

questioning everything

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questioning everything

by Anonymous

Summary

Like with everything, on the ice it was simple—he wanted to win, he wanted to beat Ilya. He was his fiercest competitor and his *equal*.

Off the ice, that faded away—for him, at least.

Ilya always saw him as an equal, even when they were too young and dumb to admit it.

But for Shane, when the skates were off and cotton sheets were beneath him, he didn't want to be Ilya's equal.

He wanted to *belong to him*.

It was why the briefest touch was enough to make him fall to his knees.

It was why he'd beg just to see his cock—to touch it—to *taste it*.

Desperate to take anything Ilya would give him, and too shy to *ask for it*.

Because what right did he have to ask Ilya Rozanov for *anything*?

No, he had to earn it with his words and tears and tongue.

And he wouldn't have it any other way.

Notes

Not my first time writing about a topless russian athlete who is absolutely obsessed with teasing his less experienced partner both in and out of the bedroom (Marcus x Alexei anyone?? anyone?? no just me? okay.) But first for this pairing, for sure. I read all the books last week. Have not seen the show (yet).

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

1.

'If you were an animal, what type would you be?'

This was asked by Harris, the social media manager, who was currently interviewing the team. It was an innocuous question. One that shouldn't be difficult to answer. And he knew Harris; Harris was *nice*. He was the least threatening person Shane had ever met. They'd had dinner together the previous night, for fucks sake, but that didn't stop Shane's palms from sweating.

This was more nerve-racking than any post-game conference. Even though the locker room was empty of press, only full of familiar faces—*his teammates*—and the lights were soft and steady rather than a crowd of flashes that left his vision spotty. It was peaceful. But it wasn't predictable.

Shane could answer hard questions when he knew the right answer—he could answer *anything* as long as he could discuss it with his manager and practice it in the mirror beforehand.

But this question wasn't one he had prepared for. He didn't know the right answer, and he didn't want to answer, didn't want to get it *wrong*. But trying to find the right answer was taking *too long*, and that was almost more humiliating.

He swallowed, "I don't know, maybe a fish?"

Harris gave him an easy smile—it was casual, friendly, like this interaction was *supposed to be*.

But Shane really was like a fish. One of the ones that lived at the bottom of the ocean. Because he was built to live and *thrive* under high pressure. So well suited and adapted to those conditions that he wasn't sure he could survive, much less *adapt*, to different circumstances.

He was built for hockey; it had always been as easy as breathing.

It was everything else that made him feel like he was drowning.

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Ilya answered immediately; he didn't even have to think about it.

Shane didn't either. He knew what sort of animal Ilya would identify himself as. They hadn't discussed it before, he just knew Ilya—knew him better than himself, even.

"I'd be dog. Dogs the best. I'm the best."

He really was.

He was lovable in that effortless way that dogs were.

The way that meant, even when they behaved badly, you couldn't help but enjoy their company, because there was just *something* about them that made life better when they were around.

Something that made the idea of them jumping on you and licking your face seem awfully appealing.

Shane knew that life wasn't easy for Ilya, but he made everything look easy.

He radiated competence and confidence in a way that had attracted Shane from the moment they met.

Shane was hardly known for his modesty—even in his youth, he was a *really* fucking good hockey player, and he'd happily say as much. But he couldn't carry that confidence with him when he was off the ice, not the way Ilya did.

For Ilya, it bled into his every interaction, and it *fascinated* Shane.

So much so that for a brief moment, he had convinced himself that his interest in Ilya was because he so desperately wanted to *be like Ilya* in that way, and it manifested in a twisted sort of attraction to him.

He had been less convinced of this after Ilya dropped to his knees in front of him. At that point, it was hard to deny that he wanted Ilya in a very different way.

It was hard to come to terms with all the ways he wanted Ilya.

And it was *much later* that he realized he wanted Ilya in *every way*.

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2.

'How do you clear your head before a game?'

Shane could *feel* Ilya's smirk, and pointedly refused to look at him.

“Every player has their own rituals, but meditation has been especially helpful for me, personally.”

It was true.

He just hadn’t had much success with the traditional methods and apps. He had tried. He had tried hard.

Because he *hated* being bad at things. But you couldn’t brute force meditation, and he hated that fact, too.

He should have been good at it. He was *excellent* at yoga, and meditation was supposed to go hand in hand with that. But yoga had never been something he did to relax—it was, like everything he did, intended to quite literally stretch his limits, to push himself further.

That was what he found satisfying about it, not the ease in which his body could relax into a pose.

He wasn’t very good at relaxing.

Not like Ilya.

And, he was complete shit at meditating.

At least, until Ilya.

Though meditating looked different with him.

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It had started with a blindfold. He had fucking hated it—*right up until Ilya touched him.*

Before that, it felt like torture, especially since he had only just graduated from the concussion recovery protocols that had left him living in dark rooms for *weeks*.

He hated having his senses dulled. It unsettled him, made him feel antsy and almost itchy in a way that he could only describe as torturous. He responded that way to painkillers, too; and he'd rather be hurt than groggy.

Unfortunately, he responded that way to *most* medications, even the ones meant to calm his anxiety, which only seemed to intensify it, somehow making him anxious over the *lack* of anxiety.

He worried about the fact he wasn't worried enough.

It was terrible.

He wanted so desperately to escape from his spiraling thoughts, that was what meditation was *supposed* to be for, but he only managed to find relief on the ice.

At least, that had been the case before Ilya.

Before this.

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If he thought about it (which Shane very much tried *not to*, since *not thinking* was the entire fucking point of this 'exercise'), there was something almost comical about the act.

Because the only way he could well and truly 'get out of his head' was when Ilya trapped him inside of it.

Because Shane may have fucking *hated* having his senses dulled, but he fucking *loved* it when Ilya took them away.

It might have had something to do with the fact he loved Ilya. And being fucked by him.

It didn't make much sense, really, how the blindfold, earplugs, and bindings calmed him.

Or at least they did when Ilya was part of the equation.

If he tried this on his own, he knew it would be *terrible*. His thoughts only multiplied in the silence. Without the distractions of sight and sound, he'd obsess about things he shouldn't. He knew himself well enough to know that.

But when Ilya was there, and Shane could feel him, that was *all* he could feel. He was so grateful that he could so fully focus on feeling *him* without the distraction of seeing or hearing him. Sensations were sharper like this, but his mind felt softer, emptied of anything except for Ilya.

His touch and scent enveloped him so fully that he didn't need anything else, and he needed this, this time to appreciate what he had without his anxiety getting in the way.

He never felt closer to Ilya, never felt more *free* than when they did this, when there was a strip of silk between them, and another binding his arms above his head.

And freedom felt *so good*.

Ilya felt so good. Always.

His mouth, all smug and soft as it moved down his neck.

His breath, tickling him with the heat of his gasps.

His teeth, cruel as they nipped at his chest, in a way that was as teasing as it was threatening, making him long for more with the same intensity that he feared it.

His hands, talented and rough, dragging all over him but inevitably finding their way down to his ass—teasing the crease, a dry thumb brushing over his hole, pressing and making him crave *more* even when he knew it would be excruciating without the assistance of lube.

That was what Ilya did, what he had always done: he made Shane crave things he shouldn't. He made him into something greedy and slutty and so unlike the man he was when they were apart.

But when they were together, that was the only time he truly felt like *himself*.

There was no room for manners or morals between them. When they were together, they stripped off more than just their clothes. They stripped away all pretenses and facades they wore in public, and there was something intimate about that, about being together so fully, even when it didn't involve sex.

But with them, it usually involved sex.

3.

'What do you do in your off-time? How does the Shane Hollander relax?'

If Ilya had been there, he would have snorted. Would have loudly exclaimed something akin to *'Shane never relaxes, doesn't know how. He does not have an off button. Always on.'*

It was something Ilya had pointed out during those first few weeks they spent at his cabin.

'Don't worry, I teach you to relax.' Ilya had promised with a grin.

And Shane had to admit that he was a good teacher, at least when it came to that.

But Ilya did admit that his attempts were, on occasion, rather halfhearted.

'I like you being on—being turned on, always, for me. I like it very much.'

It was embarrassing, how true that was, how his body was in a state of constant arousal when Ilya was in the vicinity.

He imagined it was similar to the way an animal could sense a predator, its body tensed in preparation for its inevitable attack.

But instead, his dick hardened in preparation to be fucked.

It could be very inconvenient, depending on the circumstances.

'It is cute, always so desperate,' Ilya would tease, looking at his half-erect cock with amusement rather than pity.

Shane wasn't used to it, either. Even after living together for over a year.

He was hardly asexual, but he wasn't like *this* around other people, or with other partners. His cock had never been on such a hair trigger, and wet dreams were a thing of the past.

Or at least they had been, before Ilya invaded his space.

His mind. His heart.

And, sometimes, his ass.

Okay, a *lot of times*.

Ilya was not so obvious, but he was as desperate for it as Shane. It was why he liked it so much. And the part of Shane that wasn't embarrassed was *so fucking glad*, because Ilya was famed for his sexual appetites, and he had wondered, briefly, if he would be able to keep up. It had seemed like a logical concern, given his general disinterest in the act and the teasing he faced from his teammates about his vanilla ways.

But he was *very* interested in Ilya.

Too interested, he thought, as he attempted to will his dick to *calm the fuck* down during his post-game shower.

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'How is it having Ilya Rozanov as a captain? Has it been a big adjustment for you?'

Ilya answered that before he could.

"It has been big adjustment for him. *Very big* adjustment."

Shane willed the heat to stay out of his cheeks, at least for a few minutes. But it was difficult when Ilya was making *dick jokes* during a press panel.

"It's true. He is an excellent captain, but everything about joining the Centaurs has been an adjustment," he said, trying to sound diplomatic.

"I do not make it easy for him," Ilya said, "Shane does not like it when things are easy. He likes it when things are hard—I mean, he is hard worker."

There was no fighting the heat after *that*.

Especially not when Ilya's hand roamed beneath the table, finding proof of exactly how hard Shane was.

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It was true that Shane didn't like it when things were too easy. It wasn't satisfying when it was easy. He liked challenging himself. He *needed* to challenge himself.

Challenge was synonymous in his mind with *control*. He realized he couldn't control the world or the people he loved, but he could control himself and his body, and he took solace in that.

Sometimes he took too much solace in that, and his challenges spiraled into something destructive—a competition within himself, to be the best, to *win*, that he would carry on, even to his own detriment.

His diet had devolved into this. Under the guise of treating his body like a temple, it had begun to resemble a prison, so many restrictions that any sense of joy was stripped away in a twisted attempt to win a war against his body, rather than working with it.

It had been a wakeup call of sorts for both him and Ilya. They were both more aware now, of when he was pushing himself, of the fact that it could go *too far*.

It had led to Shane challenging himself in little ways. In *fun* ways. And Ilya had caught on to this, too.

Ilya liked it, too, Shane was pretty sure of that.

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Ilya had admitted that one of Shane's most attractive qualities was his determination.

Well. *Kind of*.

He had followed this admission by listing a few other qualities. Specifically, his freckles and his ass.

Which Shane understood, since he had been attracted to Ilya's confidence...and also his face, and his cock.

Anyway.

Ilya liked seeing Shane work for things, even when they didn't come easily.

And he *especially* liked seeing Shane work to take his cock.

Even when there wasn't enough lube. Or enough preparation.

He liked it when Shane whined that it '*wouldn't fit*,' or that it was, '*too much*', but begged for him to keep going in the next breath. Because he was determined, even (okay, *especially*) when it came to *that*.

Shane liked the sting. Liked knowing that he had worked and *wept for this*, while Ilya steadily forced his cock into his ass. That made it feel *so much better*.

Because he had earned it, and earned all the orgasms that followed.

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5.

'You've had a lot of success, but what would you say is your biggest struggle on the ice?'

Shane cleared his throat, "I—sometimes, I could benefit from loosening up, I suppose. Taking things seriously is good, but there is such a thing as taking things *too seriously* and failing to evolve because of that. Ilya has taught me that."

He hadn't meant it *like that*.

But he wasn't surprised when he got the text from Ilya.

'It is fun seeing you loose but tight feels better for me ;)'

'I loosen you tonight get home fast'

Everything was about sex with that man.

But Shane was *not* complaining about that.

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He was complaining a bit as the fourth finger pressed into his ass.

He was clutching the pillow beneath him, teeth biting onto the corner, saturating the cotton with saliva as Ilya shifted his fingers. He was being slow tonight, but thorough, *so, so*, thorough. He claimed it was in an effort to '*loosen him up*' but every one of his muscles felt tight and strained thanks to the impossible stretch of the fingers inside of him.

It was *so much*.

He could feel his body twitch in protest, pulsing around the intrusion, as if trying to push them out but only encouraging them to slide deeper.

How much deeper, though?

It was *too much*; there was nowhere for them to go.

A blunt thumbnail teased his rim, as if considering joining the rest of Ilya's fingers in his ass, and Shane wasn't sure if he should scream or beg—and *for what?*

When he got like this, so mixed up, he just wanted Ilya, and there was no making sense of anything beyond that. He was so out of control, and he should hate that, but he didn't—because he trusted Ilya, and it was a relief to resign his mind and body over to him.

He'd take care of it. He'd make the right decision for them both.

Shane was certain of that.

Ilya sighed, "Another day, I think, I cannot wait," he sounded disappointed by his own impatience.

Shane was relieved.

Until Ilya slid his fingers out, and he was empty, and *fuck*, there was no relief in that. Only in being full, only in having Ilya filling him.

The pillow was wet with tears now, and he was too out of it to beg, but Ilya didn't make him—*thank fuck*—he felt his wide cock notch against his hole, sliding in with little fanfare given the careful preparation that was nearly having Ilya's hand inside of him.

The thought of that made him shiver. And not with disgust. *Fuck.*

He was such a slut for this man.

He couldn't help it, though, not when he felt like *that*, so hot and hard and thick inside of him.

Too hot and hard and thick.

Like he wasn't meant to be inside of him, not *there*. This would never feel easy or natural, and Shane knew that.

Thank fuck for that.

He liked that it was difficult. That he had to acknowledge this was what he wanted, what he *needed*, even if his body wasn't built for it. There was no avoiding the fact that he had chosen this, that he had writhed as Ilya fed his fingers into his hole, stretching him out before fucking into his ass because this wasn't an accident or a biological imperative.

This was *better*.

This was evidence of how badly they needed each other. Of how much they loved each other. Of how much they wanted to be together. Of how they would always fit themselves together, even when it felt impossible, or felt like the world was working against them.

Shane needed that evidence. He needed to feel it every day, the reminders of having Ilya inside of him, of the fact Ilya was part of his life and always would be.

He had to be.

Because life wasn't worth living without him.

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End Notes

i might continue this (thus the series 'twenty questions') if i have ideas but idk.

if anyone reads this, thank you, it was written and edited in a single night so thanks are probably required if you made it through ahaha

you can find me on tumblr @anamazingangie or discord @amazingangie if you are so inclined!

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