When I Win The Cup This Year...

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When I Win The Cup This Year...

by Anonymous

Summary

Ilya plans to win the Stanley cup and knows exactly how he wants to celebrate.

OR

While teasing Shane, Ilya shares a fantasy where his boyfriend wears a Rozanov jersey. Shane struggles with the conflicting feelings this fantasy evokes.

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Ilya pulled one hand to Shane's knee and began to walk his fingers up the man's thigh, now playing at nonchalance, even as his voice deepened. He held Shane's gaze, capturing his full attention. "Imagine it. I finish the game, I celebrate on ice with my team, I hold the Cup up for cameramen to get good shot of me. I go to the press conference. I go to the after party… Then I come home…"

"And I'm in your bed wearing only a Rozanov jersey, yeah? Number eighty-one?"

Ilya grinned, dropping another open-mouthed kiss on Shane's belly, never breaking eye contact. "I knew you would understand."

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Shane Hollander was *exactly* where he wanted to be.

Gazing up from Ilya's mattress, Shane was met with adoring green eyes and blond curls that he wanted to twist his fingers into. He would have indulged, if the other man weren't currently rather intent on pinning him to the bed.

Ilya, while straddling Shane's hips, kept his own hands busy massaging the other man's biceps and shoulders. He kept alternating between kissing Shane and pulling back to look at him, murmuring a soft, "So beautiful."

Ilya's fondness was always freely given, and it had a way of intensifying Shane's neediness, like the soft affection was an aphrodisiac. The familiar warmth pooled in Shane's chest, coursing down his spine. His erection pressed against Ilya, otherwise untouched.

He had already been stripped of his shirt, having lost it rather quickly after reaching Ilya's Ottawan home half an hour before. Shane had expected Ilya would be eager; as of last night, his team was only one win away from an appearance in the Stanley Cup Eastern Conference Finals, and the promise of victory always made Ilya needier. Shane hadn't been disappointed, having been greeted with his grinning boyfriend's fervent kisses and desperate hands.

By now, Shane was ready for his shorts to go the way of his shirt, curious as to why they hadn't, why Ilya's hands remained above Shane's waist. The Metro was eager for his own distraction, still mourning his playoff elimination from that afternoon's game, only a few hours old.

But Ilya seemed to be holding back. Either that or he was thinking about something. Shane didn't know how to ask what.

"I have a request." The Russian's elegantly accented voice delivered the statement without pretense, watching Shane for his reaction.

"Oh? Do you?" Shane asked, still rather distracted.

"Yes," Ilya grinned, stalling for a moment with kisses over Shane's jaw. "For how I want to celebrate this year… when I win the Stanley Cup."

"*When* you win the Stanley Cup?"

"Yes," Ilya dragged out the word, managing to draw it into two syllables before confirming, "*When*. You lost today, so… The path is clear, yes?" Ilya tilted his head, pursing his lips and making a show of thinking, adding, "Not that it wasn't before."

Shane huffed, squirming one hand free to playfully jab at Ilya's side, "Fuck. You."

Ilya was laughing already, hand darting back to catch Shane's wrist, lifting it to pin it over his head. Shane let him, finding those green eyes softened the sting of the day's elimination. Ilya didn't say anything, just watching Shane. After a moment, Ilya jutted his chin out, making it clear he was expecting something.

Shane rolled his eyes, though he was pretty sure his grin gave his affection away. "Okay, fine. Tell me," Shane said. "How are we celebrating this victory?"

Ilya's eyes crinkled in pleasure, dipping down to press a kiss to the ridge of Shane's cheekbone before leaning in, lips brushing against Shane's ear. "Mmm," He hummed against Shane, briefly taking his earlobe between his teeth before answering. "I want to *fuck* you."

Shane closed his eyes, shuddering with want as Ilya pulled away. "You know you don't have to win the Cup for that."

He opened his eyes to find Ilya grinning. Slowly, the Russian released Shane's wrist and shoulder, bringing his hands to rest at his hips. "I was not finished." He began to kiss his way down Shane's chest, luxuriating in the affection, taking his time to let his lips linger where he liked. Shane's hands floated to Ilya's curls, finally tangling in his hair. In that moment, Ilya had every ounce of Shane's attention, whose arousal still ached between his legs.

Moving down the bed, Ilya settled himself between Shane's thighs, hands still holding his hips. Making eye contact with Shane again, Ilya hesitated, wetting his lips before speaking. "I want to fuck you while you wear *my* jersey."

Shane's breath caught, arousal interlaced with laughter. "Oh? So, you've lost your mind?"

Ilya always drew out the indulgent side of Shane, but *this* was a touch far.

Ilya huffed, lips briefly twisting into a faux pout as he propped his chin in the divot above Shane's hip bone, looking up at him.

Ilya pulled one hand to Shane's knee and began to walk his fingers up the man's thigh, now playing at nonchalance, even as his voice deepened. He held Shane's gaze, and Shane found he couldn't look away. "Imagine it. I finish the game, I celebrate on ice with my team, I hold the Cup up for cameramen to get *good* shot of me. I go to the press conference. I go to the after party… Then I come home…"

"And I'm in your bed wearing only a Rozanov jersey, yeah? Number eighty-one?"

Ilya grinned, dropping another open-mouthed kiss on Shane's belly, never breaking eye contact. "I knew you would understand."

Shane laughed, pushing Ilya off of him. "I'm *not* doing that." Unable to resist the urge to tease him, he added, "And you aren't winning the Stanley Cup this year, anyways."

"Oh?" Ilya held up a hand, feigning surprise. "Well, if I'm not winning then it should be no problem then?"

Shane pressed his lips together, fighting a grin. “So, what happens if you don’t win? It’s still just the conference semi-finals.”

“Yes” Ilya mused, now crawling up the bed, bringing his face level again with Shane’s. “But we are up three to two. When we win tomorrow…”

“*If* you win tomorrow, then you still have a whole four games to win in the Eastern Conference Finals, then another four in the playoff finals.”

Ilya shrugged a shoulder. “Fine. What do you want? *If* I don’t win?”

Shane wanted to consider the question. Instead, his mind was distracted by Ilya’s proposal, by the mental image of himself in the jersey, crimson fabric bunched up in Ilya’s talented hands and pooling between his knuckles, ‘*Rozanov*’ emblazoned across his back as Ilya thrust into him.

The silence dragged. Ilya kissed Shane’s warmed cheek. “You are thinking about what it would be like, yes? To have my cock inside you while my name and number are on your back?” Smirking, Ilya kissed Shane’s other cheek, then the corner of his mouth, before finally catching Shane’s lips with his. When he pulled back, he lowered his voice, drawing out his, “Please, Shane?”

Shane sighed, still watching Ilya. The request was already gnawing at him, feeding a voice in his head that asked what Ilya meant by it. “I’ll think about it.” Reaching up, he cupped Ilya’s chin, letting his thumb trail over the man’s lower lip.

“Ok-ay,” Ilya answered, separating the syllables. “You think about it.”

With that, Ilya tucked a finger beneath the waistband of Shane’s shorts, finally intent on giving Shane the orgasm he had been so patiently waiting for.

Chapter End Notes

I hope this reads okay! It's my first time writing the characters, so any feedback would be greatly appreciated!

I wrote this after binge-watching the show and becoming OBSESSED with the character dynamic, but I haven't read the books, so I'm sure it doesn't comply with those!

Also, does anyone know if there's a tag for fics where one of them wears the other's jersey? I'm so sure there must be other fics using this concept, but I could NOT find them when I was looking ;.; I loveeee this trope, though, and really want to read it!!!

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

> Inspired by the second episode where Ilya keeps checking in on Shane! There is no smut until the next chapter, though!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Ilya never understood why the media considered Shane mysterious.

Yes, *okay*, he was reserved. Canada's soft-spoken golden boy who gave the press boring, perfect soundbites and wore a guarded smile whenever the cameras flashed in his direction. But that didn't make him *mysterious*—Ilya had always found the man incredibly easy to read.

Like two days ago, when the Metros had been knocked out from the Eastern Conference semi-finals. Ilya had watched the post-game press conference, knowing Shane would be dragged out for questions. Reporters *loved* Shane Hollander. It was possibly all they had in common with Ilya.

Ilya could have watched the commentary on mute, Shane's expressions had been so readable. He was polite as ever, giving measured, sensible answers, even when the questions were stupid. One of the post-game write-ups called him 'gracious,' the writer already gushing over the next season's prospects. Which was ridiculous. Shane's frustration had practically sang through the screen to Ilya. He could see it in the set of his eyes, the tell-tale tightness, the way his gaze kept drifting from the reporters.

If Ilya were an on-screen sports commentator, he would devote entire segments to decoding Shane Hollander's eyes. Perhaps that would finally make those reporting shows interesting.

It wasn't just Shane's eyes, though. His flushed face had been the revelatory factor two nights ago, when Ilya had shared his jersey fantasy. Freckles fading into the rosy glow, the blush was evidence that the idea was not so objectionable to Shane.

Even now, Ilya could read Shane, standing over his stove, diligently cooking chicken for their dinner. The set of his mouth, his raised shoulders, the tilt of his head… all of Shane was wrapped in a sort of cautious tension. Ilya wanted to soothe it.

Pacing closer, Ilya came near enough to feel the warmth emanating from the burners, pausing just short of creating a burn risk. The edge of the counter dug into his hip, but Ilya stayed put for a moment, watching Shane cook.

"Hollander, you are…" Ilya paused, looking for the right word. One hand drifted, almost of its own accord, up to Shane's shoulder, rubbing along him, gently easing his shoulder back to

its usual position. “Rigid? Tight. Something is wrong.”

He could see Shane’s throat bob, eyes flickering to Ilya before refocusing on the chicken. “Nothing is wrong.” Shane flipped a piece of chicken over. ”Um, I was just thinking about when you talked about the… jersey thing, the other day?”

“Really?” Ilya’s hand stilled, surprised. He hadn’t expected the idea to bother Shane, who Ilya had thought was considering it. He felt stupid now, questioning if he had misread the other man’s interest. “What about it?”

Shane let out a small breath. “I don’t know if I want to do it.” He glanced at Ilya again, as though gauging his reaction without wanting to take the conversation too seriously. He didn’t seem afraid, but there was a clear worry in his body language.

Ilya shrugged a shoulder, too focused on reassuring Shane to feel disappointed. “Shane, it is okay. We don’t have to.”

Shane nodded, taking a moment to set the spatula aside and turn into Ilya, hands coming to rest over his ribs. Ilya’s hand slid from Shane’s shoulder to cup the back of his neck, his free hand floating to press against his hip.

Eyes studying Ilya, Shane spoke, “I just don’t think I want you to try and… humiliate me in bed. I know it’s kind of mainstream now, but I’m just… I’m not really into that.”

“What? No, I-” Ilya’s eyes narrowed with confusion. “*Humiliate you?* Shane, when have I ever done this?”

The idea that sex humiliated Shane sickened Ilya. He liked to tease Shane, but he thought he knew where the lines were. Foreplay was an art, and Ilya knew exactly how to rile his boyfriend up–he could chirp at him, could boss him around and try to worm under his skin. But there were never any teeth behind his jabbing. And their dirty talk always, *always* seemed to devolve into praise. Ilya couldn’t imagine degrading Shane once he was inside him, not in any serious way.

Shane didn’t take time to consider the question, shaking his head. “Never, never. But, you brought up the jersey thing…”

Now Ilya was shaking his head, quick to clarify his intentions. He was thinking fast, able to understand how Shane might have assumed the jersey fantasy was an attempt to embarrass him, guessing Shane thought Ilya wanted to rub his nose in his loss. But the fantasy wasn't about that.

“The jersey is not about humiliating you. It is about…” Ilya trailed off. He had never put the desire’s motivations into words before, and he struggled to find them. “I like to *have* you.”

Shane’s eyes tightened, but he didn’t speak. Sensing the man didn’t understand, Ilya continued, “Look. I am competitive, yes? So, I want to win the best things. The biggest honors. The shiniest trophy. The best brand deals. Yes?”

He waited for Shane's nod, confirming he was following him. Growing quieter, Ilya squeezed the nape of Shane's neck before continuing, "You are my best thing. My best prize."

Shane watched Ilya with softer eyes, tension slipping from his shoulders. "Maybe I was overthinking it."

"Maybe," Ilya echoed, trying to keep the grin from overtaking his face as he kissed Shane, relieved to see him relax. "You don't have to do it. We won't do anything you are not excited for, okay? I only–" He paused, pressing his lips together, tilting his head. "It is a silly fantasy, okay? I know that. But I didn't want to humiliate you… I wanted to *win* you."

Shane's face split into a grin, dark eyes flashing with a sudden flood of understanding. "Wait. You wanted to win me?" He echoed. "Like, you wanted to win the Cup and the prize money and… me?"

"Yes," Ilya answered, words tinged with laughter, kissing him again, needing an outlet for his affection. "Yes, Shane, that is what I wanted. I wanted to see you be mine in my jersey. But it is okay. We don't have to."

"No, no it's… I thought it was hot when you talked about it on Tuesday, but then I started thinking too much about what you might be thinking, and… maybe I was overthinking it." Shane pulled back from Ilya, turning to tend to his sizzling chicken. "Maybe we could do it?"

Ilya let out a huff of laughter, softly swatting Shane's rear before stepping to the cabinet, beginning to retrieve plates and silverware. "Only if you want to. I still have eight games to win anyways."

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for the comments/fic recs on the last chapter!!!!!

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

I promised smut in this chapter? Is lie. Liar told you that.

(no but I'm actually soooo sorry, I was sitting down to write the sex scene and then I just felt like I needed one more scene of Shane overthinking the jersey fantasy to describe how he's feeling about the idea! But I updated the chapter count from 4 to 5 and I'm workinggg on the actual smut! It will be split over two chapters, to include both POVs, and I'm trying to figure out exactly where to cut it.)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Shane had never taken an interest in Ilya’s closet before.

Shane didn’t store much clothing in Ilya’s home, really. He had a few sets of workout gear, some spare underwear–nothing that would justify closet space. His clothes didn’t even take up half of a drawer, and why should they? Shane and Ilya didn’t live together, and it was uncommon for Shane to spend longer than a weekend in Ottawa. Shane preferred to steal Ilya’s clothes for lounging around the house, anyways, and he knew exactly where to find his t-shirts and sweatpants in the dresser drawers next to the bed.

So, no, Shane had never had a reason to venture to the back wall of Ilya’s walk-in closet. Over the past week and a half, however, he had found himself continuously stealing inside.

With the Metros out of playoff contention, Shane was splitting his time between Ottawa and Montreal. He had to keep up appearances, making a few outings with his teammates, attending a social event or two. He spent the majority of his time in Ottawa, though, hiding from the world in Ilya’s home. Ilya, on the other hand, was still busy. Team meetings, practices, games… everything ramped up as the Ottawan team drew nearer to the Stanley Cup Final.

The schedule left Shane with plenty of time alone in Ilya’s home. He filled that time in his usual ways. He worked out. He read. He watched the playoff games and helped prepare Ilya’s meals, doing what he could to support him. Then, when he was certain his boyfriend was busy and there was no risk of being discovered, Shane slipped into the closet and found Ilya’s old jerseys.

Game-worn, these were mementos Ilya had kept from previous seasons. Ilya had bought one of his jerseys from Boston when he left, and he had another from his first season with Ottawa. Surely, Ilya had some plan to display them eventually, but for now they just hung in the back corner, behind Ilya’s dress shirts, sleeves drooping limply towards the hardwood floors.

Shane stood still for a few moments, just looking at the jerseys, trying to ignore the tug of arousal they invoked. Slowly, he reached out for them, fingering the smooth polyester, watching it catch the light as he squeezed the fabric.

Shane felt silly fussing over the jerseys like this. They weren't exactly a novelty. He wore a very similar one a few nights a week.

Taking a breath, he pulled his phone from his pocket, checking to ensure he was still alone, that he hadn't lost track of time or received a text from "Lily." But no, the screen flashed 1:43. Ilya wouldn't be home for hours.

Shane set his phone on the ground, hesitating only a moment longer before pushing his shorts and boxers to the floor, stepping out and toeing them to the side, followed by his shirt. He didn't bother to fold his clothes, knowing they wouldn't stay there long. Slightly cold in the home's A/C, Shane stepped closer to the jerseys, cautiously unhooking the Ottawan jersey from the hanger. Shane knew these jerseys weren't fragile; they went through hell on the ice each week. He still handled Ilya's jersey gently, much more reverently than he did his own. Taking his time, Shane turned the jersey over in his hands, running his fingers across the patches, tracing each letter in the black 'Rozanov' printed on the back.

Then, Shane slipped the jersey over his head, working his hands into the sleeves and letting the fabric fall past his hips. He savored the feeling of the fabric against his skin, knowing it had once covered Ilya's body.

The sensation was unfamiliar. He wore a similar jersey a few times a week, sure, but he wore that jersey with pads. He wasn't used to feeling the fabric on his bare skin, wasn't used to the way it draped around him, loose when it wasn't filled out. Shane was fairly sure he and Ilya wore a similar jersey size, but without pads, the fabric bunched at his shoulders, the hem falling slightly further down his thighs. Leaving the closet, he went to the bathroom, thinking he needed to see himself in the mirror before he could decide how he felt about wearing the jersey.

But the mirror didn't simplify matters. The Ottawan red was shocking, so different from his Montreal blue, the color he'd spent his career wearing. Shane spent several minutes studying himself, adjusting the fabric of the jersey, flicking a strand of hair out of his face.

He could see why Ilya would like this.

Shane didn't want to admit it. Usually, he wasn't one for preening. He wore nice clothes because he wanted to be fashionable, and he worked out because he wanted to perform well on the ice. He wanted to be attractive, of course, but Shane had never been privy to whatever it was that Ilya saw in him.

But he could almost see it now. The striking color drew out the warmth in Shane's skintone, and it made his hair seem darker. The fabric hem caught the swell of his muscular thighs, only just covering what lay above, an invitation. Turning around, Shane craned his neck to read 'Rozanov' in the mirror, taking his time to admire it. Something about it made Shane feel… prettier? Like being wrapped up in Ilya could make Shane beautiful.

Shane's erection was pressing against his belly by this point, and he flushed pink with a rush of embarrassment. Moving quickly now, he slipped the jersey off over his head, ensuring there was no precum on the fabric before padding back to the closet to return the garment to its hanger. Making certain the jerseys looked undisturbed, Shane dressed again and paced out to the living room, in need of a distraction.

He didn't find one quickly enough, flopping down onto the sofa, he was still hard as his thoughts drifted back to Ilya's jersey. Shane shouldn't be considering it at all. He *knew* this. He was as big a star as Ilya Rozanov, the captain of the best franchise in hockey history, a future Hall-of-Famer… but *fuck*, how Shane wanted his boyfriend to fuck him in that Rozanov jersey.

He kept replaying their conversation from the week before, when he had worked himself up over the proposal. He had been stupid to spend so much time ruminating on Ilya's motivations, cooking up some inaccurate theory about the jersey representing a degradation kink. Shane almost wished that Ilya's jersey idea *was* a humiliation fantasy. It would have been far easier to reject if that were the case.

I wanted to win you.

Shane buried his face in his hands at the memory of Ilya's earnest explanation wrapped in his velvety Russian accent. Shane *liked* the idea of being a prize, of being so wanted that Ilya would lump him in with something as coveted as the Stanley Cup. He could close his eyes and think about it, about what it would be like to fall apart under Ilya's hands while swathed in the Ottawa jersey. The feel of polyester catching his nipples, the way the seams would rub against his sides, the warmth of Ilya inside him, around him…

The fantasy had its hooks in Shane, as conflicted as he was about it. He had made his peace with being a gay hockey player; he had made his peace with falling in love with his rival. But this still felt like it was crossing a line, like there was some barrier Shane couldn't even really describe, some voice that stirred up an old shame whenever he thought too much about wearing his boyfriend's jersey. It whispered of something he wouldn't be able to live down.

He tried to rationalize it away, thinking of Rose proudly wearing his jersey, back when they were an item. It didn't work. Rose was beautiful, talented, and smart. More importantly, she wasn't a hockey player. It wasn't the same.

Sighing, Shane forced himself up from the couch. Perhaps drinking something cold would help him fight the urge to masturbate.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading this far!!! I know this has been over 3k words of them thinking about sex at this point, but I just really love Shane Hollander and the conflict we see in season one between what he actually wants and what he thinks he's allowed to have. A

lot of the Hollanov relationship is so fascinating to me because we see them spend so much time talking about sex, and I feel the dirty talk is in some moments a vehicle to indirectly talk about their feelings? That's sort of the vibe I'm trying to mimic with the fic, with the jersey kink as a representation of possession/commitment. I'm still working on figuring out how to make that read, so I'm sort of rereading and mildly tweaking the chapters, but I may just end up trying again with different fics/scenarios!

I'm having so much fun with these characters, tbh, and I'm starting on the actual sex scene but I'm nervoussss because I have not written smut in a while, and I do not want to let those who subscribed/bookmarked this fic down! I think it will be alright, though, and I'm just going to lean into them being silly and in love. I'm still a little uncertain about what actual sex acts to make them do, though LMAO, but I think once I have the scene blocked out in my head, the actual writing won't take too long.

Anyways, thank you again for reading!!! <3

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

> Okay!!! The smut is here!!!! I cannot believe this chapter is over 2,800 words???? Anyways, the next/final chapter will be Shane's pov to finish the scene!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Ilya swiped a stray piece of confetti from his cheek as he swept into the locker room, grin buoyed by the celebration buzzing through the room.

The Stanley Cup wasn't a win that dulled with repeat performances–the victory may as well have given Ilya wings, like he could soar over the roaring crowd of Ottawan fans. Ilya's lungs were too full, like they might burst. He could only keep breathing the moment in.

Reaching into the top of his locker, he pulled out his phone, scrolling through a few texts, looking for one name.

Jane: YOU WON!!!!!!!!!! 🏆 🥳

Jane: I am losing my mind over here!!! I love you!!!

Ilya: We won!! I love you!!! You watched the game?

Jane: I was glued to the tv

Jane: i want you to fuck me.

Ilya snickered, endeared by Shane's predictability.

Ilya: Soon. 😘

Jane: Don't rush. enjoy this moment. I'll be waiting on you

The thought of Shane in his jersey flickered through Ilya's mind, but he was quick to dismiss it. Shane hadn't brought the jersey up in over two weeks, not since their conversation in the kitchen, and Ilya had dropped the subject, unwilling to push him. It was disappointing, somewhat, but Ilya understood Shane's point of view. Sex was exciting either way, and Ilya found himself wanting to skip the press conferences, already half-tuning out the animated voices of his teammates making after party plans.

Ilya barely remembered the press conference; the questions were boring, but they were easy. Press was always easier when he was in a good mood, when he was winning and could play up his usual persona, could give the fanbase the cocky version of Rozanov they were looking for.

The after party was more memorable, but Ilya refrained from getting too caught up in his teammates' rowdiness. Most of the team descended on a club called *City at Night*, already losing themselves in the celebratory haze. The upscale nightclub was filled to the brim, blue and purple lighting filtering through the haze of smoke. Ilya's heart felt full, watching his teammates dancing, many of them with their partners. It hurt, somewhat, seeing the WAGs join the team at the club, knowing that his own partner couldn't risk being seen with them. The boys were distracted, though, and that made it easier for Ilya to slip out of the club.

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The front room was dark when Ilya entered his home, which was somewhat surprising. He had expected Shane to be on the sofa, waiting for him and watching the post-game coverage.

He checked his phone again, confirming it was not yet even midnight. Had Shane gone to sleep? It was unlike him to wind down so quickly after a win. Though, Ilya reminded himself, this wasn't *Shane's* win tonight. For some reason the thought stung a little.

"Hollander?" He called softly, locking the front door and moving through the house. He started with his bedroom, figuring Shane must be sleeping.

A soft, lamplit glow spilled from his bedroom door, tumbling out into the hallway like a promise, and Ilya's chest unknotted with the realization that Shane *had* waited for him. "Shane?" He called again, footsteps more certain now as he moved to the room.

He heard the sound of the mattress creaking, then a voice, "I'm in here, Ilya."

Ilya reached the doorway, coming to a sudden stop. Stunned, a soft '*Chert,'* slipped from Ilya's mouth, under his breath. He couldn't speak, needing a moment to drink in the scene.

Shane Hollander was kneeling at the end of his bed, wearing nothing but an Ilya Rozanov jersey. Bottom resting against his heels, Shane held himself stiffly, the picture of elegance, as

the strong lines of his body gave structure to the shapeless jersey. Ilya's eyes traced the outline of him–his even, strong shoulders, the curvature of his biceps and muscular thighs. Dressed in crimson, Shane was too bright for the rest of the room, already out of place, a fantasy come to life. The draping of the jersey only hinted at what lay beneath, but it was already too much for Ilya.

Ilya could see signs of worry, too. Shane's hands pressed against the made bed, strong fingers digging into the comforter. His chin was held high, throat bobbing as he watched Ilya with wide, dark eyes. There was a tension in the set of Shane's brows, in the lines around his lips, telegraphing a silent plea to Ilya: *Please don't laugh at me.*

Ilya wouldn't have dreamt of it, not when Shane was giving him so much, perched on his bed, open and earnest. "You are so beautiful," Ilya breathed, crossing the room in long strides.

Shane rose up on his knees to meet him, bringing himself to Ilya's eye level.

Ilya leaned in to kiss Shane, lifting his hands to his waist. The feeling of Shane's body beneath the fabric, paired with the knowledge that it was *his* jersey Shane was wearing left Ilya lightheaded. He only deepened the kiss, pulling Shane against him, savoring his response.

Ilya lost himself for a moment, giving his mind over to the feeling of Shane's hands at his neck, in his hair, to Shane's lips parting to take more of Ilya, the whole-hearted way the man gave himself to Ilya.

"You don't have to, yes? You know this?" Ilya asked the question almost without meaning to, knowing that he had been clear in their last conversation that he didn't expect Shane to be uncomfortable. He needed to be sure, though, needed to be absolutely certain, speaking as Shane's head dropped to his shoulder, as his lips found Ilya's neck,

"I want to." Shane breathed the words against Ilya's neck, pressing another kiss to the hollow of his throat. Ilya thought he could have melted into him.

"You looked... So *good* on the ice tonight," Shane continued, still speaking against Ilya's throat.

The need in Shane's voice was too much for Ilya, arousal thrumming beneath his skin. "Lie down for me," Ilya told him, already reaching behind Shane to ease him down onto the bed. "On your stomach."

Ilya had to release Shane to let him turn over, and he used the moment to strip to his underwear, tossing his clothes aside. Shane settled himself against the bed, kneeling with his chest to the mattress. Normally, Ilya would have been focused on the delicate arch of Shane's ass, on the tight hole and semi-hard cock waiting for his attention. Now, though, his breath caught in his throat, his attention stolen by the sight of his last name on Shane's back.

"No, lie down," Ilya repeated, reaching out to help ease Shane's hips down, until he was lying prone. "Flat, like this."

In this position, Ilya could draw closer, kneeling on the bed and admiring the view, dipping to press a kiss to Shane's neck. Pulling back, he stilled for a moment, throat growing tight.

There was a small globe of warmth that lived somewhere behind Ilya's heart. There were years where it had gone nearly dormant, tightly guarded, flames undisturbed. Now, it threatened to consume him, this warm affection, a fondness that was too great to fit in his chest.

He must have been silent for too long, because Shane grew restless, turning his head and shifting to rise, asking, "Ilya?"

Ilya stilled him with a hand at his hip, silently urging him to stay on the bed. "I love you, Shane," he said, leaning down to press a kiss between his shoulder blades, right over the center of the jersey's 'Rozanov.'

Shane settled back against the mattress, quick to return, "I love you, too."

Ilya wanted to be gentle with him, wanted to take care of him, deciding he wasn't interested in making Shane work for *anything* that night. Sliding his hand over Shane's back, he found the man's ass, kneading one cheek before slipping in the crevice and pressing the pad of his finger over Shane's hole, glad to find it was dry.

"You did not prepare yourself for me?"

Shane shook his head against the pillow, dark locks shifting slightly. "No, I'm sorry, I'm clean but I couldn't finger myself without getting too-" he cut himself off, the tips of his ears glowing red at the admission.

Ilya was delighted, pressing another kiss over Shane's shoulder. "No, no," he said. "Don't be sorry. I want to do it. Turn back over."

Ilya pulled back as Shane obeyed him, watching the man settle against the pillows. He was still watching Ilya with hungry eyes, lips slightly parted. Ilya slipped between Shane's thighs, savoring their warmth pressed against his hips as Shane reflexively went to hold him, hands grabbing at Ilya's biceps.

Ilya leaned in, nose grazing Shane's cheekbone as Ilya breathed him in before taking his lips in a kiss. Slipping his hands beneath the jersey, Ilya cupped Shane's hips, sliding his palms up and over his sides. Ilya let the kiss linger, lips moving slowly, almost lazily against Shane's. He was mostly hard already, but he ignored it, too focused on Shane.

Winning the Cup had been thrilling, battling the rush of adrenaline that had coursed through him during the game, when everything was dialed to the maximum. The rush of victory set against the backdrop of screaming fans and bright lights. Everything clashed in the rink–the warmth of his exertion meeting the chill of the ice, the softness of his body slamming against the rigidity of the boards, the volume of the crowd battling to unsettle his focused mind.

Ilya would always have an appreciation for that environment; he had fallen in love with Shane, at least a little bit, on the ice. As a teenager, he would have been a fool not to be a

little enamored with the Canadian phenom. There was something captivating about the way Shane moved, especially at that age. Like the very game of hockey was his to inherit.

But the thrill of the ice didn't compare to the gentle sureness Ilya had in these moments with Shane. This was the reward, an opportunity to sink into Shane's warm affection in this quiet bedroom, an unburdening.

Ilya controlled the pacing of their kisses, keeping them slow, not allowing Shane to speed up as his hands continued to rub affection into Shane's body. He couldn't stay quiet, murmuring against Shane's lips in Russian, offering praise whether or not Shane could understand it. Drawing back, Ilya pulled one hand from beneath the jersey to cup Shane's face. His voice came out quiet but steady. "The Stanley Cup has my name on it," Ilya said, ghosting a kiss over Shane's freckled cheek. "Tonight, so do you." Ilya landed another kiss over Shane's other cheek, teasing. "I think I like you better, though."

This prompted a low moan from Shane, thighs squeezing around Ilya's hips, suddenly insistent on more kisses. The neediness drew an affectionate chuckle from Ilya, who let Shane kiss him once before pulling away. "Ilya…" Shane's hands chased him, though he stayed put against the pillows.

"Please, Hollander," Ilya teased, sinking lower on the bed, until his ribs were between Shane's thighs. "Be a good trophy. Let me enjoy you. The Cup did not squirm in my hands tonight."

Shane's eyes were lidded now, his cock at full hardness as his body responded to the comparison. Ilya pushed the jersey up over Shane's chest, kissing across the skin as he worked his way to his hips. Shane's hands rose to find him, lacing his fingers through Ilya's hair.

Ilya was in no rush, continuing to praise Shane, to kiss him, using his mouth to adore him every way he knew how.

Ilya kissed the ridges of Shane's hip bones before moving to the tops of his thighs, ignoring his straining cock. "You look pretty like this." He brought his hands to Shane's hips, stilling his squirming. "When did you put the jersey on? At start of game? Halftime?" He dropped another kiss to the line of muscle just above Shane's hip. "Or maybe when I kissed the Cup? You were jealous?"

"Fuck," Shane exhaled, pulling on Ilya's hair. "You talk too much."

Ilya grinned against Shane's skin. "You like it."

Shane let out another low breath, closing his eyes and tilting his chin back, surprising Ilya with a whispered answer. "The start of the game."

Ilya paused, equal parts thrilled and stunned. "You wore it the whole game?"

"Fuck off," Shane answered, still not looking at Ilya.

“No, no,” Ilya reassured, though he couldn’t keep the fond amusement from his voice. “It’s cute.” Pressing his face to Shane’s thigh, Ilya murmured his surprise against his skin, echoing, “whole game.”

The idea made Ilya’s own elated arousal more difficult to manage, heightened by the mental image of Shane watching the game in the Rozanov jersey. He would be masturbating to the idea for years, he was certain. Shane was Ilya’s. Shane *wanted* to be Ilya’s. Dizzy with the thought, Ilya tried to focus. Shane’s legs trembled as Ilya kissed his inner thighs, biting and sucking at the skin, careful to avoid leaving lasting marks.

“Ilya, please,” Shane murmured, tugging gently at Ilya’s hair.

“What?” Ilya asked, grinning as he brought his face to Shane’s cock, ensuring he was close enough for Shane to feel his breath against his erection. Judging from the way Shane’s hips shuddered, Ilya assumed he was successful. “Do you need something?”

“This is so much,” Shane breathed, pupils wide, gazing down at Ilya, jersey still bunched around his chest. “I’m so- I can’t-”

Ilya cupped Shane’s balls and took his erection in his hand. “You can.” He told Shane. “You are a good boy, yes? My trophy?”

Shane groaned and released Ilya’s hair, reaching up to pull the neck of Ilya’s jersey over his face. The image of Shane Hollander hiding his face in a Rozanov jersey sent another jolt of arousal through Ilya, but he knew he could hold off. He took a moment to press his face to the seam where Shane’s thigh met his groin, lips finding the racing pulse there for a brief moment.

“Look at me,” Ilya ordered, insistent, waiting for Shane to obey. When he did, Ilya slowly pressed his lips to Shane’s arousal, leaving a slow, chaste kiss at the head of his cock. Ilya was rewarded with even more visible desperation, with Shane’s open mouthed moan and hungry eyes.

Shane’s thighs fell further apart, a silent plea for more. Ilya indulged him, trailing open-mouthed kisses down his shaft, drawing another moan from Shane, hips bucking. Pleased, Ilya pressed one finger between Shane’s cheeks, finding his hole, not pressing inside. Then, without warning, he took Shane’s cock in his mouth, bobbing once, just to feel the way Shane’s entrance fluttered against his finger, needy.

Pulling off, Ilya was the one who felt urgent now, tapping the outside of Shane’s thigh as he rose from the bed. “On your stomach. Like before.”

Ilya jerked the nightstand drawer open, finding his stash of lube and quickly returning to the bed, kneeling next to Shane’s prone form. “So beautiful,” he murmured, again tracing his fingers over his name on Shane’s back.

He poured lube on his fingers, warming it before beginning to rub circles around Shane’s hole, just the exterior. He kept his touch light, not penetrating him as he leaned down to press a kiss to the back of Shane’s knee, lips finding the delicate skin as he began to kiss a trail up

the back of his thigh. Ilya paused as he reached the curve of Shane's ass, paying attention as he finally pushed one finger inside him.

"Oh," Shane gasped, wriggling back against the finger. "More."

Ilya shook his head. "Not yet," he murmured against Shane's skin, gently biting his ass as he worked his finger in and out of Shane.

Switching to Shane's other thigh, Ilya continued to worship his skin with kisses, before pulling back to add more lube and a second finger. Ilya's heart was racing, his attention so fractured by the totality of Shane in his jersey. But, if he focused, he could find Shane's prostate, letting his fingers ghost over it with one steady twist. Warm and tight, Ilya couldn't breathe when he imagined how it would feel to bury himself in Shane.

Shane was begging now, pleas falling from his lips as he pushed back into Ilya's hand. "Please, please, Ilya- Please, I need- Please." He couldn't quite achieve full sentences, and Ilya had to be careful not to finger Shane to an early release, still withholding. "Now, Ilya," Shane took on an urgent tone, as though Ilya had any intention of obeying him.

His own arousal was growing harder to ignore, leaving Ilya feeling almost drunk as he withdrew his fingers. "I said not yet."

Shane shuddered, failing to swallow his whimper as his shoulders shook, shifting the 'Rozanov on his back.

Ilya would never be sure of what he had done to earn Shane, but in that moment, he was absolutely certain the man was his. He wasn't thinking clearly anymore, too caught up in the moaning, aroused Shane Hollander, lying in his bed and wearing his jersey, desperate to feel Ilya inside him.

"You are all mine," he murmured, driven by his own desire, by some base need to possess Shane.

"Yes," Shane whispered. "And you're mine."

Ilya only nodded.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you again for reading!!! And thank you so much to those who left comments!!! They really make my day <3

I apologize for the wait; I was trying to work on this, but then a lotttt of you subscribed (which I am very flattered by!!!!!) and I got very bad performance anxiety lolll <3 Anyways, I hope it did not disappoint, and I'm hoping to have the final chapter out within a few days!!

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The silence was too loud for Shane, suddenly desperate for Ilya's confirmation, striking that familiar anxiety. Lying in Ilya's bed, wearing only his jersey, he ached with need. He wanted more of Ilya, more of his hands, more kisses, more of his warmth.

"You're mine?" Shane repeated the words, digging his fingers into the sheets.

"Yes, da, of course," Ilya answered, dropping another kiss on the back of Shane's neck, ensuring his lips found skin. "Sorry, I nodded the first time. Forgot you could not see me."

Shane's grip on the sheets loosened, shoulders easing.

"I am yours," Ilya repeated, squeezing Shane's thigh, bringing his fingers back to his entrance, slipping two inside. "You are the only person allowed to come in my jersey."

"You would wear my jersey, right?" Shane asked, spreading his thighs slightly further, gasping for breath as he tried to stay still. "If I asked?" Shane knew the answer, but a part of him needed to hear it from Ilya.

"Yes, sweetheart," Ilya responded, voice low. "I would not even make you win the Cup first."

The rare pet name soothed Shane, settling him back to the mattress. Slipping the jersey further up Shane's back, Ilya began to press kisses along his spine. Shane let the silence settle for a moment before speaking again, musing lazily. "I think I would want to win the Cup first. It's more fun if I earn it."

He felt a huff of Ilya's laughter against his back, then the man rewarded him with a third finger. Shane squirmed against it, almost embarrassed to be this needy already. He hadn't been given enough stimulation to justify it–a couple of fingers, a few seconds of a blowjob. But Ilya's kisses were maddening, over his chest, his thighs, his back. Paired with the fingers in his ass, Shane felt desperate, not receiving nearly enough to satiate him.

He had been waiting all night, wearing the jersey to watch the game, watching the clock as he waited for Ilya to come home. He had almost chickened out a few times, considering putting the jersey back in the closet before Ilya returned. In the end, he had wanted Ilya too badly. He wouldn't admit to how arousing it was to see Ilya win the Cup, to see Ilya's flushed, sweaty face beaming, lips curling around a shout of joy as he hoisted the Cup into the air.

Ilya's success sent a rush of second-hand joy through Shane, a pride he usually reserved for teammates. Though, was Ilya not Shane's teammate? It was a question he kept returning to contemplate. Maybe they didn't play hockey together, but Shane had grown accustomed to having Ilya in his corner over the years. Melting into the bed, his muscles went loose against Ilya's fingers, soothed by his words, by the promise that Ilya was *Shane's*. Ilya's fingers

continued to work him, steady and insistent, letting Shane slip into a warm fog, lost to the desire flooding his system.

“You are ready, yes?” Ilya’s question was soft, voice too quiet to disturb Shane’s haze of arousal.

He forced himself to answer, knowing Ilya wouldn’t continue until he did. “Yes, I’m ready.”

At that, Shane pushed himself up to meet the warm weight of Ilya’s body, the man settling himself between Shane’s legs. Shane understood this dance, and he raised his hips to let Ilya place a pillow beneath them, not needing to be told. He felt the firm press of Ilya’s cock against his hole, strong hands at his hips. Ilya began to push inside, moving slowly with this first penetration, giving Shane time to adjust to him. Too much time for Shane, who really just wanted Ilya inside him.

“Oh, God,” Shane gasped as he felt the first drag of Ilya’s cock over his prostate, the firm pressure that sent a jolt of pleasure fluttering over his skin.

He could hear Ilya release a low, almost inaudible moan, finally burying himself to the root. Shane craved this familiar sense of fullness, when he had Ilya inside him. The hard length of him set Shane on fire, a molten core he could collapse into. Sex with Ilya pulled Shane back into his body, soothing and grounding him.

Ilya withdrew, then speared back into him, repeating the motion and setting a steady pace. Shane was lost to the sensation of it, focus shifting from detail to detail. Warmth pooled in his groin, between his legs where Ilya was slotted.

The physical left Shane’s mind fractured throughout his body, coalescing in Ilya’s hands on his hips, Ilya’s lips against his shoulder, Ilya’s cock inside him. Shane’s eyes fluttered closed, a vain attempt to wrest back his self-control, one that was punctured by Ilya’s steady thrusts, threading Shane with pleasure that didn’t ebb. A steadily rising tide that wouldn’t recede.

He was sweating in the jersey, as the polyester fabric stuck to his back. The thought brought the moment into focus, distracting Shane with the idea of coming in Ilya Rozanov’s jersey. *You are the only person allowed to come in my jersey.* He replayed the words in his mind, losing himself to the promise of them.

Ilya’s thrusts had grown more frantic, his breathing stilted, both signs that he was losing control of his own arousal. Shane gave himself over to it, hips bucking with need, pressing back to meet Ilya’s thrusts.

Ilya’s hand traveled from Shane’s hip bone, sliding between his abs and the pillow. “You need my hand?”

Shane shook his head, arching into Ilya. “No.”

Ilya grunted, not having words for a response, and he picked up the pace, still finding Shane’s prostate with every stroke. The pleasure swelled in his abdomen, racing through him, driving him to a precipice he couldn’t hold back from.

Finally, Shane came, spurting up his chest, coating the inside of Ilya's jersey. A few more strokes, and Ilya was finishing inside him, collapsing over Shane, muttering something in Russian, incomprehensible.

Shane let himself float, lying there, sweaty and worn out, Ilya still over him, inside of him. Still entangled, the men caught their breath, Ilya still landing occasional kisses to the side of Shane's neck, where his breath hit.

Finally, Shane broke the silence, voice slightly muffled with his cheek against the sheets. "Your jersey is dirty now."

Ilya let out an amused huff of breath against Shane's skin. "Is okay. I will wash it later." Slowly, Ilya pulled out of Shane, squeezing his waist before disappearing to the bathroom. Shane hardly had time to miss his warmth before Ilya returned with a towel. With a practiced tenderness, he wiped Shane clean, kissing his hipbone once before helping pull the jersey over his head. "Do you want to shower with me?"

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Later, Shane was clean and still wearing Ilya's clothes—though this time, he had opted for a white t-shirt and a pair of sweatpants—as he climbed into bed, reaching out for his boyfriend. Ilya wrapped an arm around his waist, guiding Shane's head to rest on his shoulder. "Thank you," he said, speaking against Shane's temple, almost painfully gentle. "This was wonderful."

Sleepy, Shane squeezed Ilya's hip, settling against him. "That was so hot. And the game was amazing. I am so proud of you."

Ilya hummed. "I always want to make you proud. Even if I have to win the Cup."

Shane shook his head, turning into Ilya, trying to snuggle closer. "I'm always proud of you, Ilya. You don't have to win the Cup for that."

Ilya was quiet, but he held Shane a little tighter, shifting to let Shane press his face to the crook of his neck. "I wish I could be proud of you in public," Shane continued. "I know we have to be a secret, but…"

"Someday," Ilya answered, ducking his head and kissing the corner of Shane's jaw.

"Someday."

Chapter End Notes

Finally concluded!!! I apologize for the wait!! I got distracted writing angst (as I often do, fluff is not my native language). Anyways, I hope it was worth it!!!!! And thank you again for reading <3 I had a lot of fun writing this fic!

ALSO, I would like to have Heated Rivalry mutuals on tumblrrrrr PLEASE, you can find me at: goldie020202 I mostly just yap and reblog Hollanov fanart!

Also, if you enjoyed my work, you should check out my other Hollanov fic! It is heavy on angst and light on smut, though

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!