

## It was purple

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# **It was purple**

by [NavyGoose](#)

## Summary

Shane and Ilya are on the same team for Ottawa, and they've just won an away game.

Shane decides to celebrate by showing Ilya the toy he got teased for having years ago!

Jane: Room 1220. 10pm.

Ilya's heart rate increases as he reads the message. They haven't been sleeping in separate hotel rooms ever since Shane traded to Ottawa, but they like to reminisce.

Ilya eyes Shane from across the bar. They're downstairs in the hotel celebrating a win with a bunch of other Ottawa players. Ilya could see Shane laughing with Zane Boodrum. He likes to watch Shane, and especially when he can tell Shane is at ease. And Shane was at ease with this new team. So Ilya watches a lot. He also smiles a lot. It's taken some getting used to from the team.

Lily: See you soon Hollander.

. . .

Shane feels his phone buzz in his pocket as his gaze meets Ilya's. He doesn't need to check it to know Ilya would be interested. He could tell by the wink Ilya sends his way as he holds his gaze and sips his vodka.

Shane could feel himself starting to blush. He loved being in a relationship with Ilya and being in an environment with supportive teammates. But he was still getting to grips with being a one half of a public couple. Ilya knows this and seems to enjoy stressing Shane out with public displays of affection. Shane was still trying to figure out who taught Ilya what baptism of fire means.

After doing the rounds Shane checks the time. 9.40pm. He says his goodbyes and excuses himself, heading back to his hotel room. Shane has had this idea to surprise Ilya for a few weeks now but has had to mentally prepare for the embarrassment and the inevitable teasing from Ilya. He knew deep down it would be worth it.

By the time he got himself ready, it was past 10pm. This wasn't surprising to Shane, Ilya likes to keep him waiting. Eventually he hears a knock at the door. He opens it to find Ilya holding both sides of the door frame. Ilya doesn't hesitate as he starts to walk forward crowding Shane and forcing him to step back. The door slams shut behind them.

'What have you got planned for us tonight Hollander?' Ilya asks bluntly. He was so close Shane could feel the heat of him through both their suits. Before he could answer, Ilya's eyes land on the bedside table. Shane blushes furiously.

'You never told me you like Alien dick Hollander.' Ilya smirks.

'I don't!' Shane huffed. 'Purple is just the most common colour for sex toys.'

'How do you know that? Do you have more?'

'Fuck you.'

Ilya has the dildo in his hand and is examining it.

‘Is this the one?’

‘You know it is.’ Shane deadpans which makes Ilya smile wider.

‘Is smaller than me.’

‘That’s not hard, Rozanov.’ Ilya grins and Shane sighs.

‘What do you want to do with this Shane?’ Ilya is back in Shane’s face.

‘Well.. I thought, ahem, I thought we could use it. Together.’ Shane stammers.

‘Will you show me how you use it? I want to see.’

‘No I thought I’d travel with it in my hand luggage and sweat through airport security for a laugh.’ Shane says sarcastically.

Ilya is quiet for a moment. ‘Take off your clothes and get on the bed Hollander.’

Shane has his tie off before Ilya has finished speaking. He likes being told what to do. Something in his brain quiets when he has an instruction or a task to focus on. It’s part of why he loves hockey. He knows exactly what is expected of him.

Once Shane has got his clothes (except his socks which he keeps on) neatly piled on a chair, he turns and pushes back until he is leaning on the pillows in the middle of the bed.

Shane remembers years ago when Ilya got him to masturbate in front of him in a similar position in a different hotel room as Ilya sat in a chair sipping vodka. Ilya wasn’t quite as nonchalant now however. He was sitting on the edge of the bed watching Shane with the dildo in one hand and a bottle of lube in the other. Shane could tell he was excited.

‘Get yourself ready.’ Ilya says softly. He takes his suit jacket off and throws it on the floor with his discarded shoes as Shane gets comfortable and rubs some lube between his fingers to warm it up.

Ilya watches, his attention rapt as Shane slowly works one, then two, then three fingers into himself. Shane’s skin has started to turn rosy, and Ilya knows the blush on Shane’s face and chest will get much deeper before they’re finished with each other tonight. He pumps some lube into his hand and then hovers it over Shane’s cock.

‘Do you want this?’ Shane nods in approval, then grunts when Ilya’s hand makes contact.

‘You bastard. You couldn’t have warmed it?’

Ilya laughs. ‘I wanted to see you squirm.’

It doesn’t take long for Ilya’s hand to speed up, keeping pace with Shane building momentum. Suddenly, Shane is pushing Ilya away.

'I can't. I'll finish too fast. I think I'm ready anyway.' He eyes the dildo at the bottom of the bed.

Ilya grabs and throws the dildo up the bed to Shane, hitting him in the chest. He's scrambling off the bed to get his clothes off. Shane was going to moan about the cold silicone smacking him in the nipple, but he falls silent watching Ilya undress. He still gets breathless looking at his partner.

Shane gets a glimpse of Ilya's arse. 'Have you been squatting in secret again?'

Ilya eyes him. 'Yes.'

'Okay then.'

Ilya climbs back on the end of bed on his hands and knees, watching Shane apply lube to the dildo and line it up at his entrance.

'Yes, let me see it.'

Shane starts slowly, keeping his breathing intentional and steady. It doesn't take long for Shane to work it all in and start moving faster, his hips lifting off the mattress to follow the dildo with each thrust.

Ilya's breathing has increased too. His gaze keeps switching between Shane's face and where the dildo keeps disappearing and reappearing. Ilya has kept his hands off his own dick, but his patience is running thin and his need for Shane growing by the second.

There is nothing nonchalant about the way Ilya is watching Shane push the dildo further and further slowly.

'Are you jealous?' Shane teased.

'Russians don't get jealous.' This made Shane chuff a laugh..

'It's just plastic, Rozanov.'

Ilya crawled forward, crowding Shane into the pillows. 'Do you wish it was me? I can do better than this.'

'I don't need better to cum.' Shane pants.

This irks Ilya. He puts his hand on Ilya's wrist to stop his thrusting. 'My turn.'

Ilya takes hold of the dildo, pushing Shane's hand away and starts to move it himself.

'Oh... that feels... yeah keep doing that.'

'Stroke it Hollander.'

Shane reaches down and starts to touch Ilya's cock. He meant for Shane to touch himself but Ilya decides this is a good choice too.

As Ilya thrusts the purple dildo in and out of Shane, and as Shane strokes Ilya, Ilya asks 'Did you think of me?'

'Huh?'

'When you did this. Alone. For years.'

'Oh.' Shane blushed. 'You know I did.'

Ilya felt giddy. 'I know. But I wanted you to say it.'

'Asshole.' Shane laughed. But it wasn't long before his shallow pants were turning into moans and he was asking Ilya to take him into his mouth.

Ilya tried to keep a steady tempo working Shane's cock with his mouth and moving the dildo in and out Shane's ass, but it was hard when Shane was thrusting up and down and twisting on the bed.

'Oh fuck, Ilya. That's it. I'm going to come. I'm going to come.'

When Ilya feels Shane's cock throb followed by the flood of his cum hitting his throat, he slows his hand moving the dildo and swallows until Shane is making noises that tell Ilya his cock has become sensitive.

Moving back up the bed to lay next to Shane, Ilya admires the sex drunk, satisfied look on Shane's face.

After a few months Shane asks 'Your turn?'

'Maybe later.' Ilya kisses Shane one, two, three times then pulls him up and towards the bathroom to shower.

He wants to get Shane cleaned him up and into bed. Ilya understood quite quickly that disruption to Shane's routine on game days can affect his mood greatly. And since they have an early flight in the morning, it's best for them both if Shane gets to bed before he notices the time. Maybe Ilya could swing for a quick blowjob in the shower if Shane is up for it though. He deserves it.

After a shower (and a blowjob for Ilya) they're both tucked in bed and Shane switches the lamp off, lays down and waits for Ilya to scooch in and spoon him. It doesn't take long for Ilya's arm to snake around his stomach and pull Shane back into him. Chest to back, legs parallel. Their breathing starts to even out.

'Maybe next time we could use a toy on you?' Shane murmurs into the dark.

'You are my toy Shane.'

Shane sighs. 'That shouldn't be romantic.'

Ilya smiles into Shane's neck. 'Ya lyublyu tebya. Go to sleep.'

'I love you Ilya.'

With contented sighs, they both fall asleep.

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