

Easy but competitive

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Easy but competitive

by [RatedEforEmotion](#)

Summary

"Let's see who cracks first then."

"Is that a fucking challenge, Rozanov?" He asks with a shit eating grin on his face.

"You bet it is."

"Alright." Shane extends a hand. "Bring it on."

And oh, Ilya intends to.

Ilya loved days like this. It was sunny, the kind of sunny that made the grumpiest people happy. The Canadian birds were chipping away and Shane was playing some God awful music. The lake was calm, glassy in places, broken only by the soft lap of water against the dock. Shane had taken over the entire cottage with noise and movement- bare feet on wood, the screen door slamming, laughter echoing out across the trees.

Ilya loved the way the air smelled like pine and warm water, loved the ache in his shoulders from swimming too long, loved lazy lunches that stretched into the afternoon and conversations that didn't go anywhere important. He loved how quiet his mind felt here, how the days asked nothing of him except to be present. But most of all Ilya loves that all of his days seemed to be like this. His stay at the cottage has been extended so many times both he and Shane know he'll be here as long as possible, likely until start of the season.

"Do you want ice-cream?" Shane asks, sitting down on the swing while purposely letting their legs touch as he types something onto his phone. "Dad says there was a discount at the store, he could drop us off some."

"Hollander, do your parents know you're a millionaire?" Ilya scoffs, wrapping an arm around his shoulders.

"So, you don't want the ice-cream?"

"Of course I do." He grins, looking out over the lake. "When can David bring it to us?"

"Stop calling him David, it's weird." Shane grumbles, furrowing his brows.

"What should I call him?" Ilya smiles, reaching over and soothing his eyebrows because he can. He can just reach over and do little things without it being questioned, without Shane wondering why he's doing it. Because it's not weird to cuddle your boyfriend, it's not weird to soothe him or even call him nicknames. Ilya wonders if Shane would like that. What would they even call each other?

"He'll bring it over in like 20 minutes." Shane says, breaking him away from his thoughts.

"Good." He says, letting his fingers go up into Shane's hair and watching as the other man molds into it, sliding closer and letting Ilya play with his hair. "You're very easy."

"Excuse me?" He finally puts down his phone, his gaze, although offended, finally landing on Ilya. *"I am not easy."*

"You are, Hollander. Let's be honest." Ilya grins, God he loves firing him up.

"Fuck off." Shane scoffs, pulling back a bit. "You're easier than me."

"I am not." He says, getting offended himself even when he knows they're both purposely firing each other up. "Even if I was, I am better at resisting than you."

"You are not." Shane says, staring him down. "It's not my fault you're the one always staring things. If I even tried you would fold *so fast*."

Ilya stares at him, Shane cannot possibly be serious. They have been doing this for the better part of a decade and it is very obvious Shane has always been easier. It started with him being less experienced and following Ilya's lead but over the years it's just the way they work. Yes, Ilya starts things but that's because Shane always goes for it with enthusiasm. "Is that so?" He raises his eyebrows. "Try then. Let's see who cracks first."

"Is that a fucking challenge, Rozanov?" He asks with a shit eating grin on his face.

"You bet it is."

"Alright, game on." Shane extends a hand. "Bring it on."

And oh, Ilya intends to.

He, *of course*, is the first to make a move and it's as soon as just ten minutes later when David brings them ice cream.

They're eating it in the kitchen, still mildly bantering about who will last longer, when he starts. He holds Shane's eyes, sucking the vanilla ice-cream off the tip of his spoon. He watches Shane's lips part and does it again, letting some ice cream drip out and off the corner of his lip before slowly licking it.

Ilya knows he has a big ego, he has always been told so, but he knows it's not just his ego talking when it comes to giving head. Ilya is amazing at it, he's amazing with his mouth and he knows Shane knows so. He knows Shane is thinking about it as he watches him suck the spoon.

"Fuck you." Shane whispers. "That's playing dirty."

"Nei." Ilya shakes his head, putting the spoon down. "It's playing exactly as this is to be played."

"Whatever." Shane says, looking away.

Ilya grins, watching the skin under his freckles darken.

That evening, as he's sitting at the couch and scrolling through his phone he can feel Shane come up behind him. His elbows rest on the backrest of the couch right behind Ilya and he leans in, whispering into his ear.

For a moment Ilya thinks his brain is messing with him, that he's forgotten English words again but then he catches up, realising Shane is whispering French into his ear.

"Fuck off with that croissant shit." He says with a chuckle. He knows what Shane was going for but Ilya prefers his dirty talk in languages he understands.

Shane sighs and lays on the couch with him. "Worth a try." He shrugs, picking up his own phone.

That night when Ilya comes to the bedroom after his shower, Shane is almost asleep in bed, all vulnerable and soft and Ilya wants- No, he *needs* to get on top of him and kiss him already, stupid competition be damned. He finally gets to call this man his boyfriend, he shouldn't be wasting all this time proving to not be easy.

He doesn't tho, he's not losing and he's especially not losing when Shane hasn't not even once successfully been provocative. He wants him father out of his box before Ilya will even consider admitting a loss.

Instead Ilya whispers his name, waiting for Shane's eyes to open.

"Yeah?" He whispers, his eyes flying over Ilya's body.

He smirks, taking off his shirt and throwing it aside. His sweatpants go next and he's reaching for the tight black boxers when Shane just yawns.

"Fold those, will you?" He asks, rolling onto his back.

Ilya nods, staring at Shane as he falls asleep. He mumbles a Russian curse under his breath, folding the clothes and laying down.

Neither of them seems well rested the next morning, but they don't comment on it, both too proud to lose.

In the morning, after they've cleaned up from breakfast, Ilya steps onto the back patio, lighting a cigarette when something catches his attention.

Now, he remembers watching the documentary and thinking how ridiculous it was Shane does yoga. He remembers watching him stretch and thinking how funny he looked. But now, now that Shane is meters away from him with his body stretched and flexible, with his ass in the air and tense. Now, Ilya doesn't find it ridiculous at all. Quite the opposite, he spends the whole morning staring and the worst thing is, he knows Shane knows.

Every now and then, he looks back at Ilya with a big grin before resuming.

Squats are the worst thing ever, Ilya decides.

He decides to step up his game and when Shane goes for a shower, he snoops a bit and finds just what he needs.

He lays on the bed, Shane's dildo in hand as he waits for him. While waiting he observes it, he knew Shane had good taste, hence the fact he was in love with Ilya, but this proved it as well. It was a good toy, just the right amount of thick and long.

He lifts his gaze and sees Shane frozen in the doorway, just in boxers and a t-shirt.

Ilya grins, waving the dildo around as Shane's face flushes.

"Look what I found." He teases, using his thumb to rub the tip. "I thought you kept it in Montreal."

"Shut up." Shane says, walking to his dresser, pretending to be unaffected when Ilya knows him good enough to know his heart has to be racing.

He keeps stroking it, wrapping his full hand around it and watching Shane's eyes flick back to it.

"Nice quality, very thick." Ilya says, speeding up his hand. "A bit dry, but I guess I'm used to you and you leak like a faucet so..."

"Fuck you." Shane says, shaking his head as a grin threatens to overtake his face.

"Is that you admitting you've lost?" Ilya grins, watching Shane groan and leave the room.

God, this is a long, boring competition.

He puts the dildo away and goes to the living room, laying down with him on the couch as Shane puts on a random movie.

It lasts about an hour, some stupid action with Rose Landry- Ilya knows Shane did that on purpose as well- that involves her getting kidnapped. Thankfully, it ends quickly and he can already hear Shane yawning.

"Sleepy?" He asks.

"Yeah." Shane nods. "Wanna head to bed?"

"Okay." Ilay brushes his fingers through Shanes hair. "I'll go smoke real quick because you don't allow that inside, and then I'll be with you." He stands up, picking up his pack

"Have I ever told you that's bad for you?" Shane says with a grin.

"Never." Ilya grins back and walks out to the back patio.

He lights his cigarette, admiring the lake and the stars.

It's peaceful, calm, he likes it. He likes everything about this, it's worrying how much he likes it. It's worrying how quickly he already got used to this, how he could live like this forever and be happy.

He loves hockey and he is sure he has more good seasons left, but if he ever has to choose, he's not sure he's choosing hockey over this, over Shane.

His thoughts are broken with a howling sound that makes him jump up. He curses, finishing his cigarette and heading back inside.

"Stupid Canadian wolf bird." He's muttering as he enters the bedroom.

Bringing out Shane's dildo might have been cruel, stroking it and commenting when he knew Shane was ashamed of owning it was low, Ilya knows so *but it was fun*. It was part of the game, part of driving each other wild and waiting for the other to snap.

What Shane is doing right now isn't.

He's on the bed, wearing Ilya's Boston Raiders shirt and tight black boxers that do little to hide his growing erection. He's not reading his stupid book, nor scrolling on his phone. He's holding his head up with one hand, propped up on an elbow, and his other hand is on his thigh, exactly next to the fading hickey Ilya sucked there two days ago. On top of it all he's wearing those damned glasses.

Ilya grabs onto the doorway, blinking a few times and taking a deep breath. *He's not cracking, he's not losing.*

He knows Shane is weaker than him. Ilya has done more in bed than he's proud to admit to, he is not cracking at the sight of Shane Fucking Hollander in a Boston shirt with boxers and glasses.

This completely changes when Shane starts taking off the boxers.

"Yes." Ilya purs, watching him fold them up and put them on the floor.

Shane bends one knee, spreading his legs. Now Shane in the Boston shirt, boxers and glasses was tempting but Shane in just the shirt and glasses without his boxers is maddening.

"Not fair." Ilya insists, walking towards the bed.

"Very fair." Shane says, crawling towards him. "And you know it."

"Fuck you, Hollander."

"Yes, do just that." Shane says, looking up at him. "Only, you'd have to admit you lose first."

"Shane." He whispers, watching Shane lay down on Ilya's side of the bed, propped up on his elbows, legs spread just a bit and cock standing at attention.

"Ilya." He grins, knowing he's won.

"Fine. I admit it." He says, laying down in between Shane's legs and taking off his shirt.

"You admit what?" Shane grins as Ilya strips down to his boxers.

"Hollander." He warns, looking him up and down.

"Say it."

"I lose, you win." Ilya says, not even caring as he reaches for lube from the bedside table without taking his eyes off of Shane. "And now, I fuck you. Enough gloating."

Shane laughs and kisses him, *fucking finally*, while helping Ilya out of his boxers.

Turns out Ilya is not so strong when it comes to Shane, or maybe the other just knows his weaknesses, it's hard to determine.

Ilya moans, biting Shane's lip and grinning as the other spreads his legs.

He breaks the kiss, lubing up his fingers and reaching down to rub his rim.

"Okay?"

Shane nods, already pushing back against him.

"Fuck yeah." He gasps as Ilya starts working him open, leaning down for another kiss that turns more to just breathing each others air.

Ilya grins against Shane's lips, his fingers working quickly to prepare him. He loves seeing Shane like this, all desperate and needy for him. When he slips two fingers inside easily, Shane moans loudly into their kiss. Ilya breaks away briefly to whisper huskily "Ready?"

Shane nods eagerly, his hands gripping Ilya's shoulders tightly. Ilya removes his fingers and positions himself at Shane's entrance, pushing in slowly despite Shane's eager pushes back. He captures Shane's mouth in a deep kiss to distract from any discomfort as he seats himself fully inside.

Shane wraps his legs around Ilya's waist, pulling him in deeper. Ilya breaks the kiss to trail open-mouthed kisses down Shane's neck, biting gently on the hickey he left earlier. He starts moving with slow, deep thrusts, his hands gripping Shane's hips tightly.

Shane's moans fill the room as Ilya hits that perfect spot inside him. His nails dig into Ilya's back, pulling him closer. Ilya increases his pace slightly, still kissing and sucking marks onto Shane's neck and collarbone.

Ilya's pace quickens, his breath coming in harsh pants against Shane's neck as he chases his release. Shane meets each thrust eagerly, his own orgasm building rapidly. With one particularly deep thrust, Ilya hits just the right spot and Shane cries out, his body tensing as he comes apart.

The sensation of Shane clenching around him sends Ilya over the edge. He buries himself deep inside Shane as he comes, his face pressed against Shane's shoulder. Both men are left shaking from the intensity of their release. Ilya collapses onto Shane, holding him close as they catch their breaths.

"So," Shane teases him when they've both finally caught their breath. "who's easy again?"

"Shut up." Ilya chuckles softly. "You know the glasses are my weak spot."

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