I Need You More Than I Let On

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I Need You More Than I Let On

by curlychameleon

Summary

Let's pretend that Shane and Ilya's sunset beach scene took place the night before the All-Star game, and Shane's gay confession is slightly overshadowed by Ilya's reaction to an injury on the ice.

As the 2017 All-Star game draws to a close, you have to admire Shane Hollander's leadership on the ice tonight. With the chemistry we are seeing from his team, you would think these players have been training together all season. Notably, this includes long-time rival Ilya Rozanov—and while it may come as a surprise, it's clear that Hollander and Rozanov's competitive history is not getting in the way of them working seamlessly together on the ice. It's also clear that captain Aaron Eriksson is not going to be able to squeeze out a win against this powerful duo tonight.

Rozanov with the puck now, with a beautiful pass to Hollander as they move to further solidify their victory, and ouch—Hollander just took a hard hit from Eriksson. That did not look good. There's Scott Hunter helping Hollander to his feet now. Hollander's waving away the medics, but you can tell he's hurt. Looks like a possible broken rib. Who knows what this could mean for Montreal's remaining season, but It's safe to say that Hollander will not be finishing this All-Star game on the ice.

And here comes Ilya Rozanov— boy, he is not happy. He's confronting Eriksson now. This looks like it could get ugly. There go the gloves... And ouch, that is a powerful right hook from Rozanov. With three minutes left in the period, Hollander's injury won't prevent his team from clinching the victory, but it looks like Rozanov is going to be watching the remainder of this game from the penalty box.

Later, when Ilya knocked on his hotel room door, Shane pulled him inside looking furious.

"That was so fucking stupid, Rozanov, what were you thinking?" he hissed. Ilya just smirked.

"Was thinking Eriksson would look pretty with less teeth." In his deep voice it almost sounded sensual.

"You can't—that was *so obvious*, people are going to *talk*—" Shane said, eyes wild and anxious. Ilya looked at him like he was an idiot.

"And they say what? I hit him, so this means you and I are fucking?" He rolled his eyes, but there was a fondness in his expression that never failed to make Shane feel breathless. "I need your permission to throw punch, now?"

"It was reckless," Shane argued.

"Eriksson had it coming. I would have done same thing if he came after any teammate." It was a lie, and they both knew it. "Only asshole would play dirty in stupid All-Star game."

"It was a clean hit."

"Was not. His elbow—"

"I watched it back, Rozanov, it was clean," Shane interrupted him, voice firm.

“And so what?” Ilya sounded exasperated. “Is hockey. Sometimes people get punched. You never play before?”

“Fuck you.” A smile was tugging at Shane’s lips despite himself. Ilya smiled back at him for a moment, but then his eyebrows drew together in concern.

“How are your ribs?”

“They’re *fine*—that’s not what I’m worried about right now.”

“Is what I worry about. Show me,” he demanded. As always, Shane’s first instinct was to obey his order without question. He managed to keep himself from immediately raising his shirt, because Ilya couldn’t have everything he wanted from him all the fucking time.

“Ilya.”

“Shane,” Ilya said mockingly, and he stepped forward, crowding Shane against the bed until he was forced to sit down on the edge of the mattress. “Show.”

With a heavy sigh, Shane lifted the hem of his t-shirt to expose the purple bruises starting to bloom over the right side of his ribcage. Ilya reached down to trace his fingers along the mottled skin, and Shane hissed at the sensation.

“Is not so bad,” Ilya said appraisingly. You will recover before playoffs.”

“I know that, you asshole. Which is why it was fucking stupid of you to deck Eriksson over nothing.” Shane felt a tiny bit of satisfaction from being right. But mostly he still felt mad at Ilya for risking everything because of his stupid temper.

“It looked worse on the ice.”

“I don’t care!” Shane snapped. “I don’t need you fighting my battles for me, Rozanov.” Ilya stared at him, looking deeply unimpressed.

“Ah, so *you* were going to punch him, then?” he said pointedly.

“It was a *clean hit*—”

“So you say.”

“Do you want me to pull up the clip and show you?” Shane said, tugging his phone out of his pocket, ready to do just that.

“No, no, no. I do not want to watch you get hurt again.” There was something tender in Ilya’s expression, but it quickly shifted back to the cocky arrogance Shane was used to. “But you would like to see my punch again, da?” he teased.

“Definitely not.” Another lie. Ilya was grinning now, and it was almost terrifying how much Shane wanted to kiss him.

“You sure? Was good one.” He mimed the punch, striking an imaginary Eriksson. Shane’s eyes were drawn to the movement, and his stomach dropped when he noticed a red bruise swelling along Ilya’s third and fourth knuckles.

“What the fuck, Rozanov,” he breathed, gently catching his hand to examine it more closely.

“Bitch left helmet on.” Ilya shrugged. “Is fine. Not broken, I had checked.”

“Are you fucking kidding me?” Shane said, fury welling up in him again.

“Do not worry, Hollander. I still have plenty fingers to fuck you with.” He wiggled his pointer and middle fingers in Shane’s face suggestively, and Shane rolled his eyes.

“God, I hate you.” He lifted the bruised knuckles to his lips, pressing a soft kiss against Ilya’s skin. *Stupid, reckless, impulsive man*.

“Maybe I overreact a *little*,” Ilya admitted, catching Shane off guard. He couldn’t remember another time when Ilya had acknowledged he was wrong. Not about anything that happened on the ice, at least. “I was worried you would have to miss playoffs, Shane. I got upset.” Shane’s heart squeezed painfully in his chest. There it was again, his first name. It was silly how intimate it sounded falling from Ilya’s lips. It was his *name*, everyone else used it.

“I’ll be there to kick your ass, Rozanov, don’t worry.” The delighted spark of challenge his words provoked in Ilya’s eyes was intoxicating.

“We will see, Hollander. We will see.”

Ilya leaned in to kiss him deeply, tongue sliding into his mouth, hot and wet. Shane felt goosebumps rise on the back of his neck. He sank into the kiss, sank into Ilya, and into the addictive state of mind only Ilya had the power to awaken in him.

Shane felt his hands moving over the front of Ilya’s tank top, groping at his broad pectorals and savoring their give underneath his fingertips. That’s one thing a macrobiotic diet would never allow for Shane—he knew he was strong, but he’d never have quite as much mouthwatering muscle as Ilya carried around. He loved the way it felt in his hands, surprisingly soft when Ilya wasn’t tensed with exertion.

Ilya pushed gently at his shoulders, and Shane let himself fall backward onto the bed.

“Up,” Ilya instructed, gesturing towards the headboard. Shane scooched back against the pillows, careful to agitate his ribs as little as possible. “Strip.”

Shane followed his command without even having to think about it. He pulled the shirt over his head, folding it neatly and placing it on the bedside table. Then he unbuttoned his pants, but when he reached down to push them off his legs, his ribs twinged painfully. He winced, and Ilya’s eyes narrowed.

“Stop, stop. I will undress you,” he said hastily, stepping closer. He climbed onto the bed and knelt beside Shane’s legs. “You are my present, for breaking Eriksson’s jaw. I will unwrap.”

“Did you actually?” Shane asked, concern flooding him again. And maybe a little arousal. Ilya hummed noncommittally.

“Maybe.”

He took his time, gently tugging Shane’s pants down his legs and exposing his black boxer briefs. When the pants were free, Ilya folded them carefully and handed them to Shane, who placed them on the bedside table with his shirt. Next were Shane’s socks, which Ilya peeled off one at a time while maintaining heated eye contact. He arranged the socks neatly on top of each other before handing them to Shane as well. Finally, Ilya hooked his fingertips on the waistband of Shane’s boxers and pulled them down and off his legs. He stared at them in his hands for a second as if he was having trouble deciding what to do with them, and then he folded them and gave them to Shane to add to his pile.

The gesture, the unhurriedness, and the fact that Shane was now naked on his bed while Ilya was still fully clothed all washed over Shane in warring waves of affection and embarrassment.

“You too, please,” he said, suddenly aching to see more of Ilya’s freckled skin. Ilya looked at him consideringly, like he was seriously weighing the request.

“Maybe, since you ask so nicely. In a minute, though.” Shane made a frustrated noise, and Ilya looked very pleased with himself. “After I look at you some more.” He slid a hand up Shane’s shin before gently squeezing his way up his thigh. It made Shane feel a little ticklish, but he fought to keep still. Ilya continued the path up Shane’s body, his calloused hand skating over his hip and abs before dodging his bruised ribs to grab a handful of Shane’s right pec.

“Love these,” he said, voice deep and rumbly. “Love your tits.” Ilya emphasized his diction on the word “tits,” the t-sounds crisp. He knew it drove Shane crazy when he called them that. The first time he’d said it, Shane had flushed so red Ilya had laughed out loud and teased him about it mercilessly for the rest of the night. Ilya reached over him to grab Shane’s other pec, squeezing them together like he was trying to make cleavage.

“Rozanov,” Shane whined, losing patience.

“What do you want, dorogoy?” Ilya said teasingly, as if he didn’t always know exactly what Shane wanted. Sometimes it seemed like he knew it better than Shane did.

“I want you to take your fucking clothes off.” It came out sounding brattier than Shane had intended, and Ilya tutted.

“That was *not* asking nicely. No, I think I will keep playing with your pretty tits.”

“Please take your fucking clothes off?” Shane tried. Ilya laughed brightly, and then he darted down to suck one of Shane’s nipples into his mouth. He worried the flesh between his teeth, and Shane let out a high, breathy sound. Encouraged, Ilya sucked harder and firmly kneaded Shane’s other pec in his big hand. The sensation was almost too much for Shane. He felt his cock twitching pathetically against his thigh.

“Fuck, *Ilya*,” Shane moaned. “Please, pretty please, I want to see you.” This time, Ilya released his grip and looked up at him affectionately. The mattress shifted as he stood up from the bed and yanked his tank top over his head. Shane’s eyes swept over the trail of hair that led down Ilya’s stomach, over all the scattered moles he occasionally fantasized about connecting with his tongue. Ilya continued to strip, tugging his joggers and underwear down and off at once. He hopped between feet, shedding his socks.

“Happy now?” he asked smugly. His cock hung heavy and thick between his thighs. Shane could immediately picture what it would feel like in his mouth, and his jaw dropped slightly at the imaginary sensation of Ilya’s cock on his tongue. He needed it so badly. He made grabby hands toward Ilya, prompting another laugh.

“Be patient, Shane. I will give you what you need.” And then he climbed back onto the bed, crawling up and over Shane’s thighs until he was straddling his waist. Ilya leaned down to connect their mouths, and Shane surged up to meet him.

They kissed hungrily for a minute. It felt almost like Ilya was trying to consume him, his mouth open and claiming, his teeth nipping at Shane’s bottom lip. It didn’t matter how many times they’d done this—kissing Ilya always lit a fire in Shane’s belly. When Ilya drew back to bite at the column of his neck, Shane was already panting, his breathing loud in the silent hotel room.

He tried to sit up to close the distance between his mouth and Ilya’s cock, but Ilya pressed his hands down firmly on his shoulders to stop him.

“Not with your ribs,” he chastised, and another whine escaped Shane’s throat. Suddenly, a wicked grin flashed across Ilya’s face. Shane knew from experience that it meant he had an idea, and one that would probably end up reducing Shane to a blubbering mess.

Bracing his hands on the pillows, Ilya carefully inched further up the mattress until his knees were around Shane’s armpits. Shane took the opportunity to grab two handfuls of his impossibly round ass, kneading them under his palms. Much of his line of vision was now obscured by Ilya’s thick cock.

“You want?” Ilya smirked, smacking the head of his cock against Shane’s lips once, twice. Shane opened his mouth with a groan. Ilya fed it to him, cursing in Russian as Shane lapped eagerly over the head. The angle made it difficult for Shane to move his head very much, so he licked and sucked over what he had access to. He could hear Ilya breathing noisily through his nose above him.

“So good, Hollander,” he moaned. “I want to fuck your mouth like this. Do you want?” Yeah, Shane wanted. He used his grip on Ilya’s ass to pull him forward, plunging his cock further into his mouth, and Ilya made a sound like he’d been checked against the boards. “Da, like that, Shane,” he breathed. “Ya hotela tebya ves’ den’.” Ilya began to thrust shallowly into Shane’s throat. The taste of him, the feeling of his velvet skin against his tongue was sending Shane deep into a warm, soupy headspace he adored. He focused on relaxing his throat so Ilya could thrust deeper, and it was heavenly not being able to control the pace, not being able to control anything. He was being used like a toy, like he belonged to Ilya. The thought

caused a hot spike of arousal to course through him, and he moaned loudly around Ilya's cock. Ilya froze suddenly, mid-thrust.

“You wear glasses?” He sounded winded. His gaze was fixed on the bedside table, next to Shane’s pile of clothes. Shane whined in protest, trying to keep bobbing his head but unable to take much of his cock without Ilya moving. “You wear glasses,” Ilya repeated, staring down at him in disbelief. He withdrew, sliding fully out of Shane’s mouth.

“For reading—who cares? *Fuck me*, Rozanov.” Shane tried to haul him closer, but Ilya stayed stubbornly still.

“Why have I never seen you wear them?” he asked, almost sounding angry. Shane rolled his eyes.

“Because they’re for *reading*, Ilya. Why are you—please, it’s been *months*, you asshole.” He was pouting now, but he couldn’t help it. Ilya’s eyes narrowed.

“Has not been months since Rose Landry.” He sounded bitter, and Shane laughed incredulously.

“You can’t possibly be jealous, Rozanov. Everyone knows you’ve got a girl in every city. I get laid *one time*—”

“Was only once?” Ilya questioned seriously. “Tell me.”

“Twice.” Shane wanted to kick himself. Why was he even providing this information? Ilya certainly never told him about any of his conquests, not that he’d want to hear it. “And it was terrible both times. So, believe me, I need it. I *need* you, Ilya.”

Those seemed to be the magic words to get Ilya’s attention back on what they were doing. He made a deep sound in his throat and swung his leg over Shane’s body so he was kneeling at his side. For the first time that night, he wrapped a warm hand around Shane’s erection and stroked it firmly. A moan punched out of Shane’s throat.

Ilya appeared overwhelmed, drunk on whatever it was that made him look at Shane with that expression, face slack and eyebrows drawn. He dropped forward to suck the head of Shane’s cock between his lips. The filthy, wet sounds of Ilya swallowing his length drove Shane toward the edge frustratingly quickly.

“Wait—stop,” he said, after several mind-blowing seconds. Ilya pulled off him, his lips shining with spit. A sly grin slid across his face.

“I may have a girl in every city, solnishko,” Ilya crooned, his deep voice a bit ragged. “But everyone knows my *favorite* girl lives in Montreal.” Shane’s first instinct was to feel offended at Ilya referring to him as his girl, but the wave of desire that followed was much more powerful.

“Fuck, prove it,” Shane ground out, and Ilya groaned. He reached for the small bottle of lube on the bedside table, his eyes flickering over to the glasses again. After only a moment’s

hesitation, he grabbed them both.

“Ilya, *why*?” Shane complained as soon as he saw the glasses in Ilya’s hand.

“Because I want,” Ilya said firmly. “Put them on.” Shane obeyed, if only because he could sense it was the quickest way he was going to get Ilya inside him. Once they were on, Ilya hummed in approval. His eyes swept over Shane’s face greedily, like the glasses were genuinely *doing* something for him. Huh. Shane kind of wished he’d discovered this trick earlier.

“Will you fuck me now?” he said, trying not to sound whiny. Ilya sprang into action, uncapping the bottle of lube and squeezing a moderate amount onto his fingers. Shane spread his legs eagerly, lifting his knees to his chest.

“Missed this,” Ilya said roughly. “Missed you here.” He ducked his head and licked over Shane’s asshole like he couldn’t help himself, and Shane cried out at the unexpected sensation. Then Ilya pressed a finger against his entrance, wet with lube. Before Shane could take a breath, he was pushing inside, wasting no time before grinding as deeply as he could reach. He knew Shane could take it—knew he loved feeling a little bit of that delicious burn while his body was still adjusting to the intrusion. Shane was moaning steadily now, aware that the sound was coming from his throat but unable to stop it if he wanted to.

Ilya opened him carefully but efficiently on his fingers, until he was slowly grinding three of them inside Shane’s channel. Even with his non-dominant hand, Ilya moved inside of him expertly, petting against his prostate and forcing him dangerously close to the edge again.

“I’m ready,” Shane groaned. “C’mon, Rozanov.” Ilya tugged his fingers roughly out of his hole, and Shane felt a moment’s relief in anticipation of his cock finally being inside him, before Ilya stooped to lick over his entrance again. This time his tongue sank inside, prodding exploratively at his relaxed rim. “What the *fuck*, Ilya,” Shane whined, voice tight. “I’m going to die if you don’t fuck me right now.” It felt like it might actually be true.

Ilya laughed and straightened up, reaching to grab a condom from the bedside table. He ripped the wrapper off with his teeth and rolled it on hurriedly, walking forward on his knees until his cock was finally lined up against Shane’s body. Then, he threw Shane’s ankles over his shoulders and pushed inside, immediately setting a brutal pace.

“Oh fuck—oh god, *Roz*—” Shane keened. It felt like the first gulp of water after a long workout. It felt like scoring a hat trick at the very last second before the buzzer. It felt like being fucked, very, very hard, exactly the way he’d been fantasizing about these past few months, every time the memory of Ilya’s face contorted with pleasure had flashed into his brain against his will.

“Mmph, Shane,” Ilya moaned, drawing his name out, face red and slack. A bead of sweat was dripping down his temple. His gold crucifix swung back and forth wildly in front of Shane’s face. “Ty prinadlezhish mne.” Shane was holding on for dear life. Ilya folded his legs over himself even further, driving impossibly deeper inside him. The minutes stretched around them, and the world narrowed to all the places where their bodies were touching.

“I’m gonna—” Shane gasped eventually, barely having a chance to feel embarrassed about how quickly he was going to finish.

“Do it, Hollander,” Ilya growled. “Want to see you cum hands-free on my cock again.” The filthy words were what pushed Shane over the edge, his muscles clenching as he went rigid underneath Ilya and painted his chest in cum. He lost all awareness of his surroundings as waves of endorphins broke over him. Ilya was still pounding into him mercilessly, and the relentless drag against his prostate prolonged his orgasm, squeezing every bit of pleasure out of him like a tube of toothpaste.

“Ilya, fuck,” he slurred mindlessly. Ilya’s thrusts were tipping Shane into overstimulation now, but he didn’t actually want him to stop. He wanted Ilya inside him like this always, eager and sweaty and taking what he needed from Shane. Only from Shane. He would let Ilya fuck him like this forever if it meant that he never had to see Ilya’s Instagram stories pop up every time he landed in another city, signaling to his roster of women that he was available to fuck.

A few more punishing thrusts, and then Ilya was tensing above Shane and babbling something quietly in Russian as he came inside him. Shane pretended that he was saying Shane was his, that his hole belonged to him, that he… no. The next thought was a step too far, even in his fantasies.

Finally, Ilya’s hips came to a stuttering halt. He released Shane’s legs from around his shoulders, arms trembling, and then he collapsed onto the wet puddle of cum on Shane’s chest, still careful not to put pressure on the injured side of his ribcage.

“Whoo!” Ilya breathed out, like they’d just finished a workout. “Was good, yes?” When Shane didn’t answer right away, Ilya picked his head up, the side of his face smeared in Shane’s cum now, and his eyes raked over Shane’s face. Shane was a little scared of what he might be seeing there. “I did not hurt you?”

“No, Ilya, it was good,” Shane confirmed, feeling his heart clench. He suddenly remembered that there was something he’d wanted to tell Ilya, before all of this. No part of this night had gone as he’d planned, but he couldn’t bring himself to feel too upset about it now, basking in the afterglow. Still, he needed to get out what he wanted to say.

“I have to tell you something,” he said, nervousness fluttering in his stomach. Ilya looked at him intently and waited for him to continue. “I think… I think I’m gay.” A second passed between them, and then Ilya snorted loudly, his face dropping back down to Shane’s chest.

“No shit, Hollander,” he rumbled against his skin, sounding deeply amused.

“I’m serious!”

“I know you are, Shane. Is why it is so funny.” Ilya sighed heavily. “Okay, you are gay.”

Shane wasn’t sure why, but hearing the words come out of Ilya’s mouth made him feel relieved. There was more he’d wanted to tell him—a whole speech he’d practiced earlier in

the shower, but it didn't feel like the right time for the rest of it, somehow. It could wait a little longer, at least.

Shane pet his fingers through Ilya’s curls, scratching gently against his scalp. He didn’t miss the way Ilya shivered at the sensation.

“So, the glasses thing,” Shane said after a few beats of silence, and Ilya grinned up at him.

“You are sexy nerd,” Ilya said, entirely unselfconsciously. “Like librarian. Next time I want to cum all over your nerdy glasses.”

“Gross, Ilya,” Shane protested, but he already knew he was going to let him do it. *Next time* echoed sweetly in his brain.

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