

## Let's go skating

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76288841) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76288841>.

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| 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="#">Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Ilya Rozanov</a>                                                                                     |
| Additional Tags: | <a href="#">Fluff and Smut</a> , <a href="#">Idiots in Love</a> , <a href="#">the cottage</a> , <a href="#">Shane Hollander has perfect thighs</a> |
| Language:        | English                                                                                                                                            |
| Stats:           | Published: 2025-12-23 Words: 3,824 Chapters: 1/1                                                                                                   |

# Let's go skating

by [geminilover](#)

## Summary

Ilya gets his skates on and tests the ice underneath him. It feels nothing like their professional rinks, which are always perfectly smooth. Each little imperfection in the ice creates a bump that shocks up his legs, and he almost feels clumsy. Ilya hasn't felt clumsy on ice since he was four years old.

"Have you ever skated outside before?" Shane asks, noticing Ilya's reaction.

"Maybe, once or twice," Ilya lies. "But I am city boy, remember."

"Well, there's no Zamboni." Shane grins, and skates confidently past Ilya, further out into their small rink.

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or, Shane and Ilya make the most of their Christmas break.

## Notes

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

*December 28th, 2017*

"I want to go skating," Shane murmurs into Ilya's chest. The sound of Shane's voice drags Ilya back to consciousness. He tightens the arm wrapped around Shane's body, tugging him until he ends up on top of Ilya with a huff.

"Perfect," Ilya sighs as Shane slides his forearms to either side of Ilya's head and lets the weight of his body press him to the mattress. Shane dips his head to kiss him softly, savoring.

"What did you say?" Ilya asks after they part, running his hands up the back of Shane's t-shirt. "Was asleep."

"Skating. Let's go skating." Shane lifts his face eagerly and the afternoon light catches his eyes just right to turn them golden.

"Where?"

"Outside. On the lake." Shane smiles at him and fidgets like he couldn't wait one moment longer to go lace up his skates.

And, he probably couldn't. Shane had finally been cleared to skate just one week ago, and only had one practice with the Metros before everyone was sent home for Christmas. After riding the bench for the last 9 months while recovering from his surgery, Ilya's boyfriend was getting antsy.

"Is it safe?" Ilya asked, squeezing Shane's hips.

"We won't fall through, if that's what you're worried about. Some of the neighbors checked the ice thickness recently, and it's been frigid ever since."

"*Nyet*. Your knee."

"Yes, Ilya. I have passed all the strength, stability, and mobility tests, and my trainers are very happy with my recovery. They say only one more month until I can scrimmage with contact."

Ilya nodded. Shane had told him this before, at least twice over the last week. But Ilya needed to hear it again, and again, until he could get the image of Shane, leg caught at an awkward angle while getting slammed into by Marleau, out of his head. Broken collarbone, concussion, torn MCL. The memory of it had haunted him since, and still made Ilya feel nauseated.

"It is negative one thousand degrees, Hollander."

"I thought you were a Russian bear," Shane says, pressing a kiss to the grizzly bear tattooed on Ilya's left pec. "Impervious to the cold."

“Yes, but I am in my den now for winter.” Ilya tugs a soft blanket up around Shane’s shoulders, cocooning them together. “With my mate.” He bites Shane’s lower lip playfully.

“Didn’t I just show you what my new knee is capable of?” Shane kneels over him and then sits back on his heels, demonstrating the full range of motion. It is similar to the riding motion he was employing earlier, Ilya must admit. He brushes his thumb over Shane’s knee through his pajama pants where he knows a pink surgical scar is hiding.

“Yes, but I was helping you quite a bit,” Ilya teases. With both hands on Shane’s ass, he rocks his hips down as he lifts his own up, bringing them together in a filthy grind, separated by layers of sweatpants and briefs.

“Ilya!” Shane’s cheeks go pink, and Ilya grins.

“Do you have skates for me?” he asks. He didn’t bother to bring any with him to their cottage, leaving it all behind in Boston. He managed to clear a whole week for Christmas with no annoying coaches or managers or brands wondering about his whereabouts.

“Size 9, right?” Shane bites the inside of his cheek like he usually does after getting a quip out on an unsuspecting Ilya.

Ilya growls and rolls Shane onto his back. His feet are a respectable Size 13, thank you very much.

“I think you are confusing my feet with a different one of my body measurements, sweetheart.”

Shane doesn’t have a retort to that, but just smiles up at Ilya with a blush spreading across his freckled cheeks. Shane might not be aware of this fact, but it is more effective on Ilya than any words could be.

Ilya climbs off the bed and helps Shane up after him. They both begin to layer up, preparing to face the bitter cold front that had engulfed Ontario.

“It was a family Christmas tradition,” Shane explains as they make their way downstairs.

“The kids would clear the ice in the morning. Then in the afternoon, before the big dinner, we would go out and play for hours. Mom’s team versus Dad’s team, with my aunts and uncles and cousins drafted between them. I know we missed Christmas, but,” Shane trails off, looking to Ilya to gauge his response. Ilya knows Shane tries to be mindful of Ilya’s unhappy childhood when he talks about his own idyllic one. Most days it doesn’t bother him to hear about it, especially since Yuna and David have been so accepting of him. It has become less of a sharp pain for what he doesn’t have, and more of an ache for what his younger self didn’t have.

“Is not too late. Anyway, we have not missed Russian Christmas,” Ilya points out.

After bundling up in their coats and hats and grabbing gloves, they head to the basement where a glass sliding door opens up to a lake view. They pull on boots at the door and Shane

goes to get their skates. Ilya presses a hand to the cold glass and makes a face. Shane catches Ilya's expression as he is coming back.

"Come on, Ilya. Before we lose the daylight." Shane opens the door and steps out, and Ilya follows faithfully.

"Ah. You have not yet had lighting installed?"

Shane ignores him and opens the door of a shed kept underneath the tall deck. He retrieves a wide shovel and hands it to Ilya, and they make their way across the snow-covered lawn and down to the lake. Their boots sink deep into the snow, making it an arduous process.

It is a bright and clear day, like the coldest days often are. Their breath goes up in big white puffs and Ilya's eyelashes start to stick together. The sun is nearly touching the horizon, blinding Ilya whenever he dares to lift his eyes.

When the snow meets ice, Ilya moves to untie his boots, but Shane gestures to the lake.

"Gonna have to clear some snow first."

"And this is my job?"

"Well, I am injured."

Ilya tsks but begins clearing a vaguely oval-shaped patch of ice for them. He piles the snow around the edges of their makeshift rink, creating something like boards. He heads back to the edge to get his skates on and sees Shane walking back through the snow with a couple sticks in his hands. Ilya grins at him. Of course Shane wanted to have a game.

Ilya gets his skates on and tests the ice underneath him. It feels nothing like their professional rinks, which are always perfectly smooth. Each little imperfection in the ice creates a bump that shocks up his leg, and he almost feels clumsy. Ilya hasn't felt clumsy on ice since he was four years old.

"Have you ever skated outside before?" Shane asks, noticing Ilya's reaction.

"Maybe, once or twice," Ilya lies. "But I am city boy, remember."

"Well, there's no Zamboni." Shane grins, and skates confidently past Ilya, further out into their small rink. Ilya pushes forward faster to catch up to him, getting used to the grooves under his skates. It helps that the blades are perfectly sharpened. Shane had clearly been planning this, getting skates in Ilya's exact size and in his preferred brand. Shane often did things like this, crafting ideas for days or even weeks before clueing Ilya in. Usually it was a good thing that he was thinking up, like this.

They skate in circles for a while. It feels strange to skate without a stick in his hand, especially at their leisurely pace. Ilya watches Shane carefully for any signs of discomfort, but Shane's smile stays firmly in place. Cold air whips their faces as they speed up, and Ilya is sure he is as red-cheeked as Santa Claus.

“No loons today?” Ilya asks, and surveils the edges of the lake for any of the black and white birds that surprised him so badly the first time.

“Nope, they have all migrated.”

“Good. Creepy red-beady-eyed fucks.”

Shane laughs. Ilya’s animosity toward the loons is a complete fabrication at this point. The turning point in their relationship had been last June when he went out kayaking and saw a loon with three of its babies perched on its back, gliding serenely on the glass water. He hadn’t had his phone with him, and instead of showing Shane a picture he’d had to describe it to him, his excitement giving away his change of heart. He had even come to associate the loon calls with peaceful nights sitting with Shane at the firepit near the lake’s edge. It would make him happy when the loons returned in the spring.

“You are okay?” he asks Shane, extending his hand. Shane takes it and squeezes their gloved hands together tightly.

“Perfect. I feel as good as new.” Ilya can tell that Shane is being sincere, with the effortless way Shane steadies himself when they hit rougher patches. After years of playing against him, Ilya has gotten pretty good at reading Shane’s body language on the ice.

“Good. You deserve it.” He means it, with the way Shane has been working tirelessly at his recovery. Time normally spent working on the ice went toward physical therapy, but he also attended all of his team’s practices, sitting on the bench and strategizing with his coaches and other injured players. Ilya is happy that Shane keeps busy while he is away in Boston or on his roadtrips.

“Are you excited to get beat again?” Montreal has been trying its best, but lagged without Shane. Boston had beaten them in every game this season. Ilya clicks his tongue.

“We shall see.”

Once they get tired of their circling, Ilya makes his way to the center of the ice and shows off his figure skating tricks to Shane. These consist of a short, unimpressive leap, a spin before he stumbles out of it, and a one legged glide with a leg extended out behind him. Shane laughs at him but claps along.

“Good thing you are in hockey and not figure skating, huh?”

“You should see what I can do in figure skates.”

Ilya skates up to Shane and wraps his arms around his middle, gently catching him in his momentum. They glide slowly across the ice, Shane’s skates trapped between Ilya’s. Shane grips Ilya’s shoulders and glances behind himself to make sure Ilya isn’t about to run them into a snowbank. Of course he isn’t.

Ilya leans down to whisper in Shane’s ear.

“I bet you can do it better than me, Mr. Yoga. Mr. Flexible.”

Shane groans, burying his face in Ilya's coat. He still gets embarrassed thinking about Ilya watching him doing yoga on TV. Ilya has reassured him many times that his obsession with the clip was not due to its embarrassing nature, but rather the arch of Shane's back and the bulging of his arm muscles.

Shane copies Ilya's tricks, completing them much more gracefully. He even shows Ilya a few tricks that he remembered trying out as a kid when he used to share ice time with the figure skaters. Ilya's eyes never leave him and Shane gets flustered under his heavy stare, eventually going to retrieve the sticks and puck he had brought over.

Ilya takes one of the sticks from Shane and they pass a puck back and forth as they skate. The puck moves slowly on the rough ice, making it a relaxing activity rather than the usual fast pace he was used to. It is nice. Shane isn't at all rusty in his puck handling. He'd been able to practice that ever since his sling came off.

Ilya hogs the puck and shows off by balancing it on the edge of his stick. Shane skates up and steals it away, retreating to his side of the ice, and then immediately one-ups Ilya by flicking the puck in the air and catching the edge of the puck on the edge of his stick, balancing it there.

"So sexy, Hollander." Ilya calls across the ice. He closes the distance between them and Shane tosses the puck to him as he approaches. Surprised, Ilya lunges forward and catches it on the flat edge of his stick. He skates off with it, grinning.

They play around like that until the sun dips fully below the treeline and Ilya can barely see the puck. His fingers have long since gone numb, making it harder to show off for Shane. He puts the puck in his pocket and skates along the edge of the rink, gaze catching on the way the fading light streams through the gaps in the trees. He feels peaceful, maybe more so than he ever has.

Shane skates over and bumps their shoulders together. "Ready to go in?"

"I feel like old man," Ilya blurts out.

"Hmm?" Shane glances over at him, a curious smile quirking up the corner of his mouth.

"I feel like..." Ilya swallows as a rush of emotion washes over him. Those aren't uncommon these days. Shane seems to bring out his mushy side. "I feel like, when I am old man, when I can't do hockey anymore, I want to do just this, with you."

Shane blinks, surprised at the sudden confession. He loops his arm through Ilya's.

"Me too. Let's do this every day when we are old men."

Ilya laughs at Shane's easy agreement. Does he realize the weight that statement holds to Ilya? He hopes so.

"Inside, now," Ilya says, pushing them in the direction of the cottage. "Otherwise I will become icicle and die out here."

“We cannot have that,” Shane says, bending over to unlace his skates as they get to where their boots were discarded. “I plan to have you around for much longer before making you into an icicle.”

He nearly forgets to appreciate Shane’s ass with the way the feeling inside him expands, like a small glowing sun is inside his chest. Ilya hides his smile between his arms as he, too, bends down to get his skates off.

They finally settle in the living room, sprawling on the rug in front of the fireplace. The heat makes Ilya’s skin tingle. Shane leans against the edge of the couch, extending his feet toward the flames. He’s stripped down to just his long sleeve shirt and sweatpants, and Ilya admires the way the warm firelight illuminates the curves of Shane’s chest and biceps. His hair is all rumpled from his hat and he hasn’t bothered to fix it. Ilya loves it. He sits up on his elbows, threading the soft, long fibers of the rug through his fingers. It is not nearly as soft as the hairs at the back of Shane’s head.

“Feet are frozen,” Ilya complains, and puts them in Shane’s lap. His boyfriend dutifully begins rubbing Ilya’s feet through the thick wool socks. Ilya closes his eyes and tilts his head back to watch the dancing flames. His toes begin to feel less like little ice blocks, and he wiggles them and sends Shane a grateful look.

With the ability to move his feet again, he presses one of them to the front of Shane’s sweatpants. He smirks as Shane’s eyes flick to his. A shocked little breath falls from between Shane’s lips as Ilya presses harder, wiggling his toes until he feels the shape of what he is looking for.

“God,” Shane manages to say, and then shoves both Ilya’s feet off of him. “Not with your gross feet.” Ilya smirks even wider. Shane is such a bad liar.

They exchange a heated glance, Shane’s chest rising and falling with the effort of his breaths. Ilya’s fingers curl tighter in the rug.

“We have not had sex on this rug,” he comments.

“We have not had sex on most of the rugs in the cottage.”

“What a shame.”

Shane’s fingertips lightly trail along Ilya’s foot and encircle his ankle. He squeezes there as if apologizing for having pushed him away. Shane’s fingers feel like heaven where they press into his sore calves, and he lets out an appreciative noise. Shane lifts his head, studying Ilya. He hopes the firelight does similar things for his body as it does to Shane’s.

Shane leans forward from his recline against the couch and crawls the few feet between them, taking his time to massage different parts of Ilya’s body as he goes, but ignoring the one place Ilya wants him to touch most. Eventually, Shane arrives with his hands at Ilya’s shoulders and settles in his lap. His pretty face is bathed in warmth and Ilya can’t take his eyes off of him. Shane leans down and presses kisses to Ilya’s forehead, cheek, nose, and

chin. Ilya smiles and brushes his fingers over the buttery soft hair of Shane's undercut. He places his hand at the nape of his neck and guides Shane's lips to his, ending Shane's teasing.

They gasp into each others' mouths as if remembering how good this feels. Shane tastes like cool, crisp winter air, and Ilya doesn't waste any time before kissing him deeply. Shane makes a soft, pleased noise at the drag of their tongues. Ilya gets Shane's shirt off quickly, and then Shane tugs at Ilya's shirt until he pauses to take it off. Shane's gaze drops immediately to Ilya's chest, and he runs his fingers through the dark hair below his belly button.

"Size 9," Ilya scoffs, suddenly remembering Shane's earlier quip. He pinches Shane's pec before rolling them over so Shane is the one laid flat on the warm rug. Shane makes an irritated noise at being manhandled, but allows Ilya to arrange him how he likes. Ilya crowds over him, forcing Shane's legs out wide to accommodate for his hips, and pins his wrists above his head. "I will show you Size 9."

Something softens in Shane's expression then, the gentle shift that Ilya notices now and again. It is the same one that he first saw in a filthy Las Vegas hotel bathroom three long years ago. At the time, it felt like witnessing a miracle and a catastrophe all at once. It had shocked Ilya into putting more distance between them. Now, it just reels him in even tighter.

"Please do," Shane says, squirming under Ilya's gaze.

Ilya leans down to kiss him again and moves their hips together in a slow, dirty grind that has Shane panting. He tugs at Ilya's grip on his wrists and moans when Ilya doesn't let go. When Ilya finally gets his fill of Shane's mouth, he releases him to get the rest of their clothes off. He settles between Shane's legs with a happy sigh, kissing and occasionally biting at his soft inner thighs. He's never been shy about how much he likes this part of Shane's body. He remembers seeing Shane skate in person for the first time, doing conditioning drills with the Canadian junior team. He was so fast, strong thighs propelling him across the ice. It was a revelation getting to see them without the hockey uniform for the first time.

Shane stares down at him pleadingly and tangles his fingers in Ilya's messy curls. Ilya grins and traces his tongue over a stretch mark, following it into the crease of Shane's groin, keeping eye contact all the while. The teasing makes it all the more delicious when Shane's thighs tighten around Ilya's head as he sucks his cock and opens him up.

"Shane," Ilya breathes as he sinks in slowly, studying Shane's expressions. He has his hands braced on either side of Shane's head, Shane's legs hitched up around him. Shane's ankles cross behind Ilya's back, one of his heels pressing into the small of his back and urging him forward.

"Ilya," Shane responds, a contented look on his face once Ilya is fully settled inside. They'd gotten really good at this position in the months following Shane's injury. This position, and the one with Shane flat on his stomach. After about a month, Shane was healed enough to want sex, but still not able to put any pressure on his knee. Shane admitted in an embarrassed whisper late one night that the only positions he was currently able to do were also his

favorites. Both positions, coincidentally, are ones in which Ilya is putting in most of the work.

Ilya doesn't mind, especially when he sees the haze in Shane's eyes which means that he has fully surrendered to the moment, all his usual worries drowned out by the steady rhythm of Ilya's hips. Ilya is not lazy, and he believes that now.

The closer they get to orgasm, the closer they need to be to each other, and Shane draws Ilya into a messy kiss. Ilya kisses Shane's neck and listens to the shocked little moans he makes when Ilya thrusts particularly hard. Ilya hears Shane's moans start to form words, warning Ilya. That's okay, because Ilya is almost there too. He lifts his head to look Shane in the eyes, not wanting to miss a single expression.

"Please, Ilya," Shane sighs, looking up at him with big brown eyes, and then Ilya is coming a second before Shane. Pleasure slams into him like a hip check straight into the boards.

In the aftermath, Ilya's arms tremble with the effort of holding himself up over Shane. Usually he would let himself collapse knowing that Shane likes the weight, but with only a rug separating them from the hardwood floor, that just seems cruel. Especially with the sweet, peaceful look on Shane's face right now. Sweat rolls down his back, and he suddenly realizes that he is scorching, so close to the fireplace.

Ilya gathers Shane in his arms and sits back on his heels, drawing Shane onto his lap. Ilya is still deep inside and they both gasp with the movement, and then laugh, foreheads pressed together. Shane's arms settle around Ilya's shoulders and his eyes open, much clearer than before.

"I love you," Shane says.

"I love you too."

Ilya kisses him once, twice, three times, and then helps Shane slide off his cock with a hand on his waist.

"Jesus Christ," Shane mutters, settling back down on Ilya's lap and letting his head loll forward and rest on Ilya's shoulder. Ilya can tell Shane is studying the mess they've made.

"Carry me to the shower?" Shane asks, glancing up with a playful smile. Even though Shane has been assessed and cleared by a team of the best physical therapists out there and is more than capable of walking himself, Ilya is happy to comply.

"Of course, sweetheart."

## End Notes

jesus christ is right, shane. hollanov has bewitched me, body and soul

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