

green mark

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by [radialarch](#)

Summary

He goes to the bed. Hollander comes to him, presses his face to Ilya's groin without being asked. His eyes are closed. He's breathing on the hot line of Ilya's dick, like this is the only place he wants to be.

Fuck. Fuck. Ilya blindly reaches for his glass. His fingers, cool and wet. He nudges at the corner of Hollander's mouth, and Hollander tilts his face toward him, opens up. Lets Ilya rub vodka into the warm hollow of his tongue.

Notes

In the 20th century Glavspirtrest, a Russian government agency, established a strict regulatory and quality control process surrounding vodka production. Only vodka that successfully passed all of the rigorous steps received approval – the coveted “Green Mark” seal of excellence.

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

There's an expression Hollander gets when the Metros are down two late third period. The frown between his eyebrows; the flattened slash of his mouth. The slow twitch of his jaw where he's chewing on his mouth guard. It's an expression Ilya enjoys seeing on Hollander's face—it means he's winning.

This is what Hollander looks like now, lying on the bed. There's a tight hunch to his shoulders like he's cold. Maybe he is. He still has his underwear on, and his socks. “Give me some vodka, at least,” he says. Two hours ago, in a dingy bathroom downstairs, his eyes had been glittering when he said *please*. The memory sits in Ilya's belly, the same burn as the alcohol.

Ilya hums. “That is reward.” He lifts the glass to his mouth, takes a long, slow sip. Crisp, with a hint of sweetness. He has enjoyed American drinks—the round smoke of bourbon, the full texture of beer—but there is the off-season and a twelve hour flight in his future. Tonight he has decided to indulge.

Hollander's jaw works. He raises a hand up, trails it uncertainly down the side of his neck. He is such a little puzzle piece of a man. Ilya is sure his is the first cock that's been in Hollander's mouth, and yet— Ilya has jerked off, slowly, thinking about Shane Hollander's dildo. He has done this more than once.

In front of him, Hollander makes a small noise. His hand drops to his chest. Ilya watches that hand clench—brush a thumb over the nipple. Another noise, high and breathless. Ilya had taught Hollander what it feels like, to be touched there. Ilya had taught him that he liked it.

Ilya wants to get up. He wants a cigarette between his teeth. He takes another drink instead. “Do you want to know what it's like,” he says. Vodka in his mouth. The Cup beneath his lips. The tremble along Hollander's spine when Ilya had put his hand between his shoulderblades and pressed, down and down.

Hollander has a hand in his underwear, now. “What,” he says. Ilya looks at the shape of his knuckles through the fabric, the slow movement. Already something in Hollander is unraveling, going loose. His tongue is pink between his teeth.

Ilya says, deliberately, “Touching the Cup.”

There, the sudden jerk of the hand. Hollander goes furious all at once. “Fuck off,” he says. Everyone in the league knows Hollander doesn't fight. He's fast; has soft hands. Ilya had once dreamed, hazily, of Hollander peeling his glove from his wrist, and gotten himself off to the memory before he'd even finished waking up.

Hollander throws his underwear into Ilya's face.

The fabric's warm to the touch. Ilya picks it up from where it's dropped into his lap. Rubs his thumb over the damp spot at the crotch. He has a wild urge to put his mouth there and suck, have the taste of Hollander in his mouth. He drops it with effort, gropes for his glass instead. Empty.

So: more vodka. On the bed, Hollander has his fingers curled around his cock. This, Ilya does not know. Ilya's had his mouth all over Hollander, made him go stupid and lax with pleasure, but he's never learned how Hollander likes to touch himself.

A thumb over the head, spreading wetness; a jerky slide down the shaft. Ilya thinks about the calluses on Hollander's palm, that rough drag. Then Hollander tips his hips up and drops his hand further, and Ilya stops thinking altogether.

Hollander's mouth is open; his bottom lip is wet. "Are you going to fuck me?" he says. His finger slides past his balls, presses at the dark pucker of his asshole. Last time, Ilya had coaxed Hollander open with his fingers, then tongue, slow and sweet until his hole was flexing open under the lightest touch. By then Hollander had been begging. By then Ilya hadn't needed to be begged.

"I need—" Hollander, begging now. "I need you."

Ilya's on his feet. Shirt off. How can Hollander be so— His eyes are shiny. His throat is tight with tension. Ilya has seen Hollander shake off a brutal cross-check, play through a sprained ankle. He knows what it looks like when Hollander is breathing through a hurt.

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Hollander swallows around Ilya's fingers. His face creases into a frown. Ilya contemplates that, draws his fingers out. "You do not like it?"

Another thing to learn about Hollander, then: does not appreciate good vodka. This is not a surprise. Probably he prefers boring Canadian drinks.

"Was that—?"

"Mm, reward." Ilya wipes his wet fingers over Hollander's cheek. "But if you do not want it —"

Ilya could finish this now. Drain the glass and feed Hollander his cock. It gets Hollander so hard, sucking him. It wouldn't take much to finish him off and send him home.

Ilya doesn't have a return ticket to Boston. There are casinos here. There are clubs in Moscow. There is—

Hollander's hand catches Ilya's by the wrist. "I want," he says hoarsely. "I want it."

Teeth, scraping at the knuckle of Ilya's hand. Hollander's tongue slides hot over the webbing between Ilya's fingers. Ilya's not new to fucking but somehow this is what floors him, the

hunger of Shane Hollander's perfect mouth. His heart is hammering like he's just come off a power play, in his throat and his wrists and his dick.

He touches the back of Hollander's head. "You want more?"

Below him, the taut line of Hollander's spine. "Anything you got." He'd said that in Montreal, too: *yes, yes, yes*. Like he was Ilya's to take. Like all Ilya needed to do was ask.

Ilya tips the last of the vodka into his mouth. Holds it there, cool on his tongue. When he scratches through the short fuzz of Hollander's hair, he leans into the touch, like a dog.

Hollander likes to be good—likes to be told he's being good. No one has expected Ilya to be good since he was twelve years old.

He leans down to Hollander's tipped up face, his open mouth. His tongue slides in first; then the vodka. He can feel Hollander choke before he swallows.

"Turn around," Ilya says, "hands and knees." Fishes out the condom from his pocket and unzips his pants.

In three days there is the flight. Tonight he has the Hart, a pack of cigarettes on the nightstand, and this.

He puts his hands on Hollander's hips, and pushes in.

End Notes

thesis: what if they did kiss in vegas but it was still bad

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