

Green-Eyed Rival

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Green-Eyed Rival

by Anonymous

Summary

Ilya thinks he's being a good friend to Troy when he gets Troy to confess his crush to him. But when the crush turns out to be Shane, HIS Shane, he does the most stupid thing he could possibly do. He gives Troy Shane's number.

Ilya Rozanov wiped the sweat from his forehead with the back of his hand as he stepped off the ice after another grueling practice session in Ottawa.

His muscles ached in that satisfying way, the kind that reminded him he was alive, pushing limits. His teammates were scattered in the locker room, some laughing about a drill, others stripping off gear with tired grunts.

Ilya felt a buzz of anticipation wash through him as he remembered his boyfriend Shane was due to visit this weekend, and just the thought of it made the world feel a little less heavy. Sneaking around had always been exhausting.

But those stolen moments? Worth every fucking risk.

Troy Barrett was hanging back by his stall, twisting his gloves in his hands like they owed him money, Ilya noticed. A few months ago, after a late-night game, after weeks of talking and trying to get Troy to trust him, had cornered Ilya in the empty hallway and spilled his secret that he was gay.

He'd said it in a whisper, eyes darting around to make sure there was nobody nearby when he said it. Ilya had just shrugged, clapped him on the back, and told him it was no big deal.

"Your life, your business Barrett," he'd said. "I got secrets too." Troy had looked relieved, like a weight had lifted, and since then, there was this unspoken bond between them.

Ilya respected that trust if he was being honest. it wasn't easy being different in a league full of homophobic, straight people. But now, Troy looked downright nervous, shifting from foot to foot, his face flushed under the locker room lights.

He kept glancing at Ilya, then away, like a kid caught with his hand in the cookie jar. Ilya arched an eyebrow as he unlaced his skates, tossing his helmet into his bag and faced him. "What? You look like you swallowed bad borscht. Or maybe you finally realized your slapshot sucks. Spit it out Barrett."

Troy let out a nervous chuckle, but it came out strained, like he was forcing it a little. "Nah, man. My slapshot's fine, dare I say better than yours on a bad day. Hey, can we talk? Somewhere private? Not here with these clowns eavesdropping." Ilya nodded, curiosity getting the better of him. He grabbed his towel and slung it over his shoulder.

"Sure. Hallway? Or you need a confessional booth?"

They stepped into the dim corridor, the door clicking shut behind them, muffling the locker room noise to a distant sound. Troy leaned against the wall, rubbing the back of his neck with one hand, his eyes fixed on the floor like a child waiting to be scolded by a parent.

What could Troy possible be so nervous about? Ilya couldn't stop wondering to himself. He was about to say "Spit it out Barrett, I don't have all day to play guess my thoughts game with you," but then Troy spoke before he got the chance.

"Okay, so... there's this player I like. Or, I think I like. He's just hot, like really hot. Got the most beautiful smile I've ever seen. It lights up his whole face, you know? Makes you want to stare forever. And his eyes? Man, they're killer. Plus, he's got that whole intense, focused vibe on the ice like he owns the puck."

Ilya grinned wide, leaning in with genuine excitement. This was new territory for Troy. *Crushes* weren't something he'd brought up before. It felt good to be the confidant and also hearing first hand gossip that he was definitely going to tell Shane later that night. But Ilya wasn't going to tell him that.

"Oh? Good for you Barrett. Finally getting some action in that boring life of yours? Who is mystery man? Tell me. I know every player in league. Maybe I set up introduction for you, yes? Or scare him into confessing if he's into men?"

Troy's face turned even redder, and he hesitated, biting his lip like he was debating running back to the locker room. This was new, Ilya thought. He couldn't remember Troy ever being this flustered before. Not even when he had finally confessed to him he was gay. "I don't know if I should say it though"

"Why" Ilya's curiosity reached an all time peak at that. Who was this player? Whoever this player was, it had to be a tough guy or someone that seemed out of his league for Troy to be so nervous about telling him. "It's kinda bold. And he's like out of my league. Way out. Like I'm a beer league scrub and he's NHL All-Star material."

"Come on," Ilya urged, his voice light and encouraging. He slapped Troy's arm playfully. "Don't be shy like little puppy Barrett. Even if you too chicken to ask him out, I do it for you. I talk to guy, make it happen. Tell him you're great catch, strong and also quiet type. Girls love that yes? Guys too probably. Easy peasy."

"Well I don't know if girls or guys in general love that but maybe..." Troy trailed off, one hand still resting nervously at the bottom of his head, scratching lightly, but Ilya cut in, already losing his patience.

"Who? Spill Barrett or I start guessing. Which player is it? Is it that one you almost fought with the other day from Toronto? The one with weird mustache?" Troy shook his head quickly, a small nervous laugh escaping him.

"No, god no. That mustache is a crime. Alright fine. But don't laugh, okay?" He took a deep, shaky breath, his eyes finally meeting Ilya's. "It's Hollander."

The word hung in the air, and for a split second, Ilya didn't process it. Then shock slammed into him like a body check against the boards, hard, unexpected, leaving him winded and almost losing balance.

His mind raced, hard and fast. "Hollander? "Who? Hollander Isaac?" There was one minor league scrub named *Isaac Hollander*, right? A nobody with average skills and zero presence. Had to be him. Please let it be him. The only other "Hollander" option here was well, oh fuck! It couldn't be right?

Troy shook his head again, looking almost apologetic this time. "No, dude. I don't even know any Isaac Hollander. Who the hell is that? Some farm team guy?"

Ilya's stomach twisted into a knot, a cold dread creeping up his spine like icy fingers.

NO! *It couldn't be!*

This wasn't possible, yes?

"Hollander who?" he asked, his voice tighter than he intended, the words coming out clipped and sharp, like skates on fresh ice.

Troy swallowed hard, shifting uncomfortably. "Hollander. Shane Hollander. As in your friend Shane Hollander? The Montreal captain? The one with the freckles and the killer backhand."

The world screeched to a halt. Ilya stared at Troy, his brain short-circuiting.

Shane?

His Shane?

The one with the constellation of freckles across his nose that Ilya loved kissing each one. The dark hair that curled just right when it was damp from sweat or showers. The body Ilya had mapped every inch of with his hands and mouth?

His boyfriend?

The man who'd been under his skin since their rookie days? The one he shared stolen nights and whispered promises with? Shock morphed into something darker, hotter. A deliciously dark rage erupted in his chest like a volcano, lava hot and consuming. A feeling so profoundly familiar, yet so distantly foreign.

If he was any bolder, he would have been brave enough to admit this feeling was Jealousy.

Jealousy!!

The *bane* of Ilya's existence. The one thing that drove him to sanity the first time he was introduced to it.

He had only become somewhat familiar with the terrible feeling people called Jealousy three years ago, when Shane started fake dating Rose Fucking Landry. Well not exactly fake dating, but Ilya had used that tiny lie console himself since it happened.

He had gotten rid of that awful feeling three years ago, after they finally got together, and he had been happy knowing he would never have a cause to revisit gut-wrenching, heart-twister feeling ever again. Oh how wrong he had been.

The jealousy they speak about returned to him after three long years of leaving him. This time, it came quick, hot and merciless, overtaking his senses. It burned through his veins, making his fist clench at his sides so hard his knuckles turned white.

How fucking dare Troy? How dare Troy look at Shane that way? Shane was **HIS**. His fucking boyfriend. The only good thing he'd ever known in life after his mother. His fucking man! His to hold, his to kiss, his to claim in the dead of night when no one was watching.

Ilya had always known Shane was stunning. Gorgeous in a way that made heads turn, with that beautiful athletic build honed from years of hockey. Those piercing eyes that could strip you bare with a glance, and a smile that hit like sunshine after a long, brutal loss on the ice. Sexy as sin, hot enough to make Ilya hard as a rock in his pants just thinking about him. With that ass that filled out jeans perfectly and those lips that begged to be bitten.

But his own teammate?

Not just a fucking teammate, his friend?

Crushing on Shane like he fucking had a right to? Rage boiled up, raw and primal, making Ilya want to grab Troy by the collar and snarl that Shane was off limits, and taken. Ilya guessed the possessiveness came as a package deal with the return of the jealousy, because all he felt was an overwhelming, feral instinct that screamed

"Shane is mine! Mine! Mine!"

But he couldn't. Their relationship was a secret, buried under layers of "friendship" and charity events to keep the world from prying. Exposure would mean scandals, trades, judgment. So Ilya masked it all.

The jealousy twisting his guts so hard, the anger working in his temples like a migraine. He forced his face to stay neutral, even as his heart hammered like a drum in a heavy metal concert. "You like Shane?" The words tasted like ash, bitter and dry. Ilya didn't even know how he managed to get them out.

Troy nodded, a shy smile breaking through him, oblivious to the storm raging in Ilya's head and heart. "Sort of, Yeah. I mean come on, you've seen him up close. That smile? It's like a weapon. And the way he skates, smooth, powerful and hot as hell. He's a total babe dude."

Ilya's jaw tightened, but he kept his voice even, though it took every ounce of self-control not to growl. "So why you telling me? You think I got matchmaking service?"

Troy shrugged, looking hopeful now, like Ilya was his ticket to happiness. "Well, you're close to him. Everyone knows you two are close right? You even run that charity together don't you? The Irina Foundation? All those events, the media stuff. Thought maybe you'd have some advice or insight. Like is he single? Does he date much?"

Ilya nodded slowly like a robot glitching. Inside the jealousy raged on and burned everywhere. It felt like a storm. A storm he could barely contain, big bolts of anger striking every time he pictured Troy staring at Shane during games. "Da. That's true. We're friends. Good friends."

"Okay cool. You did say you'd help me out with the guy I like, right? Like wingman style?" Troy's eyes lit up a little, probably feeling a lot more confident than he did a minute ago.

The bile rose in Ilya's throat again, thick and bitter, choking him. Jealousy clawed at him, pinching at his skin sharp and unrelenting. *Help? Help this guy go after his own boyfriend?* Every instinct inside his body screamed no. To shut it down, to lie and say Shane was straight or taken or allergic to men named "*Troy*" But he swallowed it down, the taste sour. "Yes I did say that Barrett. What you need?"

Troy's eyes beamed again, relaxing a bit. "Awesome. So.... do you know if he likes men? Is he into guys at all? Or maybe he's straight? Anything?"

Ilya's hands slowly balled into fists by his side, knuckles cracking under the strain. The anger burned hot and dangerous, visions of Shane laughing with Troy flashing in his mind. "That's not for me to tell," he said, his voice low and controlled, though it wavered towards the end. "Shane is my friend. Can't discuss his personal life with someone else without his permission. Not cool."

Troy's shoulders slumped a little, but he nodded understandingly. "Yeah fair enough. Respect that. In that case, could you... maybe give me his number? So I can reach out myself? Test the waters?"

Screams echoed in Ilya's head, loud enough to make his ears ring.

No!

Fuck no!

Make up an excuse, say you don't have it memorized!

Say Shane's phone is broken, say anything! The jealousy was a wildfire now, scorching everything in its path, leaving nothing left. He pictured Troy texting Shane flirty messages, calling him "hot," maybe even asking him out, and rage blinded him for a second. But logic, stupid, infuriating logic won.

Everyone knew they were "*friends*." Refusing would raise red flags and questions he couldn't answer without risking everything. So with his chest tight, he pulled out his phone. "Yes Sure." He recited the digits slowly, each one feeling like a betrayal, a knife twist somewhere deep in his gut.

Troy typed them in, grinning like he'd won the fucking lottery. "Thanks man. Seriously, I owe you one. Beers on me next road trip."

As Troy walked away, whistling softly under his breath, Ilya stood frozen in the hallway. The jealousy didn't fade, oh no it didn't. It festered, What the fuck did he just do? He slammed his fist against the wall, the pain a welcome distraction from the storm inside, knuckles bruising slightly.

He was an Idiot! Why the fuck did he just give his boyfriend's number to another man?

That afternoon back in his Ottawa apartment, Ilya paced the living room like a caged animal. The space felt too small, the walls closing in as jealousy gnawed at him relentlessly, over and over again.

Shane was in Montreal, but their texts over the course of their relationship were a lifeline. The only thing keeping him sane through the distance always between them. Ilya stared at his phone, typing and deleting messages over and over, wondering what he was going to say to him. Well, considering no matter what he said, Shane was going to kill him anyways. No need prolonging it the inevitable.

Finally, when he couldn't hold it in anymore, he hit the message button.

Ilya: Hollander, you love me yes?

Shane:Umm why are you asking me that?

Ilya: Why? I can't ask my boyfriend if he loves me anymore?

Shane: What did you do?

Ilya: What? I didn't do anything other than being a sweet harmless angel as always.

Shane: Answer the question Ilya.

Ilya: Okay, okay. Promise not to kill me if I tell you something I did this afternoon.

Shane: I knew it. No promises. You probably already did something that deserves it anyway. What did you do now? Wait.... You didn't infiltrate the WAG group chat again did you?

Ilya: Ha ha, very funny, but no. I gave your number to someone.

Shane: Who? And why the hell would you do that? You handing out my digits like candy now? What, am I running a hotline?

Shane: Wait, seriously? WHO?

Ilya: Troy Barrett. My teammate. He... has crush on you.

Shane: WHAT THE ACTUAL FUCK, ILYA??? YOU GAVE MY NUMBER TO A GUY WITH A CRUSH ON ME???

Shane: WHILE WE'RE DATING? IN SECRET, BUT STILL DATING???

Shane: Are you out of your mind? What if he asks me out? You gonna be cool with that, Mr. *"Not Jealous At All"*?

Shane: This is peak idiocy, Rozanov. Like, gold medal level stupid.

Ilya: Calm down, drama queen. He asked. Said you hot, beautiful smile. Couldn't say no without looking weird. We *"friends,"* remember? Charity buddies. If I say no, he think I hate him or something.

Shane: Oh my god, you're such an idiot. A jealous idiot waiting to happen. Admit it. You're already regretting this. Picturing him flirting with me? Bet it's eating you alive.

Ilya: No. Not regretting. Just... practical.

Shane: Practical? Since when are you practical? You're the guy who once hid in a hotel laundry cart to sneak into my room. Practical my ass.

The jealousy flared hot in his chest again, but Ilya shoved it down quickly. He wasn't jealous. He couldn't be. That would mean admitting weakness and vulnerability, an admission he

hadn't needed to make since Rose Landry happened three years ago.

"Of course not," he muttered to himself, the lie bitter on his tongue like terrible American vodka.

Ilya: Funny. But no, not jealous. Not angry at all. Just couldn't find good reason to refuse. What I say "Sorry, Shane's number is top secret like nuclear codes"?

Shane: Okay then. We shall see how not jealous you are when he texts me some flirty crap. Bet you'll blow up my phone demanding details.

Ilya: Of course not. Why the fuck would I be jealous of Troy Barrett?

Shane: Oh you won't? No problem then. Goodbye.

Ilya: Shane come on. Don't be mad.

Shane: Too late Rozanov.

Ilya: Shane please. I had to, please understand. I had no excuse not to.

Ilya: Shane

Ilya: Shane?

No reply after that. *Fuck!* Ilya groaned, the silence mocking him as his heart constricted, a constant burn that made his skin itch.

Three weeks went by, each day a battle against the worry that refused to let go. Ilya saw Shane on weekends. Sneaking into his Montreal apartment at night, their bodies crashing together in desperate, hot fucks that temporarily soothed his rage.

But in quiet moments, visions of Troy eyeing Shane across the ice wouldn't stop playing in his mind. It ate at him, making him snap at teammates over nothing, push harder on the ice until his body wrecked.

Then one evening, as Ilya collapsed onto his couch, Shane's text popped up.

Shane: Troy finally texted me today.

Ilya's heart slammed against his ribs, shock and dread filling his belly.

Ilya: So he mustered up the balls after all huh? Took him long enough. What did he say? Spill every word.

Shane: He's in Montreal for some promo thing or whatever. Asked to meet for dinner Saturday. Says he wants to ask me something important, can't do it over the phone. Sounds suspicious right?

Ilya: Wow. Just like that? Jumping straight to dinner? Not even coffee first?

Shane: Yeah, bold. Unlike some Russians who took forever to admit they liked me.

Ilya: Oh come on, Hollander? You want to lie the sneaking around wasn't a turn on for you then? At least I didn't chicken out for weeks after getting your number before texting you. What did you tell him? Yes right?

Shane: What? Why the fuck would I say yes? I said no, that I'm busy Saturday.

Ilya: Why? Chicken?

Shane: Uh maybe because I have a BOYFRIEND and shouldn't be going to dinner with guys who have crushes on me??? Secret or not, that's cheating territory.

Ilya: But he doesn't know that. Thinks you're single, hot commodity or whatever he said.

Shane: Exactly! That's why it's a bad idea! You're pushing this why? You almost died when Rose and I dated remember? Suddenly you're comfortable with me going to dinner with another guy?

Ilya: I'm not saying that. I'm saying maybe you should hear him out. He asked me if you like men. I said I couldn't discuss it. Be mysterious.

Shane: You're unbelievable. My own boyfriend pushing me to go on a date with another man? What the hell Ilya? You high on maple syrup or something?

Ilya: It's not a date, Hollander. Stop overreacting. It's just dinner. Eat, talk, go home. Maybe he wants hockey tips.

Shane: It is a DATE! "Ask something important" over dinner? That's date 101, you moron. Great restaurant, great wine, great food, the works.

Ilya: Oh expert now? How many dates have you been on to know this? Or is it that one awkward blind date your mom set up in juniors?

Shane: Shut up. At least I don't date like a caveman. You're trying to act cool, but I know deep down you're not okay with this. Admit it! Jealous Ilya Rozanov is hilarious.

Ilya: Am not. You're so boring Hollander. Just go, eat your boring salad with no dressing. Tell him he's nice but you're not interested. Say you're single, focusing on team and family. Or say you're into Russians only.

Shane: No fucking way. This is your mess. You clean it up.

They argued back and forth. Shane called Ilya a "jealous caveman in denial who couldn't act casual if his life depended on it," and Ilya shot back with "NHL's best player too scared of a free meal. What, are you afraid you'll like him more than my cooking?"

Shane: Your cooking? The only edible thing you make is fucking Tuna melt.

Ilya: Better than your healthy crap. Go eat boring food with boring Troy. Live a little.

Shane: Fine. But you're going to regret this. Big time.

Ilya: I won't. Pinky promise.

Shane: You still coming over Friday?

Ilya: Of course I am. Where else would I be? You will use butt plug before I get there yes? There's a new position I want to try.

Shane: 🙄

Friday night Ilya arrived at Shane's, the drive a blur of anticipation that buzzed low in his gut. They barely made it through the door before clothes hit the floor, bodies colliding as they devoured each other. Ilya took Shane against the wall fucking hard into him, whispering endearments in Russian to chase away the fear deep in his mind, his hands bruising Shane's hips in desperate claim.

Saturday morning they lounged in bed, sheets tangled around them, Shane's head on Ilya's chest, fingers tracing lazy patterns on his skin.

They *fucked* the whole day, taking showers in between and ordering in. But by 4pm, the mood shifted. Shane started laying out his outfit on the bed. A crisp blue shirt that hugged his torso just right, dark jeans that complimented his long legs and his ass, his perfect ass Ilya never failed to smack. Polished shoes that made his outfit look complete and effortless.

Ilya watched from the couch, a frown slowly creasing his brows. The long forgotten jealousy stirred awake again, coiling tight in his gut like a spring ready to snap.

"Where are you going?" he asked, voice gruff, arms crossed.

"My date remember?" Shane shot back, smirking as he smoothed the shirt, knowing exactly what he was doing.

Ilya's eyes narrowed. "Oh. I thought it wasn't a date. Your words."

"Well, technically it's not. And technically it is. Dinner with a guy who thinks I'm hot? Sounds date-y to me don't you think?" Shane winked, but there was a teasing edge to it, as if to poke him.

Ilya cut him off, standing up abruptly, "Dinner's at seven. Why are you getting ready now? Three hours early?"

"Yeah I know it's early, but I don't want to be late or anything. What if there's traffic? Montreal drivers are nuts."

"Late? It's 4pm, Hollander. You planning to walk there? Or stop for flowers on the way?" Ilya meant to feast, but the words came out sharper than intended. Why was Shane acting like this? Was he excited? For Troy? The thought made anger pulse in his veins, hot and blinding again.

"Oh my god calm down, will you? You're acting like I'm eloping with the guy. It's dinner, not a wedding." Shane laughed, but his eyes sparkled with mischief, Ilya noticed.

Two can play this game, Ilya thought. He walked closer to him, eyeing the shirt. His favorite on Shane. It made his skin glow golden under the lights. Brought out his eyes that Ilya could drown in. Clung to the muscles of his chest and abs that Ilya to bite. Fuck. Troy seeing Shane like this? Dressed up looking fuckable? No fucking way. Absolutely not. "You're wearing that?"

"Of course I am. Why not? It fits well doesn't it?"

"Why? It's too much. Too nice looking. You trying to impress him or something?" Too sexy, too tempting, too mine, his brain screamed.

Shane grinned, buttoning it. "Because I like it? And I don't want to show up looking like I rolled out of a dumpster. Chopped, as you say in your charming Russian way."

"You could never look chopped," Ilya growled, stepping into his space. "Even in old sweatpants, you're hot. Too hot to be honest. People stare and I hate it." His hands landed on Shane's hips, thumbs digging in.

Shane tilted his head towards him, eyes narrowing playfully. "Jealous yet Rozanov? Admit it. You're fuming inside. Steam coming out your ears like a cartoon."

"I am not fucking jealous," Ilya lied again. Inside the jealousy was a roaring, demanding force he couldn't stop. Why had he pushed Shane into this? Shane was his, not some prize for Troy to chase. Anger at himself mixed with regret returned.

This was a stupid idea!

He should never have asked Shane to do this. But no way in hell is he ready to admit that yet.

"Uhhh, Sure. Your face says otherwise. You're practically growling like an injured lion. Come on, say it. 'Shane don't go, you're mine. I'm sorry I suggested this.' It'll be cute."

"Am not growling!" But Ilya was in fact growling. Low in his throat, vibrating through his chest. He pulled Shane closer, inhaling his scent. Clean soap and something uniquely Shane that drove him wild. Just... be careful okay? Troy's sneaky. Might try to charm you with bad jokes."

Shane laughed at that. "Charm me? With what, his defensive skills? 'Hey Shane, wanna see my poke check?' Oh god that's awful. You're jealous of poke checks now?"

Ilya huffed, but a smile tugged at his lips. "Better than my poke check? No. Mine best in league." He ground against Shane suggestively, earning a gasp from him.

"Down, boy. Save it." Shane pushed him back playfully. "Admit you're jealous, and maybe I'll cancel."

"No. Go. Have fun." Lie. Big lie. The possessiveness boiled, making him want to lock the door and take Shane back to the bedroom to have his way with him.

By 6:30, Shane was fully dressed, looking like a goddamn model straight out of a magazine. Ilya stared him down from the doorway, filthy thoughts flooding his brain. Shane's shirt ripped open, Shane pinned beneath him on the bed.

Ilya fucking him senseless, marking every inch of that golden skin with bites and bruises so no one else would dare look twice. Sucking bruises on that freckled neck, biting down until Shane begged for more, flipping him over and taking him rough until he couldn't walk straight.

The jealousy fueled it all, turning desire into something *feral* and *animalistic*.

Shane leaned in for a goodbye kiss and Ilya seized it, turning it deep and demanding. Deeper than it needed to be. Tongue thrusting in his mouth aggressively, his hands fisting in Shane's

perfectly styled hair, pressing down his torso to grind against him. He poured the possessiveness into it, trying to claim him in some way.

Shane pulled back, a little breathless and laughing shakily. "Whoa now, take it easy tiger. I have a dinner to go to remember? You'll mess up my hair."

Ilya panted, eyes sparkling dark with want and rage. "Okay. Don't be long. What time will you be back? Nine? Ten?"

Shane simply shrugged, adjusting his collar. "Well, that depends. Might take long if it's fun. If Troy's jokes are better than yours, who knows? Could be an all-nighter."

"Not Funny, Hollander." Ilya glared, but Shane ignored him and slipped out the door, leaving a whiff of his sweet cologne behind.

The click of the lock echoed like a gunshot in Ilya's ears. Dread crashed over him, heavy and suffocating. The house felt icy and empty without Shane's warmth. The air too still, too quiet. His chest constricted, jealousy and anger warring inside like two players fighting for the puck.

He tried watching TV, landing on some dumb reality show where people argued over nothing, but he turned it off after five minutes. He tried using the gym next. Sweat pouring down his back lifting weights until his arms burned but the images in his head won't stop. Troy making Shane laugh with some lame joke, touching his arm casually, leaning in for a kiss under restaurant lights.

No.

Fuck no.

Shane would never allow that. But Shane going on a date with a guy, when he and Shane had never been on an actual one because of their secret hit him. Rage and fury that made him want to smash the mirror overwhelmed him. He thought about driving there, dragging Shane out before he enjoyed Troy's company a little too much.

By 7:30, he couldn't take it anymore. "Fuck this shit," he snarled to the empty room. "No one takes Hollander from me. Not Troy, not anyone." He showered in a rush, then threw on clothes, and grabbed his keys. The drive to the restaurant was a haze of red lights and his own heavy beating heart, his knuckles white on the wheel, mind racing with worst-case scenarios. He couldn't bear it, he pushed every thought to Shane being his, only his, forever and no one else's.

Ilya burst through the restaurant door, scanning the space for Shane and Troy. The smell of garlic and wine hit him, but he ignored it. There in a corner booth, he saw Shane and Troy

seated. Shane was smiling politely, fork twirling pasta. But Troy, Troy was leaning forward, eyes fixed on Shane like he was the Stanley Cup itself.

Fuck!

His boyfriend is gorgeous!

Jealousy exploded like a bomb in Ilya's chest, anger making him walk forward towards their table.

"Hollander!" he barked, voice louder than intended, heads turning. He slid into the booth beside Shane, throwing an arm around his shoulders in a territorial claim, pulling him close.

Shane's eyes went wide as he nearly dropped the fork full of pasta halfway through his mouth. "Ilya! What the... What the actual fuck are you doing here? What is this?"

Troy blinked confused, his own fork paused mid-air. "Rozanov? Uh, hey? Joining us for dessert or something? What are you doing here? Is there a problem, or an emergency or something?"

Ilya ignored him, turning to Shane with a glare that could melt steel, his arm tightening like a vice. "Sweetheart, what are you doing here with him? Laughing? Smiling? That's my job."

Shane choked, sputtering water all over the table. "Your WHAT? Oh my god Ilya, have you lost it completely? 'Sweetheart' In a fucking restaurant? Are you fucking insane?"

Troy's mouth fell open, piecing it together slowly, eyes darting between them. "Wait... he just called you sweetheart. Are you two... together? Like dating? Holy shit, that explains the weird tension between you fuckers on the ice all the time."

Shane tried to salvage the conversation the best way he could, "Troy, this isn't what you..." but Ilya wouldn't let him.

"Yes!" Ilya growled, his arm not budging, possessiveness pouring out now, unchecked and wild. "He's mine. In secret, yes, but mine. Eyes off, Barrett. Go find your own hot captain."

Shane glared at Ilya, boring holes with his eyes through his skin. "You fucking told me to go on this date you idiot, and now you waltz in here and act all possessive like that?"

Troy stared, shocked but starting to grin. "Wait... you mean he asked you to come have dinner with me? Holy crap. You guys are together? For real? That explains... a lot. Like the way you two stare at each other during games."

Ilya nodded curtly, still glaring. "Yes, but wait, what do you mean the way we stare at each other during games?"

Troy grinned wildly now, eyes shining with mischief like he won't let them off the hook so easily. "Oh, come on don't act like you don't know what I'm talking about. The look you give each other, heart eyes, I initially thought it was just maybe cause you're friends and

adore each other or something. Never in my wildest dreams did I think y'all would be all up in each other's pants."

"Barre..." Ilya called, his voice almost a sounding warning when Shane cut him off.

"Don't mind Ilya, Troy. Please can you not tell anyone about this? It took a lot for us to get here and we're not ready to go public yet. Please"

Troy raised his hands in surrender, chuckling. "I won't. Swear on my skates. Just... wow. I'm happy for you guys. And sorry Shane, I didn't know. Guess my crush was doomed."

Ilya stood abruptly, grabbing Shane's arm firmly. "Sorry for crashing your not-date, Troy. But I have to go now. It's an Emergency. Boyfriend stuff emergency." He dragged Shane toward the exit, ignoring the stares from other diners.

Outside, under the streetlights, Shane continued glaring at him as they reached the car. "Oh my god! You said you wouldn't be jealous! And then you storm in like a jealous husband from a soap opera?"

Ilya unlocked the car, defensive but smiling despite himself, the adrenaline still pumping, turned on the engine, and started driving. "Can't blame me, Hollander You looked too fucking good in that outfit. Eatable almost. Like dessert I want to devour whole. And hearing you laugh in there? I couldn't help myself."

"Oh, so that excuses your behavior? I did tell you it wasn't a good idea didn't I? Admit it. You were dying of jealousy the whole time, weren't you?" Shane growled at him, his chest heaving heavily, showing clearly just how pissed he was at Ilya.

Ilya swerved off the main road suddenly, he found an isolated lane, trees shrouding them in darkness, away from prying eyes. He parked abruptly, killing the lights, and engine. The jealousy still burned deep in him, but now it mixed with desire. Hot, urgent and impossible to ignore. He turned to Shane, eyes dark.

"Fuck, Shane. I'm sorry. I shouldn't have encouraged you to go. I never knew I could feel this jealous, this possessive over anyone. But you... you bring out things in me I didn't know existed. The thought of you with someone else? It fucking kills me and me apart inside. You're mine, *solnyshko*.

Don't want you smiling at anyone else like that. I'm so fucking sorry. But I love you, and I would be damned watching you with someone else like that again.

Shane's eyes softened. Understanding and desire shining through. He grabbed Ilya's face with both hands, pulling him into a kiss, fierce and demanding, tongues battling for dominance.

Ilya groaned deep in his throat, his control snapping. They tumbled over the console in a frenzy, scrambling into the back seat in a tangle of limbs, knees banging against the seats. Shane's shirt buttons popped as Ilya ripped it open, exposing smooth, freckled skin that Ilya loved to trace with his tongue.

Ilya shoved Shane's jeans down roughly, along with his boxers, palming his already hard cock, stroking it with a firm grip that made Shane buck up.

"Sweetheart," Ilya murmured against Shane's neck, biting down hard enough to draw a gasp, leaving a red mark that would bruise beautifully. "Moya Lyubov, Mine. All fucking mine." He sucked a bruise there, tongue lapping the skin hungrily. He continued nipping at Shane's collarbone, then went further down his chest, *biting* a nipple until Shane whimpered.

Shane gasped, arching up, hands clawing at Ilya's back, nails digging in through his shirt. "Ilya... fuck, yes. I'm yours. Show me."

Ilya stripped them both, shirts tossed, pants pooled at ankles. He pushed Shane's legs apart wide, knees hooked over his shoulders in the cramped space. He took two fingers slick with spit from his mouth, then slowly prodded one finger into Shane's hole. When Shane whined for more, he added a second, and a third, curling to hit that spot that made Shane curse incoherently.

"***Tak krasivo, solnyshko moye*** (*So beautiful, my sunshine*)," he growled, voice filthy and low, breath hot against Shane's thigh. "So beautiful, my sunshine. Never leave me. Always mine. I'll fuck every thought of other men out of you. Make you forget Troy's name."

Shane moaned, head against the window, hands fisting Ilya's hair. "Yes... yours. Only yours, Ilya. I love you so fucking much."

Ilya moved and slowly licked a stripe up Shane's cock. Sucking the head into his mouth, swirling his tongue around the slit, tasting precum. He swallowed him fully, taking him deep, throat relaxing as Shane thrust up, fucking his mouth. "So pretty like this *Solnyshko*," Ilya pulled off to say, voice wrecked. "Love how you taste. Gonna make you come down my throat later, but now? Need to be inside you."

He thrust into Shane with one long movement of his hips, bottoming out in one go, as Shane moaned, loud and guttural. Ilya didn't give Shane time to adjust to fully take him in before he started thrusting into him. Pounding into Shane hard and fast, balls slapping against skin. After a few thrusts, he brought his hand forward, wrapping it around Shane's cock, stroking in time with his thrusts. Thumb circling the head slick with precum. "Mine," he snarled in Russian, switching to English for emphasis.

"Say it. You're mine, my everything. I'll mark you inside out so you don't forget. Fill you so good, you feel me inside you for days, *Solnyshko*."

"I'm yours," Shane panted, eyes rolling back, legs trembling. "Only yours, Ilya. Fuck me harder, please."

Ilya obliged, angling his thrusts to hit him at a faster pace, hips smacking harder, making Shane whimper and tremble. He bit Shane's shoulder, licked the sweat from his collarbone and whispered, "Such a tight hole for me, Hollander. Gripping my cock like you never want to let go. Love how you take it, like you were made for me. Gonna make you mine forever, Shane. Imagine Troy seeing you like this. Fucked out, covered in my marks. He'd run."

Shane's hands roamed Ilya's front pinching Ilya's nipples, scratching down his back, leaving red trails. "Don't stop. Please, I beg you don't stop. Fuck, you feel so good inside me baby."

Ilya flipped them awkwardly in the tight space, Shane straddling him now, bringing his hands on Ilya's chest for leverage, Shane started bouncing on him. Ilya thrust up, meeting him, the sound of skin slapping skin in the car loud and obscene." Da, ride me, solnyshko. Show me how much you want it. You're so perfect for me. So hot, so tight, all for me. Gonna come inside you. You want that? You want my cum inside you, Hollander?

"Fuck, yes. Please cum inside me. I want it to bad," Shane moaned, grinding down harder, chasing his own orgasm. "Fuck, Ilya I'm close..."

Ilya reached between them, stroking Shane faster, twisting at the head. Shane came first, spilling hot and sticky over Ilya's hand and abs with a cry that echoed in the car, body clenching around Ilya like a fist. Ilya followed seconds later, burying deep into Shane. "So good my love. All mine, *tak hot osho* (*So hot*) His head dropped to Shane's shoulder, shoulders still heaving heavily.

Still holding Shane tight against him, a panting, sweat-slick and spent Ilya reached for tissues in the glove box, wiping down Shane and himself. He cleaned Shane carefully, kissing each freckle he passed. Shane grinned, sated and flushed, eyes half-lidded as he kissed Ilya's temple.

They moved back to the front seats, Shane lacing their fingers together before Ilya started the car again. "Ilya, you have to know I'm only yours. Yes you were an idiot for asking me to go, but all I kept thinking about while sitting there was you. I couldn't wait for it to be over so I could go back home to you. I love you, and I never want to be anyone else's."

Ilya squeezed back, the jealousy and rage earlier finally leaving him. "I know. I was idiot. Sorry I suggested that bullshit. I sure as hell won't do it again."

"Apology accepted, Rozanov. Let's go home. You still have to make up for the dinner you didn't let me finish." He teased, his voice fully returning back to its usual playful and light tone and Ilya chuckled.

"Aye, aye captain. I shall make you dinner when we get home, don't worry. God forbid I have to make love to a grumpy, hungry boyfriend all night long."

They drove off into the night, hands linked, the city lights blurring past, as he pushed tonight's event to the back of his mind. There was nothing to be worried about because Shane was his. Had always been his, and always will be.

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