

spice up your life, come get a freak

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by [raniza](#)

Summary

Ilya got up then, walking over to Shane's side of the lounge so he could nestle his hand into the boy's dark hair, for the sake of eye-contact. "Ah, I hear you are great at giving interviews but I don't believe it. No, cannot be true. Sweet Canadian boy only has a tongue for his boyfriend, hm. Is that what it is?"

Shane flushed at the condescending choice of words, eyes watering as he looked directly into Ilya's wolfish expression. "I don't, didn't mean it," he tried, head slumping forward to land on Ilya's shoulder as he grew steadily hard under his sweatpants.

"Oh, so you are too fucking stupid to say what you mean, I get it," Ilya plastered a grin as he added, "Is my baby too slow to use his words? Or is the great Shane Hollander just dumb hockey player?" Ilya cooed, tightening his grip as he stuck his thumb into Shane's pliant mouth. "I think I will have to do the talking for both of us, tell the press you can only take my dick now. Is all you're good for."

Or, the dumbification of Shane Hollander.

Notes

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

Shane loved being an athlete, really.

He began skating when he was young, drawn to the rink and rules that helped ground him when everything else was too much. It was something he could tether himself to without feeling guilty; embracing the sport was easier than most things for him. Simpler tasks like socializing proved much more difficult, so he stuck to the ice and played it safe. He learned to keep his head down and remain unnoticeable, bring the best for his team and drown out the rest.

That is, until, the notoriety of college hockey came knocking on his door.

Maybe it was ignorance, but getting recruited to McGill University for the sport didn't automatically register to Shane as anything other than what he was used to. He wanted to pursue a career in Sports Medicine and figured accepting the full ride would only benefit his chances. He was ready to be on the road for early morning practices, afternoon lectures, and late-night study sessions.

What he wasn't prepared for was the fame that came with the game.

The Redbirds of McGill University seemed to be the only interesting thing to ever happen to Montreal. People from different parts of the country flocked to their stands to see the team in action, hounding for more. The crowds adored Shane, whose shy persona only propelled his climb to the top. It didn't help that he also quickly became integral to their winning plays, and an unlikely favorite of their captain and his personal roommate, *Ilya Rozanov*.

"Shane, some speculate that your addition to this team is what led the Redbirds to the championships for the first time in five years. Any comment?" The question came from one of the many sports journalists seated in the media room, a post-game debrief designated for Shane to attend.

The nature of the question left him feeling uneasy, reluctant to take accountability for their rapid success this year. He hated when interviews steered in this direction, eager to get a dodgy quote out of the easy-going Shane Hollander.

He shot the man an awkward smile, clearing his voice as he said, "I'm proud of our team for the progress we've made this season. It's.. It's been amazing to play beside such wonderful players," he kept it short and sweet, deftly craning his neck to move onto the next suspect.

"It's undeniable that your grace on the ice has been the glue to keep the team together, such as today when your fanbase went wild after seeing you make the winning goal. Why do you think that is?"

Shane uncomfortably shuffled in his seat, pulling the collar of his jersey down to stop the sweat from running down his back. "I appreciate the support, it keeps us all motivated," he responded, growing ashamed at the implication he was more than his counterparts. It was overwhelming and entirely unpleasant to accept the praise when he knew it wasn't that

simple, a lot more went into their victory than his goals. He knew his worth, but it didn't have to be celebrated at the expense of his friends.

"We know Ilya Rozanov has more experience to be captain, but do you imagine coach will keep him on when you're clearly headlining this season's wins?"

It was like the world froze the second *his* name left the reporter's lips, breaking any last bit of resolve Shane had left.

No matter how hard he tried to fight it, Ilya was always a sore subject for Shane to speak on. To the public, he was simply team captain of the Redbirds and Shane's roommate, a cocky Russian international student with far too much grit for someone who kisses player's cheeks. To Shane, he was... well, everything.

The pair had met when Shane was a freshman and Ilya a sophomore, during off-season. He was practicing skating to get his mind off of finals, while Ilya, something he didn't know at the time, had nowhere else to be. Shane later found out that he was putting off his flight to Russia for the break, choosing to spend his time on campus instead of boarding his plane. After that semester they were placed in a dorm together, a happy coincidence. Through tentative conversations and unofficial library dates, they quickly went from unlikely friends to inseparable partners, not without their fair share of trials. There was something about Ilya that he couldn't get out of his mind, the way the boy was able to understand Shane without any words needing to be said. It was effortless for him to pick up on Shane's nonverbal cues and accomodate accordingly, without having to ask. For the first time in his life, Shane felt *seen*. Two years out, he felt confident now in his Junior year that their connection transcended the mundanities that accompanied every-day life.

The mind-blowing sex that came along with dating Ilya was only a plus.

Snapping out of his daze, Shane struggled to give an answer to the woman, whose patience seemed to be wearing thin if her insistent pen-clicking was anything to measure. By this point, he was losing his focus and retreating in on himself, desperate for an escape.

He steadily became red, stuttering through his response, "Look, uhm, Ilya's a great captain and knows what he's doing. His skill is indisputable and a testament to his commitment to McGill. I'm, uh, honored to be in the presence of such admirable players."

At the end of his answer, he hastily thanked everyone for their time and made his exit, evading the microphones being thrust in his periphery for one last comment. It's what they always promised but never actually meant, using the opportunity to berate him with more unnecessary accolades while subtly dissing his teammates. The walk back to the locker room was humiliating, knowing that the boys were going to have to watch yet another press conference where Shane was regarded as if he was the only player they could be bothered to ask about.

Thankfully, the room was cleared out, everyone having left after being excused from partaking in the tortuous interrogation reserved specifically for Shane. He speculated it was due to his bashful demeanor that they left the cameras for him, knowing better than to leave Ilya to explain why they lost when the man was known for his short-temper.

Speaking of Ilya, Shane was surprised to find he'd already left. He usually waited for Shane in the showers, taking extra time rinsing off in order to corner him under the water. There was no text either, pushing Shane further into the already foggy headspace clouding his thoughts. The spotlight was not something he'd asked for, nor was the heroic identity half of Canada kindly bestowed upon on him.

He spent the entire trip back to the dorms irritated, unconsciously fidgeting with his bag's straps as he unlocked the door. Shane was unnerved to find Ilya on the couch, laid back as he spoke to someone on the phone. He felt worse than before, stripped from the day's grueling obligations. It could've been resentment, resentment targeted towards Ilya's relaxed state, that fueled him to slam the door shut behind him, avoiding the stare that pierced the back of his head as he threw the closet open and chucked his duffel bag inside.

Instantaneously, the phone call seemed to have ended the second he stepped back into the living room, now freshened up but not any friendlier. Shane took the far end of the couch, ducking his face into his hands as he curled up onto his side.

Ilya broke the silence first.

"моя любовь, what happen?" The question elicited a groan out of Shane, exasperated at having to respond to yet another person. It seemed like that's all he was these days, a bot equipped to provide robotic responses when probed.

He mumbled into his sleeve, "Nothing." Shane knew he sounded childish the second it came out of his mouth, but it was all he could give at the moment. He rubbed his jaw against his arm automatically, feeling the walls close in the longer the seconds ticked by. Everything was far too bright and loud for his mind to wrap around, despite the silence and dimmed lights.

"Okay, I guess for you. Did you not like win? I thought you did very good tonight," Ilya supplied, offering a branch of reinforcement that proved to stab daggers into Shane's disposition. He was sick of everyone serenading him with compliments he didn't want, constantly buzzing attention when he just wanted to hide.

Shane pulled out of his shell, glaring at Ilya, "I bet you did. You and half the province apparently."

His words pulled a unexpected laugh out of Ilya, who looked intrigued by Shane's hostility. "And is not good because.. do you not want province to like you?"

Shane threw his hands up, having wanted to resign himself to a quiet night-in. "I didn't ask for this Ilya, being dragged into center stage just because I like to play hockey. All this credit and mention of becoming captain when I clearly don't have a desire for it! They need to force you to take care of this bullshit, I'm not the one calling the shots. Maybe if they trusted you more I could be free of it," he snipped, glaring at Ilya out of breath. He should feel proud of himself for being honest, but the pit in his stomach grew as he watched the shift in Ilya's demeanor.

Suddenly, he went from doting boyfriend to devastating predator within a minute.

"That is what this is about Hollander? You don't like to be golden boy, hm. It must be so fucking hard having everyone love you." His tone carried a dangerous edge, one Shane knew well. It accompanied the same lilt that brought him to his knees on nights where wanted to let go, forego the control he held onto so tightly and be molded into something lighter.

Shane didn't speak, suddenly embarrassed by his outburst. His sentiment had some validity to it, sure, but to share it so brazenly without consideration wasn't the smartest decision, even for him.

"What happened, nothing to say котёнок? Go on, tell me why I need to do better." Ilya got up, walking over to Shane's side of the lounge so he could nestle his hand into the boy's dark hair, for the sake of eye-contact. "Ah, I heard you are great at giving interviews but I don't believe it. No, cannot be true. Sweet Canadian boy only has a tongue for his boyfriend, hm. Is that what it is?"

Shane flushed at the condescending choice of words, eyes watering as he looked directly into Ilya's wolfish expression. "I don't, didn't mean it," he tried, head slumping forward to land on Ilya's shoulder as he grew steadily hard under his sweatpants.

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He attempted to refute it, protect his dignity, but Ilya quickly slapped his hand over Shane's lips, effectively shutting him up. "No more, is too much for you. Pretty boys like you are only good for one thing. Get on your knees."

Shane felt dizzy, Ilya's heady desire burning inside and out. The confrontation was pulling him under, something Ilya knew he needed without having to express it verbally.

He rushed to his feet, almost flailing to get into position. Shane nuzzled against Ilya's thigh, wantonly whining as he felt his erection pushing through the fabric.

"Better for you, where you belong. Not with these pesky reporters, but with me. Show me you deserve it," Ilya urged, arms nudging Shane closer, encouraging him to take control.

Shane moved with agility, senses heightened as he tugged Ilya's boxers down and came face to face with his cock. He would bet good money he was more fired up in moments like these than on the ice, where he could let someone else take the reins.

"Do you want me," Ilya tugged his chin up for added effect, "to explain this part too?"

Shane didn't need to be told twice, parting his wet lips to softly suck while digging his fingers into Ilya's thighs. The fog that so traitorously numbed his thought patterns returned, this time in a fleeting motion, covering his entire body with an indescribable warmth.

"Da, like that Hollander. Fuck, you're aching for it," Ilya groaned, digging the heel of his foot into Shane's leaking cock, constricted under his pants.

He sped up, tear tracks forming as he bobbed up and down, determined to make it worth it for Ilya. If this was all he was good for, then he wouldn't go down without a fight proving it so. Shane ignored his own growing climax, smacking away Ilya's attempt to play unfairly.

Without a warning, Ilya pulled him off, slipping out of his boxers and falling against their sofa. Shane was equal parts disgruntled as he was aroused, seeing Ilya in pleasure messed with his head.

"What do you think your fans would say if they saw you like this," Ilya antagonized, tilting his head innocently in a faux manner, as if Shane was the one acting insolent. "You think they'd want to see their favorite hockey protege on his knees for captain?"

His words were raw, biting at Shane's composure. He only whined in response, not wanting to be reprimanded for speaking again.

"I saw interview," Ilya drawled, "so embarrassed at my name." He tutted, disappointed. "Does it scare you that much?"

Shane stumbled forward at that, crawling into Ilya's lap, too pent up to risk the distance. He shoved his face into Ilya's neck, breathing rich inhales as he ripped off his boxers.

"Please, I can be good for you. It's not - I don't need anything else. Please Ilya," Shane said, eyes glazing over as Ilya's hands thumbed over his cock.

"I suppose. It's not like you have anything else going on up there," he patted Shane's head, endearingly mocking him.

Shane's lips were raw, lightly bitten through the course of their interaction. Ilya noticed it, taking the initiative to pull him in for a kiss. It consumed Shane's being, leaving no space for argument. The taste of cigarettes filled his senses, a deep musk that resonated in his bones.

Ilya pulled back, only to get Shane to pay attention to their situation below. With his guard down, Ilya took it upon himself to shove three fingers down Shane's throat, instructing him to properly slick them unless he didn't want to be fucked tonight.

Shane panicked at the thought, accidentally biting down in a flurry of nerves. It earned him a laugh from the other boy, like he didn't expect anything less.

"Your oral fixation is the real achievement моя любовь, maybe we should let the journalists know that next time."

Shane couldn't help but close his eyes, imagining the shock on everyone's faces if they found out that Shane Hollander got regularly fucked down by someone as conceited as Ilya Rozanov. It was a thrilling sensation, even more so when he remembered that they were also dating.

“Enough. I’ll give it to you soon, I know how bad you need it,” Ilya taunted, circling Shane’s hole as pushed one finger through.

Shane arched his back at the sensation, thoroughly wrecked even though it was just the beginning. He rocked against the feeling of Ilya’s thick fingers inside of him, chasing the salvation dangling before him.

After a few minutes of prep, Ilya pulled out, leaving Shane bare. It snapped him out of his daze and back into the present, where he was presently empty.

“Ilya - Ilya, no, please! Want it, want you more than anything. Such a fucking asshole,” Shane slurred out, still jaded despite the generosity he was offered.

Ilya grabbed him by the back of his neck, effectively scruffing him like one would handle a wild animal.

“Have you forgot your fucking place Hollander, because I have not. Where did my good boy go, replaced by big shot hockey jackass,” Ilya spat out, matching his stare with a renewed intensity.

Shane shrunk under the pressure, humiliated by his desperation. It only made him harder, knowing Ilya had reduced him to something beneath him.

“Sorry, please, sorry,” he whispered, lifting himself over Ilya’s hips to get right angle and -

“I know you are cock drunk but, I set pace. On and off ice,” Ilya grunted, seizing Shane’s hips to slow him down.

“Look at me Shane,” Ilya spoke softly, a stark contrast to his earlier remarks, “Is this okay?”

Shane preened, secretly pleased that Ilya prioritized his wellness above his pleasure. It was the small things like this that allowed them to work so well together, check-ins that spoke volumes.

He nodded, twisting his arms over Ilya’s shoulders to feel his warm skin against his. It was striking to see himself through Ilya’s eyes, a startling devotion that stuck out amongst all the other emotions that went unsaid.

Ilya took the hint to lift Shane’s hips to slip his cock in, sighing as he buried himself to the hilt.

It was like everything faded away for Shane, processing how full he felt. Ilya rendered him speechless, only the wet sound skin against skin filling the room.

“Forever, I keep you here forever,” Ilya promised, throwing his head back when Shane began riding him in earnest. “I got golden boy in Canada riding my cock, and he fucking loves it.”

Shane moaned in approval, feeling Ilya’s large hands cradle his face as he gained momentum. As if sensing his apprehension, Ilya flipped them over and thrust back in, somehow faster than before.

Shane sobbed at the overstimulation, leaking pre-come as he begged for a release. “Need it, need it Ilya! Can I - oh, God, please I need to come!”

Ilya, covered in sweat, grinned at his pleas, leaning in to kiss him on the cheek as he relented. “Go on, make a fucking mess of yourself.”

Shane couldn’t hold back any longer, seeing dark spots in his vision as he came over his abs and onto the cushion. Ilya milked his orgasm, wrapped a hand around his cock well after he was done.

It was both unwelcoming and everything he had ever needed, drowning in Ilya’s orbit. With an onslaught of Russian curses, Ilya finished inside of him, gingerly collapsing on top of Shane.

After a few moments, Ilya unfurled himself from Shane’s chest to climb forward, nudging their noses against one another. “мой Shane, you were amazing. You made me feel so good, like drug I cannot get enough of.”

Ilya was careful about aftercare; treading a thin line to bring Shane out of his haze. He littered his face in kisses, only pulling out once he was sure Shane was cognizant enough to register where he was going.

He’d come back with tissues, gently wiping Shane down so they could settle into a routine. He pattered around the room, covering Shane in a blanket as he carried him into their shared bedroom and immediately tucked him into his chest.

It smoothed out the creases that muddled Shane’s mind, the familiar motions washing over him like Ilya’s scent. He felt safe, heard when it seemed like nobody was listening. A soft press to his forehead is the last thing Shane felt before he drifted off, content for the first time all day.

End Notes

so did we all see that tiktok or what 😭 that's where this idea came from anyway

stay hot and glamorous, i could be persuaded into continuing this AU of shane and ilya if the stars align 🐣🎈 xx

back to my home i go (interview with the vampire fandom)

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