keep messin' with you

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by anyabarnes

Summary

> Shane stares at the fabric in his hands and takes a deep breath. He’ll never hear the fucking end of it if he wears this thing out. He’ll never hear the end of it if he doesn’t. Lose-lose, really.
> A whoop sounds out behind him as Shane slips the jersey over his head. It sits awkwardly, though he can’t tell if that’s because the material is brand new or because his body won’t relax. It’s hot, as if the fabric lettering on the back is branding his skin. As if he’ll take off the jersey and be marked for life:
> *ROZANOV. 81.*

Shane wears Ilya's jersey out in public. Ilya has very strong feelings about it.

Notes

ok so basically what if i made shane get fucked in ilya's practice jersey and also get verbally degraded and humiliated about it and also he really likes the way ilya smells when he's a little gross and sweaty ok?

i imagine this is set sometime around episode two-three? maybe post vegas? canon is handwavey. don't worry about it. just know the boys cannot communicate enough to tell each other their feelings but can communicate enough to have nasty sex.

enjoy, freaks.

See the end of the work for more notes

“First game of the season, and it’s a fucking *shutout*.” J.J. ruffles Shane’s hair. “That’s my captain! ”Shane grins, batting J.J.'s hand away. Despite himself, Shane basks in the feeling for a second; because, *fuck yeah*, it is their first game of the season. It’s Shane’s first game as *captain*. And it was a fucking shutout, 4-0, against the Guardians.

“We have a gift for you.” Mitty wiggles his eyebrows and sticks his tongue out. Drapeau pulls a bag out of his locker. It’s bright pink, and thick glittered letters spell out *Happy 11th Birthday, Princess!*

“You shouldn’t have.” Shane’s serious. Absolutely nothing good could be in that bag.

“Open it up,” someone shouts. Shane receives it reluctantly, holding the strings with a single finger. It’s far heavier than he expects it to be. Every slight movement shakes pink glitter off the bag. He’ll probably be finding it in his locker for months. Shane pulls the wrapping paper out of the bag slowly. There’s so much of it shoved in, as if the boys just used the entire package for this single gift. Sheet after sheet, he pulls out.

The color drains from Shane’s face as he finally pulls the gift out.

“Put it on, Hollzy!”

“Come *on*, Cap! You have to!”

Shane holds the jersey in his hands. It’s heavy. The fabric is stiff, tag still attached. $170.

“Guys,” Shane sighs. He crumbles the offending article between his hands. Maybe, if he squeezes the fabric tight enough, the jersey letters and numbers will fall off.

“It’s tradition,” J.J. calls. Someone hollers beside him; Shane can make out enough to know it’s a crude cat-call.

“You never made Claveau do this.” Shane knows arguing is futile.

“New tradition for a new captain, then.” Shane wants to strangle them all. He resorts to squeezing the jersey even tighter.

“It’s a $500 fine if I walk out of the rink in this *thing*.”

“Your contract is public,” Hayden shoots back. “That’s like… pennies for you.”

“Don’t be a fucking sissy, Hollander,” Comeau spits, a little too aggressively for Shane’s liking. He resists the urge to roll his eyes. “Put the jersey on. You’re so fucking *boring* all the time. Just be a good sport for once.”

“I’m not a rookie.” It comes out more like a whine than Shane intends. Truly, the hazing is nothing new. They make the rookies buzz an *M* into their undercuts every season. Sometimes, when a rookie has a particularly good game, the team will coerce the kid into taking a shot for every goal scored. And then some.

But they never haze the *captain.* Claveau was captain long before Shane was drafted, but he's certain the team never made him do shit like this. Shane stares at the fabric in his hands and takes a deep breath. He'll never hear the *fucking* end of it if he wears this *thing* out. He'll never hear the end of it if he doesn't.

Lose-lose, really.

A *whoop* sounds out behind him as Shane slips the jersey over his head. It sits awkwardly, though he can't tell if that's because the material is brand new or because his body won't relax. It's hot, as if the fabric lettering on the back is branding his skin. As if he'll take off the jersey and be marked for life:

ROZANOV. 81.

He grabs his bag, not bothering to fold his socks or sort his KT tape back into his med kit. Checks his locker over once more. Grabs his phone, shoving it in his back pocket. Checks his locker over *again*, delaying the inevitable.

Shane can barely bring himself to look in the mirror one final time. His cheeks are tinged pink, hair still wet from the showers. The jersey sits heavy on his shoulders. The ironed seams are still creased. He turns around, glancing over his shoulder, doing one final check before he leaves. As if the name on the back has changed since the last time he checked.

Shane leaves the rink, head bowed and shoulders hunched.

It does nothing to conceal the name he's wearing on his back.

Marleau: Get a load of this shit Roz

Marleau: [Image attached]

Ilya taps the ash off his cigarette and picks his phone up. It's far too late for Marleau to be texting him; they have to be at the rink in six-and-a-half hours for morning practice. Ilya'll be lucky if he gets five full hours of sleep tonight.

He's just… restless. There's a thrum under his skin, a nervousness he isn't sure how to work out.

They're also playing Montreal in two-ish weeks. Nine days, to be precise. Eight, because it's technically past midnight.

But who's counting?

Ilya navigates to the chat; Marleau's sent it to the whole team. Ilya squints. Pulls the photo up in full screen, zooms in a little. Refreshes the app and reopens the chat.

Oh. Isn't that interesting?

Marleau's attached a photo of Shane.

In what's clearly a pap shot, Shane's leaving the rink after their last game. It had been absolutely fucking insane. The Metros had dominated, winning 4-0. Shane had scored two of those goals.

Not that Ilya was watching.

Shane's leaving the rink. In a Raiders jersey.

Correction: In a *Rozanov* jersey.

The groan that comes out of Ilya is unchecked. Shane's wearing *his name*, ROZANOV, bolded against his shoulders. There's a series of shots, each featuring Shane from a different angle. One is from the front, with the Raiders logo branding the front of Shane's chest. The other is from the sides, *81* sitting strong and proud on Shane's biceps.

The ones from the back are the best. *ROZANOV* is stark against the black of the fabric, making Shane's shoulders look even broader. Despite their win, Shane's curled into himself a bit. It only makes Ilya's name more prominent. The jersey ends right at Shane's hips.

Jesus.

Shane must've put on five pounds of pure muscle between seasons. At least four of them went straight to his ass. A pair of worn grey sweatpants cling to Shane. They're tight around the top of his thighs, the curve of his quad visible towards his knee. Ilya bites his bottom lip.

He's so fucking hard.

Ilya palms himself through his boxers, moaning at the pressure. Shane's got a soft blush, face illuminated by the flash of the camera. The black of the jersey brings out his freckles. He's obviously been worrying his lips, bright and red and glossed with Shane's own spit.

Shane looks humiliated.

Ilya's embarrassingly close, and he hasn't even pulled himself out yet.

Ilya zooms back in on Shane's face. *Fuck*, he looks so embarassed. The blush continues down his neck, into his chest. Ilya wonders how far down it goes; if he stripped Shane naked, rucked the jersey up past his chest, would the flush continue past his pecs? Is the skin beneath Ilya's own name hot and red? Would Shane blush even darker at being laid bare, at his humiliation being so plainly exposed?

Fuck. Shane would've stammered and weakly protested around the jersey. Ilya wonders how many unavailing objections Shane gave, how many times he told his team *no, I don't want to wear this*. Did Shane fight back? Did Shane get *mean*, snapping insults back? Or did he yield quickly, slipping the jersey on after only a handful of shaky *no, guys*?

Ilya grunts as his hand quickens around his cock. It's too dry, the friction too much. He's so *achingly* hard, swiping through the photos of Shane.

Or, even better, did Shane *enjoy* it? Did Shane secretly delight in Ilya's name, branding across his back? Shane must've thought of Ilya, in that locker room full of his teammates, as he put the jersey on. Did he go home and immediately shuck the jersey off? Or did he leave it on, catching the name and numbers as he walked past the mirrors lining his hallways? Did he fold it gently after stripping, intentionally letting Ilya's name rest face-up?

Ilya groans at that, loud and unabashed. *Fuck*. Did it work Shane up to be so visibly *owned*? To be so publicly marked by the name of his rival? Shane can hide the bruises Ilya leaves on the ice, the hickeys he leaves in bed. But Shane can't hide this. The whole world can see Ilya's name. The whole world can see how palpably *humiliated* Shane is, eyes lowered and cheeks flushed and shoulders hunched–

Fuuuuck.

Ilya spills across his phone screen at the thought. Across the photo of Shane, back facing the camera, neck flushed a pretty pink. Ilya's cum blurs the name across Shane's back.

Fuck.

He holds the phone in his hand for far too long, admiring the image of Shane, covered and branded. It only starts to feel a little gross when he has to find a wet rag to clean his phone screen off. Whatever. Ilya navigates back to their team chat, swiping back through the photos.

Rozanov: Reacted '*Heart*' to 6 images.

Boston *crushes* Montreal.

It's almost embarrassing how poorly the Metros play. Mitty lets nearly every goal through, but it isn't like Gagnon and Roy play any better. Shane manages to sink one goal–*the only goal*–in the third, though it does little against Boston's four.

Shane has a weak speech planned, one he's been mentally drafting since the end of the first, but it dies on his tongue as he checks his phone in the locker room. He stammers something out to the team, some pathetic variation of *we'll get them next time, guys*, and strips with nearly military precision.

No one questions why he's the first out of the locker room.

Lily: 1623

Lily: 00:30. No earlier.

Shane raps his knuckles against the door. Once, twice.

He stands alone in the hallway. It's brightly lit, exposed on both sides. He can see the doors to the elevator, a straight shot nearly 100 meters down. If anyone were to get out, Shane would have nowhere to go.

He pulls his sweatshirt hood up, making sure the fabric stands around his face.

Shane raps his knuckles against the door again. He checks his messages again; he's at the right room. It's 12:45am. Shane shifts on his feet, sneaking glances down the hallway. Maybe Ilya's still out celebrating with his team. Or maybe he forgot, maybe he found a girl to go home with.

The elevator dings.

Shane raps his knuckles against the door for a third time. *Onetwothreefourfive*.

A man and a woman come spilling out of the elevator, giggling. The man has his arms around her. She's holding her heels, barefoot. They pay no mind to Shane, stumbling through the hallway to their room. They slam their door shut behind them.

Ilya finally opens the door, body blocking the entrance. He's dressed in a nice pair of black slacks, a light blue silk shirt hanging off his shoulders. Ilya's chest is bare, necklace glinting in the bright lights of the hallway. Curls cling to the back of his neck, damp with sweat.

He gives Shane a lazy smile, mouth curling at the corner, eyes raking over Shane's form.

Shane pushes past him, only pulling his hood down once he's safely in Ilya's room.

"What the fuck?" Shane hisses. Ilya turns around, letting the door close slowly behind him.

"What?"

"You left me out there for nearly three minutes." Shane throws his hands up. "People were *in the hallway*. They could've seen."

"Did they?"

"No, but they *could've*." Shane grits his teeth. Ilya gives him another lazy once over. Shane regrets changing into his sweatshirt and gym shorts. Compared to Ilya, he's far too underdressed. "Someone could've seen. Or taken photos."

"I was busy," Ilya shrugs.

Shane turns, trying to hide the roll of his eyes. He uses the opportunity as an excuse to take in the hotel room; it's much larger than the one Shane is forced to share with Hayden. It's far *nicer* than anything the Metros would ever book for them; do the Raiders just treat their captain better, or did Ilya splurge on this room just for Shane? It's all dark wood and light upholstery, lit by small bedside lights and a number of candles scattered around. It's nearly spotless, save for Ilya's suitcase propped up on a chair.

And the single black duffel, sitting on the hotel bed. Nondescript.

"Open the bag," Ilya stands in the doorway, watching Shane. Shane quirks his eyebrow back at Ilya. Ilya thrusts his chin towards the bed, crossing his arms.

Shane approaches the bed. The bag is nearly deflated, middle so sunken that Shane's not sure it actually contains anything. Still, he unzips it, so slowly that Ilya clears his throat. Shane reaches in, grabbing the only thing in the bag, and pulls out a soft, bundled up–

"Put it on."

Shane holds the practice jersey up in front of him.

"Fuck you."

"Put it on."

"This thing fucking reeks." Ilya crosses the room in three long strides, crowding Shane against the edge of the bed.

"Put it on, Hollander." He grabs Shane's chin, forcing him to meet Ilya's eyes. "I am not asking you." Shane considers the jersey in his hands, eyes flicking between it and Ilya. The fabric is worn. It smells like Ilya, thick with musk from practice, but also his body wash, his deodorant, his shampoo. Shane wonders how long it's been since the jersey's been washed; once? Twice? Did Ilya dirty this with Shane in mind?

"You saw the photos." It's not a question. Ilya hums in response, still holding on to Shane's chin.

"It was just a stupid prank," Shane continues. He's flushed, high on his cheeks. His knuckles are a stark white against the dark jersey. "Because I'm captain now. "

Ilya raises his eyebrow and doesn't say anything.

"It didn't mean anything. I think they just wanted to embarrass me. You know how it is," Shane flounders. The red on his cheeks brightens. He swallows so hard that he's sure Ilya can feel it against his fingers. "I just wore it to get them to stop bothering me, because they were getting on me about being boring and–and stuff. I didn't want to–"

"Did it?"

"What?"

"Did it embarrass you?" Shane's eyes go wide. He swallows again, dry. "Did it embarrass you to wear my jersey, Hollander?"

"Don't be an asshole."

"Hm," Ilya hums. "I think it did."

"Fuck you, Rozanov," Shane spits. His complaints thus far have been heatless; this one has some genuine bite to it. He clenches his jaw under Ilya's fingers. Ilya grips him a little tighter.

“I think, Hollander, you *liked it*.” Ilya hums. “I think you liked wearing my jersey. Because I certainly did.” Shane feels as though he’s radiating heat off his face, off his cheeks. Surely Ilya can feel it; surely Ilya can feel the way the air between them warms, so hot it’s nearly suffocating. “Marleau sent me the photos. *Fuck*, Hollander. Was a nice little surprise.”

“I didn’t–I-” Ilya shushes him. Shane gulps.

“Do not lie to me,” Ilya says. Shane drops his gaze.

“I liked it.” Shane’s speaking–*mumbling*, really–so soft that he can barely hear himself. If it weren’t for the way that the words tumble out of Shane, the way that his hips twitch forward, Ilya wouldn’t understand.

“Speak up.”

“I liked wearing your jersey.” Shane’s voice only waivers slightly. He can barely bring himself to meet Ilya’s eyes. Only a thin ring of blue is visible around his pupils. Ilya squeezes Shane's chin once more, dropping his hand. Shane wonders if the print of Ilya’s fingertips have been seared into his face, still visible despite their separation.

The humiliation, which has previously just been rumbling in his gut, low and smooth, flares to a boil. Ilya looks down at him, eyes raking over his body, *reading* Shane. There’s nowhere for Shane to go, nowhere for him to hide. He grips the practice jersey between his hands, holding it in front of his chest like a shield.

Shane feels so small beneath Ilya’s gaze.

“Listen to me.” Ilya speaks slowly, as if he needs to spell it out for Shane. “You are going to strip. You are going to put *this*–this dirty jersey–on. And you are going to get yourself on the bed. Am I clear?”

Shane nods.

“Use your words, Hollander.”

“Yes, you are clear.”

Shane doesn’t realize how far back he’s leaning on the bed until Ilya backs away. The back of his knees sink into the plush mattress. It takes considerable strength for him to stand up straight, no longer trapped in the gravitational force of Ilya.

Ilya turns, paying no mind to Shane. He slowly strips his shirt off, triceps flexing as he hangs it in the hotel’s closet. Ilya’s back ripples, still dewy with sweat. He follows suit with his slacks, strips them off slowly and folds them precisely. Shane’s mouth is dry.

“Do I need to ask you again?” Ilya doesn’t even turn to look at Shane. He speaks over his shoulder, tone too casual. Shane can just make out Ilya’s side profile in the dim lighting. Shane shakes his head. *Use your words*, *Hollander*, the mental image of Ilya taunts.

“No, sorry.” Shane forces his voice louder. He turns and busies himself with stripping, first his sweatshirt and then his gym shorts. He places them in neat, folded piles on one of the plush armchairs. Then his socks, one by one. He folds them up into tight little balls, resting them atop his folded clothing.

Shane steadies himself as he reaches for the waistband of his boxers, thumbs around the elastic. He’s embarrassingly hard already, twitching and leaking into his underwear. It’s an odd combination: the humiliation burns white hot in his gut, but so does the arousal.

He has a hard time figuring out where the one stops and the other begins.

Shane pulls his underwear off slowly. *Fuck*, when did he get so wet? He’s leaking enough that he has to peel the fabric off his body, biting back at hiss at the first friction he’s gotten all night. His dick hits his stomach with a wet *smack,* the sound amplified in the otherwise silent room.

There’s no way Ilya didn’t hear it. The tips of Shane’s ears burn.

The jersey looks so unassuming on the white bedsheets. If he didn’t know any better, he’d think it was an oversized cat, lounging on the mattress.

Not Ilya’s dirty jersey.

“Are you waiting for an invitation?” Ilya’s tone is clipped. He’s leaning against the doorway again. Shane tries to ignore Ilya’s dick, hard and red in the crease of his thigh.

“What?” Shane asks. He sounds dumb even to his own ears. His blush, which had previously calmed while Ilya’s attention was off him, flares back up again.

“I have asked you to put the jersey on four times, Hollander. Four.” Ilya holds up his fingers, as if Shane needs a demonstration. Shane throbs at Ilya’s exasperated tone; the flame in his gut grows even hotter, even taller. “Is not a hard task!”

Shane bites back a whine as he slips the jersey over his head. Shane wasn’t exaggerating earlier; the jersey fucking *reeks* of sweat and musk and *man*. Each breath he inhales is intoxicating, rushing through his head and body like the hit of a blunt. Shane shivers, clenching his thighs together to give himself something, *anything*. The jersey has clearly been through a few practices, sitting in the bottom of Ilya’s locker or gym bag. Shane climbs on the bed, resisting the urge to tuck his nose into the collar and breathe in a smell so uniquely *Ilya*.

Shane shifts his legs beneath him as he kneels on the bed. He doesn’t know what to do with himself, what to do with his body. Does he stay kneeling, should he lean back? Does he cross his legs? He wants to pull his thighs to his chest, a feeble attempt to hide from Ilya’s prying gaze, from the way Ilya stalks around the bed, from Ilya’s *smell*.

“How do you think your team would feel if they knew you were here, in *my* bed, wearing *my* jersey?” Ilya muses. His voice drips with condescension. “Captain Hollander, so strong on

the ice. But here, *hm*, not so much." Shane feels a string of precum leak, watches Ilya track it as it drips from his dick to the sheets.

"They would be so embarrassed. Their Captain Hollander, wearing my name, making a mess of my sheets with how *wet* you are." Shane keens, humping his hips into the air. His dick catches on the edge of the jersey, sending a shock of pleasure down his spine. He watches as Ilya's dick twitches in response. "Would they have given you the jersey if they *knew*?"

Shane bites back another sound at Ilya's words. The pleasure, the *humiliation*, rushes through his body so quickly that it's almost nauseating. He brings a hand down to himself and *squeezes*, needing something, *anything*. He doesn't understand how Ilya's words–so *cruel*, so *demeaning*–can make him feel so good. Ilya tracks his hand, watching as Shane touches himself.

"Tell me, Hollander, is this how you touched yourself when you wore my jersey the first time?"

Shane freezes. Ilya smiles wide, all teeth.

He's caught Shane with his hand in the proverbial cookie jar.

"It *is*." Ilya finally kneels on the bed, crawling up on his hands and knees, crowding Shane against the headboard. Ilya finally, *finally*, leans down and smashes his lips into Shane, all aggressive tongue and teeth. He teases his tongue along Shane's bottom lip; Shane lets him in without resistance. He has no space to think, no space to *breathe*, body and brain consumed by Ilya.

Ilya. Ilya. Ilya.

Shane whines when he finally pulls away, gasping in air. All he can smell is Ilya's jersey, musk and sweat stinging the inside of his nose. Every gulp of air brings in a wave of something so uniquely *Ilya*, the smell of hours of practice and sweat, the smell of Ilya's deodorant, the smell of the team detergent. Smells Shane hadn't even realized were so associated with Ilya, so deeply intertwined with his understanding of pleasure.

Guh.

Arousal zips down Shane's spine so fast that he feels dumb with it.

"*Fuck*, Hollander," Ilya gasps into Shane's mouth. Ilya drops his hips, frotting his dick against Shane's in slow, controlled thrusts. Shane keens at the sudden pleasure, the slide of their dicks so *hot* and *slick*. He can't help but hump back into Ilya, far too clumsy. Ilya forces a hand between them, holding Shane's hips to the bed, *trapping* him.

Oh.

"Tell me," Ilya pants. "Tell me how you touched yourself." Shane's so *sensitive*, but the pressure of Ilya's dick against his own isn't enough. He's greedy. He wants more–Ilya's hands, Ilya's mouth–whatever Ilya will give him, and then some. It's not enough.

“I–I jerked myself off–*oooh*–when I got home,” Shane whines. Ilya leans back down, swallowing the noise in a wet, sloppy kiss.

“Surely that is not it,” Ilya mumbles against Shane’s mouth. “Surely you did not *just* juh-jerk yourself off.” He teases the last words out, mocking Shane’s stammering tone. Shane gasps wetly.

“*No*, no, I humped–I humped my pillow. It just felt so *good*.” The admission spills out of Shane. “I watched myself in the *muh*-mirror. I couldn’t stop looking–*fuck, Rozanov*–at your name in the reflection. I didn’t last long enough to do anything else.” Ilya rewards the confession with a particularly sharp *thrust,* bumping the head of his dick against Shane’s.

“Could not even manage to get a hand around your dick?” Ilya teases. *Fuck*, Shane whines, high in his throat. Ilya’s tone is so *mocking*, so demeaning, as if he can see right through Shane, see everything Shane isn’t saying. *No*, Shane wants to admit, *I couldn’t, I was so turned on I couldn’t do anything but hump my pillow*. The embarrassment bubbles up in his throat, suffocating him. “Captain Hollander, no better than teenage boy.”

Shane *sobs*.

Ilya finally releases his hip, letting Shane frot back into him. Shane humps up nearly uncontrollably, dragging his leaking dick through Ilya’s happy trail, past his Adonis belt. Ilya grabs a handful of Shane’s jersey, pulling him up off the bed with just the fabric, and–

And *manhandles* Shane on to his front.

Ilya uses just the jersey, just his *strength* and *hands*, to flip Shane around, all eighty-some kilos of Shane. He forces Shane’s hips up and back, pulls up under his armpits to heave Shane up on his hands and knees.

Fffffuck.

Ilya leans over Shane, crucifix dragging between Shane’s clothed shoulder blades. Shane takes a deep breath in. *Fuck*. Ilya hasn’t cleaned the evidence of wherever he was before this, whatever club or bar he found himself at. He smells like cigarette smoke and liquor, like his cologne and worn-through deodorant. He smells like the perfume of whatever woman was dancing on him before.

Above all, Ilya smells like *sweat*. Shane moans, far too loud. He’s too gone to really be embarrassed by it. He smells like musk, tacky on his skin. Shane can’t pick up his body wash–did Ilya even *shower* after the game? Or has he been walking around with the smell of hard work and desperation clinging to him? Did the girls at the club smell it; was it as addictive to them as it is to Shane?

Shane wants to drown in it. He wants to bury his face into Ilya–into his neck, his pits, his groin–and never resurface. He wants to bottle it up and take it home with him, so he can drench his pillows and his clothes in a smell so distinctly *Ilya’s*. It’s intoxicating. Shane can’t stop himself from taking another lungful, a gasp so heady that he’s dizzy, more *Ilya* than oxygen. His dick throbs as he inhales, leaking another string of pre-cum.

He'll probably leave this room smelling of Ilya. How long could Shane get away with not showering, with the evidence of Ilya on his skin and in his own odor? Would the team notice that his very being has been drenched with the musk of another man ?

Oh. Isn't that a thought?

"Please," Shane sobs wetly. "*Please*, Rozanov."

"*Please*," Ilya mocks against Shane's ear. "Use your words, Captain. You are not fuck-dumb yet. Tell me what you want." He speaks slowly, as if Shane can't understand him. Shane shivers against him, flushing red.

"Please fuck me Rozanov, *please*," Shane begs. "I want–I want you to fuck me in your jersey. I need you. *Pleasepleaseplease* fuck me." *Please fuck me so hard you sweat on to me, drenching this jersey again. Fuck me so hard that I can smell it in my hair. Fuck me so hard that everytime we meet on the ice, everytime I pass you, everytime I catch a whiff of someone else wearing your cologne, it's all I can think about.*

Ilya traces a finger along Shane's back, no doubt spelling out his own name along the thick white lettering. He hums, dropping his hand lower to trace the *81*.

"If that is what you *really* want," Ilya sighs, as if the thought of fucking Shane is such a burden. He reaches over Shane, bracing himself against the headboard to grab a packet of lube and a condom.

Guh.

Ilya's armpit is level with Shane's face. Shane moans, resting his head against Ilya's bicep. He takes a shuddering breath, then another, nearly huffing the air. *Fuck*, Ilya smells so *good*. His sweat, his deodorant, whatever pheromones make Ilya smell like Ilya–Shane could die here, happy, tucked into Ilya. He smells so *fucking* good, so strong and musky, that it sends coils of pleasure through Shane's spine, through his groin, through his toes.

Ilya eventually pulls back, and Shane whines at the loss. The lube is cold and *wet* against Shane's hole; Ilya must have just ripped the packet open and let it drip down Shane's ass. Ilya doesn't even give him a second to adjust, a second for the lube to warm, before he plunges a finger into Shane.

Oooh.

Shane forgot how good Ilya is at this. *Fuck*. Shane moans as Ilya thrusts his finger in, slow and steady. It's just *one*, but it feels as though Ilya's hands are made for this, made for fucking Shane. He's so dexterous, dragging the finger along Shane's wall, looking for–

Oh.

Looking for Shane's prostate.

Ilya curls his finger, *ppressssing* into Shane. Shane whines high in his throat, fucking himself back on Ilya's finger. He already feels *stupid* with it, just from Ilya's finger. Pleasure

coils tighter, white-hot, in his gut. Ilya adds another finger, stretching Shane out, keeping pressure on Shane's prostate. It's too much–it's not enough.

"You can be patient." Ilya speaks as though Shane is some unruly kid, tugging on the edge of Ilya's shirt and begging for his attention. He thrusts his fingers back into Shane, slow and controlled.

"Please, *Rozanov*, please," Shane begs. Shane *sobs* as Ilya stills his fingers, crying at the sudden loss of sensation. Ilya fists the back of the practice jersey, pulling Shane off the bed with it.

Shane's so desperate for it, so entirely consumed with the need for *Ilya*, that he doesn't know what to do. He's choking on his own tongue, stumbling over his words, just at the thought of Ilya finally fucking him, giving him what he really needs.

"Use your *words*, Hollander," Ilya spits. Shane's eyes nearly roll into the back of his head at the rush of arousal that floods his body. It's nearly nauseating, curling hot all over his body. He moans, far louder than he intends. "I know you are not used to receiving commands, *Captain*, but you are a smart boy. I should not have to repeat myself so many times."

Shane *cries*.

"Rozanov, *please*, I need–I need you to fuck me. Please don't make me wait. *Please*, I'm stretched enough," Shane babbles. He's lying; he absolutely isn't stretched enough, but Ilya's *teasing*, physical and verbal, is too much. He's too close. "I need you–I need your cock. Please."

"See?" Ilya asks, pulling his fingers out of Shane's hole. He reaches for the condom, slicking himself with the lube dripping down Shane's thighs. "That was not so hard, was it?"

Shane moans, low in his chest, as Ilya finally sinks in.

Shane's body, as if it's been built for this, as if it's the only thing he's made for, yields, all too easy.

Fuck, Shane forgot how *big* Ilya is. The stretch burns, white-hot. Shane can't get enough of it. Ilya rests his head on Shane's shoulder taking a deep breath, giving Shane time to adjust.

Shane can't take it–he's so *full*. He pants, open-mouthed, all too aware of the string of drool that drips down his face. There's nothing else, only Ilya–*Ilya*, spearing him open, carving a space in him that could never be filled by anyone else. The world melts down to Ilya.

"*Rozanov*, please–" *Use your words*, the voice inside Shane's head taunts. "Please move."

"Finally learned your lesson, *hm*?"

Any retort Shane has dies in his throat as Ilya starts *fucking* him.

Guh.

Shane doesn't have any time to prepare himself for the way Ilya *jackhammers* into him. Ilya grips the edge of the jersey, forcing Shane's body back in time with his hips. *Fuck*–he can't–Shane can't *think*, mind melting out of his ears; his entire body *melts* into the pleasure as Ilya nails his prostate, over and over and *over* again. Ilya's so strong, pulling Shane *up* and *back*, as if he's a ragdoll, an instrument in his own pleasure.

Shane can't take it. He needs more.

"Wearing my *fucking* name, Hollander," Ilya growls into Shane's ear. Sobs, *wails*, are punched out of Shane with every thrust; Ilya fucks him like it's his only mission. "Because you are mine. *Moy*."

"Y-*yours*, I–*fuck, Rozanov*–I wanna be yours," Shane sobs. Another wave of pleasure crashes over him, pulsing through his abs, down his thighs, up through his neck, even into the tips of his fingers as they scramble for purchase on the duvet.

"You can go out on the ice, pretend to be in charge–" Shane cries as Ilya *bites* into the meat of his shoulder, the sting of his teeth *so delicious*– "But this is where you belong. Is what you are *good for*."

Yes, yes, yes, Shane wants to agree, but the assault on his body, the thrum of pleasure that boils high in his gut, is too much. He can't get his lips to work, can't get them to shape around the works, to tell Ilya that *this is where he wants to stay forever, trapped under Ilya's body, wearing his jersey.* Shane's never been hotter, arousal and pleasure and humiliation melding as he clenches around Ilya.

Shane sobs. He feels complete.

Ilya forces an arm under Shane's armpits, pulling his back to Ilya's chest. Shane scrambles, he *can't*–he doesn't know where to go, what to do. He digs his fingers into Ilya's bicep, moaning as the position *somehow* gives Ilya an even more direct shot at Shane's prostate, at taking Shane apart. Ilya moans into Shane's ear, low and guttural, evidence that this is affecting Ilya just as much as it affects Shane. If it weren't for Ilya–for Ilya's arm, his body, his *strength*–Shane would be face down in the mattress.

"I wonder–*Jesus,* fuck*, Hollander*–if your team would have given you the jersey," Ilya pants, "had they known how you would *beg* me to fuck you in it." Shane lets out a ragged groan at that, clawing uselessly against Ilya's arm. Ilya's surely going to be left with a smattering of bruises, dark and purple, along his forearm and bicep. Shane can't take it–he can't do anything to hide how Ilya's taking him apart, *shattering* him into a million little pieces, all sharp and white-hot. "I wonder how many of them have put it together, figured us out. How many have noticed that *pretty little Captain Hollander* only ever disappears when he plays Boston."

Oh God. Shane is going to die here, split open on Ilya's dick, so full he can barely breathe.

Ilya shoves his hands under the jersey, fingers burning hot along Shane's chest. He rucks the offending fabric *up* as he thrusts into Shane, pulling it over his head. Shane's body is so

liquid, muscles so *useless*, that he can barely get himself to cooperate as Ilya tries to pull the jersey off his arms.

Ilya drops it in front of Shane.

He then drops Shane *into* it.

Fffffuck.

Shane can't–Shane can't *find* any purchase on the bed–he can't bring his arms to work enough to prop himself back up. He's frantic, *aching* so intensely that he doesn't know what to do with himself, eyes rolling in the back of his head. Ilya grabs his hair, *pulling*–sparks of pleasure shoot down his spine, adding to the over-boiling pot–and pushes Shane directly into the jersey, into Ilya's name.

Shane just takes it.

There's nothing else he can do.

Shane gasps at every thrust, face pushed further into Ilya's jersey, further into Ilya's *smell*. He can't–he doesn't–he's *high* on it, high on the smell of sex and musk and sweat, high on the way Ilya pinpoints his sweet spot with every thrust, high on how *strong* Ilya is.

This is it. Shane's going to die, suffocated by pleasure, suffocated by the smell of Ilya, by Ilya's jersey.

Ilya blankets his body over Shane, trapping him, surrounding him. He barely has any room to move his hips, punching *deep* thrusts again and again and *again* directly into Shane. Shane has nowhere to go, pinned down by Ilya's hands, by Ilya's body, by the pleasure Ilya's giving to him.

Every gasp, every cry brings another lungful. Shane *sobs*. It's intoxicating. All Shane can smell, all he can taste, all he can feel is *Ilya*. He gulps down the smell of the jersey, Ilya's own musk mixing with the fresh sweat that Shane's sure he's added. It's filthy. It's perfect. He never wants to leave, face pressed–*shoved*–into Ilya's name.

His entire world narrows down to this–to how utterly *ruined* Shane is by Ilya.

"Roz-*Rozanov*." Shane is helpless, barely able to get the word out. "I'm gunna–I *can*'*t–oh*!"

"Come on, *Captain*," Ilya moans into his ear, grinding impossibly deeper. Ilya's thrusts are getting desperate, aborted thrusts that *punch* against Shane's prostate. It's too much–the pleasure lights up inside him, flames *licking* up through him, so hot and all-consuming. It's under his skin, beneath his eyelids, threading itself through Shane's very *being*. He can't control himself, shuddering and twitching and vibrating under Ilya. "Cum for me–*fuck*–cum for me, Captain. Show me how good it feels to wear my jersey."

Shane breaks.

Shane cums, *loud* and wailing. He cums so hard he feels it in his *teeth*, pleasuring bursting white-hot through every last nerve. Every muscle in his body bears down, contracts without his consent, as the orgasm rips through him. His body is tight, jerking desperately as he rides out every wave of pleasure, cresting over him before he can catch his breath. He's at the mercy of his pleasure, at the mercy of *Ilya*.

He's broken. He can't do anything but sob, brain and body full of static.

Shane's been ripped open, completely ruined, insides turned hot and molten as he sobs and sobs and *sobs*–

Shane comes back to himself as Ilya presses a warm rag against his stomach, cleaning him.

Ilya's hair is damp from the shower. His skin is still tinged pink. He has a fresh pair of sweatpants on, soft and worn.

Shane floats, watching Ilya putz around the hotel room. Pleasure still vibrates softly in his fingers and toes, the residuals of his orgasm wrapping his head in cotton. His thoughts move slow, dripping through his head like honey. He feels so *good*, brain all fogged up.

"You okay?" Ilya's voice is barely above a whisper. He kneels on the bed next to Shane, propping himself up on a pillow. Shane hums in response. His tongue feels warm and heavy in his mouth. He doesn't have the energy to speak. Ilya runs a hand through Shane's hair. Shane wants to lean into the feeling, but he's drifting too far from himself to do much of anything.

Shane doesn't know how long they stay there for, sharing the warmth of each other's presence. He can't focus his eyes enough to read the clock across the room, and he doesn't care enough to try. Ilya just sits with him, warm and solid and *there*.

"Was that too much?" Ilya finally breaks the silence. His voice sounds a little raw. "I did not mean any of it. I do not think of you like that."

"No," Shane says simply. He's telling the truth.

"Good." Ilya sounds far too relieved at the reassurance, continuing to rake his fingers through Shane's hair. "I brought an extra pair of pants for you. They are on the chair, when you are ready. But take your time."

Shane hums in response. He stretches out, spine popping as he pulls himself off the bed. His limbs buzz softly, as if the static of the orgasm is still there. Next to his folded sweatshirt and sweatpants, there's a stack of fresh clothes. Shane's not quite sure where Ilya got them.

He ignores the warmth in his chest that blooms at the thought of Ilya sorting through his closet, packing an extra set of clothes *just in case*.

Shane dresses slowly, coming back into himself. The sweatshirt smells like Ilya's laundry detergent, fresh and subtle. Shane indulges himself, tucking his nose into the collar and

breathing deeply. He doesn't let himself think more about why it's so comforting.

Ilya hands him a water bottle as Shane gathers his stuff, throwing his clothes into an abandoned paper bag sitting against Ilya's dresser. Shane brushes his knuckles against Ilya's, grabbing the bottle. The warmth makes him feel a little floaty again.

"Can you get back to your hotel safe?"

"Yeah. Yeah–I'll be fine." Shane's voice is still rough from disuse. He lets himself meet Ilya's eyes as Shane stands in the doorway. The soft light from the lamp spills across Ilya's features.

Shane doesn't want to leave.

He lets himself do one final sweep of the hotel room, ensuring he didn't leave anything behind. Shane's eyes find the practice jersey, balled up and discarded at the end of the bed. Ilya must've pulled it out when he moved Shane on to his back. His eyes flick between Ilya and the jersey.

"If you want, you can have it. I have many." Shane barely hears the words leave Ilya's mouth. His cheeks redden. That must give him away, because Ilya's arm is suddenly outreached, jersey softly bunched in his hand. Shane takes it wordlessly, folding it into the bag on top of his clothing and the waterbottle. "We will play you in two weeks?"

"I think so," Shane says. Ilya gives Shane a firm nod, scratching at the back of his neck.

"I will see you then, maybe."

"Maybe."

Ilya leads Shane out of the hotel room with a soft hand on his lower back. He leans in the hallway, watching Shane call the elevator up. Shane stares straight ahead into the stainless steel of the elevator doors; he can't bring himself to look over, to work through why the gesture knots up his stomach.

The elevator dings. Shane doesn't spare Ilya a glance as he steps in.

He's sure Ilya sees him reach into the bag and pull out the jersey, bunching it in front of his chest and taking one, final deep breath.

End Notes

comments and kudos appreciated :) i have been blown away by the response to my hollanov fics over the last month--thank you guys for your kindness !!

writing fanfiction has brought me places i wouldn't go with a gun (the grindr blog).

thank you to the lovely slayswilde for letting me bounce ideas off of her.

i made a twitter :p come talk to me @_anyabarnes

come talk to me on tumblr :) im not insanely active, but asks/dms are always open to scream about hollanov. or req/prompts !

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!