

Winner's Room

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Winner's Room

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Summary

It's a dick move and right now Ilya is glad he has a reputation as a dick, so no one asks too many questions. You're supposed to pick someone that fucked up a bit, someone the team is already kind of mad at. Picking a team's captain, especially when he hasn't done anything wrong—you don't do that.

Or: Ilya notices that Hollander is off his game, and decides that a visit to the winner's room just might fix that.

Ilya Rozanov has been watching Shane Hollander, and he doesn't like what he sees.

He's been losing, for one thing. The Metros start the 2015 season with a string of losses, and though some of it is because of things outside Hollander's control—an injured goalie, a rookie that keeps letting passes through—even the commentators are saying that Hollander hasn't been himself, hasn't been playing like everyone knows he can. He's fumbling through games with none of his usual fire, and it has everyone scratching their heads and asking why.

It's been on the tip of Ilya's tongue, to ask why. He's opened their text thread more times than he can count, started typing out a question. Every time, he deletes it. They haven't spoken since Las Vegas. The time has built up in the silence between them, calcified.

No one likes losing. Ilya knows this, knows that if it were him he wouldn't be handling it any better. He'd be handling it *differently*—he still remembers the bruised knuckles and sour stomach from his last losing streak, the fist fights in bars and the broken bottles of bad liquor—but he'd be a mess too. It still rankles though. Hollander is supposed to be the sensible one; he doesn't get to crash out like this. It's not right.

Ilya needs to do something about this.

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Step one: in the next game they play against each other, crush the Metros in a humiliating 5 to 1 defeat.

It's not that hard to do. The Metros put up a token resistance in the first period, but they crumble after Ilya makes his first goal, and then all the momentum is on the Bear's side.

Hollander certainly doesn't try all that hard to stop him. It makes Ilya's teeth itch to see Hollander sleep walking through the game, taking abuse without even chirping back.

He doesn't look at Hollander as the seconds tick down, as the fans cheer and moan, as the talking heads once again loudly ask each other what's gotten into Montreal's golden boy.

He only lets himself sneak a glance at Hollander after, when the spectators have all gone and the two teams are left behind in the empty stadium. Hollander's not looking at him, just staring down at the ice.

Well, all according to plan. He's going to have to look at Ilya by the end of the night.

Ilya offers the Metros his biggest winning smile, the one they put on the covers of magazines when the advertisers want him to play at being a charming rogue. "Was fun, yes?"

One of the Metros—Renaud, he thinks—rolls his eyes. "Who do you want? For the Winner's Room."

He pretends to think about it, gives himself a second so it's not quite so obvious that he woke up today knowing that he needed to win, just so he could do this. "Let's say... Hollander."

The Metros line erupts in angry murmurs and some of the hotter heads make abortive moves towards him, knuckles creaking as they grip their sticks.

They've got a point. It's a dick move and right now Ilya is glad he has a reputation as a dick, so no one asks too many questions. You're supposed to pick someone that fucked up a bit, someone the team is already kind of mad at. Picking a team's captain, especially when he hasn't done anything wrong—you don't *do* that. In fact, Hollander would be well within his rights to say no. Players have rights, after all. This isn't the 80s; you can opt out.

But Ilya knows Hollander won't say no.

The way his shoulders hunch in on themselves, the way he's staring at the ice—Ilya can tell he's carrying the entire loss on his back, this one and all the others, never mind that half his line men couldn't find the fucking puck when it was right in front of them.

Part of Ilya is hoping Hollander takes the out, tells him to fuck off. But only part.

He stretches his smile wider, leans in to rest his chin on his stick. "If Hollander is too chicken, I can take your new kid instead."

He spares a wink for the rookie in question. The poor kid looks absolutely miserable, like it's his fault that the entire team's defense collapsed in the third period.

"Yeah, no, that's not necessary." And finally Hollander is looking at him, glaring up through dark lashes. A bit of fire back in his eyes, and there's a cut on his lip bleeding slightly. Ilya wants to bite it.

"Shane, man, come on," Pike says, placing a hand on Hollander's shoulder.

Hollander shrugs the hand off with a bit-back wince. "It's fine. I can handle it."

Pike tries again. "Shane—"

"I said I could handle it."

"Don't worry," Ilya puts in, "I promise I won't break him."

Pike bites back a curse; Dagenais spits at him. But Hollander doesn't say anything at all.

He tries again. Leers at Hollander, licks his lips suggestively. "We're going to have fun together, aren't we, Captain?"

Tell me to fuck off! Ilya wants to scream. *Call me an asshole, you know you want to!* But Hollander doesn't say anything at all, just stares at him with those same wounded eyes before giving a dazed nod and turning away, back to the locker room.

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Yeah, okay, Ilya was laying it on a bit thick. So all in all, it's not really a surprise when he exits the Raiders' locker room and runs into three of the Metros waiting for him with murder

on their faces.

He gives them an arched eyebrow and an unimpressed once over. “Can I help you?”

Dagenais takes a step forward, hands balling into fists at his side. “What the fuck were you thinking, Rozanov?”

Ilya is thinking that Dagenais missed a pass from Hollander that Ilya could have caught with his eyes closed. “Thinking about Hollander’s pretty lips stretched wide around my dick.”

“If you hurt him—”

Ilya waves the threat away. “If you didn’t want him on his knees sucking my cock you should have done a better job tonight, yes?”

Dagenais lunges; Miitka grabs him and holds him back but looks deeply torn about it. No doubt he’d like to see Ilya get his nose broken for daring to touch their precious captain.

And Ilya, for his part, would welcome the opportunity to throw a few punches too. God knows he wants to hit something right now.

But fighting off the ice is a no-go; if they get caught they’ll all be suspended, and it’s not going to help Hollander to have three of his offensive linemen sitting out the next few games, no matter how bad they are at their jobs.

He dances back, turns to leave. “If you don’t want my come on your captain’s face, stop losing,” he calls over his shoulder.

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Ilya gets to the Winner’s Room first.

It’s not exactly romantic. Plain white walls, bright white florescent lights. A bare mattress wrapped in plastic. Cold linoleum flooring, no rugs. Easy to clean. Hell on the knees.

He resists the urge to pace. Sits down on the bed and grabs a magazine at random from the crusty stack on the floor. A blonde with dead blue eyes and tits bigger than his head stares up at him. He sighs, the plastic wrap coating the mattress crinkling as he leans back against the headboard.

In all their years of doing... whatever it is they do, they’ve never done this. Picked each other.

The winner’s room is for fucking with the guys that gave you trouble, making them get on their knees and choke on your cock while you flip through a sticky edition of Playboy from the ‘90s. Maybe you slap the guy across the face a few times, maybe you jerk off and come on his jersey, just to really rub the humiliation in.

Ilya’s been a few times on both sides of the equation. When he wins, hell yes, he’s not going to turn down a blow job from a hot guy (even though truth be told most hockey players do

not give good blow jobs). And when he loses, the other side has always been perfectly happy to put him in his place. Or try to, at least.

He's never kissed anyone in the Winner's Room.

He tosses the magazine back onto the pile and leans his head back against the headboard with a sigh.

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Hollander takes his sweet time showing up. Probably off carefully steam-pressing his uniform. Or else he's scared of seeing Ilya and is trying to put it off.

When the door finally opens and Shane pads in with downcast eyes, Ilya has torn one of the Playboy covers into thin strips and is halfway done with a misshapen and slightly sticky paper braid. He sweeps it guiltily to the floor and stands up. "Hollander."

"Hey." Hollander's hair is still wet from the shower, and he doesn't seem to know where to put his hands. Hollander swallows; Ilya traces the movement down the line of his throat to where it disappears beneath the collar of his black t-shirt.

An awkward pause. Hollander isn't looking at him.

If they were doing—what they normally do, they would be on each other by now. Ilya would have met Hollander at the door and they would already be kissing, hands in hair as they devoured each other.

But Hollander lingers in the doorway, and Ilya doesn't get up from the bed.

Ilya clenches his teeth. It's on him, he knows it's on him. He's the one that did this, dragged Hollander out of the honeyed shadows of their normal hookups and into the bright white lights of the Winner's Room.

Ilya pushes up from the mattress; the plastic squeaks beneath him; Hollander flinches.

"So, do you want to..." Ilya says.

"Oh—yeah, sure." Hollander starts taking his shirt off and Ilya had been going to say "Do you want to sit down" but fine, this works too.

Hollander sheds his shirt and Ilya hisses in sympathy: the entire left side of his body is a patchwork of purple bruising.

"Colorado?" he asks. Like he doesn't know. Like he doesn't watch all of Hollander's games, like he didn't see the Colorado captain slam Hollander into the boards in the third period. Like he hadn't crushed the beer can he was holding at the sick thump of it, made tinny and muted by the TV speaker.

Hollander gives a jerky nod. "Matheson. He's an asshole."

Boston is playing Colorado next week. Ilya makes a mental note to repay the favor.

Hollander loses the pants next. Folds them, but it feels more like a delaying tactic than his usual exactness.

The bruising extends down his leg, with a purple starburst mottling his kneecap. Hell, no wonder he was stiff on the ice. Ilya's own knees hurt just looking at it.

Hollander hesitates then, and it's on the tip of Ilya's tongue to call him over to the bed and into Ilya's arms.

But before he can do that, Hollander is stripping off his briefs and sinking to his knees by the side of the bed. There's a wince, there and gone again, when his injured knee touches the floor. His eyes are fixed on the middle distance, there and not there.

He's beautiful on his knees, of course. But not like this.

Ilya stares. "What are you doing?"

"We're in the Winner's Room," Shane mumbles, like Ilya doesn't know that.

"So?"

"So... this is what you do. In here."

"Oh?" Ilya can't help it; his voice is louder, shriller in his own ears. "And if I pull my dick out and shove it down your throat, make you choke on it—you will not say no? You will just let me?"

Shane shrugs. He's still not looking at him. "If that's what you want."

Unbelievable. "What I want? What the fuck do you think I want?"

Hollander's head jerks up. And finally, finally, his eyes are flashing with that remembered fire. "Honestly, Rozanov? Honestly? I have no fucking idea what you want."

Hollander takes a deep breath, puts a hand on the side of the bed to steady himself. "You haven't—you haven't responded to my texts in ages and then you call me here like I'm just—like we're not... so what am I supposed to think?" He swallows and looks back at the ground. "And it's been a long fucking day and everything hurts and I just want to get this over with so I can go to sleep. So yeah." He laughs, and it's an ugly little sound. "Just—do what you want. Get it over with."

Something curdles in Ilya's stomach. "Get up."

"I don't—"

"Get. Up."

Maybe it's the iron in Ilya's voice that does it; Hollander finally stumbles to his feet with another bit back wince as he shifts his weight off of his injured knee.

He should be icing that knee, not kneeling on it. He needs a keeper; what are his teammates doing? Ilya gestures at the bed. "On your stomach."

Hollander hesitates. But then he dips his head in a jerky nod and pads to the other side of the bed. He lies down atop the plastic, head turned away from Ilya so that Ilya can just make out the flutter of his eyelashes against his shadowed cheek.

Ilya kneels on the bed at his side, looking down at the beautiful body laid out before him like a canvas, or a feast.

The bruises are on the side closest to him: purple at the depths, fading into shades of green at yellow at the edges. He reaches out to trace the outline of the worst bruise.

Hollander flinches at his touch. Like he expects Ilya to hurt him. Fuck.

He yanks his hand back. Hollander lets out a shaky breath.

"I'm going to touch you now," Ilya says, into the choking silence of the room.

There it is again, that tensing all throughout Hollander's body. "Okay," Hollander mutters into the mattress.

Well, here goes nothing. Ilya leans over to rest his palms on Hollander's shoulders. He presses down, into the swell of the muscle there, letting the meat of his thumbs probe the corded length of Hollander's left trap. The knots slide under his thumb, click, click, click, like beads on a necklace.

Hollander hisses and starts to twist back to face him. "What the fuck are you doing?"

Ilya pushes him back down, gets to work on the other trap. "Am giving you a massage, Hollander. No need to clutch your pearls."

"I don't need a fucking—"

Ilya jams his thumb into a particularly nasty knot, and whatever Hollander had been about to say dissolves into a moan.

"Relax," he says, repeating the motion.

Hollander makes a pissy comment too quiet for Ilya to hear; Ilya ignores him.

The knot melts away with a bit more attention, and Ilya moves lower down Hollander's back, vertebrae by vertebrae, punctuated by Ilya's grunts of effort and Hollander's breathy little exhales whenever Ilya gets a bad spot. They go like that in silence for a while, until Ilya's at the base of Hollander's spine, worshipping his glutes.

"You're good at this," Hollander mumbles into the quiet. His hips shift beneath Ilya's hands.

Ilya nods before remembering that Hollander can't see him. "I dated a masseuse once." Well. 'Dated' wasn't really the right word, but Ilya doesn't feel like explaining his string of semi-public hookups with the girl in question. December in Moscow was terrible; you felt like the sun was dying and you'd never be warm again. It made people do crazy things.

Hollander tenses again. "Oh."

Shit, Ilya must have tweaked something. He presses again at the knot in Hollander's right delt, putting his weight behind it this time. "She was hot."

Hollander mutters something and then he's twisting around and batting Ilya's hand away. "Look, can we just get this over with?"

"Get what over with?"

"The fucking. You brought me here to fuck me. So fuck me."

"Who is saying this, that I brought you here to fuck you?" It's a dumb question; Ilya is fully aware. Everyone is saying that, on both their teams. Hell, he said it himself. *If you don't want my come on your captain's face, stop losing.*

"That's what people do here." Hollander gestures helplessly at the white room around them, the sterility of it. "That's why you brought me here."

Ilya rolls his eyes. "Look at me; I am Shane Hollander, I am so smart. I know why everyone does everything."

Hollander laughs, and it's a bitter sound. "Why else would you pick me?"

And now it's Ilya avoiding Hollander's eyes. The words that bubble up in him aren't answers to Shane's questions. Why pick Shane? Because of the way he smiles, and the way he always orders ginger ale. Because of the way he plays hockey and the way he cards his fingers through Ilya's hair. Because of the sounds he makes when Ilya fucks him, and the sounds he makes as he drifts off to sleep.

He swallows. "I am not fucking you, Hollander; you are injured."

Hollander just looks at him for a second, and then he's moving to get up and reaching for his clothes. "Fucking unbelievable."

"You are mad because I brought you here to fuck you, and now you are mad that I will not fuck you?"

"Yes, no, I don't know—" and fuck, there are tears in his eyes.

Ilya doesn't have the words to fix this, but he can't let Hollander leave like this, run out of here crying and hurting and thinking that Ilya doesn't care.

His hands move on their own, reaching up and catching Hollander's limbs before he can get away, pulling him back to the bed and down to Ilya's lips.

The angle is wrong and Hollander fights him for a second before kissing back, but fuck, those lips against his feel like coming home. Soft, needy, opening for him—god, he missed this. Hollander kisses him like this is a language that only the speak, like he's the only thing in the world, and Ilya realizes as Hollander crawls back onto the bed next to him that it's been an age, an eon. They didn't kiss last time. He's not sure if Hollander noticed.

It's been so long. Too long. Like going without the sun in a Moscow winter. So long without Hollander that he hadn't even noticed that the light was gone, that the world was just a little bit dimmer.

He pulls his lips away.

Hollander is looking at him with wide eyes, his lips parted as he pants.

Ilya wants to kiss him again, thinks he could kiss him forever.

But tonight is about Hollander, about getting his stress under control. Gently, ever so gently, Ilya sinks to his knees at the side of the bed. The linoleum is cold and hard under his knees. But then he has his hands on Shane's hips and the skin is warm, so warm, under the pads of his fingers.

Hollander blinks owlshly down at him. "What are you doing?"

"Do you ask all men this, when they kneel in front of you?"

"I don't think the Winner's Room works this way," Hollander says. "You're not supposed to..."

"I am winner, is my room, I do what I want."

"That doesn't—"

Ilya leans in and swallows down Hollander's cock, and whatever stupid argument he was going to try to make dissolves into a low, drawn-out moan.

"Rozanov, *fuck*."

It shouldn't make Ilya's toes curl and cock jump, just to hear his name filthy in Hollander's mouth like that. But it does, and Ilya is past caring about *should* at that point anyway. He pushes forward with single-minded focus, giving Shane Hollander the best damn blowjob he can.

Hollander's hands come to rest on the crown of his head, shaky fingers tangling in his curls as he falls apart beneath the onslaught of Ilya's mouth.

Fuck, but he's beautiful like this.

Ilya spares a hand to shove down his own pants, palming himself in time with the arrested jolts of Hollander's hips.

Before long, Hollander is making the most beautiful sounds, reedy little gasps. His spine arches as he fucks into the heat of Ilya's mouth, the hands scrabbling at the plastic of the bed for purchase, sweat beading at the base of his neck as he trembles like a leaf in the winter wind.

"Fuck, fuck, Rozy, I'm—"

Ilya takes him to the hilt, burying his nose in the curls at the base of his cock, reveling in the musk of him, the taste of him, as he drinks Hollander down, down, down.

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It's a terrible bed to cuddle on. The plastic creaks and is vaguely sticky beneath them. Ilya's feet get cold, he shoves them against Hollander's in a sorry attempt to warm them up.

Hollander is lying at his side, legs tangled up with his, head resting on his chest, hands carding through Ilya's hair.

Ilya knows he should move, or at least tell Hollander to stop playing with his hair. You don't do that in the Winner's Room. He doesn't move.

"You know," Shane says into the silence, "if you just wanted to blow me, you could have just texted me."

"Mmm," says Ilya.

"You didn't need to bring me here. Announce to everybody you were going to do it."

"Mmm."

"My teammates are all going to think you did something awful to me."

"Mmm."

"They're going to want to bash your face in."

Ilya can't help it. "Good that they're angry. Maybe they will try harder on the ice next time."

Shane is quiet for a moment. And then he's twisting around to look at Ilya with an expression that Ilya can only describe as mildly deranged. "Did you—did you just admit you brought me here as part of an elaborate plot to traumatize my team *into being better at hockey*?"

Ilya fakes a yawn. "You ask such boring questions."

"Un-fucking-believable," Shane scoffs, but he doesn't pull away. He sets his head back down against Ilya's chest. "I should go. It's been an hour; they're going to think..."

Ilya shifts on the bed, pulling Hollander closer. "Let them think."

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