I Touch Myself

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I Touch Myself

by BugTheCyborg

Summary

Five times Shane and Ilya got off thinking about each other, and one time they didn't have to.

Notes

This is entirely because of the song "I Touch Myself" by Divinyls. And also because Heated Rivalry has consumed my life.

I don't want anybody else
When I think about you I touch myself

See the end of the work for more notes

1. The gym

Shane was ridiculously turned on and kind of angry about it, to be honest. What was Rozanov playing at, in the gym? The unnamed race, all the eye contact. The water bottle. The wink. Fuck, the wink.

And the water. Shane hadn't known how erotic it could be, to just… to just swallow. Rozanov's mouth, dropped open, pink and wet, panting… shit.

Shane wrenched open the door to his hotel room as fast as the stupid key would allow, shutting it behind him gently because no matter how much he needed to get a hand on himself, he'd never live it down if there was a noise complaint from him slamming the door. Barely over the threshold and he had a hand down his pants, gripping his cock tight at the base so he didn't shoot off immediately.

"Fuck…" he hissed out, starting to move his hand. It was dry, but he hadn't packed any lube, and his lotion was all the way in the bathroom. He was pretty sure this would be over quickly, anyhow.

He leaned his forehead against his arm, propped up on the wall, and adjusted his shorts lower so he could get a better grip. He pictured Rozanov, sitting across from him in the gym, sprawled out to show off his thick thighs, sweat dripping down his neck… pictured him mouthing the word more… imagined crawling forward between his legs and sticking his nose right into the Russian player's iliac furrows.

I wonder what his sweat tastes like, Shane thought, and then came all over himself.

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2. The showers

Ilya was tempting fate. He'd already been more obvious than he'd meant to be, toeing the line in the sand that he'd drawn to keep himself safe, but it was so easy… Hollander was just so fun to tease.

His face when Ilya told him he'd been the one to request they do the ad jointly… God, what a thrill. And Hollander wasn't being subtle about it, either. He kept staring, kept looking at him, making it obvious. There was something about it, something in his eyes… Ilya could just tell that he was being appreciated for more than his skill, even with Hollander watching from the stands.

When he got into the shower room, Ilya deliberately picked one that was only two heads down from where the other man was already washing up. He snuck a couple glances in, respectfully, until he caught Hollander straight-up staring at him. The lust was palpable and

only made more obvious by the hardening cock between his legs. And Hollander seemed ashamed, when Ilya pointed it out with a raised eyebrow… ashamed in a way that meant something, that made it more than just a bodily reaction.

So Ilya touched himself. He stopped, mostly rinsed clean from his quick wash up, and turned to look at Hollander. Eyed up the pretty boy with the distracting freckles and palmed his dick with a confidence that was only partially bravado.

Hollander caught his eye, glanced down and then seemingly forgot to look back up, captivated by Ilya's hand working over himself, the motion smoothed by the water from the shower still raining down. Ilya knew what he looked like, and he recognised the look on Hollander's face. He wanted to see more of that gorgeous blush, see how red he could turn, see what that mouth could do…

He stopped when Hollander said, and hoped he'd get to make those fantasies a reality. "Not here" sounded pretty promising.

3. The time that wasn't

Shane had been, impossibly, looking forward to tonight. To finally, you know, losing his virginity. Properly. He'd been given a handjob before, once, at a party, but that didn't really count. And he had his dildo, but that wasn't the same. He'd certainly been using it more often, in the weeks since that night with Rozanov, when they didn't fuck because of Scott Hunter in the room next door. But it still wasn't the same.

Cock blocked by the weather, ridiculous. Also ridiculous that he was more upset about this than the actual game being rescheduled. When would he and Rozanov find another chance? When did they even play each other again? He'd have to look at the schedule.

Still, he went to dinner at Hayden's, met Jackie, had a good time. Awarded her the bragging rights of being the first WAG to host him, or whatever bullshit Hayden had been spewing in the locker room. He thought of Rozanov the whole evening, but whatever. By the time he got back to his apartment, he had circled right back around to being upset and horny. He'd spent two weeks thinking he'd be getting his back blown out tonight by his so-called rival, and here he was, alone again.

Didn't mean he couldn't blow his own back out, though.

With that thought in mind, Shane headed to his room and got everything prepared, the gloves, the lube, the towel… He was sure that with Rozanov it would be different, quicker, less… uptight? But he was particular, and it was his bed, and he was alone. So he would wear a glove to finger himself open and lay a towel on the bed to make clean-up easier.

With everything in order and a glass of water on the bedside table for after, Shane hopped to it. It started out kind of mechanical, the way it always did, as he teased himself slowly, easing his body into opening up. The lube was cold against his skin as the pad of his finger nudged against his rim and pushed inside. He bit his lip and breathed, thrusting gently.

Would Rozanov be gentle, go slowly like this? Would he ease Shane open, one knuckle at a time, finger by finger until Shane was loose enough to take him? Shane had seen his cock, had *sucked* his cock, so he knew how big it was. Definitely not the 9 inches that Rozanov claimed, but it wasn't small. At all. It was bigger than his dildo, for sure.

He added another finger, sliding in beside the first and starting to scissor them, feeling the stretch. Then he flipped onto his stomach, onto his knees with his ass in the air to get a better angle. Shane teased his rim with a third finger, cock leaking onto the towel beneath him, hips rocking back onto his own fingers. He wondered how Rozanov would have him, on his back or his stomach? Would he want Shane to ride him? Would he want to look at him, to watch Shane take his cock?

At the hotel, Shane had been face down. It had made it easy to grind his ass against Rozanov's dick, and it always had him feeling the most full when he fucked himself that way. Rozanov would feel plenty filling from any angle, so maybe they'd fuck face to face?

I bet he'd look hot, cumming in me, Shane thought as he thrust into his ass with three fingers now. Shit, his cock was dripping.

Panting desperately, Shane stripped the glove off his hand and tossed it to the side, scrambling to grab his dildo from where he'd placed it. He teased himself for a few seconds, sliding the head up and down between his cheeks and over his hole before sinking the black silicone toy in, an inch at a time. Before long, he found his rhythm, pounding into himself as hard as the angle allowed for, the sound of wet squelching echoing through the room.

He moaned when he came, collapsing onto the towel. If the moan sounded a bit like "Rozanov," that was nobody's business but Shane's.

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4. The club

Ilya was pissed. And not at all jealous at all of Rose fucking Landry, getting to go home with his- With Sh- With Hollander. While he was here in his hotel room, alone.

First of all, his teammates had been weird when he didn't run off in Montreal like he usually did. They were all a bunch of nosy bastards, and noticed that he either didn't go out or left early whenever they were in Montreal. Because of that, and his marked lack of disappearing act tonight, they'd all made the assumption that something had happened with his "Montreal girl". ~~They were right, except for the girl part, but they didn't need to know that.~~

Secondly, the girl he'd been dancing with had actually just wanted some fun, wanted to show off for her boyfriend who liked to watch. ~~They'd kind of used each other the same way, it turned out.~~ Nothing against that or her, Ilya was always down for a bit of fun, it just hadn't been worth the effort to find someone else after. Which meant that Ilya had gone back to his hotel room alone. He'd decided to take a shower to rinse off the glitter and grime from the club, but also because the hotel shower was large and glass and fabulous. Perfect size to fuck in… if only.

And of course Hollander had looked amazing, dancing between Rose and that other guy from her entourage, Mark or something. He'd looked beautiful under the club lights, moreso than usual, surrounded by other beautiful people… and the way he'd stared when Ilya was dancing with that girl… fuck. He clearly felt it, too. Clearly felt something, whatever this was between them, but he'd still run.

He'd been in Ilya's lap, writhing and moaning and grasping both of their cocks, hand slicked only with his cum and Ilya's spit, like a gift from God. Ilya wasn't half sure Hollander hadn't been grown in a lab just for him, sometimes. He wondered if Hollander looked like that for Rose. He was probably with Rose right now, in his fancy apartment bed with too many decorative pillows. Was probably whimpering for her, grabbing at her tits if the way he liked to grope Ilya's pecs was any indication.

Almost against his will, Ilya's hand circled his cock, stroking it slowly at first but quickly turning rough, nearly punishing. Shane fucking Hollander, with his freckles, and his ass, and that little fucking smile. Shane fucking Hollander, who was off having sex with movie star Rose Landry when he should've been here, on his knees for Ilya, taking his cock like he was made for it. Shane FUCKING Hollander-

Ilya's cum splattered on the glass wall of the shower, quickly washed away by the spray. And if Ilya let the shower wash away his tears, too… Well, that was nobody's business but Ilya's.

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5. The night before

Shane couldn't fucking wait for tomorrow night. Maybe that was weird of him, but he would be seeing Ilya again for the first time since the All Star game. He was… He was going to give him the front door code. And after, he had plans. He was going to invite Ilya to his cottage for the summer. Just for a few weeks, for a bit. For a moment, away from the world. Just them.

For tonight though, it was just him. Luckily it was well baked into his routine, enough that his friends and family knew it, that he spent the night before and the night of games against Boston "alone". To center himself, or something. Whatever the reason, no one was expecting him and no one would be contacting him except in the event of an emergency, so he had an entire evening to himself.

The whole thing with Rose, with realising (or rather acknowledging) that he was gay… it had been kind of freeing. It felt like, like *something,* to know that he was gay, to label it like that, to have said it out loud to Ilya. He hadn't noticed how much it was weighing on him, until it wasn't anymore. The feeling had even trickled over to getting off, which no longer felt as… taboo?

Shane relaxed on his bed, towel laid out and lube at the ready. He'd fingered himself open in the shower, in anticipation, and he was ready to get started. Doing this tonight would also, incidentally, help things along tomorrow. Not that Shane didn't love it when Ilya took his time opening him up, getting him ready to take his cock, but he wanted to make sure they'd have enough time to talk, after. Fuck, he was excited. It was kind of stupid how much he was looking forward to this.

He popped open the lube and drizzled some between his cheeks, and a bit on his cock, too. Without much more foreplay, he started to ease his dildo in, lightly jerking himself off at the same time. There was a bit of a stretch, his work in the shower having not been the most thorough, but Shane liked it. It made him think of Ilya, because no matter how loose Shane was, it always felt like a bit of stretch when he fucked him.

He pumped the dildo in and out, slow and teasing, until he found just the right angle. It brushed against his prostate and his cock jumped in his hand, leaking enough precum to make the lube redundant. Ilya always said he got wet, like a girl, and Shane always told him to fuck off, but it was kind of true. It only seemed to happen when he was thinking of Ilya, though. Like there was something in him that was tuned to the other man.

As his thrusts sped up, so did the hand around his cock, jerking himself to completion. Cum spurted up across his stomach as his hole clenched on the silicone toy, Ilya's name tumbling from his lips. Shane lay there in post-orgasm bliss for a minute, luxuriating in the feeling.

Solid dress rehearsal for tomorrow, he thought, and started to clean up.

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+1. The cottage

"I have this problem…" Ilya sighed, nudging his bare toes against Shane's, wrapped up in socks like always. Silly man, with his feet like ice cubes.

"What's the problem?" Shane asked, looking unfairly devastated, as if he somehow didn't know, as if he didn't get it.

"I like women, yes?" Ilya sat up.

"Yeah, I know."

“And everywhere I go, I am surrounded by beautiful women, and they love me.”

“Sounds rough,” Shane scoffed.

“Yes, it is. Listen,” Ilya said, because Shane still looked like he was crying. “And these women, they're so sexy and fun. But I am always thinking about this slow fucking hockey player, with beautiful freckles.” And there, Ilya saw him smile, finally. “And a weak backhand.”

“A weak backhand?” Shane couldn't even pretend to be offended, though he probably should've been, because he was still smiling.

“Yes, very weak,” Ilya continued, laying back on the couch. “And he's so boring, and he drives this horrible car.”

“It's a normal car!” Shane protested, still smiling so loudly you could hear it in his voice.

“I am always wishing that these women were him,” Ilya confessed, wondering if Shane could hear the love dripping from every word, not sure if he wanted the answer to be yes or no. He looked back up at Shane, trying to find an answer in his face, and was surprised to see the other man was crying again, appearing to be in pain.

“Do you want that problem to go away?” Shane said, his voice small.

“Hmm,” Ilya hummed, overcome and touched and slightly angry at the idea of what his lover was proposing. “I don't ever want that problem to ever go away.”

He would follow Shane to the ends of the earth, maybe, and that scared him. But he would choose to follow Shane over anything or anyone else, anyway. He would choose Shane over Russia, over hockey. He would choose Shane over himself. He didn't want anyone else. He'd never wanted anyone else, not like this.

And then Shane told him not to marry Svetlana, told him they'd figure out something else, and all Ilya said was “OK,” because what he really wanted to say was “I love you so much I don't know what to do with it all.”

When they finally headed to bed a bit later, it was domestic, and soft. They brushed their teeth side by each, took turns using the washroom, climbed into bed on their usual sides. It used to be that every time they were in a bed together, they were fucking, working against a clock and trying to make the most of every moment. The past couple of days had been so full of moments that they weren't fighting for them, now.

Ilya leaned over and kissed Shane softly, sweetly. Their lips moved together, the rhythm familiar to them both, but neither moved to deepen it. After a minute, Ilya pulled away, placing one final, chaste kiss first on Shane's mouth, and then his cheek.

“Goodnight,” he said.

“Goodnight,” Shane mumbled back, blinking slowly.

Ilya loved him so much, and someday soon, he would tell him. He only hoped that Shane would be able to say it back.

End Notes

Y'all I got fucking strep throat and my doctor gave me antibiotics for the strep and they caused me to develop an infection that I had to get different medication for and also I have to retake one of my classes because when I wrote the final with strep throat and a fever of 38.8°C I didn't get a high enough grade. December has been crazy... but at least there has been heated rivalry 🫶🫶🫶🫶

ANYWAY. I hope you enjoyed this smut and fluff and porn and goodness. Please leave a comment if you're so inclined, because I, much like Shane, thrive on praise.

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