Like a dog with a bone

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Like a dog with a bone

by Buckysrightarmcrank

Summary

Ilya's gums ache, he's annoyed, he's itching for a fight or a bite.

Maybe Hollander can help in one of those

(Y'all this was so very self indulgent)

Notes

Everyone thank my beta deadwright for going through my midnight ramblings and making them make sense.

I JUST SAW THE BUZZFEED INTERVIEW, I SWEAR I WROTE THIS BEFORE, OMG WHY DO THEY KNOW ABOUT ABO

See the end of the work for more notes

Ilya Rozanov's gums ached something fierce. It itched and annoyed the fuck out of him. He chewed at his mouth guard, wishing it gave him relief as he skated in circles around the rink for practice.

He was distracted and off his game, even Marleau had pulled him aside to ask if everything was all right. He knew how moody Ilya could be, he'd been an unwitting listener to one of Alexei's many calls and knew what they did to Ilya, but this felt different.

He has no time for that now though. He has a game coming up with the Metros and he had promised to kick Hollander's ass.

(Maybe he'll get to make it up to him after)

By game time, the ache hadn't gone away. If anything, it had sharpened, crawling along his gums and into his jaw, a low throb that pulsed in time with his heartbeat. Ilya swallowed hard, flexed his jaw, told himself it was nothing. A migraine. Stress. Too much shit, not enough sleep.

The Metros' arena was loud in a way that felt personal. The crowd noise pressed in from all sides, a wall of sound that rattled around inside his skull. Skates screamed against ice. Sticks cracked. The puck snapped back and forth with an annoying violence that usually grounded him, made his blood sing in anticipation.

Tonight, it only added to the chaos. It was too much.

The locker room before the game had been worse. Too many bodies, too close together. Sweat and soap and expensive fucking cologne layered hung thick in the air. Ilya had gone rigid at his stall, hands curling tight around the edge of the bench as something sharp and feral twisted low in his gut. He wanted to break something or bite something. He didn't know which.

Smells he recognized, metal, brunt rubber, dirty ice, tangled with things he didn't want to think about. Sweetness where there shouldn't be any. Heat. Something electric under it all.

He blamed the lights. The noise. The ache in his head that had started to pulse behind his eyes. He shouldn't be playing in this state, objectively, but when has that ever stopped him?

He did not think about Shane Hollander.

On the ice, Ilya played like he always did, but the hunger to win, to score, it felt different tonight. It has more edge, more bite, like he wanted to tear something apart with his teeth. He chased the puck with a single-minded aggression that bordered on reckless, throwing his weight into checks, slamming the boards harder than necessary. The refs whistle making his teeth grind.

His breath came fast and shallow behind his visor. The world narrowed to speed and impact and the white-hot burn in his muscles.

And then there was Hollander.

Shane moved like he always did— smooth, infuriatingly effortless. The fucking golden boy. He laughed at something Hayden said as they lined up for a faceoff, bumped shoulders with him, let Hayden reach up and give him a quick, affectionate tap to the helmet.

Something in Ilya snapped.

The sound that tore out of his throat startled even him, low and rough and ugly. A *growl*. It had to be. There was no other word for it.

Hayden glanced over, startled. Shane's eyes flicked up, sharp and curious, and locked on Ilya across the ice.

For half a second, the noise fell away.

Ilya smelled him then.

Not the generic, clean scent he'd noticed before. Not the pine-fresh soap Shane favored, but something underneath it. Warm. Sweet. Something wholely Shane fucking Hollander in a way that made Ilya's mouth flood with saliva and his gums throb so hard he saw white.

He wanted… no. He *needed*.

The puck dropped.

Ilya hit Shane in the next shift like he was trying to knock him through the boards. He *wanted* Shane to go down– he could just see it in his mind– Hollander falling with a sharp grunt, skidding across the ice, and for a terrifying moment Ilya had the vivid, visceral urge to follow through, to press him there, teeth sinking into his-

He skated away instead, chest heaving, heart slamming against his ribs.

The Raiders won.

It should have felt good. It didn't.

By the time the final buzzer sounded, Ilya was shaking. Adrenaline had curdled into something tight and restless under his skin.

The locker room was even more unbearable than before — everyone congratulating each other, champagne in his face, the clamoring of the press. Normally he would be in the middle revelling in it, but tonight, he wanted to tear out of his skin, he needed to not be *here*.

He peeled off his gear as fast as he could, hands clumsy, breath coming in short bursts. He took the fastest shower of his life, trying to ignore the sweat and musk that threatened to make him retch.

“I gotta go,” he muttered, not looking at anyone in particular in the din as he pulled on his gear quickly to leave.

Coach frowned. “Rozanov—”

“Family thing,” Ilya snapped, already halfway out the door.

He didn’t miss the way Marleau’s eyes followed him, sharp with concern.

The night air hit him like a shock, cool and sharp and not nearly enough. Ilya leaned against the concrete wall outside the arena, head tipped back, teeth clenched hard enough his jaw ached.

He fumbled for his phone.

Lily: I’m coming over.

The reply came almost immediately.

Jane: I’ll be waiting.

The ride to Shane’s place was a blur. Traffic lights smeared into color. Sounds felt discordant, jarring, like hammers to the head. By the time Ilya shoved through Shane’s front door he was shaking, whatever fragile restraint he’d been clinging to shattered completely.

Shane barely had time to turn before Ilya was on him.

Hands fisted in Shane's shirt, yanking him forward. The scent hit Ilya full-force— pine soap, clean skin, and that maddening sweetness underneath that made his knees go weak. He pressed his face into Shane's neck, inhaling hard, a sound tearing out of him that he didn't recognize as his own.

Fabric ripped under his hands.

"Fuck," Shane laughed breathlessly, the sound vibrating against Ilya's mouth. "Roz–"

Ilya kissed him hard enough to cut the word off, teeth scraping, lips bruising. Shane's hands came up, trying to grab his wrists, steady him, but Ilya shoved him back instead, pushing him against the door and boxing him in.

He ground forward, desperate, needy, something hot and possessive coiling tight in his chest. He nipped at Shane's throat, not hard enough to break skin, not yet. Chasing that intoxicating scent felt like it was the only thing keeping him upright.

"Easy," Shane murmured, still smiling, still calm in a way that only made it worse.

"Rozanov. Hey."

Ilya growled again, low and involuntary, and pressed his mouth back to Shane's neck, breathing him in like oxygen.

He didn't know what was happening to him.

He only knew he couldn't stop.

Shane pushed him back.

Just enough to get some space, just enough to finally look at him.

Ilya froze, breath coming in rough pulls, pupils blown wide behind his visor-less stare. There was something wrong there. Something unfocused and hungry that made Shane’s smile falter.

“Ilya,” he said quietly, questioning.

The sound of his name seemed to wake him up somewhat, cutting through the noise in his head. He stilled, taking in a long shuddering breath– surfacing from an ocean of whatever the fuck was going on inside him.

He stood there breathing, forehead coming to rest against Shane’s, his hot breath puffing between them.

The ache was still there in his bones, in his gums, he fisted his hands in Shane's shirt. He needed a moment.

Shane's hands slid up his arms, slow and deliberate, anchoring him.

“Hey,” he murmured again. "I'm here”

Ilya swallowed, his gums throbbed, he was humming with want, sharp and insistent but he forced himself to stay where he was, to feel the solid warmth of Shane grounding him.

“I’m–” His voice came out rough, barely there. He cleared his throat and tried again. “I want to try something.”

Shane leaned back just enough to look at him properly. His eyes searched Ilya's face.

"Okay," Shane said after a moment. "I trust you."

Something eased in Ilya's chest at that. He dipped his head and kissed Shane softly, nothing rushed about it, lips lingering like he was memorizing the shape of him.

Ilya would not utter the words now, but what he felt for Hollander ran deeper than the surface hunger that plagued him now or across the stolen moments in the years between them. He was so utterly grateful to Hollander and so fucking gone in him.

When he finally pulled back, his eyes were darker now, intent and unmistakably hungry.

"I want you to run," Ilya said quietly.

Shane's breath caught. He hesitated, just a fraction, then nodded. He stepped back, fingers brushing Ilya's wrist as he did, gaze never leaving his.

"Okay," he said again.

He turned, uncertainty and anticipation written into the line of his shoulders.

Then Shane moved.

He twisted out of Ilya's grip and bolted down the hall, bare feet slapping against hardwood as he lunged for the bedroom. His heart was pounding, adrenaline spiking, want curling low in his gut.

The bed was inches away when something slammed into him from behind.

Shane went down with a startled laugh and a sharp exhale, momentum carrying them both onto the bed. The mattress dipped under their combined weight as Ilya followed him down, heavy and solid and relentless.

Ilya's chest pressed to Shane's back, pinning him there. Shane could feel every line of him, the heat of his body, the tension in his muscles, the way his breath stuttered against Shane's shoulder blade.

"Fuck," Shane breathed.

Ilya didn't answer. He lowered his face to the back of Shane's neck instead, inhaling deep, a rough sound tearing out of him as his mouth brushed skin.

His teeth scraped.

Not enough to hurt, just enough to register they are there. Sharper than they should've been. Dragging lightly along that soft stretch of skin where Shane's pulse jumped wild and fast.

A shiver tore through him, fear flashing hot and bright before twisting into something darker, heavier. His hands curled into the sheets as his body reacted without asking permission.

"Ilya," Shane said again, voice so close to a moan.

Ilya growled low in his chest and pressed closer, hips rocking forward, all instinct and need. Shane's breath hitched, a helpless sound pulled from him as sensation overloaded. The scrape of teeth, the heat of Ilya's body, the impossible closeness.

He found himself pushing back into it, gasping, mortified and so fucking turned on it made his head spin.

Hands slid over him, impatient and clumsy. Ilya shoved himself up just long enough to tear at their clothing, movements rough and hurried. Fabric went slack. Cool air hit skin.

Then they were bare, breathless, tangled together on the bed.

Ilya hovered there for half a second, looming over him, eyes still too bright, too focused. Shane twisted enough to catch his gaze, heart hammering as something unspoken passed between them.

“Okay,” Shane whispered, half a question, half a plea.

Ilya dipped his head again, mouth returning to Shane’s neck, and whatever answer he might have given was lost to the heat and the closeness and the way the world narrowed down to nothing but skin and breath and the sharp edge of something neither of them fully understood yet.

Fuck, a distant inside part of Ilya thinks. *He's going too fast.*

But Ilya’s focus narrows down to a pinprick, to just one solitary goal: devouring Shane Hollander, the golden boy with the pale skin. He wants to lick the freckles on Hollander’s face, on his shoulders.

He pulls Shane up so he turns to face him. His singular obsession is sprawled haphazardly across the bed, looking up at him with a crooked grin.

“We don't have all night, Rozanov. Are you only here to watch?”

Ilya pounces, startling an “oof!” out of Shane.

He gives in to the new instinct urging him to taste every inch of Shane. His tongue drags slowly down Shane’s neck to his nipple, where he bites just hard enough to pull a sharp, broken sound from him. It goes straight to Ilya’s already aching cock.

Shane’s hands fist in Ilya’s hair, tugging hard. It’s a lot. Too much and somehow still not enough for Ilya.

He keeps moving downward, kissing and licking, the scent of Shane growing stronger the lower he goes. He nips at the soft dip of Shane Hollander’s belly, lingering there. There’s something feral inside him that wants to devour this softness entirely, to consume it without restraint. But there’s another, darker instinct that wants to keep it, to claim it in a slower, more deliberate way.

Ilya lifts his head and takes one last look at Shane. He’s grinning through swollen, bitten lips, flushed and undone. Then Ilya takes him into his mouth.

Shane gives in with a long, rough groan. “Fuuuuuck, Rozanov. Jesus. Holy shit.”

Ilya takes him deep, all the way to the root, then pulls back again before lifting Shane’s legs and resting them over his shoulders. From there, he drags his tongue from taint to tip, unhurried and intent.

For a split second, Ilya Rozanov is in heaven. The ache in his gums is momentarily soothed, the meal in front of him taking too much of his mind. He eats Shane out with single-minded intensity, driven and relentless, his left hand steadily working the other man's weeping cock, while the other braced as Shane’s leg hooks over his shoulder, bringing him closer.

Slowly, he becomes aware of Shane nearly sobbing above him, fingers pulling desperately at his hair.

“Please, Ilya,’ Shane gasps, “Please, I need you in me now.”

Ilya growls into Shane's thighs, and nips at them before forcing himself to pull back. He takes in the sight of Shane, fully wrecked, one arm thrown over his face as if he can hide. He can’t. He’s hard as hell, pre-come slicking his stomach and pooling in the hollow of his belly button.

Ilya dips two fingers into it and brings them to his lips.

“Fuuuuck,” Shane groans, peeking up at him through his fingers.

Ilya grins, reaches for the lube on the bedside table, and takes his time opening Shane up. Slowly. Thoroughly. Taking his time, leaving Shane a mewling mess. Ilya pauses often to kiss him, to drink in every sound he makes.

Finally, finally, he pushes in.

The animals in Ilya’s chest roar as the moment crests. He watches in a detached, almost reverent fascination as Shane arches up into him, hands scrambling uselessly at the sheets before clutching at Ilya’s forearms.

Ilya sets a brutal pace for both of them. Shane’s moans and Ilya’s growls weave together into something raw and wordless, a sound that tightens painfully in Ilya’s gut.

Just as he’s about to come, he feels it. The beast surging up inside him. Shane is crying out his name, begging for more, his pale neck bared and vulnerable. Waiting.

Ilya bites down.

Shane comes with a scream, Ilya following moments later.

They collapse together, panting. Ilya presses his forehead to Shane’s shoulder and licks at the pinpricks of blood left behind.

Shane swears breathlessly. “Fucking holy shit, Rozanov. What the fuck was that.”

He pauses, then adds, “It was hot as hell, don’t get me wrong. But did you seriously bite me?”

Ilya laughs and flops down on top of him, settling his full weight against Shane’s body.

As they lay in the afterglow and the worst of Ilya’s hunger had ebbed, he found himself sprawled half on top of Shane, heavy and warm. His head on Shane’s chest, an arm slung over Shane's torso, a leg hooked tight around his thigh. As if when he lets go, even a little, Shane might disappear.

Shane huffs a laugh, fingers idly carding through Ilya’s hair. “You’re clingy today,” he says, unable to keep the fondness out of his voice.

Ilya only hums in response and presses closer.

He drifts up slowly, planting soft kisses along Shane's chest, pausing to lick at Shane's nipple, earning a giggle, until he got to where he wanted. He nips at Shane's shoulder, teeth scraping just enough along the already marked-up landscape to make Shane suck in a breath.

“Fuck,” Shane Mutters, “What is it with you and biting tonight?” He tilts his head, giving Ilya a look.

“Are you actually trying to eat me?”

The other man pauses in his ministrations and lifts his head slowly.

In the low light of the bedroom, Shane sees it– the way Ilya’s eyes catch and glow. Not his usual hazel, but molten gold almost, making his eyes glow from within.

His smile is wide when it comes, teeth just a little too sharp, canines catching the light as he grins.

Something in Shane's stomach flips, fear brushing him quick and bright, then something like a primal hunger settles in his gut.

"'Maybe," Ilya says softly.

Shane exhales a laugh that comes out a bit shaky. This was Rozanov fucking with him by just existing, again. He reaches out to the other man, cupping his jaw, thumb brushing the warm skin by his chin.

"You're such an asshole, Rozanov. You know that?"

Ilya leans into the touch, eyes never leaving his, dipping his lips to kiss the tip of his lover's fingers.

Eventually, Shane drifts off like that, trusting, well-fucked and loose-limbed, with a bite mark blooming against his shoulder where Ilya couldn't quite stop himself.

Ilya stays awake.

The ache in his gums was quieter now, sated for the moment, but not gone entirely. He traces the mark he left on Shane with a careful finger, something proud and possessive stirring low in his chest. His nails look sharper when he lifts his hand. He tests his teeth with his tongue and feels them shift, lengthen, just slightly.

He grins to himself in the dark.

Shane stirs awake groggily, blinking, and catches the other man smiling at him.

Their eyes meet.

Shane squints, “What big teeth you have, Grandma.”

Ilya snorts before he can stop himself, laughter breaking the weird tense moment. He drops his head down to press a kiss to Shane’s shoulder instead.

“Go back to sleep, Hollander,” he murmurs.

Shane does just that, smiling this time. Ilya wraps himself around his lover and follows soon after.

End Notes

There are two wolves inside you

Ilya and Shane, can you, you know

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