Spit Your Words, I'll Watch You Eat It

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/77243466.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV), Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander, Ilya Rozanov, Hayden Pike, The Centaurs
Additional Tags:	Post-Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers), 2011-2022 Season, Blending show and book timelines once again, POV Shane Hollander, Spit Kink, Kink Exploration, Shane realizing a few things about himself, Ilya already knows those things, He's been waiting for Shane to figure it out, BFF Hayden Pike, Competition was foreplay
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-07 Words: 11,723 Chapters: 1/1

Spit Your Words, I'll Watch You Eat It

by Erisenyo

Summary

[But Shane wants to *know* what puts Ilya in the mood for it. He wants to *know* when sending a picture of his own dick dripping spit will get Ilya absolutely wild and when it will be just a pleasant little start to things. When making his blowjobs sloppy will have Ilya falling apart and needy and when it will just leave Ilya pleased with himself and mouthier than usual.

He wants to *know* what will get Ilya staring at Shane's mouth like he might die if he doesn't find out what will come out of it next, and what makes him look like he can't wait to put something in it.

Because the thing is, Shane knows an implied challenge when he hears one. Especially ones from Ilya Rozanov.]

OR,

Sometimes there's a particular thing Ilya wants, something Shane doesn't mind giving him when Ilya wants it. If he can figure out *when* Ilya wants it. Which he will. Because it's definitely all about when Ilya wants it. Definitely…definitely that.

Notes

This can be read as a standalone or as a follow up to Shane Hollander Spitting Compilation, 2010 to 2014!

A HUGE thank you to meesh for helping me separate this fic from the entirely separate fic that was trying to bust into half the scenes, and to Anna for helping me bring it all together!

For show-only people, this would fit that continuity but is set in the post-The Long Game timeline

See the end of the work for more notes

March 2022 - Ottawa

“No, the worst part is that flight and then having to *play* them,” Shane complains. “It’s not even good competition,” he defends himself when Hayden and Ilya both snort, one through the phone and one from the couch. “It’s just like, 70s style grinding.”

“’70s style grinding’,” Hayden repeats back incredulously, “And then you win 6-1?”

“It isn’t even fun!”

“You’re just saying that because you never score against them.”

“I score,” Shane immediately scowls. He glares harder when Ilya laughs.

“Uh huh.”

“I got a hat trick against them this year!”

“Yeah.” Hayden’s voice is dry. Ilya is making a show of counting to three on one hand, and then much, much higher on the other. “I wonder why that happened all of a sudden”

Shane folds his arm over his chest. “Uh, maybe because I know how to—”

“No, no, stop now,” Ilya calls loud enough for the phone to pick up, “Tell Pike, we are not doing his scout for him.”

“Tell Rozanov to go f—”

“Does he not have wife? Some married people have better things to do than spend whole day rewatching same—"

“Like you haven’t been watching film all afternoon?” Shane cuts in, grinning when Hayden lets out a shout of laughter. Ilya gives him a huffy look, then takes a long sip of his water and makes a show of resettling his laptop on his legs like he’s daring Shane to try to make something of it.

“You must love playing there, then,” Shane picks the conversation back up as he sits opposite Ilya on the arm of the couch. “*You* get points.”

Hayden’s voice is wry. “Not this year, dude.”

“Well.” Shane leans back on one hand. “Maybe if you worked on reading the rebounds better —”

“Oh, screw you,” Hayden laughs. Ilya grins—*definitely* paying attention. Ha. “I read rebounds *fine*.”

“I’m just saying,” Shane says as he lets his knee fall wide. “Renaud can’t track them to save his life. And you know Comeau just chucks it in there, just set yourself up where it’s going to

be."

Ilya gives him a knowing look, and then rolls his eyes when Shane ignores it. "Tell Pike is not always about the scout," Ilya says, setting his laptop aside and adding as he passes by toward the kitchen, "Sometimes it is about *implementing*."

"Is that Rozanov giving advice too? Tell him he can shove his ideas up his—"

"Hayden says thanks for the suggestion!"

"Oh, fuck you—I don't thank you for anything, Rozanov!" Hayden shouts loudly enough that Shane pulls the phone away from his ear, laughing. "All of your ideas are bad and terrible!"

"You are welcome, Hayden," Ilya shouts cheerfully as he comes back with a can of ginger ale. "Can also try faking pass and then top corner will be open, Renaud's line gets too high, he overcommits."

"*You* can try faking—oh, fuck, actually, that—fuck," Hayden mutters as Ilya sets the ginger ale down next to his laptop—out of Shane's reach. He blows Shane a kiss when Shane makes a face at him and then saunters toward the stairs like he's giving Shane plenty of time to appreciate the sight he makes leaving. Asshole.

Shane leans sideways to watch him around the corner.

"Okay, but Lainey still can't get the timing down," Hayden is muttering to himself, faint rustling in the background like he's looking for paper. "Maybe he can just swing around the net…"

Shane rolls his eyes as he hops off the couch. "And right into your space? Because you know he isn't going to set…a screen…either…" He can hear himself trailing off as he reaches for the ginger ale and catches sight of Ilya's laptop, the screen still awake and still silently playing not *game* film, or at least not *scout* film, but…

"Shaney? You still there?"

"Yeah, yeah!" Shane jumps a little, clearing his throat as he scans Ilya's tabs. Heat clenches low in his gut as he sees… "But actually, let me just—think about it. I'm going to—I'll call you back?"

"Oh, sure, but can you just—oh. *Oh*, okay, yes. For sure, for sure," Hayden says quickly, voice suddenly high. "Take your time. Think…all you need. No rush! But just, you know, before we play them again, maybe—"

"For sure, great, bye," Shane says in a rush, ignoring Hayden's weird tone. He tosses his phone aside and grabs up the ginger ale—no, Ilya's water, no carbonation and better hydration, definitely good to be hydrated if he's about to—and takes a few, deep gulps before setting off in search of Ilya.

Shane finds him in the first place he looks, sprawled across their bed, wearing a pair of joggers and nothing else. He's already smirking when Shane bursts into the room.

“You *can* just let me talk to Hayden without turning it into a sex thing, you know,” Shane points out as he closes the door behind him against Anya and tugs his shirt over his head.

Ilya snorts, cupping himself even as he gives Shane a dry look. “Oh, *I* can?” Shane rolls his eyes and throws his shirt at him. “I’m not the one doing sex things while on phone with Hayden.”

Shane throws his pants at him, too. “You were watching”—he sets a knee on the bed, savoring the way Ilya is looking at him—“the 2010-2014 compilation again.” He swings his other knee across Ilya’s hips, kneeling up over him. “The one with the fight.”

“Yeah, well.” Ilya shrugs and runs his hands up Shane’s thighs, grinning, and Shane laughs despite himself.

“You’re ridiculous,” he says fondly before making a show of finishing off the water and feeling more than a little breathless with the way Ilya watches him do it. “You can just ask, you know,” Shane points out.

Ilya hums and lifts his hips for Shane to pull down his joggers. “This is more fun, though,” he points out—and then he makes a truly obscene, eager noise when Shane spits without warning onto his dick, so. Shane finds he can’t exactly disagree.

~*~

You can *just ask, you know,* Shane doesn’t say again, after they’ve showered and changed the sheets and opened the door so Anya can sneak up onto Ilya’s other side like Shane won’t notice thirty pounds of dog on the bed.

Ilya makes an amused, affectionate noise and tilts Shane’s jaw up for a lazy, not-trying-to-become-anything kiss like he can see the words on Shane’s face anyway. Which he probably can. Shane’s said them enough for Ilya to know he’s thinking it. Shane said them enough *today*.

Because it’s not constant, the whole—spitting thing. Kink. Whatever. And Shane doesn’t get why Ilya seems to prefer planting breadcrumbs when he’s in the mood instead of just asking for it, when Ilya asks for and suggests and orchestrates plenty of other things.

“It is nice when you surprise me,” Ilya had said…jeez, almost two years ago, when Shane had finally asked him about it.

Which was a useless answer, because, “I can’t surprise you with—” Shane had gestured vaguely. “—if I don’t *know*.”

Ilya had glanced pointedly down at this spit-and-come-covered chest, which…had been hot a few minutes ago, but now that it was all…*after*…

“It is not always about the plan, *moya lyubov*,” Ilya had said dryly, going to tug Shane into his chest and laughing when Shane had yelped and squirmed free. “Sometimes is just the moment with you.”

Shane had wrinkled his nose and grumbled about it still, like his heart wasn't doing soft gooey things all through showering and brushing his teeth and setting a calendar reminder series to plan surprises for Ilya. But it *did* make sense, when Shane had time to think about it on the drive back to Montreal. That shocking Shane would be part of the fun for Ilya… tracked. Tracked really well, actually.

Shane was still quietly determined to figure it out, though, in a way he's pretty sure Ilya is aware of and just isn't bringing up because it amuses him. Which Shane is going to ignore because he just—yes, the moment, surprises, sure. That's great.

But Shane wants to *know* what puts Ilya in the mood for it. He wants to *know* when sending a picture of his own dick dripping spit will get Ilya absolutely wild and when it will be just a pleasant little start to things. When making his blowjobs sloppy will have Ilya falling apart and needy and when it will just leave Ilya pleased with himself and mouthier than usual. He wants to *know* what will get Ilya staring at Shane's mouth like he might die if he doesn't find out what will come out of it next, and what makes him look like he can't wait to put something in it.

Because the thing is, Shane knows an implied challenge when he hears one. Especially ones from Ilya Rozanov.

~*~

And Shane thinks he's done a pretty decent job at putting things together since then, all things considered. Not that he and Ilya have exactly talked about it. That would kind of defeat the point of the whole *implied* part of the challenge…And sure, he doesn't have *all* of it figured out yet. And yes, it's been a while since the first time Ilya sent him a link to that 2010-2014 compilation of himself on the ice and spitting and made Shane realize this was a *thing,* for Ilya.

But he still thinks he's done okay. *Spitting* hasn't exactly been at the top of Shane's mind that whole time, not the way Montreal's playoff chances were, or how the rookies were picking up the zone entries, or game strategy—

"Shaney, dude, you even listening?"

"What?" Shane startles and reflexively lifts his notepad up, hand poised to write…something about…

"Tampa," Hayden repeats patiently, giving him a half-knowing, half-exasperated look. "And their penalty kill."

"Right, right." Shane ignores the prickle of heat over his cheeks. Tampa. And the penalty kill. Right.

—or the hundreds of other things that demanded his attention every day. And it's not like he and Ilya saw each other every day back then, not the way they do now. But there were times when Shane just met Ilya's eyes and *knew*, the way he knows exactly where to be for a drop pass, that Ilya was thinking about it. Times when Shane could feel it thrumming between

them like it had that first time, thick with an unknown, heady kind of possibility. Times when Shane could tell between one breath and the next that Ilya had been looking at those videos again, laptop left out and open like he wants Shane to find it and see, which—

Okay. Shane can acknowledge that those particular times aren't exactly *putting things together*.

~*~

But there's other times, too. Everyday kind of moments that Shane wouldn't think twice about if Ilya weren't suddenly looking at him like *that*. There was that time Shane was practically drooling over this handmade vegan ice cream Ilya had found, which—okay, fine. Predictable.

And a few times when they've been playing video games, too. But not every time, Shane… tested that. *And* whether it mattered if it was Shane or Ilya who was winning or losing. Though admittedly Shane had been at a bit of a loss on how to lose on *purpose*—

"Buffalo?" Ilya said incredulously. "You are playing as *Buffalo?*"

—and even he can admit that he'd been…annoyed about it, after. Even though that's what he wanted to happen—

"Stop being pissy, *I* should be pissy. *I* am one not getting fair competition," Ilya had grumbled, eyeing him warily from across the firepit, and Shane couldn't even argue with that. Ugh.

—so maybe that hadn't really been the best test, but. They play often enough, and are evenly enough matched, that Shane thinks he would have noticed by now if all that mattered was the final score.

And besides, it can't just be about winning and losing between them because there was that time Shane somehow let Ruby and Jade talk him into seeing who could spit sunflower seeds the furthest, which—well, they're pretty good at talking people into things. Hayden folds basically every day. And Jackie had been laughing and saying something about *at least let them win if you're going to encourage them* like she wasn't the one doling out the seeds, and Hayden had been wryly commenting on *the importance of learning to accept defeat if they're going to hang with Uncle Shane*, and Shane doesn't really remember the rest, or what else happened before he won, because he'd been so shocked-frozen to glance over and see the way Ilya was hanging back and *watching* him, heat suddenly surging through him…

And anyway. It's not like it's just—*anything* that involves spit does it for Ilya. Shane tested that, too.

He blatantly drooled all over a banana, trying to keep the blush off his face and feeling a bit like an idiot the whole time. He worked up the determination to spit lake water out of his mouth performatively rather than reflexively, *and* he'd practiced first—with tap water, obviously—so he *knew* he was doing it right. He'd done the whole *there's something on my*

fingers let me lick it off thing, which in retrospect might have worked better if it was, like, syrup, and not cashew butter, something Ilya actually liked…

And Ilya had enjoyed all of that the way he enjoyed all of Shane's come-ons: appreciatively and enthusiastically. But without that extra…*something* to his reaction. That awed, hungry neediness beneath the teasing and touching and goading. That thing that makes Shane feel dizzy and powerful and a little bit drunk to be the center of, a rush like flying down the ice and knowing only one person can catch him, like Shane can do anything if Ilya just keeps looking at him that way.

~*~

So Shane doesn't have it *all* figured out. But he's figured out enough, especially after nearly a year now of actually living together.

He knows that the spitting is a thing for Ilya, but not a *constant* thing. Which makes sense, it's not like Shane's always in the mood for it, either.

He knows that when Ilya *is* into it, he's *into it*, and that Shane…likes that. When Ilya is that into it.

And he knows that it's situational, when Ilya *will* want things that way. Some particular confluence of events, some specific mood…Though sometimes it feels like it's more so about *Shane's* mood. And that shouldn't make it harder to figure out, except somehow it *does* because Shane's not—he's not *thinking* about it. Not usually, not until suddenly he is.

Sure, there are already three new *Shane Hollander Spit Compilations* videos for this season alone. And sure, he's absolutely certain the second one is Ilya's favorite of the bunch. But that's just—figuring it out. Because Shane just…he wants to *know*. He *could* just drop it all, let it be a heat-of-the-moment surprise like Ilya said. But sometimes Shane feels so pent up with wondering that it's almost a relief to realize it's happening, and he just—sometimes he just wants…

"I don't know, dude," Hayden sing-songs, smug tone carrying just fine across the phone, "We've been on a win streak. Don't know if you've noticed with all the barely-winning you've been doing over there, but I'm just saying, the game tonight—"

"Is when your streak ends," Shane snaps before he can help himself. He takes a deep breath, concentrates on slowly finishing the rest of his pre-nap, pre-game smoothie— "Six hours is all you've got left on that thing," he snarls, slamming his empty cup into the dishwasher as Hayden bursts out laughing. "Enjoy it while it lasts—"

"Oh trust me, I am."

"—because you're never going to see it again." Shane scowls at the soft-close door of the dishwasher.

"Pretty sure we've got like ten games after this, buddy."

“Eleven. Eleven games that you’re going to lose,” Shane grumbles. Normally he’d wipe down the counters now, try to cajole Ilya into a smoothie, too. Maybe do some breathing exercises before their afternoon nap, visualization work, a bit of stretching.

“Wow.” Hayden’s voice is dry as Shane huffs and stalks toward the noises coming from the living room. He’d probably pull a fucking muscle, trying to do yoga right now. “So you’re going to beat us so bad we lose the rest of the season?”

“Yup,” Shane says as he finds Ilya leaning intently forward on the couch, video game controller in hands. “You’re going to tank. Total collapse. Embarrassing,” he adds as rounds side of the couch. He hesitates a moment before sitting on the back of the couch instead of next to Ilya. He doesn’t want to *play*, he just…wants to watch. Apparently.

“So you’re telling me,” Hayden says as Ilya shoots him a quick, absent smile, “That playing you guys is going to kick off an eleven-game, record-setting losing streak?”

Shane scoffs as he knocks Ilya’s shoulder with his knee. “Actually, Buffalo in the 2015 season lost—”

“Yeah, *Buffalo*.”

“Yeah, well.” Shane shifts his weight a little, watching Ilya’s fingers over the controller. “Get ready. *Man in the Crease* is going to bring it up for the next five years whenever they talk about you guys.” Those fingers pause. “Get your quotes ready now.”

“Oh my god, you’re wild.” Hayden sounds *entertained*, as Ilya gives him a longer, more assessing look, eyebrow raised in question. “Wow, that’s *very* confident from someone who barely won in overtime last game, Shaney!”

“Points are points,” Shane says automatically, cocking his head back. *Hayden,* he mouths. “And they weren’t even in our division.”

“Uh huh. But Detroit is in your division,” Hayden points out gleefully as Ilya smirks a little and turns back to his game. “Right at the bottom of it. And you just lost to them.”

Fuck. “Yeah, well.” Shane can suddenly feel his heart pounding like he’s already on the ice. “You just got beat by Philly so bad it looked like Jade’s team playing up a division again.”

“Dude!” Hayden exclaims, half-laughing, as Ilya lets out a choked sound. “She did good!”

“Yeah, and a senior beer league could wipe the floor with you,” Shane says, the words just popping off his tongue as Ilya barely pauses the game before tossing the controller aside and twisting to face him. “You’re going to have to schedule a whole day of sitting with your feet up after we destroy you tonight,” he adds as Ilya kneels up in front of him.

“Fuck, Shane,” Ilya huffs, laughing a little as he sets his hands on Shane’s knees. “Yeah?”

“Yeah,” Shane breathes. Then, “*And* you’re going to have to talk to my mom after,” Shane hears himself saying as he lets Ilya push apart his knees. “So you can—get a plan to show your face in public again after. Cause we’re gonna—gonna totally—"

“Wait, wait, dude, dude!” Hayden suddenly protests, still laughing. “Is Roz in the room?”

“Huh?” Shane tries to follow Hayden’s line of thought as Ilya slowly leans in, eyebrows raised. He makes a show of looking, like he’s deciding between a kiss, or to put his mouth to Shane’s chest, or maybe to lean down over Shane’s dick and—oh, *okay,* fuck, okay. It’s like *this,* then. “Why?” Shane bites his lip and leans back a little, holding onto the back of the couch. “You wanna talk to him?”

“*No,* I don’t—okay, you know what, how about I’ll see you at the game tonight,” Hayden huffs, muttering something that sounds like *ridiculous*. “Enjoy yourselves, *I’m* hanging up now.”

“Yeah, oka—wait, what?” Shane squeezes his knees against Ilya’s ribs to pause him. Ilya leans into the resistance like he wants to hang his mouth over Shane’s *dick*, wants Shane to see the space between it and…Shane squeezes his eyes shut. “Fuck, did I—shit, sorry, Hayden,” Shane manages to say, gathering himself a little. “I didn’t mean to—I don’t know why I said all—"

“Yeah, *sure*, you don’t know why. Fuck, you probably don’t.” He snorts. “Your fourth-grade trash talk is fine, Shaney,” Hayden says fondly. “Just go—do your thing, ugh. Get laid. You guys are so weird.”

“What?“ Shane says weakly, knees loosening a bit in surprise and letting Ilya push in a few inches. His dick is...very hard. “I’m not…”

“Sure, whatever. You two are so weird. Take the edge off, shoot your shots now so you don’t have them during the game—"

“Fuck off, you fucking *wish*.” Shane shoves upright so fast Ilya has to rear back.

“—*I* don’t care.”

“Fuck you, I won’t—I’ll shoot my shot right into your—”

Ilya snatches the phone out of Shane’s hands. “Go away, Hayden.” And then to Shane, pointedly, as he hangs up in the middle of Hayden’s triumphant *I fucking knew it, I totally knew you were being all—* “Do you need something, *moya lyubov*? Something you want?” He looks up at Shane through his lashes, expression hot and amused and—

Shane makes an inarticulate, hungry noise.

“Maybe be specific? Use words?” Ilya sounds like he’s trying not to laugh, and Shane doesn’t care, because—

“We have twenty-five minutes before our nap. You could fuck me.”

Ilya stares a moment before exhaling a rushing of air, looking exasperated. “Yeah, I could,” he agrees, and then yanks Shane off the back of the couch into his lap. “If that is what you want,” he adds, lips hovering just above Shane’s, and Shane grins and happily leans up to

catch his mouth, happy to lose himself for—"Oh, you are timing me on watch? We should race, maybe? We should—"—twenty-three more minutes.

Or less than twenty-three, as it turns out. Not that Shane's embarrassed about it when Ilya was right there with him. Though he *is* embarrassingly grateful for it in a way he's definitely *not* sharing with Ilya as they approach the arena. Fuck, he can't imagine carrying that kind of pent-up energy into a game on top of the jittery restlessness he's already feeling because it's *this* game: Ottawa hosting Montreal and every bit of rivalry and somehow-even-more-raw resentment that comes with it.

The media is buzzing with it, too, the city eager like Shane hasn't felt since those first few years playing,. And no one is saying anything about the possibility of clinching a spot in the playoffs tonight, at least not to each other, but they're all *thinking* about it. About the prospect of being rested and healthy for postseason instead of clawing their way into it. About setting lineups and strategy based on how badly they want a high seed and not how badly they want to make it at all.

The locker room has been crackling with it for weeks now, a slowly-build kind of energy that rose and rose and rose through March and April, the kind that can carry a team through the late-season grind. Everyone dialed-in and hyped and pretending they're not looking past New York and Winnipeg and New York, and Shane should say something about getting unpleasant surprises from opponents they aren't taking seriously. *Ilya* should.

Except Shane is right there along with them, this season. Feeling razor-edged whenever he thinks about this game, his pulse wild and his mind suspended in crystalline, precise focus like they're already playing. Montreal is just hanging onto a wildcard spot even with their win streak. They *need* wins to stay in it. And Ottawa could clinch, this early, if they take it.

"Aw, shit," Hayden sighs as soon as he catches sight of Shane's face during warmups. "It's not even post-season, man. Come on, you're already all…" He gestures vaguely.

Shane just smiles back, feeling the weight of eyes on him: the crowd, eager; Montreal, resentful; Ottawa, watchful and ready; and Ilya, something else entirely. "We're going to beat you," he says, and lets the feeling of the entire arena watching press his focus into shape.

It's not his diamond-hard clarity, though that's there at the edges. But there's too much in this game for his thoughts to contain nothing but the ice and the puck, too much history, too many stakes, and Shane's learned by now how to ride that kind of feeling.

He lets himself feel the sharpness of Montreal's resentment and the buoyant noise of the crowd, the gut-deep hunger to win that pulses in time to his heart and that thrumming kind of awareness that's always there when he's on the ice with Ilya. He lets it all sweep through him as Comeau opens the scoring and stares down the Ottawa bench like he wants to make it clear he's doing it *to* Shane. He breathes it in as he's crashed into the glass, as refs miss calls. He sinks into the center of it as Olsson glares at him from inches away. He waits for the faceoff and absorbs the angle of Olsson's wrists and sets that information alongside the fact that Montreal could fall out of the race entirely tonight and Shane could be the reason, again, a thought that doesn't even shiver at the edges of his focus—

You hold your stick like it is cane, Erik Olsson!" Ilya calls from the bench. "About to fall over? Don't worry, ice very slippery, if you do this thing called skating though—"

—as Shane wins the faceoff like he's done a thousand times in practice before and lets the play unfold before him, feeling like he's at the beating center of it.

"Fuck yeah, Parsley, and that *pass,* Hollsy," Boyle shouts as he crashes into them, Dillon lit up with excitement and Shane can only grin back, teeth bared as he turns to their bench and sees Ilya watching him, expression fierce and proud and electric.

"One point," Shane pants as he swings over the boards, holding Ilya's gaze. "Where's yours?"

"Oh fuck, *let's* go," Young says, starting to laugh as Ilya smiles slow and sharp and passes Shane a water bottle.

"Fucking watch me," Ilya says as he gets up for his next shift, as if Shane could do anything else when Ilya is on the ice.

Shane drinks deep, rolling the water around his mouth as he watches Ilya slice through the defense and break up plays and knock Berke off the puck to save his fast break. Triumph is still buzzing high in his chest, anticipation shivering in his veins as he watches Ilya play, that string between them twisting tighter and tighter, a familiar readiness to explode off the bench and match him.

"See, not so hard," Ilya says to him from across the ice, Shane more seeing the words than hearing them over the screaming of the crowd at their goal.

"Take some notes so you can learn," Shane tosses to the bench because Olsson is about to take another faceoff and Shane knows exactly what's about to happen, the anticipation of it thrilling through him as Ilya grins back, delighted.

Ilya smirks at him from down the bench in the second period in a way that says 'look at my two assists,' winks at him before the third in a way that says 'I'm beating you'' or maybe, 'we're going to fucking do this', and a little bit, 'let's see what you got'. Shane just smirks and lets the feel of it all rush through him and settling like a pulse in his veins alongside the cold shock of water sliding down his throat and the knowledge that he has a whole second game in his legs if Ilya keeps looking at him like that.

"Yes, yes, come, come—" Ilya waves Young in before surging over the boards and into the flow of play and Shane knows as easy as breathing that Ilya will see the pass to Comeau and move to take the lane away, and that he's absolutely going to draw a penalty with whatever he's saying, which means an Ottawa power play, the best in the fucking *league* this year, Shane and Ilya and Bood unleashed on the ice together because Ilya is smirking that smirk and running his mouth and doing that thing with his *tongue* that makes the words so—

Ilya's face is pleased, *satisfied*, when the whistle blows. He turns to the bench, eyebrows raised, and Shane holds his gaze and takes one last, deep swig of water. Then he swings over

the boards, body thrumming with the way Ilya is watching him, with that thread of awareness, with the surety that they're going to *win*.

"Gonna wipe that fucking smile off your face, Hollander," Olsson growls as he skates by.

"I'm gonna wipe the ice with your face," Shane says back, and sets up for the faceoff to the electric sound of Ilya laughing and the heavy feel of Ilya's gaze.

There's champagne after they win—

"It's not even postseason!" Shane protests, hiding his eyes from the spray. "We just know we're in it, we still have to—"

"Enjoy the moment, Hollsy!" Bood hollers back.

—and Shane is dripping with it as the guys holler and cheer and open bottle after bottle. It's not the same exuberance as winning the division or the exhausted-disbelief-holy-shit feeling of the Cup, but they fucking *did* it, they *clinched* and they did it to *Montreal* and Shane feels —lit up with it anyway. Incandescent, as he grabs his own bottle and sprays it into Barrett's face and Dykstra's and empties all over a grinning, triumphant Wyatt.

"If this is just making it, do I want to know what you have planned for playoffs?" Shane asks Harris as he swipes champagne out of his eyes.

Harris' grin is huge. "Just going to have to win and see!" he says as he shoves another bottle into Shane's hands.

Shane laughs and shakes his head, taking a quick swig. He reflexively spits the champagne-sweat taste out of his mouth and he isn't even thinking about it until he glances up and sees Ilya. Ilya shouting something exuberant as he pours champagne over Luca's head. Ilya grinning and flushed with victory. Ilya with a goal and two assists and that *penalty*. Ilya sweat-and-champagne plastered, leggings clinging and chest bare, wedding band dripping where it's nestled against his cross, and Shane suddenly, viscerally, wants him on his knees.

No, Shane wants—he wants to *put* him on his knees. He wants to feel that triumph against his own skin, wants to—to see Ilya sink down in front of him, and—or no, no, he wants to *lay him out*. Take him out with desire, ride him until Ilya can't take it anymore, make him gasp and shiver and feel all that magnetic attention solely on him, just—Ilya is bright and victorious and Shane wants to sink both hands into that pulsing feeling between them and tug.

Shane swallows hard. He takes a gulp of champagne like the sweet-sharp taste is going to clear his head, distract from the answering rush of saliva in his mouth. Fuck. This—fuck. It's not like Shane isn't used to wanting Ilya, or the way it gets all mixed up with pride and adrenaline when he's watching Ilya on the ice. But this is…Shane wants to feel Ilya straining between his thighs like they're still on the ice. He wants Ilya's breath to heave like he's sprinting for a breakaway, wants Ilya's eyes on him like he's waiting for the puck drop, like it's a power play in a clinch game and Ilya knows Shane is about to do something amazing and isn't going to let himself miss it.

Shane spits the champagne out, trying to breathe. That thrumming awareness is suddenly so thick in the air Shane feels like he could swallow it if he pressed his teeth to Ilya's skin and fuck, he suddenly wants that, too. To taste the sweat on him and the sticky-sweet victory, to hear him gasp—no, to *make* him gasp, to—

Ilya glances over and takes a grinning pull of his own bottle, tongue flashing, and Shane is moving across the room before he even registers the impulse.

"*Moya lyubov*," Ilya greets him as he approaches. "Come to pay respects to the game's point leader?"

"*Moye serdtse*," Shane says, because he's knows he can get the accent right for that and he wants to see *that* shocked, pleased look on Ilya's face as he leans up to whisper, "I want to fuck your mouth so bad after that goal."

Ilya lets out a surprised, hungry noise that throbs through Shane. "*Shane*, yes—we will shower, *I* will drive us home—"

"But we have to celebrate the win with the team," Shane interrupts. He pulls back just enough to look up through his lashes, licking his bottom lip at the way Ilya is staring at him. "Right?"

Ilya stares another moment. Then he starts to smile, huge. "We could find a place here," he points out, rubbing his thumb over the ridge of Shane's hip. "You know I know one." Oh, Shane *remembers* that facetime call. *Very* much.

But, "Let's celebrate," Shane says, not questioning the sudden impulse to lick a bead of champagne off Ilya's skin, sweet and sticky and salty with sweat and it's disgusting but also. Hot. Shane does it again, just under Ilya's ears like maybe he's just whispering. "It was a team win, right? We should celebrate with everyone."

"*Moy gekkon*, you are being bad," Ilya says like it thrills him.

Shane just shrugs and takes a step back, and then another, a pulsing kind of anticipation throbbing in his chest as Ilya watches him. He lifts his champagne for another long, deliberate swig, feeling—electric. Triumphant. Powerful and heady and a little bit drunk on more than just the alcohol.

Fuck. Shane definitely needs to calm down before he can risk a shower. Luckily there's still enough chaos in the locker room that he can let himself get swept up in it and not the way he wants to put Ilya on his knees and never get out from under him, wants to worship him and be worshiped by him. Wants to make him shout with pleasure for every one of those beautiful fucking points he got, for every perfect play he made, for the way Ilya spent the whole game looking at Shane like he was thinking the same thing, like he'd never seen anything better.

"Shit," Shane whispers, shoving his face into the shower spray to try to shock his thoughts back in line. "Shit," he mutters again as he spits the water out. Ilya makes him feel more than a little bit wild.

Shane carries the energy of the locker room with him to Monk's after, or maybe that energy carries him. *Pulls* him, and that thread of awareness pulls too, taut and thrumming. It's not like being on the ice, not anywhere fucking close with the way he keeps thinking about—but it still feels like he and Ilya are swinging on a string around each other, every glance and gesture and quirk of lips for each other as much as for everyone else.

The whole night feels like—a flirtation. Like there's a room number in his texts and an entire ballroom of people between them. Like that thick thread of awareness is crashing into the exuberance of celebrating with the team and becoming *this* as they toast each other one by one, Shane standing opposite Ilya and thrilling with the feel of Ilya looking at him like he's something specifically worth celebrating, until he's quarter-hard with it and buzzing inside his own skin.

Shane gets the first beer he sees in a long-necked bottle, because of course he does, and tries not to be too obvious about it. Ilya does the same, but isn't the littlest bit subtle about it at all —

"Jesus, you two," Hazy says, laughing.

—and Shane just grins and shrugs and raises his own bottle to Boyle's clutch face off, and takes a long, deep sip, tongue wrapping around the mouth of the bottle.

Shane is distantly aware that he'd normally be—*shy* about doing something like this in front of the whole team. But fuck. Ilya is watching him like Shane could do anything and it makes Shane feel like he *could*. Like he could tongue-fuck his bottle and accept compliments he'd normally demure and be cocky where he'd usually be modest, and watch the way Ilya's lips part in surprised pleasure. Like he can praise Ilya back the way Ilya likes best, as much a goad and boast as appreciation, and see the way Ilya feels that surge of challenge, too.

Fuck, one touch from Ilya might be all it takes to get him fully hard. Maybe just one over-long *glance*. He feels fucking—nineteen again and vibrating out of his skin for it. Nineteen and determined to see Ilya the same way, even if he couldn't say why, god. Shane hasn't felt this urgently hungry in…a bit. And feeling it threaded through with the rush of victory this way, *knowing* Ilya is riding that triumph too, still high with it and smirking at Shane in silent dare like they could go higher…

Shane wants to see eager shock on Ilya's face instead, disbelieving hunger. And he doesn't just want to *see* it there, he wants to *put* it there. Wants to see that smirk melt into something hot and needy as he—because *he*—

"I don't know, boys," Bood says, nearly-empty glass raised over the chirping. "I think my favorite moment was when fourth-line winger tried to shit-talk Hollsy and our boy here just spit like, an entire mouthful of water."

"What?" Shane pauses with his beer halfway to his lips. "No, I didn't."

"Uh," Bood laughs. "Yeah, you did."

"The trainer put a towel over it so no one would slip on the bench," Troy puts in dryly.

Shane searches for words a moment. “Spitting at an opponent is a penalty.”

Ilya starts laughing. “Oh, always, is it? In all situations? Someone should tell refs.”

“It is why he I could draw a foul on him so easily,” Haasy explains earnestly, already pink-cheeked and not even two beers in, probably, how much champagne did the kid have?

Instead of protesting Shane looks to Ilya for some reason—*some* reason, fuck, he knows the reason. He feels startled and half-guilty in a way that doesn’t really make sense when Shane wants…And it’s not like he doesn’t know, there are whole *videos* of him, but…

“Maybe is not detrimental to conduct of game when you do it,” Ilya says lazily. He holds Shane’s eyes and takes a slow, smirking pull of his beer that has Troy dropping his face into his hands. And Shane would normally duck his head, try to defend himself, or at least defend himself to *Troy* who’s probably thinking—something that’s exactly right.

But Ilya is looking at him like he can’t wait to see what Shane does next. So Shane stares back and lets the challenge in Ilya’s gaze slide through him, finally offering a shrug and a smirk as his team shouts and laughs around him. He finishes off the last of his beer without looking away from Ilya, heat twisting in his gut at the slow smile that curls over Ilya’s lips. Shane’s signal that it’s game fucking on if he didn’t know it already. Ilya’s dare to do *more*.

Their corner of the bar explodes when the game highlights come on the TV. The bartender obligingly turns up the volume and fuck, standing amidst his teammate to watch them not just winning, but winning over *Montreal*. Watching Ilya on the screen protect the puck like he’s showing off at camp and feeling Ilya at his back, half-hard and nudging at him. Not something insistent, just *there*. Like the sight of Shane scoring *gets him* that way, makes him need to curl his fingers around Shane’s hip…

Shane leans back into Ilya’s chest, fighting the urge to squirm as he feels Ilya’s breath catch. He covers Ilya’s fingers with his own and makes it through another few clips before reaching back to sink his fingers into Ilya’s hair and pull his head down. “Do you need to go to the bathroom?” he murmurs, his blood pounding to the slow-motion replay of Ilya’s goal.

“*Fuck*, Shane, you—” Ilya exhales hard, his mouth pressing rough and hungry to the back of Shane’s neck. Then Ilya pulls away to cut through the crowd of their teammates toward the back of the bar and Shane doesn’t even consider playing coy and lingering behind. He follows, hungry and buzzing and thinking that maybe he gets this whole *part of the fun is that it’s a surprise* thing, a little.

Shane backs Ilya into the door of the first open restroom they find, blessing whoever owns this bar—the bartender, probably, now that he thinks about it—for having single-stall rooms. Ilya *oofs* as his back hits the door, hands half-raised. “Fuck, okay, wow, wow,” he says as Shane squats down on his to nuzzle at him. “Fuck, Shane, *fuck*,” he gasps.

Shane just hums, pressing his face into Ilya’s groin and inhaling deep. There’s denim in the way and the smells of the bar, which…better not to think about. But Shane’s body still clenches as he feels Ilya’s bulge over his face, rubbing like he can just—press Ilya into every part of him.

“Fuck, Ilya, so amazing,” Shane says thickly as he mouths over Ilya’s dick. “The way you faked the shot and threaded that pass?”

Ilya lets out a breathless sound. “That does it for you, huh?” Like Ilya doesn’t know already.

“They bit so *hard*,” Shane says, squeezing at Ilya’s thighs. Then he catches Ilya’s eyes and presses his tongue to the denim, and then gets his tongue nice and wet with spit before doing it again and fuck, the choked, incredulous, *hungry* noises Ilya is making— “You deserve anything you want, for that.”

“You too, you too, *moya lyubov*,“ Ilya gasps, hands still raised like he can’t even risk obstructing the view. “Fuck, so incredible”—he sounds like he’s losing it and desperately pretending it’s not happening, like he’s nineteen and wild again, too—“thought Olsson was going to break an ankle, trying to catch you.”

Shane smiles against him, open-mouthed—Olsson definitely almost did, his edges suck late game—and presses his tongue into Ilya even harder, like he can make Ilya feel it through his jeans. And maybe Ilya does, with the sound that punches out of him. His hips jerking forward, eyes wide and hungry and amazed as he looks at Shane like *he’s* amazing.

“You deserve to be treated so good for that,” Shane murmurs, heat coiling in him as he rubs his face over Ilya’s trapped cock. “You deserve everything.” He tongues again at the bitterness of denim. “Luxury.” He traces tang-bite of the zipper. “Something slow and perfect and—”

“Shane Hollander,” Ilya cuts in, sounding thrilled, “Are you being *cocktease*?”

Shane grins against Ilya’s bulge and lets his mouth water, lets it build against his tongue. “Who taught you that word?”

“You did, by being one. Are you *edging* me?”

Shane licks his lip slow and wet—and then pops to his feet, folding his hands behind his back and saying primly, “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“*Shane*—”

“But we should save it for home, probably.”

“You do this on purpose—”

“Finish celebrating with the team, you know,” Shane adds as he steps back instead of kissing Ilya. He make sure Ilya is still looking before he spits into the sink, once.

“*Moya shlyukha*,“ Ilya exhales, delighted and still half-leaned against the door and visibly hard. Shane wipes the back of his mouth on his hand and feels the rush of it like he could skate a whole second game, like Ilya is battling him for the puck. Christ.

He definitely gets this whole surprise thing.

Shane has to slip into his own separate restroom before he can take himself back to the bar. Ilya is already there, somehow, cocking an eyebrow at him as if to make a point of it. Shane wrinkles his nose and sticks out his tongue and makes sure Ilya can see him grabbing another beer—long-necked bottle again—before taking himself across the room with Haasy and Young, well out of reach and firmly in Ilya's line of sight, Ilya's attention heavy over his skin.

Shane is halfway through his beer when Bood works his way over to him, smiling and shaking his. "Shane Hollander, you are a surprise and a treasure for this team—"

Shane coughs a little, startled into a blush despite himself.

"—and you guys have *got* to take it home." Bood claps him on the shoulder. "I feel like we're corrupting the youth here," he adds, gesturing to the rookies.

"I—" Shane glances toward Ilya as he starts a reflexive denial. Ilya who was on fucking fire tonight, like a fucking—a fucking Russian god or something. Is that a thing? Like those statues of perfect men but not Italian or whatever, just— "Right, okay, yes," Shane mutters, firmly ignoring Bood's laugh as he shoves his half-full beer into Bood's hands and marches away to call a car.

They don't touch in the back of the SUV that comes for them. Shane *isn't* trying to traumatize anyone. And also, Ilya gets surprisingly scandalized by that kind of thing. But Shane does rub over his own chest in a way that would be idle and innocent, if Ilya didn't know him, and if Shane didn't know exactly how much Ilya liked his chest. And Ilya watches, intent and still except for the slow, deliberate stroke of his fingers over his own erection through his jeans, because he knows Shane, too.

They explode out of the car when they get home. Shane barely manages to undo the deadbolt with Ilya running rough, hungry hands over his arms, his shoulders, his chest, and maybe because he's trying to grind back against Ilya's body, too. They fall inside into a tangle of limbs, tumbling into the foyer and right into Anya's excited barking.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck, okay," Shane gasps as they break apart. He laughs at the dramatically betrayed look Ilya gives her. "Feed her, I'll—" He doesn't even bother to take his shoes off, just darts for the backyard, calling her name—and then playing the necessary five minutes of fetch once they're out there because Ilya *will* ask, and giving her brisk, tail-wagging scritches because Ilya will ask about that too.

He finally brings her back inside, leaving her to her food bowl as he races up the stairs, bursting into their bedroom to—

"Tell me again what you want to do to me," Ilya demands, crowding into Shane, already stripped down to his briefs.

"I want to fuck your gorgeous face after that beautiful goal," Shane says, feeling dizzy with the daring of it as he fumbles the door shut behind him. "Fuck, it was amazing."

"Fuck, Shane, you—" Ilya grabs his jaw for a deep, hungry kiss, squeezing Shane's chest with his other hand. Then he drops to his knees and peels Shane's pants and briefs down—

and makes a little face at Shane's shoes.

"Was in a rush," Shane explains breathlessly. He holds onto Ilya's shoulders as he toes out of his shoes and steps out of his pants, and keeps holding on because why not, they're amazing fucking shoulders. And because he can feel the jump and shiver of Ilya's muscles as Ilya looks up at him, expression half-hunger, half-challenge.

"That all you want?" Ilya asks thickly, leaning in to mouth over Shane's thighs, his hips. Ilya's fingers digging into the meat of Shane's ass. "Your dick in my mouth?"

Shane licks his lips, shivering a little as he *feels* the air prickling against the wetness, something he'd normally never even think about but now… "Do you?"

Ilya hums and continues to slide his open mouth over everything except Shane's dick. He watches Shane as he does it like he's taunting him with it, or maybe like he's looking for something. Hoping for something, or wanting to be sure, or…

Shane feels that pulled-taut thing between them throb like it's about to burst as he presses his thumb to Ilya's parted lips. "You want more?"

"Fuck yeah, Hollander," Ilya says on a rushing exhale, resting his forehead against Shane's hip, shoulders flexing. "Show it to me." He grips Shane's cock, *finally*. Just cupping it from below, though, like he's offering it up for— "Fucking show it to me."

Shane sinks his fingers into Ilya's hair and stares at the dare and hunger and half-disbelief on Ilya's face, and doesn't swallow. He lets the saliva pool in his mouth and gathering against his tongue, and holds Ilya's gaze as he spits on his dick, barely even looking because his aim is good enough for that by now and fuck, the feel of showing off doing *this*, of all things—

Ilya lets out a shuddering exhale, pressing his face harder to the crease of Shane's hip. His fingers dig into Shane's ass as he watches the saliva slide and Shane can feel his heartbeat in his fucking dick with the way Ilya is looking at it, *fuck*. Like Ilya's fucking—*hypnotized* by it, can't look away the same way Shane can never look away from Ilya on the—

"*Fuck*, Shane," Ilya whispers roughly, reverently. Then he grips the base of Shane's dick and swallows him down, tongue extended like he's chasing it.

"*Ilya*." Shane chokes at the sudden onslaught of it after buzzing on the edge for so *long*. He squeezes his eyes shut, immediately forces them open again so he doesn't miss a bit of it.

Ilya's mouth is wet and hot and perfect around him, lips stretched wide and shiny in a way that makes Shane feel like he could come on the spot—especially with Ilya working him like he's *trying* to make Shane come on the spot, fuck.

"*Ilya*," Shane warns, tugging at his hair to try to slow him down. Except Ilya just *hums* around him and goes deeper, like he's *hungry* for it. Shane gasps and bows over Ilya's shoulders, trying to steady himself even as he rocks into the heat of Ilya's mouth. Except fuck, he doesn't want to come this fast, not like that, not without…

“Ilya, fuck,” he gasps, fumbling over Ilya’s jaw a moment before finding his mouth. He runs his thumbs over Ilya’s lips, pressing at the corner, trying to pushing him back but also pushing *inside* a little, *fuck*.

Ilya makes a gut-deep kind of noise and pulls off, chest heaving and face more than a little hectic as he stares up at Shane, wide-eyed and maybe a little bit awed and *needy*.

“Fuck, okay, fuck,” Shane says as he tries to gather himself, swallowing hard as Ilya grins at him, panting still, and tilts his face to suck at Shane’s thumb again, which—

Shane kind of wants to curse him out, or shove him down onto his back or back onto his cock, or maybe just taste that grin. But Ilya is quirking his eyebrow in question, or maybe in request, open-mouthed and silently laughing. And he’s cupping Shane’s dick again rather than working it, and pressing his chest against Shane’s thigh like he *needs.*

So Shane works his jaw a moment to gather the wetness, and spits.

He gets Ilya’s fingers, sloppier this time about it. Not that Ilya seems to care with the way his lashes flutter before he slides back down. *Slow* this time. *Luxurious,* fuck. Treating him right, shit, Shane shouldn’t—he really shouldn’t put ideas in Ilya’s head, he really—but *fuck*, it’s good.

Ilya has a forearm over Shane’s stomach and Shane leans into it, testing. He shivers at the way Ilya tenses to brace him back, almost like Ilya’s proving that he can before sliding down another inch, eyes flicking up to Shane’s face.

“Fuck, you suck, you’re amazing,” Shane groans, digging his fingers into the flex of Ilya’s shoulders as Ilya sets a pace he could keep up for *hours*, sweet and slick and somehow dancing just on the wrong edge of enough. Ilya more works his tongue than sucks, and it’s good, it’s *so* good. But Shane wants—it’s deliberate and lazy, an all-afternoon kind of blowjob, a summer sun kind of blowjob, a slow tension that builds and builds and builds and Shane *wants*—

“Come on, come on,” Shane gasps as he tugs Ilya off again, using more force than he needs because Ilya goes easy this time. Shane’s body clenches at the sudden loss of sensation, a noise punching out of him almost like coming and then again as Ilya laughs, near-soundless, turning his head on purpose so Shane’s dick glances off his half-open mouth.

“Jesus, fuck you,” Shane says, breathing like he was the one just sucking dick. Ilya smirks up at him, pleased with himself and practically preening. And Shane loves it, loves seeing Ilya like this, could look at it forever. Except Ilya is also open-mouthed, Shane’s cockhead against his tongue, watching him hungry-eyed and intent behind the laughter. And Shane wants Ilya staring at him like he can’t believe any of this is real, instead.

Shane doesn’t give himself time to second-guess if he’s reading it right, just spits. He hits his cockhead perfectly this time, right where it’s resting on Ilya’s half-extended tongue and oh, *fuck*.

Ilya makes a desperate, gut-deep noise, expression going *raw* as he swallows Shane immediately down again. Like he's not flirting around the edges of a game anymore, not trying to bait a reaction, just—*into* it. And god, being the one to push Ilya to that edge, the wild feeling of Ilya just—letting himself go that way.

It's hungry and eager, entirely without artifice and undeniably urgent and Shane's body spasms like it doesn't know what to do after the sweet laziness. Ilya pushes up onto his knees like he's trying to press even deeper, his hand leaving Shane's hip to shove into his *own*—

"Oh my god, oh my god, fuck," Shane gasps, clutching at Ilya's head to steady him, or maybe himself. "Are you—?" He leans forward to see better, feeling light-headed as he watches Ilya fuck his own fist. God, he barely took it out of his *briefs*. Like he needed it that badly just from—fuck. *Fuck*. *Shane* is the one who likes blowjobs this much, who could spend an hour between Ilya's thighs and still want more. Not that Ilya doesn't like giving them, far from it. But he usually doesn't get *off* from them. At least not like *this*.

Jesus Christ, if this is what spitting not even *in* Ilya's mouth does to him…

"Fuck, Ilya," Shane says unsteadily, his voice ragged like he's the one that's been swallowing cock. "You better save that for me, you better—"

Ilya makes a *noise* with Shane's dick against the top of his throat before pulling back. "Yeah?" He leans up, Shane automatically bending to kiss him, messy and deep and both of them heaving for breath. "You want me to save it?" Ilya catches his chin to hold him close. "Shouldn't be teasing all night then, hm?"

"Oh," Shane pants, feeling lit up seeing this look on Ilya's face from only inches away. "Liked that, did you?"

Ilya makes a laughing, hungry sound. "Loved it, *moya shlyukha,*" he breathes, stealing a kiss against Shane's chest, then another. He presses his teeth into the shirt Shane is somehow still wearing, fuck, Shane shivering from the blunt scrape over his ribs and stomach and hip as Ilya slides back down to Shane's dick.

"Yeah?" Shane belatedly asks, swallowing hard. Or maybe not belated at all, as Ilya opens his mouth, expression hungry and challenging and lips right against the side of Shane's shaft.

So Shane does it again. Spits, and manages to hit most of his dick and just the edge of Ilya's lip, and the way Ilya *groans* and presses up into it like it's a touch he can chase, pleasure washing over his face and back muscles rippling like it's a sensation he needs to ride out—

"Fuck, oh fuck," Shane whispers, sinking a hand into Ilya's curls. He fumbles over Ilya's face with the other, smearing his thumb over Ilya's lips and a little bit inside because he can't help himself, dragging it spit-wet over Ilya's cheek because Ilya seems to love it. "Fucking—shit."

"Yeah?" Ilya looks like he's drunk on it as he stares up at Shane. "Tell me. Tell me what you want to do, Hollander."

“I want to make you feel *good*,” Shane groans as Ilya takes him back down, the words suddenly punching out of him to the rhythm of Ilya’s mouth. “I want to suck your dick, I wanna—lick champagne off it, after playoffs. I want to skate with you and—ride you into the ground for being so *fucking* good, and—and spit on your dick or your chest or mouth or *anything* you want, fuck, Ilya anything, I’ll—I’ll spit on the Cup for you, I’ll—"

“Fuck, *yes*, Shane, yes,” Ilya says roughly, fingers *squeezing* around the base of Shane’s dick, *god*. “If you want me in you tonight—”

“Get on the fucking bed right now,” Shane says, and hauls Ilya up into a kiss. Shane presses into him, shuddering at the wetness on Ilya’s mouth and chin. He can feel his own kiss going sloppy and messy like he’s—like he’s giving it back to Ilya, giving it *to* him as Ilya grabs at his shoulders, his neck, his chest, making tight, hungry little noises like he can’t believe it.

Shane drags his shirt off, shoves at Ilya’s briefs until Ilya gets the idea and pushes them off himself. Ilya taps his hip in warning, once, then reaches down to hoist Shane into his arms. Shane groans and practically climbs Ilya’s torso, nearly overbalancing them as he tries to rub his dick against Ilya’s stomach.

“Fuck, okay, okay,” Ilya half-laughs, breathless and *eager* in a way that makes Shane feel—incredible. Like just the feel of Shane grinding his dick against him—his *wet* dick, his spit-wet dick, the one Shane was just spitting on and is now pressing into Ilya’s stomach while he presses his tongue into Ilya’s mouth, where he almost—he didn’t *fully* spit into it, but he—but he *wanted* to. Has *been* wanting to since the fucking *locker room*, wanting to fucking—spit *champagne* into it or something. Which should be gross but right now just feels *hot* because Ilya had *liked* it when Shane had—had liked it so much and he’d would absolutely like that, Shane is suddenly sure of it. Sure like he’s sure of winning a faceoff that Ilya would just slide to his knees and look at Shane like he’d follow anywhere Shane led him if Shane wants to take him there and Shane *does*, he does, he—

Ilya walks backward to the bed like he intends to go until it takes him out at the knees, which it does. Shane half-falls over top of him, laughing in surprise and feeling like his entire body is throbbing with it as Ilya shoves himself up the mattress.

Shane prowls after, kissing everything in front of him, collarbone and chest and ribs and navel and—

Ilya catches his jaw before Shane can lick up the side of his dick. “Not if you want to ride it,” Ilya says ruefully. Which Shane could tease him about, it’s…an admittedly rare opportunity for him.

But instead he holds Ilya’s gaze and makes it obvious exactly what he’s about to do before he spits on it and says, “Okay,” feeling wild with the way Ilya is watching it slide down the side of his cock.

Shane grabs the lube off the nightstand and handles getting ready himself. He smacks away Ilya’s grabbing hands and rolls his eyes when Ilya pouts at him, finally redirecting Ilya’s hands to his chest. Shane is still loose enough from this morning, it shouldn’t take long, and he doesn’t know if he can handle Ilya teasing him right now. Besides he wants…he wants

Ilya just like this. Fraying and ragged underneath him, *hungry.* And also, watching Shane open himself up like Ilya could die on the spot and go happily.

"Condom?" Ilya checks like he always does, voice strained and hands squeezing over Shane's thighs.

Shane shakes his head and lines Ilya up, not thinking about how he wants to feel it, or how part of him kind of wants the champagne back, too, and the sweat, and he's just—going to—later. Think about that later.

Shane has a full game plus overtime in his legs and he still rides Ilya into the mattress. He punches choked, wondering, gut-deep noises out of Ilya. Each one lights up his spine like the shove of Ilya's dick does, incentive and goad to do it again, to earn himself another.

Ilya leans up to kiss him when he can manage it, sloppy and more gasping open-mouthed against him. He strokes over Shane's hips and thighs, helping and admiring in equal measure and sometimes just watching him a little bit astonished, hands half-raised. Shane can't help but ride him even harder when he sees that, until Ilya grabs at him like he needs to hold on and Shane's body is on fire with being able to do that to Ilya, feeling like it does when Ilya's driving a bit too fast and Shane is letting him do it anyway, top down and sun shining.

"I love you, you're fucking amazing," Shane gasps, the words spilling out of him with every thrust. He's definitely going to feel this tomorrow and he absolutely doesn't care, not with Ilya looking like this. Not with Ilya arching his head back, lips parted. "You're so good, you're so *hot*, fuck, it was so hot, you tore them apart."

"Fucking perfect, Shane, *perfect*," Ilya is gasping back, the words so thick Shane nearly loses them in his accent, fumbling whether its Russian or English. "Embarrassed them, so good. Your *passes*, fuck, sweetheart. *Gorgeous*."

Ilya is staring at his mouth like he's drunk on it, chin tilted up like he's silently begging for it, and Shane feels like a man possessed. Like he could do anything like this, like Ilya *wants* him to do anything. Wants to follow wherever Shane leads, *Shane* the one behind the wheel as he leans into the headboard to steady himself and grabs Ilya's jaw and spits, once, into his open, offered mouth.

Ilya *moans* and fucks up into him *hard*, fully body like he can't help it and Shane doesn't want him to because Ilya is keeping his mouth *open* so Shane can see his…Shane stares a moment, breathless. Then he grabs Ilya's jaw again, waits desperately for his frantic nod. For Ilya to swallow hard and arch his head back against the pillow again, offering, *asking*—

"*Fuck*." Shane gasps, squeezes his thighs against Ilya's hips because he can't help himself as he spits again. He misses a little this time but somehow that's even *hotter* as Ilya surges up into him again, knocking him off his rhythm. Why is that hot, *fuck.* It shouldn't be, shouldn't clench through him like this, but it *is*, it *does*.

"Come on, come on," Shane grits out, feeling his release suddenly coiling down his spine, tightening in his balls. The pleasure isn't even waves now, just constant, throbbing, building. "*Give* it to me."

“You first,” Ilya grunts, pulling at Shane’s hips, trying to change the angle. “Can feel it, come on.”

“Fuck you,” Shane gasps, sitting back so he can push Ilya deeper, biting his tongue against the feel of it. “Do it, *do* it.”

“God, fuck—” Ilya’s face goes slack a moment. Then he seems to catch himself, squeezing his eyes shut before suddenly curling his shoulders up to spit—somewhere in the vicinity of Shane’s dick where it’s bouncing between them. Not even *on* it. And that shouldn’t *do* anything for Shane, but shit, fucking *shit*. Shane is suddenly so *aware* of his cock, and his balls every time they hit Ilya’s stomach, of that full-body, gut-deep feel that he might tip over without any touch at all, like it was all just waiting for him to notice—

“*There* you are,” Ilya half-laughs, going to grab Shane’s cock like he’s going to make sure Shane does more than notice.

Shane grabs his wrist before he can make it, though, pinning it to the mattress. And the way Ilya gasps and *arches* under him, looking at him like—and it puts Shane leaning over Ilya’s mouth again, and—

Shane spits again, sharp and not enough because his mouth feels dry with the gasping, fuck, hydration, he should have hydrated more. But it’s enough, apparently, because it still gets Ilya shoving up into him so *good*, his wrist jerking under Shane’s hand like his whole body wants to fold forward into it. Like Ilya feels the same way Shane does right now, like he might burst from it all and doesn’t know how else to get it out, either, except working it against Shane’s body.

Shane knows that look on Ilya’s face, he does. And he wants it, wants to wrap his hands into that taut thread pulsing between them and *yank*. He feels—wild. Brave and slutty and powerful, like he’s barreling down the ice on a breakaway, like he can bring Ilya fucking Rozanov to his fucking knees.

He lets the saliva pool on his tongue again and then, with that same kind of certainty as knowing every one of a goalie’s tendencies down to his very bones, lets it *slide* off this time, slow. He hovers his face over Ilya’s, thrilling as Ilya chokes under him, realizing—

Ilya stares up at him, wide-eyed and hectic, mouthing Shane’s name. Then he surges up to catch the thread of saliva, to chase it into Shane’s mouth, surging up into Shane’s body at the same time and making a noise like he’s about to come, fuck, *yes,* fuck—except *god*, the angle with Shane leaned forward like this is fucking *perfect* as Ilya clutches Shane to him, and—

“Fuck, *fuck,”* Shane groans as his orgasm surges through him, shoved out of him by Ilya’s cock and desperate, hungry hands. He bows forward over Ilya’s body as it takes him, digging his fingers into Ilya’s wrist and cursing Ilya out as Ilya laughs breathlessly, triumphant, like Shane can’t feel him falling over the edge, too, beneath him.

~*~

Ilya leans against him in the shower after, soft and post-game tired and adoring as he lazily runs soapy hands over Shane's body just to feel him and Shane pretends he isn't doing the same. "Tell me more about how much you love my playing, and my goals, and my wonderful assists, and my mouth, and—"

Shane scoffs, shoving gently at his chest. "Your mouth that gets us penalties we can score on, you mean?"

"Yes, that too. Tell me more about how much you like that also."

Shane makes a show of rolling his eyes, tracing winding circles over Ilya's sides with his fingertips. "I do, you know. Love all that."

"Hm. Enough to finally spit in it?"

Shane coughs a little, feeling himself blushing despite—doing that. Multiple times. "It was inspiring," he mutters.

Ila snorts. "Oh, that is what it was? Inspiring? You find clinching playoff spot an inspiration?" he teases, squeezing down over Shane's ass.

Shane huffs. "Like you didn't already know that."

Ilya grins and tilts Shane's chin up for a kiss, leaning in a little to keep the water off his face. "Yes, you are right. I did," he says against Shane's lips. "I know lots about you, Shane Hollander."

"Oh yeah? Like what?" Shane's prior confidence in his refractory period feels—well, cocky. But they don't have morning practice tomorrow, and optional shootaround will be light…

"Hm." Shane can feel the curve of Ilya's smile. "Like the fact that you want to brush your teeth very badly, very soon."

"Ugh," Shane says, suddenly feeling the urge. "Fuck you."

"And also do your mouthwash, and your flossing."

"It's good oral hygiene," Shane grumbles, stepping out of the shower.

"Oh?" Ilya says with exaggerated attentiveness. "Pretty sure you are supposed to do beforehand, yes? To prepare? A thing you do—"

"Preventatively? Prophylactic?"

"Yeah, sure. Okay."

Shane rolls his eyes, still dripping as he grabs up his toothbrush. "I'm pretty sure that wouldn't make sense." He ignores what he's about to do. "We swap spit on the regular."

“Yes, well.” Ilya throws off the shower but stays leaning against the wall, grinning. “I’m not one who needs to floss about it.”

Shane gives him a flat look and then spits, pointed, into the sink, even though there’s barely any toothpaste in his mouth to spit yet.

Ilya looks delighted. “It is that way, then?” he grins, grabbing a towel for himself and then one to rub over Shane’s back and hips with rough affection. “Not going to be able to walk, if you keep doing things like that.”

“Promises, promises,” Shane scoffs even as he leans into Ilya’s hands. He lets his eyes go half-lidded as he looks at Ilya through his lashes in the mirror like he doesn’t know with absolute certainty that they’re both going to pass out the minute they change the sheets. They’re fucking beat. “Let’s see you deliver.”

End Notes

Strong inspiration for the champagne + blowjobs vibes from Superstition by Superstition_Hockey, which you should absolutely check out. Russian was done via google translate, so please forgive an errors, and feel free to offer corrections!

Thanks so much for reading, comments, thoughts, kudos, yelling at me on tumblr are all welcome and appreciated!

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