

Fight (bite) Me

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Fight (bite) Me

by [mlmcrane](#)

Summary

“I thought we were fighting,” Ilya shrugged, tapping the pads of his fingers on the countertop he was leaning against. “Thought maybe it was fun, new foreplay.”

Shane laughed, probably because he knew it had a hint of truth to it, “Maybe in your gross fantasies, Rozanov.”

or

Ilya and Shane get into a Hockey fight, it results in a steamy night for the two.

Notes

Ilya's mom is Russian&Polish in this one for some reason. I dunno.

Shane is Japanese &white, even though Hudson is Korean &white! bc i think shane is japanese canonically.. just for clarity

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

The concept is hilarious to Ilya. Two minutes for “roughing” Shane Hollander. Like Shane hadn’t hit him first! But no, everyone thought he was the polite Canadian, so it must’ve been Ilya who threw the first punch. Fucking bullshit! No one knew just how motivated to win Shane was all the time. No one knew he’d, frankly, go to violence for it. Not that Ilya was any different. Or any other player. But Ilya was just defending himself!

Well, not really. Shane had checked him near Boston’s goal, which was fucking *rude* and cost them a goal as Ilya moved slowly to recover from the harsh slam into the boards. So, Ilya slammed him back, uttering some Russian expletives, “*Blyat!* Fuck you Hollander!” And continued on cursing in furious Russian.

This must’ve pissed Shane the fuck off because the next thing he knew he heard, “you wanna fucking go Rozanov?” and black-blue gloves were strewn on the ground near center ice and Ilya knew quickly to respond the same or face the consequences.

They never did this. They didn’t try to draw any more attention to their rivalry than needed because it was always so dressed up for the media. Everything was about them. And *it*. But Shane must’ve been feeling *some* way because there he was: circling Ilya, hands bare and drawn in close and closed. His freckled cheeks were flushed and his knuckles were rosy.

Ilya wouldn’t throw the first punch. He wasn’t even sure why Shane was so pissed at *him*. It wasn’t Ilya who checked him so hard he felt the air leave his lungs like he was entering the stratosphere. It was Shane who did it to him! Just to score!

But soon, even with some focused dodging, Shane’s hand connected with Ilya’s cheek. He had felt a lot of the other man; so much of his body had been grazed by Ilya’s fingers or mouth, but this was entirely new. Harsh contact smacked some of the hesitance out of Ilya, and he started to fight back. It was a perfectly clean Hockey fight, all of their teammates circled around, refs keeping a watchful eye on their helmets, leaving room for the boys to work it out on their own.

Shane was ultimately really good, throwing quick jabs from his right and being able to dodge and force Ilya away when he actually had the time to respond back with his hands. Wrapping his arm around Ilya’s head, Shane manhandled him around in a circle as Ilya tried to fight back. Every hit was a sharp pain that woke him up in every possible way. He at least got one good hit in on Shane’s jaw but soon it was over because they had tripped over one another and ended up on the ice, Shane atop him, and the refs put an end to the show.

Getting up off Ilya, Shane gave him a secretive kiss on the cheek. Something any prying eyes might interpret as further shit-talk. It was gentle. Like a tiny apology. But not too apologetic as he shoved Ilya the moment he got back up.

So that’s how he ended up in the sin bin, Shane on the other side, looking equally pissed. He looked quite hot like this, his head steaming and legs fidgeting, wanting desperately to get back out on the ice. Ilya’s involvement in hockey was nothing like Shane’s, obsessive and completely interlaced into his life, and his commitment drove Ilya insane. He started to think about Shane’s teeth biting the inside of his cheek, and then about Shane’s tongue in his mouth

and then he reminded himself that a *game* was going on and he couldn't think about those things. So he didn't.

He was already bored. And two minutes is a long time.

"Hollander," he called to the other side, "you punch like my *babcia*." He almost didn't expect Shane to hear him, but he gave it a shot anyways because what else was he going to do? Twindle his thumbs? With Shane Hollander as his neighbor?

"What the fuck did you just say to me?" Shane asked, inflamed again. He looked cute like this, his skin reddening under his freckles with frustration.

"I think you heard me, Hollander. Is light punch like grandmother, dainty woman, gentle kitten," he lists, acting casual. He tries not to let the glee enter his eyes.

"You're such a fucking asshole," Shane smiles through the sentence, lessening any of the bite intended. That combined with the light blush on Shane's cheeks and Ilya wonders how no one could tell they were fucking.

"In fact, my *babcia* could throw a better punch. Very strong that woman. Much more strong than you." Ilya tries to contain his smirk, but he fails miserably.

"You basically doubled over after one hit, Rozanov! You're such a fucking liar." Shane was correct, of course, he was not weak in the slightest, his hits was certainly going to leave a bruise. Not that Ilya minded. Shane was becoming more and more irritated by the looks of it, his leg bouncing faster and faster as the time on the clock moved by painstakingly *slow*.

"Yeah? Want to show me what your hands can do?" he asked, scooting closer to Shane through the glass, although still a large gap remained between them. Shane's face got amazingly more red.

"Well, yeah. After the game." His voice low, Shane was being considerably brave. It wasn't really like him to flirt back so readily in public, even when they were sequestered away from the game and were just muttering to each other. "I'll beat your ass."

Ilya laughed, echoing all through his body, distracting him so much he almost didn't realize it was time to get back on the ice. Of course, Shane beat him out, pushing him playfully as they rushed off onto the ice. The place where Shane's hands grazed burned for the rest of the game.

Boston won 4-2, wasn't too hard on home ice really. It was one of those losses that Ilya *knew* would piss Shane off. Well, every loss pissed Shane off. But this kind especially. So, Ilya's a little excited to see him after the game. Maybe a bit too much.

He took off his gear with a feverish haste, a warmth spreading over his face and neck. It was much more than the glee of a win, it was the anticipation of a mad Shane looking like a tiny upset kitten. He tried not to think too hard about that when he made his way into the showers but he showered as fast as he could, spraying cold water on his flushed face and body.

Putting on his sweats and crew, Ilya was *out of there*. He packed up his equipment shoving his shit in his bag with such hurriedness that Marleau noticed and looked at him funny.

“Hot date tonight?” he asked, raising an eyebrow. Ilya didn’t feel like lying, it was obvious by his behavior that something was getting him riled up.

“Mm. Very.” Ilya raised his eyebrows in confirmation. No one would know it was Shane. A chill ran up his back.

“Nice. Have fun, man.” Marleau fistbumped him, then slapped him on the back. That’s what was so chill about Marleau, not many questions, just acceptance.

“Oh, I will.” Ilya promised with a shit-eating smile. Marleau just rolled his eyes. It felt nice to talk about it even just vaguely. All it could be was vague, and through lies. *Yeah*, he was in deep shit. Lifting up his bag over his shoulder, patting his pockets for his keys, he left the building, practically bouncing on his heels. Pulling out his phone he figured he’d ask Shane what the plan was exactly.

Lily

where are we meeting?

It took only a second for Shane’s reply to come through. He seemed eager. Ilya was too.

Jane

Your place.

Lily

Inviting yourself to my house?

Impolite

Jane

You don’t want me over?

Lily

I did not say that

Get there quickly

Please

Jane

No idea you knew that word

Lily

Is only useful because you beg so often

Jane

Fuck you

Lily

Soon!

Hurry

Ilya knew he was sounding desperate but he had been completely on fire since Shane first connected his hand to Ilya's face. It hurt like a motherfucker but felt like a little spark against his heart. There really wasn't much time to lose, he didn't want Shane to beat him home. So, he sprinted to his car, a gold Mercedes, and drove back to his house as fast as he could.

Practically breaking down his own door, Ilya made it back in time to really assess himself in his mirror, put away his things, make sure his bed was made, and have a light snack. In hindsight, he shouldn't have worried about time. Shane was often meticulous and because they hadn't set a specific time to meet, he was likely taking all of his post-game steps at a precise pace. Ilya wasn't really sure how he thought of this, but he just knew he was right. He remembered their first time and the way Shane had folded his clothes as he stripped them off. It was a cute quirk, one Ilya needed to stop reminiscing on before he became too insane.

By the time Shane finally got to his house, the adrenaline of the game had mostly worn off. But most of it was jumpstarted up again the moment Shane stepped through the door. Hair tussled in a more careless way, comfy clothes adorned, a bruise forming on his jaw, Shane looked gorgeous. And that bruise was from him. And Ilya could feel the matching one forming on his cheek.

"I'm pretty pissed at you," Shane stated with no intention of letting on how he actually felt or why. Ilya was sure there was more to it than that. Especially with the glint in Shane's dark eyes.

"Yeah?" Ilya asked breathlessly, making Shane even more agitated.

"Yes! Flirting with me on the bench? Checking me?" Shane's eyebrows furrowed upsettledly into his eyes as he crossed his arms. As if he hadn't started it.

"I thought we were fighting," Ilya shrugged, tapping the pads of his fingers on the countertop he was leaning against. "Thought maybe it was fun, new foreplay."

Shane laughed, probably because he knew it had a hint of truth to it, "Maybe in *your* gross fantasies, Rozanov."

Ilya hummed, "I think maybe in yours too." Shane's blush gave him away as he turned to hide his face. This made Ilya's hurried feeling return, increasing the tempo at which he tapped on the countertop.

"Anyways, maybe you are too pissed off about loss to fuck," he mused, "maybe we should just forget it." Mentioning Montréal's defeat was something that always got Shane going, whether in the good way or the bad. It seemed like a mixed pack today, as Shane unfolded his arms and rushed to push him further up the counter, becoming practically on top of him.

"I'm pretty sure I agreed to meet up to have a *rematch*." Shane's breath on his mouth felt warm and languid. It was polar opposite to Ilya's: cold and hurried. Shane was in control right now, and he wondered if he should let him have it. Or take it back. Shane spent too much of his normal life in control, hockey, food, *this*.

Ilya pushed forward, slipping his mouth onto Shane's. Shane was pushing Ilya's hands down against the counter, otherwise he would've had his hands in Shane's hair, grabbing and tugging in the way he liked. But if Shane didn't want that, so be it. Already, Shane was moaning into Ilya's mouth and was trying to dive deeper and deeper into it. The sensation was so good for Ilya that he simply could not handle it, and decided to push his tongue back into Shane's mouth, overwhelming him in the way he liked, earning a soft whimper from the other.

"You are like needy kitten," Ilya huffed, pulling away. He knew it was just getting good but he wanted desperately to tease Shane. To flip the tables. Because Shane was being really bratty. The kitten thing always got him in that way.

"Mmmm," Shane whined, pouting at the lack of kissing. Despite Shane still holding Ilya down on the counter, he looked utterly helpless as he tried to lean back in for a kiss that Ilya dodged.

"Ah, you are missing me now?" Ilya asked insincerely, "I thought you were mad at me, *kotyonok*."

Again, the word, even uttered in a language he didn't know, elicited a whine from the other man, this time even more desperate. The pout on Shane's lips was almost too much to bear and Ilya felt himself drift closer to his anticipatedly parted lips. But he hatched a plan to get things as they normally were: Ilya, in control, Shane, blissfully out of it.

Coming back in for a kiss, Ilya subtly released his hands from Shane's grip, and grabbed hold on his face. With a grasp on Shane's face, kissing him enough to distract him, he changed their positions. Now Shane was pressed up against the counter, rather pathetically.

"That's not fair," Shane commented, pulling away for a brief moment. He had the funniest expression on his face, feigning an upset and cheated emotion.

"Fight back then, Shane." Ilya wasn't really sure where he wanted this to go but when he and Shane got into playful moods he always enjoyed it. Of course, this time was fueled with a bit more malice than usual but he almost liked it more. Shane was strong. He knew from those punches a few hours prior. There's no doubt about the best player in Major League Hockey

being one of the most physically capable people in the world, but when they're alone together Shane will pretend to be weak. He will pretend he doesn't like it when Ilya pins his wrists down and manhandles him. Like he doesn't have the ability to turn the tables in an instant because yes, Ilya is fast and brash but Shane is strong and deliberate. So, Shane's attempts to "fight back" were stilted, trying to push back against Ilya but not wanting to commit to changing their position.

Ilya let a small smile tug at his lips, "Good boy." He went back to kissing Shane, hands on his face, in his hair, in that frenzied way like they used to do. Like they didn't have enough time. Shane's grip on himself and his own body was starting to loosen, that shame and anxiety that chased him through his entire life was shaking off and Ilya loved it.

"Are you going to apologize to me?" Ilya asked, cupping Shane's chin.

"Mm? What?" Shane breathed, "For what?" His eyes were half-lidded, almost completely glazed over.

"You hit me, kitten. Are you going to say you're sorry?" Ilya didn't really care, Shane was just trying to win. But he wanted to tease him so badly. That was his reward for getting humiliated on the ice.

"Mmm," Shane mumbled out, a shiver running down Ilya's spine as he realized just how gone he was.

"Say it. Say you're sorry."

"I'm sorry, Ilya," His blissed out expression turned into a slight frown, "I'm really sorryyyyy."

His whiney voice turned Ilya's faux serious expression into a smile, "Thank you, sweetheart." He kissed him, gently, briefly. Even that earned a moan from Shane, exhaling as he pulled away. Propping him up on the counter, Ilya let his hands fall on Shane's thighs, running them up and down. Shane had been hard for a little while now, but Ilya was just having too much fun teasing to do much of anything to relieve him.

"Want anything? Need ice?" Ilya asked softly, their lips only an inch or two apart, foreheads pressed together. He still felt a little bad about the bruise forming on Shane's jaw. He wished he had left a different kind of mark.

Practically rolling his eyes, Shane muttered, "I think you know what I want." Ilya knew. Or, at least, he imagined he knew, as he ran his hand up Shane's thigh and palmed at the apparent bulge through his sweats. Shocked he didn't have to ask so blatantly for it, Shane melted into the touch immediately, biting his lip to withhold a moan. Simple touches was all Ilya was going for, rubbing against his most sensitive spots. Shane was wet enough for Ilya to feel it through his sweats.

"Mm, I think we should move locations, yes?" Ilya muttered into Shane's ear. He needed him in bed. In his bed. Surrounded by his things and his blankets. He was gonna fuck him.

Shane just nodded acceptingly, and was sort of limp against Ilya's touch. There was no way he was going to let him *walk* to his room. So, Ilya scooped him up in his arms, hands stable on his ass and Shane's arms draped around his neck. Ilya trudged to his bedroom with the weight of the other man around him, Shane pressing light kisses to his neck where his head was buried, his erection pressed against him.

Ilya laid Shane on the bed, crawling on top of him, his eyes lidded and glazed over. Pressing a kiss to his cheek, to the spot on his jaw that had started to bruise, to his nose, to his favorite patch of freckles. Shane started chasing his mouth to try and give him a kiss too, eliciting a cute game of tag that made Ilya genuinely giggle. The lust he had been feeling had tampered down, shrouded by a cloud of simple adoration for the man below him. But the cloud quickly cleared as Shane began to whine again, obviously wanting some kind of attention.

"*Ilya...*" he breathed out, eyes pleading. "Fuck me, please," he grabbed the other's face stealing a kiss, one full of desperation.

That was really all Shane needed to say. Ilya wanted to do whatever he asked. He would fuck him forever if he asked. He didn't know how they managed to keep their clothes on all this time when he began to hurriedly take off Shane's shirt and then his own. He knew Shane was desperate, but he would take it slow, waxing his hands up and down his chest, truly trying to relish this moment they had together.

"*Ilya...*"

"I know. I know, sweetheart." He smiled against Shane's cheek. Finally reaching his hands under Shane's pants and then his boxers, stripping them off, he could feel the other's tension slip off like water on a duck's feathers. Shane's dick, wet with pre-cum, was practically *begging* Ilya to jerk him off. Ilya, unable to resist, spit in his hand and grasped his shaft giving it slow and steady strokes. Shane's whines got louder, grasping at his shoulders. He tenderly clawed at his skin like he was scared to hurt him, like he hadn't hit him earlier. It made Ilya insatiable. Slowly, he pulled off of Shane, knowing he would pout and chase his touch. But Ilya had promised him a lot more than a hand-job.

Grabbing lube from his bedside drawer, he slicked up his fingers. Teasing Shane's hole with one finger, he worked him open, going slow and quite softly. As soon as Shane seemed ready for another one, he slid in another finger, eliciting a soft moan. Shane's hands flew up to clutch Ilya's neck, holding on for dear life, trying to pull him closer. Slowly scissoring him open, Ilya felt himself reach a precipice of pleasure, and knew he could only keep his dick out of Shane for so long. Slowly pulling out, leaving Shane gasping at the loss, he reached for the condoms he kept in his drawer.

"Mm-nn," hummed Shane, grasping onto his hand and shaking his head. His pupils were so blown and the eyes were so glazed over Ilya was seriously wondering if he had taken some sort of drugs before coming over.

Ilya cocked his eyebrow, "Serious?" They had gone without a condom only about once before in their time together, when Shane was feeling especially frisky, and this was because Ilya had been sleeping around for most of their time together and his general policy was pretty safety-aware. But they were exclusive now. Ilya would not fuck anyone else. He could

not. And he had been tested within the last six months. And Shane was as serious as him about protection.

“Please cum in me. Make me yours. Please, Ilya.” Strangely, Shane’s eyes seemed to be on the verge of tears.

“Shhh, *kotyonok*. I will do whatever you ask,” he said, pressing a kiss to Shane’s forehead, and tossing the condoms back towards the drawer. He positioned himself atop Shane once more, because he wanted to look in his eyes as they fucked and remembered exactly how bad he wanted to be in him. “We will go slow.”

All loose for him, Shane looked up at him with those big doe eyes, and slicking his own dick up, Ilya slowly teased it against Shane’s hole.

“Take a breath,” he ordered, Shane obeying as quickly as he could. Pushing his dick inch by inch into him, his breath hitching as he slipped into the warmth of Shane’s body. He knew for Shane every little touch probably felt like a thousand different sensations, so he just let him adjust for a minute or two, letting his hand caress his cheek comfortingly. Shane’s face was so flush with pink and sweat and a glazed, happy look that he felt completely rabid. Like some kind of bunny rabbit.

Pressing a kiss to the tip of Shane’s nose, he slid the man’s legs up, adjusting as he went along, trying to find just the right angle to thrust into him at. As soon as he got the loudest whine, he stopped adjusting, solidifying his position on top of the other.

“Is okay?” He asked tenderly. Shane could only nod, like he usually did, and Ilya felt the immense trust he had within him and felt like bursting open, leaving all of his soft, mushy insides on his bed.

That’s what was different about sex with Shane, it was not always fueled by lust. It could be, but Shane’s mere existence could turn him on, his cute freckles, his cute smile, his cute laugh. It was an adoration above anything else. Not something purely physical. He couldn’t fuck anyone else. It wouldn’t be this.

For each sappy thought that voiced itself, he thrust into Shane, letting his dick be clenched around and slid in and out of the warmth. Every moan and gasp out of Shane felt like winning the lottery, who was grasping onto Ilya’s curls. Every thrust was going to send Ilya off the deep end, but it didn’t. Not until Shane started sputtering, something about he was “going to cum” or something. That’s what did it for Ilya, the idea that he was going to make Shane Hollander cum without even touching his dick. Even though he had done it plenty before.

The warmth in Ilya’s stomach was pooling, and as soon as Shane pulled his hair in the way that indicated he had completely let go, that his body was becoming completely out of control, that’s when Ilya’s dick spurt thick, warm ropes into Shane. And Shane’s response was similar, his landing quickly on his stomach and some of Ilya’s chest.

“Mmmmf. Mm. Holy *fuck*,” Shane whispered as Ilya continued to empty himself in him, filling him up. “Feels so good... I love you. I love you.”

He could barely form any thoughts in English, much less any words, so he muttered *I love yous* in Russian and Polish like his mother had taught him. This was better than any goal he'd ever shot past a goalie, any hat trick he's scored, any face-off he'd won. Shane was his.

He stayed inside of Shane for a moment, softly pulling out as he whined, "I know, sweetheart." He gave him a comforting touch back, and he went for a warm cloth to clean up with. He would eventually have to change the sheets, sooner rather than later with Shane, but they could hold each other for a while before then. Tenderly swiping over Shane's stomach and his own, and then his ass where a little of Ilya was leaking out. Taking care of Shane in this way made him feel better about all the teasing; that he didn't go too far, that he was gentle.

Collapsing in the bed next to Shane, he opened his arms, "Ok, come here, kitty." He obliged, snuggling up close to him and nuzzling his face in his neck. Ilya ran his hands up Shane's back in slow, soothing motions, peppering what was exposed of his neck with kisses. He soon planted one hand in his hair, and Ilya loved Shane's dark hair. He loved carding his fingers through it and feeling the way he melted into the touch, the pet. He scratched his scalp periodically, which prompted Shane to nuzzle more deeply into him.

It was perfect. Shane was all his. And he knew he belonged to Shane.

"Was just what you wanted?" asked Ilya.

"More," replied Shane, voice dripping with drowsiness. Ilya laughed against his hair. More calm now, Ilya was able to comprehend all of his English. He wondered how Shane managed to be fluent in French and never fuck up. he wondered if Shane also knew any Japanese. He probably did, he was perfect. He would ask, he decided.

"How are you so perfect? French, English?" He hoped he was getting his point across.

"Me?" Shane questioned, almost shocked. "You're way more impressive." Ilya scoffed at that.

"Do you also know Japanese?"

Shane shifted a little uncomfortably. He seemed embarrassed. "Is ok, you don't have to answer," Ilya added, there was no pressure. Not in a million years.

"Not really," answered Shane after a moment. "I barely know any. My mom was born in Vancouver, and my *Obaasan* and *Ojisaan* figured she had to be enrolled in a Japanese Heritage Language school when she was young to be able to really speak it. So, she can. But I guess they kinda gave up with me."

Shane considered, "I think my mom just feels more Canadian. She was born here. I guess I feel the same." There was an air of sadness around his confession, but Ilya couldn't push further. He didn't know what this felt like.

"I guess I'm kind of jealous of you," Shane mumbled, "you might feel like an outsider here in Canada, Boston, but you feel at home in Russia. I've never even been to Japan." Shane

sighed against Ilya's neck. Ilya knew he was lucky to have such a connection to his homeland, even if they hated him, even if there was no going back once they knew his truth. It was still home.

"We could go, sometime," Ilya proposed, slipping a kiss on his forehead. In a world where they're out, where they're no longer hiding, where Ilya isn't allowed back home. Where Ilya's home is with Shane. This was possible.

"That would be nice," Shane conceded. Ilya hummed in agreement. Bringing Shane's hand to his face, he kissed every finger, every knuckle, and planted a big kiss on his palm.

"*I love you*," he told Shane in Russian. He told him in Polish, "*I love you*." And in English, "I love you."

Revealing his face from its hiding spot, Shane's eyes were filled with pure happiness. This is the way he wanted him always. He was precious, and looked unburdened there in his arms. Like he couldn't contain himself, Shane's hands flew up to Ilya's face, cupping them as sucked him in for an intoxicating kiss. Slow, gentle, deliberate. Tender. His lips were soft and rosy, and Ilya relished the taste of his spit.

Pulling away, Shane murmured something. Something not English, something not French, to Ilya's knowledge of the fucked up languages. It's something else. He can't understand it phonetically or at all. It sounds like *kimi ga suki*. But really he doesn't need to know the language to understand: Shane's saying it back. Saying it back in the most personal way he can. And Ilya wants to be back inside of him, to be a part of him, but the best he can settle for is holding Shane as he falls asleep, so warm, so soft and so content.

End Notes

I have no sexual experience i hope this was adequate.

Hopefully you couldn't tell where i just started to write whatever tf i wanted in the moment.
Any thoughts are welcome

i love sports follow me @mlmcrane on twt!

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