

your number one fan

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by [Selective_attention](#)

Summary

In the mirror, there are two very swift thoughts that run through Shane's mind.

The first is that it feels almost blasphemous to see himself in anything other than a Montreal jersey, let alone a Boston one. The second thought, as he turns to peer over his shoulder to see Ilya's name across his shoulders, is that he is going to be very sore tomorrow.

Shane teases Ilya with a special surprise when he flies in that night - Shane in his jersey.

Notes

It's me again.

Enjoy.

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

Shane is seated on the stationary bike with his arms heavy by his sides and his legs slowly pushing the pedals. He's been at it for a while and there is a pleasant ache in his thighs that makes his mind wander just a little. His thoughts stray to his phone, perched between the handlebars of the bike, to see the highlights from Boston's game against New York the night before. Almost every play featured a very familiar number shredding across the ice.

Rozanov 81.

Ilya had played like an animal. He attacked every play with a ferocity that would have had Shane sweating without the stationary bike. It has him reaching for his phone and pulling up his messages without a second thought.

Jane: You played great last night.

His response is immediate, like Ilya had been waiting for him to say something.

Lily: You watched?

Jane: I had practice yesterday and a team dinner. I'm watching the highlights now.

Lily: Where are you watching? In bed?

Lily: Are you jerking off to my hat trick and two assists?

Shane almost drops his phone. His hands scramble to hold onto the device as his legs abruptly stop their lazy pedaling. He exhales heavily through his nose, wiping sweat from his face with the bottom of his shirt. When he looks back at his screen he sees a notification at the top, a banner saying his delivery will be arriving soon. He smirks as he goes back to Ilya's message.

Jane: I have a surprise for you when you get in tonight.

Lily: You didn't answer my question :(

Lily: What kind of surprise? A sexy one? ;)

Shane rolls his eyes and he gets off of the stationary bike. He grabs his water bottle, takes a long swig, and sets it on the saddle of the bike. Biting his lip, Shane taps his fingers quickly across the keyboard.

Jane: You should be getting on the plane soon, right?

Lily: I do not like that you are not answering my questions

Lily: But yes I am at the airport now

Smiling to himself, Shane grabs his water bottle and leaves the room. He needs to shower and get ready for Ilya before he arrives. He glances down at his phone with the corner of his lips twitching up ever-so-slightly. He makes it to his bathroom after leaving his water bottle on the kitchen table and leans back against the counter, holding his phone between his two hands. His brain is eager to supply slow motion replays of the clips he just watched – Ilya slamming other plays against the boards. Ilya's face flushed and sweaty as his lips curled into a fierce snarl. Ilya's eyes burning and intense.

Shane shivers.

His cock gives a very interested twitch.

Jane: You want to know what I've been thinking about?

Ilya responds faster than should be humanly possible.

Lily: Always

Jane: I was watching the highlights from last night and all I can think about is you pinning me down in my bed and fucking me until I screamed, until I was shaking and begging for you to stop.

Jane: But you wouldn't stop.

Jane: You'd just fuck me harder, faster... knowing that's just what I wanted.

Jane: You making me come with just your big cock in my ass. Still fucking me after I've come until you can't hold on anymore and come deep inside me.

Shane is breathing heavily by the time his last message sends and his dick is rock hard in his shorts. He isn't sure where the confidence to send all of that came from, maybe the time away from Ilya as they both wrapped up road trips was eating away at whatever nervousness or awkwardness that lived inside of him. But Shane wasn't going to look a gift horse in the mouth. Especially not as he watches three dots appear then disappear several times at the bottom of the message thread.

He wonders if maybe, somehow, he's stepped over some line he didn't know existed. Ilya was always so forthcoming in his messages and wants and desires but maybe Shane had misstepped. He often struggles to know when and where to say and do things. Although Ilya always helped him.

Finally, Shane's phone buzzes with a response.

Lily: So you were jerking off to my hat trick and two assists

Jane: Not yet

Jane: See you in a few hours! Love you.

Shane sets his phone face down on the counter and pushes himself away. He walks over to the shower, turning the water on before stepping back to allow it to heat up. He strips himself of his sweaty workout clothes, depositing them into the hamper easily. The cool air leaves goosebumps across his skin and causes his nipples to tighten just enough to be noticeable. He turns quickly to step into the spacious shower stall, a low groan escaping him as the hot water cascades over his muscles.

His movements are second nature, he is able to wash his hair and body without so much as a thought. Shane Hollander thrives under a routine. The only wrench thrown into this routine is the insistent throb of his heavy cock. He feels it bob with each stretch of his body, and jolt whenever his hands happen to brush against the places he prefers to feel Ilya's own.

He exhales slowly, leaning his back against the wall, and his eyes slowly drift shut. It is easy enough to pull up a plethora of images of Ilya that make his balls ache. He wraps a hand

around the base of his cock, hissing softly through his teeth. He can picture Ilya in a different shower on his knees with Shane's cock buried in his mouth, his nose pressed against the sparse hair above. Shane's fist glides up his length, the running water making the movement so much easier. His jaw drops minutely while he remembers just how hard Ilya had slammed several players against the boards the night before. Shane has felt the brute force of Ilya Rozanov's body both on and off the ice.

His toes curl as his hand moves faster.

His chest is heaving with each breath that he takes.

Shane's hips press forward away from the wall, forcing his dick into the slick circle of his own fist. “*Fuck, Ilya,*” he moans loudly, the sound echoing off the shower walls. His hips stutter as his hand twists just beneath the head of his cock, sending an electric current up his spine. God, he wishes Ilya were here already. Wishes it were his hand, his *mouth* on his dick.

“Oh, god. Oh, fuck,” Shane whimpers softly, his eyes squeezing shut.

His orgasm crashes into him out of nowhere and Shane nearly curls in on himself as he frantically strokes himself through it, cursing repeatedly under his breath as he comes. His entire body twitches with his release and he has to let go of his cock as it practically sings with sensitivity. Shane slumps back against the wall as he attempts to catch his breath, head tipped backwards as the water runs over his flushed skin and washes away any evidence of his private time.

On shaky legs, Shane manages to shut off the water and exit the shower. He slowly dries his hair and body before wrapping the towel around his waist. He picks up his phone and grins at the slew of messages Ilya sent while he was otherwise occupied.

Lily: You cannot do this to me

Lily: Not before I get on plane

Lily: Are you jerking off now??!!?

Lily: I hate you

Lily: I am boarding now

Lily: Your ass is mine 1 hour and 27 minutes!

Despite having just come, Shane's dick attempts to stir to life against his thigh. He closes out the messages, Ilya is in the air and couldn't reply anyway. As he heads into the bedroom, Shane spots a notification that his package has been delivered – Ilya's surprise.

As quickly as possible, Shane pulls on some underwear and sweats, just enough to be decent and grab the delivery from the front door. He hurries through the apartment and down the steps in record time to secure the heavy bag before wheeling around to hurdle his way back up to his bedroom. He silently curses the running as his legs ache after his long stint on the stationary bike earlier.

But that doesn't matter now.

Shane rips open the package with talon like fingers just to get his hands on the item inside. He cannot help the smile that glides across his lips as he pulls out the Boston Raiders jersey from within. Heavy and smooth. He eagerly flips it over to stare at the back.

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He trails a finger over each letter and number picturing them plastered across his back as his shiver ripples up his spine. He removes all of the tags and disposes of them along with the packaging the jersey arrived in. The shirt and sweats that he had put on after his shower are promptly removed and set into the hamper before Shane pulls the jersey on over his head.

In the mirror, there are two very swift thoughts that run through Shane's mind.

The first is that it feels almost blasphemous to see himself in anything other than a Montreal jersey, let alone a Boston one. The second thought, as he turns to peer over his shoulder to see Ilya's name across his shoulders, is that he is going to be *very* sore tomorrow.

A warm blush fills Shane's cheeks, as if he wasn't the one who plants the seeds of his own demise.

Shaking his head, Shane shuffles off downstairs to wait for Ilya to arrive. He sits on the sofa, some movie he definitely isn't paying attention to playing on the television as he nervously glances between his phone screen and the clock on the wall. The seconds stretch in for years and the minutes bleed into millenia as he waits.

And waits.

And waits.

Until, the sound of heavy footsteps echo up the stairs outside his door. Shane tries not to appear too over eager, but the sound of a fist banging on his door makes his skeleton practically leap from his skin. He turns off the television and gets to his feet, taking a moment to carefully adjust the hem of his black underwear around his thighs before finally walking over to the door.

Ilya looks both absolutely gorgeous and terrifying once Shane pulls open the door. He is back-lit by the stairwell light, his warm halo of curls creating the illusion of horns with the shadows filling in the spaces in-between.

Oh, Shane is in trouble.

Shane shuffles backwards as Ilya stalks into the apartment. He drops his bag on the floor and closes the door loudly behind him. Shane's head hammers against his sternum so loudly that he can hear it in his ears. He opens his mouth once, twice, three times but isn't able to make any words come out.

Not that it matters.

Ilya is on him in a matter of seconds.

His hand grips Shane's jaw tightly, maneuvering his head just how Ilya wants it before their lips crush together so hard that their teeth nearly knock together. What a way to lose a tooth as a hockey player, not on the ice but because he teased his boyfriend a bit too much before an international flight.

“Fuck, Shane,” Ilya groans into his mouth. Shane's own hands grip into the fabric of Ilya's shirt, an easy black button up that has no doubt been tailored to fit his sculpted body perfectly. “What are you *wearing*?”

Shane pulls from the kiss with a gasp, and Ilya simply moves on to suck kisses along his jaw and neck. “It's your surprise,” Shane says breathlessly. He steps back on uncoordinated feet before turning to show Ilya the back of the jersey. His own name emblazoned across Shane's back.

Ilya makes a noise like a wounded animal.

And suddenly, Shane's feet are no longer on the ground. Ilya lifts Shane up, effortlessly tossing him over his shoulder. Shane knows that he is not a small man – he is a professional athlete for God's sake. But something about the way Ilya seamlessly hoists him up and begins up the stairs ignites a fire deep inside of Shane's belly.

“You text me such terrible things, Shane Hollander,” Ilya mutters, sounding as if he's speaking through gritted teeth. Shane can't help but chuckle – no, giggle, at his reaction. The laugh is cut off by Ilya tossing him onto the bed, and Shane lands with an undignified *oomph*.

“You text me filth and then you wear *that*?” Ilya asks in an accusatory tone.

Shane scoots toward the foot of the bed, staring up at his boyfriend with wide, awe filled eyes. Sure, Shane had described Ilya on the ice the previous night as animalistic but it was nothing compared to the look in his eyes now.

Ilya stares down at Shane with dark, lust-blown eyes. He pulls open his shirt with an ease that has Shane biting back a pathetic whimper. The buttons scatter all over and onto the floor.

Shane gapes at him, “Ilya, your shir-”

Ilya is on him again, crowding his space and pushes him back into the bed, cutting him off with a kiss. “Shut up, don't care,” he breathes harshly, nipping at Shane's lower lip. Shane would have said something but all rational thought runs from his head as Ilya attaches his mouth to his neck and his hands find the waistband of his briefs. They are yanked down and Ilya takes a moment to over-exaggeratedly sniff the fabric before tossing them aside.

Shane is simultaneously disgusted and more turned on than he has ever been.

Ilya pulls back suddenly, moving with all the speed and efficiency he normally displaces on the ice. He undoes the button of his pants and shoves them down his legs along with his underwear, leaving them in a pile at the foot of Shane's bed. Then, like a mountain lion, Ilya pounces on Shane. Their mouths are sealed together in a searing kiss as Ilya shoves Shane up

the length of the bed. He sits up between the spread of Shane's legs, wickedly grinning down at him.

"Turn over," he says, his voice low and his eyes dark.

There is no helping the moan that Shane lets out at his words before listening to the order and flipping over onto his stomach. He groans softly into the pillow beneath his head and closes his eyes as his dick rubs against the sheets. The friction is short lived as Ilya's hands grab at Shane's hips and pull him up so he is on his knees but his head and arms are still on the mattress.

"Fuck, you're gorgeous," Ilya whispers, running his hands over Shane's ass, squeezing harshly, making Shane gasp.

"*Ilya*," Shane whines, shifting slightly to stick his ass up further.

Ilya drapes his body over Shane's, laying his chest along Shane's back as his arms encircle his waist. Shane can feel Ilya's lips pressing kiss after kiss across his shoulders, no doubt kissing each letter of his last name into Shane's back. He rocks slightly and Shane nearly choke on the whimper that pushes its way out of him at the feeling of Ilya's hard cock against his ass.

"So needy," Ilya coos, taunting Shane.

He presses a messy kiss against Shane's cheek before he stretches over him to open the bedside table drawer and pull out a bottle of lube. A low, dark chuckle rumbles up from within Ilya's chest as he sets the bottle on the bed. "There was more when I last visited... have you been having some fun without me?" Ilya teases.

Shane, for all of his previous confidence via text, cannot find the words within him to reply. Ilya brings his open hand down to Shane's right ass cheek, making him groan and push unconsciously back a bit.

"You like that, don't you?" Ilya asks, feigning innocence while he pops open the bottle of lube and squeezes some onto his fingers, "You like it when I'm rough with you."

Shane moans louder and nods his head helplessly, "God, yes. I love it. Please, Ilya... do something. I need you."

Ilya drops the bottle of lube by his knee and brings his clean hand down onto Shane's ass again before grabbing the flesh harshly. A stained grunt escapes Shane on an exhale. He feels Ilya's lube-slick finger petting over his hole gently before pushing and breaching his body. "Oh, fuck," Shane mumbles into the pillow, his eyes fluttering. Ilya's finger slides all the way inside of Shane and sits there for just long enough for Shane to clench and huff impatiently.

Teeth scrape along Shane's left cheek, and he can feel Ilya's lips quirked up into a teasing grin. "You want something?" he asks, kissing at the cleft of Shane's ass, right below the hem of the jersey.

“Nuh-uh, *need*. Need you to fuck me, Ilya,” Shane pants, squeezing his eyes shut tight.

For a moment there is nothing, and Shane whines as his hands gather the sheets below him into his fists. Finally, blessedly, Ilya pulls his finger back. It is nowhere near the fullness that Shane craves but it is a start. A great start. For a few lovely seconds, Ilya lazily pumps his single finger in and out of Shane’s hole, while dropping slow nipping kisses to the curve of his ass. Without any warning, Ilya pulls the finger free and plunges two of his fingers back into Shane, making him shriek and arch his back dramatically. The sudden stretch is a burning ache that lights Shane’s nerves on fire. Ilya wastes no time in working his fingers in and out of Shane. Just barely, over his own heavy breathing and whimpering moans, Shane can hear Ilya groaning in the back of his throat and muttering how hot and tight he is. It’s been too long, Shane decides as Ilya scissors his fingers inside of him. Much too long since he had Ilya on top of him, inside of him.

While Shane is lost in the gentle push-pull of Ilya’s fingers, Ilya crooks his fingers slightly until they press right into Shane’s prostate. The feeling is electric and immediate. Shane lets out a mix between a scream and a whimper as Ilya’s fingers start to assault that bundle of nerves inside of him. He tried, however naively, to pull away from the constant pressure as Ilya really works at his prostate. Shane is already sweating and his whole body aches for Ilya to just fuck him already.

Ilya’s free hand grips into the jersey that Shane is wearing and pulls him back, holding him in place. “Shh, shh. You act like you have never done this. Like you did not ask for it,” he murmurs, mouth hot and wet against the small of Shane’s back. The sharp points of his teeth dig into Shane’s dewy skin as he speaks.

Ilya adds a third finger into Shane, making the man under him grip at the sheets and moan out long and low. The stretch was spectacular, making Shane turn his head to the side as he pants out his pleasure and rocks his hips back to meet the thrusting of Ilya’s hand. The hand balled up in the fabric of the Boston Raiders jersey disappears before Ilya slaps Shane’s ass again. “Are you ready for me to fuck you, Shane?” Ilya asks, voice a careful mask of control and almost boredom. Words are suddenly the furthest thing from Shane’s mind. Shane can’t say anything; He just whines and keeps pressing himself backwards, needing to feel more and deeper. Ilya, obviously wanting an answer, stills the movement of his hand and grips Shane’s hip hard, making him stop moving. “I asked a question, Shane. Be a good boy and answer me,” Ilya says slowly, his voice almost growling.

“Oh, fuck... yes, Ilya. I need you to fuck me. Please. It’s been so long since I’ve had your big cock in my ass, I need it. Fuck me, Ilya, *fuckmefuckmefuckME*,” Shane is whining and begging and hitting his hand against the mattress by the end of his plea. Whatever control or dignity Shane had is now lost and gone in the wind.

Without another word, Ilya eases his fingers out of Shane and wipes them haphazardly on the bedding - a move that had Shane been completely in his head would result in a serious problem. Shane’s hole clenches pitifully around nothing as he lets out a truly pathetic sounding whine. He glances over his shoulder to see Ilya is licking his lips obscenely as he stares at the spread of his cheeks. Ilya finds the bottle of lube by his knee and Shane watches with misty eyes as he slicks up his cock, taking a few seconds to just run his hand over his

own length. The sound is downright pornographic. Shane makes an impatient noise in the back of his throat as his eyes narrow to glare back at his boyfriend. Ilya lets out a small laugh before edging closer to Shane, letting the head of his cock circle Shane's entrance before pressing against his slight.

"*Fuck*, Ilya," Shane whines, folding his arms in front of him and laying his head on top.

Ilya clucks his tongue and laughs softly, "No, Ilya is going to fuck you." Shane groans and makes a noise of irritation that bubbles up high in his chest. "Then hurry up and do it already," he grunts, trying to press back to force Ilya in but Ilya puts his hands firmly on Shane's hips and holds him there.

"You are such a bossy bottom sometimes, Hollander," Ilya practically chastises while putting more pressure on Shane's hole.

Shane groans again, "I wouldn't have to be if you just hurried the fuck up and put your dick in my – *HOLY FUCK!*" Ilya hadn't waited for Shane to finish talking, he just slammed his hips forward until he was completely inside Shane.

He doesn't wait for Shane to get accustomed to the intrusion either; he just pulls back and thrusts back into Shane's ass, moaning loudly. "You're so fucking tight, Shane. Tight, and perfect, and mine," Ilya grinds out as he starts to piston his hips harshly against Shane. One of Ilya's hands presses heavily between Shane's shoulder blades, pinning him down by pushing his own name into him. Shane can't talk. Each thrust into him pushes a small breath of air out of his lungs, the sound vaguely resembling a whine or moan. Ilya swivels his hips just enough so his cock punches against Shane's prostate. Shane bites back a scream as his eyes screw shut and his hands move up to grip into the hair at the back of his head, needing something to hold on to.

It is all beginning to be too much and Shane isn't sure he would be able to take it. "I-Ilya," Shane whimpers while the man behind him continues to fuck into him harder and harder. Shane's back arches and his knuckles are starting to turn white with how hard they are gripping into his hair. "I can't... fuck, Ilya. It's too much... Please, fuck... I can't," Shane tries to say, but his breathing is harsh and his voice just isn't cooperating. But, Ilya knows better, he always knows. Shane doesn't want to stop, he was just too close to the edge and needed that extra push, so to speak.

Ilya's hand lets go of Shane's hip and the other lets go of the jersey. They reach forward to grab at Shane's arms, gripping just above his elbows and pulling them back. Shane lets go of his hair and lets his arms be pulled back, even twisting his hands enough to grab onto Ilya's arms too. Then, Ilya pulls enough to lift Shane completely off the bed. "*Shit!*" Shane screams, letting his head fall forward between his shoulders. Ilya's breath is harsh and aggressive and his hips continue to thrust forward while pulling Shane backwards, impaling him deeper on his cock.

Shane's cock, heavy and painful, swings neglected between his legs with each slap of Ilya's hips against the meat of his ass. His whole body feels as if it is on the razor's edge of too much, or being absolutely consumed by pleasure to the point of self destruction.

“*Ilyaaa*,” Shane whines, his whole body shaking, “Soon... oh, god.”

Ilya only grunts in response and thrusts in harder, jolting Shane’s body roughly with each push. It only takes a handful more thrusts before Shane’s whole body seizes up and he is screaming his release as his whole brain whites out and come spurts out over the bed below him.

His body goes limp and Ilya lets him down slowly, grabbing at his hips again. Shane is whining again at how sensitive he is and how hard Ilya is fucking him. Somewhere beneath the veneer of *too much* is the insistent throb of being good for Ilya, that is spent and lax body is being useful as his boyfriend uses it to get off. Behind him, Ilya is muttering long strings of Russian that Shane can only pick out a word or two from the depths of his fog.

“Fuck, Shane, you’re so perfect... perfect for me. I’m gonna come. I’m gonna come right in your gorgeous ass,” Ilya pants heavily, his fingers digging harder into Shane’s hips.

Shane moans and his hands grab weakly the sheets below him, “Do it. Please, Ilya. I want it. Wanna feel you inside me.”

Ilya pushes himself in once more until his hips are flush against Shane’s ass and he is coming with a low groan of Shane’s name. He almost collapses on top of Shane but throws his arms out on either side of Shane’s head to catch himself. His chest is pressed against Shane’s back and his lips are once again on the letters of his own name across Shane’s shoulders.

Eventually, he slowly pulls out while Shane hisses softly. Ilya practically throws himself down on his back next to Shane, panting heavily. Shane turns his head and looks at Ilya with a sated smile on his face. Ilya looks back at Shane and grins, “Come here.” Shane closes his eyes for a minute and thinks about it. His whole body felt boneless and he isn’t positive that he can feel his legs. He opens his eyes and shakes his head slowly, causing sweat damp hair to fall into his face. “I can’t move. I’m never moving again,” He whispers, his voice hoarse. That will be a problem for future Shane at the game tomorrow night.

Ilya groans and reaches out to Shane, pulling him gently towards him until he lies partially on his chest. “*Ya lyublyu tyebya*,” Ilya whispers softly, kissing Shane’s temple.

Shane shivers, a familiar warmth blossoming in his chest at the softly spoken declaration. He would never get tired of hearing Ilya say that he loved him, but there was something special about hearing him say it in Russian. He turns his head to kiss the center of Ilya’s pec muscle. “I love you too,” he murmurs, breathing deeper as his heart rate begins to regulate.

“This was a good surprise,” Ilya chuckles, fingers pinching the fabric at Shane’s shoulder.

Shane rolls his eyes but doesn’t say anything. Because he’s right.

End Notes

Thank you for any kudos, bookmark, comments, etc. I really appreciate it.

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