just for the thrill.

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by peachadore

Summary

Ilya tuts, clearly he hadn't unlocked the magic words, using his free hand he points downwards, again Shane needs a few seconds to process what is being requested of him before it finally clicks; hesitates, but not long enough to regain any dignity because he's sinking to the floor just inches from the couch. Crawling towards Ilya on all fours, driven only by that desperation for another man.

Thinks he's going to get it, thinks he's going to be rewarded - to be comforted over such a brutal loss by getting to feel that soothing weight on his tongue, couldn't be more wrong. the text exchange earlier has unlocked something sadistic within the Russian, usually a couple of well timed whines, lots of eye contact and a few pleases is enough to get Ilya to give in.

Not today however, today he's p*ssed.

or

Ilya finds a new way to humiliate Shane much to Shane's enjoyment (and despair).

Notes

another drabble by me that involves shane being humiliated.

timeline: pre-tuna melt.

See the end of the work for more notes

Lily: are you going to congratulate me?

Jane: for what? playing dirty?

Lily: for beating ass.

Jane: your ass.

Lily: my ass?

Jane: it's “for beating your ass”

Lily: ok for beating your ass

Jane: fuck off

Lily: come over I have something that can make you feel better

Jane: no thanks

Shane checks his phone, doesn't even see the bubble popping up to indicate typing; he loves getting the last word in with Ilya, the fact it rarely happens makes it all the more satisfying. Part of him feels like moping, an embarrassing 5-2 loss to Boston weighed heavily on his shoulders - but he'd done his part, he just couldn't carry the team's weak defence line.

Still, he knew every bit of frustration and annoyance would soon be fucked out of him, leave him feeling soft and sated. The Canadian assesses his appearance in the mirror, flattening down his hair before deciding it was pointless, he very rarely came out of these interactions looking anything less than worse for wear. So he focused on reapplying his deodorant, splashed a little cold water on his face and zipped his hoodie up to his chin.

Shane gets nervous on the drive, as if someone may follow him, see him pull up to Rozanov's private property and immediately sense they were fucking; photograph them from behind a topiary ball and sell it to whatever trashy rag would openly invade their privacy.

Therefore, he always makes it in record time, though never exceeding the speed limit; because getting pulled over so close to Ilya's home would also be calling attention for the wrong reasons. His hand pulls at the hem of his t-shirt beneath his hoodie as he knocks on the familiar door with the other hand - hopes the other answers quick, his anxiety steadily rising as the seconds passed.

Luckily enough, Ilya doesn't leave him waiting for long, the brunette practically barrels through the entrance the moment the latch was undone, watches as the blonde closes the door behind him, sliding the security chain across; the second their solitude is set in stone Shane sinks to his knees. Fingers are instantly scrabbling at the waistband of his sweats, but to his surprise Ilya pulls back, leaving Shane's hands hanging mid-air.

Immediately he's on edge, tucking his arms across himself defensively, still doesn't rise from where he's kneeling, tongue is heavy in his mouth as he attempts to formulate words - a question.

"What do you want?"

Ilya beats him to it, and gets to control the conversation this way he supposes.

"You know what I want."

"No, I do not know."

A slight frown creases the male's forehead, Ilya's jaw is set, brow looks somehow more pronounced, but still the Canadian is unable to detect what exactly the problem was here. Isn't it obvious what Shane wants? What he always wants? Nay, needs?

"Don't be difficult, you know I've had a bad day."

Shane reaches out for the other again, fingers looping around the drawstrings of Rozanov's sweatpants, attempting to simultaneously draw him closer and ease them down. Hands cover his in an instant, prying away his grip on the fabric, calloused skin against his own have him so willing to do just about anything - but apparently, Ilya is in the mood for something else.

Or in a foul mood full stop.

Usually they're on each other right away, teeth clashing, cocks already half hard in anticipation, this is unchartered territory, and Shane has been so comfortable lately with the running of their interactions. Not that they didn't ever spice things up, but he can't remember a time they've been together for this long without at least making out a little. Ilya soon turns on his heel, making his way over to the living room, collects his glass of vodka from the kitchen counter on the journey there; soon settling into the one armchair.

Shane pulls himself off the ground, dusting himself down as he follows the blonde into the depths of the home. Nose wrinkling fondly as he noticed the way Ilya sat, legs sprawled wide, so inviting. How desperately Shane wants to crawl into his lap, have him shove his hands under his shirt, press his thumbs into the dimples of his back as he drags the brunette's hips down to grind against his lap.

Instead, he settles on the corner of the couch, his left shoe tugging at the right sole, gaze wary and focused in on the other male, as if anticipating his next move. Watches as the blonde takes a sip, his left hand sinking just underneath the waistband of his pants, blunt nails scratching at the skin there as he looked past Shane.

Any time their gazes caught Ilya appeared uninterested, as if Shane's presence alone prompted indifference, something he didn't particularly want - but wasn't particularly opposed to either.

The brunette is on high alert, spine stiff as he searches his mind for the reasoning behind Ilya not being three fingers deep in him right now; usually can't keep the man off him, but now, apparently, he's unbothered. Shane has never been good at smalltalk, doesn't come naturally to him but there is no chance of him producing a sentence with a semblance of sense right now. Ilya's indifference is sending him into a slow spiral.

The Russian's hand sinks further into his pants, making it evident to Shane he's squeezing his cock within his grip, toying with it the way he does often when he's waiting for him to fold his clothes, it's such a familiar sight but Shane is well aware the situation is different tonight.

Ilya continues to act like the other isn't sat feet away searching desperately for any sort of acknowledgement, lifts his hips in order to drag his sweats down, cock springing free from its confines and smacking against his shirt. Shane's eyes divert from his face, focusing solely on the inches being manipulated under Ilya's grip. There's a part of Shane that's more irritated than anything, he was the one meant to be getting Ilya hard, and the other knew just how much he enjoyed it, enjoyed feeling the flesh become rigid against his palm, in his mouth. He wasn't picky, he just wanted to be the one to do it.

"Why are you .. why are you acting like-"

"Like what, Hollander?"

Ilya's words cut him off before he's even able to clarify, he scoots forward on the couch, legs pressed together as his hands work over his pants, in an almost self-soothing manner.

"You do not want. You tell me this, no?"

"Rozanov, please."

"Why are you here?"

Shane's mouth parts, dragging his gaze down towards the base of the plant beside the lamp, briefly dwells on the idea of Ilya watering it, the idea of him doing something so domestic was endearing if nothing else.

"You come to get tips? Improve gameplay?"

The Canadian was desperately fighting down his annoyance, isn't beyond begging however, knows Ilya enjoys it when he does - and he always enjoys the results.

“Please, you just caught me at the wrong time, I was just after getting an earful fro-”

“This is excuse, why should I give you what you want when you are so rude to me?”

Shane briefly debates cracking his skull off of the edge of the coffee table, maybe then Ilya would take pity on him and actually touch him.

“Please, come on, don’t be difficult.”

Ilya tuts, clearly he hadn’t unlocked the magic words, using his free hand he points downwards, again Shane needs a few seconds to process what is being requested of him before it finally clicks; hesitates, but not long enough to regain any dignity because he’s sinking to the floor just inches from the couch. Crawling towards Ilya on all fours, driven only by that desperation for another man’s cock.

Thinks he’s going to get it, thinks he’s going to be rewarded - to be comforted over such a brutal loss by getting to feel that soothing weight on his tongue, couldn’t be more wrong. The text exchange earlier has unlocked something sadistic within the Russian, usually a couple of well timed whines, lots of eye contact and a few *pleases* is enough to get Ilya to give in.

Not today however, today he’s pissed.

Shane struggles to meet his eyes as he nears the other, settling as close as possible to the edge of the chair, right between Ilya’s spread knees; stalls for just a moment before he’s reaching up, hands clawing at Ilya’s own, trying to pull them away from his cock so he can replace them with his own.

Instead of getting a solid grip, Ilya uses his leg to force Shane back, causing him to rather ungraciously fall back onto his ass. A normal person would be irritated by the action but it only made Shane even more desperate. Couldn’t understand why Ilya doesn’t want him near, he always wants him, the one thing they agree on is their mutual attraction.

Watches the first bead of precome gather at the slit as he eases himself back into a kneeling position, shifting as close as possible, doesn’t notice when Ilya forces his sneaker between them, is too distracted by the fact he still hasn’t managed to get any closer to being allowed to touch him where he so desperately wants to touch.

It’s only when he feels pressure against his crotch that he glances downwards, his own bulge pulling embarrassing shapes beneath his pants, but the top of Ilya’s shoe is now pressing it up from beneath - the contact is enough to have Shane squirming.

Ilya lowers his foot back to the ground and Shane follows, pressing himself down against it.

The slide isn't smooth when he grins, there's laces, the tongue of the sneaker pulling down every time he retracts his hips but he's so grateful, grateful for anything to drag his cock against; needs the contact, needs to burn off his frustration somewhere. If it can't be Ilya's dick, at least it's some part of him.

He's long gone beyond feeling embarrassed, he's sobbing, mouth is full of saliva, practically drooling as his eyes remain locked on the cock being worked over by the hand he knows so well.

"Why are you crying?"

The question only escalates his upset, as if the question is from a genuine place, as if Ilya has no idea the effect he has on Shane in moments like this, moments so intimate and charged. He doesn't even attempt to answer, just hooks his chin onto the other's knee, as close as he's allowed to get without being shooed away like a stray dog.

"I ask you question, you answer, that is how conversation works."

Shane watches the precome slide across those rough fingers, adjusting his position so his temple against the inside of Ilya's knee, finding it impossible to stay in one position for more than a few seconds, letting out what can only be described as a snivel as he's prodded into responding.

"Because I want- … because you won't let me touch you."

"Hm," Ilya responds, hand lifting to his own mouth, spits into his palm; Shane watches in pure despair as the Russian's cock twitches and shifts of its own accord, his own hips jerk in response. Has grown somewhat used to being forced into speaking, vocalising his wants and needs, still isn't something that comes naturally to him. Though in the throes of passion he does sometimes at least unconsciously attempt dirty talk, most of the time it's gibberish, nonsensical comments that Ilya likes to bring up at a later time to dissect exactly what Shane meant - occasionally just because Ilya genuinely did not understand, but most of the time it's to humiliate Shane, which nearly always results in him hiding his face in Ilya's neck as the other male jerks him off onto his own stomach while whispering praise after praise.

Watches as the saliva dribbles down along his length, taking a new path across his balls, the sight has Shane whining, teeth sinking into the pooled fabric around Ilya's knee, needs something to distract his mouth. Every time Ilya looked at him he expected him to call time

on this torture, to put an end to the cruelty but he never did, if anything the glint behind his eyes only brightened the more Shane's state declined. His hips becoming more erratic, humping Ilya's leg like a dog in heat, hands clinging to his calf like a lifeline as his clothed cock pushes against his sneaker, his ankle, searching for any relief he can get.

Has only ever seen this side of the Russian out on the ice, focused and cruel, muscle in his cheek twitching as he nears his release; Shane has watched him come more than enough times to know the signs, there's the noise that begins at the base of his throat, fighting its way up and out of his mouth. It sounds angry as it erupts from the male, a feral grunt as his fist quickens, the slide of his hand against the velvety skin of his cock as he pushes Shane away for the second time, the male falling to the side as Ilya leans forward.

Shane doesn't possess the wherewithal to really process what the blonde is doing, watches helplessly as he comes, spilling intentionally on the hardwood floor beneath the chair, his gaze now locked in on the Canadian, when he'd been so avoidant before.

He nods towards the pool of cum by his shoe, Shane glances down, before his eyes return to meet Ilya's - his brain currently working at a rate of ten minutes behind every other part of his body.

The sweat on his neck instantly cools as he realizes what Ilya is demanding of him:

"No."

"Now."

Ilya gives it another ten seconds before he's speaking again:

"Clean it up."

Shane swallows, tongue heavy in his mouth as if it knows it has a task to complete. Ilya had never experienced someone so willing to demean themselves in such a manner, knows Shane will abide, knows he wants to more importantly.

His eyes narrow, pulling himself back into a kneeling position as he shifts the short distance that Ilya had forced between them, eyes the pool of liquid below him - a quick glance at Ilya convinces him, the way he's being watched with such hunger, wants to be looked at like that forever.

So his head dips, tongue poking out to tentatively taste the warm liquid, it's familiar, is used to it being deposited directly down his throat; on occasion he'll get the chance to hold it in his mouth a little longer, but he's never been presented with it in such a manner. He obediently begins to lap up the spilled seed, soft wet noises caused by his tongue dipping into the cum have Ilya groaning, wants more than anything to take a video of this; keep it just for himself as he sits in empty hotel rooms remembering what it was like to have his own personal cockslut.

Ilya leans forward, elbows resting just above either knee as he watches the other clean up his load, knows shame will burn Shane alive in an hour or two; makes a note to bring it up when he least expects it, if only to see him squirm and bury his face in the nearest pillow. Always enjoys that, the back and forth, the way Shane simultaneously enjoys and despises the mocking.

Bashful eyes meet his own as the Canadian sits up slightly, Ilya can see he's hesitant, unsure of what Ilya will do next, whether he'll be back to his normal self. His hand reaches out, grasping the back of Shane's head and urging him as close as possible to the edge of the chair, "You missed a drop."

Shane's eyes immediately drop to the spot he'd so recently cleaned, the spot he's now kneeling in.

"No, no, no," Ilya scolds, "here."

His free hand grasps his softening cock, there's a dribble or two of cum left seeping from the slit, but Shane is only thrilled to be able to taste him directly from the source. Launching himself forward with such eagerness Ilya can't help but chuckle, Shane's tongue dipping into his cock silences him however, a soft hiss escaping clenched teeth.

Immediately pushes Ilya into the bounds of oversensitivity, but he works through the discomfort just to see Shane diligently polish him clean with his tongue.

"Thank you,' Shane manages, the comment causing the Russian's brows to pinch with amusement, his earnest words earn him a scratch of the scalp. When he can no longer take any more he pulls Shane's head back, standing up, so close to Shane that his head knocks against his thigh as he pulls his sweatpants back into place around his hips, stepping over the Canadian.

Ilya abandons his previous demeanor, reaching down in order to help Shane to his feet, glances over him in a way Shane almost interprets as fond, "since you were so good, let me take care of you."

Shane shifts, knees weak as he steadies himself, pulling back from the other just a step, "No it's okay, I've…I already…"

The Russian’s eyes drop to the front of the Canadian’s sweatpants, the gray fabric almost black where he’d been unable to hold himself back.

“I have never been with someone who loves cock in their mouth so much.”

“Jesus, fuck.” Shane reaches up, attempting to cover Ilya’s mouth with his palm, he can't handle any more humiliation, if only to give his poor cock a break.

“What? Is true. You love my cock,” Ilya retorts, his voice is lighter now, inflecting as he teases all while trying to pull back from Shane’s hand, refusing to be silenced.

“Get on the couch.”

Ilya’s brow quirks at the demand coming from the Canadian, wasn’t about to make this easy: “No.” Shane is practically tearing his hair out at this point, wishes more than anything he could go back and unsend that text - he's supposed to be getting spread open right about now, not giving himself an aneurysm trying to convince the other to sit on the couch so he could straddle him. The tears in his eyes haven’t stopped since the second he dropped to his knees upon arrival, he’ll feel pathetic in a few days time when he thinks back on this but right now he’s just so desperate.

“*Big baby.*”

Shane scowls in response, about to open his mouth to bite back but Ilya is apparently much more agreeable after he cums, because he’s soon tugging Shane down onto the couch, showing some mercy, the brunette’s body half on the Russian and half on the cushion. Doesn’t get a moment to relax before Ilya is easing down his sweatpants, “Such a mess.”

Shane steals a glance downwards, his cock is still fighting, refusing to soften even after an orgasm, it’s an obscene sight; “stop looking at it.” Ilya, of course, takes that as a challenge, hand dragging down along Shane’s stomach before he takes Shane’s cock within his grasp, the brunette’s hips cant upwards almost violently; finishing untouched leaves him sensitive for a considerable amount of time afterwards and this touch is coming too soon after he came.

“Take this off,” Ilya instructs, nudging the material of Shane’s hoodie - he obliges, stripping himself of both hoodie and shirt, it’s a good way to distract himself from the torture Rozanov’s hand is putting him through.

“Rozanov, cut it out.”

Their faces are so close, Ilya doesn’t have to say anything, watches as Shane’s features scrunch up in agony, that strangled whimper laying deep in his throat as he bucked up into the touch. Ilya keeps his rhythm steady, the glide easy as a result of the cum that coated his cock, the tops of his thighs, his balls. Always so wet.

It doesn’t take long, of course, for Ilya to work another load out of Shane; back arching against Ilya’s torso as he comes, the build up forcing the liquid up to the base of his neck much to the Russian’s amusement.

Shane’s chest is rising and falling rather dramatically, tempting Ilya, his hand coming up to roughly grab at his left pec, smearing the cum across his hardened nipple. Shane yelps, the stimulation too much, grabs hold of Ilya’s wrist in a feeble attempt at pulling him away. Which he doesn’t, at least not right away but eventually shows mercy, hand settling instead on the brunette’s stomach.

“Was too much?”

Shane shook his head, practically beaming up at the other; Ilya rewarded his honesty with a kiss, tongue forcing its way into his mouth. He's boneless at this point, practically a puddle seeping into the couch cushions as he's kissed within an inch of his life.

“You played good today, not as good as me but… is not your fault Montreal recruited cavemen for back line.”

The brunette's brow quirks, Ilya doesn't exactly usually reassure him about his gameplay, how had he even known Shane had been doubtful about his leadership?

“Mm,” Shane responds, chin tilting back as Ilya devoured his neck, didn't have it in him to defend his team bright now, in fact the praise made him all the more placated. He needed this, needed to get out of his head - and being humiliated just to get a taste of Ilya Rozanov’s cock did exactly that.

Is very aware of the fact they're covered in bodily fluids in that moment, tries to ease out from beside the Russian but is met with a loud groan of disapproval.

“No, stay here for while.”

“We're quite literally disgusting right now.”

“Is just cum, Hollander, won't kill you.”

“Asshole.”

“You cry and beg for it but then want to get rid of it right away?”

Shane’s features pinch, this man was insufferable but he did stop moving; arm is curled around Ilya’s stomach, snuggling closer to the man. He’s silently praised for settling down, abandoning his mission to get up and clean, with several kisses pressed into his hair.

“I don't cry for it.”

Feels Ilya move, glancing to the side to see the Russian staring at him with an incredulous look upon his face, immediately Shane knew he should have kept his mouth shut.

“You still have lines where tears run down your cheeks, you were a hot mess minutes ago.”

“Where did you learn the term hot mess?”

“Is slang, all the cool kids use so I must know.”

“Okay, I was a hot mess.”

End Notes

kudos, comments, new ways to humiliate shane are always appreciated!

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