

## Staying In

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# Staying In

by [Pickle\\_Chips](#)

## Summary

*“... they said you were playing more like Shane Hollander.” Shane grinned at him. He knew baiting him would work better if he didn’t look smug about it. But he also knew Ilya was hot-headed enough it wouldn’t really matter.*

*Ilya narrowed his eyes. He spied the trap. His words had a little grit to them. “Oh, I cannot make a play without learning from you? I forgot in Russian Hockey we just beat each other to death with sticks.”*

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Even though they’re committed now, Shane can’t help riling Ilya about how he's ‘boring’ now too.

## Notes

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

Shane had only been half listening to the coverage, more out of habit than anything else. He was thinking about the grocery list, how unfair it was he was always on the road. His veggies were always going bad. He was spending his whole salary on berries, somehow. The hosts were quipping.

“And here’s a topic we haven’t covered in a while: Russia’s greatest point’s machine.”

“Rozanov? I thought he retired.”

Shane rolled his eyes. It’s been like this since Ilya had joined Ottawa. Still though, he could feel a version of himself, younger, softer rattling around in his chest. He remembered being so desperate for any scrap of Ilya he memorized his stat card. He edited his Wikipedia page when they had his game record wrong, once. He’d be taking that to his grave.

“Well honestly, if you ask me, he’s playing better than ever. I mean, it’s a shame it couldn’t matter less, because Ottawa is useless, but still. He’s sharp, he’s clean, and I never thought I’d say this about Rozanov: he’s tactical. That assist with Luca? That was beautiful. That’s something Shane Hollander would do.”

Shane snorted.

“Yeah and he’s hardly been throwing hands on the ice, too. I can’t even remember the last time he was shirtless in an interview.”

“Maybe our baby is finally growing up.”

“Awww.”

Shane smiled, and then tapped his fingers on the steering wheel. Actually, that gave him an idea.

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“I’m home,” Shane called into the entry way, dropping his keys in the bowl.

“Yay,” called Ilya, monotone from the couch. Perfect. Shane put the groceries away, and found him. Ilya was sprawled out, phone in hand, Top Chef playing quietly in the background. Shane double checked he didn’t have anything heavy to throw at hand, but it seemed safe enough.

“They were talking about you on ESRH,” he said, carefully casual.

“Oh yes, they say I’m very beautiful and Ottawa will win a cup?” Ilya asked, without looking up.

“Not exactly. They were talking about your assist. They said it seemed like you were getting more tactical.”

Ilya made a non-comital sound.

“... they said you were playing more like Shane Hollander.” Shane grinned at him. He knew baiting him would work better if he didn’t look smug about it. But he also knew Ilya was hot-headed enough it wouldn’t really matter.

Ilya narrowed his eyes. He spied the trap. His words had a little grit to them. “Oh, I cannot make a play without learning from you? I forgot in Russian Hockey we just beat each other to death with sticks.”

Shane shrugged, he turned to take his shoes off to hide his little grin.

“You know it’s kind of funny, you used to get off on like, corrupting me...”

Ilya made a low, annoyed sound.

“...but actually I’ve just made you more boring.” And, duck. Perfectly timed to miss the pillow Ilya had thrown.

“Boring! I am boring to you now, Hollander? I was boring yesterday when I set speed record and then fucked you till you cried?”

“I didn’t cry. And after that and your monogamous boyfriend made dinner, watched Top Chef, you complained that they always try to make risotto, and we went to bed early. With a sound machine. So yeah, I think you’re a little domesticated now.”

“It’s not enough time to make risotto! Always fails! What is domesticated, like cows? I am cow?”

“Yeah, just not wild.”

Ilya pounced on him, which had been the goal anyway, tackling to the actual floor. He shielded the back of Shane’s head so it didn’t bang on the floor, which was a nice touch.

“Am I not wild enough for you, Hollander? You want me to take you to Berghiem and snort coke off your thigh?”

Shane was pinned, but that didn’t mean he’d lost the upper hand.

“I’m just saying if you did, that at 10 pm-“

“-Clubs not even open at 10pm, you are nerd-“

Shane put on Ilya’s accent, he was getting pretty good at it, “You’d be like, lyubimyy let’s go home, it is loud and this drink sucks. Also, our sheets at the hotel do not have high enough thread count.”

“I do not sound like this. And I do not call you that. You are not my favorite, do not like you.”

Shane rolled his eyes. Ilya was gathering his hands above his head, pinning his wrists. Shane offered him no resistance, but raised his knee to rub Ilya's cock through his track pants. Ilya responded immediately, already half hard just from pinning Shane. Shane had been really enjoying relishing how down Ilya was now that they were together, for real.

Shane had spent years thinking Ilya never thought about him to discover he jerked off to thoughts of their first kiss. Shane had earned being a little smug.

"Seems like you like me."

"No, my dick is a traitor. But I don't have to like you to fuck you." He said the last part low, in Shane's ear.

"Yeah I remember," Shane quipped.

Ilya knit his brows together, and Shane knew he was torn. He could see the wheels turning, the choice between reminding Shane that he had always liked him, since they were 18 (Ilya now said often now, half the fun was how much he liked Shane, his genius playing, his pathetic little sexting attempts) and his little game.

"So what, you want wild? I bore you, you're going to call Rose Landry, maybe she sets you up with a handsome movie star this time?" Ilya was kissing his way down Shane's neck, grabbing his peck though his workout shirt. Shane was doing his best to feign being immune. His best was bad.

"Yes," he lied, "except then it'll be a waste of all the Russian I've been learning. So maybe a KHL player--"

Ilya bit him. Shane laughed.

"Maybe Svetlana could send me the number of--"

Ilya stopped pinning his wrists to shove Shane's shirt up, roughly, as he was grumbling something in Russian against his skin. Shane had been studying, but it was too garbled, he caught only 'heartbreak' and 'ungrateful.'

"What was that?" Shane said, "I need to practice."

Ilya replied in Russian. "I said, good luck pulling anyone Russian when all you know how to say is 'Sorry I don't eat gluten,'"

He was tugging off his own shirt now, and Shane never got tired of seeing him. Shane dutifully shimmied out of his pants, folding them, setting them near him on the floor. Ilya was so unreal. He wanted to touch him, push him back into the carpet, give him rug burn. But that would ruin the game. He replied in his flawed Russian:

"I can say also: fuck me harder, yes, please. And three time Stanley cup winner. So I think maybe I am doing this alright."

Ilya was leaning back on his heels, contemplating. It was clear Shane was kidding, and it was clear it bothered Ilya anyway. Good, thought Shane, smug bastard. Shane reached down and cupped his own dick through his boxer briefs. "Ah," he moaned, dramatically.

"Ok so you don't need me, I'll go." Ilya said, sounding irked and pouty all at the same time and he got up and brushed his knees off, leaving Shane alone, touching himself, on the floor.

Shane gave up his game quick, he was having fun but he wasn't deluded. He knew very well which one of them had more discipline about sex and it certainly wasn't him. They both knew he wasn't above begging for it.

"Wait," Shane propped himself up on his elbow.

"Net," said Ilya, sulkily turning back to Top Chef.

Shane got up and went over to straddle him. Ilya stubbornly was refusing to touch him.

"I don't want anyone but you," Shane said in his dorky Russian. He felt a blush spread across his cheeks. This phrase he had practiced.

Ilya's face showed the barest hint of a smile through his sulking. He moved his hand to rest on Shane's ass.

"I love you," Shane said, switching to English, "even though you are boring now."

"Very generous."

"I thought so."

Shane dropped from the couch and spread Ilya's thighs. He knew this was one of Ilya's favorite things, ever since Vegas, and he wanted to make up for being kind of a duck today. He nuzzled his face into Ilya's still-clothed dick, not breaking eye contact. He reached down to touch himself while he did it.

Ilya wrinkled his brow, and Shane had to stamp down a smile because he knew exactly what was coming.

"Fuck, Hollander," moaned Ilya.

"Fuck, Hollander," said Shane, at exactly the same time.

Ilya threw his hands up.

"Why," he said half whining, "I have not suffered enough for you?"

Shane choked back a laugh.

Ilya was still sulking but he let Shane pull his underwear off. Ilya kept complaining as Shane made his way to sucking him off in earnest.

God, Shane really did love doing this. His mouth was watering. He tried to do all the things he knew Ilya liked best, hoping to win him over.

“Oh,” said Ilya, “Dick is not boring, dick you like. Dick... slut?”

It wasn't his best, but Shane was doing truly exceptional work and so it could be excused. He'd recently learned a trick about deep throating, and had Ilya deep in his throat. He hummed and Ilya shivered.

“Fuck,” he said again, and Shane could tell he was trying not to, “Shane,” Ilya buried a hand deep in his hair.

Shane leaned back, sticking his tongue out, letting Ilya see his dick resting there, really letting him take in the whole vision. He was blushing, he normally wasn't this brazen, not until Ilya had worked him up anyway.

“Ok,” said Ilya, hauling them both to their feet shoving Shane towards their bedroom.

“Are you moving me in here, Shane asked over his shoulder, “becuase fucking on the couch hurts your back?”

Ilya shoved his shoulder.

“No,” he said, and to Shane's slight horror, he didn't stop at the bed but moved to the small balcony off their bedroom where he went to smoke. It didn't overlook anything, just their fairly remote backyard, no neighbors for a couple of kilometers, but still, this wasn't the cottage it was Ilya's house and Shane didn't like windows, much less...

“You wanted to suck dick,” said Ilya, “come suck dick.” Ilya slapped his own thigh, and had the audacity to light a cigarette.

Shane shifted, but he and Ily both knew he'd never turn him down when he was like this.

He dutifully knelt on the concrete in front of him, resuming licking Ilya, shaft to tip. He hoped a loon called to scare the shit out of so he could regain the upper hand, but no such luck. There were no sounds but the wind through the leaves and Shane's rhythmic sucking.

“You're so good at that,” Ilya moaned, “better than you are at anything else.”

Shane glared at him lightly. But he didn't stop, Ilya looked amazing, chest flushing in the moonlight. Shane resumed touching himself, not as a performative bit this time, but because his dick was throbbing for how much he wanted Ilya. Fuck, he loved sucking him off.

“It's good you don't want anyone else,” Ilya went on, “you've spent so long practicing exactly how I like your mouth. Exactly how to be good for me. Exactly how to open yourself up for me. Exactly -“

Shane moaned with Ilya still in his mouth. He was going to come from touching himself while he sucked off Ilya. Here, outside, on the porch, desperate. Hadn't he been winning this, at one point?

“Exactky how to arch your back for me. You’re a very good student, Hollander, you read books on being a good fuck?” Ilya ashed his cigarette, tangling his fingers in Shane’s hair.

Shane blushed. “I googled it,” he gasped.

Ilya smirked. Then there wasn’t so much talking as he put his cigarette, taking Shane’s head in both hands.

“Ok?” He was asking to fuck his throat, Shane knew.

“Yes,” Shane gave him his softest possible look, fuck it, he had started this, “please.”

It hadn’t taken Ilya long to spill down Shane’s throat, and Shane swallowed without compliant, cumming into his own hand.

Ilya pulled them both inside, kissing him deeply and pulling them under the covers. He left door to the patio open, chilly air spilling into their warm house.

Shane should care that he he was dirty, that they were covered in spit and cum and whatever gross nonsense was on the patio but he couldn’t care right now. He would care in exactly 20 minutes. Then he would wash the sheets.

“Shane,” Ilya said, softly, 10 minutes later, “you aren’t actually tired of me?”

Shane laughed, because of how insane that sounded to him, who barely could think of anything but Ilya like a teenager with a crush.

“No,” Shane said, “I’m not. I think it’s kind of nice, that we have become more like each other. I think love does that. To people.”

“Yeah, lyubimyy, you are wild now, yes?”

“Yeah,” said Shane, wondering where Ilya had put the extra sheets he had bought them and if he had folded them or if he was going to have to wait for these to dry before they could go to sleep, “I am a party animal.”

## End Notes

A/N: thank you so much for reading!!!! My brain is broken.

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