

Feedback

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Feedback

by [amandarin_orange21](#)

Summary

When Ilya is injured and can't play in the All Star game with Shane, he realizes he finally has the opportunity to fulfill a long-held fantasy.

OR:

Ilya pulls a Rose Landry, horniness ensues.

Notes

this is the fic that i googled "butt plug in mouth after being in ass hot or gross?" for so . do with that what you will

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

The amount of times Ilya has watched the clip of Rose Landry proudly boasting Shane's jersey makes him feel like a crazy person. He probably *is* a crazy person, despite his therapist's insistence that he is *not*, and to stop calling himself that. But if she knew the truth, how Ilya has the specific timestamps of the video memorized, how he could recreate Rose's movements at any given time like choreography, she might say otherwise. Ilya watches the video on his flight to Boston. Rose getting to her feet, waving to the camera, bright eyed and pink cheeked. Then turning around, pointing proudly at the name on her back. Cut to Shane, bashful on the ice. Ilya used to fucking torture himself with it. This morning, though, he's only watching as a refresher.

Ilya hasn't gotten the chance to one up Rose since he and Shane came out. He wants to *so* badly. He teases both Rose and Shane about it all the time, swears that he'll recreate the video eventually, but it's hard to cheer for your husband at a game that you're playing right next to him in. Now, though, Ilya has the opportunity of a lifetime. *Finally*.

He and Shane were both asked to play in the All Star game this year after the league dealt with uproarious complaints from fans due to their lack of attendance the year before. And both of them *were* slated to play up until last week, when Ilya had hurt his knee and got himself benched. So now he's meant to be resting, icing, compressing, and elevating in Ottawa. Instead, he's heavily disguised in Logan Airport, speed walking with his head down to pick up his rental car.

Ilya always likes coming back to Boston. Everything is fast here. Intense. The people are gruff and blunt and say what they mean. He misses it sometimes, but then he thinks about the ungodly fucking traffic and the potholes that did thousands of dollars of damage to his sports cars and decides he's better off in Ottawa. He's played in Boston plenty of times plenty of times since leaving, and for a while, his return garnered a mixed reception. A lot of people felt betrayed by his departure. He was their captain for *years*, after all, and he turned the franchise around. He quickly rose to legend status in the city, so why the hell would he leave? The fans loved Ilya, but they didn't know him. They didn't know how fucking *much* it all was.

But then the Fanmail heard round the world dropped, and people started to put together why Ilya left. Their once beloved captain, the one who'd led them to a cup win and countless playoffs, was— *is*— in love with the man meant to be his greatest rival, and his chance to come out on his own terms was torn away from him. At the first game he played at the Garden after it happened, people cheered so loud when he stepped onto the ice that he thought he might go deaf. Ilya cried. Harris sobbed. Clips of it went viral. Ilya spoke to a reporter about it after the game and sang his praises for the city of Boston and the fans. Now when he goes back, it's like he's seeing an old friend.

Cliff invited him out after that game, and as soon as he saw him, he pulled Ilya into a bone crushing hug. It was unexpected, but really nice. He remembers Cliff saying something along the lines of, "I always thought you might be a little fruity," and then he went on to tell Ilya about his little gay nephew and the lesbian neighbors and the kid with the nose ring and green

hair that makes his iced coffee every morning. It was a little strange, but Ilya was pretty sure he was just trying to relate to him somehow. Ilya *did* have to ask Harris what the hell Cliff meant by fruity, though, and Harris explained to him that it's an outdated term for gay.

"So gay people are fruits."

"I mean, I guess. Don't go calling people fruits, though," Harris said. He looked concerned. "Did someone call you a fruit?"

Ilya nodded. "Cliff, but I do not think he wanted to cause offense. I think he is just a little dumb."

"Ah."

"But I am bisexual," Ilya went on, and Harris nodded sagely.

"That you are."

"So I am... half of a fruit?"

"Maybe like a tomato or something," Harris said thoughtfully. "Probably tell Cliff he shouldn't call people fruity."

Shit. Cliff. Ilya is yanked from his reminiscing when he realizes he still needs to text Cliff and let him know he landed. He pulls out his phone and types out a quick message, nearly barreling into someone in his haste.

"Sorry— oh, holy shit, are you Ilya Rozanov?"

"Uh, sorry, not him," Ilya mumbles, hiding his face and trying his best to mask his accent. Normally, he's happy to stop and chat with fans, but he's in a rush today, and he's trying to keep his visit a surprise. He picks up the pace and pulls his hat down further.

Ilya gets recognized again when picking up his rental, and there's no talking his way out of this one since his name is on his license and all of his credit cards. He takes pictures with the employees on the terms that they don't post anything until *after* the All Star game starts, and they promise they'll keep their word. Then he's off to the Garden in his sexy rental Lambo to meet Cliff and some of his old teammates at the arena.

Ilya makes his way from the parking garage sans disguise, because now, he needs people to know that he's here. Shane will be out on the ice already, and the more people that see him wandering around, the more likely it is that he'll end up on the jumbotron. Cliff collects Ilya at the private entrance and pulls him into a hug before leading him up to their suite. The game hasn't started yet, but it's getting close, so there are people everywhere. They get stopped a few times on their walk and Ilya poses for pictures, without stipulations this time. He chats with a few familiar staff members, sweating profusely all the while, unwilling to unzip his jacket and ruin the big reveal.

As soon as they reach the suite, Ilya tears his coat off and wipes away the sweat that's accumulating on his forehead. Cliff barks out a laugh at the sight of him.

"Holy fuck, Roz, you lose a bet or something?" Cliff asks, eyes wide.

"No, I am just supporting my husband," Ilya says. He's wearing a Centaurs jersey, but this one is conspicuously lacking a C patch. Plastered across his back is *HOLLANDER 24*. Ilya made Harris pick it up for him from the pro shop and had him hide it at the practice rink until Shane left for Boston. He can't fucking *wait* until Shane sees him in it. "You might know what that felt like if you could manage to keep a woman."

Cliff laughs again, loud and easy. He slings an arm around Ilya's shoulders. "I missed you, you fucking asshole."

Ilya makes his way to the front of the box to look out over the railing. Plenty of people know he's there, he made sure of it. It won't be long before he ends up on the screen, which means it won't be long before Shane sees him and completely loses his mind.

"Christ. You really went full WAG," Cliff muses, shaking his head.

Ilya shrugs. "You would too, I think, if you were married to sexiest man in the league."

"Didn't they say that about him, like, a decade ago now?"

"Yes, and they have not named another because Shane Hollander, my husband, is still sexiest," Ilya says matter-of-factly. He leans a hip against the bartop that runs along the low wall at the front of the suite. He can see Shane down on the ice in his Eastern Conference jersey, stretching and chatting with Carter Vaughn. Vaughn is nice, if a bit... overenthusiastic of Ilya and Shane's relationship. Ilya found it strange at first. He was convinced that Vaughn wanted to be his and Shane's third for a bit, but it turns out he's just a *very* proud ally. Vaughn added them both to a group chat with Troy, Scott Hunter, and Eric Bennett that he named Queer As Puck. It's mostly dead aside from Ilya occasionally bullying Scott Hunter and the names of various bars around New York and Ottawa. Ilya wonders if Vaughn is down there asking Shane if he's watching this season of Rupaul's Drag Race or something. Shane is, but he likes to pretend that he isn't.

"So, is this like, foreplay for you?" Cliff asks. Ilya can feel his eyes on him, but he keeps his gaze trained on Shane. He won't be able to see Ilya from all the way down there, but every once in a while he looks up towards Ilya, like he can sense his presence. It makes Ilya feel smug. Shane *should* be able to feel when he's near by now.

"Mm. Yes," Ilya hums.

"So I figure you won't be coming out with us tonight?"

Ilya whips around to look at Cliff. He raises a brow at him. "When did I say that? Of course I am coming out."

Cliff huffs a laugh. "Sorry, I just thought Shane might drag you back to his hotel the second he gets off the ice."

"He will try. But I will make him wait," Ilya says. "He likes to be teased."

"You know, when I first heard it was Shane Hollander you ended up with, I was surprised. But the more I learn about him..." Cliff sighs and shakes his head. "It's always the quiet ones, I guess."

Ilya smirks. "He is not so quiet in the bedroom. He—"

"Wait, look!" Cliff smacks Ilya on the arm and points up at the jumbotron. "We're on screen!"

Sure enough, Ilya looks up and finds Cliff grinning and waving excitedly at the crowd, right next to his own face. Ilya scans the area until he finds the cameraman a few rows below him, crouched down on the cement stairs. Now's his chance.

Ilya looks down to where Shane is on the ice, now standing up straight, attention glued to the screen. Ilya turns on his heel, gestures to the name on the back of his jersey. Wiggles his hips a little. When he turns back around, he winks and blows a kiss into the lens of the camera. The crowd is going wild, and Ilya is only on the screen for another moment before it cuts to a shot of Shane on the ice, his cheeks bright red as he grins and shakes his head.

Ilya gets a text from Rose not five minutes later.

Rose 🌹 : Omg Ilyaaaaa you are too funny!!! You finally did it!!!!

Rose 🌹 : You look so cute 😍😍 Shane's gonna lose his mind

Ilya: shane has already lost his mind i think

Ilya: long long time ago

Rose 🌹 : Ok true remember when he started drinking pickle juice for the electrolytes

Rose 🌹 : Yuuuuuck 🤢

Ilya: i did not mind that actually

Ilya: he let me eat all of the pickles

Ilya: made him taste strange though

Rose 🌹 : Oh 🙄

Shane texts him between the first and second periods, and Ilya's positive it's the first thing he does when he gets into the locker room.

Jane 🐱💕💧🍆: You could've told me you were coming

Ilya: i could have

Ilya: but i did not

Ilya: wanted to surprise you

Jane 🐱💕💧🍆: Well it worked

Jane 🐱💕💧🍆: You're all I could think about while I was out there

Ilya: that is why you were playing so well then

Ilya: you were possessed by my spirit maybe

Ilya: you should think about me more

Jane 🐱💕💧🍆: Impossible

Jane 🐱💕💧🍆: How was your appointment?

Ilya: good

Ilya: dr thinks i will be cleared to play again by next week

Jane 🐱💕💧🍆: Good. I don't like playing without you

Ilya: 🙄💕

The texts Ilya receives between the second and third periods are... different.

Jane 🐱💕💧🍆: I'm so fucking horny

Ilya: 😬

Jane 🐱💕💧🍆: Don't do that. It's your fault

Ilya: who me?? i am innocent 😇

Jane 🐱💕💧🍆: You know exactly what you did

Jane 🐱💕💧🍆: They keep showing you on the big screen. Rose sent me like thirty tik toks of you

Jane 🐱💕💧🍆: They're editing you to Rasputin

Jane 🐱💕💧🍆: Vaughn asked if I'm gonna make you wear that when I fuck you later

Ilya: lol he thinks you are top

Ilya: we will need to address that with him

Jane 🐱💕💧🍆: We don't need to address shit

Jane 🐱💕💧🍆: Carter Vaughn does not need to know I'm a bottom

Ilya: are you hard

Ilya: i will keep the jersey on while i fuck you if you tell me

Ilya: be truthful

There's a short pause between Ilya's texts and Shane's response. Ilya imagines him in the locker room, pink and sweating, scrubbing a hand over his face in exasperation. He smiles down at his phone and lets out a quiet laugh when he sees the telltale *Jane 🐱💕💧🍆 is typing...*

Jane 🐱💕💧🍆: Yeah

Jane 🐱💕💧🍆: Have been since they showed you

Jane 🐱💕💧🍆: It started to go down a little but it's back now 😡

Ilya: send pic i want to see 😊

Jane 🐱💕💧🍆: I'm not taking a dick pic in the locker room pervert

Ilya: booooooooooooo

Ilya: 🍅

Sent with echo. Replay ↺

The Eastern Conference team wins, of course, because Shane is the best player on the planet and is perfect and Ilya loves him. Ilya watches the live stream of Shane speaking to reporters on his phone in the back of the Uber to the bar. It makes him a little motion sick, but it's worth it to see Shane all flushed and sweaty, the fabric of his black undershirt clinging to him in a way that makes Ilya's mouth water.

Ilya takes a screenshot and sends it to him.

Ilya: 😏

Ilya: wish i could smell you right now

Jane 🐱💕💧🍆: Ew Ilya

Ilya: want your armpits

Jane 🐱💕💦🍆: Freak

Jane 🐱💕💦🍆: 710 at the Fairmont

Jane 🐱💕💦🍆: I'll be back in like 15 min. I'll wait to shower

The words go straight to Ilya's dick. He blows out a breath.

"What, are you sexting or something?" Cliff asks, peeking over his shoulder to read the messages.

"Yes," Ilya says simply, then he snaps a quick picture of himself and Cliff. Cliff looks... Well, it's not his best picture. One eye is mostly closed and his mouth is half open, poised to ask Ilya what the fuck he's doing. Ilya, on the other hand, looks great, if he says so himself. He's smirking into the camera, cheeks flushed from Shane's promises. He sends the photo to Shane.

Ilya: going out

Ilya: come find me 😊

Jane 🐱💕💦🍆: Seriously 😬

Jane 🐱💕💦🍆: You're so annoying. If you come back blasted and wake me up I'll kill you

Ilya: don't be boring come outtttttttt

Jane 🐱💕💦🍆: Are you still wearing the jersey

Ilya: of course

Ilya sends another picture, angled down so you can just see his lips, neck, and the top of the Centaurs logo. Ilya looks great again, obviously. Even if you can't see his whole face.

Jane 🐱💕💧🍆: Fine but it's gonna be a bit. Not going out without showering

Ilya: ❤️ please no deodorant

"No deodorant?" Cliff asks, nose wrinkled.

Ilya nods. "Is good. You should try it sometime. Armpits are... what is the word? Like a sexy area? Erotic zone?"

"Erogenous zone," chimes in the Uber driver.

"Yes. Erogenous zone."

Cliff shakes his head. "I'll take your word for it."

Twenty minutes later, Ilya is in the basement of some bar, half a beer and several shots deep and sweating profusely. He can barely hear over the bass thudding from the speakers to his left, but he won't leave his spot. He can see everything from where he is, and he's terrified he'll miss Shane if he moves. Ilya never told Shane the name of the bar they're at, but Ilya thinks he's already figured it out. He's been checking Shane's location sporadically and the little blue dot seems to be getting closer and closer. It's not like they'll be hard to find, though. Ilya's pretty sure all of New England is aware he's in some sticky Southie bar right now with half the Bears' roster. All he needs to do is search Ilya Rozanov on twitter and he'll see a dozen people posting his exact location with photo evidence.

It's not long before Carter Vaughn comes pushing through the crowd. He's grinning broadly, two beer bottles in each hand, and he's moving with shockingly little grace. He stumbles forward and pulls Ilya into a sloppy hug.

"Hey, Rozy!" Vaughn calls over the music, and he's definitely already drunk. His eyes are glassy and heavy lidded, his brown skin unusually flushed, and he smells like a distillery. Ilya wonders if he was accosted by fans with shots as soon as he walked in like the rest of them were. "I didn't know you were coming this weekend!"

"Yes, was surprise," Ilya says once Vaughn lets go of him. One of the many beers he's holding is shoved into Ilya's hand. Ilya downs the rest of his old drink and hands the empty to Cliff, who tries to take a sip. He flips Ilya off when he finds it empty and discards the bottle on a nearby table.

"Romantic," Vaughn says, waggling his brows suggestively. "Your man's on his way. I tried to wait for him, but he said he said he had to do something before he left."

Ilya frowns. "He did not say what?"

Vaughn shakes his head. "Nah. Maybe he's gonna surprise you with some grand romantic gesture. Like roses or something."

Ilya raises a brow at him. "Roses are romantic gesture to you?"

"I mean, of course," Vaughn says, shrugging easily. "Who wouldn't love to get flowers from a hot guy?"

Ilya snorts. When the Fanmail leaked, Vaughn sent an arrangement of (hideous) rainbow roses to Ilya's house. Ilya had no idea how he even got his address, and apparently Shane's, too, because he received a matching bouquet. Shane gave his to his parents while Ilya pawned his off on Harris, who happily displayed them on his desk.

"Was a romantic gesture when you sent Shane and I those gay roses, then?"

Vaughn lets out a loud laugh and slaps Ilya playfully on the chest. "If you were into it, then yes."

Ilya frowns at him. "I thought you were dating that actress, no?"

"Gloria? Oh, no. We ended things a while back," Vaughn says. "Anyway, I'm not even gay, but I feel like I'd have to, you know? It'd be stupid to pass on the opportunity to get sandwiched between two literal living hockey legends. Maybe you'd pass on some expertise to me through, like, osmosis or something. It sucks that you guys can't have a baby together. Imagine how fucking sick that kid would be."

"Mm, is a shame," Ilya muses, then he gives Vaughn a wink. "But we will keep trying."

Vaughn laughs again, so hard that he snorts a little.

"Hey, Roz, your better half is here," Cliff yells into Ilya's ear, clapping him on the shoulder. Ilya looks to where Cliff is pointing and, sure enough, here comes Shane. Ilya brightens instantly, but as he watches Shane move through the crowd, clammy and stiff, his smile fades. When Shane spots Ilya, he hobbles over quickly and yanks the beer from his hand. He downs half of it in one swig while Ilya watches in horror.

"Shane," Ilya says firmly, reaching up to press a hand to his face, running a soothing thumb along his cheekbone. "Did you get hurt? I did not see—"

"No," Shane says breathlessly once he's done chugging. He takes a deep, shaky breath. Even in the dark bar, Ilya can tell that his cheeks are flushed, his pupils blown wide. He looks... Well, he looks like he does when he's getting fucked.

"Um... I did something kind of stupid," Shane says, his eyes darting around at the crowd surrounding them. He combs desperate fingers through his hair. It's still a little damp from the shower, and Ilya gets a whiff of the fancy pomade he uses. Tea tree or something. "I'm starting to regret it."

Ilya raises a brow at him. "What did you do?"

Shane shifts uncomfortably on his feet, and there's something familiar in his tense, awkward movements. Ilya's eyes go wide.

"Are you wearing—"

"Yes," Shane grits out, glancing pointedly over at Vaughn. He's still standing right next to them, blissfully ignorant to their conversation, dancing idly with his many beers.

Ilya is pretty sure all the blood in his body rushes to his dick in a heartbeat. He feels lightheaded. "*Fuck.*"

Shane nods. His brow furrows desperately as his gaze travels over Ilya's body, taking in the sight of him in the jersey. Ilya grabs Shane by the waist and drags him in close, pressing their bodies flush against each other. Shane's hard. *So* hard. Ilya can feel it against his thigh. Shane lets out a low groan as Ilya's hands creep around to his ass, grabbing a handful of each cheek and squeezing. Someone nearby wolf whistles. Probably Vaughn, but Ilya can't peel himself away to look.

"Oh my god. I can't..." Shane pants. He rests his forehead against Ilya's. His skin is scorching and damp with sweat. When Ilya kisses him, it's wet and messy, and he can taste beer and toothpaste on Shane's tongue. He keeps one hand on Shane's ass and moves the other to his hair, threading his fingers through and gripping. Ilya shifts his hand slightly so the tips of his fingers just breach the crease of Shane's ass over his pants. He prods around gently until he feels the telltale push of something flat and rubbery. When Ilya presses against it, Shane shudders and moans into his mouth.

Ilya pulls back and grins at him. "You are a slut, Shane Hollander."

"Fuck off," Shane laughs, batting at Ilya playfully. Ilya presses again and Shane's knees buckle. He falls against Ilya, heavy and hot. He muffles another moan in the crook of Ilya's neck.

Ilya brings both hands to Shane's face and guides him up to kiss him again, hard, all tongue and teeth. It's sloppy, needy, inappropriate to be doing in public, even. Ilya couldn't care less, especially not when Shane ditches the beer he's still holding and slips his hand under Ilya's jersey.

The din of the bar dulls around Ilya. All he can hear is Shane, all he can feel is Shane. His sweet little whimpers into Ilya's mouth, his warm hands sliding up his abdomen. His shallow, shaky breaths and his teeth scraping against Ilya's lips. Ilya's almost too far gone when something flashes and he's thrown bodily back into reality, Shane tumbling right after him.

Shane pulls back abruptly, eyes wide, lips shiny, hair perfectly mussed. God, he looks like a wet dream standing there in his thin little sweater, doe eyed and desperate. He blinks, seeming to realize that he's standing in the middle of a *very* busy bar and surrounded by people who know exactly who he is.

"Fuck," Shane mumbles.

"Come with me," Ilya commands, taking Shane by the hand and shoving through the crowd before he can argue. He drags Shane as quickly as he can manage to the back of the bar and down a deserted hallway until they reach a bathroom with an out of order sign on the door.

"Why are we...?"

"Is fine," Ilya says as he pushes the door open. "Staff said we can use this bathroom." Staff did stress that the bathroom was to be used for *peeing only* and nothing else, but Ilya decides that's unimportant at the moment.

Shane doesn't answer. He just follows after Ilya and allows himself to be manhandled onto a low cabinet against the back wall, across from a sink and a large mirror. It's shallow, barely wide enough for Shane's ass to perch on top of, but it's enough. Ilya kisses him hard again, and this time when Shane moans, the sound bounces off the tile walls and soaks into Ilya's skin.

"Ilya, we can't—" Shane says halfheartedly. He lets his head fall back against the wall to expose the long expanse of his neck. Ilya swoops in and sucks a bruise into the skin, settling between Shane's thighs. "We shouldn't..."

"Yes we should," Ilya says, his voice low and rumbling. "We will be fast. Nobody will know."

"Everyone just saw you drag me in here with a raging boner," Shane points out. He thrusts his hips against Ilya's as if to prove his point. He's so fucking hard. They're *both* so fucking hard. Ilya needs him *now*.

"Fine, they will know," Ilya says, rolling his eyes. "Who cares? They already know we are married. Married people fuck each other. Is normal."

"Not in a dirty bar bathroom," Shane says.

"Yes, well, we are just having better sex than them," Ilya says flippantly. He brushes a knuckle along the edge of Shane's jaw. "Besides, what am I supposed to do when you show up here all red and needy and already stretched out for me? I am weak for you. You know this."

Shane shudders. His eyes flutter closed, his lips part. He grabs blindly for Ilya, but Ilya knocks his hand away. He pulls back and smirks at Shane. He looks so fucking gorgeous, especially when he cracks his eyes open again to peek at Ilya, his dark brows knitting together. Ilya's heart clenches at the sight of him.

He pushes Shane's sweater up and exposes the muscular expanse of his torso. His chest is rosy with want, his nipples hard. Ilya takes one of Shane's hands and stretches his arm up, pins it to the wall behind him, then buries his face in Shane's armpit. He breathes in deep and his brain goes fuzzy. No deodorant, just like Ilya asked. God, he's so good. Ilya hums happily against the skin and hair.

Shane sucks in a sharp breath and flinches. "Jesus Christ. That tickles."

Ilya breathes a laugh. He kisses the spot, barely a brush of his lips, then he drags his tongue through the thatch of hair. It tastes like skin and sweat and Shane, and the effect of it is dizzying. Ilya groans softly and Shane wriggles in his grip.

"I missed you," Ilya murmurs, even though it's barely been a full day since they last saw each other. He kisses his way over to Shane's nipple, then grazes it gently with his teeth before sucking it between his lips. Shane lets out another loud moan.

"I- *fuck*, I missed you too," Shane pants. Ilya lets go of Shane's hand and steps back to undo his fly while Shane digs around in his pockets. A moment later, he produces a condom and a foil packet of lube.

Ilya raises a brow at him. "You say you do not want to fuck in the dirty bar bathroom, but you come prepared to fuck in the dirty bar bathroom."

Shane laughs, and the crinkles at the corners of his eyes give Ilya butterflies. "Fuck off. Do you wanna do this or not?"

Ilya plucks the condom from Shane's hand and holds it between his teeth while he undoes both of their pants. He pulls out his own cock first and gives it a couple of loose strokes before he tears open the condom packet and rolls it on. Shane watches as Ilya opens the lube packet next, taking slow, heaving breaths, his sweater still rucked up beneath his armpits. He palms at his erection over his undone pants, but he waits for Ilya's direction to do anything more.

"Pants down," Ilya commands, and Shane complies quickly, shimmying out of his pants and letting them pool around his ankles. The tips of his toes just barely brush against the floor. Ilya is sure Shane hates that his bare ass is against the cabinet in this random bar, but he knows he's too turned on to complain. His cock is so hard and so red and already smeared with precome. He won't last, and Ilya won't either.

Ilya scoots Shane forward by the hips so he's seated at the very edge of the cabinet. He hooks a hand under Shane's knee, but before he presses it to Shane's chest, he pauses.

"Look behind me. In the mirror."

Shane shifts slightly to look over Ilya's shoulder, and Ilya watches the way his pupils go even wider. Ilya leans in, his lips just barely brushing against the velvety lobe of Shane's ear.

"Whose name is that on my back?" Ilya prompts.

"Mine," Shane chokes out.

"And why is that?"

Shane is trembling. He's gripping the edge of the cabinet so hard that his knuckles are turning white and he's fidgeting desperately, like it's taking everything in his power not to launch himself onto Ilya right now.

Shane swallows hard. Ilya watches as he attempts to regain his composure. It's a valiant effort, but he fails. Shane's voice is weak and shaky as he says, "Because you're mine."

"Yes," Ilya purrs, folding Shane's legs up to his chest. Ilya holds them in place with a forearm beneath his knees and trails his free hand down the back of Shane's thigh, all the way down to the circle of blue silicon that protrudes from between his cheeks. Ilya traces around the edge of it. He knows he should be quick. He shouldn't tease Shane, he should just fuck him hard and fast so they can get out of this bathroom and back to the hotel. But he can't help himself. The way Shane claws at him, the desperate little noises he lets out, they all make it worth the risk. "I am yours. *Everyone* knows."

Shane gives a gasp as Ilya twists the plug inside of him.

"Do you think they imagine us doing this?" Ilya murmurs into Shane's ear. "Do you think that they dream about us fucking?"

"I—" Shane grunts when Ilya begins to slowly pull the plug out of him— "I dunno. Maybe."

"Maybe. But you *hope* they do," Ilya says, a sly smile on his face. He pulls back to watch Shane as he pulls the plug out the rest of the way. The way his eyes roll back in his head, the way his mouth falls open, the way his shoulders slump with relief and disappointment. Shane breathes out a heavy sigh and nods weakly in response.

"You love when everyone is thinking about you, moy lyubovnik. Watching you," Ilya says. He looks down at the plug in his hand, slick with lube. He doesn't recognize it, and he wonders vaguely if the mysterious thing Shane had to do before meeting him out was track down a sex shop to buy it. "They were all watching us out there, did you notice? They were watching me kiss you, but they had no idea you were so close to falling apart right in front of them. They do not know that you are such a slut for me."

"Ilya, please—" Shane starts to say, but Ilya stuffs the plug into his mouth. Shane lets out a muffled moan and Ilya plunges two fingers inside him. Shane's already ready, so Ilya only fingers him for a moment, just long enough to find the prostate and press, making Shane arch into him. When Ilya can't wait any longer, he plunges his cock into Shane.

God, it feels good. Even in this too-bright bathroom, the odd angle Ilya is bent at, the edge of the cabinet digging into his hips as he pounds relentlessly into Shane, it feels *so* fucking good. Shane is nearly folded in half, the backs of his muscular thighs pressed against Ilya's stomach. He's still holding onto the edge of the cabinet for dear life. It creaks and shudders with every thrust, and Ilya resigns to hurry up and come so they don't break it and both end up with season ending injuries. Coach Wiebe will actually kill them if they get themselves benched for having reckless sex.

"You are close?" Ilya asks when he feels Shane clench around him. Shane nods and lets out a muted whine. Ilya picks up his pace. He reaches up to pull the plug from Shane's mouth and discards it on the cabinet, desperate to hear Shane's noises. They're all so gorgeous, a mixtape burned into Ilya's brain. Ilya is fluent in them by now— he picked up on all of Shane's little Shaneisms much more easily than he learned english. He can detect the small differences in all of them. He knows what buttons to push to replay his favorites. When Ilya widens his

stance and pitches his hips down slightly, Shane lets out what Ilya thinks might be his favorite sound of them all. An uninhibited, needy moan, so loud that Vaughn will probably hear it out on the dance floor. Ilya spits into his hand and wraps it around Shane's cock, pumping him fast.

"Oh, fuck," Shane breathes. "I'm coming."

Almost immediately, Shane comes hard into Ilya's hand and all over his own stomach. He slumps back against the wall, completely spent, eyes heavy lidded, but still watching Ilya with heat in his gaze as he continues fuck him. Shane gives one last valiant squeeze around Ilya, and it's enough to send him over the edge. Ilya thrusts into him, hard, stilted, hot pleasure roiling in his core. He spills into the condom with a choked off cry.

Ilya collapses against Shane, who lets out a groan of protest as he gets bent even further in half under Ilya's weight.

"Sorry my love," Ilya mutters, pressing a kiss to Shane's forehead before pulling out of him gingerly. He helps Shane ease his legs back down, then he grabs a fistful of paper towels from next to the sink and wets them.

"I can't believe we did that," Shane says as Ilya hands him some of the paper towels. They clean themselves off as well as they can, then Shane wraps up the plug and sticks it in his pocket. It's not exactly inconspicuous, but it's good enough. The bar is dark and everyone in it is too drunk to care what the weird, conical object in Shane's pants pocket is.

Ilya raises a brow at him. "You cannot? You planned this."

"I did *not*—"

"Mm, ok. You came out to the bar with a plug in your ass and a pocket full of lube and condoms because you wanted to have a casual drink with friends," Ilya teases as tosses their garbage into the trash.

Shane rolls his eyes, but there's a small smile playing at his lips.

"My *plan* was to get you to come back to the hotel," Shane says. He hops off the cabinet and fixes his pants. "Not my fault you're impatient and insatiable."

"Oh, *I* am insatiable?" Ilya asks with a grin, pulling Shane towards him with a finger through his belt loop. "*You* were playing hockey with raging boner because you saw me in a jersey, but *I* am insatiable one?"

"It wasn't *raging*," Shane grumbles, but any further argument dies on his tongue as he melts into Ilya. When they kiss, it's soft and lazy, no urgency or expectations. Just kissing to kiss. It's Ilya's favorite— well, maybe his second or third favorite— pastime now that he and Shane have all the time in the world together.

"We should go," Shane murmurs, his forehead pressed to Ilya's.

"Yes, before Carter Vaughn figures out what we are doing and comes to cheer us on like the very good ally that he is," Ilya says, and Shane snorts. "When is his birthday? Maybe we could—"

"Absolutely fucking not. We are *not* sending him a special Fanmail."

-fin-

End Notes

ilya crying while the boston fans cheer for him after he gets outed was directly inspired by marchand's first game at the garden after getting traded to florida. my chest hurts just thinking about it
obviously not the same situation but boston is gay as hell so i think it works and this is my FANTASY so I WROTE IT

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