell rings.

"I have to-" he says, nodding to the door. Cliff nods.

Ilya's palms are sweating a little, as he crosses the space. He opens the door, stepping back. This face, he recognizes beneath a mask. "Pike," he says, nodding.

"Rozanov," Hayden Pike says. "This isn't some elaborate trap to kill my team, right?"

Ilya shakes his head. He should laugh. He can't.

"Anyway, uh. Thanks. For hosting. And inviting us. This is my wife, Jackie," he says.

Ilya leans in and kisses her on the cheek, but he isn't looking at her. He's looking at the man standing a few feet back, his eyes on the ground, looking like a puppy who's been dragged to the vet.

"Cheer up, Hollander," Hayden laughs, reaching behind him to drag Shane's arm, pulling him forward. "Rozanov said it's not a trap. No one's gonna go Tonya Harding on you here," he says.

"Yeah," Shane nods, glancing up at Ilya for a second.

Ilya is aware he needs to manage his facial expression, because he imagines it's nothing short of awed. Shane is in all black, nice pants and a shiny button up that looks like liquid on him. His mask is a silky black. He looks so good.

"Hi," Shane says.

Right. He needs to talk. "Hollander," Ilya says. "Thank you for showing up. Um. Very brave to show your face after we beat you," he continues, reverting to old habits. They're good at two things, it seems: sex and fighting.

"Oh, fuck off," Shane says.

"Hey, go easy on the guy. You don't know how much convincing it took to get him here," Hayden says. "Man, I kinda thought the whole beef between you two was just for show, but shit. Shane acts like you killed his puppy."

"Shut up," Shane says between gritted teeth, and he pushes past Ilya into the house.

Hayden shrugs. "He needs a drink. He'll relax," he says, before him and Jackie step inside too.

Ilya waits by the door for a few seconds, watching. Hayden trails after Shane, meeting him in the kitchen. Hayden grabs a beer from the cooler, and Ilya watches as Shane looks inside of it, pausing. Ilya wonders if he'll take a ginger ale.

No. He surfaces with a beer in his hand. Ilya isn't sure what to think about that. Maybe he just wants a beer. Maybe he doesn't want to give Ilya the satisfaction. Eventually, it's weird how long Ilya is lingering by the door, so he bypasses the kitchen and joins some of his teammates with their dates, and the woman Cliff had said likes him.

"Hi," she says, shaking his hand. "Candace."

"Ilya," he says.

"I know. You played great tonight."

Ilya purses his lips and nods, his eyes darting back to the kitchen where a few other Metros players have gone in to greet Shane. "Thank you."

"Don't worry," she says. "People can get their own drinks."

Well. At least he's not too obvious, and she just assumes he's looking at the kitchen to see if anyone needs anything.

"But, if you want to get me a refill, I'd be grateful."

Ilya's head snaps back to her. Right. Yes. A beautiful woman is asking him for a drink, and she likes him. "Of course," he nods. "Champagne?"

"What are you drinking?" She asks, her voice a little sultry.

“Vodka.”

“Oh,” she says, frowning. “Well, never mind then. Champagne is great.”

“One second,” he says, and slips away. He’s sure that she wanted to follow, that he was supposed to invite her with, to have a more private conversation in the kitchen as he gets her a drink, but he’s too quick, and he doesn’t want her to flirt with him in front of Shane. They did that already, that night in the club. Shane had left with Rose and Ilya had left alone. He doesn’t want to flirt with anyone in front of Shane again.

Shane, as fate would have it, is standing against the counter, right in front of the chilled champagne bottles. He looks to Ilya as he steps closer.

“Ah, sorry,” he says, and raises the champagne flute. “Need to get a bottle.”

Shane looks him over. “You like champagne?”

Ilya shakes his head. “Is for someone else.”

“Right,” Shane says, side stepping away so Ilya can get an open bottle and pour a glass. “Girlfriend?”

Oh. That’s interesting. “No,” he says simply. “I will be right back.” He points at the glass with a half melted ice cube in it. “Pour me another?”

Shane narrows his eyes a bit, and then Jackie is stepping in close, wrapping a hand around Shane’s shoulder. “Aw, get the guy a drink, c’mon. Tonight is a good night to squash whatever you two have going on.”

Shane blushes, starting to speak; “We don’t have any-”

“Yes,” Ilya interrupts, his tone commanding. “Pour me vodka, Hollander, so we can be friends, hm? End the silly rivalry.”

Understanding dawns on Shane. God, he’s so paranoid, thinking a little comment by someone about their famous rivalry means someone knows more than they should. Ilya doesn’t stick around for what happens next. He quickly walks to the living room and hands Candace her champagne. “Sorry, have to go make rounds,” he says, before she can start another conversation.

He heads back to the kitchen, leaning back on the island right across from Shane, who is alone again. Well, not alone. There are two different conversations going on in the kitchen, small little circles of people chatting, but Shane isn’t in either one. He’s holding a beer, and looking straight ahead, past Ilya.

“Fun party, right?” Ilya asks.

Shane is quiet, reaching for the glass of clear liquid and a new ice cube beside him on the counter. He holds it out, so Ilya takes it, letting his fingers brush over Shane’s as he takes it.

“Thank you,” Ilya says.

“Hayden made me come. Sorry if it’s awkward for you. I don’t have to stay long, I don’t mean to crash your party, it’s just, he wouldn’t take no for an answer and I couldn’t give a good reason, so…” He trails off.

Ilya lifts an eyebrow, and then he realizes something. Shane thinks Ilya doesn’t want him there. Shane thinks he’s some inconvenience to Ilya by being at this party.

“No,” Ilya says, taking a sip of his vodka. “Stay, mingle, have fun. Am glad you are here,” he says.

Shane looks surprised.

“You look very good,” Ilya says, watching as Shane blushes again.

“Thanks. Uh... so,” he says.

“So,” Ilya says, because part of him wants to save Shane, to say something banter-y or deflective, but part of him wants to know what Shane will say when Ilya doesn’t speak.

“Why masks?”

Only, before Ilya can answer, a few people are practically rushing them, someone throwing a hand around Ilya’s shoulder and laughing. “Man, we gotta get a picture of this!” A Boston player laughs. “Hollander and Rozanov, talking at a party. Man, this is like, headline shit.”

Ilya wants to shove him off, to yell at him for interrupting them, but instead he laughs. “Ah, yes. He is not so bad when he’s humbled,” Ilya says.

“Fuck off,” Shane mutters.

There’s some laughter and then people rejoin their conversations, and Ilya is left with Shane again, looking at him expectantly.

“Masks,” Shane reminds him.

“Ah. Right. Um, is fun, yes? Like, mysterious. Sexy,” he says.

Shane looks unconvinced.

“I don’t know,” Ilya says, running a hand through his hair, pushing back a strand that’s come loose as sweat has mixed with his product. “Is it lame?” He’s asking genuinely, though Shane is hardly one to know if something is lame or not. Maybe he just wants to know what he thinks.

“No!” Shane says instantly. “No. It’s cool. Uh, I think the girls really liked it. Usually it’s just like, beers and burgers at Hayden’s, you know? It’s fun to have a reason to dress up.”

Ilya nods at that, satisfied with the genuine answer. Might as well keep going.

“Well. Maybe I had other reason,” he says.

“Oh?”

“Maybe I hoped you would come. Thought you would look pretty,” he says, because that’s easy to say. It’s truthful without baring everything. He’s not saying he threw this party for Shane, but... It’s something.

Shane ducks his head a little. “Oh.”

“I was right. You do,” he says.

“You’re in a mask too.”

Ilya’s lip quirks. “Yes. But I do not look pretty,” he says.

“We’re... in your kitchen. With both our teams,” Shane reminds him.

“We are in masks. We could be anyone,” Ilya teases.

Shane’s nostrils flare. “They’re not-” he cuts himself off, apparently realizing it was a joke.

“Maybe this was part of it too,” Ilya says.

“What do you mean?”

Ilya takes a longer sip of his drink this time, for courage. “Is like...” he thinks of the word. “Anonymous. If maybe... you want to stay later. You could be anyone. So could I. Doesn’t have to be more. No names,” he says, his heart only aching a little when he remembers saying Shane’s first name.

“Oh,” Shane says quietly.

Then, Candace walks in and puts her hand on Ilya’s arm. “Do you want to dance?” She asks him, turning to say hi to Shane. He doesn’t say hi back.

“Sure,” Ilya says, but he keeps his eyes on Shane for as long as he can before he has to turn away.

He dances for a few songs with Candace, in a group. It’s more subdued than how he’d dance at a club, but she puts her hand on his chest and chats with him, smiling and laughing at what he says. She’s nice. Very pretty. Ilya keeps looking over to the kitchen, where Shane is nursing his beer and talking with Jackie. Once or twice, Ilya catches him looking.

Eventually, he breaks away from her and talks to other people. He meets some people’s friends. He gets a new drink, but Shane isn’t in the kitchen anymore. Ilya finds him on the sofa, talking to a rookie from the Metros. He doesn’t join. He talks, he gets some snacks, time goes by. It’s after midnight when the first few people start heading out.

He finds Shane again, and this time he's alone, with a ginger ale in his hand, looking out at Ilya's back yard from the window.

"Hi," Ilya says, startling him a little because Shane jumps.

"Hey."

"People are starting to leave."

"Yeah," Shane agrees, like it's a question.

"Go sneak off to my bedroom. So it is not suspicious," he says.

"Hayden will ask where I went."

"Okay. Wait for them to leave. Tell them you want to stay longer, and you'll get Uber. Then go to my bedroom," he says.

Shane nods easily. Always so easy for Ilya. Well... not always. Not when he leaves. Not when he breaks Ilya's heart. But with this, he is easy.

"Ginger ale good?"

Shane looks surprised. "Yeah. Uh, thanks for having it."

Ilya winks. "I'll see you in there later. You can get yourself ready for me," he says, his voice low.

Even in the dimly lit room, Ilya can spot Shane's blush. "Fuck. Okay."

Ilya spots it not long after, when Hayden and Jackie hug Shane goodbye, and then when he slips away down the hall. It takes a while for more people to filter out. Ilya doesn't want to kick people out, but he also doesn't want to keep Shane waiting, and he's also been half hard since he saw Shane slip away. He doesn't wait to wait longer anyway.

There are a few people left, mostly Boston people, when Ilya speaks up. "Okay, okay. Go home, party people. It is late, I am tired."

Cliff boos him.

"See, maybe if you scored as many goals as I did, you would also be tired," he says. He's a little past caring if he's rude. He's spent thousands on the night and people had fun. They need to get the fuck out.

Thankfully, they do. Candance lingers a little. Ilya kisses her cheek and tells her it was nice to meet her. He doesn't have to reject her more than that. Eventually, everyone is gone besides the man waiting for him in his room. Ilya shuts the music off, locks the door, and dims the lights. Most of the food was eaten, and he can toss what wasn't after. There are more important things at hand than clean up.

He's a little drunk, but in a way that makes him feel looser and confident. He turns down the hall and he gets to his bedroom door. He raps his knuckles on it twice, and hears a curse.

"It's me," he says.

"Oh. Come in," Shane answers.

Ilya opens the door and steps inside, shutting it behind him.

Shane is spread out on the bed, his back propped up on the headboard. He's naked, everything stripped off of him besides his mask. Good. Ilya had forgotten to tell him to keep it on, but Shane did. Of course he did. He understands why the masks, now.

Shane is hard. He looks achingly hard, and the light from the bedside lamp catches the glistening pre-cum smeared over his abs. His legs are spread a bit, and Ilya's eyes trace over his thighs, and between them, down to his ass.

"Fuck," he says. He almost says Hollander. He doesn't. No names. That was part of this. "Look at you."

Shane spreads his legs further, so Ilya steps more into the room, stopping at the end of the bed. "So pretty. Did you get ready for me?"

Shane nods. "Yeah."

"Slut," Ilya says, watching Shane's mouth fall open at the name. "What? Are you not?"

Shane opens his mouth again, but no words come out.

"Stretched yourself open in here, while your team was just down the hall? Fingering your ass in my bed," Ilya says, "in a stranger's bed," he adds on for effect, "during a party. Is pretty slutty," he says.

Shane swallows. "I guess so."

"Do you like it?"

"Like what?"

Ilya rolls his eyes. “Being a slut. Prepping yourself for a stranger’s cock? Getting naked in his bed with people in the next room,” he says.

Shane chews his lip, and he nods, just the smallest movement Ilya barely catches.

“Mm. Of course you do. Imagine if they knew,” Ilya purrs, and he pulls his shirt over his head, dropping it to the floor.

“You’ll keep your mask on?” Shane asks.

“Da. Of course. Otherwise you’d know who I am.”

It’s a stupid role play. It doesn’t even make sense, because this is Ilya’s house, and of course Shane knows whose party he’s at. Still, he keeps it up. Neither of them seem to mind the lack of accuracy, the logical fallacies of their role play. Ilya wants to fuck Shane and Shane wants to get fucked by Ilya, and two little masks are making it easier for that to happen.

“I...” Shane starts. “Undress. Please. I’ve been waiting so long,” he says, his voice a little thready.

That’s fun. “Oh? Have you?”

“Fuck you.”

Ilya frowns, exaggerated and comical. “What? Are you impatient? Do you want something?”

“I swear to God-” Shane starts. “Yes. I started prepping myself half an hour ago, and I’m hard, yes. I want something.”

“Ask nicely,” Ilya says, his hands going for his pants. Slowly, he undoes the button. Shane’s eyes follow.

“Please.”

“Please what?”

Shane huffs. “Please fuck me. I need to feel you, I need...”

“Go on,” Ilya encourages, pulling down the zipper.

“I need you inside me.”

Really, how is Ilya supposed to say no to that? He lets his pants fall to the ground and steps out of them. His briefs are nice, seamless and thin, ones that wouldn't show lines under the silky pants. He’s hard in them, straining the fabric. He slowly pulls them down, his eyes locked on Shane as he frees his cock.

It jerks in the cool air of the bedroom, just as Shane makes a sound, a sort of keening whine.

“Please.”

“You are fully prepped? Ready to take me?” Ilya asks.

Shane nods. “I had time.”

Ilya climbs onto the bed, crawling up it before he gets on top of Shane. Shane looks a little confused, but it's hard to say with the mask covering his eyebrows, as Ilya climbs up him and straddles his chest. Clarity dawns on him though, when Ilya wraps a hand around himself and drags his cock over Shane's mouth.

Shane parts his lips immediately, leaning forward.

"Ah. So ready for it, hm? You love it."

Shane leans in, about to take Ilya's cock, but Ilya pushes him back against the headboard with one hand. "Wait. Say it. Say you love it."

"I love it," Shane says immediately, no fight left in him, no shame with how needy he is.

"What do you love? I want to hear you say it."

"I love..." Shane inhales. "I love sucking cock. Please," he asks again, looking up at Ilya with big, desperate eyes from under his mask.

"Okay," Ilya agrees. "Get me nice and wet for your hole."

Ilya watches as Shane's eyes flutter from the holes in the mask, and then he opens his mouth and leans in. There isn't much preamble. He takes Ilya in, sucking him deep, suctioning his lips before he bobs his head. He's a little sloppy with it, sloppier than normal, and Ilya wonders if he had more than one beer. He's improved in his skill over the years, but he's still precise usually, neat. This is not neat. Shane is slurping, wet slick sounds, getting Ilya's cock soaked.

"Fuck, I got lucky," Ilya groans above him. "This slut is good at sucking cock too. Lots of practice, hm?" Ilya asks.

Shane groans around him, which hopefully means he's enjoying this act as much as Ilya is; pretending this isn't the very cock he's gained his experience on.

Finally, Ilya tugs at his hair, pulling him off, because if it goes on much longer, he'd cum. That gives him an idea to try sometime. If they can do this again. If Shane wants to cheat on his girlfriend again. Ilya isn't sure how he'll come up with another excuse for masks. Maybe Halloween. That's not the point. The point, is that Ilya thinks about promising Shane a good hard fucking, only to surprise him by cumming all over his face. He can already imagine the look of shock and irritation, how cute and indignant Shane would look with his face covered.

He snaps himself out of it, and gets off the bed, rummaging through his bedside drawer where he retrieves lube and condoms. "Sure you are ready?" He asks softly.

"Yeah," Shane says simply.

It might be some weird role play, but he's still going to check that Shane doesn't need more prep. Ilya tears the condom wrapped and rolls it on, watching as Shane's eyes follow the movement, and then he climbs back onto the bed, settling himself on his knees near Shane's ass. He uncaps the lube and pours some right over Shane's hole, before he slips his fingers in.

Fuck. Yeah, he's ready. He's more than ready. Ilya supposes he did make him wait long enough. He's slick and stretched open, and Ilya can press two fingers in him without much resistance, so he does, pushing the lube into him.

Shane writhes a little bit, squirming on the bed. "Fuck, stop teasing. I've been patient," he grits out.

"Oh," Ilya says in mock condescension. "But it is so fun to watch how desperate you are. Should I make you beg?"

"I'll leave," Shane bites back.

“No you won’t,” Ilya says. “You need cock too bad.”

He doesn’t tease more, because Ilya is nearly as desperate as Shane looks, and Shane is prepped and fuckable for him, inviting and hot, so he lines up and slams in. He’s done this before, when Shane is worked up, needy. Usually he’s slow at first, though. He guides himself in, checks on Shane. Not this time.

Shane gasps like the air is punched out of him.

“What?” Ilya asks, setting in his stance when he’s balls deep inside of Shane, his hands moving to Shane’s thighs, pushing them up so his knees go to his chest. “Is not what you wanted?”

“Fuck you,” Shane says breathlessly.

“No. Other way around,” Ilya says, and then he pulls back, using Shane’s thighs as leverage before he fucks into him again, just as hard. “Tell me is what you wanted,” Ilya says.

“Shut up,” Shane replies. Hm. He is more defiant than normal.

“Okay,” Ilya says, shrugging, and then he stills. It’s nearly impossible, the urge to roll his hips forward, to seek out friction, nearly consuming him. But he can do this longer than Shane can. He forces himself to still, buried deep inside Shane.

His jaw opens. “What... Move,” he says, frustrated.

“No. Not until you say it is what you wanted. You wanted to get fucked like a whore. By a stranger. Say it.”

Shane throws his head back onto the pillow. “Iwantedtogetfucked,” he says, unintelligible, strung together.

“Sorry,” Ilya says. “In English, please. Or Russian. I am not picky. But I need to understand it.”

“I wanted to get fucked. Okay?” Shane says, glaring up at Ilya.

“Like what?”

“Like a whore,” Shane says, his voice flat.

“You don’t sound like you mean it,” Ilya pushes.

“Roz-” he cuts himself off. “Please,” he starts again, his voice cracking this time. “Please. No more teasing. I want to get fucked like a... a whore,” Shane says, and for a moment Ilya feels guilty. He’s teased him too much, brought him to desperation in a way he didn’t want, maybe. His voice had sounded more defeated than horny.

Still, Ilya doesn’t know how to fix that now. Certainly Shane doesn’t want to stop to debrief, so Ilya just obeys. He does what he pushed Shane into begging for. He fucks him.

He isn’t gentle. He doesn’t think Shane wants it gentle, and he also isn’t sure how he’d manage gentle right now. He’s so keyed up, animalistic and feral, and he fucks Shane in earnest now, firm, hard thrusts that make their thighs slap together. His hands are gripping into the meat of Shane’s thighs so tightly his knuckles are white.

Shane lets out soft gasps, broken moans, more punched out sounds as Ilya slams into him. The whole bed shakes with the force of Ilya’s thrusting, and Shane’s hands are gripping Ilya’s sheets.

“Fuck,” Ilya gasps above him. “You feel so good. Still so tight for a slut,” he says. It’s more degrading than anything he’s ever said to Shane, but Shane moans beneath him, his jaw slack,

his face flushed. “Maybe you haven’t taken cock in a while, hm?” Ilya says, because he feels a little possessive, and maybe that makes him a little cruel, a little selfish. He needs Shane to say it.

“No,” Shane gasps beneath him.

“No? Poor thing,” Ilya says, slowing down a little, rolling his hips because he needs Shane to cum before him, and he’s too close. “Did you miss it?”

Shane bites his lip.

“Answer. Did you miss it? Did you miss cock?” Ilya asks. He shouldn’t be asking this. It’s too real. It’s mean. It’s forcing Shane to admit it, to admit that Rose isn’t what he wants. She can’t give him what Ilya can. Shane has a girlfriend, and he’s here, in Ilya’s bed. Even if that’s all Ilya is good for, it’s something Rose can’t give him. Maybe that’s enough.

“Yes,” Shane gasps when Ilya’s cock hits a certain spot. “Yes, I fucking missed it, god, right there, please,” he whines.

“Okay,” Ilya agrees, because he got his answer, and Shane is beautiful and desperate and at his mercy beneath him. He rolls his hips more, in tighter movements, keeping it precise, massaging Shane from the inside with the head of his cock until Shane is shaking.

“Cum for me,” Ilya says softly. “I want to watch you cum on my cock.”

Shane just nods, and he’s wordless as his cock jerks and then pulses, cum spilling out of him, over his abs. Ilya doesn’t let him finish before he starts fucking him hard again, listening to Shane keen and moan and whimper, probably over stimulated but somehow his cock keeps going, keeps pulsing even as it’s just a few drops of cum dribbling out as Ilya fucks him.

Ilya’s own orgasm slams into him, and he cums hard inside of Shane, his hands clenching and unclenching on Shane’s thighs as he rides out the feeling, the overwhelming pleasure that

takes a hold of him. It takes him a few good moments to catch his breath, to open his eyes and to gently let go of Shane's thighs, letting him lower them down.

Ilya pulls out slowly, his eyes locked onto Shane's face, searching for anything. Usually he can read him. Fuck the stupid mask. He wants to rip it off, to ask Shane why they needed this stupid guise of anonymity to be together again, but he doesn't know the words to ask in English. He wants to ask Shane why he left last time, after Ilya said his name. He wants to tell him that's why he planned this. That's why he did all of this. So he wouldn't have to say Shane's name. So Shane wouldn't have a reason to freak out and leave.

"You okay?" Ilya asks finally, because he did fuck Shane hard, and he wants to check.

"Yes," Shane nods.

Ilya bites the inside of his cheek. "I will go clean up," he says, nodding toward the bathroom.

"Rozanov," Shane says.

Ilya shakes his head, not daring to look back. "No. No names."

"That's stupid. Come on. We're not fucking anymore, that was... it was hot," he says.

"Yes," Ilya agrees. It was hot.

"But it's over," he says. "Rozanov. Can you sit?"

Ilya shakes his head again, and then something really terrifying happens. His bottom lip wobbles.

“*Ilya*,” Shane says.

That’s too much for him. He grits his teeth and spins back around, facing Shane. “No. We are in masks. You don’t call me that. I don’t call you by your name, and you don’t call me by mine. Yes?” He says, his voice a little manic, a little unhinged. “Is better this way.”

“Fuck that,” Shane says, and he practically rips his mask off, throwing it across the room.

Ilya’s face contorts, no matter how hard he tries to control it. “You should leave,” he whispers.

“Are *you* okay?” Shane asks.

“Yes. Fun party. Good sex. I am great,” he says, clenching his jaw as he stares down at Shane.

“*Ilya*.”

“You have a *fucking girlfriend*,” Ilya manages to say, the words coming out pained, like saying them physically hurts him. “Stupid,” he gestures to the mask on the floor, “guy in mask doesn’t have to have girlfriend. Shane Hollander does.”

Something spreads across Shane’s features, easier to read now that they aren’t obscured. Something like realization.

“Was this whole party…” he starts, but stops when Ilya nods once.

If Ilya speaks, he might sob, so he doesn’t. Sure, he’s alluded to that, but sometimes Shane needs to be told things directly to understand them. It makes it easier for Ilya to get away with hiding how he feels, most of the time.

“Oh.”

Ilya lifts his arm up and rubs the back of it over his eyes that are threatening to give him away completely. “Yes. Is very pathetic. Do I have your permission to go clean up now?” He asks quietly, sarcastically.

“Yeah,” Shane nods. “Yeah.”

“You can use the other bathroom. Down the hall,” Ilya says.

“Sure,” Shane says softly.

The message is clear: be gone by the time I come out.

Everything in Ilya wants Shane to stay. Everything. Everything except his sense of shame, the part of him that can’t cry in front of Shane, the part that can’t say the things he wants to say.

Shane is gone when Ilya comes back out, some time later. His mask is still on the ground.

—

Ilya’s at the airport a week later, on his way to Florida, to the All Star Game, where he’ll be on the same team as Shane, when Cliff puts his phone in Ilya’s face.

“Looks like your boy Hollander couldn’t hold down Rose Landry, huh?” he asks, showing Ilya the headline announcing their breakup.

“He’s not my boy,” Ilya says, but he has to lift a hand to his mouth to cover his smile.

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