

a golden star, you think you're clever

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by [sargeantwoof](#)

Summary

“Jesus fuck,” Marley says, before he gets a look at Ilya's smug face and rolls his eyes. “At least tell me you didn't bite her back.”

He shakes his head, grinning. “She is most fussy,” he says. “*No marks, Rozanov; no shoes in the house, asshole; stop picking me up and throwing me on my bed, I just made it, dickhead,*” he mocks, before he gestures at his shoulder. “And then she rides me for three hours and bites me like a vampire. These things I must suffer through.”

OR: Boston's got the Montreal Jane pattern basically locked down. The bite mark on Ilya's shoulder is new, though.

Notes

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

There's a game Ilya likes to play for his own entertainment after all Boston v. Montreal games.

Rather simply, it's called: *Who can spot the newest mark?*

It's exactly what it sounds like: a guessing game of which of his teammates will notice the newest brand of his Montreal Jane's most ardent approval.

And, for the record, Ilya would like it known that it is not *his* fault that he can play this game. Not entirely, at least. Hollander somehow doesn't notice—or, even more bewilderingly, doesn't care about—the scratches he sears into Ilya's skin, the purple bruises he presses into his hips, his ribs, his back. It would be irritating, given his absolute refusal of all marks, if it weren't so charming, to carry these small tokens of his pleasure, these stinging reminders of their time spent in bed.

Though it's not always small or sweet: the solid circle of Hollander's heel kicked into the small of his back had bloomed lurid and vividly present for a week, the force of his strong legs, the impressive heft of his strength evident in the lingering mark. He would have guessed it had been deliberate damage—a surprisingly dirty play in between the sheets—had Hollander not been in the midst of cumming untouched; his back a delicate curve of pleasure, his bottom lip caught in his teeth, tears glittering at the corners of his tightly clenched eyes.

He had gotten a lot of questions about his tricks for missionary that week; it had been almost too entertaining to listen to his more moronic teammates stutter around the question of, *but how do you make someone cum so hard they forget their own strength and kick you as if you are a horse?*

Okay, he can admit: the last part he had added in his mind, but the matter at heart was still true—he had made Hollander undone so well that he had thrashed under the weight of his body, all of his picture perfect persona laid to waste by the touch of Ilya's hand, by the pressure of Ilya's dick, by the soft wet smear of Ilya's mouth.

It's a heady thing to know that he has the ability to unwind Hollander, to slide inside of him, to clutch tight to his perfect ass and slap a palm across his panting mouth, letting his skin swallow up his soft, high whines for more.

But inside the locker room, it can linger in worse ways, as well. A burr of annoyance at the boldness of some of his teammates who cannot take a hint. He hadn't bothered to answer the questions as the week had continued on, though, had let the slow arch of an unwavering brow do the speaking as his lips had flattened out; a clear *if you have to ask, you'll never know*, radiating from him.

Marley had caught the exceptionally persistent Vostel by the shoulders, had pulled him away with a roll of his eyes, his heavy hand a clear and present, though unspoken, warning to *leave Cap alone*.

You know that those marks are from Cap's Montreal Jane, Marley had said, tugging Vostel along. The third liner had glanced back, his brow crooked, his mouth mulish, but Marley hadn't let him so much as twitch out of his grip. *She's a firecracker in bed, brother. You're not gonna get anything like her in between your sorry sheets, especially not with those kinds of questions.*

Ilya had gifted Marley with two bottles of high-end Russian vodka and a shitty six-pack of the worst beer he could find, just to see the way he laughed; boisterous and half-pleased, half-annoyed—his standard for all shenanigans Ilya dragged him into, or, even more rarely, out of.

By now, it's routine.

They play Montreal, Ilya drops trou the next day, and he waits for the comments to start rolling in. Today, he thinks it may be St. Simon or Carmichael, as he strolls in, sunglasses perched on his nose, headphones slung around his neck, his bag slung over his left shoulder.

Really, this time is no different. It's just—he expects *this* mark to be put on their *greatest hits of Montreal* section, which has taken over a corner of their locker room whiteboard.

On the list are only four that have been deemed worthy of note: *heel kick* (2014), *bloody back scratches* (2013), *thigh bruise* (2013), and *handprint* (2013). The handprint had kicked off the tracker; fierce possession laid out across his hipbone when Hollander had gotten eager enough to hold Ilya down. It had been, all in all, a remarkable night, fueled by the Metros' hard-fought win.

Regardless of the others, Ilya's fairly certain they're going to add *bite mark* (2015) to the list as soon as someone spots it, the indents of Hollander's teeth sunk into the curve of his right shoulder, a dull burgundy bruise spilling out from the prominent mark. If they *don't* add it to the whiteboard, he will just have to do it himself.

Hollander had been fussy last night, bent out of shape from Boston's win on Montreal's ice, irritated enough to nip and mark as if an unruly pet. He hadn't liked Ilya asking him mockingly about his *big feelings on the loss, no?* and had worked his frustrations out accordingly. His hips had twitched at the mention of a muzzle, though, a barely there and gone flash of heat in his eyes, before he had turned his focus back into behaving abysmally, his tongue as sharp as his teeth. Something to keep in mind for later, Ilya had noted, and then gone back to trying to ruin Hollander's life with his cock.

Ilya's mouth twitches. It had, even with his attitude, absolutely been an excellent night.

"Hey, Cap," someone greets, and Ilya tosses a grin over his shoulder, setting his bag down, his phone sliding onto the shelf of his stall.

The murmurs of the team are quiet but rising, the volume level growing with each person who stumbles in, the click of heels in the hallway as people pace by, the steady hum of the building a soothing background noise.

“Jesus, Roz,” Carmichael says in an undertone, as Ilya yanks off his shirt, an ache spiking from his shoulder. “Didja get in a fight with Jane or a fucking tiger last night?”

Ilya snorts, his mouth curving into a satisfied smile. “She is a fussier hellcat than most,” he says, fondly and a little condescendingly. “Though she is always excited to fuck a winner, Carmie.”

“I’ll say,” Carmichael mutters. “You sure you don’t need a doctor? Her teeth didn’t break your skin?”

Ilya rolls his eyes. “There was no blood,” he says, and grins when Carmichael exhales loudly, as if he can’t see the unbroken skin with his own eyes. Such a bunch of worriers, his team. Like fussing grandmothers, who are always concerned about everyone else’s safety, and never about protecting their own heads. Maybe he will be lenient on them today if they do not annoy him; a hard goal for them to meet, despite their best efforts most days. “She is good with her teeth, even when she can’t stop herself from biting.”

“I’ll take your word for it,” Carmichael says, shaking his head, before he turns to holler at the rest of them, “Boys, we’ve got another whiteboard one!”

Ilya presses his lips together to hide the way he wants to beam, and slides his phone out of his pocket.

you are most popular today in my locker room, моя звезда, he types out, smirking at the thought of Hollander’s irritated expression. *they are all impressed with the clench of your sweet mouth. bite any harder, and next time you will leave a tooth in my skin, no?*

He locks his phone and sets it down, just as the crush of his teammates arrives around him, most of them hissing at the sight of the bite.

“Jesus fuck,” Marley says, before he gets a look at Ilya’s smug face and rolls his eyes. “At least tell me you didn’t bite her back.”

He shakes his head, grinning. “She is most fussy,” he says. “*No marks, Rozanov; no shoes in the house, asshole; stop picking me up and throwing me on my bed, I just made it, dickhead*,” he mocks, before he gestures at his shoulder. “And then she rides me for three hours and bites me like a vampire. These things I must suffer through.”

“Three *hours*?” someone mutters, but it’s lost behind the swelling murmurs of vague approval. Ilya obligingly tilts his head to the side, letting Connors examine the bite even more closely. He ignores the gentle prodding as best he can from his fingers before he claps his hands and straightens.

“Enough, yes?” he says, cutting through the questions he can hear at the edges. He likes to brag, yes, but he doesn’t care for the hint of disparagement he can sometimes hear about the people he takes to his bed. Anyone would be lucky to be seduced by him; he has five stars, he is sure.

His mouth twitches at the thought of asking Hollander to rate their sex on a scale; heat swirls through at the idea of making him verbalize just exactly what he likes, a strange lightning bolt of lust at the idea of giving him a comment card after every hook-up, before he shakes himself free of the fantasy.

“We are here to practice,” he says pointedly, before he grins smugly. “Not here to be jealous of me.”

“Oh, fuck *off*—”

“—can suck my dick, Roz—”

“—is absolute horseshit.”

“*I’m* not jealous but—”

“Okay,” Ilya says, clapping once more and silencing the worst of the murmuring. No, he has decided that with all their fussing, they are all fit to run drills til they drop. It will make them acknowledge that he is right all the time, when they are sprawled across the ice, and he is still skating effortlessly; a silent war waged against their misconceptions: Jane is the best lay in the whole world. “You are all hopeless, both in bed and on ice, I know, yes? One day you can grow up and skate like *me*—” He grins even brighter at the chorus of boos his words receive, glad that it makes his team disperse.

“You know, I always thought you needed a freak to keep up with you,” St. Simons says contemplatively. He looks earnest, which is the only reason that Ilya lets him finish his thoughts instead of punching him in the arm for being rude. Only he should be able to call Hollander a freak; only he should get that privilege. “Glad you’ve got your Montreal Jane, Roz.”

“She is more glad for me,” Ilya says, letting his mouth curve into a filthy smirk. “Pent up energy must go somewhere, no?”

St. Simons rolls his eyes, patting him on the shoulder. “Happy for you, Cap,” he says, sincere enough that Ilya is almost startled at how genuinely pleased it makes him to be congratulated, however roundabout, for sleeping with Shane Hollander. “Just, you know, make sure that she doesn’t, like, rip your throat out or damage you for real.”

“She would never,” Ilya murmurs, his eyes flitting to the whiteboard, grinning at the *bite mark* (2015) that sits at the bottom in Connors’ neat scrawl. “She would not be able to stand it if I could not fuck her properly.”

St. Simons rolls his eyes. “We get it,” he mutters, heading for his stall. “No one will ever compare to your Montreal Jane.”

Ilya hums but doesn’t respond, snagging his phone and grinning at the flurry of messages.

Jane ◦ 8:32 am

What the fuck are you talking about?

*What do you mean they're impressed with my mouth?
Like my chirping?
Wait, you mentioned teeth.
Did I really bite you that hard?
Did I break skin? I don't remember blood.
I think I would remember blood. If I made you bleed, go to the doctor.
My mouth is clean, though, so I don't think I can give you sepsis.
On another Google, apparently our mouths aren't that clean.
Don't make a stupid joke.
Are you ignoring me, asshole?
Fuck you too, then. See if I care if my mouth infected you.*

Ilya snaps a photo of the whiteboard, zooming in enough to only capture the corner where his marks are tallied. He swallows down a laugh at the title that Connors apparently just added above the top of the section, a smooth, *is it wrong if he likes it*, with a flurry of tiny *nos* written around it, the familiar chickenscratch handwriting of nearly the whole team.

He sends the picture, watching the *sent* turn to *read* immediately.

*you are the belle of the ball. star of the show.
all are jealous of you and your possessive marks
boston keeps track, yes?*

Jane ◦ 8:36 am

*What the actual fuck?
I don't mark you up that much, do I?
Why the hell is it called "is it wrong if he likes it"?
Who named that?
Hang on, is the actual title "greatest hits of Montreal"?*

*you ask so many boring questions
i will tell you this for free:
is not all marks. only the impressive ones from jane get on the board.*

Ilya watches the three dots bounce across the bottom of his screen before they stop. There's a pause, and then they disappear, before reappearing again. He could be writing a novel, though Ilya is nearly certain that this is nothing more than a spiral of *how to say, what to say*, that Hollander frequently works himself into.

He absentmindedly wonders where Hollander is, if he's at Logan, eager to fly home, if somehow he's already landed in Montreal, if he's back in his own locker room, looking for a whiteboard with tallies of marks scratched across his skin.

There's none, Ilya knows, but he still wonders, as if picking at a scab.

Jane ◦ 8:43 am

Only five?

Ilya can feel the grin that spills from the corner of his mouth, the tug of his lips into something more of a pleased snarl. He hopes Hollander lets him scratch him next time, hopes he can imprint the force of his own dizzying pleasure into his soft skin.

Hollander would cry so beautifully at the touch, he knows. He would look so pretty with bruises on his wrists, scratches down his back, or a bite mark over his sternum, caught on the flush of pain, the bloom of pleasure in its wake.

*will have to try harder next time to get on the board, моя звезда
something to work for, no?
maybe i will not be the only one bruised, hm?*

Jane ◦ 8:45 am

We'll see, asshole.

“Stop texting Jane and get on the fuckin’ ice,” Marley hollers from the doorway, shaking his head when Ilya jerks his chin up to meet his eyes. “We got shit to do, Cap, c'mon.”

“I am coming, Marley,” Ilya says, rolling his eyes. “You are so impatient.”

“You just play better after Jane,” Connors says, grinning when Ilya glances at him. “It's kinda terrifying. Like a wolf on skates.” His eyes dart to the bite mark and then back to Ilya’s eyes. “‘Cept now we know you like to be bitten.”

Ilya shrugs, unashamed even as laughter rumbles through the room, most of them already suited up for practice. He’s the odd man out, compression pants on, torso bared. It adds to the feeling of superiority, the bite mark shining under the bright lights, a vibrant ode to how good Ilya is at fucking. He lives for moments like this, where the edges of his world collide in a heady, dangerous tangle.

“I am the one who gets to fuck perfect Jane,” he says, smirking at them all. “I understand you are all jealous.”

“We don't even know what she fucking looks like, man,” Carmichael mutters, rolling his eyes. “And isn't attraction subjective?”

The room pauses, everyone's head swiveling to stare at him, and Ilya smothers a grin as Carmie goes bright red.

“What? Jenine got a word of the day calendar, you assholes,” he snaps, glaring at them when someone mutters about *not knowing he knew enough to understand what that meant*. “Fuck off—sometimes I pay attention!”

“Not on the ice with your last few passes,” someone chirps, and the locker room dissolves back into familiar noise, things clattering across the ground, laughter and insults flying across the room as Ilya turns back to his phone, his fingers flying across the screen.

*promises promises
if you are very good at winning, i will give you a mark as a gift*

have to earn it, though, or i will take my prize from you.

Jane ◦ 8:47 am

Oh, now it's a fucking competition?

like it wasn't before



Jane ◦ 8:47 am

Fuck off.

Fine.

Name your terms.

*first to a hat trick in the next set of games.
if we tie, most hat tricks between now and next time?
if i win, i get to give you a pretty little bruise
i am thinking right on your hip, dark and high enough to be noticed
would want you to feel it, yes? know it is there.*

Jane ◦ 8:48 am

And if I win?

your choice of where I put the bruise

Ilya can *feel* the indignation of Hollander radiating through the phone, can see the way he wants to argue, the trio of typing dots popping up and disappearing, the words written out and discarded. But he knows his truth too; it's evident in the way that Hollander arches into the wet press of his mouth, how Ilya is the one who must always pull away. Hollander is undeniably greedy for bruises, too; he just must be coaxed into it with bladed competition and silly little bets.

“Roz,” Marley calls, tipping his head towards the exit when Ilya glances up. “C’mon, man, for real this time—there's only so much I can do to keep Coach from chewing your ass out.”

Ilya nods, setting his phone down and tugging on his gear. Satisfaction rises behind his teeth, thick on his tongue. He can sense the capitulation of Hollander, can feel the sweet agreement that will be sitting on his screen when he looks at it again.

He takes his time, the rest of the team sliding out of the locker room as he methodically straightens the edges of his socks,

Jane ◦ 8:53 am

Fine. Deal.

So long as I can mark you, too.

Ilya bites down the immediate hunger that rises. His eyes dart up, uneeringly landing on the calendar. Three weeks until their next game; he can make it that long. His dreams will just be full of Hollander with bruises shivering into being, the hot press of his mouth against the curve of his neck, the skin of his hip.

Really, when he thinks about it, it won't be anything all that new.

*of course, was never a question, yes? i would not want to take it away from you
whiteboard will be eager for a new addition, no?*

Jane ◦ 8:54 am

Fuck. Off.

Ilya waits, not bothering to even pretend to text, wholly focused on the bubbles of texts that appear again, those nearly-constant three jumping dots.

Jane ◦ 8:54 am

See you in three weeks, asshole.

cannot wait, Ilya sends back, smirking at the texts. He sends his phone to black, watching as his expression changes to a faint smile in the dull reflection off his screen. He sets his phone back in his stall, rubbing a thumb over the edges of the case, before he rolls his eyes at himself.

Three weeks, he thinks, heading for the exit.

He's pretty sure he can manage at least two hat tricks. He has a good feeling about his chances, given the givens. Toronto, New York; they're easy. Maybe he'll even try for one against Tampa. He rolls his shoulders back, smugly pleased; he has this in the *bag*.

"Jesus Christ, Roz," Connors mutters as soon as he steps out onto the ice. He can feel the sharp scythe of competition settling over him, the eager greed to complete a wager he knows he can win. "You look like you're going to kill us all."

"You will probably wish you were dead at the end," he announces cheerfully, grinning wildly at their groans. He stretches, relishing in the burning ache of the bite mark nestled against his shoulder. He can already see the headlines of both his and Hollander's hat tricks in their next games; their sudden surge of points. He knows it'll get twisted into another notch of their rivalry and lets the spark of a dogfight catch in his stomach as he smirks at his team. "What, you are babies now? Scared of a little hockey?"

"It's never a *little* hockey when you look like that," St. Simons mutters, fiddling with his gloves and tilting his head. "That's your hunting face, the one you get when you're about to do some impossible little trick and get punched in the face for being a shithead."

"Business as usual, then," Marley says, smirking when Ilya rolls his eyes, before he turns his attention back to the team. "C'mon, boys, you heard your Captain—you scared of a little hockey?"

"*No*," the team shouts, their voices echoing off the rafters, bouncing across the ice, well aware of how Ilya and Marley like to ruin their lives.

Ilya grins, sharp and hot, fierce happiness writhing in his chest. He loves this fucking team; he can taste victory in the air, and it's *glorious*. "That's what I thought," he says, watching

them intently, pleased as they straighten under the weight of his stare. “Now then, here is how we *win*—”

Words spill out of his mouth over the course of the morning, drills are run under his watchful eyes, the steady scrape of blades across the ice echoing back to him from the rafters.

I love this idiotic team, Ilya thinks, grinning widely when Carmie trips over his hockey stick and goes down in a heap. *I love these stupid people*, he thinks, as he watches Connors get scooped off his feet, spun around by St. Simon for his assist.

He can’t stop smirking the whole time, buoyed by the delight that comes after having Hollander and the promise of more next time.

“You ready to kick Toronto’s ass?” Marley asks, slinging an arm around his shoulders as they watch the team spill off the ice. He clearly catches Ilya’s deepening grin and arches a brow at him. “That’s your *bet on me* face,” he says mildly, even as the corners of his mouth kick up into the matching one he wears. “You got big plans, Cap?”

“Yes,” Ilya says, pride and eagerness surging. “Always. Big ones, Marley.”

Marley laughs, clapping his shoulder. “Let us know if we can help, Roz,” he says. “The whole team’s got your back.”

“Enough to help me get a hat trick in the next three games?” Ilya says slyly, smirking at Marley’s rolling eyes. “I have a bet.”

He sighs, clearly picking up on the things that Ilya isn’t saying. “The things we do to help you get laid, Cap,” he says, long-suffering, and Ilya can’t help his laughter, his head tipping back the noise filling the space, loud and delighted. “What’d I say earlier?” Marley says, shaking his head. “We’ve got your back. You think you can get a hat trick in the first two periods?”

“I can try,” Ilya says, teeth glinting.

Marley grins back, sharp-toothed and predatory. “Then let’s ruin their day, Cap.”

Ilya lets the blade of victory score down his spine. He knows where this is going; he can hardly wait to see Hollander on the ice again, their little wager in action in the rink.

“Yes,” Ilya says, grinning. “Let’s ruin their day.”

End Notes

моя звезда - moya zvezda - my star

ilya has already decided that they're both going to score hat tricks the next games (he's right) and is prepping for the inevitable showdown of hat trick v hat trick at the montreal v boston game. shane ends up winning and he chooses to be bitten twice, because he is a freak and i love him. ilya goes back to the locker room with such a vivid bruise on his chest that they think he got punched and needs to go to the er. it's really just six layers of shane's mouth imprint because he needs to gnaw on ilya at all times.

currently on such a Boston team kick, I *need* more fics of them all being dumbasses in the locker room and also being ride-or-die for Ilya. idc if it's not true, as a new englander, I'm making that team my second fave behind Ottawa. those men are behind ilya one THOUSAND percent. marley will fuck crowell up with a baseball bat, he does not care. fuck the irl NHL tho. they suck.

as always, let me know what you think, and find me on [twit!](#)

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