

Better Than Me

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Better Than Me

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Summary

“I’m yours, right?” Shane asks.

Ilya frowns. Shane watches his husband’s eyes dart across his face as he holds his breath. “Of course,” Ilya says, resolute despite the confusion on his face. “And I’m yours.”

Shane exhales, nodding. “Show me.”

“Show you what?”

“That I’m yours.”

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Shane performs badly in one of their games. A fan flirts with his husband. He gets his husband to fuck him so he stops feeling pissed off.

Notes

I don't know anything about hockey. I was horny and frustrated so I wrote this thing.

It's a shitty game. For Shane, at least. He tries three shots in the first period, two of which were intercepted, one saved – he gets close to two more shots in the second period, but he gets intercepted again in the first one and checked in the second. It's the third period already and he's contemplating if he should still bother with scoring a fucking goal.

Ilya, on the other hand, is on fire. He scores goal after goal, handling the puck with ease and leading the team with finesse whenever he's on ice. The complete opposite when Shane is on, who seems to turn their play into a fucking shitshow.

They win, though. The team celebrates by tackling Ilya and piling all their bodies on top of him. Shane stops scowling a little when he sees his husband flash him a smile.

His reprieve doesn't last long, unfortunately, and he finds himself scowling again when they're swarmed by a pack of giddy fans outside the venue. Ilya takes his time signing the merch the fans are shoving to his face, obviously still reeling from game adrenaline. One fan makes a grab for Ilya's arm while he's signing someone's poster and he stumbles forward, bumping into the fan. The fan's hand ends up on Ilya's chest, and, in slow motion, Shane sees them give Ilya the slightest squeeze on the pec.

Ilya *grins*. Shane feels his face burn. "Rozanov," he calls, and the man turns to him immediately. The fans turn to him as well and he glares daggers at them all before turning and walking away.

They drive home in silence. Ilya has picked up on Shane's mood and knows not to push it, doesn't try to turn the radio on or make small talk. He cuts to the chase once they step inside the house, however, and says, "What is wrong, *moya lyubov*?"

In lieu of an answer, Shane grabs him by the back of his head and crashes their mouths together. It's sloppy, it's rough, there's too much teeth for his liking, they're still standing by the door, but it's fine. He'll make do with it. He pulls away and goes on his knees, undoing Ilya's jeans and pulling it down with his boxers in one swift motion, and gets his mouth on his husband's cock. Ilya's resounding moan is incentive enough for him and he lets his jaw slacken, taking all of Ilya in until his cock grazes the back of Shane's throat. He goes at it for a few more times, taking him as deeply as he could, until Ilya curls his fist in Shane's hair and yanks, pulling him up to his feet.

"What is," Ilya starts, too breathless to form a sentence. "What is going on?" He wipes at Shane's mouth with the back of his hand as he catches his breath. Shane is acutely reminded of their first hookup many years ago, when he did the same thing.

"I'm yours, right?" Shane asks.

Ilya frowns. Shane watches his husband's eyes dart across his face as he holds his breath. "Of course," Ilya says, resolute despite the confusion on his face. "And I'm yours."

Shane exhales, nodding. "Show me."

“Show you what?”

“That I’m yours.”

Shane watches, with great pleasure, how quickly his husband’s eyes darken with desire. Ilya finds his lips again, neither of them daring to be parted even while they’re stumbling their way to the couch. They keep kissing while Ilya works him open with deft fingers, and he feels wonderfully fucked both in his mouth and in his ass. He needs more, though.

“Need you inside me,” Shane says against Ilya’s mouth. “Now.”

Ilya tears the condom packet and rolls it onto himself in record time, pressing his cock into Shane’s ass in about a second. His face crumples as he eases himself in and a gasp escapes him as he says, “Ah, Shane, you are so fucking tight.”

Ever the gentleman, Ilya waits for Shane to get used to it, staying completely still. Usually, Shane loves it, but it’s not what he wants right now. “Fuck me, Ilya, come on,” he grunts, raising his hips to bring Ilya’s cock deeper in him, and wraps his legs around his back.

Ilya does what he’s told, grabbing him roughly by the hips, and fucks him. He drives his cock into Shane with reckless abandon and the rapid movement moves the couch with a loud screech against the floor.

Shane holds onto Ilya’s arms, now slick with sweat, and digs his nails on his skin, eager to leave marks. He brings his hands to Ilya’s chest, recalling that fan who groped him, and grabs at the mound of his muscle as hard as he could.

Ilya slows down and unhooks Shane’s legs around him, only for him to bend them over Shane’s head before he starts fucking him again. Shane wraps his arms around Ilya and runs his nails down his back. Ilya’s face crumples again, and Shane surges up to press their mouths together, their tongues sliding past each other’s lips as easily as Ilya’s cock moves in and out of his ass.

Shane comes soon after, untouched again. It’s a common theme around here. Ilya follows him after a few more quick thrusts. He falls on top of Shane and lies unmoving while they ride out both their orgasms.

“Wow,” Ilya says, a few minutes later. Or hours. Or days. Who the hell knows. “That was crazy.” He pulls out of Shane slowly and disappears into the bathroom, coming back with a damp towel to clean them both off. “Is this celebration? Congratulations?” he asks Shane, looking smug.

Shane huffs. “No.”

Ilya raises his eyebrows and his grin vanishes. He throws the towel somewhere behind the couch and settles on top of Shane, propping himself on his elbows as he looks into Shane’s eyes. “What is this then?”

Shane sighs and tries to look away but Ilya bends down to press a kiss on his lips. Shane swallows. "Do you miss women?" he asks.

Ilya gapes at Shane in disbelief. "No. I have husband now."

"If you get bored of me, will you tell me?" Shane asks, his voice shaking a little.

Ilya looks alarmed. "I will never get bored of you, Hollander," he says. "What is this? Why are you asking this? Did I make you think I am not satisfied?"

"I fucking sucked at the game today," Shane blurts out, feeling his face burn again. Ilya darts his eyes, then his face gives way to understanding.

"Sometimes we have bad days," Ilya says gently and presses a kiss on Shane's chest. "Very rare for you because you are perfect, but it happens."

"Shut up."

"Is true."

"I don't want to be bad," Shane says.

Ilya stills. "Did you think I will stop loving you if you play bad hockey?" Shane doesn't answer and just shrugs. Ilya's eyes go wide as saucers. "*Never*, Shane. Even as captain, I will not be mad at you."

Shane sighs in relief, feeling his chest become lighter. "You gotta make me do hard drills during practice though," he mutters. "That shit was fucking embarrassing."

"Nothing embarrassing about my husband," Ilya argues. "But yes, there will be drills." He waggles his eyebrows.

"Fuck you," Shane says, smiling now.

"No, fuck *you*, but maybe in an hour."

"Hell no. I'm fucked out."

"Hmm." Ilya paws at Shane's dick and he bats his husband's hand away. Ilya rests his head on Shane's chest and wraps his arms around him. "*Ya tebya lyublyu*," he murmurs.

"I love you too," Shane says, and repeats it in Russian for good measure. They lay in silence as they let sleep fall onto them.

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