

watch him go

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by [vividblossom \(dirty mudblood\)](#)

Summary

“Why not strip poker?”

Shane blinks. Over the roars of the rest of the table, Ilya has to lean over so that Shane can hear him. His hot breath tickles across Shane’s cheek.

“Hollander? This is okay with you?”

Shane opens his mouth to say *no are you all crazy there is no way I could get naked in front of you without you being able to see how desperately I want you*, but swallows it down.

“Sure. Yeah, it’s fine. I’m okay.”

Or: the boys gang up on shane during strip poker and ilya is going to kill them dead

Notes

for my baby leti for this this prompt and for seven and lou my other bits(bottomilyatruthers)

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

Shane appreciated how eager the Centaurs were to welcome him to the team. He'd been worried, honestly, how they would react to a new center coming in during the middle of the season.

But Shane couldn't stay in Montreal. Not after being outed, not after the reactions of his teammates. It was like all of a sudden he was a stranger to them, instead of the captain they'd known for *years*.

They acted like Shane had broken their trust, but didn't they realize their reactions were *exactly* why he hadn't told them in the first place?

Ottawa was a good fit. He could stay with his parents while he got back on his feet and he didn't have to worry about so much press; the Centaurs were hardly a team that got any.

He knew of his new teammates in passing from playing against them. Luca Haas was a rookie right wing who was already exceeding expectations and Shane knew, after a little more time alongside the pros, he would surpass them all.

He was also doe eyed and eager and puppy cute. He was the first person to greet Shane when he walked into their locker room; practically vibrating out of his skin to do it.

He was the complete opposite of his right wing, Troy Barrett, who was all stern eyebrows over sharp blue eyes. Where Luca was a constant cycle of conversation, Shane appreciated Barrett's quiet, thoughtful demeanor. He didn't speak much, and when he did it was only because he had something of value to say.

Similarly, when left wing and alternate captain Zane Boodram speaks; everyone *listens*. He has a sort of patriarchal style to his leadership. It's obvious he believes in positive reinforcement and Shane blushes under his helmet with every *good job, Hollander* and *great shot, Hollander*.

Wyatt Hayes is their goalie and a damn good one. He was probably the only thing stopping a fine team from being a bad team, regularly stopping over forty shots a game. The concept is foreign to Shane, in Montreal their team wouldn't let *forty* shots get past their defense.

Shane is more than a little starry eyed about him. There was nothing sexier to him than good hockey and it didn't hurt that Hazy was handsome and older and had an easy, confident charm about it and a twang to his voice.

There was no better hockey, though, than their captain. Shane remembers when he and Rozanov were draft hopefuls and the league had already begun marketing them as rivals.

Shane was convinced they were right. He was sure that they'd be signed to teams in the same division and their careers would be parallel; he was so sure they'd be on the top *together*.

The sting of being the second overall draft pick, behind Rozanov, was subdued by the fact that Ottawa had gotten the first pick. It wasn't a team that you crossed your fingers for and

although Rozanov was smart enough not to show it, Shane *felt* the dread and disappointment that radiated off of him. Perhaps only because they were so much alike.

Consequently, there was no rivalry. The buzzing had died down completely by the end of their first season; when Shane's team had made it to the Cup in his rookie year and left Rozanov behind.

It was always a valiant effort, though. Shane and Rozanov on the ice together was always *electric*. Rozanov didn't give an inch and he forced Shane to give him a mile. Any point scored by Ottawa was a point scored by Rozanov.

Shane expected, maybe *hoped*, that he would sign with a new team after his contract ended. He'd do well in Boston, maybe, with his aggressive play style. But the years had come and gone and with it kept Rozanov in Ottawa.

It was the first thing he asked about when he finally had the chance to get Rozanov alone. In hindsight, Shane probably should have been more concerned with making a good impression on his new captain, especially considering the circumstances he arrived to Ottawa in, but he'd always struggled with his curiosity.

For a second, Rozanov had just *stared* at him. His eyes were a gorgeous blue-green that reminded Shane of the lake on the property he'd been considering building on.

"I believe in this team," Rozanov told him. "And now we have you; I believe in us even more."

And it made *Shane* believe in them, too. He thought his outing was the end of a life of hiding but also the end of his career. He thought he'd never touch the Cup again and tried to convince himself that it was *fine* because he was lucky he still got to play professionally *at all*.

Rozanov changed that. He reminded Shane of the fire that drove him to win; he hadn't even realized it was still burning until Rozanov threw the kerosene on it.

All he needed to do was figure out the *why*. They had a team of players who were amazing at what they did; *why* weren't they winning? If he could just figure that out...

He turned to the person who knew the team best; Rozanov himself. He'd been on the team for *years*, was one of the only players on it who wasn't in their first contract with the Centaurs.

Shane was a captain and *knew* captains; there was a sort of pride and ego that came along with the title. And here he was telling Ottawa's, someone he had barely known for a month, that *he* could do what Rozanov had probably been trying to do for *years*?

He sort of expected Rozanov to tell him to fuck off, but he should stop expecting anything of his captain. He was *eager* to hear Shane's thoughts, he obviously respected him as a player and as someone who had shared his title before.

It was natural, then, that they began seeing each other outside of practices. They'd spend entire nights combing through game footage and bouncing ideas off of each other.

It was natural that long nights would include dinner. Sometimes it was takeout and they'd sit on the floor of Rozanov's living room and eat it off the coffee table while they watched, sometimes Rozanov would surprise Shane by cooking food that was more appropriate to eat in his dining room.

It was natural that, at the table and without videos to watch, they'd talk. Everyone was always annoyed by how many questions Shane asked, but Rozanov never made him feel bad for it. He even asked his own, seeming genuinely curious about Shane as a person instead of just Shane as a player.

It was natural that one of those conversations would be about Shane being outed. It was something he didn't talk about, not even to his mother, but he found it was easy to unload on Rozanov. He hummed quietly as Shane spent the rest of the evening recounting the entire horrible thing.

"I like women," Rozanov had said once Shane was finished sipping his water to dose his dry throat from speaking so much.

"Okay..." Shane hoped he didn't sound too disappointed about that. That would be silly, wouldn't it?

"But I like men too."

And that was... *oh*. Shane pretended it didn't make his heart pound. He left that night with his skin buzzing and only realized once he got in his car that they hadn't watched any tape at all.

Rozanov slowly became *Ilya* and the more they got to know each other, the better they were together on the ice. It was like they were able to read the others' minds because they knew it so well.

It reminded Shane, begrudgingly, of Montreal. Their team outings were *mandatory*, even though it had nothing to do with the game. Except... maybe it had. Maybe forming such a close bond was the thing that made them work better together.

It sparked an idea in Shane. He just needed to find something that all the guys could bond over, but *what?*

It was a good idea, in theory, to invite the guys over to Ilya's house for a Friday night of card games and hanging out.

But it's been two hours and all they've learned is that Bood is surprisingly very good at UNO and Haas is unsurprisingly very *bad*. He shares a silent look with Ilya, one that begs for help.

"Okay," Ilya stands and claps his hands together. "You boring fucks. New game."

"Yay," Haas happily collects the UNO deck while Ilya starts rifling through a drawer in his kitchen.

"I was having a good time," Bood says pleasantly, but hands his cards out for Luca to take.

"Of course you were. You won *three times*."

"Haasy is so competitive, ain't he?" Wyatt ruffles the blonde curls on his friend's head and grins at the small, sharp canines that Luca bares at him.

"Don't talk to me. You *knew* I didn't have any yellow cards and you kept making me draw."

Ilya returns with a small pack that's all torn up around the edges. Shane peers over once he returns to the seat next to his and realizes they're playing cards by the picture of a queen on the yellow cover.

"Solitaire?" He suggests.

"Bridge?" Bood asks hopefully.

Luca snorts. "What are you? A million years old? Let's play Go Fish."

"What about just some good ol' poker?"

"We have nothing to bet."

"You can't just play for the love of the game?"

"I mean... no? Where's the fun without the stakes?"

"Why not strip poker?"

Shane blinks. Troy has been predictably silent all night; besides quietly setting down Draw 4s and very casually saying "*UNO*" while Luca all but flipped the table.

"First time all night this guy speaks and it's to get us naked," Bood shakes his head. "What the hell."

Luca is frowning, but not for reason Shane thought he would be. "I don't know how to play. That wouldn't be fair. I don't wanna be the only one taking off my clothes."

"I knew it. Luca won't do it. He thinks his nipples are too tiny."

"I told you that in *private*!"

“What if,” Ilya begins and Shane is relieved that perhaps *someone* will be a voice of reason here. “Instead of the loser hand taking off their clothes, the winner chooses someone?”

What? Shane’s body almost fully turns in shock. He was really going for this? Ilya’s eyes slide over to his. Spanking that says, *we don’t have to but maybe this could work.*

Luca hums. “I would do that. Get ready to show your balls, Hazy.”

Over the roar of the rest of the tables ribbing, Ilya has to lean over so that Shane can hear him. His hot breath tickles across Shane’s cheek.

“Hollander? This is okay with you?”

Shane opens his mouth to say *no are you all crazy there is no way I could get naked in front of you without you being able to see how desperately I want you*, but swallows it down.

It was only natural that after Rozanov became Ilya, Shane would start to *look* at him differently. Sometimes he thinks Ilya is looking at him differently too, but maybe that’s just wishful thinking.

Besides, just because Ilya is bisexual doesn’t mean Shane is his type. Maybe he likes smaller, prettier guys who remind him more of women. Maybe Shane’s body is too big, too bulky, has too much muscle.

But Ilya is certainly *his* type; all masculinity and pretty eyed. And Shane doesn’t think he’ll be able to suppress his body’s reaction to having not just Ilya but *everyone* looking at him, but he has to *try*.

He wants the Cup. He wants the Cup and he wants to win it with these people sitting around the table and he especially wants to win it for Ilya, who was the first person to believe in this team. To believe in Shane when he forgot how to.

“Sure. Yeah, it’s fine. I’m okay.”

There’s a ghost of a smirk on Ilya’s lips and, if Shane didn’t know any better, his eyes dilate a fraction.

“Alright, boys,” he says as he leans back in his chair. “I’ll deal you in.”

Ilya gives everyone their five cards and Shane stares at his hand forlornly. He tries to keep up as Ilya quickly explains the rules to Haasy, who is bobbing his head in quick agreement. He’s played poker on family game nights, but Yuna Hollander is a ruthless player and he can’t remember a time he’s ever won.

Wyatt wins the first hand and barely takes a moment to weigh his options before deciding on Luca. Even Shane cracks a smile at Luca’s grumbling as he shimmies out of his pants. He’s wearing boxers with little ducks on them, how damn cute.

“See?” Wyatt ribs. “He doesn’t want us to see his nipples.”

In a complete upset, Luca wins the next round. Shane is too busy cheering to remember that he should be worried about Luca's decision. Honestly, he expects the rookie to pick Hayes.

"Shane Hollander," he points a finger at Shane, as if there was another one around he might get confused with. "Strip."

Shane's face goes hot, but he's a team player. He pulls his knee up to his chest so he can take off one of his socks.

"Boo!"

"That's so cheating, Hollander."

They sound delighted about it, though, even if their faces are all in various shades of disappointment. Disappointment? They couldn't *actually* be hoping Shane would take off his clothes, right?

A new hand is dealt and Shane feels more confident about this one. Aces are good, right? And he has two eights.

Ilya, Luca, and Troy all fold leaving just Shane, Wyatt, and Bood.

Shane lays out his cards proudly only for his smile to be wiped away by Bood's hand; which also has an ace, but also a Queen and a King and a jack.

"Bood! Good job!"

Wyatt rolls his eyes and knocks into Lucas's shoulder with his own. "You won't be so happy for him if he picks you."

"No need," Bood smiles. He has lovely brown eyes, warmer and brighter than Shane's, and they shine slightly as he looks across the table at him.

"Hollander, your other sock, please."

Shane feels vulnerable, completely barefoot like this. His toes rub against the soft carpet of Ilya's dining room, then hit something hard. He jerks his knee to the side.

"Sorry," he mumbles, realizing his wandering feet have found Ilya's. Ilya, seemingly engrossed in his own cards, doesn't notice. However, Shane does feel a socked foot nudge his after a moment. Did Ilya not realize how close they were sitting?

Wyatt wins after a tense standoff with Troy with four of a kind.

"Hazy," Luca whispers very excitedly, and much too loud to be a real whisper, "pick Hollander."

"Hush you, I was going to anyhow. Drop trou, Hollander."

What is going *on*?

“Are you guys, like... picking on me?”

He feels a little silly, he knows his voice is pathetically insecure. Ilya nudges his foot, this time more pointedly.

“You don’t have to,” he tells Shane seriously. “If you don’t want to. Or we can make a new rule— no same person twice in a row.”

“We are picking on you,” Troy says, which makes Shane’s stomach drop. “But only because you’re new and only because we like you.”

Shane blinks. “You... do?”

He didn’t think they *hated* him, but... he was nervous around them all, besides Ilya. He didn’t know what they thought of him, what they heard about him, what they expected from him; and he was always too afraid to *ask*.

“Well, duh,” Luca adds. “Why do you think we all agreed to come here? It wasn’t for *him*.”

Ilya shrugs, his lips twitching a bit. “Is true.”

“Oh.”

Shane’s shoulders feel a little lighter, something heavy that he hadn’t realized had settled there rolling off his back. They liked him. They knew everything everyone had to say about him and they still *liked* him.

He feels lighter than air about it. So good, in fact, that he doesn’t even think before he’s pulling his shirt over his head, then slumps a little shyly once he notices the millions of eyes on his bare chest.

“You have a great body, Holly,” Luca blinks, his eyes somewhere flitting between both of Shane’s nipples.

Shane resists the urge to cover his pecs, but his slumping shoulders are doing nothing but pushing them together. “Stop it.”

“You do,” Bood agrees easily. “You *really* do. Maybe I should start that diet of yours.”

“You’re so... hairless,” Luca sounds awed, “Even *I* have more than that.”

“Yeah but yours is so blonde you can barely see it. I bet your pubic hair is like a halo.”

“I bet Holly’s is all dark and straight like his hair.”

“Jesus Christ,” Shane is afraid his cheeks might melt off his face from how hot they’re burning. “Just deal the cards.”

Shane spares a glance at Ilya when he doesn’t grab the cards.. He finds his captain’s eyes narrowed across the table at four of his players openly ogling Shane’s bare torso.

“Rozanov,” he prompts gently and Ilya turns his glare away to shuffle the deck.

Shane looks at his hand with a small thrill. There’s a ten and then there’s a queen and once Shane sees the crown of the king peeking out, he knows he’s won this round.

There’s audible disappointment when he does, like they were all waiting for the last bit of Shane’s clothes to come off. Besides Luca’s pants, everyone else is completely dressed. It’s a little heady to be the only one being stripped down.

He blinks when he notices that everyone is staring at him.

“Well, Hollander?” Troy drawls. “We all took off your clothes—“

“Except Rozy!”

Troy flicks his gaze from Luca back to Shane. “Except Rozanov. Which one of us are you gonna get back at?”

The question, somehow, feels bigger than it is. Shane swallows. Four pairs of eyes are watching him, waiting, and he feels Ilya’s presence at his side acutely.

If he chooses one of the other guys, it’ll be because they did it to him. No one would think twice of him getting back at Luca, who was egging on the whole thing.

But if he chooses Ilya, who had folded pretty much every round, it would mean something *else*. An obvious something else. Was he brave enough to do that? He *really* wanted him to take his shirt off.

Not that he didn’t see Ilya in various states of undress in the locker room, but it was different here. It wasn’t compulsory or formal and if he did, and if Shane were to lean to the right slightly, he could brush their arms together and feel the softness of Ilya’s skin.

He tries to sneak a glance at him, only to find he’s already being watched. His pulse leaps at the daring flash in those wide pupils; daring Shane to pick him, daring him to see what happens if he *doesn’t*.

“R-Rozanov,” Shane stumbles over the word. “Strip.”

Every single one of Ilya’s teeth flash at him in a grin before he stands up.

“Don’t be jealous, boys,” he smirks at the group of men frowning at him. “Or… maybe you should be.”

He makes quite the show of taking off his shirt. Playing with the hem of it teasingly until Shane thinks the saliva pooling in his mouth will drool onto his chin.

It’s slow; the way every inch of rippling muscle is exposed, a trail of golden hair leading from his bellybutton into his sweats with a promise of more to find there. Shane’s shaky inhale is completely obvious.

Ilya plops back down into his seat smugly. “Next round?”

Shane folds because he has absolutely nothing and so he’s free to watch whatever standoff is happening between the other men. Luca is making little excited noises like he has a good hand. Shane thinks he’s probably bluffing, but what if that’s what Luca *wants* them to think?

“Show your hands,” Bood instructs, the authority in his voice causing Shane to shiver.

He, Luca, and Ilya all slap down their cards and hurriedly look at each others.

“Read ‘em and weep, fellas.”

Troy lays his out with a smug flourish that has Shane hiding a grin behind his hand. And he’s not even surprised, or all that upset, when Troy turns those electric eyes on him.

“Keep laughing, Hollander, your pants are mine.”

Shane chuckles and stands, surprised by the eager shifting in all the chairs as his fingers find the button of his jeans. If Shane didn’t know any better...

The air is heavy and thick, suddenly. Shane feels like everyone is breathing too quickly, him included. Their stares smooth over him like silk, but also shoot up his spine with electricity.

He *likes* this, he realizes. Which maybe shouldn’t be as surprising as it is considering how much he’s always craved positive attention. He preens under their eyes; blues and browns and, next to him, green.

He yanks his pants down to his knees before sitting back down, cutting off their view of his lower half. Except for Ilya, who is obviously staring at Shane’s lap and licking his bottom lip.

“God, you’re so *cute*,” Haas whines. “Blue briefs? So predictable.”

Shane blushes so hard it bleeds down his neck and onto his chest, which Hayes picks up on right away.

“Aw, look at him! He’s blushin’ down to his toes.” His accent makes him sound sweet and friendly, but his eyes flash in a way that has Shane’s blush getting worse.

“Stop making fun of him,” Bood chastises. “Before steam starts coming out of Rozanov’s ears.”

Shane can practically hear Ilya’s teeth grinding together. It surprises him. He looks so *angry*, but Shane isn’t sure at what. At *who*. Did Shane do something wrong?

Troy talks to him directly. “Ilya. You good?”

Their captain gives one clipped nod that none of them buy.

“Did I,” Shane asks him nervously, “do something? Sorry.”

“Rozy, you’re scaring him,” that’s from Luca, who is narrowing his eyes and crossing his arms. “He thinks you’re mad at *him*. ”

“I’m not,” he grinds out, which doesn’t make Shane feel any better about it. He feels very, very naked and not just because he’s down to his underwear.

This night was supposed to be about fun and about bonding and about Shane becoming part of the team and now he doesn’t know where it all went wrong.

“Then what is it?” He asks.

Maybe he can still fix it. They could play another game if Ilya is uncomfortable with Shane’s state of undress in his house. They could order food or watch a movie and forget this whole thing ever happened.

“He’s jealous.”

Troy is the one who says it and if Shane didn’t know how serious of a person the player was, he’d think he was kidding. But he’s not even looking at Shane; he’s watching Ilya like someone who is waiting for a detonator to run out.

“Jealous?”

Shane is now also looking at Ilya, who is decidedly not looking at *anyone*. He’s staring down at the table with his teeth clenched and the hinge of his jaw jumping.

“Well, yeah,” Luca says as if Shane should just *know*. As if this isn’t the most formative moment of his gay, adult *life*. “Because he wants you and he doesn’t like that *we* want you.”

“Okay. Team bonding over,” Ilya pushes from the table so quickly that Shane doesn’t have a chance to really let that sink in— he wants *Shane*? They...

They want Shane?

“Sit your ass back down,” Troy doesn’t seem at all perturbed by Ilya’s appearance.

Shane had seen jealousy before, but not like *this*. He thought jealousy was a quiet, festering thing. This was wild and angry and had Ilya’s chest heaving a bit.

“You’re being a terrible host, Rozy,” Luca pouts. “We’re not even done with the game yet.”

What *is* the end of the game? When they’ve all lost their clothes or just when *Shane* has? Goosebumps rise on his flesh.

Wyatt joins in on their razzing. “He’s right, brother. We’re your *guests*, you’re s’posed to share your things with us.”

“Stop,” Ilya grits out and Shane watches his hands flex at his sides. “Stop talking about him like that. You want to play Michigan with a black eye?”

“Rozanov.”

The tenor in Bood’s voice has everyone’s spines straightening.

“He won’t really do it,” Hayes snorts, which probably isn’t helping his case.

“He’s just sensitive about it because he doesn’t know *you* want *him*.”

“*Haas*,” Ilya snaps finally, a little spittle flying from his mouth with it. “Get out of my *fucking* house.”

“Don’t fucking talk to him like that.”

And then Wyatt is standing and then Luca is stranding to try to get him to sit back down and Bood is standing, ready to run interference if things actually get physical.

And Troy is not standing, but sitting with his arms crossed and an expression that says *well?*

“They’re right.”

Ilya looks almost confused, like he doesn’t realize *who* is talking. And when he realizes it’s Shane, and realizes what that *means*, his Adam’s Apple behinds bobbing anxiously.

“What?”

“That I... that I’ve wanted you. That I *want* you.”

Shane tries not to let the fact that he’s mostly naked and their teammates are staring at them take away from this monumental moment.

“Shit, *finally*,” Luca falls back into his chair with a relieved sigh. “The sexual tension in the locker room has been distracting me. *Please* fuck so I can stop getting a hard on in my jock.”

“You all... You did this on purpose?”

“Why do you think we came here?” Troy asks.

“Because it was...” Ilya looks very young all of a sudden. “Because I said it was mandatory.”

“No offense, man,” Bood says gently. “But when have we *ever* done anything just because you said so? You didn’t think it’s weird that *we’re* the only ones on the team that showed up?”

Now that he mentions it, they *were* missing quite a few players, weren’t they?

“We told them we were staging an intervention. You’ve been killing us all with your big bottom eyes when you stare at him, Hollander, *please* put them away,” Luca begs.

Shane chokes a bit, his blush returning in full force. Ilya still looks unsure, like he truly can’t believe *Shane* returns his feelings. He has *feelings* for *Shane* and Shane feels like he could

fly.

“Why do you ask him if he wants to finish the game?”

The question is charged and heavy when Bood asks Ilya, who slowly blinks and tilts his chin down to look at Shane fully before speaking.

“Shane,” his name is a deep rumble that starts somewhere in Ilya’s chest and Shane is trembling in his seat.

“If we keep playing, you know what that means, yes?”

Shane swallows. “I do.”

“Do you want to finish the game?”

“I—“

He feels like a lamb caught in the middle of a hungry pack of wolves who haven’t eaten in *days*. The way they’re all looking at him is with voracious *hunger*.

And, god, Shane is so hard it *hurts*.

“I do.”

Ilya slowly reclaims his seat and, once they’re confident the threat is over, Wyatt and Bood take their seats as well. Ilya’s hands are shaking a bit as he deals the final hand.

Shane knows it’s final because he folds immediately, followed by Bood and Luca and Wyatt and Troy; leaving Ilya as the only one with a hand. He sets it out on the table— a flush. He would have won anyway. He turns to Shane, who is oddly calm for how insane this has turned out to be.

“Shane,” this time when Ilya says his name, it’s in the way Shane has always wanted him to say it; fondly, happily, a little desperately. “Take those off, sweetheart.”

Shane smiles a little shyly, a little cheekily, as he lifts his hips to slide his briefs down his legs. Ilya sucks in a breath that he lets out slowly through his nose.

Luca is whining, “All that and we don’t even get to *see*?”

Shane bites his bottom lip and looks at Ilya, who is already watching him. Silently, Ilya holds out his hand in an invitation. If Shane doesn’t take it, that’ll be its own answer.

Hesitantly, Shane slips his fingers into Ilya’s palm.

He allows himself to be pulled forward, up off his chair, until he’s standing with his legs straddling Ilya’s knee.

Shane instinctively covers his cock with his hand. He has to press it against his thigh; he's so hard it throbs against his palm insistently. Shane knows the guys are looking at him, but he's only looking at Ilya.

Ilya, who is taking his time to look over every inch of Shane's skin. His hands follow his eyes, starting at the curve of Shane's neck and going down his flanks. Shane shivers and sways slightly on his feet.

"*Damn, Hollander,*" someone whistles, probably Luca.

Ilya spins him slowly, his hands steadying on Shane's waist. It turns Shane completely towards his teammates while Ilya busies himself running his hands down the contoured planes of Shane's back.

"Straight and black," Wyatt hums. "You called it, Haasy."

Shane's gaze falls to where his hands are doing a very poor job of covering his erection, and the thatch of fine, dark hair peeking out. He tries to turn his body away reflectively, tries to cover himself before they can see his cock twitching madly beneath his fingers, but is stopped by Ilya's hold on him.

"He's shy," Ilya purrs. "I think he needs one of your *box talks*, Boodram."

Box talks were what they called Bood's small monologues in the box after every period. Shane always looked forward to hearing what Bood thought of his performance and it secretly motivated him to do *more*— just to hear Bood praise him for it.

"You've made it this far, Hollander," he says immediately. "I'm impressed. We all are, aren't we?"

There's a murmur of breathy agreements.

"And there's no hiding how much you like it. Why don't you be brave? You can do that, can't you?"

"*Fuck, Bood,*" Luca pants and Shane watches him flinch and reach his hand never the table, obvious to adjusting himself in his pants. "I'm never gonna be able to get a *box talk* without getting a boner now."

Shane looks over his shoulder nervously, finding Ilya looking up at him with only a ring of green around his blown pupils.

"Show them, *moy lyubimyy.*" Shane doesn't know what that means, but Ilya sounds very surprised to have said it. "I want them to see."

Shane's whimper is so small he's sure no one but Ilya can hear it. It's not only the blanket statement that Ilya wants to show Shane off, but the insinuation that Shane is his to be *shared*.

Slowly, he takes his hands away from his dick. It springs forward gratefully, the tip leaving a sticky trail to the soft, hairless skin of his inner thigh.

“Goddamn,” Wyatt hisses.

The delight from the praise mixes with the shame and humiliation in Shane’s balls, making them tighten up.

Luca is leaning forward in his chair, his eyes glued to where Shane’s cock is bobbing insistently between his legs.

“His cock is so *cute*. He looks so soft...”

A hand reaches across the table before yanking itself back, perhaps afraid that Ilya will nip at his fingers for daring to try and touch. Shane would have expected the same thing, but Ilya is nothing if not someone who defies expectations.

“Go ahead, Haasy.”

Luca practically flies out of his chair and around the table, coming to stand on Ilya’s other side. Ilya smiles at him; he’s always had a soft spot for Luca, but then again so did all the other guys.

So does Shane, which is why he curls into Luca’s hesitant touch on his cheek and nuzzles into his palm.

“Oh!” Luca licks between his lips and his touch becomes more confident. “He’s *is* soft.”

Ilya hums, rubbing Shane’s hip with his thumb. “What else? Tell him more. Look, he likes it.”

He flattens his hand against Shane’s belly and trails it down until he has the base of Shane’s pulsing shaft in his hand.

Shane gasps against Luca’s wrist and he seizes the opportunity to press his thumb into Shane’s open mouth. Without thinking, Shane closes his lips around it. He doesn’t suck, just leaves it against his tongue.

“I think that is enough,” Ilya says gruffly, but there’s no anger behind it. He seems to like watching Luca play with Shane; but the thing in Shane that is greedy for *only* Ilya’s touch must live inside of him too.

Luca slips his wet digit from Shane’s mouth forlornly, smearing Shane’s spit on his bottom lip. Shane can see the bulge in the front of his pants as he returns to his seat.

Troy starts to get up too, his blue eyes piercing into the places on Shane’s body that he wants to feel for himself.

“Did I say you could touch, Barrett?” Ilya snaps, effectively stopping Troy before he can move any further.

Troy sneers. “Why not? You let Haas.”

“I’m done sharing for tonight. You can stay and watch, but that’s all you’ll be doing here. Or if you’d rather leave...”

Shane is secretly, smugly pleased when Troy slowly lowers himself back into his seat. Even if there’s no promise of anything for himself, he still wants to watch *Shane*—

“Help him, Rozy,” Luca groans. “That must be so painful.”

He’s referring to all the blood that has rushed to Shane’s cock, making it look so deeply red that it’s almost purple. The blood must have come from somewhere in Shane’s body—probably his head, which would explain how light headed and euphoric he feels right now.

His knees all but give out, but Ilya is there to catch him. He tucks Shane against his chest and coos softly. It’s the first time they’ve been this close, and Ilya’s bare skin is so warm against his back that Shane melts into his arms.

With Shane on Ilya’s lap he’s propped up enough that the other men can see all of him from then knees up, including his weeping dick. It slaps against his lower belly pathetically until Ilya reaches down to take it in a tight fist.

“There you go,” Ilya murmurs against his ear, just for him to hear, and then to the rest of the group says, “He’s gorgeous, yes? Tell him.”

Wyatt licks over his teeth before answering.

“You’re a lucky son of a bitch, Rozanov, I’ll give’ya that.”

“Gorgeous,” Bood agrees and it’s the first time in minutes that someone has spoken to Shane directly.

He tucks his face against Ilya’s neck and closes his eyes against the humiliation that threatens to make him come.

“So shy? Still?” Ilya tuts.

Shane hadn’t even realized he started crossing his legs until Ilya’s hands are gripping the inside of his thighs to yank them open.

“You’ll be good and keep these open, won’t you sweetheart?”

Shane nods dumbly, his nose rubbing against Ilya’s pulse point. For how aloof and confident he appears, his heartbeat is hammering wildly in his neck and betrays him.

“Yes, I’ll be good.”

Ilya groans, cupping and rolling Shane’s balls in his hand as a reward. “You *are* so good. Tell him how good he is. He won’t last long now.”

“I’ll bet he fucking squirts.”

It’s so unexpectedly filthy that a loud moan punches out of Shane. Precum pulses steadily from his slit and over Ilya’s fist.

“Look, Barrett, he loved that.”

“He’s about to shoot all over himself.”

“*Fuck*— you should let us eat it off of him after, Rozy. Lay him out on the table and we’ll feast.”

“We should cover him in ours. I bet he’d love smelling like us.”

With his eyes closed and his ears ringing Shane can no longer tell who is saying what. He *feels* Ilya talking though, his chest rumbling against his back and he continues to egg on the other guys.

“Look how tight and heavy these are,” he coos, lifting Shane’s cock to display his stiff sack.

Someone, Shane thinks it might be Bood, is merciful. “Stop teasing him, Rozanov, he’s shaking.”

Shane *is* shaking. Squirming uncontrollably in Ilya’s lap, trying to subtly thrust his hips faster into the fist around his cock. The need to come is already building at the base of his spine and crawling up his shaft. His balls ache from how full they are.

But every time Shane gets close to the edge, Ilya stops. His hand stills in a painful squeeze at the base, his fingers pressing roughing into Shane’s perineum to stave off his orgasm.

And Shane can no longer control the sounds he’s making. His entire mind is an echo of *need to come need to come need to fucking come* that it spills from his mouth in what he’s sure is unintelligible grunts and whines.

“Don’t tell me what I should do with *my* things,” Ilya hisses and Shane’s eyes open and roll into the back of his head. “See? Is fine. Tell them you want more, sweetheart.”

Shane can’t because at the last second Ilya has cupped the head of his cock with his hands and started to rub mercilessly over the crown and Shane is *howling*.

He’s thrashing uncontrollably in Ilya’s lap; Ilya who has one arm across Shane’s lap like a seatbelt, keeping him in place, while his other hand works over Shane’s dick. It’s fucking *mean* and Shane *loves* it.

And he especially loves it when his eyes open into little slits and finds his teammates with their hands working over their own cocks somewhere under the table. Luca is the worst of them all; both his hands jerking desperately and his eyebrows pulled into a desperate line.

Bood is more relaxed with it, his arm moving in slow, languid movements and Wyatt is spitting into his own palm before his hand disappears again. They’re all trailing Shane’s body

with their eyes, except Troy whose focus is solely on Ilya's hand moving over Shane's cock.

Shane can't tell for certain, but he seems to be mimicking whatever Ilya is doing to him. Like he wants to be right where Shane is, like he wants to feel the same delicious agony Shane is feeling.

Ilya finally lets up on the tip and Shane slumps in relief. The hand splayed over his belly and bracketing him rubs soothing circles over his sternum before finding his nipples to pluck.

"*Hah— oh!*" Shane hadn't realized how sensitive his chest was. It's like a line of nerve endings going straight to his dick and he arches like a cat into Ilya's ministrations.

"I think he could come like this," Ilya tells the table. "With just his chest."

Shane's moan ends on a hiccup. He probably *could*, especially now that Ilya has worked him to the edge over and over. A strong wind could probably make him finish now.

"Make him come," Troy licks between his wet lips like an animal. "I wanna come, make him fucking come."

"What did I say about telling me what to do?"

Fuck, Shane doesn't think he can handle much more. Tears prick the corner of his eyes. The boys are doing this on purpose; riling Ilya up because they know he'll take it out on Shane's body. He might really cry if Ilya stops moving his hand now.

"*P-Please.*"

It's the first time Shane has spoken the entire time and his voice is gritty and deep with disuse. The word cracks at the end; pathetically teary and desperate.

Ilya is nuzzling his sweaty temple. "What's that, sweetheart?"

"Can't hold it," Shane slurs. "I can't—"

Ilya presses a kiss to his sweaty hair and inhales greedily there before kissing a line down to Shane's cheek. His stubble stretches over Shane's mouth as he turns his head to find Ilya's eyes.

Both of their mouths are open and panting, breathing each other in. Shane's chin is wet with drool that Ilya stops playing with his nipples to rub away.

"You'll look at me when you do. *Only* me."

Shane nods as quickly as he can, which is not very quick at all, and then shivers as Ilya's pace on his cock begins a steady, perfect tempo. There are small *shlick shlick shlick* noises of Shane's precum easing the way.

Before it happens, there's a moment of panic. It feels *too much* to have been denied for so long and Shane trembles as he reaches the edge for what he knows is the final time.

“Ilya,” he chokes out, his voice small and scared. “M’gonna—“

Instead of responding, Ilya captures Shane’s lax mouth in a brutal kiss. He fucks into Shane’s open mouth with his tongue, not even caring that Shane is too fucked out to reciprocate.

The taste of him, minty like menthol cigarettes and toothpaste, sends Shane flying. Ilya breaks the kiss quickly to look down over Shane’s shoulder.

“Oh fuck, sweetheart—“

At first, cum bubbles at his tip and slides down his cock in a constant stream. And then spurts are pulsing from it uncontrollably, so strong that it hits Shane’s chin.

Somewhere, there’s a chorus of moans and groans and cursing. He thinks Luca might actually be sobbing. But Shane can’t focus on any of them; only the green eyes that are holding his dropping gaze.

“*Moy lyubimyy.*”

It’s the second time that night Ilya has said that, but this time it sounds more *certain*. Shane’s heavy eyes finally slipped shut. He’ll have to look up what that means later, but for now...

Something *clicks*.

It could be a million things. It could be the long hours they practice even when coach has dismissed them, it could be the general feeling of *we could really do this* that starts to permeate their locker room, it could even be something as simple as any given team being able to win on any given day.

Shane thinks it’s something more than all of those things— something that brought them all together off the ice so they could find each other on it.

Ilya throws him a wink before they take their positions on the ice. Even though they all have their helmets on, Shane knows the feeling of all their eyes on him enough to know that Ilya and Bood and Wyatt are watching him. He doesn’t even have to look for them as he breaks down the ice with his skates pounding against it— he just *knows* they’re there.

It’s just one game. They’ve had dozens of them already and they’ve even won some of them, but only against teams that had even worse stats than they did.

This was different. Michigan is a good team, a *great* team— predicted to make the playoffs and favored to win the Cup. There’s no way Ottawa, the team that it is, should be able to beat them.

And yet, they’re up by one in the final period.

Michigan is getting desperate now. They're losing themselves trying to find something that will work; they'd obviously come here tonight expecting to win.

Shane chews on his mouthguard with a smile.

Wiebe calls Bood out and now it's Luca's turn on the ice. He's their secret weapon tonight; Michigan had years of film from the rest of them to study and prepare, but Luca's abilities were a mystery to everyone except the Centaurs themselves.

"Let's get 'em, Haasy," Wyatt calls out from the net.

Luca doesn't even turn around. Unlike his usual happy go lucky, unserious nature; when he's on the ice, his only concern is *winning*.

Ilya gets the puck from the face off and then they're moving, weaving around the other team. One of Michigan's defensemen slams Troy into the boards, assuming Ilya will pass to his right.

Another one of their guys crowd Shane, also assuming that with Troy out of the play Ilya will make a quick stop to pass to Shane.

Neither of them are correct and it gives Luca the opening he needs. He steals the puck from Ilya, which Shane can tell surprises the other team. Ilya is grinning even as it's taken from him.

Michigan's goalie is already kneeling and Shane can see his shoulder pads rising and falling. They've exhausted him tonight with how many shots they've taken. The puck catches on the tip of his glove, but not enough to stop it.

The buzzer sounds, but Shane can't hear it over the roar of his team. Ilya picks up Luca and smacks a wet kiss on the side of his helmet before Wyatt and Bood are flanking them.

The rest of the team hops over box ledge and race to them excitedly, and then it's an ocean of red jerseys moving in a wave of victory.

Shane looks out into the crowd. There's not very many Ottawa jerseys there, but he hopes there will be soon. He hopes they fill the arena with it.

It's easy to spot his parents, though, and the way mom is covering her mouth while dad wraps her in a hug has Shane's own eyes stinging. He wonders if they also thought they'd lost him in Montreal, the same way he thought he'd never get himself back.

Someone knocks into his shoulder and he finds one of Troy's dark eyebrows quirked. "Well? Get in there."

Shane grins and the red sea parts for him to find Ilya in the middle. He immediately scruffs the back of Shane's neck fondly and Shane wishes they were alone so he could kiss his smiling mouth.

“We fucking did it. We could really...” he shakes his head, his sweaty curls stuck to his forehead. “Let’s go all the way, Hollander.”

In the locker room, everyone is buzzing with excitement. It’s one game, it’s just one game, but it means so much *more*.

Coach walks into the room and they all erupt into cheers before he silences them with a hand raised. He looks completely serious, which makes Shane’s stomach dip.

Until his face breaks into a wide smile, “That’s what I’m fucking *talking about!*” And then Shane is joining in with the chorus of sticks pounding against the mat.

“Fantastic play, guys, all of you. You were all on your A-game out there and the proof is in your win tonight,” he says. “Remember what you did to make that happen. I don’t care if you don’t wash your underwear for a *week* if you need to. Whatever it was, it worked.”

Shane doesn’t mean to blush, but he can’t help it when he feels five other pairs of eyes on him.

“So,” Troy leans against Shane’s cubby casually once the locker room had cleared out of most of their players. Most, but not he or Ilya or Shane or Luca or Bood or Wyatt; who have all decided to stick around.

“You heard him. Whatever works, right?”

Ilya’s green eyes find him and Shane smiles, hoping Ilya can read his expression for what it is. *Whatever works*.

“I guess you’ll all be coming over tonight, then.”

End Notes

heyyyyy freaks!!

if youre interested in more hollanov filth , i post prompts and snippets [here!!](#)

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