

nice sweater

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by [lilac_harpie14](#)

Summary

Seeing Shane Hollander in the crowd at an NHL game was cool. Seeing him in the crowd at a Boston Bears game in Boston was bizarre.

But seeing Shane Hollander in the stands wearing an Ilya Rozanov Jersey, the bold number 81 plastered across his broad back? That, was ludicrous.

A few of the American guys on the team had decided to start a Fantasy Football league that fall, and Shane had joined wanting to be an involved and fun captain. He barely knew anything about American football, and he had finished dead last as of last Monday.

So now, this was his punishment.

Notes

Have fun guys. I know I did.

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

Shane knew he had cameras on him left and right. Photos were being snapped every two seconds, by not-so-slick fans who thought they were being really stealthy, by photographers, hell, probably by people watching at home taking photos of him on their TVs, because the broadcast cameras were on him, too, every other crowd shot.

He couldn't really blame them. Seeing Shane Hollander in the crowd at an NHL game was cool. Seeing him in the crowd at a Boston Bears game in Boston was bizarre.

But seeing Shane Hollander in the stands wearing an Ilya Rozanov Jersey, the bold number 81 plastered across his broad back? That was ludicrous.

A few of the American guys on the team had decided to start a Fantasy Football league that fall, and Shane had joined, wanting to be an involved and fun captain. He barely knew anything about American football, and he had finished dead last as of last Monday.

So now, this was his punishment.

Little did his teammates know, it was less of a punishment for Shane than they thought. Oh yeah, he was exactly where he wanted to be. It might be wounding his ego, and be a bit of a humiliation ritual as Fantasy punishments typically went. But Shane hadn't told Ilya about his attire for the night; he hadn't even told him he'd be in Boston or at the game. It was a second-round playoff game, Montreal hadn't made it past the regular season (which 'Lily' had not let Shane forget the few last weeks), and Shane was supposed to be watching the game with his parents in Ottawa, as far as Ilya had been aware.

Until he had skated out for warmups and seen Shane on the Jumbotron, wearing his number and his name on his back.

Shane had seen the visceral reaction that Ilya had quickly masked with a cocky grin, putting on a show of bravado and making it look like he was enjoying seeing Hollander in his jersey purely for the thrill of the rivalry and because Shane had to be embarrassed by it.

But Ilya had been shocked. Floored, even, to see those freckles and to see the sweater Shane had donned for the occasion. He skated by where Shane sat behind the boards with Hayden and JJ (wearing Montreal quarter zips, just to further embarrass their teammate), and gave him a wink and a smirk.

To the outside world, it was a cocky nod at his rival. To Ilya, it was a signal to Shane that they'd be exchanging words later. Among other things, maybe. Definitely.

And to Shane, it was the start of a very uncomfortable first period of the game, trying to stop his dick from getting any harder and to stealthily conceal that it was already at half mast.

Lily: Nice sweater

Jane: Fuck you

Lily: Oh but I was planning to fuck YOU. With that number on your back and you moaning my name. You know how pretty you sound when you say it?

Lily: You look pretty good wearing it too.

Jane: It's a punishment

Lily: Oh? Been bad captain?

Jane: No. For Fantasy Football. It's American.

Lily: I know what Fantasy Football is, Hollander, I live in Boston. I finished second in my league

Jane: Of course you did

Lily: I did not think you were supposed to enjoy your punishments

Lily: We made Marleau run a mile around the concourse and drink a beer every lap

Jane: Gross

Lily: Your team must not know you very well

Lily: They don't know how eager you always are to swallow my cock

Jane: Shut up. Intermission's almost over, shouldn't you be getting ready to come back out?

Jane: ...

Jane: Are you hard in your cup?

Lily: Ah, look at you golden boy. Sexting me during game

Jane: Just trying to throw you off. Wouldn't want Boston to get another cup

Lily: Ah, and where is Montreal?

Jane: Fuck you

Lily: You already said that

Lily: You are asking because you are hard, aren't you?

Jane: Fuck. You.

Lily: Hotel?

Jane: Courtyard. 1532.

Lily: So easy

Lily: And yes, I am hard. Good, makes me play better. Like foreplay.

Lily: I'll let you take cup off yourself

Jane: Again, gross

The knock on Shane's door sounded urgent. He was already halfway to the handle before it could finish, and the second he cracked the door open, Ilya was shoving his way inside, and then onto Shane, pushing him up against a wall and completely devouring his mouth. His hands were bracketing Shane's waist before one moved up to grab his peck, the fabric of the jersey rubbing against his nipple. Ilya's tongue shoved into Shane's mouth, the kiss messy and hard, and *way hotter* than Shane wanted to admit. He would never admit to the moan that had slipped out of his mouth as Ilya nipped at his lip, either, his hand spanning across Shane's throat to brace his jaw.

"You," he said, voice low and almost predatory, as he moved to press open-mouthed kisses along the side of Shane's face, "are a fucking," he mouthed at the hinge of Shane's jaw, "*dream*," his earlobe was the next victim, "in this fucking jersey."

Shane was pretty sure he was in danger of passing out. It felt like all the blood in his body had rushed straight to his dick, which was straining painfully in his jeans and in desperate need of friction. Like he had read his mind, Ilya shoved a knee in between Shane's legs, which got him to release a moan there was no hope in him denying.

"Not just any jersey," he managed to get out as Ilya raked his teeth along his Adam's apple, "your jersey."

Ilya actually *growled* at that, walking backwards towards the bed and pulling Shane along with him by a fistful of that jersey. He fell back to sit on the end of the bed and pulled Shane's face down to him by the nape of his neck, ravaging his mouth again before pushing him off with a light shove to the chest.

"Take off your pants," he said as he stripped off his own hoodie and jeans, leaving him in his briefs and black tank top, "but don't you dare take that off," he added, gesturing up and down at the jersey. Shane was already folding his jeans neatly and tossing them onto the chair in the corner. Ilya reached out and grabbed him by the wrist the second he was close enough, tugging Shane back to him. Their mouths connected again, and he reached around to give his ass a squeeze before moving his hand down to the back of Shane's thigh, pulling him down and hooking his leg over Ilya's lap so that Shane was straddling him. He thrust his hips up so that their groins rubbed together, and Shane groaned and pressed down harder with his hips, arms wrapped around Ilya's neck as Ilya bit into the side of his.

"Fucking hell, Rozanov," he groaned as Ilya slipped a hand up the jersey to palm at Shane's peck, pinching the nipple between his thumb and finger as his other hand worked Shane's ass. Shane reached down to peel Ilya's tank top off of him, and Ilya lifted his arms and quickly paused his assault on Shane's throat to let him wrestle it off.

"Your friends think they are funny, huh? Making you wear this?" Now Ilya was tracing the outline of the letters spread between Shane's shoulder blades with his fingers as the hand that had been on his ass teased the waistband of his underwear at his hip. "They don't know you were probably like a fucking puppy, so excited to finally get to buy this, yes? They didn't know you would be panting to see me see you in it and get my hands on you,"

“Fuck, Rozanov,” Shane was grinding down on Ilya’s painfully hard dick with force now, rutting into him like he really was a dog in heat.

“They think you were embarrassed, and you probably were a little. But you also were so excited to have a chance to see me, huh? To surprise me and let me fuck you? They don’t know how good you take my cock, and how much you probably like having my name on your back. You wish people could know that you’re all mine, don’t you?”

Ilya pushed Shane off of him so he could shimmy back to lean against the headboard, then beckoned him back, pulling his briefs down to his knees, his hard and leaking cock bouncing up to his stomach. Shane crawled up the bed towards him, stopping to pull Ilya’s underwear the rest of the way off. Then, lying on his stomach with one knee bent up, arms resting on Ilya’s thighs, he took his cock into his mouth and started to work at it in earnest, rather than replying verbally to Ilya’s question.

“Fuckkkk Hollander,” Ilya already had a hand in Shane’s hair, the other tracing the number 81 patched onto his shoulder, “this pretty mouth, all mine. Always so excited to get to work. Even when it was first time we were hooking up, you had no idea what you were doing, but that mouth was *so* eager, makes me hard just thinking about it when I want to jerk off.”

Shane should’ve been a little insulted, maybe, but the words only made him swallow around Ilya harder, taking him deeper into his mouth till his nose was almost touching Ilya’s stomach as he bobbed down.

“And that asshole is mine too, no? Going to put your pretty face in the mattress and fuck that asshole with my name on your back. Watch my dick disappear inside you, every inch. You’re so good at taking it there, too, aren’t you?”

The praise made Shane moan around his dick, and Ilya quickly pulled Shane off by the hair on the back of his head so that he wouldn’t finish down his throat. He wanted to make good on the promise to fuck him in that jersey. He pulled him up to his mouth, needing to kiss him again before rolling them over and pinning Shane down onto the bed. He slipped a hand down the front of Shane’s underwear and grasped his dick, earning him a sharp gasp out of Shane that Ilya caught with his mouth, bracing his other arm next to Shane’s head. He watched his face as he jerked him off, enjoying every twitch of an eyebrow, gasp, and tremble.

“Shit, Rozanov, are you going to fuck me or not?”

“If you ask nicely, maybe,”

“Fuck you,” Shane said, lip trembling as he tried his best to look defiant, staring up at Ilya.

Ilya grasped Shane’s dick harder at the base out of nowhere, dragging his hand up, then working his thumb at the slit that had been leaking steadily.

“Fuck, please! Please, please fuck me, ok, fuck!”

“Oh? I thought you weren’t sure. I’d love to!” Ilya said casually, taking his hand off of Shane’s dick and reaching over to the nightstand to grab the bottle of lube Shane had left out as Shane ditched his underwear and started to roll over.

“Ah ah ah,” Ilya tutted, dispensing lube onto his fingers and beginning to warm it up, “stay on your back. I will need to see my name and number while I fuck you, but I want to see your pretty face while I finger you first.”

Shane looked like he might faint. His dick was red and, Ilya swore, visibly throbbing, and the Boston sweater had bunched up a bit, showing off an absolutely delectable portion of Shane’s midsection.

Ilya knelt in front of Shane, taking in the absolutely spectacular view for a moment, before pushing his knees to roll up beside his head and beginning to trace the space between Shane’s ballsack and asshole, gently moving his finger towards the rim, then tracing that with a few circles too. Shane had his head tipped back on the pillows, hands gripping the sheets, and Ilya could see a red mark on his throat that he must have sucked a bit too hard. Whoops. Was not his problem.

Finally, once Shane was literally mewling and Ilya thought he might be in danger of getting kicked in the head if he didn’t give in soon, he pushed a long finger into Shane’s hole. Shane groaned loud enough that it almost made *Ilya* nervous about where Hayden and JJ’s rooms might be in relation to this one. He worked a second finger in soon after, and couldn’t help but give his own cock a few pumps with his other hand as he felt how tight Shane was, and how he sucked his fingers in deeper.

“So needy for me,” he crooned, “god you are so sexy like this, Hollander. Getting ready for my cock.”

“I’m ready, please,” Shane was begging now, any attempts at being stoic abandoned long ago.

“Ah, you need to get stretched a bit more, no?” Ilya added a third finger and began scissoring them slightly inside of Shane, twisting his wrist as he moved his fingers slowly in and out.

“You can stretch me on your dick, please, Rozanov.”

Well, that was new. Ilya practically finished just at Shane’s words. He was getting more bold then, or at least more desperate. He pulled his fingers out and kissed Shane again, hungrily, before tapping his hip and signaling him to turn over onto his stomach.

“And you don’t have to put a condom on. I’m clean, I’m guessing you are too? I want—” Shane paused for a second, embarrassed, then looked back at Ilya over his shoulder, “I want to feel you. Want you to come inside me.”

“Fuck,” Now it was Ilya’s turn to be speechless as Shane dirty-talked him. He lubed himself up, spreading his other hand on the small of Shane’s back, pushing it down so that his ass was presented up to him, then moving his hand to skate across the letters on that damn jersey. He finally pushed the tip of his cock past Shane’s asshole, and they both moaned loudly at the

sensation, Shane's turning into more of a whimper. It was *so much better* like this, with absolutely no barrier between them, and Ilya knew he wouldn't last very long. Shane pushed his hips back, trying to fuck himself on Ilya's dick, and Ilya responded by slamming himself in to the hilt.

He began fucking into him, *hard*, probably close to the hardest he ever had. Shane was moaning at every thrust, hands gripping the sheets into fists, and when Ilya found an even better angle on his prostate, he groaned out a loud "FUCK" and punched the mattress. Ilya had his hand on the side of Shane's face, pushing it down into the pillow, and he was jackhammering into him now.

"You going to cum for me, Hollander? Cum all over this dick, make a mess of that jersey?"

"Oh fuckkkkk!"

And Shane did; he finished hard, and *loud* and his orgasm lasted for longer than it usually did as it ripped through his body. Cum splattered onto the sheets below him and the inside hem of the jersey where it hung below him. He clamped down hard on Ilya, who followed suit and came towards the end of Shane's own orgasm, prolonging it as Shane felt Ilya stuffing himself as deep into his ass as he could, emptying himself into him. Ilya managed to find the strength to pull out halfway through, spurting more cum onto Shane's ass and his main target: all over the back of the jersey. One string dripped down from the bottom of the 8 in 81 to the black space in the middle of the digit, and Ilya watched its trajectory before collapsing next to Shane, more than spent.

"Hey," Shane said quietly, almost slurred, after a minute, "you just ruined my brand new jersey. I spent like 80 bucks on that."

"It is signature. Will be worth double now. A lot more, actually, if you could prove it is authentic."

"Gross."

End Notes

so like yeah

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