

The Night Shift

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The Night Shift

by [thecouchsofa](#)

Summary

Hollander is always a bit like that, in increments. He takes every loss personally – every missed shot, every empty netter, every failed pass. He could stand to get out of his head for a while.

It would be good, Ilya thinks, for him to calm down.

To sit and relax, maybe.

Notes

This is a train service to Hornytown, stopping briefly at Holeville and Slut City. Please mind the gap.

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

There's a red mark on Hollander's shoulder. The right one – the left already bears a scar. This new blemish is the size of a postage stamp, all rounded corners and wavy edges. It makes his tongue feel fuzzy, activating a flesh memory of yore; a ten-year-old version of himself pressing adhesive to his lips to dampen the backside image of an Olympic fencer.

Hollander's new mark is not shiny – not like his other scar, which now seems less visible. This one stands out against pale skin turned luminescent by the flashes of cameras during postgame press. Ilya sprawls across his couch as he watches clips on his phone; it's easier to pause and rewind, to zoom in on Hollander's mouth as it ticks upwards at the corner, if he's holding the image in his hand, instead of looking up at the TV.

The nasally voice of a reporter asks, "What is the plan to tighten up the Metros' defense?"

There's a visible flicker of annoyance in Hollander's eyes; doubtless, no one else caught it. It's well hidden, pressed down beneath chivalry and sportsmanship and good Canadian manners. Because Hollander likes to think of himself as a gracious loser.

Only, Ilya knows better.

On the TV, the Boston commentators go over today's game highlights. It's a typical rerun, but Ilya always makes sure to view those after coming off a win. Midgame, on the bench, he pushes away the tablet, preferring to keep focus on the match as it plays out, rather than going over his recent mistakes.

He's scrolling mindlessly, switching between applications; four Instagram posts, only one worth a like; two new emails, both missed by the spam filter; a Snap from Svetlana that he saves for the morning; another from Sasha that he opens and doesn't respond to; endless notifications from the Raiders' Whatsapp chat, everyone on cloud nine after grinding Montreal into the dust.

7-2.

Ilya was on the ice for most of it, as was Hollander. He's going to be fucking pissed.

He looks it, in the postgame press. Anyone else might think him aloof, maybe even resigned. But Ilya knows that the bulge at the side of his jaw means that he's clenching his teeth. That his hands staying firmly out of shot indicates his fists are balled, probably pressed against his thighs or the small of his back. He's making more eye contact than usual, his gaze steely. But there's also a twitch at the corner of his eye and a forced smile – he's trying his best to keep spirits high in the locker room. He'll finish up his boring interview, only to give an even more boring uplifting speech to his team.

Whether it resonates with them or not, Ilya doesn't know – Hollander's never been *his* captain, so he can't say for sure.

The *ding* startles him – his gate bell, tinny and half dead, thanks to a frigid New England winter. His phone slips from his hand, falling onto his chest. There, against his sternum, it

buzzes.

Jane: *Here.*

Hollander always maintains three points of contact, as though he's climbing a ladder rather than visiting Ilya's house for a quick fuck.

It took exactly *one* instance of being left outside for five minutes *at most* while Ilya showered off the muck of the Warrior Ice Arena, and he'd refused to so much as call an Uber without Ilya already waiting by the door. That night, he'd barged inside, effectively shouldering Ilya out of the way, daggers shooting from his eyes as he toed off his runners. Against Ilya's mouth, his sternum, and then – as was typical – his cock, he muttered that he'd been *this close* to turning around and going home. Doubly so after a very rare, very conspicuous *Toyota Corolla* rolled on by, making Hollander convinced that he was being followed by Hayden Pike, the paps, and Justin Trudeau himself.

Ilya had checked his Ring camera afterwards.

The Toyota had been operated by a middle-aged woman with a child in the passenger seat. There were a set of bikes on the roof rack, and a cartoon-style bumper sticker in the shape of the Calgary Tower.

Such a vehicle didn't set off Ilya's radar of concern. But he also wasn't neurotic; on that front, Hollander had all four bases so well covered that it was impossible not to hit a grand slam.

Ilya takes a moment to heart react Hollander's arrival message, buying himself a precious few seconds of peace. Then he pushes himself up and goes over to the door panel to buzz him through the exterior gate.

It typically takes 24 seconds for Hollander to reach the door – he knows this because he'd been told as much. In a very forceful, *you-should-fix-this* tone, after Montreal's last Hoser on Boston ice.

Hollander had sunk to his knees right against Ilya's front door, and blown him until tears spilled down his cheeks. He could barely moan when Ilya fucked him over the arm of the couch afterwards, his throat rubbed raw.

He'll be like that again tonight, Ilya thinks. During the postgame press, he'd looked ready to vibrate out of his skin. Visibly keyed-up, pulse thrumming in his throat and muscle twitching in his jaw. If he wasn't here, at Ilya house, he'd be up late into the night going over missed plays and poorly aimed shots. He'd confessed, once, that he struggles to turn his brain off. Doesn't enjoy stewing in the aftermath of a bad game but doesn't know how to *not*.

He'd let that information slip in Montreal, when Ilya asked if he'd have a lie in the next morning. Take advantage of their game being played on the Metros' home ice.

"I can't," Hollander had replied. "Probably won't get any sleep tonight either. Might just stay up and watch the ESPN highlights." He'd thrown Ilya his shirt and refused to elaborate until

pushed.

“Not healthy,” Ilya had replied. “Even for Captain.”

But Hollander is always a bit like that, in increments. That vibration, that constantly racing mind. He isn’t built for stillness; always moving some part of his body, dark eyes cataloguing everything as though he’ll be quizzed on it later.

It would be good, Ilya thinks, for him to calm down.

To sit for a while – relax, maybe.

Only, they don’t do that. They don’t sit quietly with each other – not unless sweat is still drying on their skin and Ilya hasn’t had time to tie off the condom yet.

Even with each other, they’re always active. Moving, pushing, pressing, *acting*. It works.

Pausing for a while, just existing in each other’s space ... that would be too revealing – for Ilya, at least. He’ll say something he shouldn’t, or look at Hollander for far too long with eyes that have always, *always*, said too much. By accident, he’ll let slip how things have begun to change for him, how this *thing* of theirs is reshaping itself in his mind.

But sex? That he can do.

Combining both? Even better.

And if he can keep Hollander still, let him relax, soothe himself while not pointing a spotlight at everything Ilya’s trying to keep under lock and key? It’s too good of a prospect to not try.

A plan is already forming in Ilya’s mind when Hollander knocks on the door. He’s standing just off to the side, away from both the automatic porchlight and the Ring camera. He throws Ilya a rueful smile, a dejected *hey* released into the cool night air.

He waits for the door to close and then he’s on Ilya, hands sliding to his waist and holding tight. He presses his face to Ilya’s shoulder for a moment; his lips part, and he bites down. Muffled, “Aren’t you going to say something?”

Ilya runs a hand up Hollander’s back, cups his nape. “Hello.”

“About the game.”

“I am not going to apologise for winning.”

“Fuck you.” It lacks bite, sounds more sorrowful than anything.

Ilya pinches some of Hollander’s hair between his fingers, tugs gently. “You did not play badly. But Ruskov had too much ice time. He is rough, hands out easy power plays.”

Hollander nods, but Ilya knows he isn’t listening. They never really grew out of this phase, the rivalry seeping too deep during their youth for them to take constructive criticism on

board, when it comes from one another. Hollander's worse about it, but Ilya can't deny that he still feels the need to defend Marlow when Hollander calls his play style *sloppy*.

Ilya noses at Hollander's temple and gently massages the back of his neck. "Is going to be a hard road to the playoffs for you."

"I *know*," Hollander bites out. He's grinding his teeth – Ilya can feel it against his cheek. "It was a really fucking important game. For us."

"For Boston as well," Ilya says. He kisses Hollander's temple, digs his fingers in deeper on Hollander's neck and shoulders, into the hard knots of muscle. It verges on a massage, and Hollander presses back into it, so he keeps going.

It's going to be nearly impossible for Montreal to claw their way back up the ladder after tonight's game. The season's been an absolute shitshow for the Metros so far – more rookies to train than usual, none of whom seem to click with each other, according to ESPN. A new assistant coach, talks of a full management restructure. And now an embarrassing loss to the Raiders on their home ice, stands full of jeering Boston fans watching them hang their heads as they trudge down the tunnel.

If it were Ilya, he'd be pissed.

Hollander certainly is – it's written all over his face, his posture, the bite of his nails against Ilya's hipbones. When Ilya draws back and their gazes lock, Hollander's eyes are blazing. He looks like he wants to strip himself off in the foyer, bend over, and get fucked through the wall.

Usually, Ilya would do it, no questions asked. But an idea's already taken root, and he wants something different tonight.

Hollander's been wearing the C for years now. According to rumours, he doesn't hand off responsibility to his As very often, seeing the shouldering of the load as his civic fucking duty as a Canadian, or something. He takes every loss personally – every missed shot, every empty netter, every failed pass. He could stand to get out of his head for a while. And Ilya's always enjoyed commanding attention.

The new red mark on Hollander's shoulder is smooth under Ilya's lips, until he gets to the edges. There, the roughened skin catches on his cupid's bow, sticking slightly. He draws back, frowning. "What the fuck is this?"

Hollander glances down, eyebrows jumping in amusement. "Uh, temporary tattoo. Hayden's kids."

"That is not a tattoo."

"No, but they tried to give me one. Turns out I'm allergic to the adhesive." He shrugs, looking at Ilya as though it's a completely standard way to spend his weekends off as a young, attractive, wealthy guy in his twenties.

Ilya kisses the space where the Olympic rings would be, if a commemorative Russian stamp was laid over the top. “What was it?”

“The adhesive?”

“Idiot. The tattoo.”

The corner of Hollander’s mouth lifts. “A unicorn. Rainbow behind it, sparkly purple tail.”

“Ah,” Ilya says, smile immediately spreading. “Very manly, yes.”

“Fuck off. *I* think so.”

“Next time, you should make it a bear. Grizzly, very big.”

“Fuck you *and* your Russian bear.”

But Hollander’s smiling now. Big and proper, and Ilya knows he’s hooked him. He drops his hand from Hollander’s neck and threads their fingers together. “Come.”

He leads Hollander past the kitchen and into the lounge area. The TVs still playing, the fireplace crackling in the background. He’s set the intensity to low, turning down the gas so that Hollander won’t overheat so much that he draws back; Ilya prefers to fuck with their bodies pressed together, chasing away the manufactured chill.

In the corner, an automatic diffuser puffs out the smell of coconut and vanilla. Hollander uses a soap with both scents in it – Ilya’s seen it in his shower, when he scrubs Hollander’s come out of his happy trail. The diffuser has two benefits: lulling Hollander into a false sense of homely security – thus enabling Ilya to better get what he wants – and covering up the smell of cigarettes, which Hollander seems to derive sexual pleasure in complaining about.

Not that Ilya smokes indoors anymore, for obvious reasons. But just in case.

The TV is still showing reruns of recent games – highlights, player interviews, analysis of the current standing. Buffalo’s still at the bottom, according to the graphic.

“They will never get less than fourth overall draft pick,” Ilya says, nodding at the screen. On it, a Sabres player completely fucks up a pass, sending the puck straight to a waiting Calgary defenseman.

“Yeah, because they fucking suck,” Hollander says. His tone is sharper now – being reminded of terrible teams is evidently a sore spot.

“They are worse than the Metros.”

“High fucking praise.” He flops onto Ilya’s couch and crosses his arms, looking like a child who is seconds away from throwing a tantrum. He raises an eyebrow when Ilya adjusts the volume and winds back the rerun. “What are you doing?”

Before the highlight reels of the Sabres and the Admirals and the Wild, the Metros v Boston game aired. Ilya speeds through it in reverse, stopping when there's two minutes left in the second period; the Metros are in the middle of wasting a power play.

"Brutal choice," Hollander mutters. He shifts against the couch, sinking deeper into the cushions. "You really asked me here just to fucking *gloat*?"

"Am not gloating," Ilya says. He sets down the remote and moves in closer, pressing his lips to the side of Hollander's neck. "Who is gloating?"

"This is, like, my personal version of hell." He shoves weakly at Ilya's shoulder at the exact same time that he arches his neck, giving Ilya more access. "Fuck, you're an asshole. Really." The next sound out of his mouth is a groan. He reaches for Ilya's hand, pressing it to the hardening bulge at the front of his sweats.

Ilya entertains it for only a brief moment. He lets his lips linger on Hollander's collarbone as he asks, "Do you want anything?" He tilts his chin up, meets Hollander's confused gaze.

"You mean, apart from this?" He thrusts upwards, grinding his cock against Ilya's palm.

"A drink, maybe something to eat?"

"Uh, no." Hollander swallows, his lips parting around a pleased exhale as Ilya tightens his grip, squeezing the head of his cock through the soft material.

"You are sure?"

"What the fuck? *Yes*, I'm sure."

Ilya presses a kiss to the side of Hollander's neck and lets go of his cock. "Okay." He shifts into a sitting position and taps his own thighs. "Come here. Clothes off."

Hollander smirks, tugging his shirt over his head. He keeps his eyes on Ilya's chest as they both undress, gaze raking hotly over his skin. He doesn't turn to look at the TV once. Acts like he doesn't hear it when the commentator says his name. He swings a leg over Ilya's thighs, letting out a low groan when his cock brushes against Ilya's, their skin separated only by the thin material of Ilya's underwear. He slides his index under the waistband, pulls it and lets it snap back. "Why? Take these off."

"Later." Ilya tugs Hollander down with a hand on his nape, licks into his mouth with a kiss that's hot and wet and leaves Hollander gasping.

"God, yes," Hollander groans. He grinds down hard against Ilya, back arching to get the angle just how he likes it. The head of his cock smears against Ilya's stomach, precome catching in the hair there. "What are you even doing? Come on."

Ilya runs a hand down Hollander's back, fights to keep his tone even, to not display how desperate he is for this. "You are too fast."

“You’re not fast enough.” Hollander’s cock is already so wet, the flushed skin of it shiny, as purple as a bruise. He’s always like this, desperate and on edge after barely any effort on Ilya’s part. Which means that tonight is probably going to be torture for him.

“Settle.” He bites back the *sweetheart* that threatens to spill over – Hollander won’t like that. Fuck, he’s not even sure if *he* would like it. It would taste sugary on his tongue, thick and syrupy. He runs a hand up Hollander’s side until he gets to his shoulders; he pushes down, forcing Hollander to slow the roll of his hips. “I want to try something different.”

“Don’t fucking tell me you’ve got, like, handcuffs stuffed in your underwear. Or a blindfold.”

“Wow – very kinky.”

“Shut up.” A flush is rising in Hollander’s cheeks. It spreads down his throat to colour the top of his chest a peachy red. “Just seems like something you’d be into.”

“Do you spend a lot of time thinking about that?”

“Should I start saying ‘fuck me’ instead of ‘fuck you’? Would that help?”

Ilya hums, pretends to think about it. “Yes. Maybe.” He kisses the corner of Hollander’s mouth, pulling back so that the kiss can’t be deepened. “This position is okay, yes?”

“Yeah.” The word is breathy; Hollander’s started moving again, grinding his cock against the bulge that strains the front of Ilya’s underwear. He takes advantage of the lack of downward pressure on his shoulders to spread his legs, fucking himself against Ilya’s cock.

There’s a smear of lube on the outside of the bottle, and Ilya’s fingers slide over it as he tugs it free from between the couch cushions. He ignores the look that Hollander throws him – he doesn’t keep the bottle there for quick access to anyone else, and Hollander’s an idiot if he doesn’t know that by now.

When Ilya gets two slick fingers between Hollander’s legs, they slide in easily. They’ve both grown practiced at this, at knowing how to move together in order to get the best result as quickly as possible. Hollander presses back into it, stops rolling his hips and lets Ilya take over. He mouths at the side of Ilya’s neck, applying just enough pressure that it aches when he moves on, but not enough to leave a proper mark.

Against Ilya’s skin, Hollander says, “Riding on the couch isn’t all that new.”

Fighting to keep his smile hidden, Ilya tilts his head back and raises an eyebrow. “And you are complaining?”

Hollander rolls his eyes. “I’d stop complaining if you got your dick in me. You take for-fucking-ever. *Is this ok? Is this?*” He deepens his voice at the end, doing a bad impression of Ilya’s accent. As usual, he’s as transparent as glass; the urge to fuck out his feelings, to forget his terrible gameplay and punish himself a little bit – it’s too obvious. When they do this together, that choice isn’t his. Ilya won’t take the bait unless he wants to.

In retaliation, Ilya curls his fingers right against Hollander's prostate and holds them there, firm. "It will not work."

"What?" Hollander gasps, arches his back as he fucks himself on Ilya's fingers. "Your dick? Pretty sure it's doing fine."

"No." He bites down on the side of Hollander's neck, right where it meets his shoulder; he hopes that it bruises, that when he dresses for his next game, Ilya's mark is right alongside this new one. "You are trying to make me go faster."

"Yeah, no shit."

"Making me angry will not work."

"Oh yeah?" Hollander lets out a noise that's half laugh, half groan. "Want to test it? I'm sure I can think up some really terrible shit. Get you so pissed that you'll—"

"It will not work," Ilya says, "because I cannot be angry at you."

It's too much – Hollander's reaction makes that obvious. His hips stop rolling and he sits back, eyebrows already rising. He opens his mouth and Ilya suddenly realises that he absolutely does not want to hear Hollander's response to his involuntary admission, because it won't be what he wants. Of that, he's certain.

Quickly, Ilya pulls his fingers free – fast enough that it makes Hollander wince, his hips jerking. He scrunches up his nose, pushing together the freckles that are scattered across the bridge.

Ilya is only a man, and his willpower has limits. So he leans up and presses a kiss right to the tip, feels Hollander's skin crinkle against his lips. In a whisper that turns gravelly in his throat, he says, "Turn around." He pushes his underwear down as Hollander does just that. But Hollander doesn't stop there – he stands, rolling his shoulders as he looks back at Ilya.

"Bedroom?" he asks. A shocked laugh escapes his lips when Ilya grabs him by the waist and tugs him back down. They're in a reversed position now – his chest to Hollander's back. It puts his cock directly against Hollander's ass, and he has to dig his fingers into Hollander's hips to stop himself from fucking upwards on instinct.

Hollander keeps making comments under his breath, all smug as though he's figured Ilya out, knows what's going on. He rises up onto his knees as Ilya rolls the condom on. Waiting to be given the go ahead.

This position completely opens him up for Ilya's gaze – there's nothing hidden like this. It makes Ilya's mouth water, his pulse thrumming in his temples as he stares at that space between Hollander's legs – pink and wet and stretched open by his fingers. He was the first one to touch Hollander there. The only one, as far as he knows.

That thought sends a jolt of possessiveness down Ilya's spine; hot, combustible, dangerous. He could go ahead with what Hollander clearly wants. Press him face down into the cushions

and fuck him until he cries and comes all over himself.

But, he reasons, he can still do that. Later.

“Hurry the fuck up,” Hollander mutters. The sharp edge hasn’t yet dulled from his tone. He’s still stewing, his thoughts in desperate need of a redirect.

Rather than biting back, Ilya presses an open-mouthed kiss to Hollander’s spine. He keeps his mouth there as he pours lubricant onto his fingers, angling then so that a small well forms. He presses it against Hollander’s hole, pushing his fingers inside in a wet mess.

Goosebumps erupt on Hollander’s back and he shivers, twisting to frown at Ilya. His mouth opens, brow furrowing, but he cuts himself off when he sees that Ilya has a hand around himself, slicking up his cock.

“Okay?” Ilya asks, throwing him a grin that he hopes looks cocky as hell.

The furrow in Hollander’s brow deepens, but the corner of his mouth lifts. “You *want* to slip out?”

“No.”

“Well, you’re going to.”

Ilya clicks his tongue, settles a hand on the curve of Hollander’s waist and guides him backwards. “Sit down. Slowly.”

And the thing is, Hollander *should* be right. If this is going to go how he thinks – him rising up onto his knees before fucking himself back down on Ilya’s cock – he’ll definitely slip out. Hollander’s so wet inside that it’s dripping out, smearing across the head of Ilya’s dick as he moves it into position. There’ll be barely any friction like this – it’s a rookie error, and one that Hollander’s very obviously identified, yet is taking no action to rectify. Probably content to let Ilya embarrass himself, before they head to the shower and try for a do over.

“Careful,” Ilya murmurs. He shifts, pressing the balls of his feet against the floor. It forces Hollander to change his angle; he does it, flashing Ilya an annoyed expression.

“You good there?” he says, looking back over his shoulder.

“Mmm, no.” Ilya fits both hands to Hollander’s waist, digs his thumbs in. “Sit.”

“I *am*.”

“You are not.”

“Like ... you want me to...” Hollander tucks one knee toward his chest; his weight presses back against Ilya’s hands. It shouldn’t make Ilya’s stomach clench, that visible display of trust that he won’t let Hollander fall. How easily that trust comes.

“And the other one.” He guides Hollander back until his shoulders are against Ilya’s chest. Rubs a hand over Hollander’s bent leg, then gently pushes it down. “Come back some more.”

“This isn’t going to work.”

Ilya presses a kiss to Hollander’s shoulder, runs his hands over the curve of Hollander’s hips. “It will.” For what he wants, anyway.

When Ilya’s cock finally pushes inside, it’s quick. He’s holding most of Hollander’s weight, his biceps bulging under the strain. Hollander’s legs are atop his, his toes grazing the tops of Ilya’s feet. His fingers bite into Ilya’s forearms as he’s gently lowered.

Ilya goes slow, so as not to hurt him. He whispers in Russian, presses soft kisses to Hollander’s skin as he asks if it’s okay. Makes sure that he’s not going in at the wrong angle, that Hollander isn’t uncomfortable or anxious or gritting his teeth through it.

For his part, Hollander doesn’t utter a word of complaint. Not until his arse is being cradled by Ilya’s thighs, and Ilya’s fully sheathed inside. Then, he says, “What are you planning to do here?”

“What,” Ilya jokes, grinning, “is this not enough?”

“I can’t...” Hollander tries to move, succeeding only in rocking his hips. It makes them both groan, though Ilya muffles his against Hollander’s back. He presses the balls of his feet to the tops of Ilya’s, tries to lift himself up. To gain more leverage. Which simply won’t do.

With the kind of self-assured touch that only comes after years of careful cultivation, Ilya places his hands on Hollander’s thighs and spreads them wider. He keeps going, his touch gentle, until Hollander’s legs are on either side of Ilya’s. His feet are hooked around Ilya’s calves, his toes no longer brushing the tops of Ilya’s feet.

Hollander’s breath hitches; Ilya drinks in the sound, lets it fill his mouth and his ears. He runs his hands down Hollander’s front, groans when Hollander arches his back in response. He turns his face toward Ilya, lips parted, eyes dark.

Ilya watches him, rubs his thumbs over Hollander’s nipples, and says, “Is okay?”

Hollander’s tongue darts out to wet his lips. He presses his palms to the couch, uses it to rock himself back and forth. When Ilya reaches for his wrists, he goes easily.

“Behind my head,” Ilya instructs. He waits until Hollander’s fingers are curling in his hair, short nails biting into his scalp and the nape of his neck, before pressing a kiss to Hollander’s cheek. “Keep them there.”

When Hollander speaks, his voice is thick with desire; Ilya recognises it well. “What do you want me to do?”

Ilya pretends to think about it. Acts like he doesn’t know, that he hasn’t been planning this from the moment he sent Hollander a text after the game. He rubs his nose against

Hollander's cheek, kisses him once, sweetly, on the corner of his mouth. Then he takes Hollander's chin in his hand and turns his head toward the TV.

On the screen, intermission is over. The third period has started, and the Metros are down 5 goals to 2. They won't score again this period. But Ilya will get his dick trick.

"Jesus," Hollander hisses. He arches his back, groans when he can't move in any meaningful way. "Are you going to...?"

Ilya swallows, takes a moment to breathe out. He kisses the nape of Hollander's neck. "Watch the game."

"*Why?*" It's whiny, Hollander's tone edged with desperation. He still doesn't get it. Still wants to move, to grasp, claim, *fuck*. And after that? He'll pull on his clothes and walk out the door, still halfway vibrating out of his skin. Go back to his shitty hotel room, stay up half the night, and get on the plane tomorrow with wine-stains under his eyes and an ache in his teeth.

It's not even a leisure activity anymore – Ilya's performing a public service.

He settles his hands on Hollander's hips. The touch – in comparison to the way his dick twitches when Hollander clenches around him – is almost chaste.

"Here is what we will do." Ilya noses at Hollander's nape, rubs his thumbs in soothing circles over Hollander's hipbones. "We will sit like this until game is finished."

"Rozanov."

"You will tell me all the bad moves I have made – you are allowed to."

"I'm *allowed* to?"

Again, Ilya kisses his neck. He's grinning, and he presses it to Hollander's skin, lets him feel it. "Yes. You will not move. You will sit very nicely on my cock."

"Jesus Christ."

"And then when game is finished, I will fuck you. But only if you stay still."

"You're joking." Hollander's fingers tighten in Ilya's hair. He turns his head but the angles all wrong for a kiss; Ilya presses down a flash of disappointment at that. "You won't be able to stay like this for—" He pauses, checks the TV. "—eighteen minutes. Plus stoppage."

And there was quite a big stoppage, right in the middle of the period. They both remember it.

"Yes?" Ilya asks. From this angle, he can see where Hollander's cock rests against his stomach. He's still hard.

For a moment, Hollander is silent. Then he swallows, says, "You want me to critique your play?"

“Yes.”

“Fine.”

Ilya picks up the remote and turns down the volume until the commentators fade into the background. Then he nods.

It’s erotic, hearing Hollander talk about hockey.

He starts off with basic observations, small things he’s noticed about how Ilya skates, how he intercepts the puck, how he creates space for himself on the ice. Which hits were clean, and which refs seemed content to ignore an occasional cross-check.

He stays mostly still, only slight rocks of his hips. But he keeps clenching down around Ilya’s cock.

Ilya presses his face to Hollander’s neck and breathes in the smell of him – all vanilla and coconut and a hint of spicy cologne that’s transferred from his clothes to his skin. Skin that’s warm to the touch, a red flush still staining his neck and chest.

It doesn’t take long for Hollander’s façade to crack.

It starts with his voice. His quick commentary begins to fray at the edges – he takes a moment to match the names of Ilya’s teammates with the numbers that flash by on the screen. His tone rises slightly in pitch, his pronunciation hampered by the increased pace of his breathing, and the way he bites off his own noises before they can fully form.

The changes to his body are less obvious at first. Or they would be, if it were anyone but Ilya wrapped around him.

His skin is hotter now than it was before; it makes him sweat, musk beading at his underarms. Ilya noses at the hair there, presses a kiss to the hollow of his armpit. Then another, when he’s rewarded with a groan. There are goosebumps all over Hollander’s skin now. They catch the lamplight, tiny peaks that beg to be kissed, touched, every single one worth paying attention to.

Ilya does what he can, running his hands over every bit of Hollander than he can reach. He loves listening to the way Hollander’s breath catches, how the vibration of his moans starts in his chest before moving up through his throat. How the muscles in his stomach bunch as he fights to keep still, how his biceps bulge when Ilya presses his mouth against them.

Onscreen, Ilya scores a goal.

On the couch, he runs his hands down Hollander’s front to cup his inner thighs, bypassing his cock entirely; it’s flushed purple, the hair around the base completely damp now, thanks to his precome. Ilya presses his lips to Hollander’s neck and says, “That is my fourth goal, yes?”

“Yeah.”

The grainer version of himself throws an arm around Marly and punches the air. He glances over his shoulder in TV-Hollander's direction, throws him a smug wink. Though it wasn't visible to the arena cameras, Ilya received a glare in return.

The score changes: 6-2.

Ilya's cock twitches.

It sets Hollander off. He squirms, gripping tight to Ilya's hair as he tips his own head back. His ass squeezes Ilya's cock so tight, like he's trying to find a way to fuck himself with it. "*Shit.*"

Ilya breathes out through his mouth. His balls ache, his cock aches, and he's not entirely sure that he's going to make it to the end of the period.

A whimper leaves Hollander's parted lips. His cock keeps twitching against his stomach, beads of precome slipping down his shaft. Ilya watches as one slides past his pubic hair and down the inside of his thigh. Then he feels it against his own balls as it pools there, seeping into his overheated, oversensitive skin.

He won't need to last to the end, if Hollander breaks first. Which is looking more and more likely as the game continues.

But Hollander's effort is visible.

Moving while sitting on a cock is instinctual. Thrusting, grinding, rolling – it's hard to fight the instinct to fuck. Seeing Hollander try so hard to stay still ignites something at the base of Ilya's spine; it burns bright and hot and wraps around the space where they're joined, making him hyperaware of it.

Hollander could easily stand up. He's not tied down, isn't being held in place with any actual force. Even if he was, he and Ilya bench similar amounts, when they're not deliberately trying to outdo each other. He has proper *working* muscles – his body optimised for speed, agility, and short bursts of brute strength. He could very easily get up, shove Ilya against the couch cushions, and take what he wants. He could tuck his legs under himself and fuck back onto Ilya's cock, let his own slap against his stomach until he came like that. Until he milked Ilya's cock dry. If he said that's what he wanted, Ilya wouldn't stop him.

But he doesn't do any of that. Not because he can't, but because Ilya told him not to.

He stays still, as instructed. Because it's what's good for him, is what his brain and his body need after a hard game, so that he doesn't crash. When it inevitably hits him, Ilya wants to be there. He wants to take Hollander into his arms and hold him through the adrenaline crash. To kiss along his brow line and down his nose, while Hollander pretends that he wants space, not intimacy. Even though they both know that's a lie. But at this point, they're good at pretending.

"Tell me," Ilya says, letting his accent elongate the vowels, "does it feel nice, sitting on my cock?" He runs his hands over Hollander's inner thighs, brushes his fingertips along the skin

where it meets his pelvis. It's wrinkled there, coarser than the area around it. He keeps going up, up, up until he reaches Hollander's balls. They're tight and firm, tucked against his body. Ilya rubs his thumb over the seam, feels a wiry hair catch under his fingernail.

Hollander's spine arches, his nails digging into the nape of Ilya's neck. "Jesus *fucking*—" He moans, cutting himself off.

"Good boy." Ilya presses his lips to the hollow of Hollander's armpit, looks down to watch Hollander's cock jerk. It shifts away from his stomach as it twitches, shiny head catching the light. It reconnects with his abdominals with a gentle *thud*.

"Fuck," Hollander hisses. His teeth are clenched, his jaw bunching.

"Mmm, not yet." He drags his fingers down, past Hollander's balls, to where they're joined. It's so wet, the lube so thick and viscous, that Ilya indulges himself for a moment. Pictures a reality in which there is no layer of latex between them, where he can feel himself smeared between Hollander's legs, staining his dark hair white. Come as many times as he wants, as many as Hollander can take.

With gentle fingers, Ilya rubs along the base of his own cock, pressing his fingers to Hollander's rim; there's a give there, as though he could slide his fingers inside too. That Hollander's body would let him gratefully, greedy for it.

"Rozanov." Warning colours Hollander's tone. He tilts his chin down, eyes tracking the path of Ilya's hand. "Fuck, let me ... let me get my legs up."

"No."

Hollander tips his head back, squeezes his eyes shut. He groans when Ilya separates his fingers, parting them around his own cock in a V shape. His knuckles rub against Hollander's rim, teasing him.

Whenever the TV broadcast switches away from the ice – logos, team uniforms, a wide shot of the crowd, anything darker than white, really – Ilya can see them in the reflection, together. How drunk would he need to get Hollander, if he wanted to bring a mirror into the bedroom, he wonders.

One of the broadcast logos flashes across the screen, just as Hollander opens his eyes. He whimpers, the flush on his cheeks darkening, as he catches sight of their reflections on the screen. He tries to close his legs, only stopping when Ilya puts both hands on his knees to keep them spread wide.

Ilya kisses his neck, says, "I want to see."

"Jesus Christ." A shiver rolls down Hollander's spine. "I can't look at myself."

"Is okay," Ilya says, mouthing at Hollander's nape. "I will look enough for both of us."

It's exhilarating, being able to touch Hollander everywhere. Usually there are hands in the way, or the necessity of a position change. But here, like this, there is nobody to stop him.

Hollander lets him do it, leans back into him and watches it happen.

Ilya can feel him getting worked up, his body responding to the consistent stimulation. It's a little like earlier – a livewire under Hollander's skin – but so very different.

This version of Hollander isn't psyching himself up to punch something, to throw himself onto a treadmill and run until his legs give out. It's not a punishment being doled out by a singular judge, jury, and executioner – it's release. It's testing the bars on a cage to see if they'll bend, while ignoring the unlocked door right beside it. It's a handing off of responsibility. An allowance, that Hollander trusts that Ilya will make it worth his while. Eventually.

"*Please,*" Hollander groans. He lets out a whimper as Ilya splays a hand over his stomach, presses inwards. "Fuck, can you feel yourself?" He arches his back, pushing into Ilya's hand. His cock slides across Ilya's wrist; it's wet and sticky, the head a lurid purple.

"Can feel *you*. Desperate for it."

"No shit." Hollander turns his head, presses his mouth to Ilya's temple. He's shaking, the tremors in his muscles becoming more obvious by the second. He's so worked up that Ilya doesn't know how he's resisting the urge to move.

Offering Hollander a bit of relief is a risk – it might push him over whatever line exists in his head. The imaginary marker of how far he'll let Ilya go before he decides he's had enough. But he's earned it, so.

When Ilya traces his fingers over Hollander's balls, he feels them contract. He cups them, taking them in hand, and squeezes. Gently. But it's enough.

Hollander comes with a loud moan. He clutches at Ilya, fingers tensing and releasing, Ilya's curls twisted around his knuckles. His body grips Ilya's cock so tight that it makes Ilya's eyes water. His moans are a balm that washes across Ilya's skin in a warm, transparent layer. The sounds that leave his parted lips are half-formed, akin to those he makes when he's on his back, Ilya's thrusts forcing them from his chest. It's maddening, listening to them and not being able to fuck upwards. It's a siren call across an endless sea, tailor-made for Ilya's ears.

It takes every ounce of willpower that Ilya has not to move. To sit there and act as though he isn't harder than he's ever been in his life. As though Hollander coming with barely a hand on him isn't the hottest thing he's ever seen.

The tension leaks from Hollander's muscles instantly; he sags, his back pressed against Ilya's chest, his still-folded arms resting on Ilya's shoulders. He lets out a soft whimper when Ilya kisses his neck. He doesn't complain when Ilya's curls tickle his nose, nor when Ilya whispers *beautiful* to him in Russian instead of English.

From the corner of Ilya's eye, he sees a white bead roll down Hollander's tight pec. It bisects his nipple, leaving a cloudy line. He wants to lick it off. But he can't move – not yet. He places his hands on the couch and waits until Hollander calms, his moans transitioning to pants, and, finally, to rough breaths.

When Hollander's chest is no longer rising and falling quickly, Ilya thumbs at his nipple. He drags that line of come across the brown peak, moving his thumb in tight circles.

"*God*," Hollander hisses. But he arches into it. Doesn't make any move to stop it. He's still squeezing at Ilya's cock; the rhythm of it seems absentminded, his body controlling it rather than his mind. Instinctual, again.

Ilya runs both hands down Hollander's ribs, leading with his nails. The sound that Hollander makes is enough to have Ilya reaching for his own balls, taking them in hand and giving them a warning squeeze.

He can't come yet.

The movement makes his hand brush against the place where they're joined. He can't help but rub at it, feeling the give of Hollander's rim once again. It's warmer now, probably redder too. He presses his thumb against his own cock and slides it up, then to the side. The movement pulls at Hollander's ass, and he feels another bead of lubricant slip out when the seal breaks. The feeling of it is erotic enough – as is the whimper that spills from Hollander's lips – that he does it again, coaxes out another.

Initially, removing most of the friction from Hollander's ass had seemed like a good way to stave off his orgasm. Now that Ilya's hand is here, feeling that wetness and heat, he's not sure that it's going to help him keep his head. More than likely, it'll have the opposite effect.

Because Hollander gets *wet*, yes. More than any other man Ilya has been with. His cock leaks so much that a condom would probably be useless. But his ass isn't usually like this; it reminds Ilya far too much of his experiences with women. And knowing that it's *Hollander* who is reminding him of that ... it's almost too much.

"Holy shit." The back of Hollander's head knocks against Ilya's temple. He's started to rock his hips; he still has no leverage, so the movement is minimal. But he keeps arching against Ilya, chasing any kind of friction possible. It's almost *writhing*, what he's doing.

Ilya lets him. Pretend to be uninterested. Pretends not to notice that Hollander's hard again. Against Hollander's shoulder, he says, "You have stopped talking about the game."

"What?" It comes out reedy, and Ilya's cock twitches in response.

"I am about to win. Or did you not notice?"

"I..." Hollander moans again, the sound breaking in half when Ilya arches up to nip at the side of his jaw. His thighs keep clenching, his ass massaging Ilya's cock. He kneads the back of Ilya's neck with his knuckles, his biceps clamping tight to the sides of Ilya's skull, as though his body wants to curl inwards. "I can't. Who the fuck is even playing again?"

Ilya hides his smile in Hollander's skin. "Me." He trails his fingertips up Hollander's thighs, stomach, and chest. Circles his nipples before retracing his steps and moving his hands back down. "You are doing very well."

“Yeah?”

“Yes.” He kisses Hollander’s neck, pressing his lips and tongue to damp, flushed skin. “So good. So lovely.”

On the screen, the Raiders win. Ilya skates onto the ice to join his team, as they all throw their gloves into the air. The elated shouts of the crowd are muted, as is the voice of the commentator, who narrates Hollander’s visible disappointment with the results. It quickly transitions into a highlight reel of Hollander’s last few games – shots that tented the rear of the net, expert passes, and slow-motion clips of him smiling and high fiving his teammates. In every one, he looks happier than he did in those last few moments on the ice today, when he put on a neutral expression and nodded respectfully at every man who had just beat him.

Here, in Ilya’s lap with a cock buried inside him, he looks even better.

“Are we ... is it done?” Hollander sounds wrecked, his throat rough from overuse. “You gonna fuck me now, Rozanov?”

Ilya pretends to think about it for a moment. He rests his forehead against Hollander’s shoulder, points his tongue and traces a figure eight. “We could watch this too?”

A pause. “Fuck off.”

“Why not? Is good montage.”

Hollander groans. He clenches his hands into fists, trying and failing to pull at Ilya’s hair. “I’ve earned something.”

“Yes,” Ilya agrees, “you have.”

“So can I—”

“No.” He kisses Hollander again, nips at his skin. He feels greedy; his head fuzzy and light, drunk on the power of having Hollander like this. He wants him to beg for it, to sit here for an hour as he tells Ilya how much he wants it. How much he *needs* it. It floods through Ilya, searing his insides. He tightens his grip on Hollander’s hips, whispers, “Tell me how it feels to sit on my cock.”

“Jesus,” Hollander mutters. He tips his head back, mouth dropping open. “*Good*. Yeah. It’s really fucking good.”

“You like it?”

“Yeah.”

“How much?”

“*Rozanov*.”

“I have let you sit here,” Ilya says, pressing his thumbs against Hollander’s hipbones. “And use my cock. You should say thank you.”

Hollander’s next intake of breath is audible. It rattles his chest, his stomach muscles rippling. His cock slaps wetly against his stomach; the liquid that spills from his slit is cloudier than usual, his release tainting his precome. “Fuck.”

“Say thank you and I will move.”

“*God.*”

Ilya kisses his shoulder. Waits.

Hollander’s ass clenches. His thighs twitch, opening a little wider as he whispers, “Thank you.”

“Good boy.” Ilya cups his pecs, massages them firmly. “Well done.”

Hollander nods. “Should I get up?”

Ilya shakes his head. “No – stay here.”

“I want you to fuck me. Properly.”

“Yes,” Ilya agrees, “when I am ready.”

Hollander clenches around Ilya’s cock – deliberately, this time. “You *feel* ready.”

“Come here.” Ilya grabs Hollander’s chin and turns his head, angling him down so that he can lick across Hollander’s parted lips. The angle is awkward, but Hollander doesn’t complain. He cranes his neck, opens his mouth for Ilya’s tongue. His body keeps twitching, arms still pinned behind Ilya’s head.

After a few minutes, Ilya can hear himself panting. His heartbeat thuds at his temples and between his legs – insistent, demanding. He draws back, licking the taste of Hollander from his own lips. Then he picks up the remote and turns off the TV. In the resulting blackness, their reflections are clearly visible.

Slowly, quietly, Ilya says, “Watch.”

Hollander groans. He tries to turn away, to hide his face in Ilya’s hair. “Rozanov.”

Ilya places his hands on Hollander’s hips and presses his feet firmly to the floor. “Watch us.”

Hollander shakes his head. But he also opens his eyes, glances from the TV to the wall, then back to Ilya’s face. “What are you—” He cuts himself off when Ilya lifts him.

It isn’t high – only a few inches up. But it’s enough that when Ilya lowers him, there’s an audible sound. Skin on skin, a wet slap.

“No,” Hollander says, but it’s shock rather than refusal. His eyes widen as Ilya lifts him again. “Jesus, you *can’t*.”

In the reflection, Ilya watches as his own biceps bulge. He uses his grip on Hollander’s hips to lift him again. Gravity helps on the downward stroke, but Ilya maintains a firm hold. His arm muscles strain under the weight, his abdominals tensing as he activates his core, but it does the job.

Hollander’s whimpering again. He’s moaning a string of disconnected sounds as he lets himself go loose, lets Ilya manhandle him how he likes. How they *both* like.

The slight change in position lets Ilya fuck upwards as he pulls Hollander down. He can feel Hollander’s thigh muscles fighting to close, can see how his cock jerks on every second pass. He mouths at Hollander’s shoulder, whispering into his ear as Hollander arches his back, squirming, nails digging into Ilya’s skin.

“It feels good?”

“*Fuck*. Yeah, fuck, it feels good.”

There will be marks on Hollander’s hips tomorrow. Ten matching ones in the shape of Ilya’s fingers. He’ll have to explain them when he pulls off his shirt in a locker room in New York. If Ilya dreams hard enough, maybe someone will suspect that the marks are *his*. That Hollander is his as well.

Hollander’s mouth has gone slack. He moves with the motion of Ilya’s thrusts, his spine bending to accommodate. He’s shaking, that ever-present buzz beneath his skin making a return. He’s so wet inside that every thrust makes a noise, that slick sound stoking embers at the base of Ilya’s cock.

The shakes increase in intensity as Ilya increases the pace, lifting Hollander higher, bringing him down faster. In this position, his cock presses against Hollander’s prostate without reprieve. Catching it on every pass as Ilya drives into him.

Ilya runs his lips over a knob at the top of Hollander’s spine. He breaths out, feels Hollander shiver in response. “You are so wet. Feels like—”

“Fuck, Rozanov, I’m—” Another whimper, and then Hollander slaps at the back of the couch, next to Ilya’s head. With an obvious thread of desperation in his voice, he says, “I need to come. *Fuck*, please, can I?”

“Like this?”

“Harder. *God*.”

The scent of their sweat is thick in the air; the taste of it floods Ilya’s mouth and, for a moment, he thinks that he might choke on it. That he’ll open his throat and his lungs and allow it to happen, for Hollander to possess him so completely that he fills him inside and

out. But he bites down on his tongue and on all the things that he wants to say, and fucks upwards as hard as he can.

Hollander's spine bends, his head tilting back as he lets out a high-pitched groan. His fingernails squabble against the couch, carving lines into the fabric.

Ilya knows he'll look at them tomorrow. That he'll trace his fingertips over those paths and wish they had been made on his skin instead.

The ache in Ilya's biceps is starting to build into something that can't be ignored. Sweat beads at his hairline, his underarms clammy with the effort of moving Hollander like this. He isn't light by any means, his body dense with muscle.

He's so close to the edge – they both are. So rather than risking not being able to finish the job, Ilya decides to adjust. He hooks his hands under Hollander's thighs and tips them both sideways onto the couch. His cock slips free with a slick sound; he commits it to memory, knows it'll be the first thing on his mind when he gets a hand around himself in the shower tomorrow morning.

Hollander lets out a shocked laugh. He tucks his knees under himself, pushing up just as Ilya comes back down. He covers Hollander's body with his own, uses his weight to force Hollander's chest against the couch. He pushes back inside in one quick movement; it's fast enough that it forces the air from Hollander's lungs.

"Holy shit," Hollander gasps. He rests his forehead atop his folded arms and waits; he pants, open-mouthed, as Ilya starts to thrust. He's looser like this – back arched, knees apart. The sound of their fucking is louder, wetter, and Ilya feels his head start to spin.

Biting down on his bottom lip does nothing to chase away the cloudiness in his head. So he doesn't try to.

"Fuck, Rozanov." Hollander's body bends with every thrust. Accommodates it, even as Ilya speeds up. His cock leaves a wet spot on the couch, staining the fabric where it drips. Lubricant slides down the insides of his thighs; between his legs, tucked up high and tight, Ilya can see the sheen of it on his balls.

He wants to pull his cock out, to yank off the condom and come all over Hollander's back and ass. Rub it in afterwards, mark his territory in every way possible. But he's not so impolite as to do that without asking. Especially not to someone as particular as Hollander is – his clothes are sitting in a neat little pile on the coffee table, folded and arranged by size. Ilya stares at them for a moment, before Hollander moans again, and his attention is diverted.

On the next thrust in, Ilya feels the tight band between his legs start to give. He tips his head back, grips Hollander's hips tight. It's almost enough. Almost.

He hisses through clenched teeth, murmurs, "Come on, Hollander. Make it tight for me."

He's not even sure if he's said it in English or Russian.

But Hollander's thighs twitch inwards, and then he's clenching down around Ilya's cock.

"*Da*," Ilya whispers, leaning forward to mouth at Hollander's back. He can feel himself start to come, that rush of pleasure washing over him in thick, heady waves. He can feel his mouth moving, knows his nails are digging into Hollander's hips. Hears himself say, "*Fuck*, just like that, Hollander," before his ears start to ring. His next thrusts are hard, messy, and push Hollander right over the edge alongside him.

When Hollander comes, it's so loud that Ilya knows he'd be embarrassed about it, if he could hear himself. He's whining, the sound of it breaking with every thrust that he takes. He shakes, coming apart under Ilya's body, as he arches his back. His hands stay firmly clasped around his forearms as his cock spurts over the couch cushions.

For a few long moments, Ilya can do nothing but breathe. He pants against Hollander's spine, hands slipping from Hollander's hips to the couch as he braces himself. Every inch of his skin feels tingly and oversensitive. There's a pounding in his temples that, while noteworthy, isn't unpleasant.

With a groan, Ilya pushes himself backwards, off of Hollander. His cock comes free with a wet *pop*; a rush of lubricant follows, dripping down the delicate insides of Hollander's thighs, and onto the couch.

Going to the trashcan is a major effort, but one that Ilya knows has to be undertaken. When he returns to the couch, Hollander is lying on his back at the opposite end from where he started. He looks up as Ilya approaches, throwing him a lazy smile. His eyes are glassy, but he looks relaxed. Sated. Comfortable. He lifts an arm, lets Ilya tuck himself under it. Smiles when the point of Ilya's chin digs into his chest.

Hollander's stomach and chest are streaked with white. He itches at one of the dried trails, rubbing at it with the pad of his thumb. He lets his cheek rest against Ilya's forehead, presses his face into Ilya's hair and breaths deeply.

Years of experience having sex with Hollander have told Ilya that he's going to need to stay for a while before he leaves. That he'll need to be held, kissed, touched, and taken care of before he's sent out into the biting cold of a Boston winter.

If Ilya's lucky, Hollander might want to talk. To sit on Ilya's couch with their entire bodies pressed together from head to toe, and watch a movie. If that were an option, Ilya would let him choose whatever he wanted. He'd block the ESPN channel, purchase whatever Hollander felt like watching, so long as they made it through the entire film. Or maybe Hollander might curl up in Ilya's bed – they do that sometimes, after they've fucked. Kiss for a while, enjoy the warmth that lingers in the sheets. Ilya keeps on hand an extra pillow that he never uses, but that Hollander once said he preferred the thickness of.

But only if Ilya's lucky.

And if life's taught him anything, it's that he doesn't have a great track record with luck.

But he *is* right about one thing: Hollander can't stand up for a while.

They stay on the couch together, Hollander's fingers carding through Ilya's damp hair. Ilya rests his head on Hollander's sternum; the skin under his cheek is clammy and definitely covered in come.

Voice rough, Ilya asks, "How are your arms?"

"Fine." There's an audible smirk in Hollander's tone; when Ilya meets his gaze, his eyes sparkle in the firelight. "How are yours?"

Ilya shrugs. "Good."

"You winced. When you moved them."

"Did not," Ilya lies. He yawns, lets the point of his chin dig into Hollander's chest. He needs a shower, a freshly laundered bathrobe, and a warm drink. But he also doesn't want to trade for those things, if it means losing *this* in the exchange.

This thing between them is fragile – a tightrope that's only visible sometimes, at certain times of the day, when the sun is just right. Otherwise, it's a complete guessing game; most of the time, Ilya just keeps walking forward and hopes there'll be something under his foot when it lands.

Right over Hollander's heart, Ilya presses a kiss. He traces a circle around Hollander's nipple with his tongue, grinning when Hollander laughs.

But then Hollander says, "I should go," and the warmth of the evening begins to seep away.

"You can stay," Ilya whispers, lips against warm skin. "For a while."

Fingers card through his hair; the touch is soft, delicate, and it makes Ilya ache.

"I can't," Hollander says. "The team will wonder where I am. Did I tell you about the time we lost JJ after we played the Drillers? Coach nearly popped a vein."

"Okay," Ilya says, raising his eyebrows meaningfully, "so text them."

"Text who?"

"Someone. Whoever thinks they are your mother when you play away games."

"That's ... they'll ask questions."

"So pick someone who will not ask questions."

"They *all* will."

Ilya lets out a frustrated groan. He flicks his tongue over Hollander's nipple again, grinning when he gets a swat to the shoulder in return. "Tell Hayden you are with a girl."

Hollander's hand pauses, hovering in the air above Ilya's head. "A girl?"

“Yes. Maybe a friend.”

Hollander’s throat bobs as he swallows. “Hayden will want to know details.”

“Okay – so come up with details. Is not hard, no?”

“I guess.” Hollander looks down, his brows drawing together.

“Do not tell me you’ve never lied to Hayden before.”

“I don’t like doing it, no.”

Ilya rolls his eyes. “Okay.” He presses a kiss to Hollander’s nipple. Then another, and another, until Hollander is smiling again. “Stay.”

Hollander exhales loudly. His hand is in Ilya’s hair, gently combing out the knots. “We don’t ... we don’t do that though. Stay over.”

Ilya presses his lips together tight, holding in everything he wants to say. That they could lie in bed and watch a game of hockey together, like he does with Svetlana. They could order something from the local Thai place, since it’s the only thing that’s open at this time. They could lean against each other and discuss this year’s Wild Card prospects. Talk shit about the players that lead the League in assists but can never seem to score a goal.

But Hollander isn’t Svetlana. And it doesn’t matter how much Ilya sometimes wishes that it could be that simple. Wishing has never done much for him.

Hollander sits up and rubs at his face. His legs are still shaking, thigh muscles twitching. Again, he whispers, “I should go.”

Ilya bites down on his bottom lip, turns his face toward the fire and curls his hands into fists.

“Fuck,” Hollander says, letting out a quiet laugh. “I don’t know if I can even wear underwear right now.”

Ilya turns back towards him, arches an eyebrow. Composes himself. “Too sensitive?”

“Yeah.” Hollander doesn’t look embarrassed – he looks pleased. But then he glances down at himself, takes stock of his chest. At this angle, the lamplight throws the evidence of his release into sharper contrast, the smears catching the light. He laughs again, but it peters out when he looks at Ilya. His focus zeroes in on Ilya’s cheek, at what is probably evidence of his orgasm, transferred to Ilya’s skin. His eyes go dark and Ilya knows that this is his opening. His shot.

Heart thudding in his ears, Ilya tugs his bottom lip between his teeth. He leans back and rakes his eyes down Hollander’s front. “You cannot go back to hotel like that.”

“No?” The corner of Hollander’s mouth lifts.

“No. Come shower – I will wash it for you.”

The line between Hollander's brows smooths out when Ilya presses his lips against it. He can feel Hollander's smile when he kisses him properly, sucking Hollander's bottom lip between his own.

"I can't stay late," Hollander says, but his hands are back on Ilya's shoulders now. Touching, grabbing, pressing.

"Is big enough for two. And won't take long."

"Yeah," Hollander says, with more than a hint of sarcasm, "don't know if I believe that."

But he also takes the hand that Ilya offers. Lets himself be steadied, tilts his chin up and leans in for a kiss that is far too soft and sweet to not do damage.

As the warm water cascades over them, sliding down Hollander's chest in wet trails that Ilya chases with his mouth, Ilya bargains with himself. It doesn't matter if he never gets the whole night – he still gets to *have* Hollander. Which is more than anyone else does.

And that means something.

To him, it always has.

End Notes

Does the term ‘dick trick’ even exist in the HR universe, since, presumably, the San Jose Sharks don’t? I’m going to pretend that it does.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!