

Better than ice cream

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77498041) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77498041>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Post-Match , Secret Relationship , Ilya Rozanov Needs A Hug , Shopping , Lingerie , Smut , Top Ilya Rozanov , Bottom Shane Hollander , Blow Jobs , Anal Fingering
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-11 Words: 4,317 Chapters: 1/1

Better than ice cream

by [moriach](#)

Summary

When Ilya's team loses a match against Shane's team, Shane finds a way to comfort his secret boyfriend.

Notes

I couldn't help myself. These ideas and images kept popping into my head that I finally put them down on paper. I hope you will have as much fun reading it as I had writing it. Let me know in the comments!

The air inside the Boston Bears' locker room felt thicker than the ice they'd just bled on. Fluorescent lights buzzed overhead like dying insects, casting harsh shadows across sweat-soaked jerseys and discarded gear. The final score—3-2 Montreal—still burned in everyone's minds, a fresh wound no one wanted to poke at yet.

Ilya Rozanov stood at his stall like a statue carved from rage. His dark hair stuck to his forehead in damp strands, helmet hair making him look even more feral. With a low, guttural curse in Russian, he ripped the helmet off and hurled it onto the bench beside him. The clang echoed off the metal lockers like a gunshot.

“Fuck.”

The word landed heavy, final. A few teammates glanced over but said nothing. No one dared. Not tonight. Not when their captain looked two seconds away from putting a fist through the wall—or through someone's face.

Across the hall, in the brighter, louder chaos of the Montreal Voyageurs' locker room, champagne corks were already popping. Laughter bounced off the tiles, someone was belting an off-key version of "We Are the Champions," and the air smelled like victory sweat and cheap beer.

Shane Hollander sat on the bench in front of his stall, towel around his neck, still in half his gear. He should have been in the middle of it—should have been the one leading the chant, accepting backslaps for the game-winning snipe in the final minute. Instead, his thumb hovered over his phone screen, heart doing that stupid traitor thing it always did after facing Ilya.

He typed fast, before he could overthink it.

****Shane 19:41 PM****

Want to wind down with me?

Sent.

The little delivered checkmark appeared almost immediately. Then nothing. Shane stared at the screen like it might burn him. Thirty seconds. A minute. He was about to lock the phone and pretend he hadn't done something monumentally stupid when the three dots finally danced.

****Ilya 19:43 PM****

I would use a good fuck for consolation.

Shane's mouth curved into a slow, private smirk. Bold. Classic Ilya. No filter, no shame, just raw need wrapped in profanity.

He typed back, fingers steady even though his pulse wasn't.

****Shane 19:44 PM****

I was thinking about something else. You know—normal people eat ice cream when they're down?

The reply came faster this time, almost aggressive

****Ilya 19:45 PM****

We're not normal people.

Shane huffed a quiet laugh, the sound lost under the roar of his teammates. He could picture Ilya perfectly: leaning against his locker, scowling at his phone like it had personally offended him, cheeks still flushed from the game and the loss.

****Shane 19:48 PM****

That's why I'm not offering you ice cream.

****Ilya 19:48 PM****

...?? Was all Ilya's answer.

Shane didn't hesitate.

****Shane 19:49 PM****

Meet me at the rink back entrance in ten?

He hit send, pocketed the phone, and stood up before anyone could ask why their star center suddenly looked like he had somewhere better to be.

Ten minutes later, the back entrance of the old community rink was a ghost town. The last of the fans had vanished into the snowy Montreal night, leaving only the low buzz of dying sodium lights and the soft hiss of fresh powder settling on everything. Those dim orange sodium lights hummed overhead, turning patches of refrozen slush into glittering diamonds. The faint diesel tang of the Zamboni exhaust still lingered in the cold January air, mixing with the sharp bite of winter.

Ilya appeared like a shadow detaching from the building—hood up, black tracksuit swallowing his frame, shoulders hunched under the invisible weight of defeat. He stopped a few paces away, hands buried in the kangaroo pocket, jaw locked so tight Shane could see the muscle jump.

"You're late," Ilya growled, voice gravel-rough from barking orders and swearing in two languages all night.

Shane leaned against the cold brick wall, arms crossed, looking infuriatingly calm in his Voyageurs hoodie. The same hoodie Ilya had once stolen and worn for three days straight when Shane was on a road trip.

"Had to dodge Lapointe. He wanted me to sing the victory song in his face." Shane tilted his head. "You good?"

Ilya barked a short, bitter laugh that held zero humor. "Good? We fucking choked. Again. And you—" His blue eyes snapped up, sharp and accusing "—you looked way too happy doing it."

Shane pushed off the wall, closing the distance in slow, deliberate steps. Not touching. Not yet. Not under the half-dead security camera that only recorded in ten-second bursts anyway.

"I'm happy I won," he said quietly, voice low enough that only Ilya could hear. "Doesn't mean I'm happy you lost."

Ilya's gaze dropped to Shane's mouth, then flicked away like the admission burned. "You're such a fucking sap."

But Shane was dead serious in his text about how normal people turned to ice cream when they were sad or pissed off—scooping away their frustrations in cold, creamy comfort. But for guys like them, elite athletes locked into a regimen of macros, proteins, and zero indulgences, ice cream was strictly off-limits. One wrong bite could derail a training cycle,

spike blood sugar, or earn a glare from the team nutritionist that felt worse than a loss. That's why, some time ago, Shane had stumbled upon a different way to shake off a bad mood, something that scratched that same itch without the dietary fallout. And tonight, with the sting of the Bears' defeat still fresh, would be no different.

He'd leverage the fact that the match had gone down in his hometown, Montreal—a city he knew like the inside of his own pocket, every shortcut, every hidden gem mapped out from years of growing up on its icy streets. He'd take Ilya to his absolute favorite place, the one that always turned things around for him.

A smirk tugged at Shane's lips, amusement sparkling in his dark eyes as he finally voiced the plan. "I want to take you for a shopping."

Ilya froze, staring at him with wide-eyed bewilderment, like Shane had just suggested they lace up for a ballet recital instead of hitting the ice. "Seriously, Shane?" His accent thickened with disbelief. „Instead of a good fuck, you want to do with me those girly cheering-up things? Buy me flowers? Hold my hand at the mall?"

Shane's eyes glinted even brighter with mirth, the teasing light in them cutting through the post-game tension like a well-timed deke. "Do you trust me?"

"Should I?" came Ilya's fast answer, the words snapping out quick and skeptical, though a hint of curiosity lurked beneath the gruff tone.

That was all Shane needed.

He tilted his head toward the street. "Come on."

Ilya exhaled through his nose—loud, exasperated—but he moved anyway, boots crunching over the thin layer of snow that had fallen since the final buzzer.

Shane's black SUV waited a block away, tucked under a streetlamp that flickered like it was on its last legs. They climbed in without another word. The engine turned over with a low, satisfied rumble; heat blasted immediately against the January bite. Shane pulled out smoothly, navigating the familiar maze of Montreal streets he knew better than his own scars.

They didn't speak much during the drive. Snowflakes danced in the headlights, the city wearing its quiet winter face: triplexes glowing with leftover holiday lights, steam rising from métro grates, the occasional late-night dépanneur sign bleeding red and green into the dark.

Ilya slouched in the passenger seat, arms crossed, staring out at the passing streets like he was trying to decide whether he was angry or curious. Every few minutes he shot Shane a sideways glance—sharp, assessing—but he didn't ask where they were going. Not once.

Shane turned off the main arteries eventually, slipping into a narrow residential street in a sleepy pocket of the Mile End. He parked in front of an unremarkable brick building squeezed between a corner dépanneur and a shuttered tailor shop. No big illuminated sign.

Just a single warm bulb above a discreet metal side door and a small, hand-lettered plaque almost too small to read in the dark: ****La Secrète****.

Ilya's eyebrows shot up as he read the discreet sign above the door. "La Secrète? What is this? A VIP membership-only gay club or something?"

Shane just narrowed his eyes, a small, knowing smile playing on his lips. Without a word, he pushed open his own door, stepped out into the swirling snow, and circled around to Ilya's side. He opened the passenger door with deliberate slowness, then extended his hand.

"Come with me."

Ilya hesitated for half a second, gaze flicking from Shane's offered palm to the warm glow spilling from inside the shop. Then he took the hand—firm grip, calluses matching his own—and let Shane pull him out of the car.

Shane kept their fingers loosely entwined as he guided Ilya toward the entrance. He grabbed the handle, pushed the door open just enough, and ushered Ilya inside first.

Ilya stopped dead mid-step. "What the fuck?" he snorted, eyes wide as they landed on the mannequins posed elegantly throughout the boutique—each one draped in colorful, delicate lace lingerie, satin gleaming under soft recessed lighting.

The shop was intimate, upscale, hushed: deep burgundy walls, polished wood floors, racks of luxurious fabrics that caught the light like liquid. No harsh fluorescents, no crowded mall energy—just quiet luxury and invitation.

Shane stepped in behind him, closing the door with a soft click that sealed them away from the Montreal winter.

"It's not bad to indulge in something fancy every now and then," he said nonchalantly, voice low and smooth. "It's as pleasant as eating ice cream... and it doesn't mess with my diet."

Ilya turned slowly, taking in the full sight: shelves lined with silky briefs in jewel tones, deep-cut thongs edged in intricate lace, jockstraps that blended athletic cut with sinful transparency, and one-piece satin-lace bodysuits in every style imaginable—some with delicate straps, others with plunging necklines or cheeky cut-outs.

Shane watched Ilya's face the whole time, amusement and heat mingling in his dark eyes.

"I asked you to go shopping with me," he continued, stepping closer, "so... instead of undressing me in the hotel room, let's dress me here in something nice. What do you think?"

Ilya's eyes shone with barely hidden lust, pupils blown wide as the idea sank in fully. His breath hitched once, audible in the quiet space.

Shane didn't wait for a verbal answer. He simply guided Ilya deeper into the shop, past the front display toward the more private racks at the back—where the selection grew even more decadent: soft satins that would slide against skin like a whisper, semi-sheer lace panels that

teased without fully revealing, patterns of delicate florals or bold geometric mesh, all in shades that would look criminal against Shane's fair complexion or Ilya's darker tones.

Ilya's brain was clearly in overdrive, images flashing behind his eyes of Shane in every single one of those pieces—straps framing sharp shoulders, lace hugging narrow hips, satin clinging to the lines of muscle earned on the ice.

Shane stopped in front of a particularly tempting rack, fingers brushing lightly over a deep crimson satin thong edged in black lace. Then he glanced back at Ilya, voice dropping to something almost innocent.

"Can you help me pick something nice?"

Ilya swallowed hard. His mouth opened, closed again. Then he stepped forward, close enough that their bodies nearly brushed, and reached past Shane to trail his fingertips over the same piece—testing the fabric, imagining it stretched tight.

He was a goner.

The air between them thickened, charged with anticipation and the faint scent of expensive fabric softener. The night was far from over—and the real indulgence had only just begun.

Ilya never thought that something as stereotypically girly as shopping at a fucking lingerie store could feel this damn hot and spicy with another man. Hell, until tonight he hadn't even realized there existed so much alluring, deliberately seductive lingerie designed strictly for the male half of society—pieces that weren't costumes or jokes, but real, luxurious, body-hugging art made to tease, to frame, to worship every hard-earned line of muscle.

He himself had always been a simple-cotton-underwear guy: black boxer briefs, grey trunks, whatever was clean and comfortable and didn't require thought. Practical. Athletic. Safe.

This trip had just blown his fashion horizons wide open.

He watched, half-dazed, as Shane wandered through the narrow aisles like he owned the place, fingers trailing delicately over satin and lace with that unabashed, almost reverent look on his face. Every few steps Shane would pause, lift a piece from the rack—maybe a pair of deep burgundy silk briefs with delicate lace trim, or a black mesh jockstrap edged in silver threading—and hold it up against his own body. He'd tilt his head, appraise himself in the full-length mirror nearby, then glance over his shoulder at Ilya with those dark, innocent eyes.

"What do you think of this one, Bear?" he'd ask, voice low and casual, like they were picking out new skates. "Too much? Or just enough?"

Ilya was trying—really fucking trying—to stay focused, to look unbothered, arms crossed tight over his chest like that could hide anything. But Shane wasn't making it easy. Not even a little.

Every time Shane turned, the soft fabric caught the light. Every time he pressed a piece to his hips, the motion pulled the hem of his hoodie up just enough to flash a strip of toned

stomach. Every time he bent slightly to reach a lower rack, the tracksuit pants hugged his ass in a way that made Ilya's throat go dry.

And why the hell was it suddenly so hot in this shop? The air felt thick, scented with expensive fabric softener and something darker—anticipation, maybe. Ilya's own tracksuit had grown uncomfortably tight across the front, the fabric pulling with every shallow breath. He swallowed hard. Inhaled deep through his nose. Exhaled slowly. It didn't help.

Shane seemed completely blind to Ilya's silent suffering—or maybe (just maybe) he saw every twitch, every clenched jaw, every shift of weight, and chose to conveniently ignore it. Instead he kept teasing, merciless and sweet, holding up another piece—a deep-cut thong in midnight blue satin, a one-piece bodysuit with sheer lace panels across the chest—and murmuring things like:

“Think this would look good under my away jersey?”

“Or maybe just... nothing else.”

“Bet you'd like peeling this off slow.”

By the time Shane finally drifted toward the cashier with three carefully selected outfits draped over his arm—a crimson satin thong set with matching garter straps, a black lace-trimmed jock bodysuit, and a sheer emerald-green brief with delicate floral embroidery—Ilya felt like he'd been edged for hours. Drained. Aching. Barely containing the want that had been building since the first piece touched Shane's skin.

He stepped up close behind Shane at the counter, close enough that his chest brushed Shane's back, and leaned in until his lips were right against the shell of Shane's ear.

“I'm dying here,” he whispered, voice rough and low, thick with Russian gravel. “I need to watch you model those pieces for me. Right fucking now.”

Shane didn't flinch. Didn't even turn his head. He just paid the cashier in cash—calm, collected, like he hadn't just spent the last forty minutes systematically unraveling his boyfriend—and then finally glanced sideways, a small, wicked smile curling his mouth.

“It will be my pleasure,” he murmured back, voice velvet-soft. “My place?”

Ilya's answer was immediate, almost a growl.

“Fuck yes.”

The cashier handed Shane the discreet black bag with a knowing little nod, and the two of them stepped back out into the snowy Montreal night. The cold hit like a slap, but it did nothing to cool the heat still thrumming under Ilya's skin.

When they were finally in the SUV, Shane opened the glove compartment and pulled out a bar of chocolate. He broke off one piece and put it in his mouth. He broke off another piece - “Open your mouth. I suppose we could use a little boost of energy.” He smiled cheekily.

Shane's apartment wasn't far.

And the night—the real night—was only just beginning.

Shane's apartment was a sleek, modern loft in the heart of Montreal's Old Port—high ceilings, exposed brick, floor-to-ceiling windows overlooking the snow-dusted St. Lawrence River glittering under January night lights. The space smelled faintly of cedar candle and Shane's cologne, warm and inviting against the winter chill they'd just escaped.

They barely made it through the door before Shane kicked it shut, dropping the black shopping bag on the entry table with a soft thud. The tension that had been simmering since the lingerie store snapped taut between them.

"Sit," Shane said, voice low, pointing to the plush gray armchair facing the open bedroom area. No games now—just command wrapped in velvet.

Ilya dropped into the chair without protest, legs spread wide, elbows on his knees, eyes locked on Shane like a predator tracking prey. His tracksuit was still tented obscenely from the teasing earlier; he made no move to hide it.

Shane disappeared into the bedroom for a moment, then re-emerged carrying the three pieces on velvet hangers. He laid them carefully across the bed like offerings, then turned to face Ilya fully.

"Which one first?" Shane asked, already shrugging out of his hoodie in one fluid motion. The fabric whispered over his head, revealing the hard planes of his chest, the faint red marks from the game still visible on his ribs—souvenirs from Ilya's own hits.

Ilya's throat worked. "The black one. The bodysuit."

Shane's smile was slow, filthy. He stripped efficiently—tracksuit pants sliding down toned thighs, boxer briefs following—until he stood bare in the soft lamplight. Then he stepped into the black lace-trimmed jock bodysuit.

The fabric clung like a second skin. Sheer lace panels stretched over his pecs and abs, the jock pouch cupping him snugly, straps framing his ass in a way that made Ilya's fingers dig into the armrests. Shane adjusted the straps over his shoulders, smoothed the lace down his hips, then turned slowly, giving Ilya the full view.

"Like what you see?" Shane murmured, voice husky.

Ilya's answer was a rough exhale, almost a growl. "Keep going."

Shane modeled it deliberately—walking closer, turning to show the way the lace cut high on his hips, bending slightly to let Ilya see how it framed everything just right. He ran his own hands over the fabric, tracing the lines, teasing the straps, eyes never leaving Ilya's face.

Next came the crimson satin thong with garter straps. Shane stepped out of the bodysuit, skin flushed now, and slid into the thong. The satin gleamed rich red against his fair skin, the garters snapping into place over powerful thighs. He clipped them with practiced ease, then stood tall, hands on hips, letting Ilya drink in the sight—the thin straps digging slightly into muscle, the pouch barely containing him, the garters accentuating every flex.

Ilya shifted in the chair, breathing harder. “Fuck, Hollander...”

Shane smirked, turning to give the back view—the satin disappearing between firm cheeks, garters pulling taut.

Last was the sheer emerald-green briefs with delicate floral lace. Shane saved the most teasing for this one—sliding them up slowly, letting the fabric whisper over skin, adjusting the waistband low on his hips so the lace teased the V of his pelvis. The green shimmered under the lights, semi-transparent enough to hint at everything beneath without fully revealing.

He sauntered closer, stopping just out of reach, thumbs hooked in the waistband.

“Your turn to decide, Bear,” Shane said quietly. “Which one stays on... and which one comes off first?”

Ilya surged up from the chair in one explosive movement, closing the distance in two strides. His hands found Shane’s waist, thumbs brushing the lace, voice wrecked when he spoke against Shane’s mouth.

“All of them,” he rasped. “And then none.”

The modeling session was over.

The real show was just beginning.

Ilya’s hands were already on Shane before the last word left his mouth—rough, urgent, fingers digging into the sheer emerald lace stretched tight across Shane’s hips. The fabric was cool against his palms, but Shane underneath was furnace-hot, skin flushed from the slow tease of modeling and the weight of Ilya’s stare for the past hour.

Shane let out a low, pleased sound as Ilya hauled him in, bodies colliding with the kind of force that usually ended in penalties on the ice. Their mouths met hard—teeth and tongue, no patience left. Ilya tasted the faint sweetness of the earlier stolen bites of chocolate from Shane’s tongue, mixed with the raw want that had been building since the rink parking lot.

“Fuck, you look obscene in this,” Ilya growled against Shane’s lips, one hand sliding down to palm the front of the emerald briefs. The lace was thin enough that he could feel every ridge, every throb. Shane bucked into the touch, a sharp inhale escaping him.

“Which one?” Shane breathed, teasing even now, even with Ilya’s hand wrapped around him through the fabric. “You said all of them.”

Ilya answered by hooking his fingers under the delicate waistband and yanking the green briefs down just far enough to free Shane—slow, deliberate, watching the way the lace caught briefly on the head before sliding off. Shane’s cock sprang up, flushed dark and leaking, and Ilya groaned like he’d been punched.

He dropped to his knees without ceremony, the hardwood cool against his shins. Shane’s hand immediately found Ilya’s hair, not guiding, just holding on as Ilya took him in one long, greedy pull.

Shane’s knees nearly buckled. “Jesus—fuck—”

Ilya didn’t let up. He worked him with the same single-minded focus he brought to penalty kills: relentless, precise, filthy. Tongue swirling, lips tight, one hand braced on Shane’s thigh while the other tugged the garter straps from the crimson set still half-on from earlier, snapping them lightly against skin just to feel Shane jolt.

Shane’s breathing turned ragged, hips rocking in shallow thrusts he couldn’t quite control. “Wait—wait, not yet—”

Ilya pulled off with a wet pop, lips shiny, eyes dark and blown. “No?” he rasped, voice wrecked. “Then tell me what you want, captain.”

Shane hauled him up by the front of his hoodie, kissing him bruisingly as he walked them backward toward the bed. When the backs of Shane’s knees hit the mattress he went down willingly, pulling Ilya with him.

“Want you in me,” Shane said against Ilya’s mouth, already shoving at the waistband of Ilya’s tracksuit. “Want to feel you while I’m still wearing one of these fucking things.”

Ilya’s laugh was low, rough. “Which one.”

Shane reached blindly for the black lace bodysuit he’d modeled first, the one still draped over the foot of the bed. “This. Keep it on me.”

Ilya didn’t argue.

He stripped himself fast—hoodie, pants, underwear gone in seconds—then helped Shane back into the bodysuit. The lace settled over Shane’s chest again, straps slipping onto shoulders, the jock pouch framing his cock perfectly now that it was hard and aching. Ilya ran both hands down Shane’s sides, thumbs catching on the sheer panels, feeling the way Shane shivered under the touch.

Shane rolled onto his stomach, then up onto his knees—ass presented, lace stretched tight across it, the high-cut straps framing everything just right. He looked back over his shoulder, eyes heavy-lidded.

“Come on, Bear,” he murmured. “You’ve been dying to get your hands on me all night.”

Ilya grabbed the lube from the nightstand drawer—always prepared—and slicked himself fast, then dragged two fingers down Shane’s spine, under the lace, pressing in slow. Shane

arched, a low moan spilling out as Ilya worked him open, careful but not gentle.

When Shane was trembling, pushing back onto Ilya's fingers, begging with small, broken sounds, Ilya finally lined up and sank in—slow at first, then deep, burying himself to the hilt.

Shane's head dropped forward, lace-covered shoulders flexing, a string of curses falling from his lips in French and English. Ilya's hands gripped Shane's hips, thumbs pressing into the lace straps, using them like handles as he started to move—hard, steady, each thrust rocking Shane forward on the bed.

The room filled with the sounds of skin slapping skin, ragged breathing, the soft creak of the mattress, and the occasional snap of elastic when Ilya tugged too hard on a garter.

Shane reached back, fingers tangling in Ilya's hair, pulling him down until their mouths met again—messy, desperate, teeth clashing.

“Harder,” Shane gasped. “Make me feel it tomorrow.”

Ilya obliged.

They moved together like they played—perfect rhythm, brutal intensity, no holding back. Shane came first—clenching tight around Ilya, spilling across the black lace with a choked-off cry. The sight, the feel, the way Shane shook under him pushed Ilya over the edge seconds later, hips stuttering as he buried himself deep and came with a guttural groan pressed into Shane's neck.

They collapsed in a sweaty, lace-tangled heap, breathing hard, hearts hammering against each other.

After a long moment, Shane laughed softly—breathless, sated.

“Still think lingerie shopping is girly?” he murmured.

Ilya pressed a lazy kiss to the back of Shane's shoulder, right where the strap met skin.

“Shut up, Hollander,” he muttered, but there was no heat in it. Only warmth. “You were right - it's better than ice cream. We're doing this again next loss.”

Shane's smile was slow, sleepy, victorious.

“Deal.”

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