

a blanket of freckles

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by [Acinonyx1](#)

Summary

Ilya Rozanov is a 42 year old hockey player on the cusp of retirement.

Shane Hollander is the fresh faced rookie he's fucking.

Notes

Considered not doing daddy kink, then Hudson whispered in my ear and told me to do my best.

On a Thursday in the middle of October, Ilya Rozanov opens his front door to a boy over twenty years his junior.

Shane Hollander is a genius on the ice, a level of talent not seen since Rozanov's own rookie days. In games, a confident leader and, even in the ugliest workout shorts, he's charismatic.

On Ilya's front porch, he looks like a deer caught in headlights.

He's lucky he's so goddamn pretty.

"Is it okay to leave the car there?" Hollander asks and Ilya peers around him to take in the monstrosity parked in his drive. "I didn't see any neighbors, but I can move it if —."

"The neighbors will think I have lost my mind. Buying such ugly car."

"It's a rental."

Ilya grins.

"Fuck you, Rozanov."

Hollander still carries an abundance of nerves surrounding what they do. But there's a deep hunger too. It manifests in his gaze, the flicker of his eyes up and down Ilya's body. And his smile, which catches on his lips before he reigns it back in.

The last time they had seen one another, Hollander had clung to his shoulders as Ilya had taken him for the first time. He'd nodded through check-in after check-in until his eyes had rolled into the back of his head and he'd come, untouched, on Ilya's cock.

Jane had been a particularly eager texting partner after that.

Hollander brushes past him into the house.

And promptly walks back into Ilya's chest when he makes to follow Hollander.

"Um..." He's frowning. "Is your...wife..." Hollander nods at a strategically placed photograph of Ilya and Svetlana; one taken many decades ago. Back when Ilya's curls were lighter, before laughter had printed faint lines around his mouth and his bad thoughts had etched creases into his forehead.

"Svetlana is away doing business."

Hollander squirms, forever uncomfortable despite Ilya's insistence that his marriage is only real on paper.

"Hollander, it is not cheating. Relax."

An hour ago, Svetlana, wrapped in silk and looking radiant, had kissed Ilya's lips once he'd given her the whistle she'd deserved. Heels in one hand, she had gestured at the television

with the other.

“Shane Hollander. You are watching your replacement,” she’d said.

Ilya had gaped at her. “Mine? No! He has a weak backhand and a terrible Canadian accent.”

“He is better than you.” She’d shrugged. “More handsome too.”

“He is too young for you, Svetlana,” Ilya had replied.

“Hm. But not too young for you.”

She knows but she also does not know.

And had there not been a business deal awaiting her signature in the city, and a pretty boy with freckles on route in an ugly truck, Ilya would have likely fucked her on every surface in the house.

Their marriage is convenient. But it’s also very, *very* fun.

Still, the house carries her presence in a way hotel rooms cannot, and Hollander seems just about ready to bolt for the door, and perhaps he would, were he not half-hard in his ugly sweatpants.

“Can I have a drink?” Hollander is twisting his fingers together.

“You are in America.”

“You’re Russian.”

“I am American now. Do you want to see passport?” Ilya takes a long sip of his vodka and leaves his empty glass on a table. “No vodka. After. Maybe.”

He grabs Hollander by the waist and pulls him flush against him. “Upstairs. *Now*,” Ilya growls into his ear, one hand reaching down to palm Hollander’s ass until he jumps into movement. “My reward for winning today.”

“I could hear your knees creaking the entire game.”

“Ah, and you hear them when I fuck you too? Mr *Rookie*.”

He watches the flush go down Hollander’s neck until the boy turns, halfway up the stairs. “Technically I’m not a rookie anymore. Last season I played —.”

“Ah! Boring!” Ilya blows a raspberry. He crowds in closer, forcing Hollander to take the stairs backwards. “It does not matter how many games.”

They enter the master bedroom and Hollander’s back meets a wall.

“You are young. Rookie on ice and rookie...on my *dick*.” Ilya scrunches his face, snaps his teeth together, happy to get Hollander’s flustered laugh in his ears. Better to kiss and talk all

of his remaining distractions away than to allow them to fester. Especially when Hollander responds so beautifully when he's not trapped with his doubts.

"I think the NHL would have some words about your definitions," he whispers in reply, still unwilling to let the topic go.

"Mm." Ilya kisses him slowly. "You can tell all the other men you fuck."

"I don't... I don't have sex with other men," Hollander mumbles against his lips.

"I know," Ilya whispers.

Good.

Ilya doesn't want anyone else's hands on him. Not some inexperienced youth who doesn't know how to handle something so special. And not some old pervert who would take too much.

Ilya is similar to the latter. Older. Greedier. Endeared by Hollander's very being and too selfish to let him go.

But he only takes what is given and gives only what is desired.

Hollander likes to be pushed and Ilya will push.

"*Mr* Shane Hollander," Ilya teases, voice low. "I know what you want."

"No. I don't think you do." He's blinking a lot, eyes darting across Ilya's face and then finding safety over his shoulder. There's a blush burning under his freckles and Ilya thumbs across them before grabbing Hollander by the jaw and forcing his eyes to find him.

"Mr...Montreal Captain."

Hollander laughs, airy and nervous.

"You need your head empty."

"That's not..."

"Mm, don't want to think." Ilya pushes two fingers into Hollander's mouth, pressing down on his tongue until the boy wraps his lips around them. "Just want to listen and do what I say."

Ilya pushes his fingers deeper, feels Hollander gag, his throat working to swallow, and only lets up when he feels Hollander start to suck properly.

His throat is easy to fuck, wet and wanting and *needing* it as Hollander does. His eyes have slipped shut and when Ilya stalls his fingers, Hollander works his mouth on them, gasping around them when he pulls Ilya to the back of his throat.

There's a strength in him. A determination bubbling just under his instinctual submission.

It's dangerous for Ilya.

And addictive.

Ilya pulls out, drags the spit down the boy's lips and chin and grins when Hollander chases his fingers until Ilya's hand cupped around his jaw stills him. Hollander's lips get pushed into a messy pout of Ilya's own doing, the man squeezing at his cheeks until Hollander's forehead pinches, exhaling loud through his nose and those pretty eyes blink up at him.

"You need me to fuck you."

"I 'hin...um..." Hollander gets out past his bulged lips.

"You don't need to think, baby boy."

Hollander takes a big breath.

Nods.

Lets go.

And sinks into the kiss in which Ilya consumes him.

Ilya slips his tongue into Hollander's mouth and slides lips together. Kissing Hollander is like breathing; easy and natural. Ilya tugs on his lips with his teeth and swallows his moans and gives his own back.

He tugs Hollander towards the bed, freeing him of his ugly shirt and his ugly pants. He leaves his socks, because it's too much effort, and because Ilya's a pervert who likes the idea of his white-socked feet bouncing in the air.

Hollander's a little too kiss-drunk to fight the manhandling. He goes along with it until he's naked and splayed out on the bed, Ilya soon joining him.

"I already..." comes a mumble, and Ilya's hand between Hollander's thighs comes back with lube glistening on his fingertips.

Ilya cocks an eyebrow. Amused.

With a condom rolled down his cock and a few jerks to get it slick with lube, Ilya slots between Hollander's parted thighs.

Hollander's just as hard as he is, tip flushed red and a pearl of precome sliding down his shaft and disappearing into his pubes.

Ilya's cock bumps into Hollander's inner thigh and then slides between his cheeks, nosying up until the tip catches on his rim.

“Ok—.”

Hollander’s nodding before Ilya can finish his word.

It’s been...months, but Hollander takes him perfectly, forehead creasing, mouth falling open into a pretty ‘o’ and then melting into a moan when Ilya pushes in.

He’s tight. Tight enough to get Ilya hissing from the sudden warm heat wrapped around him. But Hollander takes him, stretches and stretches and pushes into what Ilya gives him.

There’s only a jolt when Ilya’s cock drags against his prostate. It’s a sudden wheezing sound and then a low “oh my God...*Rozanov*...” as the pleasure continues, Ilya filling him to a dumbfounding fullness before beginning to rock in slowly.

Ilya is good at hockey and fucking and that’s about it. His brother would have called him shit at both but with Hollander it’s easy to focus on the good and present.

Hollander’s body certainly enjoys his cock.

When Ilya’s hips pull back, leaving on his tip to stretch the boy, Hollander’s rim suckles on it. And when he pushes in and gets his cock tugging on Hollander’s taint, he both feels and *hears* the pleasure ripple through him.

Hollander’s never *fucked* a man. Ilya kind of thinks he never will.

He’s too content where he is; humming and sighing, laid out and devoured, filled and filled, and staring up at Ilya like no one has before.

Ilya fucks him.

And fucks him.

Cock rounding over his sweet spot with every thrust, and in return getting Hollander hugging the base of his it when Ilya pushes in deep.

Hollander whimpers. A little too loud. A little too pathetic.

“D-Daddy!”

Ilya’s hips stutter. His eyes must widen — just a fraction, because he can see Hollander start to panic. Like cracks in glass beginning to run.

“I —.”

Ilya surges forward, pushes and pushes and *pushes* until they’re touching from forehead to toes and it’s impossible to tell where one ends and the other begins. Forces himself into the cracks so that shame can’t take hold. Clasps Hollander’s hands in his own and kisses him until he has no breath to spare.

“Ohh..*Hollander*, baby.”

“You want me to be your daddy?” He grinds his hips, sparing precious breaches of space between them so that he can watch Hollander go cross-eyed from his words. From his cock.

“Mhn...” Hollander’s eyelids flutter.

“Yeah? Want *daddy* to fuck you?”

Hollander is clenching around him, unable to escape the words that empty his brain.

Ilya feels him nod against his lips, the movement wonky. He feels Hollander swallow, feels his tongue against his own, and feels him try once, then twice, to get the word out again.

“Yes,” he breathes out instead. Then his head tips back, face gone soft and open and young. He gasps as Ilya rocks into him, thighs shaking against his hips, cock making a wet smack on his belly every time it bounces.

Ilya releases one hand, his own moving to cup Hollander’s chest, where his nipples have gone tight. He squeezes and kneads the flesh, gets fat and muscle in his palm and rolls a brown nub with his thumb.

Hollander’s free hand has escaped into Ilya’s curls, using what little coordination he has left to drag him into wet kisses that don’t ever properly end. Their noses bump and their clammy foreheads slide against one another’s, all too much and not enough at the same time.

They’re sweaty and messy, skin sliding on skin and the *plap* of Ilya’s balls against Hollander’s ass is audible. It’s lewd and it’s fucking hot and Hollander’s hiccuping out gasps, flushed red from freckles to nipples.

"Please? Daddy—"

“Nhgh!”

Ilya bites his tongue and hides his face in Hollander’s neck. There’s a word on his lips, on the tip of his tongue, a name he can’t utter without ruining everything.

He ruts forward. Groans and fucks and squeezes his jaw tight until he manages to swallow it down into the base of his stomach.

“*F-Fuck...Hollander...*”

Safer.

Ilya emerges, eyes half lidded and breathing shaky. This close, every time he punches his hips forward, his lips drag up and then down Hollander’s cheek. They brush through his freckles, an imitation of a kiss that never reaches Hollander’s eyelashes.

The boy’s eyes are fully shut now, brain blissfully empty, only enough left for him to slur out, “daddy...d-da...dadd- ngh...ha!” on a quiet repeat.

Such *wonderful* submission.

It brings a sharp heat to Ilya's nerves, makes him lose his rhythm.

"Ngh...pretty boy. So *good*," Ilya groans into Hollander's skin. He's grabbing at everything he can now; chest and bicep and then down to squeeze his thigh and hold it tighter against his hip.

Hollander's arms have fallen beside his body, weak and spent, fingers fisting into the bedsheets when a good thrust shoots pleasure through him.

Ilya grinds into him, fucks him through every breath through clenched teeth and through every nerve itching to let go.

"Daddy...ah!" Shane gasps.

Hollander.

Hollander.

Hollander.

Fuck, he's losing it.

Ilya feels *Hollander* come. There's a tight unconscious clenching and unclenching around him, milking his cock as Hollander loses the last of his control. He moans into Ilya's ear, pitch dropping low when his stomach muscles tense and he paints their stomachs white with his release.

It's the second time he's come untouched on Ilya's cock, and it's the second time the mere thought of it is enough to tip Ilya over the edge.

Ilya sinks his weight into Hollander, cock pulsing and twitching and coming until the jerky shift of his hips is all that's left. His chest heaves, heart thumping in his ears. There's enough sweat on his face that blinking stings, the salty water gluing his eyelashes together and his curls into his mess.

Below him, Hollander is shaking through the last of his orgasm. A whimper catches in his throat when Ilya slips free of him, collapsing to Hollander's side to watch the rise and fall of his chest.

There are a few minutes of easy silence. Before the sticky sheets become irritating and the cooling come sliding down Ilya's condom becomes unbearable.

Before Hollander stills.

His brain's plugged itself back in and the pretty flush on Hollander's skin is quickly replaced by a deep blush. He's staring at the ceiling like the shade of off-white offends him and his breathing has become too staticky to be comfortable.

"You are embarrassed."

“I can’t believe I...I called you...” Hollander looks away.

“Hey. *Hey*.” Ilya rolls to prop himself up against Hollander. He cups his jaw and brings the boy’s eyes to him. They’re red and wet and Hollander’s breathing tightly and in the way he does when he doesn’t want anyone to notice the problem. “So you are not boring in bed. What is problem?”

There’s a smile cracking through and Hollander bumps his fingers against Ilya’s chin who dips to kiss them.

Ilya will not let these tears fall.

“You think only you liked it? Mm, *Hollander*?” Ilya kisses up his shoulder. “I liked it plenty too.”

“You did?”

Hollander is blinking them away, eyes brown and big, and Ilya brushes a thumb under his eyes just to check. His freckles are dry.

Ilya no longer knows how he's supposed to let this boy go.

“Call me it on the ice and I might let you win next time.”

“Fuck you.”

“No. I joke,” Ilya says, deadly serious. “I would not let you win.”

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