

gq stars

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by [k_m_s_j](#)

Summary

If he didn't hate him enough before, he surely did now.

The two were posing for a campaign.

As captains of the two most beloved NHL teams, the two were more than happy to oblige.

Well, their coaches at least.

Calvin Klein.

Out of all the brands they could have chosen.

Fortunately for them, they had wanted to sponsor their new campaign.

Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov.

Do you have your calvin's on?

or- the hudson gq magazine but if it was hollanov sprinkled with the vegas scene

Notes

heyyyyy it's been so long omg!!! i started school again and it's been kicking me plus writers block, anyways this is heavily based on the hudson and connor gq magazine, i can't get it out my brain

hope you enjoy<3

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

“Closer, come on boys.”

It had been months since they spoke.

Shane tensed as he scoots closer to Ilya, who places a hand on his hip, just holding.

He wanted to punch him.

He was sure the blush they had applied on him was replaced with a blush of anger.

They haven’t spoken for months.

Not a single text.

Not a single word from Ilya indicating he was still alive.

Just.

Showed up.

Like nothing.

Here he was, placing a hand on him like they were good buddies.

Shane hated him more than anything.

If he didn’t hate him enough before, he surely did now.

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Do you have your calvin’s on?

Shane was first, tight, white briefs that don’t leave much to the imagination.

He lies down and raises his arms over his head, his exposed arms and chest being glistened with whatever body oil the makeup artist had applied on him.

By the end of his part, his back beads with sweat from the lights, and various, scandalous poses, his hair damp with the water they had sprayed on him.

As Shane finished his solo shoots, he sits down to get his hair re done, blown dry and swooped from his face.

Getting a white tank top on along with low rise jeans, the Calvin Klein logo peaking from his waistband.

A tease.

The part he was dreading was coming up, the shots with Ilya.

Shane finishes his makeup and steps back onto the set.

“Shane Hollander!” A photographer places their camera down, away from where Rozanov stands, “One moment, We’re on the last shot.”

Hollander is nearly taken aback.

Ilya Rozanov.

His outfit was more covered than Shane’s, black briefs and a Jean jacket, he poses with his arms over his head.

Shane glances down his body, Ilya’s happy trail, becoming more noticeable as he switches to the next pose, dropping the jacket down his shoulders.

Fuck, what was the point of having clothes on him?

It barely left anything to the imagination, the V-line barely being concealed by the boxers.

The way his arms flex, the veins and soft moles peaking through.

His pecs even flexed slightly, tenses.

Shane didn’t know when his throat got dry.

He didn’t realize until he was handed a water bottle by one of the colleagues, he also didn’t know when his knees suddenly buckled until he sits down on a nearby chair.

And he sure as hell didn’t realize how aroused he’d suddenly become.

It wasn’t much thankfully, just a quick twitch in his pants that kicks against his thighs, he gulps, going to immediately cross his legs to conceal himself.

Fuck, the more he looked at Ilya.

The way Ilya’s straight brows furrowed as he focused into the camera, the sultry gaze he had, the way he places one hand on his head, the other on his hip.

God, he was fully hard now.

Shane grumbles in frustration and immediately tries to think of something else, something to soften himself, to turn himself off.

But god, whenever he closed his eyes to think of something, old laundry, mismatched socks, Ilya staring down into his eyes, hand around his-

“Hollander!” The photographer’s voice snaps his eyes open, he stands up, adjusting the front of the jeans, the bagginess of the fabric concealing his arousal.

Thankfully, Ilya was in a different outfit, same white tank top, baggy jeans as Shane.

He stands on the spot nearby Ilya, an arm’s length apart.

He swallows, feeling a heat of anger as Ilya glances over at him, smiling and waving.

He acts like he didn’t ghost Shane for months.

Sure, the season just started, but Ilya hasn’t sent a single message since the last season had ended, almost as if he was avoiding Shane.

It wasn’t like Shane wanted to see him, anyways. The two only had sex a few number of times.

On his bed, in his shower, on his couch...

Maybe a lot of times, actually.

After every game, Ilya would pin him down the second they were alone, grabbing his hair, strong arm pinning Shane down, holding his arms behind his back.

And all he could do was take it.

Shane looks at Ilya, looking back at the camera.

The photographer changes his lenses, squinting as he adjusts any shifts.

“Ah, sorry boys, but could you scoot closer?”

Shane tenses up, his hands in the pockets of the jeans.

He doesn’t move, and Ilya seems to have the same idea, his hands also in his pockets as he ponders.

“Closer, come on boys.”

Shane lets out a sigh and nods, shuffling closer to Ilya, who does the same.

Their shoulders touch, the coolness of Ilya’s skin contrasting the heat of Shane.

“Perfect!” The photographer smiles, framing them with his hands.

Shane looks in the camera with his brows furrowed and filled with attitude, his focus is lost when he feels something snake on his hip.

Ilya.

Ilya’s hand.

The photographer seems to beam, immediately going to snap pictures, Ilya’s hand resting on his hip, fingers digging slightly.

The way his fingers would feel when he would thrust into Shane from behind.

The way Ilya had him pinned down every game, bruising grip on his hips to hold him down, Shane would just sob and take it, biting on the pillow in front of him.

“Look at me.”

Shane is taken out his thoughts at a voice, a deep, raspy heavily accented voice.

Rozanov.

Ilya raises a brow in confusion, tugging shane Closer to his side.

“Okay, Hollander?” He asks again, “Look at me, look at the camera.”

Shane doesn’t respond, he obeys.

He always obeyed him.

When Ilya gave him orders, he followed them.

“Hollander, on your knees.”

“Hollander, get on your stomach.”

“Hollander, roll around for me.”

He doesn’t know why, but he always felt obligated to do whatever Rozanov told him.

He always wanted to please him.

So when Rozanov commanded him, encouraged him to do something to please him, and only him.

He did it.

Never once he had questioned it.

He couldn't explain why, or how he was able to take his orders so well, especially from the man he hated so much.

But Hollander always felt like he was on a leash, and Rozanov was his holder.

Yanking him by his hair, his neck, or wherever Rozanov could get his hands on.

The photographer snaps a few pictures of them, occasionally telling them to do various poses, expressions.

"Shane, look over here please, perfect!" The photographer smiles as he takes another photo "Beautiful, you take orders well, Shane."

Ilya grips his hip tighter, leaning closer to his ear, his teeth barely grazing against his lobe.

"You take orders well, hm?"

Shane's chest heaves, feeling how Ilya was now stroking his hip, soothing, almost.

Shane does a subtle nod at Ilya, who pats his hip before turning his attention back to the camera.

The photographer takes another picture, nodding in approval, "Perfect, boys...could you two sit down?"

Shane and Ilya sit down on the ground, facing each other, Ilya's hands on his shoulders, the two in a heated head lock.

"Perfect boys!" The photographer frames either his fingers again, "Perfect, focus... attitude..."

Shane tries to focus on the position, but he could feel Ilya's breath on his face, his neck.

"You smell like cigarettes." he whispers, keeping his lips still, voice low.

"I had one." Ilya says, slightly frustrated, "It feels like I'm having one right now."

Shane shudders under his tone, the lingering smoke smell hanging between them, their noses brushing against each other.

"Okay...that's perfect boys, one more pose, get on your feet."

The two stand up, and Ilya's arm wraps around his shoulders, the other hand lifting his shirt up slightly, showing his happy trail more, his abs slightly glistened.

Shane follows, pulling up on his own tank top, his soft, pale, toned belly contrasting with Ilya's.

The two didn't have different bodies, but Shane felt so vulnerable to him like this.

After a few shots, the two were finally dismissed. The entire shoot may have only lasted a few hours, but for Shane, the heavy tension between them made it feel like an eternity, his arousal now fully stretched against the jeans.

As Shane was undressed back into his regular clothes, the jeans fall down his hips, the boxers fully strained against his length.

He quickly uses his hands to cover himself, excusing himself back to his dressing room.

Shane looks at the full length mirror, one hand holding himself up, his chest heaving, damp with more sweat.

God, why did Ilya make him so worked up?

Shane's hand hovers over the strained print, he could see his tip poking through the top of the boxers.

Shit.

It was worse than he thought.

His thighs shake as he pulls down the boxers just enough for his length to spring out.

Leaking.

All over.

He could see the liquid damp the front of the boxers, weeping, almost as if it was crying out to him.

He immediately wraps a hand on his shaft, stroking quickly, the friction making him hiss.

He uses his other hand to spit on it, trying to gain more control of himself.

Shane whimpers in his arm, biting down on his own flesh, he looks at himself in the mirror.

Eyes blissed out, pupils dilated, slightly teary.

God...he wanted it bad.

He wanted Ilya to burst through his dressing room, take his cock in his hand, take him into his mouth.

Just anything, he wanted something.

Anything.

Just...Ilya.

He speeds his motions up, continuing to gasp and moan into his hand, leaning against the mirror.

Shane stills and shakes as he spills out, staining the glass in front of him.

His cock softens, limping against his belly and thighs.

He quickly wipes it up with the tank top they had provided him, leaving it on the ground.

Hoping that they didn't realize what was on it.

He steps out the dressing room in his regular clothes, face still flushed and glowing.

Shane's hand shakes as he grabs his bag, turning to the door, sweat still gathered on his hairline.

"Hollander."

He turns his head, Ilya was walking behind him, more dressed than during the photoshoot.

"Check your phone." he simply says, before moving away quickly.

Shane grabs his phone, tapping on the message Ilya had sent him.

Lily:

Penthouse 1, 10 pm. Code is 1221.

Shane gulps, putting his phone away.

-

Shane carefully types in the code and steps in as the door beeps, entering the spacious room.

The penthouse had a large window drawn with curtains Ilya must have activated, dimming the room lights more, the only source of lights being the warm lamps.

Ilya stands by an open window, leaning against it, cigarette between his lips, shirt unbuttoned.

Ilya looks over at Shane, pushing himself off the wall.

"You are early." He says, checking his watch, "It is 9:55."

Shane shuffles closer, removing his shoes, "I-I got worried about being late."

Ilya laughs, putting the cigarette out, "You are always like this, Hollander." Ilya crosses his arms, looking him up and down, like he was a piece of meat.

"Fuck, take your clothes off."

Shane's hands shake as he goes to unbutton his own shirt. Usually he would bite back, insult Ilya, maybe a 'Fuck you' but he doesn't say anything, simply obeying him and removing his shirt.

Ilya looks down to his belt, nodding his head.

“Those two, come on Hollander.”

Shane removes his belt, his pants, folding them and placing them on the ground.

Ilya crosses over to the mini bar, pouring himself a glass of cold vodka.

Ilya then steps closer to Shane, circling around him slowly.

Like he would devour him.

“You looked tense earlier.” Ilya says, standing behind him, breath ghosting the back of his neck, “Because you were exposed?”

“You haven’t spoken to me in months.” Shane gasps out, “I was frustrated.”

Ilya pauses, moving away from his neck to face him.

“Oh, you are mad?”

Shane furrows his brows.

“No shit, what the fuck do you want from me?”

Ilya brushes a hand on his cheek, Shane tilts into the touch.

“I want you....” Ilya trails off, but his gaze says it all, he didn’t want anything in particular.

Shane pulls himself away, “No.” He simply says, his breath shallow, “You...”

“I what?” Ilya places a hand on his own hip, “You are the one that came here.”

Shane blushes brightly, his body flushed pink, and Ilya laughs at his reaction.

“It’s not funny.” Shane mumbles, “I couldn’t...focus today.”

Ilya nods, taking a sip from his cup, “I can tell, those pants did not hide much, same with your dressing room.”

Shane froze in place, how did he...?

Ilya laughs, pouring a second cup of vodka to hand to Shane, “You are very obvious, Hollander, very loud, could hear your hand movement when I went in.”

Shane takes a shuddering breath, hands trembling around the glass cup, “That doesn’t mean-well, you aren’t supposed to eavesdrop-“

Ilya grabs the back of his neck, trailing a big hand to knot in his hair.

Shane whimpers slightly, looking up at Ilya.

“Look at you.” Ilya says, voice low, “Can’t even fucking control yourself. Could not wait for later, Hollander.”

Shane doesn’t respond, his lip quivers as Ilya unknots his hand from his smooth hair, thumbing at his lip.

“Did you think of me?”

Shane takes the thumb between his lips, sucking on it slowly, his eyelids hooded.

“Mm, Da? You did? Tell me.” Ilya pulls his thumb out from his lips, placing a palm on his cheek, tapping it slowly.

“I... Yes.” Shane admits in defeat, “I did, you happy?”

Ilya laughs slowly, leaning for a deep kiss. Shane could taste the vodka on both their tongues, strong and sharp, cooking on his skin as some saliva drips down his chin.

Ilya pulls away, and Shane whimpers again, placing his own vodka down before immediately kneeling down, nuzzling his face into Ilya’s groin.

Ilya groans, taking a sip of the vodka with one hand, gripping Shane’s hair, stroking him, encouraging him as Shane unbuttons his pants, pulling the zipper and belt off to nuzzle deeper.

Ilya didn’t smell bad at all, not even like smoke despite smoking a cigarette earlier. He smelt musky here, fresh, manly.

The scent intoxicates him.

“Fuck...Hollander...” He feels Shane’s mouth pant over his boxers, the fabric now damp, sticking to his skin.

Ilya felt a whine rumble in Shane’s throat as he pulls his head away, pulling the waistband down to freely expose himself.

Shane immediately laps at it, the beads that run out his tip, fondling the trimmed hairs of his balls.

Ilya continues to stroke his hair, letting Shane play around with him, soothing him.

It seems to work, as Shane doesn’t shake, and he begins to become more eager, confidentially taking the head between soft pink lips.

Ilya nearly buckles over, holding onto his hair for support.

God, why was Hollander so good at this?

The way Shane managed to surprise him each time, the way he would try and fail to take control.

He wanted it so badly.

Ilya yanks him up to his feet by his hair, feeling Shane's raw voice gasp and squeak in surprise, throat slightly sore from taking more than he could.

Shane stands on his feet, wobbling slightly, his boxers tented against his legs.

"Lie down." Ilya motions his head towards the bed, "I will be there, make sure to open yourself up."

Ilya notices the shiver down Shane's spine, but he obeys, walking over to the bed.

Ilya wanted to watch him from afar, he takes another sip of his vodka, downing it in one go, removes his shirt fully, and steps over to where Shane was.

Shane had his legs up, underwear still on as he was palming himself, the tip barely picking through his waistband.

Ilya sighs in disapproval, he clicks his tongue.

"I said to open yourself up." He says, his voice was gruff, "Couldn't find--"

"Already did."

Ilya furrows his brows, trying to see if he had heard him correctly.

"What?"

"I did."

Ilya watches as Shane removes his underwear, he hands it to Ilya.

Ilya takes the fabric and places it to his nose.

Dropping it on the ground, Shane whimpers at the act.

"Show me then."

Shane spreads his legs more, lifting his legs up.

Ilya places his hand on his thigh, getting on the bed, kneeling in front of him.

He feels around his ass, hooking his finger in-

Oh, he wasn't lying.

Jesus, how long was he this open?

Ilya doesn't question it, dropping his legs as he grabs a condom from his back pocket, pulling down his boxer waistband just enough to spring out.

Shane whimpers as he turns to face away, lying on his stomach.

Ilya places a pillow under his stomach, lifting his ass up.

He hears Ilya cuss behind him, grabbing his ass to spread his cheeks, lining himself up before pushing himself in fully.

Shane bites down on the sheets, sobbing quietly into the mattress.

Ilya grabs his hair, pulling his face away, face already dried with tears.

"Look at you, so needy..." Ilya murmurs, "So pretty."

Shane feels himself blush both from embarrassment and endearment; did Ilya really mean that? Or was he just trying to embarrass him?

Ilya's movements were slow and deep, occasionally checking on Shane. His grip on his hip was tight, but he kisses Shane's shoulders, flipping him over to face him.

"Fuck...so tight, Hollander." He whispers, feeling Shane reach up for a kiss.

It was tender, soft, but he could also feel Shane whine around his lips, he swallows his noises down.

"Close...Oh god...Roz..." Shane throws his head back, Ilya attacks his neck with kisses.

"Close? Come, come for me." Ilya continues to murmur in his ear, encouraging him to let go.

Oh he did, Shane stills and gasps, clenching tightly around Ilya, causing him to spill out too, groaning in his neck.

Shane grabs his face for another kiss as he calmed down from his high. Ilya pulls out, removing the condom and slumping next to him.

Shane reaches a shaky hand for him. His big, dark eyes slightly wet, sniffing.

"Did I hurt you?" Ilya says, grabbing the earlier cup of Vodka, handing it to Shane.

"No..." He mumbles, "You called me pretty."

Ilya pauses.

"Yes, I did."

Shane laughs.

"You think I'm pretty?"

Ilya tsks his tongue, “Don’t let it get to your head, Hollander.”

Shane pauses and looks away, and Ilya sighs.

“I mean it.” Ilya says, “That stupid photoshoot...you looked so...”

Shane turns back over, and Ilya sighed.

“So cute, so sexy, no wonder women are so obsessed with you.”

Shane laughs a bit, blushing, “That’s not...”

Ilya reaches to stroke his hair, and Shane scoots closer to his side.

“It is true, do you think I am hot?”

Shane blushed.

“Wanted you to fuck me in the dressing room earlier.”

Ilya short circuits at that, his throat dry.

Shane continues, stammering slightly, “Saw how hard you were under the boxers...wanted to lick...”

Ilya pulls him for a deep kiss.

“So dirty, Hollander.”

Ilya laughs, going to grab his phone.

“Ah, they posted the pictures.”

Ilya looks over, noticing the tagline, and laughs to himself.

“Superstar NHL rivals Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov star in new Calvin Klein campaign.”

Ilya reads through the comments, mainly positive, but also confusion.

Two rivals in an underwear ad?

God, Boston was going to be pissed at him.

End Notes

im still at the cottage

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!