

Pretty Like The Moon

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77282076) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77282076>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander , Cliff Marlow , Scott Hunter (Game Changers) , Hayden Pike
Additional Tags:	Not Canon Compliant , Light Dom/sub , Smut , Rivals to Friends to Lovers , Recreational Drug Use , Anal Sex , Blow Jobs , Anal Fingering , Oral Sex , Orgasm Edging , Exhibitionism , Top Ilya Rozanov , Bottom Shane Hollander , Begging , Weed , Alcohol
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-07 Words: 12,734 Chapters: 2/2

Pretty Like The Moon

by [SunflowerVolumeLou](#)

Summary

Shane Hollander does not go to parties seeking out Ilya Rosanov. He hardly even knows him, but he's already impossible to ignore. When their worlds collide for the first time at a crowded party, one look, one word, one challenge might be enough to change everything... or at least make Shane question how much he's willing to let someone in.

Or, the fic where Shane and Ilya never even got to know each other, until one fateful night at a party where everything changes.

Chapter 1

Shane was doing up the last few buttons on his shirt, giving his look a once-over in the mirror, when he heard Hayden let out a groan from beside him. He was a little nervous, not much of a partier, but Hayden convinced him to come tonight somehow, and so here he was.

“What, dude?” Shane asked through a small laugh.

“Rosanov is going to be there!” Hayden complained more loudly and obnoxiously than he needed to in Shane’s humble opinion.

He just sighed and turned back to the mirror. Clearly not getting the reaction he wanted, Hayden approached Shane behind him in the mirror and gripped his shoulders, shaking him lightly, “Did you hear me? Ilya Rosanov, your arch-rival from the Boston Bears, is going to be at the party!” It was really intriguing to him what bothered Hayden so much about Rosanov. Maybe they should be the rivals instead. The Hollander Rosanov rivalry had indeed been played up by the media since they were kids, and he was a bit cocky on the TV for Shane’s liking, but he hadn’t really ever gotten to know him. It was just fun for Shane, honestly, to have someone who was at-- or maybe better than but never would Shane ever dare to say that thought aloud-- his level in skill and love of the game.

Again, Shane just turned to him calmly and said, “I heard you, dude. I’m sure he’s not all that bad.” He had bigger fish to fry tonight: he was going to be at a party with other NHL players, trying to mingle and fit in and not make a complete and utter fool of himself. Social skills were not his forte, but he made do when he needed to. He always envied the other players who were natural socialites, who knew how to talk and act without overthinking. Like Rosanov. Whenever he encountered him at a function from afar, or saw things about him in the news, it was always about how charming and incredible he was. But, for himself, he had never made a solid opinion because, really, he had never met the guy.

There was that one time, Shane remembered, meeting him briefly before their rookie season. It was Saskatchewan in 2008, and as Shane was entering the building to play for the Junior World Cup, he noticed Rosanov smoking outside (in the wrong area, pretty much right below a No Smoking sign and smoking, seriously?). He was a stickler for rules, and well... he wanted to introduce himself. His mother always instilled in him the value of making connections, and so he braved the interaction and went up to him. Plus, he was aware that Rosanov was his biggest competition, being one of the best players in their age range, besides Shane of course. It wasn’t very memorable. Rosanov had kind of ignored him, mostly, other than returning his outstretched hand for a handshake (and making a chirp at Shane as he walked away, something along the lines of beating him). In the end, though, he did beat Shane, so maybe his cocky attitude had a foundation to stand on.

Shane’s thoughts were interrupted by more of Hayden’s complaining. “Hey, if you don’t wanna go anymore, you know I am the first person to take you up on that,” he replied coolly. To which Hayden erupted in a plea, “No, no, Shane, of course not, I definitely still want to go, this thing is going to be awesome”. Yup. That was his best friend: stubborn, a complainer,

but also fiercely loyal and very much into making Shane have fun. He often got called boring but it never bothered him because hockey was the love of his life and he got to do that for a living every single day. He didn't need or want to do anything else.

So, he laughed in his head about how he wound up here, going to a party full of celebrity-level hockey players in someone's vacation house after the All-Star game, which they had finally won, so he probably was in a more persuadable place than if they had lost. He promised himself he wouldn't get too drunk (or drunk at all more likely), he would stick to Hayden's side like glue, and be in and out in a couple of hours. He could do that.

It was 10:30 pm when they arrived. Hayden said it was weird to be on time for a party, to which Shane cleverly countered that they shouldn't advertise a party to start at 9:00 if they don't expect people to come at 9:00. Hayden just rolled his eyes playfully and said that Shane, as lovely as he was, had some weird misunderstandings about life. That was probably true. Shane was extremely skilled in his sport and had what some sports announcers called the Highest Hockey IQ of All Time, but sometimes, in the 'being a celebrity' front, he lacked. That's why he was grateful for Hayden, because Hayden was great at hockey, but he was even better at acting like a normal person.

They pulled up to the house, and Shane couldn't remember whose it was... maybe Marlow? It didn't matter. The door swung open, and the blasting music and lights were immediately overwhelming. Shane had to remind himself that this was a normal party setting and he could manage once in a while. They walked in and had beers instantly shoved in their hand by someone they didn't see. He followed Hayden to an opening in the crowd, but what caught his eye instantly was... Rosanov. Hayden jerked his head back and yelled to Shane over the music, "See what I'm talking about with this one, such an attention whore." And well, he didn't like that word, but Hayden might have had a slight point.

Rosnov was standing-- No? Dancing? Or trying to dance-- on a table, with a fake microphone, singing along to the song (maybe lip syncing, he couldn't tell). He had everyone's eyes on him. Through the crowd, it felt like, for a brief second, his eyes locked with Shane's, which Shane convinced himself was totally imagined. Hayden quickly found them a spot in a circle of guys from all different teams across the league. They talked hockey. (What else would they talk about?) Shane found extreme comfort in this because he knew hockey, and he could talk about it for hours. He sipped politely on the beer he was given when he first arrived, clearly much slower than everyone else who had been dipping in and out to replace their drinks several times over the hour or so they had been talking. The group dispersed eventually, and Hayden had been out at that time to get a drink of his own, so Shane was alone without his emotional support person. He started to feel a little anxious when he heard someone shout his name.

"Hollander!" It was Scott Hunter. "Hollander!" he repeated when he realized Shane was just staring at him and not answering. Scott took another step toward Shane. "Hollander! My teammate just ditched me to go dancing, and I really need to win this next game of pool. Can you please step in?" He could tell that he was probably the fourth or fifth person Scott had asked by the look of his face: desperate.

Shane was actually really good at pool. When he was at his cottage in the summers, he would play against his dad, and he ended up learning a lot of tricks. It was probably his second favorite game to hockey, but nobody knew that because he got a bit of joy out of being a pool shark, whipping out the skill unannounced when it was least expected. He looked across the pool table to find Ilya Rosanov and Cliff Marlow staring back at him, grinning. Game time.

He shrugged. "Sure, but I have to warn you Hunter, I might not be your best bet."

"It's alright, its not like were betting anything, just a friendly game where I need to whoop some cocky Russian ass." Scott stared down the opponents across the table and tried to look menacing. Marlow quickly added in a complaint, something in Russian, Shane assumed. "What was that?" Scott replied. Rosanov just shrugged back and added in "Is shame you Americans..."-- "And Canadians" Shane cut him off-- "Is shame you Americans and Candians", Rosanov amended, "are so boring! Why you no want to bet, huh?" He smirked. Now it's definitely game time, Shane thought to himself.

The beginning of the game Shane didn't let his cards show at all. He feined like he didn't know how to shoot super well, fumbled holding the cue a couple times for good measure. His acting skills weren't perfect but he was surrounded by drunk men who clearly didn't notice. He swallowed down any insults the other team threw his way with grace, waiting for his moment to shine. Scott sunk in a couple balls, mostly luck. Lucky for Shane Marlow also sucked so it was evenly matched with Shane pretending and all.

Marlow shot one and accidentally hit one of Scott and Shane's balls straight into the pocket. "Oh so you can get balls in when they are for the other team, Marlow? Are you Russian spy but for America? Being a traitor is fun to you, huh?" Rosanov yelled exaggeratedly, but it was clear he was just joking. They were still in the lead, for now, so it wasn't serious for Rosanov... yet.

Some time, and many drinks for the other boys, later it seemed to be a blow out game. Marlow and Rosanov had one ball left, not including the 8-ball, and Scott and Shane had five. It was Shane's turn and it was his time to shine. "Watch this, Hunter" he whispered as he passed Scott to line up for his next shot. Scott sent a confused glance his way, but didn't react much otherwise. Shane immediately sunk a perfect one in. Some chastising came from the Russians across the table, but Shane wasn't done. He sunk two more balls with ease and noticed a significant lack of sound coming from the other side, but he didn't even bother looking up to meet their gaze. The fourth one was a bit of a trick shot, having to line up to bounce the cue ball off the side and sling back to hit it into the pocket, which of course Shane executed perfectly. The last one before the 8-ball became an easy shot because of where the white ball landed on the table after. He sank the fifth and then as casually as possible said, "That pocket" pointing the stick straight at Rosanov.

He lined up and did a practice shot before perfectly sneaking the 8-ball into the pocket he had pointed out seconds before. Shane looked up to find Marlow and Rosanov's mouths open, gaping. He had never seen Roasnov speechless. It was nice. Hunter was the first to break the silence. "Hell yeah Hollander where the fuck was that all game huh?" He embraced him in a bro hug and then turned across the table, "Fuck you and fuck you too" he cheered pointing at the opposing team "And I am going out on a win!" he finalized as he sauntered off.

When Shane looked back at Rosanov his eyes were dark. He knew what competition did to him and he hated losing, especially to his arch rival, probably. He composed his face, finally before saying, "Is not fair. You are not drunk like us." Shane raised his eyebrows, "Nobody forced you to get drunk, and also I am a bit tipsy so"

"Oh he is a bit tipsy Marlow you hear that? Shane Hollander, hockey's golden boy, is tipsy!" He laughed and Marlow joined him. Okay, Shane thought to himself, maybe he is a bit of an asshole, maybe Hayden has had a point all these years. Speaking of which, where was Hayden? He scanned the crowd to see if he could find his friend and he saw the top of his backwards hat outside on the patio telling some exaggerated story that Shane knew he was definitely overemphasizing.

He only tuned back in to Rosanov making fun of him when he challenged him to another game. "Oh no I'm out no way" Marlow said, backing away from the table. "Fine you go be loser over there and I will beat Hollander one on one, yes?" he asked-- but really told-- as he turned back to Shane. Nothing like a competition to make Shane's blood pump, "Okay. If you want to lose again that is," he shrugged, trying to be casual.

Rosanov muttered something and passed him, "One second I will be right back and then we play." Shane waited patiently, checking his phone absently. Rosanov returned quickly with two beers, extending one out to his soon-to-be-opponent. "Here, even playing field." Shane could've sworn his fingers lingered on the bottle as their hands overlapped. No, he must've been just making something out of nothing. Whatever, he grumbled to himself as he took the bottle willingly. He could have one more. He had only had the one to begin with and it had been hours. He took a big sip and then faced Rosanov to break. Game on.

The game had been... surprisingly fun. It was much more competitive than before, which both players enjoyed, but it was also warmer at the same time. They were chatting, and not just about hockey, which Shane secretly patted himself on the back for because it was a little out of his realm. But it was easy with Rosanov. Nothing deep and personal of course, this was their first time meeting for real after all. They talked easily about their hometowns and their favorite stupid airplane movies; just casual, friendly things.

Rosanov piped up, distracting Shane from wherever that line of thought was going, "Hollander you show me how to do that trickshot now. The one with the bouncing off this side thing here," he tapped the wall of the table. It wasn't a question, so Shane moved toward him, "Manners Rosanov" he scoffed, but not with any malice.

"Ilya" he corrected, "We are friends now, yes? So that is what friends do, use real names and all." What? Had Rosanov just specifically requested that Shane call him by his first name? That felt weird, but he guessed after a couple hours of conversation and game that would make them friendly at least. "Okay, Ilya" he corrected, "you can still use your pleases and thank yous no matter what name I call you." Rosanov-- Ilya-- chuckled, turning his face into Shane's shoulder.

It was the last ball, besides the 8-ball, (if Shane knocked a few of Ilya's in for him to keep the game even, nobody had to know) and Shane was trying his best to teach Ilya the moves he had spent entire summers perfecting. It was going horribly. Ilya was getting frustrated, but he

was also drunk and clumsy so Shane decided there was no hope and made the shot for him, putting both man's hands on the cue so Ilya felt like he did something. The ball went straight in and Ilya shot up from his bent over position and hugged Shane tight. Okay, Shane thought to himself, he must be really drunk now. They both put the sticks down on the table and looked at each other for a beat before Ilya said "Come with me."

It was ridiculous the way he just turned and weaved through the crowd, expecting Shane to follow, but Shane had nowhere else to be and from the tabs he kept on Hayden from across the room, he had no intention of leaving any time soon. The party was still going strong, a couple of people had come and gone, but the music still blasted and the drinks still flowed. He refocused on following his unexpectedly newfound friend and headed toward a staircase. When he got to the bottom of it, it was clearly (albeit poorly) marked do not enter with some cheap tape and a handwritten sign. Whoever's house this actually was clearly did not want people up here. And Rosanov had ignored that entirely, glaring at Shane from the landing of the stairs, a silent "what are you doing, come on" written across his face. Shane gestured wordlessly to the sign and Ilya scoffed and kept walking. Shane's stomach dropped a little. He really did like following rules and he knew they existed for a reason, but something about his curiosity led him to duck the sign and jog up the stairs after Ilya.

He got to the top and found Ilya leaning in the doorway of what looked like a bedroom. "Ah so golden boy Hollander does know how to break a rule, I was worried you would combust," he joked.

"Yeah, yeah, okay. What are we doing up here anyway?" Shane tried to look serious but he could not help but break out in a slight smile. Ilya really was pretty, in the moonlight especially. No, he thought, trying to stomp out that thought as quickly as it arose. Well he was pretty, but that didn't-- couldn't-- matter.

Ilya, yet again, ignored his inquiry and led him into the room, over to the window. He flipped the lock up, opening the window leading out onto a mini roof, over the front porch where people came in. He climbed out the window and sat with his knees bent just admiring the sky. Shane, of course, followed. Something was so magnetic about this moment and he couldn't have stopped himself from following, even if he tried (which he didn't). They sat there together on the roof, matched in their seated positions for a few minutes, just enjoying the silence, the warm night's breeze, and the beautiful starry sky above. Ilya grabbed a small metal tin from his pocket, and a lighter.

"Yuck!" Shane yelped, he couldn't help himself, "Cigarettes are nasty, Ilya." He turned to move away, back inside maybe, when Ilya grabbed his hand. "These, Shane, are special cigarettes containing fun drug called Marijuana. Have you ever heard of it?" He held his face in a very mock-serious expression, gazing back at Shane.

Shane had always been intrigued, but he was too health-conscious to ever actually consider trying it. Smoking was bad for his lungs and plus it was a drug-- a drug that had recently become legal-- but nevertheless a drug. Hell, Shane didn't even like taking Advil for his headaches sometimes. Ilya could clearly see him spiraling when he added "You do not have to if you do not want, but it will not stop me. And, I am willing to share if you are," his voice

lowered, he paused as if he was searching for the English translation of what he was thinking. “Curious,” he landed on.

The tone shifted between them. Ilya was being very sincere and gentle with Shane now, almost like he was trying to be vulnerable. Shane didn’t know what it was but what he did know is that the way the smoke curled out of the other’s lips when he exhaled was delicious and hot. And Shane wanted to look delicious and hot in front of his newest friend, formally arch-rival, Ilya Rosanov. He didn’t make friends easy and if taking one little hit off a joint was a way to keep it, then so be it. He knew in the back of his mind that if he did refuse and just watched Ilya get high that Ilya truly wouldn’t care, but he used this as an excuse to himself to give it a try. He stared for another moment and then sighed, “Okay, yes. I’m curious,” mocking Ilya’s Russian accent on the last word of the sentence.

Ilya actually giggled at that, and it sent a wave of electricity through Shane’s spine. Whether it was the weed, or Shane’s fantastic (probably horrible) impression, it didn’t matter. He wanted more of Ilya’s laugh, injected into his veins as his drug of choice. But he would settle for a bit of weed for now. He was realizing in this moment why Ilya was always the center of attention everywhere he went: because he truly was a spectacle.

He took the joint from Ilya’s lips, catching him off guard. “Do you want me to help you?” Ilya asked him earnestly. There was no more mockery about Shane being a golden boy or it being his first time, just genuineness. Shane nodded silently. He was a little embarrassed that in all 25 years of life, this was his first time trying anything, not including the rare beer he choked down here and there as a social comfort.

Ilya nodded in response, and took the joint back. “I will hold it up for you and relight it. Inhale in for like one second to start, hold it in, and while it is in your mouth, inhale again so it goes down. Is going to feel hot, and you might cough but I brought water,” he paused, smiled, shaking a small sealed Poland Springs bottle, and added, “And I will not let you die because it is no fun to play hockey and be the best if there is nobody even close second.”

Shane nodded again, trying to soak in the instructions, ignoring the quip against their positions as best and second best in the league. Ilya brought the joint to his lips and took out the lighter, igniting the flame at the end. He nodded, signaling Shane to inhale, which he obeyed easily. The second inhale took him by surprise, a rush of fiery hot air rushing down his throat into his lungs. Ilya pulled the joint away quickly as Shane doubled over in a coughing fit “What the fuck!” he exclaimed. Ilya laughed, handing him the water, “Here.”

Shane drank for what felt like forever and then sat up, “So what am I supposed to feel?” Ilya scoffed at this, like it was a nonsense question. “You are going to need to do that probably, I don’t know, two or three more times to feel anything Shane, and then you will feel amazing. At least I do right now.” He had a hazy smile plastered on his face, which Shane found endearing but he gawked because he couldn’t help it. Two or three more times? He did already feel a little bit of relaxation, or maybe he was imagining it, but he wanted more. If you had asked him where the night would have gone when he was getting ready in his room with Hayden earlier, he would never have said on a forbidden rooftop at 2:00am with Ilya Rosanov smoking weed so what even is life anymore?

“Do you want me to help you again or do you want to hold it?” Ilya asked kindly, taking a couple drags off the joint himself. On the third toke he held the smoke in his mouth and exhaled in perfect little O-shaped rings of smoke. Of course he could do that, Shane scoffed internally. And of course he could do it perfectly, and not look stupid, and not cough. Shane started to feel insecure so he just silently took the joint from Ilya’s fingers and went in again.

It was better this time. He still coughed... a lot. But he knew what to do and what to expect. After he recovered from that he went right in for number three. Again, better, but not perfect. He just coughed slightly on the end and didn’t even need the water.

“Wow Shane I am corrupting you making you professional drug lord” Ilya joked, breaking his train of thought, which he now realized was... nothing. God he must be high now. Yet again, annoyingly observant, Ilya spoke from beside him, “Is okay. Is what it is supposed to feel like, calm, empty head, fuzzy, funny, you might get horny later or maybe that is a me thing I am always horny so I do not know.” Shane just stared at him. He wasn’t a virgin but he clearly had not had the sexual escapades that the Ilya Rosanov was rumored to have had. And with that statement, he was sure that the rumors had some truth to them at least. And, recently starting to come to terms with the idea that he might like men-- might only like men-- was a difficult thing that made his sex life pretty nonexistent.

Ilya just smiled at Shane’s nonreaction, letting him soak in the experience. “Do you want any more?” He asked cautiously, to which Shane shook his head no. Ilya then finished the joint himself, put it out on a roof tile, and flung the end out into the wooded area that surrounded the house. He laid back down, keeping his knees bent, but facing the sky. Shane followed suit. They stayed like that for a bit, silent, hazy, happy. Shane was actually having a good time right now. It was a lot to get used to at first but Ilya was a calm presence, wordlessly reassuring him that he was okay, and letting him just exist however he wanted to right now. Then, he turned his head to Ilya, noticing that the other man had already had his head facing Shane’s.

“I am glad I met you tonight Shane Hollander. Met you for real, not for fake hockey rivalry,” he did a little jazz-hand motion that made Shane smile before adding, “Well rivalry is real because I am better than you but I am glad we are not enemies in real life, only on ice”

Shane laughed, but realized there was no way he could get that many words to come out of his mouth. He settled on saying, “Me too, Ilya,” and gently reaching for his hand.

Fuck. Fuck. That was a mistake. The alarm bells immediately started ringing in his head. This is a man. This is Ilya Rosanov. Ilya Rosanov who was a new friend of his. And Shane just reached to hold his hand. This was not a date. This was not anything. He was at a party with so many people. People he worked with. Played a professional sport for a professional sport league with. And--

Ilya cut off any thoughts he had by holding his hand back. He gripped it briefly, not breaking eye contact with Shane. It was nice. His hands were warm and soft. He started to wonder what they could feel like holding other parts of him.

“Shane! Buddy you there?” called from below. It was Hayden’s voice. Shane sat up and looked down, making sure not to lose balance at all. “Yeah Hayd! I’m up here! What’s up?”

“Holy shit dude what are you doing on the roof?” Hayden glanced up at him just as Ilya sat up as well. “And what the fuck are you doing up on the roof with him?” he added, not trying to hide his emotions at all. Classic. Shane giggled and then he couldn’t stop. Ilya looked at him and joined in the laughter. Hayden just stood below them on the ground, “What’s so funny?” he then inhaled deeply, “Oh my god Shane are you high right now?” He was flabbergasted, which only made Shane laugh more. Ilya responded for the both of them saying “Yes, Pike I drugged your star player all part of my evil plan” and if he put on an even thicker accent on purpose to sell the bit, who was going to stop him?

Hayden just gawked for a minute and then addressed Shane again “Are you alright buddy?” voice laced with caution. Hayden was a good friend, and this was very unusual for Shane so it really was nice of his friend to check in on him with so much concern. “Yes, Hayd. I’m totally fine. This was of my own free will, despite what Rosanov is insinuating, and I am actually enjoying it,” he replied, trying to sound as genuine as possible. Words and tones and weird English idiosyncrasies like that were normally not his most natural talent, but it was certainly not made any easier by his current state of mind.

“Okay,” Hayden hesitated, “I was sure you would be ready to go by now but if you’re having fun I’m gonna go back in for a bit”

“Yeah, go for it, dude!” Shane called down, “I’ll come grab you in an hour or so if that’s cool?” He looked over the edge more to meet Hayden’s eye. They locked eyes for a minute, having one of their famous nonverbal conversations, but whatever was being said was not crossing into Shane’s consciousness. Damn weed. “Yeah, okay Shane, I’ll come back out to check on you then,” he turned back before yelling up, with a bit more force, “And Rosanov, if you give him any more of that shit I will come up there and push you off the roof.” He was trying to sound threatening. It was a nice gesture.

Shane turned to see Ilya’s reaction and he was clearly trying to be mature by just making a face that Hayden could not see. “Yes, okay mother of Shane I will not be more of bad influence” he said back, dryly. And then Hayden was gone, sucked back to the inside of the party, that was still going surprisingly strong for how late it was.

When the silence settled back in he realized: he was still holding Ilya’s hand. Fuck. He snaked it away, pretending to itch his face as he laid back down. “How are you feeling?” Ilya inquired gently. “Really good, actually. Relaxed” Shane answered.

“See I never steer you wrong! I am genius, best at hockey, just perfect some might say,” Ilya chuckled.

“Some might say” Shane mocked shoving his arm a bit. He felt Ilya’s bicep flex strongly under his hand. He let it linger there, only for a fraction of a second. He could blame the slow reflexes on the weed if he needed to. But he didn’t need to because Ilya was propped up on his elbows looming even closer to where Shane was laying. His eyes were dark, the whites turned red, searching. God Shane could just reach up and grab his face and--

“Can I kiss you?”

“What?”

“Can I kiss you, Shane Hollander?”

Shane hesitated. He was sure he must have heard him wrong, and his main goal of the night was to not make a fool of himself, which he certainly would if he navigated this wrong. Ilya just kept looking, seering into his soul. It felt like he had no shame for asking, just pure desire. Shane had always struggled with shame around sexuality, especially since he accepted his liking for men. He didn't want to feel it, and he knew logically there was nothing wrong with being gay, but it felt like there was, only for him. But Ilya interrupted his catastrophe of a train of thought by bringing his hand up to Shane's face, showing him that he was indeed serious, and that Shane had not misheard him at all.

“Yes.” Shane barely got the word out before Ilya's lips crashed to his, hot and passionate. Wow he was a good kisser: soft lips, strong but not overpowering. It was intoxicating. He moaned up into the kiss and it reverberated in their mouths. After a few short minutes, Ilya pulled back and Shane just stared blankly. “Inside?” Ilya asked, but yet again it felt more like he was telling than asking. Shane was happy to oblige. He would probably do anything Ilya asked right now and that thought should scare him but it didn't. He was hazy and happy, and as promised, very horny. They stumbled back through the window, Shane first, then Ilya, into the bedroom that Shane became acutely aware wasn't his. The party music thumping from downstairs brought him back to the reality of the situation. Ilya latched back onto him, pressing Shane's back to the nearest wall next to the window they had just come in from. Before he knew it, his hands were being pinned above his head and held there with one strong hand while Ilya kissed his neck aggressively.

It was blissful and perfect, until he opened his eyes. He could not shake the idea that this was not his room and not his house and there were so many other people around. “Stop,” he managed to breathe out. Ilya stopped instantly, dropping Shane's hands from above him, backed a step away and looked inquisitively, tilting his neck in an unspoken question: why?

“We can't, not here, I'm sorry. I don't even know who's room this is, and there are so many people downstairs. And not just people, people we work with, which if you don't remember are widely homophobic NHL players.” His breathing sped up. Oh no. What if someone already saw them on the roof or through the door that was left ajar.

“Hey. Hey. Is okay, Shane. Nobody saw anything and we will stop.” His words were sincere but laced with disappointment. He grabbed Shane's face and looked him in the eyes for what felt like forever. It was oddly calming and Shane came back down to reality. Well whatever reality meant when he was still so goddamn high. It was a miracle that three small inhales did this to him. And Ilya had smoked the whole rest of the joint so he must be feeling crazy right now, Shane thought.

“Give me your phone,” Ilya whispered in the limited space between them. When Shane hesitated Ilya reached down to pat Shane's pockets and found it himself. He stepped back, tapped on it for a minute, and then handed it back.

“Wait, that has a password how did you--”

“2424 is not very inventive Hollander,” Ilya remarked and Shane blushed as he made a mental note to change his password. When he unlocked his phone again he realized that Ilya

had put his own phone number in Shane's phone and texted himself so they both had each other's numbers. Well, Shane smiled, at least he wanted to be friends beyond one night, he thought to himself.

And they separated further at just the right time because then Hayden burst through the door. "Shane I am loving that you have stayed this long but I'm exhausted man! It's past 3:00am and we have to get home tomorrow, so can we go?" he pleaded with a very drunk and tired expression. "Yeah of course we can, I'll call an Uber" he started as he took out his phone again. But Hayden cut him off, "No need, ours is outside right now... waiting," he smiled weakly.

His eyes came back up to Ilya's and he was taking clothes out of a dresser in the bedroom and starting to change. Odd, but maybe he was better friends with the owner of the house... Marlow maybe, he tried to remember. Yeah, that makes sense. And he knew how much the weed stank so he was probably just changing to sleep and not to show Shane the muscular curves of his body.

"Ew Rosanov, wait a minute would you? Let's go Shane!" Hayden called as he walked out of the room with his hand flung over his eyes like a child. Shane didn't want to keep his friend waiting any more so he followed a couple steps behind wordlessly. He got into the Uber before realizing he hadn't really said goodbye to Ilya. That was probably rude. He was hoping his state of mind-- both of their states of mind-- had explained it away and then he promptly fell asleep on Hayden's shoulder.

Chapter 2

Ilya woke up to the sounds and smells of cooking downstairs, which was a huge relief given his current state. He was grateful that Marlow let him stay in the guest room in the vacation house, in return for agreeing to help him clean up the next morning from the party, which he was now dreading. First things first: he needed greasy food, painkillers, and water ASAP. He noticed a half drunk Poland Springs bottle on the bureau across from his bed and got up to chug the end of it. He congratulated his past self for leaving something lying around that served him well this morning.

He had gotten a little too drunk a little too early on in the night, as he remembered lip syncing to some throwback Rihanna song. It was a little stupid, but he was not shy at all and he knew it was entertaining people so why stop? He was a good-- decent-- dancer and it was fun, and he thought that maybe someone dared him to which he would never turn down. Even if someone didn't dare him to he would probably have ended up in the same place so it didn't matter. And then, on top of all that, he smoked way too much weed. The joint he normally would have shared and passed around with several friends was essentially all his and... Shane's? That couldn't be right, but the memory hit him like a ton of bricks. The pool game. Shane's pool shark skills. The roof. The weed. Shane Hollander had smoked weed with Ilya Rosanov alone together on a roof. Oh my god, he kissed him, like a lot. Ilya was not ashamed to be bisexual and he often hooked up with random men when he went out to clubs but he always picked someone discreet and someone who didn't really know anything about hockey. Last night, he picked Shane Hollander, fellow NHL player and former arch-rival, maybe friend now. He questioned this weakly, before deciding to refocus on his priorities.

He checked his phone for the time, seeing 10:00am and decided he needed to get up, go eat whatever Marlow's wonderful wife was making (he hoped at least because Marlow can't cook for shit), and fulfill his promise to clean up whatever mess was waiting for him at the bottom of the stairs. But something caught his eye first: a text. It was from a contact that he saved last night as Second Best Hockey Player, but he knew that clearly meant it was Shane's phone number. All it said was "Hi". What a loser, he thought to himself, even in an incoherent state he could usually think of something more clever and flirtatious than "Hi". But, the text was technically unanswered on his end so maybe he should send something back. Whatever spell that Shane cast on him last night-- probably with his magic billiard skills-- he was mad that it was so strong. Why did he have such an affinity for someone he was supposed to hate? He groaned loudly, and shoved his phone in his pocket without texting back. One thing at a time. He threw on low slung flannel pants over his boxers to be decent and forced his feet to carry him downstairs.

A loud text tone woke Shane up at around 11:00am which was incredibly unusual for him. He sat up in a panic, to find Hayden still sleeping next to him. Well, their flight to Montreal wasn't until this afternoon, so he supposed there was time. He felt pretty good all things considered. He drank two beers over the course of like six hours so he wasn't hungover at all, and to his surprise, happily, the weed he smoked hadn't done any morning damage. He couldn't believe Rosanov convinced him to smoke weed last night. But, it was actually a

pretty good experience, as far as he remembers. He wasn't used to having a limited memory of the previous night's events, but he was pretty sure that he didn't do anything too embarrassing. He remembered everything until the weed on the roof and.. Oh my god he had made out with Ilya Rosanov. He was instantly, and embarrassingly so, turned on by the memory. All they had done was kiss (he thinks) but he hadn't been with someone in so long that that alone was nearly enough to send him over the edge. He started to get hard just thinking about Rosanov's soft lips, the pinning of his hands to the wall... he groaned. Current him was mad at last night him for not doing more because he had a hot, willingly discreet man in front of him and he fumbled.

He grumbled quietly to himself and actually picked up his phone to check the text. It was from Best Hockey Player in NHL, which he knew was the ever-humble Rosanov. It read: You will teach me magician pool trick again. And then another: I will be best at hockey and pool soon so you can change contact name to that now if you want ;). Shane grinned wide, probably idiotically so. Okay, it was going to be okay. They could be friends and forget about the events of last night, blame it on the weed, and move on. That's what Shane wanted. Not his dick, clearly, but it was what was best for him, his career, and his life in general.

Hayden stirred beside him and then immediately groaned when he became conscious. "Shane!" he yelled without even looking over to the other bed, "Why did you let me drink so much?"

Shane laughed, but got up to get his poor friend some water and a couple of painkillers from their shared bathroom. He brought them back to which Hayden sat up and took graciously, thanking him. "And why aren't you ever affected by the party activities?" he added miserably.

"Oh so you want me to be suffering?"

"Misery loves company," he grimaced as he rolled back around, trying to shut out the world again.

Shane let him try to sleep and made quiet work of getting up and dressed. He was going to try to have a normal day, despite his very abnormal start time. Gym, shower, food, and then he would pack for himself (and likely Hayden) to make sure they arrived to the airport on time to get home.

The next time Rosanov and Hollander encountered each other, it was on the ice. Both centers were facing off for the top of a regular season game. They had been texting, rather often, but both of them decided to strategically avoid the kissing situation that had occurred a couple weeks prior. It was a little clunky at first, but they actually really clicked as friends for some odd reason. Off ice, over text at least, Ilya's brazen loud personality balanced out Shane's shy and more awkward one. On ice, they still played hard against each other; the rivalry everyone knew and loved.

There was a new fire in Rosanov's eyes as he skated to center ice to face off his momentary rival. "Shane Hollander," he uttered, smirking, "Will you disappoint them?"

“Nope,” he said, popping the P sound at the end. And with that Hollander won the face off and skated away with the puck as Rosanov chased after him. Game on.

Post game the locker room for the Montreal Voyageurs was on fire. They had one in overtime after a close game all night. It almost went into a shootout and with seconds to spare Shane got the final puck to slip past the Boston goalie. It was only the first of many games between the rival teams to come the following season but it was electric. As captain, Shane always let everyone else on his team use the showers first so he was among the last to be lingering in the room when his phone buzzed.

Ilya: I will see you tonight?

Shane: If you can stand facing the team that came out on top tonight ;)

Ilya: I will be on top by the end of tonight.

Ilya: Come out to club with my team. Palazzo. You can invite your team, but no Pike please. He is so annoying.

Shane: Hey!! Hayden is my best friend and he will be coming if I decide to go out.

Ilya: If Hayden must come for you to come I will be fine. I will ignore him like usual.

Shane was not entirely sure what he meant by that first text back about being on top but he chalked it up to some Russian to English mistranslations because the rest of their exchange was completely normal. He texted in the groupchat with all of the Voyageurs saying a simple: Celebrate the win at Palazzo? I think Boston's team will be there so we can rub it in a little bit. And then, because he was the captain and had a responsibility to uphold he added another quick: in a very mature and sportsmanlike way, of course.

The group chat responded quickly and positively to that idea. Shane never, ever, suggested going out but what the heck he wanted to celebrate tonight and, more importantly, he wanted to see Ilya. Hayden came out from the back of the locker room, also lingering because he and Shane carpooled tonight, as they often did, and Hayden knew his ritual. His voice boomed from around the corner, “Shaaaaane!! You're suggesting we all go clubbing?? Who are you and what did you do with my best friend??” He grabbed Shane from behind and rough-housed him lovingly a bit before letting go, “Go get in the showers so we can get drunk, you reek! And Shane,” Hayden added hopefully, “please tell me your new best friend Rosanov is not the one who actually suggested this. Better yet, tell me he won't even be there.” Hayden's eyes pleaded like a dog, but he knew the answer before he even asked the question. He had eased up on Ilya since he understood they were becoming genuine friends, but he still didn't like him. He was trying, sort of. And it was enough. Shane laughed in response and headed in the direction of the showers.

Palazzo was packed. It was a Saturday night, after all, and in addition to the plenty of people that normally populated nightclubs on Saturdays, about thirty or forty NHL players were added to the mix. Shane and Hayden walked in together because Hayden was a good friend and really was Shane's security blanket in the form of a person. But he quickly found Ilya

because he was drawn to him like a magnet. Hayden had ducked toward the bar in an attempt to get them some drinks, and Shane approached the circle of Boston men that had formed around their captain.

“Good game guys!” Shane shouted over the music, in an attempt to be a good sport.

“Roasnov! Why did you invite them?” Marlow complained, but Shane knew it was mostly a joke. Marlow was a good guy, according to Ilya, and he trusted that. Plus he had lost his fair share of games to Boston before and it isn’t necessarily the best mood he’s in after that.

Ilya rolled his eyes at his teammate and said, “Ignore them, they are sore losers, we are all happy to be here, yes?” The question-- that wasn’t really a question-- perked up the Boston men in the circle. Ilya continued, as if he was giving them a pre-game pep-talk, “Now boys, we lost. Boo-hoo. We will win next time. For tonight let’s focus on three things: dancing, getting drunk, and getting laid! And shots for everyone on Hollander because he is such good sport!” This made everyone in the circle erupt in laughter and cheers.

It was Shane’s turn to roll his eyes. Not that he couldn’t afford some rounds of shots, but because Ilya was idiotic and charming. He nodded, silently agreeing to the preposterous statement that his friend had just made on his behalf, and went toward the bar to just buy a whole damn bottle because there were so many of them over there. He came back with a better quality bottle of vodka than he needed to and handed it to Ilya, still in the center of the circle, adding a “That’s it” on top of all the hooting and hollering so that they knew Shane wasn’t funding the rest of their binge-drinking evening.

“Oh wow Hollander, you got the Russian stuff, are you trying to impress me?” Ilya teased. Shane blushed in response, he wasn’t thinking exactly that when he bought it, but he did want to get something a little nicer than a handle of Smirnoff. “Not everything is about you Rosanov,” he quipped back playfully. “Enjoy boys, I’m going to go hangout with other victorious hockey players!” He surprised himself with his comeback abilities but it worked because the boys all laughed and patted him on the back as he walked away, in search of Hayden or anyone else on his team.

Shane was not keeping tabs on Ilya, he swears he wasn’t. But he just happened to see him all the time whenever he would look up, there he was. He was moving fluidly, probably aided by vodka, as the club lights shined purples and pinks down on him. He was pretty. And with that thought, Shane decided to cut himself off. He had, yet again, only had about three drinks but it was enough to make him tipsy when he hardly ever drank. It was getting late, and he was getting tired, but it was clear nobody else-- from Montreal or Boston-- was. He tapped Hayden on the shoulder, distracting him from where he was talking to a beautiful brunette girl (go Hayden). When he finally got his friend to turn he just leaned into his ear to talk over the music, “I’m going home dude, this was fun! Make it back safe okay? Love ya!”

Hayden’s face contorted into what was probably going to be protest, but then he remembered the beautiful woman on the other side of him. “Okay, dude. Love ya too!”

Shane should say goodbye to Ilya this time, right? Yes, he decided he should. It took a few minutes to weave his way through the packed club toward where Ilya was dancing, with several people all around him. Shane sighed to himself, and broke through a gap in the crowd

around his friend. "Ilya, I'm heading out just wanted to say bye," and because he couldn't help himself, "And better luck next time!"

Ilya's gaze shot up to meet Shane's. He didn't even look that drunk, but he was set on something because the determination in his eyes was unmistakable. "I am going home with you," he asserted. Shane hadn't invited him over or anything, and Ilya had a hotel room suite with the rest of the Bears that he could sleep in so this statement confused Shane. Ilya saw this confusion and clarified, "Like to your house. I want tour"

Oh. Odd, but okay. "I'm leaving right now though so if you want a house tour you're coming with me now" Shane added, kind of hoping that it would deter him, but also really hoping it wouldn't.

"Okay," Ilya said easily. "Goodbye beautiful people," he shouted to nobody in particular, but everyone around him responded in groans, laughs, or cheers. He always got a reaction out of people, no matter if it was good, bad or in-between. Shane laughed to himself and started moving toward the front exit. Ilya grabbed his arm to stay together. It was a thing that often happened in the depths of Montreal night clubs between friends, but the simple touch lit Shane's skin ablaze.

When they made it together to the street, the cooler Canadian air felt nice. Palazzo was actually conveniently close to Shane's inner-city apartment, so they started walking down Saint-Laurent Boulevard in a comfortable silence. Ilya had let go of Shane's arm when they exited the club because two hockey players walking hand-in-hand down the street together would be the subject of the tabloids for the next week, and neither of them wanted that, and it would have been untrue anyway (whatever it was they would have said).

"I can't believe you wanted to leave the clubs for this," Shane breathed out, sort of insecurely. His house was always neat but he wasn't expecting Ilya to want to see where he lived. And, he was genuinely tired, and it was after midnight so he was not in the best hosting mode. Ilya didn't respond at first, and Shane didn't really expect him to. A couple minutes of silence later Ilya murmured something incoherent. "What?" Shane turned back to ask, "We're almost there," he added, assuming Ilya was complaining about the distance they had been walking (which was under a mile, but he can imagine a drunk person might find it more difficult to bear).

"I would leave any club in the world to hangout with you, Shane" Ilya repeated, louder this time so he heard.

Shane turned to him and went to laugh when he realized the expression on Ilya's face was stoic. "Oh," was all he could manage, "We're here!" he added weakly. He quickly put in his password-- decidedly not 2424-- and let them into a stairwell. "I actually own the whole building so nobody uses this except me, but I only stay on the unit up top really. Nicest view and all." They climbed the stairs until they were at the door to the top unit.

The silence behind him was starting to scare him but when he turned around Ilya was inches from his face. They were both breathing a little bit heavier from the stairs, or maybe from something else. What was probably seconds felt like days before Ilya spoke first, "I want to keep my promise from earlier." Shane started to try to think back to what promise he was

talking about but his thoughts were broken by the searing set of lips that came crashing into his own.

Shane broke apart the kiss, “What?” he asked, confused. They both avoided talking about the situation that happened at Marlow’s party, and he assumed Ilya had done so because it was a mistake, for him.

Ilya was fierce like a predator; like he had been waiting every second since the last to kiss him again. He looked like he wanted to eat Shane alive, and well... Shane might just let him. “I texted you earlier that I would be on top at end of night, yes?” he slurred.

Oh. That is what he had meant earlier. Shane rolled his eyes internally at himself for being so dense sometimes. He fumbled for his key to the apartment door and Ilya latched onto his back, kissing up his neck fervently. Shane just rolled his neck back and moaned at the contact. Key. Right. Focus Shane. Get inside and then let the big beautiful Russian man do whatever he wants to you. Somehow he managed to do just that and let them in. Ilya flipped them around so that he was back to kissing Shane’s lips.

“Where is bedroom? You have been bad host not giving me full tour so I do not know yet,” Ilya whispered in his ear when he went to kiss up Shane’s jawline.

Shane flipped them so he was leading and Ilya was walking backwards, blindly being led by Shane toward the bedroom. Luckily the bedroom was right off of the main living area and Shane backed them in, the familiar space suddenly unfamiliar with Ilya filling it. The door clicked shut behind them, the sound loud in the quiet apartment, and that was all it took for Ilya to surge forward again.

He kissed Shane like he’d been holding back for weeks, which Shane realized dimly, he had. Teeth scraped, lips bruising, hands everywhere all at once. Shane’s back hit the wall and he gasped, the sound swallowed immediately by Ilya’s mouth. “Bed,” Ilya repeated, breathless, hands already tugging at Shane’s shirt. “Now.”

Shane didn’t bother answering. He grabbed Ilya by the collar and dragged him the last few steps, shoving him back onto the bed with a strength he didn’t usually let himself use. Ilya blinked up at him, surprised, and then grinned, slow and dangerous.

“Oh,” Ilya said. “So you do know how to play.”

“Shut up,” Shane muttered, climbing over him.

He kissed Ilya again, harder this time, all pent-up want and months of frustration pouring out of him. Ilya’s hands slid down Shane’s back, gripping, pulling him closer until there was no space left between them. Shane could feel how hard he already was through their jeans, and the realization sent a jolt straight through him.

Ilya groaned when Shane ground down against him, hips rolling instinctively. “Fuck, Shane-”

That did it. Hearing his name like that, wrecked and low, snapped something loose inside him.

Shane broke the kiss just long enough to yank Ilya's shirt over his head and toss it aside. He paused for half a second, taking him in: broad chest, flushed skin, the faintest dusting of hair. He leaned down, mouthing over his collarbone, his neck, his shoulder. He was losing himself in the heat of the moment, and Ilya took the opportunity to claw back the control he had started to lose. He flipped them over, hovering in his lap as both men were sat up, intertwined with one another. The lust melted away the remaining effects of the alcohol, enough for Ilya to form a plan.

He leaned in even closer than he already was, which felt impossible but Ilya was known for making the impossible, possible. "How good are you at following directions, moy lyubimy?" The words came out in a low, quiet tone but they hit Shane's ear like an airplane taking off. Shane couldn't respond, he just arched up into Ilya's touch and hoped that it gave all the answer he needed. He wanted to be good for him, to do whatever he wanted. Shane just wanted to please Ilya.

"Words, sweetheart," Ilya said again. God if Shane wasn't so horny and desperate he would've taken the time to appreciate the level of consent Ilya was trying to get but right now it just annoyed him. He couldn't formulate real words but he managed to let out a quick plea, "Yes, anything."

Ilya smiled big at his words and guided Shane down onto the bed-- not pushing, not forcing, just directing-- until Shane was reclined, flat on his back. Ilya followed, crawling over him with unhurried confidence, one knee settling between Shane's thighs.

"Hands," Ilya said again, tapping the mattress beside Shane's head. Shane placed them there, palms down, heart hammering. "That's it," Ilya murmured, approval unmistakable. "Stay." He had quite literally never been this turned on, he thought he was going to combust before he was even fully undressed, which would be so embarrassing. But he wasn't embarrassed, not with Ilya.

Ilya kissed his way down Shane's body like he had all the time in the world, mouth open and deliberate, teeth grazing just enough to make Shane gasp. When he reached Shane's waistband, he paused, looking up. "Still okay?" he asked.

"Yes, Rosanov" Shane breathed. "Please."

Ilya smiled, slow and satisfied, as he unbuttoned Shane's jeans with maddening care, pulling them down inch by inch. He didn't rush when Shane's hips twitched. He simply pressed a hand there, holding him still.

"Patience," Ilya said softly. "I decide when." The words sent a sharp jolt straight through Shane.

Ilya freed him and wrapped his hand around him, firm and confident, watching Shane's face as he stroked him slowly, testing, learning. Ilya seemed so carefree to the outside world but he was actually incredibly observant. Everything he tried he watched for Shane's reactions in

his microexpressions, repeating the things he knew felt the best. Shane arched instinctively, a broken sound slipping out of him.

“Look at me,” Ilya demanded, voice growing darker with need.

Shane did, breathless, exposed, undone.

“That’s it,” Ilya praised. “You are beautiful when you let go.”

Ilya leaned down and took him into his mouth without warning, and Shane cried out, hands curling uselessly into the sheets as every coherent thought vanished. Ilya didn’t rush. He drew it out until Shane was shaking, until he was right on the edge and desperate.

“Ilya, Ilya, Ilya” Shane repeated like a religious prayer. He felt Ilya moan dramatically around his cock. A strand of pleas and cries and moans followed from Shane. He couldn’t control his words even if he tried. He was close. So close. Then, Ilya pulled back.

“Not yet,” he said calmly, wiping his mouth with his thumb. “I am not finished with you.” Shane whined before he could stop himself. Ilya chuckled quietly.

He stripped the rest of the way, movements efficient, and then settled back over Shane, pinning him with his weight alone. “Lube?” He asked, and Shane just pointed to the drawer in the bedside table. Ilya got up fully, Shane missing his weight over him immediately. He could’ve reached the drawer from where he was but he always had to make a show of everything. He approached the bedside table and opened the drawer painfully slow. Rummaging through, until his eyes lit up and his whole face had “bad idea” written all over it. He held up the bottle of lube, making sure it was the one Shane wanted him to find, but then, in his other hand, he exposed Shane’s dildo.

“Do you play with yourself thinking of me. Wishing for this moment?” He asked plainly, voice dripping with bravado. Shane chokes on his own breath. Wow. That was so bold, and not so far from the truth. Shane had used the dildo before, but honestly he wasn’t super practiced in it. He still felt kind of embarrassed when he tried so most of the time he gave up and just jerked off instead, but there had been a couple times in the last couple weeks specifically-- maybe related to Ilya but he would not say that to his face-- that he had tried again.

Shane tried to harden his face to match Ilya’s energy, to which he failed miserably, but he was trying. “Maybe,” he said coyly, “or maybe my life doesn’t revolve around you. Maybe I use that thinking of other people.”

He didn’t know the gravity of the statement when he said it, but it made Ilya so jealous that he practically jumped back on the bed to hover over Shane, both items still in his hands. “Hmm, you stick dildo in your ass thinking about what other people?” He dropped both items and placed a dry finger against Shane’s hole, just barely touching the skin.

Shane didn’t-- couldn’t-- say anything. Just let his head drop back into the pillows. Ilya put a little bit of lube on the first finger and put it back where it was before, much colder this time against Shane’s hole. He still couldn’t do much to defend his previous statement other than

whimper and moan at the contact, which definitely did not defend his prior statement. Ilya was just barely getting started. He began to slowly work the first finger inside, feeling the warmth and heat against it. "All the people in that club," he began "they want me, they look at me, they touch me" his voice trailed off momentarily as he leaned in closer, "but only you get to have me tonight Shane." He started working his finger faster before removing it completely. He got more lube to coat two fingers and began the process again with both.

"I saw you all night watching me. Looking at all the people who were trying to be exactly where you are right now. Were you hopeful Shane, huh? Tell me were you watching all of them try their best to charm and seduce me, wishing it was you?"

"Holy fuck, Ilya. Yes," he admitted with what was now no sense of shame. He must of left it at the door.

Simultaneous to his confession, Ilya crooked his fingers to jab at Shane's prostate, eliciting a pleased cry from him. He scissored his fingers, continuing to work him open for what felt like forever. And then, when forever wasn't long enough, he moved to do the same thing with three fingers. How much more prep did Ilya think he needed he was so ready for him. And he was probably going to cum before he even got there.

"Ugh, oh shit, Ilya. Keep going please right there"

He was right at the brink, when he felt a loss of all feeling, for the fourth time that night. Ilya had removed himself from Shane, and gotten up... again. It was infuriating but also so hot it turned Shane on in ways he had never been turned on before. Again, when he managed to wrench his eyes open, he was met with a devious gaze on Ilya's face. He was standing by the window that had had the blinds closed. The light still gleamed through a bit and he was as pretty now in the beams of moonlight as he had been on that roof a couple of weeks ago. Whatever deal he had made with the moon to make it shine so perfectly on him, Shane didn't care because he got to benefit from it now. The streaks of shadows and bright white light painted the lines of his body like a Greek God-- whichever one was the God of Sex Shane joked with himself.

"I want them to watch us," Ilya said calmly, interrupting Shane's joke with himself. How could he be so fucking calm while saying the hottest thing known to man? "I want them to be able to look into these windows and see how good you're being for me. How patient. Just waiting until I make you cum, crying my name as I fuck into your hole, mmmm." He paused before adding, "Do you want that, Shane? Do you want them to see what I can do to you? How I take you apart and make a mess of you?"

"If you don't fucking come back here right now and actually do something I am just going to do it myself," Shane uttered, closing his eyes again, fearful-- but not really-- of what Ilya's reaction would be.

He felt the weight back on him, and then he felt himself being flipped again so he was straddling Ilya's hips.

"You want to be all macho man in charge, go ahead," Ilya grinned, "Ride me."

Shane's skin was on fire as he sunk slowly down onto Ilya's dick, head thrown back in ecstasy. He didn't move at first, just adjusting to the feeling. If Ilya wanted a show, Shane could put on a show, he decided. Slowly, he started to raise and lower his hips, fucking himself on the man below him. He wasn't worried about being heard anymore as he practically yelled his moans. Ilya was remaining mostly still, sometimes absent-mindedly thrusting his hips up to meet Shane, but trying to let him have the control (for now). He used one hand to steady himself on Ilya's chest, and reached the other up to play with his nipples, turning himself on more dramatically than required, but if it was a show he wanted, it was a show he was getting. Then, Shane ground his hips down with a particularly hard motion and made direct eye-contact with Ilya, "Like this?" he murmured in the most seductive voice he was capable of at the moment.

But it must've worked because Ilya basically growled, adding a slew of what was probably Russian swears, and used one hand to support Shane's back as he flipped them around again. Shane's back hit the mattress, the breath knocked clean from his lungs, and then there was nowhere to go. Ilya hovered over him, one hand planted beside Shane's head, the other still firm at his hip, eyes dark and intent like he'd finally decided to stop holding back. And if before was holding back, Shane was in for it in all the ways he wanted to be.

"That," Ilya said quietly, voice low and satisfied, "was very good show."

Shane laughed, the sound shaky and breathless, his chest still rising too fast. His hands, finally free, slid up Ilya's arms and curled into his shoulders, grounding himself there. "You literally told me to--"

"I know," Ilya cut in, leaning down just enough that their mouths brushed, his breath warm and steady despite everything. "I just wanted to see if you would. You would do anything for me. So needy, Shane."

Something shifted then. The heat didn't disappear, but it settled, focused and deliberate. The teasing edge dulled into something heavier, more certain maybe. Ilya rested his forehead against Shane's, their noses bumping softly, the closeness almost unbearable in its intimacy.

"I am going to give you what you want now," Ilya murmured sensually. Shane didn't hesitate. His pulse thudded loudly in his ears, but his mind was clear. He tipped his chin up, closing the distance himself, lips barely grazing Ilya's. Usually, in any other scenario between the two of them Shane would hold himself to a higher standard. He would never beg for Ilya to do anything. But tonight was different, "Please," he whined.

The smile Ilya gave him then wasn't sharp or cocky. It was soft. Real. He kissed Shane again, slower this time, like he was anchoring them both instead of trying to unravel him. Shane sighed into it, muscles finally loosening fully as he melted into the weight above him, every lingering doubt dissolving under the certainty of Ilya's touch. Ilya thrust into him several more times at a brutal and unrelenting pace coaxing all the sweet sounds out of Shane that he liked the most. He snaked a hand between them to stroke Shane's cock, and he hissed with pleasure, and maybe a bit of pain at the oversensitive area.

Above him, Ilya became lost in the pure bliss, hearing himself moan like an out-of-body experience. He looked down to see Shane's eyes screwed shut. Unacceptable, he thought.

“Shane, look at me when you cum, or I will stop” he demanded lowly. The threat was enough to bring Shane back and he immediately lifted his watery gaze up to Ilya’s.

A strung of pleas followed. He was close. And, because it was always a competition, Ilya was dead set on making Shane come before he did. He sped up his fist, pumping faster, rhythmically matching the pace of his hips. And then, Shane was done for. He came so hard that it splashed all the way up his chest, almost to his neck. Ilya rode out his own orgasm, thrown over the edge by the beautiful sight below him. “Shane,” he groaned, “Can I?”

Amidst his sex haze, he wasn’t entirely sure what Ilya wanted but he nodded anyway. He would give him anything right now. Ilya came inside of him, and wow, Shane thought to himself, that’s a new feeling. It was a great feeling. One he wanted every day for the rest of his life. He laughed at himself, slowly coming back down to reality. And the reality was, Ilya would probably leave soon, and then they would probably ignore this like they ignored the kiss the first time around. It’s not what he wanted, not really, but he understood their circumstance, and he knew it wouldn’t be plausible.

Ilya pulled out, sighing dramatically, because he could never not be dramatic, and opened his arms for Shane to curl into his chest. It was quiet for a minute before Ilya added, “Best at hockey and now best at sex? You are going to have to get better than this Shane, you are losing edge.” The unexpected comment ripped a laugh from Shane as he replied the only thing he could think of, “You’re an asshole.”

“No, I remember you being the asshole tonight,” Ilya feigned a face of confusion, and then his features composed to a more serious expression, “And I would like it if you would be the asshole more often.” It was a ridiculous way to say it, and even Ilya knew that, but he wasn’t really all that good at vulnerable things. Vulnerable things like hoping that Shane Hollander would... he didn’t know. He just knew that he wished he could see Shane every day, not just for the mind-blowing sex, but because they clicked. Ilya was loved by everyone, but he wasn’t used to having a two-way friendship like he had started to form with Shane. It just felt right from the start and... he cut his own train of thought off realizing that he hadn’t heard Shane reply. He stuttered, trying to come up with some joke or something to cut the tension, anything to pretend he meant something else with that ludicrous statement from seconds before.

“I’d like that,” Shane replied simply. “I don’t know what it means and it’s scary but I like having you in my life.”

“Ah, you mean you like my dick?” Ilya joked. He didn’t mean to, but it was a test, a defense mechanism: putting up walls to see if Shane would even dare to climb them.

“Well that too, but I like you. Even just being friends. If you wanted to forget about this and ignore it again, I would. I smile at my phone like an idiot every time you text. Maybe you don’t feel the same but I feel like you just get me.” It was Shane’s turn to panic. Why was he saying all these things? Of course Ilya probably just wanted sex. That was kind of his thing. And Shane was probably just his latest conquest. He sighed internally at the thought, and turned his head further away from Ilya’s in embarrassment, despite remaining on his chest. The silence that followed made Shane panic more. He probably just scared Ilya away and lost a friend (and great sex but that wasn’t as important right now). He made a motion to get up,

thinking that he just needed to clean up in the bathroom and give Ilya space to leave if he wanted.

Ilya clearly did not want this when he yanked Shane's arm back down. He grabbed his chin, rather forcibly, and pulled their gazes together. "Yes," Ilya began, "Yes, I get you. Yes, you get me. Yes, I want more of this."

Shane exhaled. Crisis averted. "I don't know what that will look like," he admitted sheepishly. He was a major planner and this was something that needed a major plan. "But I want it," he ended.

"Tonight I think it looks like more sex, possibly in beautiful shower, and then with you hosting me overnight." He grinned, kissing him soft and long, not leaving any room for Shane to deny the request that was not really a request. Very brazen, very Ilya.

Moonlight spilled through the uncovered window in pale, silvery ribbons, catching on bare skin and soft edges, turning everything it touched gentler somehow. It traced the slope of Ilya's shoulders and the sharp line of his jaw, softened the planes of Shane's face where tension usually lived, and washed them both in the same quiet glow. In its light, they looked unreal; less like men who carried the weight of cities and seasons and expectations, and more like something sacred and briefly untouchable. Shadows kissed the hollows of collarbones, highlighted the curve of backs and the rise and fall of shared breath, as if the moon itself had leaned closer just to admire them. Shane thought, faintly, that people always talked about beauty like it was loud or blinding, but this? This was softer, truer. In this light, Ilya was pretty. Pretty not because he tried to be (he never had to try to be) but because he simply existed, luminous like the moon hanging watchfully over them both.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!