carve your name into my bedpost

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by dykeries

Summary

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>
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>
> He’s wearing Ilya’s Centaurs jersey. Not much else.
>
> *“Solnyshko,”* Ilya says hoarsely. “What are you doing?”
>
> Shane pushes off the wall and comes to greet Ilya with a long, filthy kiss, wrapping his arms around Ilya’s neck. Ilya’s hands seek his waist in return.
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> Shane’s voice is low against Ilya’s mouth. “Reminding you,” he murmurs, “of who the fuck you are.”

It was a tough loss in Boston. Shane knows how to make Ilya feel better.

Notes

> as you'll no doubt figure out quickly, this fic is set during the period where ilya is playing for ottawa, but shane is still in montreal.
>
> title is from taylor swift's "dress" because i am a deeply predictable person

See the end of the work for more notes

Ilya fucking hates Boston.

Well, no. Boston hates him.

He loved Boston. For years. Still loves it, maybe, red brick and dirty slush. Loved its raw-edged fuck-you attitude, loved its shitty coffee, loved the word *Masshole,* loved the way the crowd cheered when someone's teeth got knocked onto the ice and scattered like a string of broken pearls. Boston was mean, and Ilya was meaner, and they fucking *loved* him for it.

Until he left. And all that bloody-knuckled adoration curdled right back into resentment.

Ilya's no stranger to getting booed; he knows what kind of player he is. A shit-stirrer. An instigator. He's gotten booed in thirty-plus cities around the league, plus half a dozen countries in Europe. But it stings, it does, skating out onto the ice at TD Garden and getting screamed at by the fans who used to scream for him.

Traitor, they call him, and they're not even wrong, but that's only half the story.

He is loyal. Just not to them.

So sue him, it gets under his skin a little more in Boston. *You have no fucking idea what I gave up for you. Or what I gave you up for.*

It makes losing that much more bitter.

He hadn't even played badly, because Ilya is in fact really fucking good at his job. His job is to score goals, and he did, a nasty little redirect of a bounce off the goalie's pads. It was Ottawa's only one all night; when the clock ticked down ruthlessly to zero, they'd lost 4-1. Ugly fucking game, ugly fucking goal, ugly fucking loss, ugly fucking feeling. The crowd smug and jeering.

Fuck you, Ilya thinks as he makes his way off the ice last. *Fuck all of you.*

He doesn't even remember what he says to his team after. Some bullshit he has to say as captain. Just one game, we'll be back in two days, show them who we are, whatever. This is a shit team, and everyone knows it.

Their flight back isn't until the morning, so they've got one more night in the hotel. He ignores the pain in his hip and checks the Montreal score on the shuttle back; they beat Washington 3-2, and two of the goals were Shane's. Fucking good for him. Maybe he'll win the Art Ross this year. Again.

Ilya's mood is still sour when he's stripping out of his suit in his hotel room and his phone lights up with a call. Shane, of course. Honestly, Ilya doesn't feel like talking to anybody, but he knows it would not be a *healthy course of action to isolate when he's feeling bad* (thanks, Galina), so he punches the little green call button to pick up. "I think you have wrong number."

“Mm, fuck you, too. Hi.”

“Hi.” Ilya flops back onto the bed. “I saw your goals. The second one was very sexy.”

“Not the first?”

“Eh, no. Your backhand is still weak. That was goalie’s fault for not stopping it. Not sexy.”

“Well, they all count the same on the scoreboard.”

“That is such a fucking reporter response, Hollander.”

Shane huffs through the phone. “Okay, they all count the same on the scoreboard, *asshole.* Is that better?”

Ilya smiles faintly. Truly, few things improve his mood like riling Shane up. “Yes, better. You are learning.”

“Alright, I’ll start swearing at the reporters more.” Shane’s voice softens down the line. “Sorry about Boston. At least you got a goal in.”

The smile evaporates from Ilya’s face. “You do not have to pity me.”

“I’m not. It was a good goal.”

Shane is a terrible liar. Ilya sighs. “Whatever. I fucking hate losing here.”

“Is it still bad? Even now that it’s been another season?”

He chuckles humorlessly. “Yes. It turns out I am not easy to forget.”

“I would know,” Shane says, a little flirty, but Ilya isn’t in the mood.

“I should go to sleep. Early bus for flight tomorrow.”

“Wait, Ilya—”

Ilya rubs the bridge of his nose. “What, Shane?”

“I can tell you’re pissed off, dude. I just want you to talk to me.”

Ilya barks out a laugh. “Oh, sure. I can talk, let me talk. Okay, how about I say that I feel like shit, yeah? How about I talk about how the team that I am supposed to be *captain* of cannot win more than two games in a row because I cannot hold this mediocre team together? How about I say that I am worried because I am only on track for thirty-five goals this season after scoring forty-eight last year and fifty-six year before, and I do not know if it is because I am getting old and slowing down and my hip is fucking falling apart, or if because I cannot make this team work together enough to actually create scoring chances? There. I have fucking talked. Are you happy?”

“Ilya—”

“I want to go to bed and forget this game happened, Shane. Can I please go to sleep now?”

Shane doesn’t push any more, thank God. “Fine. I love you, okay? I’ll see you this weekend.”

Ilya deflates. “Yes. I love you, too.” He punches the end call button.

He feels a little bad for being bitchy to Shane, but he at least knows Shane gets it, that he gets the same way when he’s losing. It’s just that Ilya has been losing *a lot fucking more* lately.

Ilya tosses his phone somewhere onto the bed, not even bothering to plug it into the charger. He brushes his teeth in the dark and falls asleep with a pillow over his head to block out the sound of the street traffic. Tries not to dream, and tries to forget he’s in Boston.

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Their flight is delayed for hours due to the winter weather, which doesn’t do much for Ilya’s mood. By the time the wheels touch down in Ottawa, it’s 5 p.m. and dark outside. He drives back to his house with a head like a thundercloud.

He taps impatiently on the steering wheel of his SUV as he waits for his garage door to open, which takes roughly five hundred years. But then he spots something inside as the door slowly crawls up like a striptease.

Shane’s Jeep, in the spot Ilya keeps empty just for him. Shane is here. Three days early. He wasn’t supposed to come down until the weekend.

Ilya’s shoulders relax. Just a little.

He parks the SUV. Leaves his gear bag in the car, because he doesn’t give a damn about that right now, and jogs to the door into the house.

“You are early—”

Ilya stops dead in his tracks. Shane is standing there in the hall, leaning against the wall with his arms crossed.

He’s wearing Ilya’s Centaurs jersey. Not much else.

He looks incredibly sexy, though knowing Shane, Ilya kind of wonders how long he’d been leaning against that wall. And also if Shane googled *sexy poses against wall surprise boyfriend* to get the idea how to pose, because it’s not something he’s ever seen Shane do before. It’s working, though.

It’s *really* working.

“Solnyshko,” Ilya says hoarsely. “What are you doing?”

Shane pushes off the wall and comes to greet Ilya with a long, filthy kiss, wrapping his arms around Ilya’s neck. Ilya’s hands seek his waist in return.

Shane's voice is low against Ilya's mouth. "Reminding you," he murmurs, "of who the fuck you are."

Shane drops to his knees and starts to mouth at Ilya's cock through his pants. Ilya's hands find purchase in his hair, squeezing at the scalp, and Shane hums happily. He presses a kiss to the bulge in Ilya's pants before pulling back to look up at Ilya, his eyes dark with desire.

"Two Rocket Richards." He presses his face against Ilya's crotch, inhaling deeply, muffling his next words. "Conn Smythe."

"Hollander," Ilya whispers.

Shane reaches up to undo Ilya's fly and pull his half-hard cock out of his underwear. He makes eye contact with Ilya as he sticks his tongue out. Swirls it over the head deliberately.

He looks so fucking beautiful.

A string of spit connects Shane's lower lip to Ilya's cock, only snapping when he speaks again. "A Stanley Cup."

"Hollander," Ilya says again.

Shane shakes his head. He takes his hand from Ilya's thigh and stretches it to tap back over his shoulder. "That's not what the jersey says tonight."

"Fuck," Ilya mutters, his hands tightening in Shane's hair. He likes to think he's not a possessive guy, but here, like this…

He's hard all the way now, and Shane enjoys it, licks from base to tip, luxuriates in it. "You know what else you got?"

Ilya strokes his thumb along Shane's cheek. "What, you read my profile on NHL dot com? Memorize my stats?"

Shane shakes his head. "Mm, no. This one's not on there."

"Then what is it?"

There's a drop of pre-come beading at Ilya's cockhead; Shane collects it with the tip of his tongue. He's meeting Ilya's gaze again. "The best player in the league. On his knees for you."

"Fuck." Ilya hauls Shane up and grabs at his thighs; Shane takes the hint and jumps up, letting Ilya pin him against the wall, his legs crossing behind Ilya's waist.

Ilya bites at Shane's lower lip. "So I am still not the best player in the league, huh?"

Shane tips his head back, offers his neck up for Ilya's taking. "Let's call it a tie. Just for tonight."

Ilya slips his hands down below the jersey to grope Shane's ass. He's wearing a pair of black briefs that he doesn't wear often, doesn't prefer the cut of them, sticks to boxer briefs. But he knows they're Ilya's favorite. (Sue him, Ilya likes his boyfriend's ass.) Shane is indulging him tonight.

He's exploring the firm curve of Shane's ass, slipping his fingers up underneath the fabric when he brushes silicone.

He takes his mouth off Shane's neck. "You already have a plug in?"

Shane's smile is self-satisfied. "Wanted to be ready for you."

"God," Ilya says, kissing Shane fiercely. "You spoil me tonight, huh?"

"You deserve it," Shane says, nipping at Ilya's lip.

Ilya is tempted to fuck Shane right up against the wall like this, but he has a sneaking suspicion that his hip wouldn't forgive him for it in the morning. So he sets Shane down instead, gives him a smack on the ass. "Bedroom."

"Yessir," Shane says as he starts walking, and the way he says it is a joke, except for how it's not, and Ilya isn't that into it, except for how he is.

When they get to the bedroom, Shane strips out of the briefs and crawls back onto the bed, leaning on his hands and letting his legs fall open so Ilya can see the base of the plug (black, round) nestled there. His cock is hard and leaking, threatening to leave a spot on the jersey if he's not careful.

Ilya's still standing in the doorway, and it reminds him of a night years ago, Vegas and vodka. Shane showing off for him. But there's none of the old shyness in his eyes now. Just pure, open *want.*

"Whatcha thinking about over there, Rozanov?" Shane asks, reaching down to toy with the base of the plug.

"I am thinking," Ilya says honestly, strolling up to the edge of the bed, "that you are the most beautiful thing I have ever fucking seen."

Ilya makes quick work of his clothes, stripping with long-practiced efficiency. He leans down to kiss Shane and in the same motion climbs onto the bed, pushing Shane down flat beneath him. Ilya works a hand between them to find the plug; he grips it between two fingers and slips it out in one smooth pull, eliciting a sweet little gasp from Shane that Ilya swallows with a kiss.

He rubs the pad of his index finger around Shane's slick rim. Shane doesn't skimp on lube. "You are always so wet for me, *moya lyubov."*

"All for you," Shane breathes, and with a quick motion, he flips them both over so Ilya's lying back now. "Just lie back. Let me do the work."

“Very bossy tonight,” Ilya murmurs, but he does as he’s told, waits expectantly for Shane to straddle him.

And he does, but not how Ilya is expecting; he turns himself around before tossing a thigh across Ilya’s, lining himself up before sinking down onto Ilya’s cock in one fluid motion. Reverse cowgirl.

So Ilya can see the nameplate on the jersey.

Shane’s ass is perfect and so fucking tight; he may have prepped, but the plug isn’t as thick as Ilya’s cock is, so it still takes Shane a minute to adjust before he can start moving in earnest, start riding properly.

But God, does he ride. Ilya watches, hypnotized, as his cock gets buried in Shane’s hole over and over again, the slick pink stretch of the rim, the obscene sounds of their bodies meeting. Shane treats riding cock like it’s his job, which is to say he treats it as something highly athletic at which he excels. Ilya slips his hands up under the Rozanov jersey to dig his fingertips into Shane’s hips. He hopes it leaves bruises. Hopes that even when Shane takes the jersey off, he’ll have a reminder of who he belongs to.

Shane feels incredible around his cock, but it’s still not enough. Not close enough. Shane is too far away like this. Ilya sits up a little and grabs Shane by the thighs, hard, careful to catch him at the right time in his rhythm so he doesn’t break Ilya’s fucking dick, and wouldn’t *that* be a hell of an IR report. “Turn over.”

“Yeah,” Shane says, panting, too far gone to even make a joke out of it. He crawls up further onto the bed, on all fours only for a second before Ilya is pressing his cock into him from behind and pressing a hand to the middle of his back, shoving him down.

“God, fuck, Ilya—” Shane moans, wanton, as Ilya pounds into him, his pace brutal. The rest of the world falls away, Ilya’s whole life narrowing down just to this: Shane’s perfect, clenching heat, the noises they’re both making, dark hair, tan skin, red jersey.

The jersey is slipping up Shane’s back at this angle, hanging loose off his body, and Ilya claws at it with one hand, the other on Shane’s hip, using both to pull Shane back harder onto his cock. “This is mine,” Ilya says, and he’s talking about the jersey, and he’s talking about Shane, and he’s talking about both.

“Yours, yours, it’s all yours,” Shane says breathlessly. Ilya releases his grip on the jersey in favor of pressing his whole front against Shane’s back. His teeth find purchase on Shane’s ear, his hair, his neck, he can taste Shane’s sweat in his mouth, he can feel their thighs starting to stick together, it’s so fucking hot. Ilya is rutting into Shane like an animal, both of them groaning, both of them past words now.

He reaches around to give Shane’s cock a few strokes, because he’s a nice fucking guy like that, and that’s all it takes for Shane to come, spilling onto Ilya’s hand, and a little gets on the bed, and a little gets on the jersey, too, and even more does when Ilya smears his hand across the front.

Shane whimpers as Ilya's cock keeps rubbing his prostate, and while overstimulating Shane can be fun, it's not what Ilya's in the mood to do tonight. And he's close, too, so he pulls out (Shane's voice catches, guttural, at the sudden emptiness) and tugs at his own cock a few times. His come lands in fat streaks on Shane's lower back, his sturdy waist and round ass, and a little gets on the back of the jersey too, yeah. Right across the 81.

Ilya takes a few seconds to admire his handiwork before he flops face-first onto the bed next to Shane. For a minute, the only sound is their heaving breath.

"That jersey is worth so much fucking money now," Ilya says between gasps.

Shane lets his legs fall, collapsing down flat like a card table. "It's gotta be worth zero now."

Ilya shakes his head. "No. It's like, uh, game-worn but better. Sex-worn. Authentic. Real come stains from two best players. Very rare. Million dollars on eBay."

Shane snorts. "Ew."

"Don't say ew. It is your fault. Showing up to surprise me, looking all slutty in my jersey," Ilya says, rolling onto his side.

Shane turns onto his own side to face him. "Yeah, well, you seemed like you needed a pick-me-up."

Ilya leans in to press a quick peck to Shane's lips. A sweet one. "Yes, it was good. I feel picked up."

"Good." Shane reaches up and wipes a bead of sweat off Ilya's forehead. "Are you feeling better now? I know last night was…"

Ilya cocks an eyebrow. "Bad?"

"I mean, kinda, yeah. I've lost games before, but…"

"Never been on a team as consistently shit as the Centaurs?"

Shane winces. "I didn't want to be the one to say it."

Ilya shrugs. "It is what it is. Was a bad night, I felt frustrated. But the Centaurs are getting less shit because of me, so. Give it time."

He catches Shane's hand with his own and presses a kiss to the knuckles. "Besides, I have won the only prize that really matters. So I cannot get too mad."

Shane grins. "That would be so fucking sweet, if you actually meant it at all."

Ilya laughs loudly. "Yeah, that is a lie. I want to win so fucking bad, oh my God. I want five more Cups at least. Maybe ten."

"Oh, just ten?"

“Mm, you are right. I shouldn’t be so modest. Fifteen.”

Shane giggles. “Oh, okay, that’s reasonable. Fifteen. Put it in the calendar.”

“Yes, I will. Speaking of calendar—when do you have to go back to Montreal?” Ilya puts his mouth back to Shane’s knuckles, kissing idly.

Shane sighs. “Ugh, early. Tape review before morning skate.”

“Gross. Thank you for coming over tonight.”

“You needed it,” Shane says with a shrug, as if it’s that simple.

Maybe sometimes it is.

“You’re here in Ottawa the next two games, yeah?” Shane asks, as if he doesn’t already have Ilya’s schedule memorized.

“Yes. Will be getting our asses kicked from the comfort of home.”

“You don’t know that,” Shane says unconvincingly.

Ilya shakes his head. “No. It is okay. We go out. We probably lose. We try again the next day. That is our job, yes? We try again.”

“And eventually you win fifteen Cups.”

“And eventually I win fifteen Cups, exactly.” Ilya leans over and captures Shane’s mouth in a kiss. Long and open and loving. Hem of the jersey in his hand. His.

Ilya is right. Ottawa loses the next game. But this time they push it all the way to overtime. A slightly better loss, if there’s any such thing.

So it goes. They’ll try again tomorrow.

End Notes

comments flatter author's ego <3

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