

Jane Rated You

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Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Categories:	F/M , M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Ilya Rozanov/Svetlana Vetrova , but only sexually - Relationship , Ilya Rozanov & Svetlana Vetrova , Shane Hollander & Rose Landry , Cliff Marlow Cliff Marleau & Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander & Hayden Pike & Jackie Pike
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Svetlana Vetrova , Montreal Voyageurs Montreal Metros Team Ensemble (Game Changers) , Boston Bears Boston Raiders Team Ensemble (Game Changers) , Rose Landry , Cliff Marlow Cliff Marleau , Hayden Pike , Yuna Hollander , David Hollander
Additional Tags:	Crack Treated Seriously , Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence , i guess , Sex , conversations about sex , silly conversations , apps , Ilya and Svetlana having a lot of fun and being silly , Shane is so into it but has to act like he isn't otherwise he'll combust , Ilya Rozaov is a menace , Hook up era , Sexting , Dirty Talk , PWP , Smutty , sex scenes between ilya and svetlana are described but not in great detail , Explicit Sexual Content , Phone Sex , it's mental illness innit , Rose Landry with the steel chair , Hurt/Comfort , Shane Hollander Has Anxiety , Light Dom/sub , Embedded Images , NSFW Art , Light Feminisation Kink , sports typical racism , mention of sexual assault level hazing , Sports typical homophobia , communication somehow?? , when I said i was treating this crack seriously i meant for real serious , Passive Suicidality , Suicidal Ideation , Getting Together , Slow Burn , while not being a slow burn at all at the same time , Disordered Eating , Wank and Tell , Sex Toys , Light BDSM
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Jane Rated You

by [EtoileGarden](#)

Summary

“What the fuck is this?”

“Ahhh, is where I can see all my ratings and reviews from rides I’ve given,” Ilya said, winked, “rides on my dick.”

Shane blinked at him. “What.”

“Is silly app,” Ilya said, turned the phone back to himself, and then clicked into Svetlana’s latest review - just the preview of it in which it showed she’d given him five stars and a tip, as well as leaving a photo - and then turned the phone back to Shane. “My friend made for me as silly present. Sometimes I share with people I fuck, and they rate me. Is funny.”

This is a silly fic that takes itself seriously. Ilya has a app to rate him in bed, and Shane is mad, horny, and also going to fill out his ride reviews every single time with dedication and focus.

Notes

Hiiiiii I was talking with my wife about this fic idea and she convinced me (very easily) that I should write it, so everyone say thank you to my wife.

(edit 31.07.26) Just to say this is definitely a crack-esque fic, but I accidentally dropped some actual plot in as well.

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

Chapter 1: ILYA

In Ilya's defence, it had been a joke.

In fact, it had been very many jokes, and all of them very funny!

He and Svetlana had been dancing all night, drinking all night, and they had originally come out to find hook ups, but they were having too much fun dancing together. It was late - or early - when they finally left the club, holding each other up and giggling as they ordered an Uber. In the Uber they kept reminding each other to be on their best behaviour so they wouldn't tank Ilya's rating. He had still been building it back up from that time Marly had thrown up in the backseat. This time neither of them were throwing up because they knew how to hold their drink, thank you very fucking much, and the driver was laughing at them and with them. When he dropped them off, he told them they were a very lovely couple, and that they didn't need to worry about their rating dropping.

Svetlana had laughed so much about them being a couple that Ilya had to basically drag her inside, and then she stole his phone to give the driver a five star rating and a \$500 tip for making her laugh so much.

After that they fucked, Ilya on his back to keep the room from spinning too much, and Svetlana riding him because she told him she would prove she had better balance than him even if he was a famous hockey player.

Afterwards, when they'd wiped themselves off haphazardly, and Sveta had dropped herself down in the sheets next to Ilya, one leg hooked over his but not touching him anywhere else, Ilya made the first, fateful joke.

"So?" He asked, "Do I get five stars and a big tip as well? For giving you such a good ride and even more than my tip?"

Svetlana laughed at him, smacked her hand against his chest. "I think only four stars," she teased him. "For when I slipped off halfway through and you did not even try to catch me."

“What! Svetochka! You slipped so quickly! And you were not even hurt. How could I try to catch you when I was laughing so hard at your silly face?”

“You were the one making a silly face, bitch! How was I supposed to stay on your dick while I was laughing? You were basically making me push you out, it is your fault I fell!”

And then Ilya had forgotten about the joke, because he was drunk, and it wasn't important, and the next morning he and Svetlana ate a greasy breakfast together before she had to leave.

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It was Svetlana who made the joke next, who took it to the next level. Who remembered the original joke and spent actual money and time on it, and it did make Ilya laugh his head off.

For his birthday present she had hired an app designer to make Ilya his very own app. She had called it *Rozanov Rides*, and it was a joke, yes, but it was also fully functional. There was a full rating system, and stars, and an option to tip that when you pressed it just showed you a dick pic. Apparently he could customise it, change the tip pic whenever he wanted. It was well thought out, for what it was. Ilya had to text the invite to someone for them to be able to download the app, so it really was just for him as a joke, and Svetlana had already made sure to share it with herself.

They fucked specifically for the app, and Svetlana teased him about trying to show off so she would rate him higher, and he flipped them over and rubbed her clit while he fucked her fast and shallow until she squirted, and then only paused for long enough for her to catch her breath before he put his fingers back to her pussy and teased at her clit until she was clenching around him while he came.

She gave him his five stars, and she ticked *excellent* for all of the questions. She also added a photo of the puddle on the bed. He hadn't realised that photos were an option, and that was very fun.

“Where do I rate you back?” He asked, once he'd finished laughing at her comment she'd left on his rating, and after he'd changed the tip pic to a new one Svetlana took after he'd taken

the condom off. “I do not see the option.”

“Oh,” Svetlana was already getting in the shower. They were going out to dinner and drinks with friends soon, for his birthday, and she said she needed at least two hours to get ready. “I didn’t ask for that. Anyway, you wouldn’t dare rate me anything but five stars.”

Ilya pretended to think about it for a second, and she threw her jeans at him while he laughed. “No, no,” he said, tossing her jeans back off the bed. “You are right, Sveta, only five stars. You always make me come when you flood my bed, and then you throw things at me and order me around. Makes me so hard!”

“You are saying that like it is a joke,” Svetlana said, stepping into his ensuite, fully naked and still shiny and wet between her thighs and dripping down her inner knees. “But I know it is not.”

-

It stayed a joke. Mostly only between him and Svetlana, because they both thought it was funny to come and then immediately open the app. It gave Ilya a nice little collection of sexy photos as well. Usually something like the photo of the wet bed, but sometimes something like his condom dropped carelessly on the bed, come leaking out of it, or Sveta’s stomach with white smeared over her skin, or once, a photo of himself that she took while she rode him, his face screwed up as he came. She said it was a very funny photo, and he also thought it was a very funny photo, and also that it made him very hard to think about the context of it.

Sometimes when he fucked a woman he could joke around with, he would tell her about the app, and if she thought it was funny or hot, he would share it. It was always as a joke. He was a funny guy, and, according to his rating, a five out of five fuck. Not that he needed the app to know that, but it was validating to see.

He never told any guy he hooked up with about it. Mostly because he very rarely hooked up with men, and when he did, the hook ups were rushed and - not serious - but not a time to joke around very much. He also never told any guys he hooked up with about it because, well, it would still be like a joke if the app was discovered, or leaked, or something, when it

was all just with women. It would not be like a joke if it showed that Ilya fucked men as well. Better to have no proof of fucking men. Not in an app, not in photos, not in phone numbers.

Which was why it shouldn't have been a joke he shared with Shane.

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Shane was the one who started the conversation - not that he knew where it would lead.

He had been in a strange mood for the whole encounter, moving with Ilya, and moaning into his mouth, and obviously enjoying himself, but every moment they weren't physically touching, Shane's mouth had been in a weird little flat line.

Ilya knew it was mostly his fault. Or entirely his fault. He had been the one to ghost him, and then to be cruel to him, and then still expect Shane to want him afterwards. The fact that Shane still had wanted him afterwards didn't take away Ilya's cruelty. He felt bad yes, but it was in the past, and what was he supposed to do with it now? Tell Shane why it had happened? Ask for forgiveness? No. It would make things much weirder between them if Ilya let himself be truly open with Shane, and if he did it once he wouldn't be able to stop himself from doing it again. It was truly a fault of his, how badly he wanted to say everything he was feeling to Shane.

They were lying in Ilya's bed, lingering for longer than they usually would after a hook up. It had been a tough game, and when Shane had turned up he had been limping a little. After Ilya had fucked him, he had insisted Shane put his foot up with some ice, because there was no way he was going to let Shane blame him for his stupid sore tendon.

-

Ilya had wiped Shane down after they had finished fucking, had gone to the ensuite to wet a cloth with warm water, and when he'd come back to the bed Shane had looked like he was about to get up and run. Was eying his underwear up like he was calculating how quickly he could get dressed, and if he could do most of it on one foot.

So Ilya had walked right up to him and grabbed him by the hips and turned him fully over, dropping him down onto his stomach on the bed.

“Fuck, Rozanov,” Shane had grunted, huffing as the air was pushed out of him. “What the fuck -?”

“Is part of the service,” Ilya said, pressing his hand down hard on Shane’s lower back to hold him in place, and also because he knew Shane liked it when he did that. “I fuck you so good you come twice, and then I clean you up.”

“Jesus,” Shane hissed, arching up under Ilya’s arms but only struggling enough to show he was struggling, and therefore not *really* wanting to be here, with Ilya slowly swiping the wet cloth between his ass cheeks and over his hole. “You don’t - *fuck* - I can do this myself, Rozanov.”

Shane had said this last part while hitching his hips up, tipping his ass so that Ilya had a better angle to work with, so Ilya wasn’t worried about continuing to wipe off lube and sweat, and to simply tease at Shane’s asshole, making him twitch.

“No, no,” Ilya said, keeping his voice light, “I cannot have you leaving me a bad rating, Hollander! I will be in trouble if I do not keep my five stars.”

“You’re so fucking annoying,” Shane said, in what he probably thought was an annoyed tone but was actually very whiny, and Ilya liked that a little too much. “No one is giving you five stars for this.”

“Oh?” Ilya scoffed, smacked Shane’s ass cheek lightly and watched as it jiggled, the pale skin pinkening. “You are saying this after I got you off once with my mouth and once with my cock? Five stars for you must be a very high bar. I feel sad for your uber drivers and food delivery people.”

“I always give five stars on my apps,” Shane gritted out, as if he hadn’t just sucked in a sharp moan of a breath when Ilya had slapped him. “Unless something actually was bad, like, I didn’t get the delivery, or the driver was racist or something.”

“Mm,” Ilya was finished wiping Shane down now, but Shane wasn’t wriggling in pretend attempts to escape anymore, so he was just enjoying the view, and seeing how long it would

take Shane to get hard again if he kept just gently wiping the cloth over his balls. “You would give me five stars, then?”

“You don’t run the risk of getting fired if you don’t keep up a five star rating,” Shane replied, and then twisted at the waist and smacked Ilya’s hand, “stop trying to get me hard again, jesus, I’m fucking spent. I need to go.”

“You need ice on your ankle,” Ilya pointed out. He stopped rubbing at Shane’s balls, but kept his hand on Shane’s back. Not that it would really stop him if Shane actually pushed back, but he knew Shane wouldn’t. “Sooner, rather than later. Stay here and I will get you ice pack, and you can put your foot up for short time before going.”

Shane glared at him suspiciously. “Is this part of your *services* joke?”

“No, no,” Ilya shook his head, “although if you want to add a tip to say how thoughtful I am, is always appreciated. I get ice, okay?”

Shane glared a moment more, but then he conceded, untwisting and dropping his head back down in the blankets. “Okay.”

So Ilya got the ice, and he put Shane’s foot up on a pillow, and the ice on the foot, and handed Shane his hoodie from the floor because Shane said he felt weird sitting there so naked, and then Shane said he felt weird just wearing a hoodie, and Ilya called him pooh bear, except apparently he had said pooppy bear and that wasn’t funny, Rozanov, because Shane always cleaned before coming over, and are you saying it wasn’t and why wouldn’t you tell me, that’s so embarrassing - And then Ilya had laughed and told Shane he was so clean he would drink vodka out of him, but also that he didn’t need to worry so much because he knew what an ass was, Hollander, and Shane had glared at him and folded his arms and turned away.

And then Shane had said what had really started it; “Your fucking twitter has been pissing me off.”

“Oh?” Ilya asked, sitting up a little from his sprawl on the other side of the bed to Hollander. “Because I have so many followers and am funny and you are all Mr Business man on there?”

“No,” Shane said, huffy and stern. “No. Because my team keeps fucking complaining about your tweets, and so I have to keep hearing them in my locker room talking shit about how you’re claiming to be a fucking sex god on twitter, or something, and how you probably paid for bots to comment saying it was true.”

Ilya laughed so hard he almost rolled off the bed. Shane looked like he would kick him off if it wasn’t his sore ankle that was closest to him.

“Oh my god,” Ilya said, slow and indulgent when he finally caught his breath. Grinned up at Shane’s stony blushing face. “Ahh, you do not like it when I tell truth on twitter?”

“Right,” Shane said, “your five star rating. Which you just assume you have.”

“No assumption,” Ilya said, “the statistics speak for themselves.”

“Sure,” Shane said, mouth very thin.

“No, see,” Ilya said, doing the stupid thing, and grabbing his phone from his bedside table. He opened the hot pink car shaped app, and held his phone out for Shane to see. “Five stars.”

Shane glared at his phone for a moment, and then Ilya got to watch as his brow furrowed in confusion instead, and his eyes widened as he took in what he was actually looking at.

“What the fuck is this?”

“Ahhh, is where I can see all my ratings and reviews from rides I’ve given,” Ilya said, winked, “rides on my dick.”

Shane blinked at him. “What.”

“Is silly app,” Ilya said, turned the phone back to himself, and then clicked into Svetlana’s latest review - just the preview of it in which it showed she’d given him five stars and a tip, as well as leaving a photo - and then turned the phone back to Shane. “My friend made for me as silly present. Sometimes I share with people I fuck, and they rate me. Is funny.”

Shane looked like he wanted to grab Ilya’s phone and read everything, but Ilya was pretty sure Shane would not appreciate the photo Svetlana had left him of her damp underwear that he had fingered her in. Svetlana would probably actually like Shane Hollander to see the photo, but Ilya refused to facilitate that.

“You give it to - to people you have sex with,” Shane repeated, slow, “like. Your phone. Or do they download an app?”

“I send them a link to download,” Ilya said, because Shane seemed actually interested in knowing how this worked. “Is private app, cannot be found except through invite.”

“Do your - do the people leaving, um, reviews, see other people’s reviews?”

“No,” Ilya had looked at Svetlana’s profile on her phone to be sure. “They only see my star rating, and, see, I told you it was five stars. I am sex god. Truth on twitter.”

Shane’s mouth was downturned, and he looked like he was fighting an internal battle before he asked, very quickly; “Why’ve you never sent me an invite?”

“Oh,” Ilya said. Shane was already looking extremely embarrassed, and like he was about to insist that Ilya forget he ever said that, so Ilya got in before Shane could. “I have never given a man an invite,” he said truthfully. “Felt, um, dangerous. Maybe, though, we put you as Jane as your username, and could be okay?”

“Dangerous how?” Shane asked. “I thought you said it was private?”

“Yes, of course,” Ilya rolled his eyes. “But is still online, on phones. Always there is chance of being hacked. I am not very worried, but there is chance.”

“Send me the link,” Shane said, looked very determined suddenly. “Because I think you’ve probably been getting a skewed rating.”

“What?” Ilya frowned at him, even as he was already navigating to the code sharing button. “Skewered rating?”

“No, like. You said before you mostly only sleep with someone like once, or twice. So, people with your app are probably trying to get you to sleep with them again, or to call them back at least, so of course they’re going to give you five stars, even if you weren’t actually five stars, so you like them more.”

Ilya blinked at him. Sent Shane the text. “No,” he said. “My friend Sveta, she bought me app, and she and I fuck a lot. She is always happy to say when I am being dumb.”

“Okay,” Shane said, his face was suddenly a lot pinker, and his mouth was back to its thin hard line. “So she always rates you five stars, then?”

Ilya sighed. He navigated back to Sveta’s profile, and then to the breakdown of ratings, and held it up as a peace offering to Shane’s grumpy face. “No. You are correct. She likes to point out when I do not live up to her expectations.”

Shane’s face was slowly unbuttoning again as he looked at the reviews, it didn’t soften all the way, but it was closer to how Shane should look. “What happened to get the one star rating?” He asked, and then looked immediately like he regretted it.

“I, uh, I slipped. A lot of lube. It went a little in bum hole, and we were not doing that hole that night, so she was not prepped. Was very mad.”

“You slipped,” Shane said, flat.

Ilya raised his eyebrow at him. “I did,” he said. “What? You think I am like awful loud brutes in locker rooms who brag about putting in wrong hole and telling wife it was accident?”

“No,” Shane said, sighed. “Sorry. Just. Yeah. I’ve heard that before, in locker rooms. Like you said. I know you wouldn’t do that.”

“Sveta knows too,” Ilya said, “she was mad, but only because it hurt. I ate her out afterwards and she said she forgave me, but still gave me one star because she says I need to learn from my mistakes.”

Shane looked like he was trying not to smile, and also not to frown. His face was confusing.

“Should I... backdate?” Shane asked then, “Like. Um. Give reviews for sex we had before the app?”

Ilya felt like maybe he should be a little worried, but also, flattered? Unless Shane was actually planning on just tanking his rating, which would be sad. “If you want,” he said, shrugged. “Would be hot, I think.”

Shane didn’t even rise to the bait of Ilya’s waggling eyebrows, looked like he was thinking hard. “Okay,” he said. “I’ll, um, I’ll look at the app later and see what I think.”

“Mm, so kind of you,” Ilya drawled, “I am so thankful you are taking time out of your life to do this thing for me, only for me, not at all for you.”

“Shut up,” Shane snorted, “you’re the one with an app for people to tell you how amazing you are in bed.”

“So you admit I am amazing?” Ilya asked, grinned with much more real joy than he expected. “I will be getting five stars? You will mention in review that I even clean your hole up soooo nice?”

Shane pulled a face, looked like he was about to deny everything, and then instead said; “would have been nicer if you’d licked me clean.”

“Fuck, Hollander,” Ilya said, heat in his chest rushing down to his cock. “That can still be on table for tonight if you want.”

-

Jane has rated you

- ★★ ★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - **great** - excellent

KISSING - meh - good - great - **excellent**

FOREPLAY - **meh** - good - great - excellent

COMMENT

First time blowjobs - after CCM shoot. Really hot but only three stars because you pissed me off so much. Also because you acted like it was a favour to me to suck your dick.

-

Jane has rated you

-★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - meh - good - great - **excellent**

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

First time anal. You made it so I wasn't stressed at all, even after you'd left, which is a first time again. I learned later most people don't come hands free. I liked how you kissed me that night, too.

-

Jane has rated you

-★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - **great** - excellent

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - **great** - excellent

KISSING - **meh** - good - great - excellent

FOREPLAY - meh - **good** - great - excellent

COMMENT

Vegas awards. Vodka was a shitty reward.

-

Jane has rated you

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - meh - good - great - **excellent**

FOREPLAY - meh - **good** - great - excellent

COMMENT

Last night. You lose a star because foreplay should not consist of checking me in to the boards so hard I twist my ankle. Neither should it be you telling my genitals you missed them. Weirdo. Really good orgasms though and I really liked it when you ate me out after putting an ice cube in your mouth. Makes me want to try it next time I give you a blowjob. Also why the fuck is the tip button just a picture of your cock? What if I wanted to say thank you and give you some money, seeing as you're going to need it with how badly Boston played last night.

Chapter 2: SHANE

Chapter Notes

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

FROM Lily _____

-only 3 stars for your first blowjob from me?? I was so good you became obsessed with my cock. So rude.

-You are always stressed, hm, and my cock stops this?

-was good vodka. good reward. even if you do not like.

-meh for kissing??? that is not correct. you fumble rating.

-and no excellent for orgasm?

-jane

-is this real upset?

-is this chirp or was night bad for you

-i thought you were just annoyed

-jane

-jane

-text me back

-jane

-was sex bad?

**TO
Lily**

I was on the plane. Stop blowing up my phone.-

*A reward should be something I actually like.
I didn't like the vodka, therefore, not a good
reward.-*

The sex was fine. You saw the rating.-

FROM Lily_____

-and night in general?

-i saw you read text.

*-you know you can have wifi on flight,
yes?*

**TO
Lily**

I was getting home. Stop freaking out.-

It was fine.-

*I didn't think you'd bring the conversation
out of the app.-*

FROM Lily_____

-no way for me to reply on app

-only flaw

-kissing was bad in vegas?

**TO
Lily**

You didn't kiss me.-

*That's another flaw in the app, there's no N/A
option.-*

*Also there should be a way for you to rate
your partners back. It's not fair you get all
the statistics-*

FROM Lily_____

-i did not kiss you?

-that sounds very stupid of me.

-your mouth is so good.

-if you wanted kiss, why did you not say?

*-i did not design app, take problems up
with svetlana*

*-dont, though, both of you in same room
is worst nightmare.*

**TO
Lily**

I didn't think I was allowed to.-

Forget about it.-

FROM Lily

*-forget about it does not sound like is small
thing*

-jane

-you are on another plane?

-here is rating for you for last night.

 *only 4 because you try and
leave before i am finish with you.*

-

Shane couldn't deny that he had been extremely curious about Ilya Fucking Rozanov's stupid app, but it had been a dumb idea to actually download it. A dumber idea to use it. What he really wanted when he first saw the app, was to see what other people were saying about Ilya. If they talked about the way he held their jaws while he kissed them, and stroked their skin with his thumb. He wanted to know if he did anal with girls often, and if they liked it as much as Shane did. He wanted to see how he measured up next to them.

He also wanted to know how he measured up to Ilya. The texted rating was good - it put them at even points, (if they didn't count the backdated ones,) but it wasn't as informative as Shane's rating of Ilya. He didn't say anything about how Shane kissed, or how Ilya's orgasms were, and he only pointed out the reason he lost a point, and no reasons for why he earned the others.

He wanted to point this out to Ilya, except then it would look like he actually cared about this stupid app, and about Ilya's stupid opinion of him.

Which he didn't.

Because he had a life that didn't revolve around sex and bragging about sex.

Whatever.

He couldn't tell over text if Ilya was serious about Vegas. If he was actually worried that Shane hadn't... had a good time, or if he was making fun of Shane for being such a loser about casual sex. Expecting to be kissed and babies and whatever. Shane didn't expect that. But he did expect to be kissed, and that was Ilya's fault, because he always kissed Shane. He'd set that expectation. It wasn't wrong of Shane to feel like something had been missing without it.

He also couldn't tell what Ilya meant about having Svetlana and Shane in the same room was his nightmare. Was Svetlana actually his girlfriend? And he was scared about being found out? Did he think Svetlana would tell Shane embarrassing things about him? Or vice versa? Shane only knew embarrassing things about Ilya that were also embarrassing things about him.

He and Ilya had started texting again after Vegas, more than they had before Russia, and Shane liked it but it also confused him a lot. Most of it was Ilya trying to get Shane to sext him back, or little chirps about a bad shot Shane made. Some of it was just talking, though. It was the talking that was the most confusing, honestly. With the sexting, Shane usually ignored it or turned him down, or, much more rarely, attempted to sext back. With chirps he would chirp back. Easy.

Ilya texting him actual questions, and seem to expect real answers? What the fuck.

The problem was, was that as much as it confused him, and stressed him out, he liked it so much. He would miss it when Ilya got bored with him again and didn't text back for another six months, or maybe more.

It also meant that he had started actually texting Ilya first more often, with his own questions, and chirps, and thoughts. Like Ilya was a friend. Like it was safe.

-

TO
Lily

If we sext, does that count as sex for the app?-

*I know it's called R-RIDES, which implies, like.
Cowboy or something, so not necessarily a
name to take literally, but still.-*

FROM Lily _____

-Jaaaaane

-are you asking to sext?

-my sweet innocent Jane?

-so horny?

TO
Lily

Fuck off. I asked a question.-

FROM Lily _____

-i think it can count, yes.

-up to you

-are you thinking of my cock?

-is already hard for you

-you can do rating after, tell me off ;)

TO
Lily

You're not as seductive as you think you are-

I'll put that in my next comment section.-

FROM Lily _____

*-I have other thoughts for your comment
section for last time*

-i left empty, yes? like how you feel now

*-Should have told you how hot you feel
inside, as i am opening you with my tongue*

-how your moans make me so hard

**TO
Lily**

We're not sexting, I need to sleep.-

I'm already in bed-

FROM Lily_____

-perfect place to be for quickie yes?

-helps you sleep after, is science

-what are you wearing?

-are there buttons?

**TO
Lily**

No. Just a t-shirt and shorts.-

It's really warm tonight.-

FROM Lily_____

-maybe too warm for t-shirt?

-sleep easier without it

**TO
Lily**

Maybe I would.-

I took it off.-

FROM Lily_____

-mm, and it feels better?

**TO
Lily**

Yes.-

FROM Lily _____

-good. you are welcome. sleep well))

**TO
Lily**

>:(-

Fine. You win. Yes. I want to sext.-

Tell me what to do.-

Please.-

FROM Lily _____

-so polite now

-i miss your pretty nipples

-give them pinch from me

-take your tit in your hand and squeeze

*like i do, harder. rub your thumb on your
nipple until is hard*

-and then stop and do same to other one

-have to keep one hand free to text me))

**TO
Lily**

Ok-

Are you touching yourself?-

FROM Lily _____

-yes.

-i am in nothing

-i was running on treadmill before you text

-was going to shower. i am sweaty

-i am stroking slow, thinking about how

you open your mouth so wet to take me

-like you are hungry to death for cock

-put your fingers in your mouth

**TO
Lily**

Fuck.-

But then I can't touch myself at all?-

FROM Lily

-yes, exactly

-you dont need to touch yourself when you

are sucking on my cock, no?

-you take me in your throat and you get

so wet, dripping for it.

-push fingers in deeper, baby, get wet

-love it when you are sloppy. so eager

-trying to swallow me down before you

are ready and your throat choking around

me but still trying to take more.

-shut for it. Yes?

**TO
Lily**

Fuck.-

Yes.-

Please, I need it.-

FROM Lily

-need what? need me to fuck all in?

*-hold your head and push it into you and
hold you on my cock?*

-use you?

-want me to pull out only to hold your

mouth open and feed my dick back in?

*-keep my fingers hook over your teeth to
keep you open for me?*

**TO
Lily**

Yes fuck that -

Please -

Let me touch myself-

FROM Lily

-slut for it

-so hot baby

-roll onto belly

-you can grind on mattress, hm?

-i want you to work for it

-are you wet?

**TO
Lily**

I am my shorts are sticky-

It's not enough, i need more -

My fingers arent enough in my mouth i

want you cock so bad i want to taste-

FROM Lily

-ok baby, so good for me

-you can have taste, yes?

-slip your hand into shorts and taste your

wetness there, pretend is mine.

-i made you make, so is mine really

-suck off your fingers, get all off

-you are so good for me

**TO
Lily**

*I am-
I'm being good for you-*

I dont taste like you-

FROM Lily _____

-mm, is how i taste when i suck you off

-like you are kissing me after

-sucking cum from my mouth

-koti, so cute and sweet

-you want to touch yourself?

**TO
Lily**

Please-

FROM Lily _____

-mm i do not know if you want enough

**TO
Lily**

I do I want so much please-

Im your slut i want it so bad-

I need it-

FROM Lily _____

-blyat how are you like this

-go on baby get off for me
-touch yourself fast and hard
-make it hurt a little like we are in a rush
-you make such pretty breaths, like you
cannot believe is real. so hot. ideal 'nny.
-fuck jne
-your mouth is so good
-think about fucking you all ways
-fuck
-jane, baby, tell me how you are

TO
Lily

Sticky. I have to wash up and change.-

It was good. Hot.-

FROM Lily_____

-you are good and hot
-and sooooo boring
-you look so sexy with cum in your shorts
-send me your shorts and i will clean them
with my mouth, yummy

TO
Lily

You're so gross.-

FROM Lily_____

-you like when i am so gross
-it makes you cum like fountain
-you can get good sleep now, still early

hours for good girls xx

-

Jane has rated you

- ★★☆☆

ORGASM - meh - good - **great** - excellent

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - **great** - excellent

KISSING - **meh** - good - great - excellent

FOREPLAY - **meh** - good - great - excellent

COMMENT

Sexting. The 'meh's are in place of N/A. I am not counting your terrible come ons as foreplay. I like when you talk dirty to me but I don't find it sexy enough to not feel weird until I'm actually turned on. Unluckily for me it does turn me on, so it stops feeling weird pretty quickly until after I come and then it's weird again. I like sexting more than jerking off but jerking off by myself doesn't make me feel like i need to be kissed and touched, so that's a downside. Also does anyone ever actually attach a photo in that option? That feels like a bad idea.

-

FROM Lily_____

*-i thought you were going to sleep, but no,
Jane has to stay up and write report card
-yes people leave photos. you could too*

- ★★★★★ 4 pretty stars for my kotik
you are always so good for me even when

*you pretend you are not turned on and
needy for me. missing perfect score only*

*for not basking in glow with me and for
being so far away so i can not for real fuck*

you when you need it.

Chapter End Notes

next chapter will be longer because it won't just be sexting :)

Thank you so much for the lovely response to this so far everyone! xxx

Chapter 3: ILYA

Chapter Notes

I said the next chapter would be longer, and I have now more than doubled the word count lol

FROM Jane_____

-You're the one who pointed out that the app could be hacked, sending photos seems like it's just tempting fate.

**TO
Jane**

*maybe I like to tempt fate-
i am very good at tempting -
tempting you-*

FROM Jane_____

-I was going to say that tempting me is less dangerous than tempting fate but actually tempting me is the dangerous thing here. For both of us.

-You like risk too much.

**TO
Jane**

*you have homegame next thursday, yes? -
and no other plans because you are boring? -*

FROM Jane_____

*-I'm not boring, I'm just focused.
-Yes. Why?*

**TO
Jane**

i am not allowed idol curiosities?-

FROM Jane _____

-It's IDLE and no.

**TO
Jane**

*thank you mr. english teacher i am indebted
to you-*

i have photoshoot nearby to montreal in morning.

thought maybe i come over after game -

you win game and i fuck you -

FROM Jane _____

-And if I lose the game?

**TO
Jane**

mmmmmm maybe don't lose game?-

not so hard. i do not lose games-

FROM Jane _____

-Asshole. You literally lost your last game.

**TO
Jane**

no no no, see, that was connors who lost-

he choked on own spit and missed shot-

FROM Jane _____

*-He choked on his own spit? Is that like,
a new way to just say he choked?*

**TO
Jane**

?-

*no, he choke on his spit in his mouth like a baby
who forgets spit is in mouth and breathes into
lungs and almost dies on ice-*

thursday?-

FROM Jane _____

-Yes, okay. Thursday. I should be home by 8.

*-Don't come before the game, my parents
are coming to mine beforehand for lunch.*

-

His photo shoot on Thursday morning was, perhaps, closer to Boston than it was to Montreal, but he would just not mention that bit to Shane. He doubted he would be asked about it, because Shane tended to be extremely single minded when he was focused on something, and the only thing Ilya had ever seen him more focused on than Ilya's dick was on the puck.

He thought idly about texting some nonsense to Shane about coming in earlier, before the game, just to see how panicked and pissed off he would get about it, but opted not to. Mostly because if Shane then lost the game tonight he might blame Ilya for it, which would be a little funny, but also a little boring. And not in the way he liked.

He wouldn't even be in Montreal before the game began, would still be on his way in. This whole thing was a terrible plan, honestly. He had two days off training, and he had chosen to spend the entire thing getting to and from Montreal. The entire two days because he had chosen to drive it - for good reason mind. If he drove all the way, Shane was not going to just kick him out immediately after they hooked up, not if he knew Ilya would have to drive back to Boston afterwards. He'd let him stay the night. And then they could hook up more than once, and then again in the morning perhaps.

Of course, Shane might also just tell him to go book a hotel, and call him an idiot for not planning ahead, or just not even care that he probably shouldn't do the round trip in one day and right after fucking Shane into his mattress.

However, if he ignored that that might be an outcome, it was a great idea.

It wasn't that he wanted like, to spend time cuddling after they fucked. Nothing like that, it was just a way to get more bang for his fuck. Shane was his favourite hook up, which was

saying a lot, because Svetlana was his best friend and they had been fucking each other for so long they both knew exactly what felt best. It wasn't fair that Shane was so good to fuck and they didn't get to fuck every single weekend, at the very least.

He was never going to tell Svetlana that she ranked below Shane in his hook up hierarchy because then she would probably never fuck him again, and he'd be stuck with all the inferior hook ups and only occasional Shane.

The other reason he was making this trip, rather than waiting until they played each other next, was because he had a surprise for Shane. A joke surprise. A surprising joke. A gift. Kind of. And he could just gift it from afar, but he wanted to get to be there and see Shane's face about it. He wanted to tease him and watch him blush. It was very simple.

-

While it was very sexy and funny to have Shane using Rozanov Rides and actually seeming to take the rating system seriously, it had also managed to tip Ilya's rating enough that it had dropped from his steady five stars to a four and a half. He hadn't even known it could do that. It was the fault of that fucking Vegas rating, which did mean, in a not even very roundabout way, that it was all Ilya's fault. He knew he had been... unkind that night, but he hadn't thought that Shane had really cared more than been a little pissed off. He did wish they had kissed. He had wanted to so badly, he remembered wanting to, and likely that was exactly why he had not kissed Shane - it would feel too much like giving himself what he wanted. Too needy.

Svetlana had come over the evening after Ilya and Shane sexted, and he'd asked to see if it showed up on her side as well, which meant he had had to explain he had gone down half a star. After she had finished laughing at him about it, she had opened the app, and thankfully it didn't show up for her. He thought that was a pretty nice move on behalf of the app designer, keeping Ilya looking good for as long as possible by rounding up. He said this to Svetlana, and asked for the designers details, maybe so he could send him a little thank you gift. Svetlana had told him she'd paid him plenty and he definitely didn't need a thank you gift for doing literally what she had told him to do, but she gave him his details anyway.

They'd fucked after that, because Svetlana had said to him, so serious and sweet, that she didn't want him to have to see a half star on his app anymore, and how sad that was. And they had very fucking good sex, maybe not the best sex they had ever had, but it was still very good, it was always very good! Even when they were sloppy drunk and it was perhaps not technically very good, they always had fun. He had her sit on his face while he ate her out

until she was grinding against his tongue and chin and nose and he was slick and dripping with her come. And then he'd flipped her over and fucked her so good she hadn't even finished her first orgasm before she started her second one, and honestly? Ilya thought that deserved a good rating.

He should have known better, though, to trust it when she was too sweet with him for not good reason.

She rated him a big fat one star while she pissed afterwards, her giggles loud and echoing from the ensuite into the bedroom. She also uploaded a photo, but it wasn't even for consolation, it was just her middle finger held in front of her laughing face. Cute, but so rude.

"What is this for?" He had called to her, coating his voice with despair. *"What is this betrayal Svetochka? I work so hard to make you come so good and you hurt me like this?"*

"It is good for your ego!" She'd called back, and then flushed the toilet before speaking again over the sound of running water while she washed her hands. *"I said I would get rid of your half star for you, poor baby! Anyway, you cannot blame me, really, I was not the one who halved your star. You have given the app to some one new, a special girl?"*

He hadn't replied until she came back into the bedroom, eyebrows raised, and jumped onto the bed, bumping her knees into his side.

"Fuck, Sveta," he had batted at her, and she'd flumped dramatically on the bed. *"Is just a hook up."*

She'd eyed him from her slump, narrowed her eyes at him. *"Just a hook up? Or is it perhaps your Metros girl?"*

"My what?"

"The girl you fuck whenever you play the Metros," Svetlana had said, grinning as she rolled over and began stretching out her shoulders. *"I notice things, Ilyushka, like when you never post club selfies after games with Metros, and you are never answering my calls after games*

with Metros, and you are never free for me to come over after games with Metros. She is one of the management? Social media?"

"I will never tell," Ilya told her solemnly, "for fear that you will unionise with her and tank my ratings on purpose."

-

He arrived in Montreal after the game was finished, but only just. He still would have to wait for Shane to get changed, and do media, and get back here. He had ended up texting before the game, but only to ask if he could park at the apartment, because he wanted to start sowing the seeds in Shane's brain that Ilya had driven. Shane had said yes, but only if he wasn't driving an orange car. And then he had sent the garage code, and where he could park. And honestly, if Shane had been really meaning he could not park there if he had his orange car, he would have waited for Ilya to confirm that before he sent the code. And he absolutely would not have then sent through his door code as well, and told Ilya to let himself in if he arrived a little early.

This was a step of trust so big that Ilya assumed Shane was probably having a panic attack over it, and he resolved to make no mention of it at all so as not to tip the panic scales. Shane would probably change the code again by tomorrow, so, not that big of a deal.

He did stop and buy a car cover before he arrived at the apartment, though, and made sure to cover the beautiful orange entirely in the boring black cover before he made his way up the stairs to Shane's apartment. He was so good he ought to be given a prize. International recognition for his hook up etiquette and his nice manners for Shane's sensibilities.

He had only been here the once before, when he had fucked Shane for the first time and then spent six months freaking out about it. It had been very uncasual of him, which he could admit to himself, but it hadn't been his fault that Shane had been so beautiful and sweet to him. Had kissed him so gently on the forehead and looked at him with what felt like real affection. What was he supposed to do? Because it had felt like he was supposed to get down on his knees in front of Shane and beg him to please keep him, and wrap himself around Shane's body and never leave. Which he couldn't do, obviously.

The apartment still looked mostly the same. Same bland art, same furniture. A couple of new books. The area was clean and tidy and smelled nice. So boring. He had a glass of water, and

then found a beer in the back of the fridge, and took it to the bedroom.

The bedroom was boring as well, but less boring than the rest of the house. Partly because even thinking about the bedroom made Ilya a little hard, recalling the way Shane had felt and sounded. Mostly because this would be the place Shane would keep his personality, the one he hid away from the world so soundly that he didn't even let it loose in the main areas of his own house.

There was a battered looking journal in the bedside table drawer. Ilya was tempted, he was only human after all, even if he was a god on ice and in the sheets, but he wasn't cruel like that. He was much more interested in the black drawstring bag in the back of the drawer, anyway, the one that had the medium sized purple dildo. It was much smaller than Ilya's penis, but he had to admit it was a more interesting colour. He thought it was likely too narrow for Shane's preferences, wondered if he fucked himself with it and his fingers at the same time. Wondered if he would like to take it and Ilya's fingers at the same time. Or maybe it and Ilya's dick. If Shane let him stay the night, maybe they would have time to stretch him open nice and slow for it. He put it carefully on top of the bedside table for later, alongside the lube and condoms that had been in the same drawstring bag.

He couldn't imagine living his life so scared of being seen that he hid his own lube in a bag in a drawer in his bedroom. He was pretty sure he had a bottle of lube on his bathroom counter, and another one on his bedside table, and another one with the remotes in the lounge, just in case.

He wondered if anyone else knew about Shane's shame dildo. If anyone had known it existed, like Ilya had, and if anyone had seen it in person, like Ilya also, now had. Probably not. Shane didn't really strike him as the type to talk to his friends about sex. Not the friends Ilya knew about, anyway. He thought that maybe Shane would talk with him about sex. Like they were kind of doing on the app and via texting. That maybe Shane would even want to talk with him about sex.

He considered snooping further - going through dresser drawers, and the wardrobe. Opening bathroom cupboards, looking under the bed. Looking for more of Shane. But he found himself lying down on Shane's bed, face pressed into pillows that smelled like Shane's hair, oddly maudlin.

Caught in this weird feeling of wanting something, wanting it so badly and not knowing what it was he wanted. He knew it wasn't just the anticipation of sex with Shane, because he knew that feeling as well as he knew TD Garden's rink.

He drank his beer and waited.

-

“I can’t fucking believe you drove your orange car in here,” Shane yelled, announcing his arrival home verbally after the door had shut with a sharp click. “There is something wrong with the risk making decision part of your brain.”

“We know this already,” Ilya called back, lying lazy on the bed, one arm thrown over his face, the other gripping the beer bottle between two fingers, dangling it over the bed. “Yours too. We both play hockey, Hollander.”

“I play careful hockey,” Shane retorted, his voice coming closer, not close enough. The sound of the fridge snicking open and then closed again. “You want a drink?”

“Got a beer,” Ilya said, “is shitty beer. You drink this piss?”

“Of course you do,” he heard Shane snort a little, “no. One of the guys left it here after we had a get together. I don’t like beer much.”

“Of course you don’t,” Ilya mumbled in echo, trying to match the way he’d heard Shane say the words. “How did you know I brought my beautiful orange queen?”

“Uh,” Shane was suddenly in his bedroom doorway, Ilya could just see him under the bridge of his arm over his face. “Because there was a car parked where I told you you could park, and it had a cover on it, and I checked under the cover because I know you’re an asshole.”

“I was so polite with cover!” Ilya defended himself, moving his arm from his face, and lifting his beer to take a swig of the last dregs. Shane had two bottles of water pinched in one hand,

a can of his boring ginger ale in the other. “Hiding how pretty she is from all your boring neighbours.”

“Okay,” Shane’s eyebrows were raised. “Thank you for your vague adherence, I guess?”

Shane was unabashedly looking at Ilya, and Ilya made himself not preen visibly under the heavy gaze. He had stripped down to his boxer briefs earlier, though, and it was like Shane’s eyes were a physical touch because Ilya’s cock jerked as they brushed over it, and he watched as Shane’s eyes widened in response.

“You are going to stand in doorway all night?” Ilya asked, ignoring the way he was continuing to steadily harden under Shane’s now focused eyes. “You won game, I thought maybe you would collect prize?”

Shane pulled his chin up and met Ilya’s eyes with what looked like true effort, and he shook his head once as if needing to clear it, before striding further into the room. He was still in his walk out suit, though he’d loosened the buttons of his shirt, and the jacket was already folded over one arm. He put the drinks down on his sidetable first, pausing as he noticed the dildo waiting there. He shot Ilya a look, but said nothing as he turned away to his wardrobe and began putting his suit away, hanging his jacket first. He kept his back to Ilya as he started on his shirt buttons.

“Hollander,” Ilya said, not at all in a whining way because he did not do this. “You are depriving me of show? Let me see.”

Shane glanced at him over his shoulder, and Ilya could see his eyes were dark, cheeks flushed, but he didn’t turn around. Only looked at Ilya and his hard cock on Shane’s bed, and then looked back to his own fingers on his buttons.

“Shows are only for winners,” he said, his voice a little reedy, like he hadn’t known exactly what he was going to say before he said it.

Ilya bit out a laugh of disbelief, crawled up onto his knees. He put his basically empty beer bottle next to the other drinks, and got off the bed so he could crowd up against Shane’s back.

It was criminal that they had been alone in the same place together for this long already without touching. He kissed the back of Shane's neck and heard Shane's breath stutter. From here he could look over Shane's shoulder, see his hands on the buttons, the exposed skin.

"Is not fair," Ilya said, kissed Shane's neck again, just under his ear. "I had no game, no chance for me to win."

"You lost your last game," Shane said, "it's a team sport, Rozanov, just because you blamed Connors doesn't mean you didn't still lose."

"Ugh," Ilya groaned, gripped Shane's hips to help press himself harder against him, grinding his erection into Shane's ass, the fabric tight enough over it that the movement barely pushed the trousers into his crack like Ilya had been hoping for. Shane did press his ass back though, so at least one of Ilya's hopes had been founded. "No, you are being dirty bad sport, Hollander, and I will write in to sports news with this. Say you are making up rules that give you win over me for not good reason."

"You're impossible," Shane bit back, his head had tipped sideways, exposing more of his neck to Ilya's mouth, and his breathing was already hitching with every press of Ilya's lips to his skin, and grind against Shane's ass. "Fuck, Rozanov. I need - fuck I need to shower first _"

"Taste nice," Ilya said mindlessly, lathing his tongue along the hinge of Shane's jaw. "Sweat and soap. You have already showered, no need for cleaner. I like."

"Not if you want to fuck me," Shane said, the skin under Ilya's mouth heating up as he flushed magnificently. "Fuck - let me get out of my suit before you make me get it dirty, Jesus!"

Ilya's stomach was a hot knot of lustful anticipation, and he forced himself to release Shane's hips, to take a step back. Squinted at Shane's ass, and then winced. "Maybe too late," he said, flopping himself back down on the bed, legs spread wide as he palmed himself over his briefs. "I was, ah, hungry for your ass. Maybe drooled."

“What?” Shane asked, his head swiveling to look first at Ilya, and then his spine twisting as he tried to look at his trousers. He couldn’t see the damage from here, and he swore at Ilya as he untwisted himself and began taking the trousers off. “You are so - fuck - I’m too turned on to be mad, but I’m kind of mad.”

“Is a compliment,” Ilya said breezily, feeling his cock kick in his hand when Shane’s ass was finally revealed, even still in his tight black briefs it was killing Ilya. “Ass so hot you make me leak like you leak. Mm, maybe not like you leak. You get wet like girl, so sexy.”

“Fuck you,” Shane said, held his trousers up so he could see the white marks in the lower back of the trouser’s crotch seam. “Fuck. These need to be dry cleaned, Rozanov. Someone is going to fucking see this -”

Ilya waved his hand in dismissal, wanted Shane to hurry up his quick little burst of shame so they could get to the part where Shane let himself have what he wanted. “Will be fine,” he said. “How will they know is come? They will not test, will just wash.”

Shane groaned again, but then threw the trousers in the direction of a hamper inside the wardrobe, before beginning his undressing again in earnest. He tore his shirt off, hesitated with his arm up like he was about to throw it as well, and then hung it up. He peeled his socks off before his underwear, and then put them inside the hamper before turning to look at Ilya again. He was hard, flushed from his ears to his chest, and glaring.

“I’m going to shower,” he said. “Don’t... just don’t.”

“Hollander,” Ilya drawled, grinned up at him. “Don’t be mad. Come gimme kiss first. I promise I will be so nice and good for you, yes? I will sit here and wait and touch myself thinking about how I will be touching you soon.”

Shane’s face twitched, and then he was between Ilya’s legs and bending down to bite at his mouth, kissing hard and furious for a few glorious moments before pulling away and rounding the bed like he was being chased.

“Don’t fucking come before you can fuck me,” he said, still glaring, “I will be so fucking mad, Rozanov, I swear.”

“Go get spic and spanned for me!” Ilya replied, dropping himself backwards on the bed so he could watch upside down with his head tipped back as Shane rushed into his bathroom and slammed the door.

God he liked pissing Shane off. He loved the way it made him drop so many fake layers and just be Shane. Loved to see the quick bite of hurt be then washed away with annoyance and then in quick succession, lust. It wasn’t that he wanted to hurt Shane, not really. Not in a - a lasting way. There was just something about getting to prick him enough to see him bleed and then to be the one soothing him. And Shane seemed to like it as well, always had. They both enjoyed the chase of it. Like in hockey, throwing each other up against the boards, doing real damage to each other in pursuit of the puck and the win. Every bruise was always worth it, and the adrenaline that came with the pain was so good, energizing and fun. He would be fucking devastated if he gave Shane a real injury in game, though. It was a knife’s edge they both walked, here in bed and on ice (literally on ice).

-

He amused himself fucking around on his phone until Shane finished in the shower - because if he did keep touching himself thinking about Shane he would actually come. And he was pretty sure he would be able to get hard again soon enough, but he had promised to fuck Shane for winning, and if somehow he did not get hard again (so unlikely, but he could not take the risk), he would be made into a liar.

When Shane finally opened the bathroom door again, letting out a puff of hot air and steam, and still toweling his hair off, Ilya threw his phone away and didn’t even care when he heard it bounce off the bed and land on the floor.

“I want to eat you,” he said, because fuck did Shane look good. All the juicy curves and muscles of him. His tits and his ass and his thighs and his cock. Ilya wanted them all in his mouth right the fuck now. “Get here, Hollander.”

Shane paused in the bathroom doorway for a moment more, finishing the crunching movement he was doing to his hair, and then half turned to toss the towel into the bedroom,

and was on the bed in the next moment, his skin basically emitting heat like he'd had the shower on as hot as he could take it, the flush on his skin everywhere rather than just his blush pattern.

He kissed Ilya messily, and then climbed into his lap and kissed him with more precision, his hands lifting to grasp Ilya's face. He was already making little huffed needy noises into Ilya's mouth as Ilya kissed him back, fucking his tongue into Shane's mouth until Shane was just taking it, his own tongue half out of his mouth and his body slack in Ilya's arms. Except for the tight impatient ruts of his hips as he ground down against Ilya's cock. His erection had flagged a little while Shane was in the bathroom, but now with Shane hot and damp and so needy on him, he was hard again so fast he was almost surprised.

"My parents wouldn't fucking leave," Shane moaned, when Ilya moved from Shane's mouth to his neck again, loving the way it made Shane shudder against him. "I wanted to - to be ready already when I got home, but they wouldn't go before the game and I couldn't like - ugh fuck, *fuck* - couldn't tell them to fuck off so I could go like, douche -"

"Would have been funny way to come out to them," Ilya offered, biting down Shane's chest, his hands gripping around Shane's waist to hold him where he wanted him. "I am getting ready for being fucked up ass, enjoy game, bye!"

"Don't even joke," Shane groaned, but he laughed as well, and then moaned loudly when Ilya put his mouth to his left nipple and sucked hard. "Also fuck you for going through my stuff."

Ilya grinned around his mouthful of tit, bit at Shane's nipple, and then ducked to the other one and licked it, flat tongued, before holding it between his teeth and sucking on it as well. Shane made a noise closer to a whimper than anything, and one of his hands tangled in Ilya's hair, the other moving oddly behind himself.

Ilya pulled back from Shane's chest, grabbed for Shane's wrist. "I want to," he said, pulling Shane's hand away from his ass. "Let me open you up, I love to see it."

Shane made a face, some twist of shame and want, like he hated how much he liked Ilya looking. But he let Ilya move him, wrapping his arms around Shane's back and moving them until he could lie Shane down in front of him, his lap still basically in Ilya's, ass pressed to Ilya's damp briefs. Fuck he needed to take them off. But there was something hot about

denying them both from it. He knew how much Shane liked his cock, knew how much Shane wanted him to take his underwear off so Shane could feel it against him.

He twisted sideways so he could grab the lube and condoms, and after a moment of hesitation he grabbed the dildo as well, dropping it down on the bed beside Shane's hip.

Shane propped one of his calves over Ilya's shoulder - heavy and hot - and bent his other leg sideways, pressing his foot in against the side of Ilya's hip, and glared up at him.

"I did not tell you my door code so you could find my...toy."

"Dildo," Ilya said happily, smiled down at Shane's ass, at his damp pink hole. He pressed the pad of his thumb to it, felt the coil of muscle, couldn't tell if it was his own pulse or Shane's he could feel. "So sorry for finding it in easiest most obvious place. I have been wanting to meet him, though, see who you are putting up with without me. He is a little small, no?"

"Fuck you," Shane said, pushing against Ilya's thumb as he spoke. "*It* is fine."

"Mmm, no," Ilya said, drizzled a little lube directly onto his thumb and Shane's taint, and enjoyed the small flinch Shane made in response to the cold. "He is too small for you, you must be so sad every time. Wanting more. Desperate for a real fucking. Yes?"

He always loved to watch the direct contradiction between Shane's face and his cock. The way Shane was already dripping with pre-come even as he glared down at Ilya.

"What I do when you're not here is none of your business, actually," Shane said tersely, and then exhaled hard when Ilya slid his thumb into him, knuckles pressing to his taint. "Fuuuuck."

"I am just being good friend," Ilya said innocently, pressing his thumb in firmly against Shane's inner muscles, rubbing at them like he was trying to meet his own knuckles again.

“Concerned for my poor, poor Shane Hollander who is having such sad and bad sex when I am not here to help.”

“Fuck you,” Shane said again, because he was boring like that, and also maybe because he was already panting with just Ilya’s thumb in him, like maybe Ilya could get him off with just that. Possibly Ilya was wrong, and the dildo was enough for him. “I - I can get myself off without you here.”

Ilya paused, pulled his thumb out, re-lubed, and then pressed two fingers in instead, slow only for a moment to be sure Shane wouldn’t tense against it, and then faster, wanting him open yesterday, because - “I never said you couldn’t, Hollander,” he said. “Now I am curious. How often do you touch yourself without me?”

Shane didn’t reply for a long moment, his mouth slightly open, his eyes closed, like he was focusing on Ilya’s fingers, memorising them.

“Hollander,” Ilya prompted, bent down and bit Shane’s inner thigh, quirked his fingers up inside him until Shane was squirming and panting. “How often?”

“Not often,” Shane gasped out, “fuck. More. I need more -”

“How often is not often?” Ilya bit his thigh again in the same place, a little harder. He wanted to chew on Shane, suck his thigh into his mouth and suck and leave marks. “Once a day? Once a week?”

“Maybe a couple of times a month,” Shane said, his hand was in Ilya’s hair again, and he was gripping tightly, trying to fuck himself down harder on Ilya’s hand even as Ilya pressed his free arm across Shane’s hips to hold him down. “*More*, Rozanov, fuck -”

Ilya could not imagine going more than three days without jerking off. It made sense how needy Shane always was for it, then, but not why he wouldn’t just get off more if he was so needy for it.

“You want more?” Ilya asked, smiling as Shane nodded mindlessly. “My fingers are not enough? Not big enough for you?”

“No,” Shane whined, “c’mon, fuck, Roz, I need - I need more.”

“I give you more,” Ilya promised. Felt like he was going to combust with how turned on he was. He pulled his fingers out from Shane, kissed the inner curve of Shane’s knee where it was pressed against his face, sweaty already, salty and delicious. He grabbed Shane’s dildo, slicking it with the lube quickly, and notched the head of it against Shane for a moment of warning before he pushed it inside. “Here you go, malysh.”

It was much smaller than Ilya, enough so that he could push it right to it’s flared suction base in one easy movement, and Shane choked on a moan, his hand in Ilya’s hair so tight it was real, sharp pain for a second, lighting Ilya up all over with goosebumps and making his cock pulse hard against his damp underwear.

“Fuck!” Shane said, his voice weird, like he was turned on but confused. “No - not - fuck - I need more than - you said you’d fuck me - Rozanov -”

Ilya was already moving the dildo in and out, setting a steady rhythm and ignoring the way Shane kept trying to grind it deeper into him.

“Hm?” He raised his eyebrows at Shane, smiled at him. “I am fucking you, Hollander. You do not feel it? Hm?” He thrust a little harder and grinned when Shane’s mouth hung open for a ragged gasp. “What is problem?”

“You asshole,” Shane whined, eyes screwed closed, “fuck you - fuck - fuck it’s not enough.”

“What is that?” Ilya asked, bent down over Shane’s body, kissed at the divots of muscle and rib. “What is not enough?”

Shane groaned, a mix of pleasure and true annoyance. “The dildo,” he said, swore again. “I need you, Rozanov, I want you to fuck me with your big fucking cock. I need it in me. Hurry the fuck up!”

Ilya thrust the dildo in to the base again, pressing his palm against it to grind it just that little bit deeper, and then shifted so he could pull his cock out of his underwear. He wiped his hands on Shane’s duvet cover, because he figured Shane would be more pissy about Ilya not being able to open the condoms than about changing the cover, and slid a condom on, pumping himself unnecessarily.

Shane had folded his arms over his face while Ilya did this, panting shallowly, his stomach muscles contracting in sharp little jerks, and Ilya could tell he was squeezing around the dildo like he couldn’t help but try for more friction. For a moment Ilya considered trying to push in with the dildo still in Shane, but that would require more time, and more speaking, and now Ilya’s dick knew it was finally getting to fuck it was overwhelming Ilya’s entire brain.

He ran his hand up Shane’s inner thigh, kissed where he’d just touched, and then folded himself over so he could push through Shane’s arm barricade and kiss him.

“I fuck you now,” he said, bit at Shane’s lower lip and tugged back before releasing it. “For real, with proper cock. You want?”

“Yes,” Shane groaned, “obviously.”

“Ask nicely,” Ilya said, knowing full well he was playing with fire, because he felt like he would die if he didn’t get to be inside Shane in the next ten seconds. “Or maybe we leave in your little friend?”

“Fuck,” Shane growled. “Please, please, Rozanov, please, I need you cock, I want it. Please fuck me -”

He tugged the dildo out, tried to be gentle with it, but he was also in a rush. Shane didn’t make any complaints, just grunted, and then groaned when Ilya finally pushed inside him. Groaned again when Ilya moved slow, pushing the head of his cock in and pausing. It was

partly to piss Shane off, but mostly because it felt too good, and Ilya wanted to be able to actually fuck Shane before coming. It would be embarrassing to come right as he'd gotten inside.

Shane rocked against him, "I can take it," he said, "I want to take it. Give it to me. Please -"

Ilya gave it to him. Ground forwards in one dirty movement, driving his hips forward like his leash had snapped, pushing forwards until Shane's ass was pressed sweaty and sticky against Ilya's skin, and Shane was shaking around him, moaning low and breathless.

"Okay?" Ilya asked, held still deep inside Shane, pressed a kiss to his quivering stomach.

"Yes," Shane breathed, "so good. Move."

He fucked Shane, sitting upright and gripping to Shane's leg still hooked over his shoulder, using it to drag them closer and closer. His other hand spread out over Shane's hip, fingers digging in and gripping painful looking over muscle and bone. Watched the way Shane took him, like it was easy, his hips tipping to meet each thrust, fucking perfect.

"Ideal'nyy," Ilya breathed, rough, "Blyat, so good, Hollander, fuck you are taking me so good, look at you -"

Shane wasn't replying with words, seemed passed it, was only moaning and moving with him, nodding every time they made eye contact, Ilya seeking him out, wanting his gaze like he wanted to be fucking him. Like a need, like a lust, like if he didn't he would have blue balls and a blue heart forever, or some fucking stupid thing like that.

"You will come for me like this, mm?" He asked, when his hips began to twinge just a tiny bit. A warning that he could keep going, but he would deal with sore hips tomorrow to pay him back for not stretching or warming up. He had been close for so long he didn't think he would be able to go longer anyway. "On my cock, such a slut for my big cock you need nothing else. Just me inside you, stretching you, fucking you open like you are just a hole for me -"

Shane came with a cry that sounded like it had been pulled from deep in his guts, his legs shaking so hard around Ilya that it made his jaw rattle and his skin vibrate. Shane was clenching so hard around him that Ilya was coming without even realising for a half breath, and then he was groaning as well, gripping tight to Shane as he tried to keep fucking them both through it, his movements becoming loose and slow as Shane began letting out sharp little noises with each breath he took.

Ilya took a moment to just breathe before pulling out, and then, because there was probably something wrong with him, he pushed the dildo back in.

“Oh fuck,” Shane moaned, tears glittering in his eyes, “fuck - I’m not - I can’t -”

“Just so you are not empty,” Ilya said, kissed at his still shaking knee, thigh, stomach. “You are such good boy for me, would be cruel to leave you open and aching. Nothing to hold.”

“You’re an asshole,” Shane said, sounding very much like he meant it and didn’t care it was true. “It’s too much.”

Ilya paused, his hand already moved to grip the base of the toy. “Should I take out?” He asked. Waited, watched Shane’s face shift through it’s usual haze of confusion over his own desires, and then he shook his head. Ilya relaxed, let go of the base and pressed his palm against it instead, pushed it gently to listen to Shane moan. “Good boy,” he said again.

He got off the bed, careful not to move Shane too much, mindful of how each rock of the mattress was pressing up against him inside. The bathroom was still a little steamy, despite the fan, and the water ran hot immediately when he ran it to wet the flannel. He wiped himself off first, and then rinsed and wet the flannel again. He grabbed Shane’s bath towel as well as he came back into the bedroom. He wiped the flannel down Shane’s stomach, cleaning up his mess from his skin, and then folded the cloth to keep the spunk in one place before dragging the cloth down over Shane’s dick and balls, wiped it carefully over his taint.

“I take out now?” He asked, tapped the base of the dildo. Shane had put his arms over his face again, like he needed to be hidden for this part even though Ilya had literally been inside of him. “Or do you need more time with him?”

“Take it out,” Shane said, voice small.

Ilya took it out, careful to be gentler than he had last time, dabbed the cloth around Shane’s rim, and then pressed the warm cloth to the hole even when Shane twitched about it.

“Is nice, no?”

“It’s weird,” Shane said, “but yeah. I guess.”

“Would not want your pretty hole to be too sore to go again before I have to leave,” Ilya said. Rubbed his thumb gently over Shane’s taint while he kept pressure on the flannel.

“Fuck off,” Shane grumbled. “When do you have to leave? You drove all the way here?”

“Yes,” Ilya said, grinned down at Shane because Shane couldn’t see him. “I was thinking maybe I drive back tonight. Or maybe I-”

“You can’t drive back tonight,” Shane cut in, moving his arms away from his face specifically to glare up at Ilya. “What the fuck - you drove all the way here today, did a shoot, *fucked me*, and you think you’re up for a five hour drive back? No.”

“Well,” Ilya began, “I would probably make quicker time than that, I am very fast driver -”

“Stay the night,” Shane said, “we can fuck again. Maybe twice. And you can leave in the morning and not fucking crash and die on the way back to Boston.”

“Aw, Hollander,” Ilya teased, “you care about me!”

“Fuck off,” Shane bit back. “You’re the one holding a flannel to my fucking butthole.”

“I care very much for your butthole,” Ilya agreed, pulled the flannel away now, “I think is so pretty, so lovely for me. Takes me so well. Deserves a kiss, I think.”

“Rozanov.”

“Mm, yes, I should give many kisses,” Ilya said, nodding to himself.

He threw the flannel off the side of the bed towards where he’d left the towel. He had meant to bring the towel to the bed for something to wipe his hands on, but whatever. He grabbed Shane by the hips, and Shane obviously did not actually disagree with his proposed course of action, because he assisted Ilya in moving them into a better position for Ilya to get down on his stomach and press his mouth to Shane’s hole.

“Fuck,” Shane groaned, Ilya licking into him like it was Shane’s mouth. “Fuck - I can’t believe - oh god - yeah, like that -”

He loved how bad Shane was at speaking when Ilya got his tongue in him. Got any part of himself into Shane, truthfully. Like he just switched off something in Shane’s brain. It made Ilya feel better about the fact that he also lost the ability to be coherent when he was inside Shane. Always found himself spilling out words and sentences that should always be kept locked behind his teeth. Could never help himself from murmuring praise into Shane’s skin like he’d die if he didn’t get to call him beautiful and gorgeous and his.

-

After Ilya ate him out enough for Shane to get hard again, he sucked him off. Then crawled up Shane’s body and kissed Shane’s come back into his mouth, Shane licking it off his tongue like it was the only thing he wanted. Then Shane was the one manhandling Ilya, flipping them over and biting his way down Ilya’s body before getting to his cock and swallowing him down - one more thing Shane wanted, Ilya’s cock. He came down Shane’s throat far too quickly for how recently he had only just come.

Shane insisted they drink the waters, then, and Shane even cracked his ginger ale as well, drank half of it in one go. They wiped each other down in the bathroom, rinsing the flannel out in warm water every few moments, and then making out against the bathroom counter.

Shane had a spare toothbrush in his bathroom cupboard, as well as a overnight retainer, which he did not put in, even though Ilya pouted about how he should. For his dental hygiene. Obviously. They brushed their teeth, hip to hip, and then went back into the bedroom where Shane gave him some shorts and Ilya turned down a shirt, and they got dressed. Shane made a face about the duvet cover because now it was really messy, a slick wet patch where they'd spilled the lube. They took the cover off, tossed it in the laundry, and then didn't bother with putting a new one on, Shane just pulling the sheet up to tuck over the top of it so he wouldn't have to touch it, apparently.

And then they got into bed with each other. Kissed more, but without much intent behind it except that kissing felt good. Shane turned out the light after plugging his phone in and setting his alarm. He'd gotten a charger out for Ilya as well when Ilya had rescued his phone from the floor, pleased to discover only one new crack on the screen protector.

"I've got tape tomorrow morning," Shane whispered, when the light had been turned off. Ilya was still mouthing at his neck, sleepy but still wanting his mouth on Shane. "It's at nine, but I have to be there about half an hour before to go over some things with coach."

"No sleep ins for the wicked," Ilya mumbled, sucked Shane's earlobe into his mouth.

"Rozanov," Shane complained, didn't pull away from Ilya's mouth, though his hand did move from Ilya's nape to his curls to grip tightly. "I'm just saying. I have to be up early to do my routine before I leave."

"Yes, yes," Ilya sighed, releasing Shane's ear. He leaned in and kissed Shane's cheek. "I will be out of your hairs so early."

"I can make you breakfast," Shane offered, quiet. "Before you go?"

“No,” Ilya kissed his cheek again. “I am wanting big greasy breakfast and huge sweet coffee, and I know these things do not exist in your life.”

“We’re professional athletes,” Shane said, a little grumpy sounding. “You should eat like one.”

“Is day off,” Ilya said, “I like days off as well as days on. Sleep, then, Hollander, mr busy bee.”

“Shut up,” Shane said, turned his head to kiss Ilya again, “goodnight.”

-

Shane woke Ilya up far too early the next morning - barely half past five - but then made up for the early hour with a blowjob, and then lay in Ilya’s arms and kissed him while Ilya jerked him off, taking barely any time to come, like giving the blowjob had gotten him most of the way there.

Ilya showered quickly, dressed, and left while it was still dark outside. Was already an hour into his drive, and full with a breakfast burrito, when he remembered he’d forgotten to give Shane his surprise. Fuck! So stupid. He pulled over, considered how pathetic it would be to drive back just for this, and texted the link to Shane instead. Kept driving.

-

**TO
Jane**

DOWNLOAD LINK -> update for RRides app :) -

had designer add specially for you-

i will send my review when you’ve updated-

FROM Jane

-You get the app updated?
-What does the update add?

-How are you at 4 stars? Who did you fuck
so bad to get that?
-Don't actually reply to that.

-I don't see any changes in the app now?
I updated it. Whatever. Tell me later.

-

Jane has rated you

-★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - meh - good - great - **excellent**

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

Don't let this go to your head. I really like when you're a little mean to me. I like it even more when you're nice to me afterwards as well. I like it when you say I'm good. You fucking me with dildo was really hot. I kind of wanted you to fuck me with it and your cock at the same time. I keep thinking about how you put it back in me afterwards and how it would feel if you put something as big as you in afterwards instead. We need to put a towel or something down next time. I almost marked you down just for the mess, but that wouldn't be fair because I like the mess in the moment.

PHOTO ATTACHMENT

(Photo of crumpled duvet cover in washing basket, there is a still wet patch on the fabric catching the light)

-

You have rated Jane

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - meh - good - great - **excellent**

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

This is what the update does ;) I know you love to keep track of our stats, now app can do for you. You are so good for me, perfect slut on my cock. I want to keep you full with me. So fun when you act all huffy even when you are dripping with wanting me.

Chapter 4: SHANE

Chapter Notes

:))))))))))

**TO
Lily**

*Our stats won't reflect our actual skills because
you have a headstart, and you've only added
our last sexual encounter and, which would put
my records behind even if I hadn't backdated a
few other 'rides'.*

*Also I was thinking we shouldn't read each
other's reviews until we've posted our own
so we don't accidentally skew the date.*

FROM Lily

-i feel like i should be looking into camera

-hello??? are you all seeing this???

**TO
Lily**

What?-

Don't piss me off.

FROM Lily

-YOU dont piss me off!

-whatever i find it hot for some reason

-piss me

**TO
Lily**

:/-

FROM Lily

-OFF. PISS ME OFF

-i eill backdate our sex with all 1stars

TO

Lily

[JANE IS TYPING]

[JANE IS TYPING]

[JANE IS TYPING]

[JANE IS TYPING]

FROM Lily

-you are working on novel?

-so easy to wind up

-do not worry i will take stars very serious ;)

-

Lily has rated you

-★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - **good** - great - excellent

KISSING - meh - good - great - **excellent**

FOREPLAY - meh - good - **great** - excellent

COMMENT

your first ever blowjob ;)))) you were not very talented yet but you were so hungry and horny it was very very good. only foreplay i ever need is you being mad and horny and getting on your knees so quick i think maybe you fall over. jerked off to memory of you sucking me for months.

-

Lily has rated you

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - meh - good - great - **excellent**

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

finally got that hole <3 best fuck i ever had until next time i fucked you. wanted to stay over and fuck you again and again but then team would be sad without me. could only get off thinking of you around me.

-

Lily has rated you

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - **meh** - good - great - excellent

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

Vodka was shitty reward. i am sorry. you were so good and beautiful and i was very mean to you. you deserved to be kissed and given nice boring drinks.

-

Lily has rated you

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - meh - good - great - **excellent**

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

i personally do find it hot foreplay to knock and be knocked into boards :)))))))) i love noisies you make when i hve my tongue in you thinkingsdbout it now fuck is so hot

-

Lily has rated you

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - **meh** - good - great - excellent

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

my kotik who likes stats so much i am sorry to forget to get update to add your n/a option.

it was big turn on to have you want to sext, even when you pretend is not what you want :)))

-

TO

Lily

You don't need to give me five stars for Vegas.-

I don't want a pity rating.-

FROM Lily_____

-sometimes i think maybe this is

-wait i must ask marly

-rage bait for me

-is not pity rating. you did not read comment?

TO

Lily

*I did, but just because I was 'good' doesn't mean
IT was good. You obviously weren't happy.-*

FROM Lily_____

*-no exactly. i was not happy. was not about
sex. i was unhappy already. sex was 5 star.*

TO

Lily

Oh. Sorry.-

FROM Lily _____

-i already say was not you.

TO

Lily

No. Sorry I didn't help, I guess?-

Or say the right thing.-

FROM Lily _____

-there was no right thing to say.

-right thing to say now is change of subject.

TO

Lily

Did you like my photo?-

FROM Lily _____

-ah good subject

-yes so hot. already i have jerked off to it.

TO

Lily

:/-

To a photo of laundry?-

FROM Lily _____

-to memory of how laundry happened.

-

Despite the fact that there was now an in-app return rating for Shane, it still bugged him that they wouldn't be getting accurate reporting. Not that he thought there was really anything more some app designer could do about that, not even if Shane could somehow get every single one of his sexual encounters rated and added to the app. Which wouldn't be what he wanted anyway. It wasn't that he didn't know that obviously Ilya would be miles ahead of him if they could somehow see true to life statistics, like in a video game or something. Ilya had had way more sex than Shane, and almost definitely way more good sex.

What Shane really wanted was to wipe the other non-Shane ratings from Ilya's app, so it was a true one to one. Ilya and Shane facing off, like they had been doing their whole careers. Easy side by side numbers, not muddled by anyone else.

He knew it was stupid to be jealous, but he also knew it was stupid to like Ilya so much and that never stopped him. Even and especially when it should. The fact that Ilya had even backdated Shane the same amount that Shane had backdated him should have been enough. It was enough. It made Shane feel dizzy with how much he liked it, how much it turned him on, like he really was a hockey machine, getting turned on by more accurate statistics reporting.

-

When Shane and his team booked in to their usual hotel in Boston, the night before the game, Ilya had no texted to warn him that he had left a fucking parcel for Shane with the front desk. Which meant that Shane was standing with half his teammates when the receptionist told him he had a package waiting for him from Lily, and had to basically fight for his life to be the one claiming the box.

"C'mon, Cap!" Bouch wheedled, elbowing Shane. "What did your girl send? Cookies? Her panties?"

"Fuck off," Shane said, felt hot and itchy and mad. Had to cling to the box because otherwise his teammates were going to literally rip it from his arms, and who the fuck knew what Ilya had left for him. "None of your business."

He was shoved in the lift with too many other players, all of them wanting to know what was in the box. He wished Hayden was here to act a little like a buffer, but he wasn't arriving until tomorrow morning because it was his father's birthday. Or anniversary. Or something to do with his dad.

"We're just curious!" Marchy laughed, "you're always so quiet about your girls, man, and now your Boston girl is leaving you care packages?"

“Good luck charms?”

“She’s from Boston, probably a bad luck charm!”

“If it’s cookies or food, you’ll share it, right?”

“What if it’s cookies or food with like, her come mixed in?”

“Okay!” Shane snapped, fully done. “Don’t be fucking gross. One more word about this or about Lily and you are all doing bags tomorrow morning and I don’t fucking care if it hurts for the game.”

A short silence, in which the lift finally stopped at their floor, and the doors slid open. Shane pushed his way out and into the hallway, and his team followed, slightly subdued.

“No need to bite our heads off,” Bouch muttered, followed by the grumpy agreement of a few of the others.

“Maybe if you hadn’t literally tried to tug of war it out of my hands at the front desk,” Shane shot back, grim, “I think I’m being pretty fucking nice, considering.”

“Okay, okay,” Marchy patted Shane on the back, “we’re sorry, cap. Enjoy your gift.”

Shane offered Marchy an awkward smile, and then stopped at his hotel room door, waved everyone else off further down the hallway. Didn’t open his door until they’d gone a few doors down, just in case one of them would take advantage of him taking one hand off the box to open the door.

TO

Lily

Are you fucking insane.-

What the fuck.-

You asshole.-

FROM Lily

-maybe a thank you would be nicer hm

-and is for YOUR asshole not me asshole

-.:))))))))))

TO

Lily

*My whole fucking team were there when I got
the parcel. They tried to open it.-*

*And then I would have been forced to kill them,
you, and then myself, and the NHL would never
fucking recover.-*

FROM Lily

-wow your team are dickheads

-aw would be like murder suicide pact

TO

Lily

What the fuck that is not aw-

And they're just suicide pacts, not murder.-

It's not fucking cute, either way.-

FROM Lily

*-no you are right. killing your team mates
first takes out some romance.*

TO

Lily

I hate you.-

FROM Lily

*-mmmmmmmm so you will wear it when
you come for me tomorrow?*

-

Now Shane was pleased Hayden wasn't coming until tomorrow morning. The fucking anal plug Ilya had left him was not discrete. It had still been in its packaging in the box, and the packaging had not been at all shy about extolling its virtues of being FLARED AND SAFE FOR ANAL and RIBBED FOR PROSTATE PLEASURE. Jesus.

It was the same colour as his dildo at home. Had Ilya done that on purpose, or was it just a weird coincidence? How the fuck was Shane going to work himself open enough to put this in after the game without Hayden knowing something was up. He already took long showers post game so he could go to Ilya's, and this would add a substantial chunk of time. Plus he'd have to sneak it into the bathroom. Oh god. What if he dropped it on his way into the bathroom and then he and Hayden were just staring at it on the floor. What if he couldn't get it in and he had to smuggle it back out and into his luggage and act like he hadn't just tried to shove something up his ass and failed at it.

He wanted to text Ilya back and tell him he wouldn't wear it. Not for tomorrow, at least. Punishment for sending it to Shane's hotel. For being reckless. Except he already knew he would at the very least try. He wanted to. He wanted it in him, wanted to see if it really would sit right against his prostate like the packaging promised. Wanted to feel Ilya work it out of him, imagined Ilya's face as he took in Shane's asshole wet and gaping -

Fuck. If he didn't have a game tomorrow he'd be trying to get himself open enough for it now, he was so turned on, so mad about being so turned on. His fucking asshole was throbbing.

He made up his mind, shoving the plug into his bag and pulling out his travel lube instead - a small bottle that looked like hand sanitiser and should probably look less like hand sanitiser because he had tried to sanitise his hands with it once.

He called Ilya, because he wanted both his hands, and he lost all sense when he got this horny.

“Hollander?” Ilya answered, surprise tinged his voice.

“I hate you,” Shane gritted out, already working his trousers off one handed, as he connected his headphones so he could drop the phone down beside him on the pillow and keep Ilya’s voice in his ears. “Fuck you are such an asshole.”

A short pause, and then Ilya laughed, warm and pleased. “Oh,” he said, “so needy for it already?”

“Shut up,” Shane grunted, had his trousers around his ankles, and that would do. “I’m going to finger myself and you’re going to tell me how badly you want to fuck me.”

“Am I?” Ilya asked, sounding like he was trying to sound sarcastic, maybe, but was too turned on.

“Yes,” Shane squirted some lube onto his fingers, and rubbed the slick liquid together, smearing it over his fingertips and warming it. “Or I can hang up and get myself off without you.”

“I want to fuck you so bad,” Ilya said immediately, “fuck, Hollander. I thought about seeing you with plug in and could not stop myself from buying. I wanted it immediately. Have been thinking about pressing you down in my bed, face in my pillows, and pulling your ass up and seeing the toy in you, holding you open and ready for me.”

“Oh fuck,” Shane groaned, pushed two fingers in against himself, wanting the sharper stretch, the bite of it. “It’s big,” he breathed, slipped the tip of his middle finger inside himself, followed it immediately with his pointer finger, and moaned again. “And I’d - I’d - I’d have tightened around it on the trip to your place.”

Ilya grunted, like he was holding himself back from groaning long and loud, and Shane could hear the wet noise of Ilya’s hand on his cock. “I’d stretch you out when I pull it out of you,”

he said, “fuck you with the plug until you’re loose again, watch your rim go soft and sloppy -”

The part of Shane that felt shame panged at this, but it only translated into arousal in his stomach, with the way Ilya’s voice sounded and the way his fingers in his ass felt, and he moaned with it, pushed his fingers in deeper. Wished he’d brought his dildo. Wished Ilya were here, his fingers in Shane, getting deeper than Shane ever could, stretching him wide.

“Yeah, yeah,” Shane panted, “*fuck*- would you - ngh - would you try and get a finger in with it? When you’ve got me loose like that?”

“Fuck, Hollander,” Ilya growled, “yes. You want that? You’ve been thinking about me getting my cock and your dildo in your hole at same time?”

“Yes, fuck,” the bed was starting to rock against the wall, Shane hadn’t realised he’d been moving so much. Didn’t stop. “Keep - keep thinking about it, keep wanting it -”

“You tried?” Ilya asked, rough and low, “dildo and your fingers? Wanted more?”

“Yes, needed -” Shane cut himself off with a gasp for breath, bit down on a moan that was threatening to come out as some horrible keening noise. “Needed you.”

Ilya swore loud and vicious over the phone, and the rhythmic wet slide of his hand and his cock sped up. “I want to fucking fill you up, put plug back in, keep you open and wet -”

Ilya’s voice stuttered off into a loud groan as he came, swearing and panting, and Shane came like his body had a switch flicked, sudden and consuming, and he didn’t give a fuck about what noises he was making as he fought to take a full breath.

His shoulder ached a little as he pulled his hand away from himself, trailed his fingers through the come on his stomach. Listened to Ilya breathe on the other end of the phone.

Then Ilya laughed, sudden and hoarse.

“Fuck, Hollander,” he said, “you will kill me.”

“Only after I have to kill my team,” Shane said, sleepy and unbearably happy.

“I am at Marly’s,” Ilya said then, “took phonecall to bathroom. I am going to be laughed at so loud when I go back in.”

“Fuck,” Shane snorted, couldn’t even bring himself to be anxious about it. “Tell Marlow he’s welcome, I guess.”

Ilya laughed again, quieter. “Fuck,” he said, “I love - is so - I like when you are bad, Hollander.”

Shane closed his eyes as his stomach fluttered, or roiled, or something. “Tell me about it on the app,” he said. “I have to clean up. Got a game tomorrow.”

“Mm,” Ilya sighed, “so do I. I am not worried, do not think I even need to get a good night sleep to be beating this team. Mediocre, all of them, except for one player. He is maybe worth working hard for.”

“Mitty won’t let you fuck him,” Shane replied, smiling to himself, “but I agree he’s a good goalie.”

“So stupid,” Ilya said. “I will see you tomorrow.”

“Probably mostly only my skates,” Shane said, “‘cause you’ll be chasing me all game.”

-

Lily has rated you

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - **meh** - good - great - excellent

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

fuck jane. we should do phone sex every day. so hot. the things you say when you are horny make me want to run through walls to get to fuck you. thinking about you with your fingers in yourself and wanting me and not having enough is driving me crazy even right now. marlow thinks i am texting you he says i have my jane face on and that we are both insayshable or however you spell it marly doesnt know either. he said that it sounded like i was being fucking hunted and it was very much like that you hunting me and me hunting you and maybe we rip each other apart or we fuck or both.

-

You rated Lily

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - **meh** - good - great - excellent

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

Lost one star because I wanted so badly to be actually fucked, and also because I'm still mad you sent the plug TO MY HOTEL where my teammates are, and if I hadn't still been at reception they would have literally opened it and seen it and then all of us would be dead right now. Also I can't believe you actively participated in phone sex while at Marlow's house wtf and why was that so hot. I wanted everything you were saying and the way you said it made me feel like it was really happening, just for moments at a time and I couldn't believe I wasn't fucked open for real afterwards.

-

Hayden asked about the Lily package, when he arrived at the hotel that morning. Said the group chat had been blowing up with guesses about what was in it, and bets, and because Shane hadn't even opened the chat they were relying on Hayden to get the information.

"It's private," Shane said, sitting on the hotel room floor while he did some stretches. "I'm not settling their bets about it. I told them to back off."

Hayden, rummaging in his bag for his favourite game socks which he somehow always packed so squirrely that he had to dig for them every time, laughed. "Okay," he said. "Want me to make something up? Or just tell them I don't know?"

Shane hesitated. If they made something up, then hopefully the guys would get off his back about it, but then he'd be giving in to their stupid peer pressure about it, and he hated to give in. And if Hayden said he didn't know, then they would both be bugged about it.

"I don't know," he said, "I just want them to shut up about it."

Hayden was quiet for a long moment, and then he sighed. "Okay, but. You could tell me, and I wouldn't tell the rest of them."

Shane didn't reply, could feel his ears burning at the thought of telling Hayden even a hint of what he'd received.

"You don't have to, obviously," Hayden continued, "I'm just curious. You always say like, that Lily is just a friend, or casual, and now she's sending you things to your hotel and you're all... weird about it."

Stretching over his legs so he could wrap his hands around his toes, Shane closed his eyes, rested his forehead against his knees. Focused on the slight burn of the stretch, the comforting heat of it.

"I'm not being weird about it," he said, "I just want my privacy respected."

"You're being weird about it," Hayden repeated. "As well as wanting your privacy respected. I mean, I get it, buddy, it's just that the weirder you are about it the more curious people get."

Shane let go of his toes, relaxed. Stayed slumped over his legs. "It's something she wants me to wear, when I go see her," he said, his voice coming out a little muffled with the way he was squishing his lungs into his thighs. "And I don't want the guys to see. Or you to see."

No noise from Hayden. Hopefully he just thought it was like, some stupid sexy, like, harness thing. Or a cock ring? That wouldn't be so bad. He wouldn't even mind so much if Hayden thought Lily wanted him to wear like, maybe something lacy. Jacki talked about how much she liked men in lingerie, so there was a good chance Hayden had at least worn panties or something before.

"Holy shit," Hayden said, and Shane's heart slunk out of his chest and into his toes. "Boston Lily. Fuck, she's making you wear a Bear's shirt?"

Shane was glad he was still face down in his legs, because then Hayden couldn't see the immediate relief wash over his face.

"Don't tell the guys," he said. "If they bug you about it, just, like, say something stupid like, um, a cock ring?"

He sat up and looked at Hayden who was staring at him with a half shocked grin.

"Wait," Shane narrowed his eyes, "if you say cock ring, who would win the bet?"

"Um," Hayden checked his phone, "Pat, it looks like. Probably Marchy as well."

"Okay," Shane lifted his arms over his head, tucked one leg up so his foot pressed against his inner thigh. "We need a dumb answer that means no one wins the bet. Ideas?"

-

Shane always worked hard to keep his off ice thoughts about Ilya off the ice, but it was difficult skating up to him for the face off and watching Ilya lick his lips.

"Fuck off," Shane murmured, and Ilya laughed at him.

"I am just feeling hungry," Ilya said, low and amused, like he was just chirping Shane like a normal person. "And I see such a tasty snack for me."

"Snacks are for after game," Shane said firmly, repeated in silently just for his dick to get the message as well. "Keep your mouth to yourself."

The puck dropped.

Halfway through second period, Shane had Ilya up against the boards, the puck rattling between their sticks, and when Shane leaned hard into Ilya, Ilya moaned, soft, a smirk on his face as Shane jolted.

“I like it when you get on top,” Ilya said, grinning as Shane glared at him, puck still in contention. “Bouncing on me like bunny.”

“Shut the fuck up,” Shane grunted back, “Or there won’t be any fucking *bouncing*.”

He poked the puck out, broke away with it, Ilya laughing behind him.

-

It ended up being a close game, and a frustrating one as well, Ilya dogging Shane wherever he was on the ice, snarking out comments too quiet to be heard by anyone else, getting Shane’s cock uncomfortably hard in his cup until he was gritting his teeth and reduced to checking Ilya rather than trying to wind his way around him.

Boston won by one in overtime, but Shane still ended up with more points than Ilya, so it didn’t feel like a total loss.

It almost meant that his team wasn’t so upset about the loss that they needed him to give a pep talk, just dismayed enough to want to go to a club and drink it off, and they didn’t need him for that. Even Hayden was going to go, though he hung around in their hotel room before he left, with the sole intent of chirping Shane.

“I’m not putting it on in front of you,” Shane said, as calmly as he could with his ears bright red, his back to Hayden. He was pretending to get his bathroom gear together, but he already had everything in his doppel, except for the fucking plug, so he was just making a mess of his stuff. “You may as well just go, Hayd.”

“C’mon,” Hayden wheedled, “I just wanna send a pic to Jacki, she’d love it.”

“I know she would,” Shane rolled his eyes. If he actually did have a Bear’s shirt, he would wear it for Jacki’s amusement. “But I don’t trust your photo security. You’re always showing us screenshots and shit on your phone and accidentally showing us fucking close ups of bug bites, and Jacki’s tits. Someone else would see it.”

Hayden groaned, but then sighed in acquiescence. “Nah, you’re right,” he said. “Okay, fine. I’ll leave you to get ready for your not a date date, then. Is she going to call you Rozanov, as well?”

“Fuck off,” Shane snorted, “absolutely the fuck not.”

-

He did all his usual prep first, moving slow and careful, trying not to think about how much he was going to need to stretch, how it would feel, how he was planning on going out into public with it in. Had to focus. Despite the fact that Hayden had left and probably wouldn’t be back for a good few hours, not until after Shane had left, he still deadlocked the hotel room door, and locked the bathroom door for good measure. Had absolutely no intentions of being caught with his trousers down (and his ass open).

It was hard finding a good angle to finger himself open, he never really bothered with much more than two fingers for prep because Ilya always fingered him as well, like he enjoyed prepping Shane for him. Hard to remember to keep himself from rubbing against his prostate so he wouldn’t get sidetracked. Got sidetracked a little, and ended up coming with three of his fingers in his ass and his mind on the plug. Had to take a short break so he could get his fingers back in himself without moaning and twitching away from himself.

His phone buzzed on the counter, Lily’s name flashing across it, and he imagined what the message might say. Asking how open Shane’s hole was, maybe, or for an ETA, or a dick pic.

He probably used too much lube - his underwear was going to be damp and sticky, which was an uncomfortable though - but better too much than too little. He’d been almost scared, pushing the widest part into himself, that it wouldn’t be able to come out again. He’d tense up too much around it and freak out, and it would hurt, and Ilya would never want to see him again. So. More lube. It would be fine.

He didn't look at his phone until he picked it up to order his car, and then didn't look at the messages from Lily until he was in the backseat.

-

FROM Lily_____

*-having a few drinks with winning team
before going home to poor sad loser :))*

*-i will comfort you with my cock and you
can reward me with your fucked out hole.*

-i am trying to be here thinking about team

*and alcohol and celebrating, but all i am
really able to think is about you getting*

yourself ready for me, putting my gift in,

and getting in car to come to me.

-is in yet? feel good?

-i need to know how feels in car

-i am home and waiting for you now

-waiting for your mouth and your hole

TO

Lily

Fuck you, I scored more points than you-

So I'm not a sad loser.-

You better not have ahd too much to fuck me-

*I'm in the car and everytime we stop at a light
It's pushing against me and I'm fucjking leaking
in my pants in the tcar trying not to look like i'm
being fucking edged by a hunk of plastic.-*

FROM Lily_____

*-forget hunk of plastic, is really hunk of
man who is edging you. Was me who*

told yu to put in.

-is taxi driver looking at you?

-your pink face?

-are you making pretty noises for him?

TO

Lily

Fuck you I'm handling myself fine.-

He hasn't noticed anything.-

It feels really good, though, I keep wanting to.-

Make noise.-

FROM Lily

-fuck yes i bet you do. want to whine for

more

-stuffed full but not enough ah?

*-maybe if i was in car with you i would
reach over and slip my hand into back of
your pants.*

-push my fingers down your crack to

your hole and press on base of toy, push

in deeper

-grip it and pull out a little. put my finger in

as well.

TO

Lily

Fuck you need to stop-

FROM Lily

-you can stop reading messages malysh

-too turned on hm?

-making a mess in your pants?

TO
Lily
Fuck you.-

FROM Lily_____

-Sooooon :))))))

-

“Fuck you,” Shane growled, sliding in to the house the moment Ilya opened the door. “I almost fucking came in the car and that would have tanked my uber rating.”

“Would have sky rocketed your sex rating,” Ilya replied, face smug. “I need you naked now. Need to see you now.”

They already had their hands on each other, the door shut with a kick, shoulders bumping into the wall as their mouths collided in uncoordinated kisses.

“Feel it,” Shane demanded, bit at Ilya’s cheek. “Fuck, put your hand down my sweatpants and feel it.”

Wasting no time, Ilya’s hand pushed under the sweatpants elastic, and the thinner material of Shane’s boxer briefs. He cupped Shane’s ass cheek first, squeezing him quick and rough before curving his fingers down and around until his palm was against the base of the toy.

“Fuck,” Ilya groaned, “is bigger than I thought, feeling it, fuck. Is all in you?”

“No, I left some at the hotel,” Shane sniped, pushing back against the pressure of Ilya’s hand, wanting more. “Fucking come on, Rozanov, fuck -”

Ilya pressed the heel of his hand hard into the silicone and Shane jerked, moaned, felt like his body was being rushed with endorphins, overwhelming, the pressure inside him everywhere

suddenly.

“Like this?” Ilya asked, his other arm was now wrapped firmly around Shane’s waist, holding him tight against Ilya’s chest. “Malysh, you like?”

“Yes, yeah,” Shane moaned, grappled with Ilya’s shirt until he could get a grip on it, clung to him. “More, fuck - I think I could come like this -”

Ilya rocked his hand against the base of the toy again, and then hooked his fingers around the flare of it, his fingertips pressing into slick wet flesh, and tugged gently. Like Ilya had attached a hook to his prostrate and jerked it. Painful pleasure coursing through him, his every nerve focused only on the push and pull of it.

“Upstairs, I think,” Ilya said conversationally, tugged at the toy again, pulling another moan out of Shane, “I need to see. I need you in my bed. Yes?”

“Yes,” Shane repeated, managed to hold himself together instead of giving in to the pulse of want and need.

They stumbled up the stairs together, Shane letting himself be manhandled, half carried even as he did his best to keep his feet underneath him. He had had a moment of fear in the car that he would actually come just thinking about Ilya touching the plug, and for a second he didn’t even care about what the consequences would be. If Ilya wanted, he could make Shane come right now, and then still take him upstairs and fuck him as much as he wanted.

Ilya pushed Shane down onto the bed, stripping him off his sweats - pausing for a moment to detangle them from the shoes he’d forgotten about, Ilya pulling them off without undoing the laces - and throwing his clothes off to the side. Yanked at his shirt until Shane got the message and shifted around to help, holding his arms up. Watched as Ilya stripped his own clothing off with jerky movements, dropping the clothes and climbing onto the bed with Shane, hauling him up the mattress to the pillows.

“Okay?” he asked, once Shane’s head hit the pillow, half way to turning onto his stomach, his whole body alight with Ilya’s hand on his lower back. “With me?”

“Yes,” Shane said, got his knees underneath him. “Fuck, Rozanov, please. Please.”

Ilya swore in hushed, sharp Russian, and then his hand was on Shane’s nape. He leaned in and kissed Shane once, wet and biting, and then pressed down until Shane let his shoulders relax and slumped into the pillow.

“So good,” Ilya soothed, up on his knees, behind Shane now, his hands on Shane’s hips, on the small of his back, in the dips by his spine. “Takaya seksual'naya, krasivyy, malysh.”

Shane moaned at the way Ilya’s voice was soaked in affection, moaned again when Ilya’s hands slid smoothly down and around his ass cheeks, and pulled him open, thumbs pressing and sliding to grip at him tightly, and he felt himself pulse, his muscles sucking the toy in deeper like a reflex to Ilya’s eyes on him. Always wanting to be fucked.

“Fuuuuck,” Ilya breathed, “this is best view. Fuck anything else, this is what I would pay to see.”

“Shut up,” Shane moaned, pressing his face into the pillow, the fabric already damp where Shane’s mouth pushed against it. “Don’t say shit like that.”

“Is true,” Ilya said, “make it move again, like is fucking you.”

Humiliation pooled in Shane’s gut, but it stung so nicely, hot and brutal, and he could only huff out a whining protest and do it anyway. Focus on the weight of it in him and squeeze around it. Knew he’d done a good job when Ilya started swearing again, and then there was pressure against the base, and Ilya was telling him to keep going, so he did, each tensing followed by the jolt of the plug slamming back into him rather than the slower suck of it.

“I’m gonna come,” he slurred into the pillow. Wanted Ilya to know exactly what this would mean; “You can still use me though,” he said, “even if I don’t come again. Want you.”

Ilya groaned so loudly that for a moment Shane thought he had come instead, and then Ilya was pulling his hand away from the toy, gripping at Shane's hips instead, pressing a kiss to the middle of Shane's back.

"Not yet, malysh," he said, "you can wait, yes? Wait for me, I want you coming on my cock, love to feel you squeeze me."

"You've gotta stop toying with me then," Shane said, inhaled wetly. "Fuck - I can't - I can try to - to wait but I'm so - it's so much I don't think I'll be able to help it if you keep doing that."

A short pause, and then Ilya pressed another kiss to his back. "Okay," he said. "I will be nice, yes? You have done so good for me already, moy malysh, coming here like this for me, opening yourself up so pretty. I love hearing you all whine and need, I want to give you what you want, mm?" He pressed another kiss to Shane's skin, right in the dip before his ass. "You just have to be patient a little more, yes? I take plug out, and you will be so good and not come, and then I will fuck you, and tell you when you can come. You can do this?"

"Yeah," Shane found himself agreeing, nodding into the pillow. "Yes, I can, I will. Please."

"Okay," Ilya said again, "I have you, let me have you, da?"

"Da," Shane mumbled, felt the tension in his shoulders and purposefully dropped it. Left himself to Ilya.

Ilya, whose thumb was under the rim of the plug and pushing at Shane's rim, a persistent nudging ache, and then the give of muscle and the drag of his thumb against the walls of his ass. If Shane could think of anything but what Ilya said he would do, he would be embarrassed by the wet noise of it, the suction suck of it, but he didn't care. Didn't care about the moan consistent in his throat, falling out of his mouth like drool, which he also didn't care about. He wasn't coming, he was waiting, he was being patient, he was being opened on Ilya's thumbs around the toy, and his rim was pulling and aching, and Ilya's voice was soothing.

It hurt coming out, but in a dull distant way, where the only real sparks were of pleasure and relief and some odd swarm of grief deep in his guts, and he sobbed aloud, thought maybe he was pleading. Ilya, warm on his back, mouth soft and then hard on his face his lips. Speaking. Shane focused.

“Okay?” Ilya was asking again, “Lyubimyy, you are with me?”

“Mmyes,” Shane agreed, opened his mouth to be kissed again. He ached, uncomfortable and needy and empty. Still waiting. “Please fuck me, please.”

“I am getting to it,” Ilya said, chuckled low, kissed Shane again, “you are feeling good?”

“Yeah,” Shane breathed, “but I need it. I need you in me.”

“I give,” Ilya promised. Kissed him once more, and then he was pulling back, and Shane whined about that as well.

Wanted the warmth of Ilya wrapped over him, wanted his mouth on his, wanted Ilya in him, filling him up, holding him down, making him real, giving him permission, wanting him, wanting his want.

It felt like forever and was probably only a few seconds, Ilya moving behind him, noises that were probably a condom and lube, and then Ilya was pushing inside him, and he just shoved right in, like Shane’s ass was where he belonged, and he knew there would be no friction, no resistance. He was right.

Shane probably moaned, Ilya was. Swearing and huffing as well, his hands tight on Shane’s hips like he needed to hold on or else.

“Fuck,” Ilya groaned, “you are so hot and warm and wet. Is like fucking a pussy, Hollander.”

“Fuck you,” Shane managed, his cock was aching, hanging between his legs, getting only incidental friction, and ready to go anyway.

“No, is so good, malysh,” Ilya said, pulled out enough to fuck back in, his hips meeting Shane’s ass with a wet smack. “Better than any pussy, you take me so deep, take me so good.”

Next time they did this, Shane decided hazily, he was going to hold himself together more. He’d make himself come twice beforehand if he needed to. He was so lost in the slide of Ilya inside him and he still wanted more. Felt the want and need buzzing under his skin alongside the need to come, and pressure inside him building and fizzing and escape out of his mouth in pants and moans.

“Maybe next time I fuck you without condom,” Ilya panted, his hips working hard, noisy. “Fill you up for real. You want?”

“Yeah,” Shane said, would agree to anything Ilya wanted. “I want.”

“You want to come?” Ilya asked, so sweet, he was laying back over Shane’s body, just grinding in Shane, hot and pulsing. “You need to come?”

“Yeah,” Shane repeated, rubbed his face against the wet pillow, took a ragged breath. “Please.”

“Let go then,” Ilya told him, gripped Shane’s hips tighter, “give it to me, I want to feel you coming on me.”

Permission granted, Shane let himself let go, dropped the thin veneer of control he had and shoved his face further into the pillow so he could bite at it to muffle his moans, was sure he was crying, but couldn’t stop it. Ilya kept fucking him through it, electricity dancing up Shane’s spine and sending shock waves up his skull. Pressed into the pillow his vision pulsed a melange of black and red shapes, fireworks and stars popping in the darkness. He wished Ilya wasn’t using a condom now. Wished this could end with him dripping with lube and Ilya, and Ilya would really plug him up and send him back to the hotel with him inside.

When Ilya eased out of him, he lowered Shane's hips carefully to the bed, and then moved up to roll Shane onto his side, like he needed to be in the recovery position or something. He took Shane's cheek in his palm, rubbed his thumb under Shane's lip, kissed him slow.

"You are champion, Hollander," he said, quiet and fond. Kissed Shane again and this time Shane could make his mouth work, and kissed him back. "Feeling okay?"

"Yeah," Shane whispered, blinked a few times experimentally, and was glad to see Ilya's face, sweaty and red, and beautiful. "Hi."

"Hi," Ilya snorted. "Oof, that was a lot, huh? I think you have flooded bed."

Shane didn't care. "Yeah, well you made me go blind for a bit, so, we're even."

"Blind?" Ilya sounded actually worried, leaning in and looking into Shane's eyes like he'd see an error message or something. "Not seeing?"

"I'm fine," Shane shook his head, pushed up and claimed another kiss. "Just - it was a lot. Brain overload. I can see fine."

"Okay," Ilya relented. "You were so good. So hot."

"Yeah?" Shane asked, and when Ilya nodded he felt like he was much too happy for someone lying in a mess of their own come, spit, and leaked lube. "Not too quick? I came before I left the hotel too, but. It was... intense."

"No, not too quick," Ilya said, reassuring in a way he only got when Shane really showed his underbelly. "Ideal'nyy, malysh."

“Okay,” Shane nodded, didn’t need to speak Russian to know Ilya had complimented him in some way, and Shane didn’t care what way it was. “I need to clean up. We have an early flight tomorrow.”

-

You rated Lily

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - meh - good - great - **excellent**

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

Never send something like this to my hotel again. However. I think I was so turned on I saw new colours. I don't know how to explain what it is that happens sometimes when we're fucking, but it's like everything goes fuzzy. In a good way, a really good way. Everything is just sensations and feelings and you're really good at making all the sensations and feelings really good ones. I'm counting the sexting in the car as foreplay, because I kind of went crazy as soon as we saw each other in person. It was really hot foreplay, and when you actually did get your hand down my pants I could have come right then and there. Sorry I couldn't last longer, I wanted to do more with it as well. Let you fuck me with the plug as well as your cock, and then put it back in. I think probably we'd need a day where I don't have travel or skate the following day because my ass hurts now.

-

Lily has rated you

-★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - meh - good - great - **excellent**

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

i will be having wet dreams about this for rest of my life. you looked so good with plug in you, stretching around it so pretty. loved how wet you made it with lube and your precome, so sloppy. perfect pussy to fuck. is a pity plug will live in montreal, i will miss it very much. maybe next time i send cock ring to your hotel room, hm? help you be patient for me. would look so good in it.

Chapter 5: ILYA

Chapter Notes



edit - I've just added drawings of some of the 'attached photos' (my drawings!)

**TO
Jane**

you show pike wife shirt yet?-

FROM Jane

-I should have never told you about that.

-Yes. Hayd asked if I'd washed it first :/

-Jacki thought it was hilarious

-Thanks, I guess, for the shirt.

**TO
Jane**

because is funniest thing-

*your BEST FRIEND thinking your Lily has
you wearing bears shirt in bed-
he is obviously decided you are sub :-)*

will do anything for your girl-

wait how does he know you are sub-

FROM Jane

-Shut the fuck up.

-I'm not a sub.

**TO
Jane**

*if i asked you to wear bear shirt next time we
fuck, you would do-*

FROM Jane _____

-I would not.

**TO
Jane**

*mmmmm no i think you would-
if i say i will not fuck you without shirt-
i would let you watch me jerk off, maybe-
but i would not touch, even if you were holding
yourself open for me and dripping-
you would put shirt on and would thank me-*

FROM Jane _____

-Fuck off

-Fine. Fuck. Why is that hot?

**TO
Jane**

;)))))))-

FROM Jane _____

-Anyway. Hayd doesn't know shit.

*-He just knew it was something I would be
embarrassed to wear and be seen wearing.*

-He thinks I lost a bet to you.

**TO
Jane**

*i think maybe next time i send you gift
to hotel i will tell you to wear it there too-*

FROM Jane _____

-NO more 'gifts' to hotels.

TO
Jane

*but i have found website where i can buy
shirts saying whatever i want-
maybe shirt saying property of lily on front
with arrow pointing down-
also same thing on back-
so no one can say they didn't see-
and try to take for themselves :-)*

FROM Jane_____

-You're so stupid.

-No.

-I would never hear the end of it.

TO
Jane

part of you wants anyway-

FROM Jane_____

-No.

TO
Jane

dick part, i think ;))))-)

FROM Jane_____

-Shut the fuck up oh my god.

-

Ilya was beginning to think that there was something actually medically wrong with him. He was at the point now where he was considering even bringing it up to the team medic, making an appointment, not even waiting for his next check up.

It was with Svetlana when things all came to a head - or, actually, no head in this case.

She had come over with sushi and vodka, and horror stories from work, and they had been having a good, normal, fun time. Then at some point, like it often did, things slipped from hanging out and chatting to hanging out and hooking up, and she sat in his lap and kissed him, grinding against his crotch, and he kissed her back, his hands on her hips, and then she just stopped, took her mouth off his.

"What is going on?" She asked, eyebrows drawn together as she looked down first at Ilya's face, and then to their laps.

"What?" Ilya asked, shrugging, keeping his hands on her hips. Was hoping maybe if he just acted like nothing was wrong, they would keep kissing, and things would end up okay and he wouldn't have to make an appointment with the fucking doctor.

"Do not 'what' me, Ilyushka," Svetlana said, voice sharp. She rocked herself against him, hips dipping down in practiced, tight movements. *"You are not hard."*

"We only just started kissing," he protested, knew he was giving himself away. That he ought to have just flipped them over and said something about how it was because he hadn't tasted her pussy yet, ate her out until he got hard.

"No," Svetlana said, her eyes narrowed. She poked him in the chest with one of her very pointy painted nails. *"No, you get hard so easy I could use you as clothes hook."*

"Maybe I have already fucked too much today," Ilya shot back, *"maybe he is sleeping now, your pussy is not magic, Svetochka."*

"Fuck you," she snorted, *"it is magic. Not as magic as Jane's pussy, hm?"*

He glared at her.

"I saw your rating went back up," Svetlana added, her eyebrows high now, she wasn't looking concerned anymore, instead, something smug was creeping across her face. *"Ahhh, I see."*

"Nothing to see," Ilya told her, and then growled, shook his head. *"I think perhaps I have broken him. My dick."*

"Oh dear," Svetlana said, grinning. She was still in his lap but was just sitting now, all pretext of sex gone.

"Yes, oh dear," Ilya spat, lifted his hands to run through his hair, and then tipped his head back against the top of the couch, covered his face with his hands. *"I tried at club, very pretty woman with her hand around me, and nothing. And then I try next day at party, woman with huge beautiful ass grinding on me and still he will not stand up for it. And now? Still nothing."*

"Poor baby," Svetlana cooed, and then reached down between them and patted his dick through his jeans. *"He is just missing his favourite pussy, hm?"*

"I do not do things like this," Ilya said, flat, *"my Jane is my favourite, but is not a relationship. I am still allowed to be fucking everyone else I want to fuck."*

"Mhm," she looked at him like he was an idiot, which was usually fair, but Ilya didn't think it was warranted right now. *"I think you are just finding out, a little later than your dick, that the everyone else you want to fuck is actually no one else."*

"No," Ilya shook his head. *"No, he is just broken. I will see doctor and get pills and he will be fixed."*

Svetlana climbed off his lap then, sat close beside him, her hand going to his face and gripping him firmly by the chin. She pulled his face towards her, and shook him lightly until he relented and looked at her as well.

“If he still works for Jane,” she said, “he is not broken. Have you checked this?”

Ilya had in fact jerked off about Shane just this morning. *“Maybe,”* he said.

She made a face at him, letting him know she saw right through him and was finding him a little pathetic right now. *“Okay,”* she said. *“Lover boy. This is not the worst thing in the world. You can let yourself like just one person without having to let go of your whore persona.”*

“You are saying you will not miss my cock?” Ilya shot at her, angry at himself. *“We fuck for years, you and me, and then I have someone who is not even my partner and I do not want to fuck you anymore. This does not hurt your feelings?”*

She laughed at him, which hurt his feelings a little. Then she kissed his cheek, which soothed him somewhat. Not fully.

“You are very good with your cock,” she told him. *“You know this, I know this, your app knows this. But you are not the only cock I have at my disposal, not the only good fuck I get. You don’t stop being my friend just because you don’t want to be inside me. Your feelings are hurt because I am not jealous?”*

“No,” he said, only a little bit of a lie. *“This would have been easier, I think, if he was just a bit broken. I could get that fixed, probably. I have money. Would be fine.”*

She was looking at him like he had just said something awfully sad, and she didn’t know how to tell him it wasn’t just a funny joke about his childhood, but maybe something terrible he should not laugh about. She used to look at him like that a lot, when he had first moved to America.

“*Why do you think that?*” She asked.

Ilya paused, cleared his throat. He looked away from her, and her grip on his face loosened, letting him run from her. “*I want to drink more, and maybe play video games. Yes?*”

-

**TO
Jane**

★★★★★ -

FROM Jane _____

-*What?*

**TO
Jane**

*very hot sexy dream with you can't go
on app but still deserved 5 stars ;-)*

FROM Jane _____

-*Oh my god.*

-*You can't just start a conversation
normally for once?*

-*Tell me what happened in the dream.*

**TO
Jane**

*hm i am confused, you say to be normal and then
you want me to tell you details of sexy dream?-*

*sounded like you were annoyed but now you want
me to sext you? ;))))-*

FROM Jane _____

-So now I can't be annoyed and horny?
-YOU started it, you obviously want to
sex me.

TO
Jane

*maybe i just thought my competitive jane would
like to know she is literal dream girl?-
that even in my dreams she is 5 stars sexy-*

FROM Jane

*-You piss me off so much
-Please fucjking tell me*

TO
Jane

*mm better-
sweet horny slut-
already touching yourself?-*

FROM Jane

*-Yes
-slut for you
-cmon*

TO
Jane

*i had you on your back so i could see your little
tits bounce when i fucked into you-
you were holding your legs up for me, so good-
showing me your wet pink hole-
stretched around a fat cock-*

FROM Jane

-fuck

TO
Jane

*idk whos fat cock, did not bother dreaming
his face, he was like bed for you to lie on-
just with fat cock to hold you open for me too-*

FROM Jane

-oh fuck wht the fuck

-sdf

TO
Jane

*da that is what you said when i fucked my cock
in next to his-
fucking you so open, moaning so pretty for me-
he was already in you so deep but you ar such slut
begging for more needing my cock harder and
deeper-
you could be fucked by anyone else and still want
my cock-*

FROM Jane

-yesf fuck

-i need yur cock

-ineedyou im me

-dnt giv a fuckk about anyine els

TO
Jane

*fuck baby you are so good taking me so good-
you let me cum in you filling you up-
so when i pull out i can hold you open and see
my cum in you and on the cock in you still-*

FROM Jane

-fuckfuck can i com

-plese

**TO
Jane**

i didnt let you come yet in my dream-

*i told our bed man to hold you down and i
put your plug in you-*

barely had to try you were so fucked open-

FROM Jane

-ilyplease

**TO
Jane**

*ok baby ok i let you come in dream, my hand
on your wet cock and my tongue in your mouth-*

*i want ti sucjk you off-
love how yourataste-*

so mcuhleaking from you-

fuck-

FROM Jane

-Holy shit.

-What the fuck.

*-That was. I don't know. Did you really
dream all that?*

**TO
Jane**

you did not like?-

FROM Jane

-No, I fucking liked it.

**TO
Jane**

i dream most of it, add some extra just for you ;)))-

FROM Jane _____

-Quit hockey.

**TO
Jane**

hey what the fuck!?-

FROM Jane _____

-So you can be a full time sex person

-I don't know

-My brain has melted out of my ears

-I was supposed to be on my run

-Can't move

-don't actually quit hockey i'd miss playing

against you.

-beating you

**TO
Jane**

lollllllll-

*my dick so good even over text it makes
you skip cardio? maybe i should quit-*

seems like i have better career waiting-

FROM Jane _____

-:/

**TO
Jane**

*but sadly for world of horny people i have to
keep playing so second best hockey player
does not get bored, so sad :(((*

FROM Jane _____

-Fuck off.

-I'm still going to do cardio.

TO
Jane

are you slut for me or for exercise???

FROM Jane

-No comment.

-

Jane has rated you

-★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - **meh** - good - great - excellent

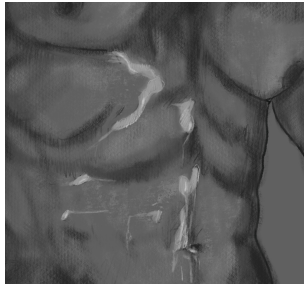
FOREPLAY - meh - good - **great** - excellent

COMMENT

I almost gave you three stars just because you piss me off so much sometimes but then it wouldn't be a truthful rating. Your brain is fucking insane. Why do you get to have sex dreams like that and I just stress dream about, like, my teeth falling out and tripping in a game? Anyway, four stars because as good as you make it in my head I hate the feeling of coming and then being alone and empty. You were right that my dildo is too small. The plug is too big for casually fucking myself with, though. I like the idea of taking two cocks but I think I would actually hate it if there was anyone else there. Bed guy would be perfect because he isn't real.

PHOTO ATTACHMENT

(Close up of a bare stomach, come streaked across it, and in the belly button)



-

You rated Jane

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - meh - good - great - **excellent**

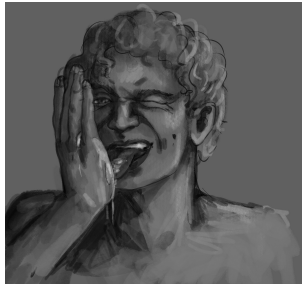
FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

maybe you will be mad i am rating you wrong here but the you in my dream was so good and hot and just like real you i cant help it. could still feel you kissing me when i woke up. i was so fucjing hard i jerked off right then before i texted you and then seeing how worke up you got about the texts got me hard again like you have made devil pact with my cock so when you are hard i am hard. PS i updated tip pic ;))))))

PHOTO ATTACHMENT

(Ilya's face, he's winking, and licking come off his hand.)



-

**TO
Jane**

*oh fuck your photo-
spank bank ;))))))))))-*

FROM Jane _____

-I hate that.

**TO
Jane**

*you are like zlatovlaska and bears-

wait-
goldylocks and 3 bears-*

FROM Jane _____

-What the fuck?

**TO
Jane**

*oh nooo, this cock is toooo small, and this
cock is tooo big-

good thing my cock is just right, da?-*

FROM Jane _____

-Hilarious :/

-Too bad your cock is attached to you.

-And is so fucking far away.

TO
Jane

poor baby-

*you think is not hard for me? your holes
in boring mtl?-*

*i will send you just right dildo for when you
are missing real thing-*

FROM Jane _____

*-What, are you going to colour coordinate
this one too?*

TO
Jane

you noticed :)))))))))-

FROM Jane _____

-Obviously I noticed.

TO
Jane

:)))))))))))))))))))))-

-

“Marly,” Ilya said, casual, cool, calm, collected, other words beginning with c, like captain, or charming.

“Rozy,” Marly grunted back, not noticing how entirely unphased Ilya was, because he was busy wrangling wrapping paper around a doll set he’d bought for his niece, or his nephew. Ilya always got these english words mixed up. For his sister’s kids. He was not good at wrapping.

“You remember when you were dating Theresa,” Ilya said.

Marly handed him the roll of sellotape. “Find the end for me. And yes, dickhead, I remember. Why? She back in town?”

“No,” Ilya took the tape and started running his thumb nail around the circle of it. “No, I was just, uh, wondering. You two were, well, serious. Yes? About each other?” He found the end of the tape, and peeled it back.

“Jesus, Roz,” Marly grunted, held his hand out for the tape, and Ilya handed it back over. “Yes. I fucking loved her. Want me to go grab some salt from the kitchen so you can rub it in?”

“Ah,” Ilya screwed his face up, knew he was being a shitty friend. Didn’t know how else to ask his questions. “No. I am not - I know is not a nice subject -”

“Just ask, whatever it is, man,” Marly sighed. He bit off a stretch of tape and stuck down a very crumpled fold of wrapping paper. “What’s on your brain?”

“Did your dick still get hard around other pretty woman?” Ilya’s mouth said, like a lunatic. “I mean, ah, you loved her, I know, but was it - did your body stop... responding to anyone but her?”

Marly put the tape down and turned his entire body towards Ilya, eyebrows raised high, mouth amused. “What?”

Ilya shrugged, waved his hands in the air like he could grab the right words to quell his embarrassment. Not that he was embarrassed, he did not get embarrassed. He was chill. *Charismatic.*

Marly took pity on him, not enough to stop smirking, but still. “Okay,” he said. “No? I mean, I wasn’t going out dancing with anyone but her, so it wasn’t like I would know if I was going

to pop a boner for someone else like that. But I didn't stop find other people attractive, or anything. I still jerked off to porn, stuff like that."

Ilya hadn't bothered with seeing if his dick responded to porn, mostly because whenever he was getting horny these days, his brain automatically flooded with his own personal memory porn stash of Shane on his knees, Shane on his back, Shane on his stomach, Shane's ass, Shane's mouth, Shane's cock, Shane's tits, Shane -

"Right," Ilya said.

"Sooo," Marly drawled. Was still smirking, the asshole. "Your dick isn't getting it up for anyone but Jane, huh?"

"Fuck off."

"Doesn't sound quite as casual as you keep pretending it is," Marly said with a shrug and a grin, not fucking off. He did turn back to the table and his terrible wrapping job, though. "I once saw you pop one over a interviewer on TV in a slightly tight skirt."

Ilya had in fact, *not*, popped one over the interviewer on the TV, he had just been taken by surprise to see she had caught Shane for a rare shirtless interview, and Shane's chest had been shining with sweat, and heaving, and he had a graze all pink just under his nipple, and Ilya had imagined sucking a hickey right into the spot because it would be hidden in the bruising and - yeah - he had gotten hard. Hadn't realised anyone had noticed.

"Fuck, Marly," he said, "why are you staring at my dick?"

Marly laughed, loud and gruff. Sometimes Ilya thought maybe he really was part bear. "Because *you*," he said, still laughing, not at all put out by the accusation. "Were standing right in front of where I was sitting on the bench, glaring at the locker room TV and getting a hardy inches from my fucking face."

Okay, so, boo to Ilya. Whatever.

“So sorry you had to see what a big cock looks like,” Ilya sniffed.

“Please,” Marly snorted, “I know you’ve looked at my cock, we both know I know what a big cock looks like.”

“This sounds like beginning of gay porno,” Ilya said, sprawled back in his chair and kicked one leg up to kick Marly’s thigh. “Next we will be saying we should compare, and then we would have to get hard so we can see who is bigger while hard as well.”

Marly laughed again, swatted Ilya’s foot. “Okay, bro,” he said, “you don’t want to talk about Jane. Whatever. You owe me, though, bringing up Theresa like that.”

“I am sorry for reminding you of heartache,” Ilya said, really meant it even as his voice came out sarcastic. “I make it up to you. Hmm, what would gay porno me, do here? Probably say I make it up to you with blowjob, yes?”

“Yeah probably,” Marly grinned, “pity for me we aren’t in a gay porno, haven’t got a good blowie for a while.”

“So sad,” Ilya said. “You will have to live vicariously through your gay porno self, he is getting such good blowie. I bet gay porno me would be deepthroating gay porno you.”

Okay, so. Probably too much. But also, Ilya hadn’t really tried to see if he would get hard with another guy, because maybe that was the problem? Maybe he had always thought he was more attracted to women than men, but it was just because it was easier to be with women, and now his body was making him make up for how few men he’d been with in comparison to women? And Marly was one of his best friends, yes, but so was Svetlana, and it was fine to get hard about how hot your best friends were. Ilya had, before, about Marly. Mostly back when they were still just teammates, and Ilya thought of him as Marlow. What he was saying right now was hot, and Ilya was sure that normally he would be finding it very hot, even though Marly was only playing along for giggle shits or whatever. But right now? Nope. Soft fucking dick. Not even the idea of big bear gay porno Marly was doing it for him.

“Jesus,” Marly groaned, “okay, I think I need to get laid because that should not turn me on. Shut your fucking cursed mouth, I have no interest in having to go through some confusing late in life realisation about myself just because you’re pissed you can’t get hard for anyone except for your very casual hook up.”

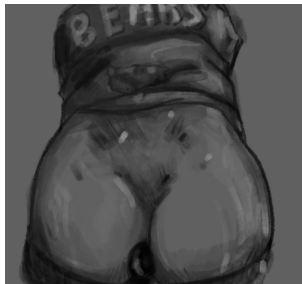
Ilya frowned down at his lap. It was Shane that had the cursed mouth. Cursing his dick. No, bewitching it. That was probably better word for it.

“Seriously, bro,” Marly said when Ilya didn’t respond, just kept glaring at his useless cock. “It’s all good. Stuff like this happens. You want her, and your body knows it.”

-

FROM Jane _____

-[PHOTO ATTACHMENT] (A mirror photo of Shane, lower back and ass. He’s bending over just enough to show the base of the plug between his cheeks, and there’s just enough of the shirt he’s wearing visible to see the Bears’ logo)



**TO
Jane**

[OUTGOING CALL]-

[CALL ENDED 0 MINUTES 0 SECONDS]-

holy fuck sjane pick phone up-

FROM Jane _____

-Say please :)

**TO
Jane**

brat-

please, baby, please pick up phone-

[OUTGOING CALL]-

-

“You have to delete the photo after,” Shane panted, and for some reason this very unsexy, practical demand made Ilya’s cock fucking kick as he tried to push his pants down. “Promise.”

“Yes, I promise, fuck,” Ilya had managed to get his pants down enough to get his hand around his cock, didn’t stroke it right away, gripped it tight around the base in an effort to cool down before he blew it. “Fuck, Shane, is so fucking hot. You just did this? Thinking of me?”

“Looked at your new tip pic,” Shane replied, sounded a little self-defensive, but mostly just turned on. “Kept thinking about it in me, so I started to - to jerk off, but I needed more, so I - I *needed more*, so I got the plug. Took forever, but I wanted to - to imagine you pulling it out and fucking in to me again while I’m g-gaping, fuck -”

“Fuck, you are so needy,” Ilya hissed, squeezed himself tighter. He was lying sprawled on his couch, had been watching tape like a good captain, but this was more important. It was basically just liaising with a fellow captain. “What if I didn’t fuck you with my cock? I pull the plug out and just make you gape, watch your hole want me.”

“Shit,” Shane moaned, the word trailing long and pitiful. “No, please, I need you in me-”

“Need me, yes, da,” Ilya breathed, rolled his hips even though he was still just gripping himself almost painfully tight. “But do you deserve my cock? All I am seeing right now is a brat who is slutting themselves out. Taking sexy photo to beg for my attention, hm?”

Instead of pointing out that Ilya, had in fact, been the one who had pleaded for the phone call, Shane just whined, liquid heat, the edge of tears in the noise overshadowed by the need in it.

“You don’t want me?”

“Fuck,” Ilya growled, threw his head back against the arm of the couch. “Of course I fucking want you, is not point. Is hard for me, too, Hollander-” he took a strangled breath in, carried on with his voice gritty with wanting. “I cannot give reward to slutty attention whore, mm? I only fuck good boys.”

“I’ll be good,” Shane promised, “please, tell me how to be good for you and I’ll do it.”

“Mm, I do not know,” Ilya hedged, allowed himself one full stroke of his dick, rubbing his thumb over the head, pink and wet, imagined Shane’s tongue on it, licking at his slit, dipping into the tight fold of foreskin. Fuck. “How could you be good, hm? Already fucked yourself open on your plug, whoring self out in Bears’ shirt. You want Bears to see? See how you love cock so much you humiliate yourself for it?”

“Fuck,” Shane cried, voice muffled, “no - I don’t - no. Yes. Please. If that’s what - what you want - if that’s - I’ll be good -”

Fuck he sounded so out of it, so turned on just by the plug in his ass and Ilya’s voice in his ear. It felt almost irresponsible to do this while he couldn’t be there in person to bring Shane back to earth, to wipe him clean, to put his fingers in his hole so he didn’t feel empty while he came down.

“Yes?” Ilya asked, began a slow rhythm with his hand, tight around his base then loose, then a hard squeeze, and repeat. “You would let me show you off? I take you in my locker room, maybe, let everyone see?”

“Yeah,” Shane whispered. “See how much I need it.”

“You do need it,” Ilya replied, pictured Shane on his knees, maybe on the logo mat in the locker room, face pressed into it, ass full of his plug and dripping with lube. “Everyone would know you like being a hole for me. When you score goals against them they will still know you would go face down on floor so I can fill you up-”

A noise like a sob, wet and breathy, then; “please-”

“I would pull plug out in front of them,” Ilya said, slow, listening to each small hiccupping noise he could hear from Shane, cataloguing them. “Show off how open you are, how wet you are, like best girl. They would all want to fuck you, want to touch you and taste you.”

“No,” Shane whispered.

“No,” Ilya agreed, “they can look, but I am only one who gets to feel you, who gets to fuck you and make you come crying and moaning on my cock -”

Shane, crying and moaning, not on his cock, made some formless noise of agreement, and Ilya sped his own hand up. Wanted to see Shane. Wanted to see his face. Wanted to kiss him and taste him and swallow him down.

“Just for me,” he growled, “fuck, Shane, say just for me.”

“Just for you,” Shane panted, “I’m only a slut for you, I’m your slut.”

Ilya’s stomach muscles nearly cramped when he came, his whole body tense and shaking, and he took a few long moments before he could function again. Shane was still breathing in his ear.

“Okay?” Shane asked.

“You are so hot,” Ilya replied, words feeling loose and rubbery in his mouth. “So hot. You came, yes?”

“Yeah,” Shane said, laughed a little, “I, uh, was just like, rocking on the plug. It’s still in me.”

“Yes?” Ilya wanted to fucking lick it. Wanted to smack it. Wanted to press on it and make Shane let out little stuttery noises of overwhelmed arousal. “Was not enough for you?”

“No,” Shane replied, “it’s never enough when you’re not here.”

“Fuck,” Ilya shut his eyes tight, would scrub his hand over his face, but his hand was covered in jizz. “You are killing me, Hollander.”

“Sorry,” Shane said, not sounding sorry at all. Then, in a much too unsure voice for everything that had just happened; “You liked it?”

“Bohze moy,” Ilya groaned, “lyubimyy, did I like? Yes, I liked so much I could die and be happy now. I will go out in world and remember this call and my dick will get so hard and I will be arrested for it, and I would be okay with this because I would get to think about this call, still.”

“You’re ridiculous,” Shane huffed, sounded pleased. “Don’t die or get arrested, I still want you to actually fuck me.”

“There are such things as cogenial visits in prisons,” Ilya teased, and Shane laughed just how he hoped he would.

“Conjugal, I think,” Shane corrected him. “And we’d have to be married. Don’t get arrested.”

“Fine, fine,” Ilya groaned, “so controlling of me, Hollander.”

“And delete the photo,” Shane added, “speaking of controlling. Like, fully delete it.”

“I will, Jesus,” Ilya rolled his eyes, “not that is obvious to anyone else who is of. Just a sexy ass in a Bears’ shirt.”

“Rozanov.”

“I am deleting!”

-

You rated Jane

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - **meh** - good - great - excellent

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

sexy sexy sexy sexy fucking sexy. wish we had video called. wish you sent more photos. wish i could kiss you and fuck you and eat you out is like i am starving for your hole. come to boston and then come in boston and i will come in you.

PHOTO ATTACHED

(A photo showing Ilya lying on the couch, chin to cock in view, come spattered over his abs, and chest, and a small amount on his chin. His tongue is dipped down as if in the process of licking it off his chin.)



-

Jane has rated you

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - **good** - great - excellent

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - **meh** - good - great - excellent

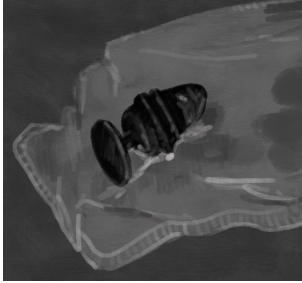
FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

The lower orgasm score isn't your fault, so has no bearing on the stars rating. I loved how much you wanted me. Your fucking mouth and mind are so filthy and it makes me feel fucking depraved. I don't know why I like it so much. It's like pain into pleasure, like a hard massage, or taking your cock when I'm not stretched all the way. Just so you know, I will never wear the shirt in any lockerroom, this is fantasy only. I liked that even in the fantasy it was only you touching me.

PHOTO ATTACHED

(The plug, lying on a crumpled towel on a bedspread. It's shiny with lube, and there are wet spots on the towel.)



Chapter 6: SHANE

Chapter Notes

hello we have reached the shane spiral staircase
(also if you read last chapter before there were images, hey, there are images now :))

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

Over his life Shane had gotten very good at denying himself. He had practiced it almost as much as he had practiced hockey, really, the two of them going hand in hand. Hockey was the reason and the reward for so much of what he denied himself, like sleep ins, and dessert, and privacy. He would probably have always denied himself some of it anyway, even if he didn't have hockey. Knew it was just the way his brain was, the need to be better always. He would almost certainly always have restricted himself to some type of diet and work out routine in which he wouldn't always get to eat how he wanted, or to rest or he dreamed about. And he knew, to a painful extent, that he would have always denied himself the things Ilya was giving him.

It wasn't because he didn't think his parents would be...okay with it. Especially if he wasn't part of an infamously homophobic organisation. It was just that he knew he was different anyway, and that if he didn't have his skill in hockey to at least make him different in a good way, an outstanding way rather than an abnormal way, he didn't want to make it worse.

It wasn't even just the whole... maybe being possibly gay thing. He was still holding out a tiny piece of hope that there was, somewhere, some woman who he could force attraction to. Who he could be with and not want to kill himself about. Not that that was something he would do if he was married to a woman, obviously, that was just dramatising.

No, the harder thing here, was the fact that he knew the way he wanted sex was weird. And he knew people did stuff like it in porn, he had done some research, and he had watched videos, and lurked on a few forums, but - but it was different in real life. He didn't know if anyone really felt like that outside of a video, or a computer screen. He did know it was... dirty. Perverted. That it was the kind of sex that even if he was having it with a woman his teammates would still think it was gay, or wrong, or disgusting. He knew that they would call Hayden a fairy if they caught a single whiff of Jacki wanting him in lingerie. He knew they had spent an entire week chirping about a hockey player in the AHL because he had tweeted about liking being pegged, or something. He knew some of his teammates thought it was even kind of gay to eat their girlfriends out.

Shane didn't want to be weird. He didn't want to be subversive. He didn't want to be so scared all the fucking time that it was obvious on his face, in the way he moved.

It was different for Ilya. For what he wanted. Because it made sense, to want to be in charge, in control. That was normal. Normal men wanted that kind of thing. It probably felt even better, made him feel stronger, to be getting this type of control over another man like Shane. Having Shane - who knew he could hold his own in a physical fight with Ilya, even if he wasn't a fighter - just, well, submit to him. Shane liked it. The power it gave Ilya. But that wasn't normal, surely.

It was one of the things he was supposed to be denying himself. That he had failed so badly at denying himself. He was supposed to be ignoring the parts of him that lit up and went hazy with happiness and relief, and the lust that pooled almost painful in his guts when he thought too long about Ilya's hands. He had managed to keep it mostly turned off, at the beginning, when he and Ilya first started hooking up. Kept it secluded to their few meetings, and a sparse scattering of texts. Managed to keep his eyes away from other men. Didn't touch himself much if he couldn't keep his mind from straying.

But now, he was so bad at denying himself any of it that he was looking at flights to Boston just because the weeks left until the next Montreal vs Boston game felt too long, and he wanted so badly that it felt like a need, like going without Ilya physically touching him was actually damaging him somehow. That was probably bad. Like an addiction. Like he was in withdrawal. Feeling so bad without something meant it was bad for you, surely. He was still looking at flights, though.

-

TO
Lily

Do you have this kind of sex with girls?-
Like. Rough. Demeaning.-

FROM Lily

-are you being jealous?

TO
Lily

No. I'm just curious.-

Feels like it would probably be like. Misogynistic-

FROM Lily_____

-ugh

-you know it is still early in morning?

-making me have to look up words

-???

-how would this be sexist?? is sexy.

**TO
Lily**

I mean. Like. I don't know.-

Feels disrespectful.-

FROM Lily_____

-you are so dumb

-i am calling sports news

-telling them you have no brain

-maybe i call league and say you have

suffered too many concussions

**TO
Lily**

Shut the fuck up.-

FROM Lily_____

-sometimes people like to be disrespected.

-you like it.

-yes?

**TO
Lily**

No.-

I mean, fuck. Yes.-

But not like. In real life.-

FROM Lily _____

*-sorry i did not realise sex was video game
-yes. you like, so do other people sometimes.*

-girls are other people.

**TO
Lily**

So you do do it with them?-

FROM Lily _____

-no.

-i do not do with one night stands

**TO
Lily**

I was a one night stand in the beginning.-

FROM Lily _____

-mmmm yes but was different with you

*-you wanted sooooo bad to be told what
to do ;))))))*

**TO
Lily**

Fuck off.-

It's not funny.-

FROM Lily _____

-is a little funny

-okay

*-baby, you were on your knees so quick i
did not know what to do with you*

-i was only teasing you a little and you

were so mad and horny and good

-it was so sexy

-dont be upset

-are you for real jealous?

*-you want list of everyone i have ever
fucked?*

-list of what i have done with others?

-baby

**TO
Lily**

[SEEN]-

-

“Jesus,” Hayden groaned, crashed right into Shane rather than turning in to a stop. “Fuck, Shane, what the hell is going on?”

What the hell was going on was practice. Normal practice. He pushed Hayden away enough that they weren’t smushed together, and gripped him by the shoulders, turning him back around.

“Practice,” he said, “so we improve our performance.”

A few metres away, Anderson slowly lay on the ice, dropping to his knees and then going down on his stomach, groaning loudly. Marchy skated a shallow circle around him, then tripped over Anders’ dropped stick, and went down as well.

“Capitaine,” JJ called, “whatever it is we did, we are sorry! We surrender!”

Ah. Okay.

“I’m pushing too hard?” Shane asked, and Hayden laughed as he swiveled back to facing Shane, and dropped his arm over his shoulders.

“Yeah, bud,” he said, breathless. “Bouch is in the bathroom throwing up.”

“Oh,” Shane frowned. “I thought he just really needed a piss.”

“Maybe both,” Hayden offered with a shrug. “Can I suggest, as your friend and also alternate, that maybe we move on to warm downs?”

“Please, captain!” Someone yelled, possibly Drapeau.

“Jeeze, yeah. Yes,” Shane ducked out from under Hayden’s arm and turned in a tight circle to see his apparently dying team. “Warm downs,” he called, his stomach biting at him. “Sorry for the hell trials. You guys did good. Until you started dropping,” he added, directing this at the sad bodies of Anders and Marchy still on the ground. “Official practice is over. See you tomorrow.”

He turned and skated to the gate before anyone could try and talk to him. Headed straight to the locker room, pulling his gear off as he went. Fuck. He’d just. Got caught in his head. Kept pushing. Not noticing. Knew he could do more so made them do more too. Stupid. Bad leadership. He was lucky they didn’t mutiny.

-

Hayden caught up to him in the shower, broke the cardinal rule of locker rooms, and basically stepped into Shane’s own shower stream.

“Jesus, Hayd,” Shane mumbled, his eyes flicking to Hayden’s face and then back up to the wall. “Get your own shower.”

He could see in his peripheral Hayden crossing his arms. Hayden had turned on the shower next to his, but it was running basically unhindered right down the drain. How was Hayden not scared someone was going to call him gay? How could he be this close to Shane in the shower, both of them naked, nearly touching, and not have an alarm going off in his head?

“Has something happened with Lily?” Hayden asked, quiet enough that Shane could barely hear him over the rattle of the showers.

“No,” Shane said, much too quickly. Kept his gaze firmly away from Hayden.

“Just,” Hayden shrugged, “if something’s wrong. With Lily, or with something else. You can talk to me about it, yeah? You don’t need to resort to killing the team.”

“If extra cardio kills the team, maybe they should die,” Shane snapped. Only regretted it a little. “Fuck. I didn’t mean to take it out on them. Sorry for fucking pushing.”

“Shane,” Hayden said, and he had laughed at first, but didn’t sound like he still thought it was funny. “Buddy. What’s going on?”

Nothing was going on. Except that Shane was a fundamentally wrong person. That if you pushed him at all he would spill out on the ice like a bag of rubbish. That he wanted so much and knew he shouldn’t and couldn’t have what he wanted. That if his team knew him at all, they would hate him.

He shook his head, flinched when Hayden touched his shoulder, found himself stepping fully away, out of the warm spray as if Hayden had pushed him.

He could feel Hayden staring at him, but couldn't bring himself to look back. Swallowed. Stepped back into his shower. He just had to rinse off a bit more and then he could get dressed and go home.

"Bud," Hayden said, and now he sounded actually concerned, fuck Shane's entire life. "Are you okay?"

"Fine," Shane gritted out. "Look. Sorry. I'm just. I'm just a bit on edge. It's nothing. I'm fine."

"Doesn't sound fine," Hayden pushed, "doesn't look fine. You just - I don't even know, man. Something is wrong."

"Can you just leave it?" Shane asked, knew his voice sounded brittle.

"Come for dinner?" Hayden asked. "Tonight? Or tomorrow. Just - whatever it is that's going on, you don't have to do it alone."

Shane hated this entire conversation. Their teammates were trickling in to the shower room, and had been this whole time. It felt too close to revealing. Felt too close to everything. He was naked, and it felt like it wouldn't take much more to strip him further, peeling his skin and showing his lack of guts, his fears and wants. His innate ugliness.

"Maybe tomorrow," he said, flat. Cut the shower off, grabbed for his towel, left.

-

FROM Lily_____

-you are angry at me

-is not fair when you do not say why

-how am i supposed to fix like this?

*-i would say sorry for being asshole but
i know you like when i am asshole*

TO
Lily

[SEEN]-

[JANE IS TYPING]-

[JANE IS TYPING]-

[JANE IS TYPING]-

[SEEN]-

FROM Lily

-fuck jane

-

Shane could get a plane ticket to Boston and back again for this evening and tonight, and it would give him enough time to get to Ilya's house, break this off with him, and get back to the airport.

He knew this was unfeasible. Not the timing of it, that would be fine, but him actually going through with breaking anything off. He wanted it too much. He liked Ilya too much. If he got into touching distance he would lose his resolve and touch, and then that would be it. He would miss his flight home as well.

He didn't know what to do. It felt like he had reached a breaking point he hadn't known existed, previously. Had wanted so badly that it revealed to him the precipice he was on. If he didn't stop now, he didn't think he would ever be able to stop. If he didn't stop, he would never be able to perform the amount of normality that he had planned for. It was so clear in his mind, what he had to do to be the man he was supposed to be.

He would keep leading his team to victories. They would win cups, and then more cups. He would meet a nice, respectable woman. They would get married. They would have one or two children. His parents would get to be grandparents, would get payout for all the work

they had put in raising him. Hopefully his children would be more normal than him. He would coach, maybe, or get a job related to hockey management, because he hated the idea of retiring. He would be so normal, and his parents would be happy with him, and the world would remember him as a hockey star and nothing else.

He couldn't do any of that unless he started denying himself Ilya. Denying the want. Couldn't. It was bleeding through, over everything. What would his life look like now if he broke it off? He wouldn't be able to touch himself without thinking about Ilya, so he would just have to not do that. He would have to consciously not text Ilya when he saw something funny, or some hockey related bullshit, so he would probably have to block him and delete his number. He would still have to see Ilya on ice. Wouldn't be able to get all the way away. How stupid and fucked up it was that he was like this. That he had put himself in this position where both options he had felt like he was fucking up if he took them. Like he was killing himself one way and ruining himself the other. Maybe the worst thing of all was that he wanted Ilya to tell him what to do. Like he wasn't a fully grown man, like he wasn't the captain of an NHL team, like he wasn't lauded for his quick thinking on ice.

He wasn't on ice, was the problem. And when it came to Ilya, Ilya had always been the one in charge. Ilya pursuing him. Kissing him. Goaded him. Ignoring him. Letting him back in. He didn't want Ilya to be the one to end it, but maybe that would be the only way it could happen.

-

FROM Lily_____

-shane

-

It would be so easy to give in. The way Ilya was texting him, like he cared, like Shane was worth chasing after like this. It felt good and bad in even helpings. A warmth in his stomach for being wanted and a pain in his chest for not replying. For the want he felt in return.

He probably would have given in to it. Made the choice then and there to keep it. But JJ called him with an invitation to a party that he thought Shane would actually like, and it

would get his mind off whatever was happening in it, and maybe he'd have enough fun to go easy on the team tomorrow? And Shane had said yes, because he felt bad for being mean to his team, and he felt bad for never going out, and he felt bad about who he was, so maybe he could pretend to be someone else for a night.

-

It took him about fifteen minutes of being at the party to determine that he could not be someone else for the night. There were too many people, too many bodies, too much alcohol and grating music, and conversations trying to bring him in and make him cut loose. He escaped upstairs, where it was still technically party territory, but less people were up here. Mostly just a few quieter conversations, fancier drinks held in hands, a little swaying to the music. Up here, the club - or was it a bar? Or restaurant? - was serving some food as well, rather than just the drinks that were being poured out downstairs, and Shane grabbed a menu as an excuse to slide into a booth.

A booth that was not as empty as he had thought.

It was easier than he had ever expected, talking to a movie star. Maybe it was because he felt a little like he knew her already, having seen her in so many movies on his many, many flights, and she felt the same way, being a hockey fan. Or maybe she was just charismatic enough to make any conversation enjoyable. Or maybe Shane had accidentally stumbled upon someone who he could choose to have a future with. He was even willing to eat some of her fries.

-

If he had thought any further than relief, he would have considered the celebrity aspect, and been dreading the photos. As it was, he hadn't even thought to imagine there would be any until he walked into the locker room the next morning and was greeted by a chorus of impressed team mates, and phones open to pap shots of him and Rose talking, leaving the party together, her kissing his cheek goodbye.

When he had gotten home last night he had forbidden himself from looking to see if he had any new texts from Ilya, but he'd checked when he'd woken up this morning, and found none.

“Ayy, Capitaine,” JJ cheered, wrapped his arm tight around Shane’s shoulders and jostled him. “See? I told you you would have a good time! Rose Landry? Legendary pull!”

“I didn’t pull anyone,” Shane said, grateful when JJ unwrapped from him to bound over to his own stall and change. “We were just chatting last night.”

“Just chatting,” Mitty laughed, “we all saw those pics, cap, you looked pretty cosy!”

They had been talking, was all, shoulder to shoulder so they could hear each other better when the room got louder. He shrugged.

“So I guess Lily is dust, huh?” Anders asked, thumping Shane’s shoulder as he walked past. “You a flower man, Hollander?”

So stupid. He shook his head. Focused on changing out.

Hayden sidled up to him, pulling his compression shirt on and eying him. “Dinner tonight?” He asked. “Jacki has a million questions about Rose. And about Lily.”

“I’m, uh,” he said, “having dinner with Rose tonight. Sorry. Dinner tomorrow?”

His entire team was listening in, apparently, because they all whooped at this, hollering over each other in a discordant echo. Everyone except for Hayden, who looked tightly wound and cautious, but nodded.

“Okay,” he said. “I’m holding you to it, bud.”

“Okay,” Shane echoed.

-

FROM Lily _____

-wow

-

Rose had invited him to a restaurant he hadn't been to before, but the menu looked promising, and she had booked them a private room, so that was nice. He didn't think she minded the public scrutiny as much as he did, but maybe she was just better at faking it.

They had arrived at about the same time, and she had kissed him on the cheek again before looping her arm through his and leading him inside. There had been a few people on the street, some photos taken, but nothing big. He thought probably by the time they left that evening there would be some real photographers waiting, but that was a problem for later.

The private room was just blocked off from the rest of the restaurant by fancy looking screens and also a large aquarium, so it wasn't fully private, but at least it would deter most people, and keep their conversation to themselves.

"I love a big aquarium," Rose told him as they sat down, "you know that scene in Romeo and Juliet? The Baz Luhrman one? Where Juliet and Romeo see each other through the water? I love that scene so much."

"Um," Shane said, smiled at her, "I don't think I've seen it, actually. I mean, I know the story, just - yeah."

She shrugged, "it's a beautiful movie - follows the original script like, I think word for word? But it's in a modern setting. They call their guns swords. I haven't watched it in ages. Maybe we could watch it together at some point?"

“Sounds nice,” Shane said, “sure. How was your day?”

“Ugh,” Rose rolled her eyes, she had reached for the menu on the table but hadn’t done more than fiddle with the edge of it. “Filming was really boring today - apparently the shots we took yesterday had the lighting wrong, so we were like, re-blocking, and re-shooting, just. Not fun. How was practice?”

“Oh,” Shane wasn’t sure how his face should be looking, so he settled on a mild grimace. “That - yeah, sounds a bit boring. Kind of sounds like some days of practice we have, where we’re basically like - blocking? Setting up new play lay outs and having to go through positions over and over again because someone’ll keep messing up where they’re supposed to be.”

“So annoying,” Rose agreed, shaking her head. “I get it can throw you off, having your blocking change, but like, get with the times? I hate it most when it’s me who keeps forgetting the change, last year I had to change literally one word and I kept saying the original. Felt like I was going to burn to death with embarrassment!”

Shane laughed a little at that, and she laughed as well. “Yeah,” he agreed, “It’s like, hello my body? Hello my brain? Pretty sure I told you what to do, so why are you fucking this up for me?”

“Exactly!” Rose grinned at him. “I’ll never understand how we can be our brains and still have so much disconnect between what we mean to do and what we actually do.”

“Sometimes it really does feel like I’m in a badly designed, like, robot, sitting at the control panels, but the buttons don’t always work,” Shane said, like a stupid idiot. “Like, I’m not even my brain, let alone my body, just something inside it.”

Rose nodded agreeably, but her amused expression dimmed slightly. “Yeah,” she said. Cleared her throat. “If it helps,” she said, “you don’t seem like a robot, let alone a badly designed one.”

“Ah,” Shane said, his words drying up only now he’d said a whole bunch of dumb ones.

“I mean,” Rose continued, her voice soft and level, “the way you are on ice? It’s incredible. No bad design there. And the way you look? Ten out of ten stars from me, I’ll tell you that.”

“Ha,” Shane said. Ten stars felt like too many stars. “Well I - have you looked at the menu? I saw they do a really nice vegetable medley with a spicy honey.”

Rose looked, for a long moment, like she wasn’t going to accept this change in topic, but then she picked up her menu and looked at it. “I do like a spiced honey,” she said, “but I have been dying for some red meat.”

She got a steak and some fancy looking potatoes, he got his veggie medley, and they got a bottle of wine for the table, which turned into two bottles of wine for the table much quicker than he had expected.

It was nice wine, and he liked it when he was eating. It was the same kind his mum got when they had wine with dinner, and he liked the taste. Kept letting his glass be refilled by the servers, and then kept drinking it because he was having fun talking and drinking with Rose. They talked about more movies, and then about hockey - professional and otherwise. Her brothers had played, in fact he younger one still did, had dreams of going pro. They talked about levels of fame, and about performance diets, and stage fright.

She persuaded him into ordering a dessert to share, said it didn’t count when they shared it, and smiled so sweetly that he agreed. They ordered a third bottle of wine.

-

“No I swear, it was so embarrassing! And like, I know it wasn’t my fault - how this kid got through hair and makeup without anyone catching that he had nits, y’know - but then I felt like patient zero on set because I was the only one who had been close enough to catch them from the kid, so it was me that passed them on to - it ended up being thirteen members of the crew all up. We had a day that was just everyone getting treated, even the people who didn’t have them, just to be safe.”

Shane had his elbows on the table, head in his hands, laughing into them in an effort to keep quiet as Rose dramatised to him, giggling all the while. They still had a little of the dessert left, both of their mini forks resting on the edges of the plate. Half the bottle of wine gone. He could feel he was flushed with it, the alcohol and the laughter, but didn't really care. Rose was flushed too, grinning, eyes sparkling. He could imagine kissing her, right now, just to see if she tasted like laughter.

"I think I would have died," he managed to say eventually, Rose still giggling in front of him, "I mean, obviously like, not your fault. It just feels so - so humiliating?"

"Cringe, even," Rose suggested. "It was awful. Okay, okay, it's your turn."

"My turn what?" Shane asked, managed to lift his face from his hands, smiled at her. "I'm not getting lice to make you feel better about it, sorry."

She laughed, shook her head. "No, tell me an embarrassing story about you."

He paused, tried to think, "Um," he said, "I tried to fight Scott Hunter once? That was pretty embarrassing."

"Yeah it was," she chirped, "you looked like a wet cat. But that doesn't count, Shane! Something that's not public knowledge. I want the real Shane."

She sounded so earnest, her smile so lovely.

"I got sent a butt plug to my hotel with all my team mates there, and they tried to open the parcel," he said, "and then made bets about what it was, afterwards."

Rose's mouth fell open, and her laugh was so loud she clapped her hand over mouth immediately, eyes darting around. He laughed as well, at her astonishment, and her horror at

how loudly she had laughed, and they both giggled mindlessly for a few moments before Rose got herself back together, put her hand on his hand on the table.

“A butt plug,” she said, very serious sounding even as her lips twitched.

“Yes,” he said. Should probably have not said anything, but he was feeling loose and silly, and she was smiling and not making him feel weird. What harm was there in this?

“Did you buy it?” Rose asked, “Or was it sent by like, a fan?”

“No,” Shane shook his head, rolled his eyes. “My - uh - it was - a friend in Boston. He thought it was funny.”

She still smiled at him, but her eyebrows were raised, and her eyes looked too thoughtful for how much wine they’d drunk, and how silly they were being.

“And was it funny?” She asked, and when he nodded and then shook his head, and nodded again, she asked; “And was it hot?”

A curl of lust twined up Shane’s stomach, tingling the loose heat of the alcohol and burning up into his diaphragm until he was breathless for a quick moment. He nodded again, sucked in a breath. Rose also sucked in a breath, her eyes darting to his mouth, and then to his chest, and then to their hands, where he had moved to hold hers.

She lowered her voice. “Did you wear it?” She asked, her eyes back on his face. “Did you use it on yourself? Or someone else?”

“Myself,” he replied, throat suddenly feeling raw. He needed to shut the fuck up. He needed to have not drunk what amounted to probably nearly a bottle and a half of wine by himself. He needed to push down the heat inside him before it burnt him. “I like it.”

She nodded, bit her lip. She glanced around them, and kept her voice low. “By yourself?” She asked, “Or with your... friend in Boston?”

“With my friend,” Shane whispered back, like he had been slipped some science fiction fantasy truth potion bullshit. He was never drinking wine ever again. He felt like he was under a heat lamp, his skin crisping, his eyes burning.

Rose had still been smiling, her hand still in his, but now her brows knit, and she glanced around again with more caution than she had before. She lifted her other hand to his cheek, and it wasn't until her thumb swiped soft and careful under his eye that he realised a tear had slipped out.

Her skin was so smooth, no calluses catching on his face, no roughness.

“Let's go,” Rose suggested. “Come back to my hotel room, we'll have a hot drink, okay?”

He nodded, and she wiped at his face again, quick and careful. Smiled at him. “Sorry,” he said, managed to make himself smile up at her, managed to keep his mouth from wobbling. “I don't know what - it's fine - I'm fine.”

“Okay,” she said, “good. We can talk about how fine you are at the hotel, yeah?”

“Yeah,” he said. Stood up so he could do the gentlemanly thing and help her out of her chair. “Does my face look - am I going to be embarrassed about the paparazzi photos tomorrow?”

She smiled up at him, shook her head. “Not as embarrassed as you were about the butt plug,” she whispered. “You look cute, just a little pink. What about me?”

“Not as bad as nits,” he said, nodded solemnly. “You also look pink and cute.”

Probably what he should have done here is get his own car and go home and then drown himself somehow in his shower. What he did instead was follow Rose into her car and to her hotel room and onto the soft couch there while she made them sachet hot chocolates from the room amenities.

He was less wine drunk by the time they were both clutching their drinks, facing each other on the sofa. She had thrown a blanket over their laps, and he was warm, and happy, and so sad.

“Feeling a bit better?” Rose asked, and he nodded. “I’m sorry,” she said then, “I didn’t mean to, like, push on a sensitive topic. I wouldn’t have if I thought - I’m sorry I made you cry.”

“You didn’t,” Shane mumbled. His lips were a little numb, they always went a bit numb when he drank too much, but the heat of the hot chocolate was slowly bringing them back to normal. “I - and I’m so sorry for - I didn’t mean to be so pathetic. I don’t know what happened. Sorry.”

“Babe, no,” Rose said quickly, swapping her mug into her other hand and reaching for him, taking his free hand in hers, her palm warm from the hot drink. “You weren’t pathetic. You were just upset. Do you want to tell me why?”

No. Absolutely not. Except a little bit yes. He shook his head, chewed at his lip. Nodded. Shrugged. Felt the burn of tears biting at his lash line again. Hated himself.

“You asked me out,” he said, voice wobbling a little. “And found me - um - attractive. And we were - we were having a good time, right?”

“Right,” she said, squeezed his hand. “I like you, Shane. I’m not - not turned off by you having actual emotions, or anything.”

“No,” he shook his head, desperately trying to figure out how to word any of this. “But I - would you want - if we were - if we dated. Would you be okay with dating a guy who - who

liked that?”

She stared at him for a long moment, then tipped her head a little to the side. “Yes,” she said. “I mean, butt stuff isn’t for me, really, but I wouldn’t mind doing butt stuff to someone else. If that was what my hypothetical boyfriend wanted. It would be hot.”

He nodded. Cleared his throat. “What if your hypothetical boyfriend, uh, what if he - what if he didn’t. Didn’t want to, like, be the one doing stuff. To you. Only want stuff done to him.”

She paused again, and he was pleased she was actually thinking about what he was saying, not just soothing him. “I don’t know,” she said. “I like being fucked. I think I would want to be fucked sometimes, not always be the one fucking, you know?”

“Yeah,” he said, sniffed. Sipped at his drink.

“I also think, maybe,” Rose said, her voice a little more unsure now. “Maybe if my hypothetical boyfriend was, like, not into *doing* anything to me, I might, well. I might want to ask him if it’s maybe because he isn’t into girls at all.”

He nodded, swallowed at the lump in his throat that felt like it was a fur ball of apologies.

“Maybe,” she continued, rubbed her thumb along his knuckles. “Maybe I would be worried for him. That he’s not asking for what he really wants. Or that he doesn’t know what he really wants.”

“I know what I want,” Shane said, felt so stupidly heavy with his want all the time.

“Yeah?”

“I just can’t have it,” he shrugged. Took another sip of the hot chocolate. It wasn’t amazing, but it was still nice. Bursts of sugar and heat. Calming.

“Why not?” Rose asked.

He wanted to tell her to drink her hot chocolate before it cooled down. That actually the hypotheticals had nothing to do with him at all. That it was a joke about liking things up the ass, and about his friend being a guy, and knowing what he wanted.

He lifted his eyes to her face, felt so guilty, felt like the shame eating away inside of him was different to the shame he felt about his wants, usually. When he was with ashamed for being perverted with Ilya it transformed into something else when it came in contact with Ilya's want. Something that still hurt, but felt good anyway. This shame right now felt like acid. Cold and biting, and unchanging.

“Sorry,” he said. “I’m sorry, Rose. I didn’t - I really like you. I’ve had so much fun chatting with you, and hanging out, and I -” he cut himself off. Had to put his mug down so he could cover his face because he couldn’t bear to let go of her hand, like he would unmoor himself if he did.

Face in hand, he continued; “I thought, maybe, because we got on, it was a sign that I could - could want something else, that I could be normal, and I didn’t think about how - how it would just feel like a lie. I don’t want to be a lie to you.”

She put her mug down as well, pulled herself closer until they were wedged together, and wrapped her arm around him, kept holding tight to his hand. She was warm against him, and his brain tried pathetically to point out that he could feel her breasts, and wouldn’t he maybe like to try and find some interest in this? All he felt was affection, and fear.

“I’m not mad,” Rose said, “I’m not even - okay, so maybe I’m a little miffed that every time I meet a really hot guy who’s also really nice and fun to talk to, they turn out to be gay - but I’m not actually upset about it, Shane. We’re literally on our first date, you didn’t lie to me, you didn’t make any commitments to me. We had fun together, you said, right? That wasn’t a lie, babe.”

He let her rock him a little, closed his eyes and breathed. Was glad she let him hide.

“I think,” he said, very quietly, “that I’m kind of. In love. With my friend in Boston. And it scares me, because we’re not supposed to be like that. I’m not supposed to - I just wanted to - to not let anyone down.”

She held him tighter, sniffed hard. Her hair smelled nice, and he wondered absentmindedly what kind of products she used. He could smell green apple in it.

“What are you supposed to be like, then?” She asked. “If you’re not supposed to be in love? Who do you think you’re supposed to be?”

“Not a mess,” he said. “Reliable. Clean image. The best hockey player.”

She laughed a little at that, and then sighed. “Okay,” she said. “And what, you can’t be that and gay?”

It was insane how easily she just said that. Gay. Not as a chirp, or an insult. Just as a describing word. Of him.

“No,” he said. “Not in - not in the league. Not to the fans.”

“What about to your family? Your friends?”

“My - my parents worked so hard to get me where I am,” Shane said. “I don’t want to let them down. I don’t want - I want to make their lives easier. It won’t be easier if I’m gay, even though they would - I think - they would accept me. They would tell me it wasn’t a problem, but it still would be.”

“There aren’t any out hockey players, in the league, right?” Rose asked. “But there must be other gay hockey players.”

“There are,” Shane said, and then, “um. I mean, statistically.”

They both paused, Shane buried his face further in his hand.

“Okay,” she said. “Let’s go back to - to this guy you’re kind of in love with. The one who sent you a butt plug to your hotel, huh?”

“Shut up,” Shane groaned. “There’s nothing to go back to. We hook up. It’s - it’s casual. We’re friends, kind of. But I know there’s nothing more for me, there. I know I can’t have the rest of what I want with him.”

“What is it?” Rose asked. “The rest of what you want?”

“I want to be his,” Shane said. And he was much too sober now to be saying this. “I want to have his name in my phone instead of a code name. I want to see him all the time. Every day. I want to be able to tell people about him, and brag about him, and point him out and say, that’s my - my - my boyfriend, and he chose me.”

Stupidly, he started to cry again. If his team mates could see him now they would never follow him onto the ice again. If Ilya saw him now he’d see how pathetic Shane really was and would never want him again.

Rose let him cry, was maybe crying a little as well, sniffing softly every so often. He let himself hold her, and she held him back. His team would eviscerate him for this, they would chirp him so badly for fumbling Rose Landry.

“So,” Rose said eventually. “You were just going to - what? Pretend you don’t feel what you do?”

“Yes,” Shane huffed. “I didn’t do a good job of it.”

“No,” she agreed. “If all it takes is a few bottles of wine to break character, I don’t think you’ll make it in the acting industry.”

“I wouldn’t,” he nodded. “I’d overanalyse all my roles and then end up just acting stiff and unnatural in all of them.”

She laughed a little, kissed his cheek. “So we’re agreed,” she said, “you can’t pretend you don’t love him. Or at least, you can’t pretend you want to be with a woman.”

He hesitated, and then nodded.

“So you need a new plan,” she told him. “One that isn’t going to end up with you trying to - I don’t know - fit a square peg in a round hole.”

“Yeah,” he said, “especially because I - I prefer to be the hole. Not the peg.”

She laughed loudly.

-

**TO
Lily**

[OUTGOING CALL]-

[CALL ENDED 0 MINUTES 0 SECONDS]-

[OUTGOING CALL]-

[CALL ENDED 0 MINUTES 0 SECONDS]-

[OUTGOING CALL]-

-

“Jesus christ, Shane,” Ilya snapped, “what the fuck? You leave me on seen for two fucking days, and now you are calling me this late?”

“Sorry,” Shane mumbled. He had felt pretty sober at Rose’s hotel, but had quickly realised on the ride back to his place that he was still one and a half bottles of wine down. “Sorry, I know it’s late, I just - I just really wanted - needed - to hear you.”

A pause, and then a slamming noise. Shuffling. Finally Ilya’s voice again. “Here is my voice,” he said, stiff and sharp. “You need anything more? Advice on how to fuck pussy?”

Shane had flumped onto his bed, fully dressed, and made the call to Ilya without moving, and his face was squished into his pillow in such a way that his tears trickled right back into his eyes, stinging.

“No,” he sniffed. “Fuck - Ilya - I’m *gay*.”

Another pause, this time only filled with Ilya’s breathing. “Yes,” Ilya said eventually. “I know this.”

“So I don’t want to fuck - to fuck pussy,” Shane said. “I barely ever even want to fuck ass. I just want you to fuck me.”

“Fuck,” Ilya hissed, groaned loud and angry. “You are drunk?”

“No. Tipsy. A bit.”

“Tipsy a bit,” Ilya repeated. “You sound drunk, Hollander.”

Shane whined, high in his throat. It felt pathetic, but he didn’t care right now. Let it burn him. “Ilya,” he said.

“Shane,” Ilya said, “fuck. What do you need?”

“You,” Shane said. “Mostly always, I think.”

Ilya swore again, this time in Russian. Shane listened a little too happily. He liked the way Ilya’s voice changed when he spoke so fluidly like this.

“You should go to sleep, Shane,” Ilya told him, quieter and softer. “Is late, and you are drunk.”

“I wanted to text you back,” Shane mumbled. His eyes were closed, but the tears were still seeping out through his closed lids and grazing his cheeks. “I just didn’t know how.”

“Same way you always do,” Ilya replied. “Nothing changed.”

“I did,” Shane said. “I didn’t mean to. I just did.”

“Oh?” Ilya sounded a little mean again, quietly mean. “Changed into idiot?”

“Yeah.”

A long pause.

“I saw photos of you with Rose Landry tonight,” Ilya said. “Going into and leaving restaurant. You looked happy.”

“I had fun,” Shane said.

“I saw photos of you both going to her hotel, too,” Ilya added.

“Yeah. We had hot chocolate and cuddled on her couch,” Shane sniffed. “And talked about how gay I was.”

Ilya bit out a laugh, “fuck,” he said, “why are you - Shane, you need to sleep.”

“Yeah,” Shane agreed. “M really sleepy.”

“Okay. So hang up phone. Get water and drink it and go to bed.”

“If I hang up then you’re not here,” Shane pointed out, which was probably the only flaw in Ilya’s plan here.

Ilya swore in Russian again.

“Will you say the nice name?” Shane asked. “You call me it sometimes in bed. It sounds nice. Like you like me.”

Nothing for a few long moments, Shane counting slow in his head up to ten fast hockey sticks. “Shane,” Ilya said, hoarse. “Moy lyubimyy, Ty menya ubivayesh'. Is *lyubimyy* right one?”

“Mm,” Shane hummed. “Mm’yeah. There’s another one I like.”

“Malysh,” Ilya said, “moy malysh, you are so sleepy, mm?”

“Mmm.”

“You are in bed already?”

“Mhm.”

“You have water?”

“Mm-mm.”

“Okay, malysh, you are listening to me, yes?”

“Mm.”

“Good. Get up, off bed. You are doing? Good. Go to kitchen -”

Shane followed the instructions, his eyes half open, brain muzzy with sleep, and wine, and the shots of vodka he and Rose had done for fun right before he left her hotel, he’d forgotten about that. “I’m’n kitchen,” he slurred.

“Good boy,” Ilya said, and Shane’s stomach warmed. “Get big glass of water. You have? Okay, drink. All finished? No? Drink more. Finish cup. Finished? Good. Fill again, take back to bedroom for tomorrow.”

Feeling a little like he was sloshing with each step, Shane made his way slowly back to his bedroom, the glass held aloft in one hand, his phone mashed to his face with the other.

“Lyubimyy,” Ilya said, when Shane put the glass down on his bedside table with quite a loud clunk. “Are you in sleep clothes?”

Shane looked down at himself. “No,” he said, “button up and jeans.”

“Take them off,” Ilya instructed. This was good. This was very good. The warmth in Shane’s stomach bubbled into heat, and his cock twitched.

“Fuck, okay,” he breathed, struggling to strip one handed. “Hang on,” he slurred, pulled the phone from his face and hit speaker before throwing it onto the bed so he could use both hands to undo his buttons.

“Malysh,” Ilya said, “for sleep. Taking off for sleep. Okay?”

Buttons were difficult sometimes. He got some of them undone, and then just tore the shirt off over his head before moving to his jeans. “Sleep,” he repeated, and then frowned, his jeans hitting the floor. “But I want you.”

“Only sleep tonight,” Ilya said, sharp. “Get in bed.”

Shane climbed into bed, pulling clumsily at his blankets, not even trying to avoid the sharp pang in his stomach, the shake of his lip. He was already pathetic and drunk and fucked up, who cared? Tipsy. Not drunk.

“Shane,” Ilya said after a long moment, and Shane fetched his phone from the blankets and brought it closer, putting it on his chest. “Moy lyubimyy,” Ilya sighed, when Shane didn’t respond verbally. “You are thinking I do not want you?”

“I get it,” Shane mumbled, “I don’t want me either. I just forget, sometimes.”

“No, fuck,” Ilya said, swore more, maybe in English, maybe in Russian, it was incomprehensible noise against the rush in Shane’s ears as he tried to swallow down tears. “Yes, I want you,” Ilya said, rough, firm enough to break back through into Shane’s brain. “I

want to be there now, holding you. I want to have been one to drink with you. I want to be inside you and kissing you. Say it, malysh. Say this; these words- you want me.”

Shane choked on it. Had to clear his throat. “You want me,” he said.

“Yes,” Ilya growled. “I want you. I want you to sleep, now, yes?”

Sighing, Shane shook his head, just slightly. Sleep was going to get him whether he wanted it or not, his eyes were closed again, and even with his brief foray into horniness and then sadness about being unwanted, he was feeling all warm again. “Stay?”

“Okay. No more talking, malysh. Sleep.”

“Mhm,” Shane agreed, because humming wasn’t talking.

-

TO
Lily

[CALL ENDED 6 HOURS 54 MINUTES 12 SECONDS]-

-

TO
Lily

*Sorry for the call that apparently went on until
nearly 7 in the morning.-*

Hopefully most of it was me being asleep?-

*I don't really remember much more than the
fact that you told me to go to bed.-*

Sorry.-

FROM Lily_____

-you were asleep before I

**TO
Lily**

And you stayed on the call the whole time?-

FROM Lily_____

-you asked me to stay

-i was asleep most of it too

-call was finished when i woke up

**TO
Lily**

*Yeah, my phone died. Lucky it's my day off
because i did not wake at my usual time.-*

Um. Did we have phone sex last night?-

FROM Lily_____

-no. you were drunk. idiot

**TO
Lily**

Right, yeah.Sorry again.-

FROM Lily_____

-so you and rose landry are friends, hm?

*-you went back to her hotel to drink and
talk about boys?*

**TO
Lily**

I mean. Fuck. Kind of.-

She was really nice about it.-

Me being gay.-

FROM Lily _____

*-so, not so sad she does not get to ride
your gay dick?*

**TO
Lily**

No.-

Oh fuck.-

FROM Lily _____

-?

-what, you accidentally did fuck her?

**TO
Lily**

*No. fuck. I just - I think I told her that
I prefer to be the hole. LIke, I said that.
With my mouth.-*

FROM Lily _____

-lol

-you were very drunk, hm?

**TO
Lily**

I didn't think I was. It was just wine with dinner.-

But I guess it crept up on me.-

I guess there was also vodka, I think, at one point.-

FROM Lily _____

-wow, really living dangerous

*-you really do not remember what we
talked about last night?*

**TO
Lily**

No, sorry.-

What was I saying?-

FROM Lily

*-oh, just that i am the best hockey player in
whole wide world, and you think i am sooo
cool and hot and you want to have me fuck
you on centre ice like i am claiming you as
prize for being best at hockey.*

**TO
Lily**

Fuck off-

I did not say any of that.-

FROM Lily

-how would you know?

**TO
Lily**

*I would remember if I said something as
untrue as that. It would be burned into my
brain. -*

FROM Lily

-hmmm

-ok, you were very drunk and sleepy and i

*was mostly telling you to drink water, and
take water to bed, and take clothes off.*

*-when i said take clothes off you did try
to have phone sex and i had to be very
brave and say no and make you get into*

*bed. so say thank you ilya for not letting
me get into bed in jeans and a button up.*

TO
Lily

Thank you, Ilya.-

FROM Lily _____

-for?

TO
Lily

Asshole.-

*Thank you, Ilya, for not letting me get into
bed in jeans and a button up, and for getting me
to get and drink water, and for looking after me
even though I called you at midnight after not
replying to your messages.-*

FROM Lily _____

-you may call me saint ilya.

TO
Lily

I won't.-

FROM Lily _____

-pah, no gratitude

TO
Lily

*I got in my head, the other day. I shouldn't have
ignored your messages.-*

FROM Lily _____

-what was happening in your head

TO
Lily

I wanted to buy a plane ticket to Boston.-

FROM Lily _____

-and buying tickets make you anxious?

TO
Lily

*Because I miss you. And I didn't want to wait
another couple of weeks until I see you again.-
I was literally considering buying tickets to get
fucked, and it made me spiral.-*

FROM Lily

*-you should have told me, so i could say to
buy tickets so i can fuck you.*

*-is not so big deal. we are rich, is like
getting car to each others houses, just
takes a little longer and costs a lot more.
-you do not spiral about getting taxi.*

TO
Lily

Sometimes I do.-

FROM Lily

-come to boston. day after tomorrow.

*-i have game in evening but we could
have morning and night together.*

-next day too if you skip practice

TO
Lily

You really want me to come?-

FROM Lily

-i always want to make you come ;)

-yes.

*-this is something we spoke about last
night also. that i want you.*

TO
Lily

Oh.-

I want you, too.-

FROM Lily_____

*-so buy tickets. spiral if you want. i will fuck
you out of spiral after. make you feel good.*

**TO
Lily**

Okay.-

Chapter End Notes

wooo sorry for no horny shenanigans in this chapter and also sorry to rose landry for once more having to be gay detector prime, i love you rose landry i think you should eat pussy.

Chapter 7: ILYA

Chapter Notes

A bit of a shorter chapter today, but there are pictures again :))))

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

By the time Ilya had gotten to practice, Shane had already sent him screenshots of his tickets. Tickets that meant Shane was choosing to skip a hockey practice. If this was anyone else, Ilya wouldn't be crashing out about it. Most people would be perfectly willing and happy to skip a day of practice every so often, to take a day off work for fun. Shane was not most people, and in fact, Ilya knew - because Shane had won a half joking award for it - that Shane had not skipped a single practice for anything but medical exemptions. And even then, he was apparently often still there, just not participating. The hosts of the event had gone on about Shane's dedication, his unwavering focus, his commitment, blah, blah, blah. All it had made Ilya think was that Shane needed more hobbies. Needed more friends. Needed something outside of hockey before he forgot he was anything outside of it.

To be the thing Shane Hollander skipped practice for. To give up winning this prize for, because no matter how silly the prize, Shane loved winning it, Shane loved winning, full stop.

Shane Hollander was skipping a practice day to spend one more day with Ilya because he wanted to. Because he wanted Ilya. Because - because Ilya had somehow tricked him into thinking he was worth it? It wasn't that he didn't want Shane to want him - it was becoming to be literally all he dreamed about. It was that the more Ilya realised how much he wanted Shane, the more he realised it was going to hurt.

Shane wanted him because Ilya was fun, was good at sex, was good at hockey. Shane did not want him for the other parts of him. The parts of him that he tried to hide in Russia, and in parties, and in anger. He wanted more time with Shane, but he wasn't even good at hiding the bad parts of him now over texting and calls. Having him in person with him for a couple of days was everything Ilya wanted and feared. At least, when Shane realised what else he got from the goodie bag of Ilya, Ilya would have gotten to have gluttoned himself on Shane first.

“Roz,” Marlow said, “you have been actually worryingly insane this week.”

Ilya did not think this was true. He fought through the towels he was lying in and pulled the finger at Marly.

“You’re in the fresh towels hamper,” Marly said, holding the lid to said hamper open. “You look like a stray cat who got caught in a storm and found its way in.”

“You are like a poet,” Ilya mumbled. Marly took the towel off Ilya’s face, and Ilya grabbed another one and recovered himself. “Leave me to my cat business.”

“Roz,” Marly said again. “I watched you come in here, stare at your phone, and then just... well, throw yourself in here. I’m not convinced it’s going to keep holding your weight.”

“Don’t call me fat, Marly,” Ilya growled, “I am already having very weird life, I do not need new issues.”

“No, what, this?” Marly pressed, removed Ilya’s new towel from his face. “I need you to talk to me, bro.”

Ilya blinked up at the ceiling, avoiding Marly’s looming face attempting to block his view. His phone buzzed underneath him, and he dug through towels to reach his pocket, glanced at the preview.

-

FROM Jane_____

-I think I'm going to tell Hayden that I'm gay.

-

“Fuck,” he hissed, and then, because he did trust Marly, and he knew he had been weird, and he owed him for bringing up Theresa, he turned his phone around and showed him the text.

Marly blinked at his phone for a few moments too long and Ilya’s stomach pinched at him.

“Fuck,” Marly said, “bro. Jane is a lesbian? That sucks for you. Real talk.”

This was, actually perhaps, the best thing Marly could have said right now because it cut through the fug of fear Ilya had encased himself in and forced a bark of laughter out of him.

“Holy fuck,” he wheezed, flung the back of his hand over his face, “no, this is good, Marly, don’t make this face at me, is very funny for me.”

“Ilya,” Marly said, not sounding at all convinced. He was tugging at Ilya’s arms now, “get out of the hamper. C’mon. Come sit down with me.”

Ilya let himself be heaved out of his towel burrow and to the bench. The rest of the team would be here soon, probably, and he hadn’t even changed out.

“I’m really sorry, man,” Marly said again, once they were on the bench, Marly’s arm over Ilya’s shoulders. “I know you were really - really into her. It’s - it’s really good, though, I guess? That she feels safe to come out to you?”

“No,” Ilya shook his head. Managed to claw the hysterical laughter back inside himself. “Marly. I love you -”

“Love you too, man,” Marly said immediately, never one to miss this opportunity.

“Jane is not a lesbian,” Ilya said, shook his head, exhaled heavily, “because Jane is a man -”

“Ohhhh,” Marly said, with no sense of patience and an abundance of quick thinking in the wrong direction. “She - sorry, uh, he’s trans? Wow, I mean, even more - I mean - that is, like,”

“Marly,” Ilya groaned, “please. Please let me finish what I am saying and stop trying to get boy scout sticker.”

“It’s badges,” Marly said, “and I think actually they’re kind of homophobic? As an organisation? So they probably don’t have badges for -”

“Marly, Jesus.”

“Right. Go on.”

“Jane is code name. Would be fine if Jane was trans, I would not care. I like both. All. Not what I am saying. You have me going down stupid paths. Fuck. He is not. He is saying he is going to tell his friend he is gay. Which is not - which is *good* - is just. Makes thing much more real. Like I have just done, fuck, saying to you how I am not straight. I think maybe I am having issue with my mouth, it keeps saying things.”

He managed to make his mouth stop saying things, clamped his hand over it to keep it that way. Didn’t look at Marly. Because he felt stupid. He didn’t - he wasn’t like this. He didn’t panic, or spiral, he was good at keeping a hold on himself. He needed to be. Marly didn’t remove his arm from Ilya’s shoulders, kept a tight hold on him.

“Okay,” he said. “Wow. I - okay. Do I - I’m supposed to say thank you for telling me, yeah?”

“Jesus,” Ilya groaned, dropped his hand from his mouth. “This is not - not politeness test. Do not thank me.”

“Okay, yeah,” Marly grunted. “Jesus. I’m getting most of my knowledge about this kind of thing from the picture books my sister has for her kids.”

“This is weirdest conversation,” Ilya said, sighed. Dropped his head back heavy against Marly’s arm.

“Yeah,” Marly agreed, easy. He reached over and ruffled Ilya’s hair, because he was an asshole. “Makes it more real, huh? So, you guys are making it official?”

“No,” Ilya batted half heartedly at Marly’s hand. “Is not even - he is coming to stay. For a couple of days. We have not done more than overnighter before.”

“Ohh,” Marly nodded, “okay, so, what. You’re scared you’re gonna fart in front of him and he’s going to think you’re disgusting and leave?”

“No. Stupid. He is going to see I am mess, and not good, and be disgusted and leave.”

“C’mon,” Marly said. Ilya did not know what he was supposed to be c’mon’ing about, so he simply glared. “Everyone’s a mess. You’re not special like that. I know you’re a fucking ball of, like, weirdness and shit, and I still fucking love you, man.”

“Yes,” Ilya snapped, “because you are stupid. Because you are not sleeping with me. Because I am not wanting you to be everywhere I am forever.”

“Oof,” Marly said. “Man. You’re really down bad for him, huh?”

Ilya had forfeited the right to lie about this, with how stupid he had been already, so he just nodded.

“Maybe give him a chance to show he’s down bad for you, too, yeah?”

-

TO
Jane

this is very brave of you-

FROM Jane _____

-I can be brave, asshole.

TO
Jane

was not chirp-

why are you wanting to tell him now?-

FROM Jane _____

-Oh, thanks then.

*-I guess after I talked to Rose about a lot of
like, how I've been feeling about who I am,
I just don't want to keep lying about
everything.*

*-I'm not going to tell him about you, or like,
everything. I just want to be able to
feel like I can breathe.*

*-Like I know at least one person knows
who I am, and is okay with it.*

-At work, that is.

TO
Jane

yes, okay. is good reason-

rose landry is therapist now huh-

FROM Jane _____

*-God, I really did just tell her so much shit.
maybe she should be a therapist.*

*-She's been so nice. Texting me today to
check up on me.*

**TO
Jane**

*oh yes. very nice-
i told marlow i am bi-*

FROM Jane

-Oh! Wow.

-How did that go?

**TO
Jane**

*was mostly accident-
went fine. he is very 'hip with kids' i think
is how he said-
he says i am down bad for you-
you as in 'jane', he does not know who you are-*

FROM Jane

-Good, I'm glad.

-Oh.

-And are you?

**TO
Jane**

*i am about to run practice-
if i start saying now how down bad i am
for you and your ass and your pretty fucking
tits and cock i am going to lose all my blood
to my cock and will overbalance on ice.-*

FROM Jane

-Fuck.

-A yes would have been fine.

-I have to start practice too.

**TO
Jane**

*be careful not to think about my cock-
so you do not also overbalance-*

FROM Jane

-fuck off.

-

FROM Jane

*-Fuck, how did you tell Marlow? I'm freaking
out about telling Hayd.*

*-I have to leave for his in an hour and I keep
going round in circles in my head.*

*-I don't think it's going to go badly, but if it
does, then what if he tells everyone else?*

*-I know my team won't take it well. Some of
them maybe, but not as a hole.*

**TO
Jane**

haha hole-

FROM Jane

-Shut the fuck up oh my GOD

**TO
Jane**

baby you will be fine-

*Pike is boring mediocre player but seems like ok
person, yes?-*

*and if he takes news badly tell him i will come
and kill him in creative fun way i still have to
think of-*

FROM Jane_____

-I am not threatening him.

-How would I even do that?

*-BTW if you don't accept me, for some
reason Ilya Rozanov is going to come
over and fuck you up.*

**TO
Jane**

*say your lover will fuck him up-
pull out his guts and use as stick tape :-)-*

FROM Jane_____

-Ew don't say lover

**TO
Jane**

:((((((((((((((((

soooooooooo sorry-

say your fuck buddy-

*your fuck buddy will slice him up like ham
and serve him on platter-*

FROM Jane_____

-Stop thinking of ways to dismember Hayd.

-Like I said, I think it will go fine.

**TO
Jane**

ruin my fun-

FROM Jane _____

-Choose a new way to have fun.

**TO
Jane**

you leave in hour?-

FROM Jane _____

-Yeah. I'm just chilling for a bit.

**TO
Jane**

*[PHOTO ATTACHED] (photo is Ilya's hard cock,
his hand around the base, thumb tugging
the foreskin down)-*



FROM Jane _____

-Oh okay

-Good choice

-call?

**TO
Jane**

video call? want to see you-

FROM Jane _____

-fuck ok

-[INCOMING VIDEO CALL]

-

Ilya sprawled out further on his bed, grabbed his lube, and pushed his pants further down before answering the call. All it had taken to get hard was to think about Shane's mouth on him, it was stupid that that worked but Svetlana grinding on him did nothing. As soon as he answered the call, he flipped the camera.

Shane's face filled his phone screen, a little too close, eyes wide.

"Hi," Shane said, blinked, and then tilted his phone back so it showed his head and shoulders as well. "I, um, fuck - I was expecting to see your face -"

"You do not like this view?" Ilya asked, watched in his own camera view on screen as he stroked his cock slowly, hand wet with lube.

"No, I - I like it," Shane said, scoffed. His eyes were still wide, but so focused, staring at his phone. "It's really hot."

"Mm," Ilya lifted his phone slightly for a more top down view, pressed his pointer finger against the tip of his cock, pulled it away to show the pre-come slick stretch between fingertip and cock, and then pressed back in, rubbing over his slit, pulling his foreskin back to show off the cock-head more. Shane let out a shaky moan, and Ilya laughed, shaky as well. "You like so much, hm?"

"Yeah," Shane breathed. "I want it in my mouth."

"I know," he stopped playing with the head, dropped his hand back to grip himself hard at the base to make his cock stand straight, presenting it to the camera. "He wants your mouth too. Wants to be buried in your throat, fucking into you."

"Yeah, please," Shane said, looked entranced. "I'll swallow everything, I want everything."

Ilya wanted everything as well, couldn't figure out how to direct Shane so he could see his face and his cock. "Show me what you are doing," he said, his voice sharp with need. "Let me see you touching yourself."

Shane fumbled with his phone for a few moments, and then the camera flipped, and Shane was showing him a view that ought to be on postcards, *Wish you were Here** written across it.

He was wearing his running shorts, pulled down only enough for him to have his dick out, his balls caught by the elasticated waistband. There were already wet drips on his shorts, and his hand on himself was frozen around his base, like he was waiting for instructions.

"Malysh," Ilya breathed, "what are you waiting for?"

He watched as Shane's cock twitched, like even hearing Ilya speak was enough to make it harder. Shane's hand tensed around himself, but didn't move.

"You," he said, like Ilya had hoped he would, like a fucking dream. "How do you - what do you want?"

Ilya swore, jerked himself off roughly for a few strokes, watching Shane's reactions to it in the twitching of his dick, the leak of his pre-come.

"Put fingers in your mouth," Ilya decided, voice rough. "Keep camera view on cock, for now. I want to see how turned on you still get without touching."

"Fuck," Shane said, sounding at once pissed off and turned the fuck on. "Okay. Fuck." He said something else, incoherent around his fingers.

A large part of Ilya wanted to see Shane's face right now, to see how many fingers he'd pushed in, how deep he'd gone, how wet and slutty he looked. But Shane's dick - fuck. Even without Shane's hand holding it it was standing upright, leaning a little to one side, dripping onto Shane's shorts.

"Good, good, malysh," Ilya said, "look how wet you are for me. So needy. So hard even without a hand on it, ideal'nyy, malysh, so good."

"Fuck," Shane moaned, the word contorted and muffled but obvious enough.

"I love to see it like this," Ilya continued, began stroking himself faster, pumping his hips up into his hand. "So wanting, so useless, hm? Does not need to be touched, I fuck my cock into your mouth and is enough. You can come just like this, mouth full, yes?"

A muffled affirmation, Shane's breathing sounded wet and sloppy, and Ilya could imagine him so easily, drooling around his fingers, eyes fixed on his phone screen. Would he be watching his cock as well, or just Ilya's?

"Maybe I won't touch your needy cock at all, hm?" Ilya panted, "When you are here. I make you come only with your ass and your tits and your mouth? Will tease him, run my fingers down your beautiful tummy, suck at your thighs, only ever touch him with breath."

Nothing coherent from Shane, except for pleasure, moaning and panting while his cock twitched on camera, pink and hard and so wet.

"Maybe after, when he is all spent," Ilya continued, wanting, wanting, wanting, "I take him in my mouth while he is soft, yes? Soft and so sensitive, and I clean him with my tongue, suck you until you are coming again even when you thought you were empty-"

Shane bit out a loud noise, pained and heated, and on screen, Ilya watched as Shane came, his cock kicking up against his stomach, smearing come over his skin and his shorts while Shane moaned in the background.

“Fuck,” Ilya groaned, couldn’t believe it, didn’t want to miss a single moment of it, tightened his grip on himself and came as well, forcing his eyes to stay open and on his phone screen. “Fuck, malysh, show me your face, show me your fingers in mouth, I need to see.”

His phone filled with Shane’s face, four fingers in his mouth, wet, eyes shining and dark. Flushed, damp, smiling face.

“Bohze moy,” Ilya ground out, “baby you are so good. So good with my cock in your mouth, taking me so nice. Let me see your mouth now, yes? I want to see come in your mouth.”

Shane, because he seemed more often than not on the exact same wavelength as Ilya when it came to what they were in to, dropped his hand - sopping wet - from his mouth and out of screen, then brought it back and licked his own come off his fingers before holding his tongue out for Ilya to see.

“Chert,” Ilya swore, “you are so hot, so hot I will burst into flame. You make me want to take video and only lie in bed watching for rest of my life.”

Shane smiled, eyes hazy, and then swallowed his tongueful of come before shaking his head. “We’re not making a sex video,” he said. “I think *I* would burst into flame if we did and it leaked.”

“Is pity,” Ilya said, switched his camera to his face so he could smile back at Shane’s pleased look. “And I think I would be jealous as well, after we are finished being freaking out, but I would be jealous anyone else sees you like this.”

Shane rolled his eyes, continued to look pleased. “Other people have seen me during sex, you know,” he said flatly. “I wasn’t a virgin before you, and I’ve - I’ve had sex with other people since you.”

This was news to Ilya. Not the not a virgin part. Shouldn’t be. Was. He tried to keep it out of his expression. Because of course Shane could and should have been sleeping with other people as well. Ilya had been. That was what they were doing.

“Not like this,” he said, “they do not see you like I see you.”

Shane paused, lifted one shoulder. “No,” he said, “they don’t. It’s not like this with anyone else.”

“No one makes you come as good?” Ilya pressed, the need to hear it all encompassing.

“No one,” Shane agreed, easy now. He shook his head at the camera, the hazy look had left his eyes, but he still gazed softly at Ilya through the phone. “I’ve never been me, like this, with anyone else.”

“Is for me,” Ilya said, almost a demand.

“Yes,” Shane said. “It’s for you.”

-

You rated Jane

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - meh - good - **great** - excellent

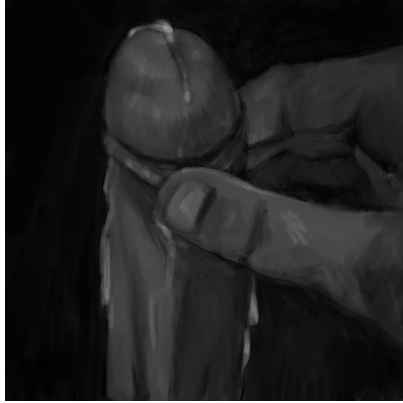
FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

No complaining about kiss score - i am using it to be pleased about how good you look with fingers in mouth, is only nto excellent because should have been my cock. malysh you did so good, coming so pretty for me, like i was jerking you off with my words. you take so well. i hope this helped with not freaking out more about telling pike x

PHOTO ATTACHMENT

(Ilya's softening cock, he's still holding it, thumb pressed under the head of it like he was milking more come from it.)



-

Jane has rated you

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - **meh** - good - great - excellent

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

I don't fucking know how you did that. It was such a weird feeling but it was so good. I don't know if I'll be able to handle it for the full time I'm with you in a few days, but maybe we could try it for a bit. I can't believe you called it useless, but I more can't believe how much I liked it. I think there's probably something very wrong with me. I know you said it's sexy, and I know it is, but it also feels like I'm probably broken. How I get turned on when you're mean to me. I don't know where the lines are, for it, just that it's almost always good and then sometimes it's awful. Not that this was awful, this was great. Like I said, five stars.

PHOTO ATTACHMENT

(close up on Shane's fingers in his mouth)



-

FROM Jane _____

*-Next app update you should add the N/A
and also the option to edit comments.*

-lol

**TO
Jane**

why edit?-

FROM Jane _____

*-Just for when you say something that's not
quite what you mean.*

-Or like, ramble too much.

-I really liked your photo. Hot.

**TO
Jane**

ah-

there is nothing broken with you-

FROM Jane

-I don't want to talk about the comment.

-That's why I wanted to edit it.

**TO
Jane**

because you say truth and get scared?-

FROM Jane

-Because it's off topic.

-Not what the app is for.

**TO
Jane**

app has no rules about comments-

FROM Jane

*-I'm going to Hayden's. I don't want to talk
about the comment. Focus on my photo
instead, i took it for you.*

**TO
Jane**

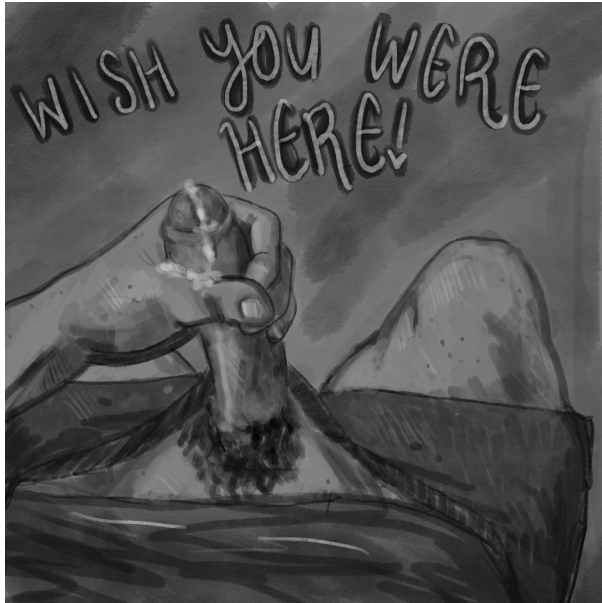
is a very good photo-

i am on stand buy if threats need be made-

FROM Jane

-x

(* :))



Chapter End Notes

Extra picture of Ilya's idea of a good postcard just because I thought it was funny :)

Thank you so much to everyone for their lovely comments! I really appreciate hearing what you guys are liking, it very much fuels my writing flow haha. I'm having a lot of fun writing and then drawing some pictures to go with it so I will be doing it whenever I have time for it :D

(alsooooo this fic accidentally ended up plot heavier than I intended, but there will still be smut full chapters to come, and if any of you have an idea for an app attached after photo... put it in the comments and I'll see if I can work it into the story as well as draw it)

Chapter 8: SHANE

Chapter Notes

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

As he drove to Hayden and Jacki's, he thought about how he should probably wait at least five minutes post orgasm to send his sex review, just so he could re-read what he had written without the fog of feeling good. Just because Ilya wanted him now, enough to say it out loud - or type it (actually, no, he had said in text that they had *talked about it* the previous night, and Shane had just forgotten like an idiot.) - and in a way that sounded like maybe it wasn't even entirely just sexual, didn't mean he wanted to read or hear about when Shane felt... weird. It was just that after talking to Rose, and having her so openly asking and pulling apart his defenses to have him talk about himself, and why he felt bad, all his feelings seemed to have risen closer to the surface.

All of a sudden it hurt him in a new way to be keeping part of himself locked away, not having anyone in his life except for Ilya knowing it about him. It hurt him enough that he had decided, terrified and sick with it, that he needed to tell Hayden, that he needed to let someone else in as soon as possible. It felt like he was a... hose that had been twisted back on itself with the tap on, and he had finally been unbent and now all the water was shooting out. He should tell Ilya this analogy because Ilya would probably immediately retell it as a dick joke and find that funny.

-

"Buddy," Hayden greeted him at the front door, a twin on either hip, "I was half expected you to text and cancel. Good to see you."

Shane winced, and then held his arms out for first Ruby, and then Jade, when they leaned from their father towards him, giggling. "Sorry," he said, "I know I've been... um, off. Hey girls, oh, are these new dinosaur costumes? Wow!"

He, Hayden, and the girls all trooped into the lounge, dinosaur discussion already in full swing, and Jacki stepped out of the kitchen a moment later with a smile.

“Take over the cooking,” she directed Hayden, handing him a wooden spoon like she was tapping him in with a baton, “you get to spend all day with Shane, it’s my turn.”

“Rude,” Hayden said, but took the spoon, kissed her, and headed off into the kitchen.

In Shane’s head he could hear the jeering their teammates would make about this, and he hated that their casual cruelty lived in him like this, like a backing track for his life. He knew most of the time it wasn’t even intended to be cruel, it was just what you said, how you acted, how to be a real man.

He and Jacki played along as pterodactyls for a while before the twins decided they needed to go be burrowing dinosaurs upstairs and ran away jabbering at each other, and then Jacki sat on the couch, and patted the cushion beside her, and Shane sat down.

He knew Jacki was a Rose Landry fan, so he really did expect that to be the first topic of conversation.

“I’ve been thinking about Lily,” Jacki said, voice quiet after the din of dinosaurs.

Shane blinked at her. Opened his mouth. Shut it. Tried again. “Oh?”

“I know,” she grimaced a little, “I know you’re private, Shane, and I know you - you’ve said often enough that it’s... casual with her,”

“I didn’t cheat on her with Rose,” Shane said, quick, and then stopped when Jacki shook her head.

“I’m not saying that,” she told him, leaned slightly so she could bump her shoulder into his. “I guess I’m just... worried about you. Because despite what you said about being casual, you never sounded it, and you never - well. Um, Hayden told me about practice the other day, and about how out of it you were. About how you - he said he thought he’d hurt you. When he touched your shoulder in the showers.”

Maybe Shane should have written up an itinerary for how he thought tonight should go and have sent it in advance. He felt tears prick in his eyes, and then he was standing far too quickly and regretting it when Jacki looked up at him with wide eyes.

“Shane,” she said, “I didn’t mean to -”

“Can we - um,” Shane started, cleared his throat, “we should go to the kitchen. With Hayd. So I can just. So I can just tell you both.”

“Oh,” she said, still staring at him with wide eyes, unmoving until Shane held out his hand and she took it so he could help her upright. “Okay, yeah, okay.”

Hayden didn’t look up from the pots he was stirring on the stove, when the door opened, just waved at the fridge.

“I put the ginger ale and the white wine in the veg drawer because all our shelves are full of random shit,” he said. “Need to get a bigger fridge,” he added in a mumble to himself.

Jacki crossed over to him as Shane shut the door behind them, and then leaned against it like he needed to barricade it to stop himself from leaving immediately.

“Turn these on low,” Jacki said, already reaching to twist one of the stove knobs, “Shane wants to talk.”

“What?” Hayden asked, was already twisting another knob, movement fast, “about wh- hey bud,” he finished, having finally turned away from the stove to his wife, and seeing Shane as well. “Um, what’s up?”

“Sorry for - like - freaking out in the showers the other day,” Shane said, quick and probably a little flat, but he couldn’t linger too long on this because it already felt insane bringing it up.

Like an extra breach of shower protocol somehow. “It wasn’t about you. You didn’t - didn’t hurt me. I was in my head.”

For a moment Hayden looked a little gobsmacked, slightly fish like, even, and then he nodded. “No, bud, I - it’s fine. I shouldn’t have got in your space when I knew you were already feeling weird.”

Shane shook his head, waved his hand, needed to move on so he didn’t end up spilling everything out in the wrong order.

“Um,” he said, “I just - first - I just wanted to say that Rose and I, like, we’re not. We had a really good time together, as friends, and that’s it. She -” *fuck* he was already saying it out of order *fuck fuck fuck*. “No, wait. Fuck. Let me -” He tried to step back, his heel hitting the door with a stupidly loud thump, and he brought his hands up to cover his face. Fuck.

“It’s okay, bud,” Hayden said again, sounding very much like he was freaking out a little as well.

Jacki sounded a lot more put together. “Take your time, hon,” she told him, “start again, if you need.”

He nodded, still clutching his face with his hands. Breathed ragged into his palms, and then tried again, pulling in a much smoother breath and exhaling it quietly. He dropped his hands, dropped his gaze to the tiled kitchen floor. He liked the tiles in here. Dark blue. Very nice. Big tiles.

“I’m gay,” he said. “I’ve probably - probably known this for most of my life, I just wasn’t ready to acknowledge it. Or at least to - to admit that I’m only gay, that I don’t like - like women at all. Like that. But I - I am, now, and I didn’t want to - I’ve been lying about who I am. And I don’t want to, anymore. Not to you guys.”

The tiles were still very nice, even when they became a little blurry. He watched Jacki’s feet step onto the tile he was staring at, and then her hand was on his shoulder.

“Hey,” she said, “you weren’t lying. You just weren’t ready. It’s okay, Shane.”

He forced himself to nod, a stunted jerky thing. Couldn’t look up at her.

A short beat of silence, and then Hayden speaking suddenly, like he had been jolted into speech perhaps by Jacki shooting him a look.

“Uh, yeah, bud. Thank you for telling us, we - I - bro, you know that’s fine, right? Like, we, uh, we love you and stuff.”

Shane closed his eyes, so he didn’t see Hayden’s feet stepping over, but he heard them before Hayden’s hand was on his shoulder, and then tugging him forwards into a hug, Jacki letting him go so Hayden could wrap his arms around him.

“I’m - I’m a little shocked,” Hayden admitted, still holding Shane, “but like, it’s all good, bro, yeah?”

Shane let himself grab onto the back of Hayden’s shirt, let himself cling just for a bit, because he couldn’t trust himself to hug Hayden back properly and not become a mess. Especially if it became too much too fast for Hayden, like, having a gay friend was one thing, letting a gay friend wrap their arms around you and hold on like a limpet was probably another.

“Shane,” Hayden prompted. Lifted one hand from Shane’s upper back and ruffled his hair. “C’mon, c’mon bud. You’re my best friend, you’re okay.”

“Okay,” Shane managed to mumble, released his grip on Hayden’s shirt and leaned back until Hayden released him. “Okay. Sorry. Thanks.”

“Nah,” Hayden said, sounding serious. He had pulled back from the hug, but he was still gripping Shane tight by his upper arms. “I need to know that you know I’m serious.”

Jacki made a soft noise behind them, and Shane finally tore his gaze upwards, managed not to flinch away from the look on Hayden's face. Earnest and emotional.

"Can I say - can I say the rest of what I need to say first?" Shane asked, cleared his throat, darting his eyes from Hayden's face, to Jacki's on his left, and then back to Hayden's - left eye, right eye, left eye. "So it's - it's done. And then I can know, uh, that you mean it. After."

A pause, like Hayden had to run Shane's fragmented sentence through a translator in his head, probably the twin gibberish translator. And then he nodded. He was still holding Shane's arms.

"Go ahead," Jacki said, "but it's not going to change anything. We love you."

Shane almost nodded at that, but stopped himself, because it felt too much like a deal, somehow. Like if he nodded, they weren't allowed to change his mind. Or it would be embarrassing for him to have believed they loved him and then say it, and have them take it back.

"Lily is a codename," Shane said, directing his words back to his friends the tiles. "For the guy I've been - been seeing. Since rookie season. A little before, maybe. And - and it was casual. Is still casual. Kind of. But I think I'm actually probably in love with him, and I was trying not to be, and - I guess I freaked out a little about trying not to be in love with him and when Rose and I went out I got drunk and told her all about it. Which is humiliating. But she was really nice, and we talked about it, and she - she's the reason I've finally - that I let myself admit that I'm gay. That that isn't something I can fix, about me. That's - um - the reason I was so - weird - at practice, and then in the showers, because I hadn't let myself think about how much I - um - how much I felt for him really, and so - so naming it my head made me feel. Like I was - was going to die. A bit. Um. I don't know how to - to say any of this. I thought I did. Sorry. Then in the showers I was scared that it was just obvious. What I am. And I didn't want you to - to get, like, marked with it as well, Hayd. Getting called faggot. I was just worried. It would happen. Yeah. Okay. Yeah, that's it. Sorry for saying faggot."

The blue tiles swam in his vision, oceanic.

Hayden pulled him back in, as inexorable as a rip, and Shane let himself drop his head against Hayden's shoulder, Jacki's arms coming out of the blue and wrapping around him as well.

"First things first," Hayden said, gruff, "we fucking love you. Okay? Fuck, Shane - I - fuck, I didn't even know how much you were dealing with."

"I didn't want you to," Shane sniffed. Wished he could bundle up all his emotions back down under his muscles instead of them feeling so barely skin deep. Every brush against him was making him bleed. "I didn't want anyone to know."

For a moment none of them spoke, the three of them so close together that their breathing felt like one rising and falling thing, waves crashing. Shane always liked how Hayden and Jacki smelled together. Which was weird of him, maybe, but it was a comforting mix for him. Like and not at all like sitting between his parents. He breathed them in deeply, trying to fill his head with scent memory of the years they had been his friends, like extra padding to Hayden's words.

"I'm really glad Rose helped," Jacki said, her head on Shane's shoulder. "I'm really glad you met her in a moment you could let her in so she could help. Also, I would love to meet her at some point, partially to ask her how she got you to drink and partially because she is so hot."

Shane's lungs spasmed, and then he snorted. It was only kind of funny, but any emotion that wasn't fear felt huge inside of him. "Okay," he said. "I think we could - I think we could make that happen."

"If you want to talk to us about - about Lily," Hayden said, "you can. I want to know about him, about this guy you're in love with."

The fear was back, but less heavy now. His face was still wedged in between Hayden's shoulder and neck, and the firm pressure of his arms around him felt close enough to bravery.

“He’s another player, not on our team.” Shane said. “I can’t - I can’t tell you who. It’s dangerous for him. Neither of us are - are planning on coming out publicly. I don’t know if I can ever, actually, be with him for real. Not like - not like you guys. Not while we’re in hockey.”

Jacki swore, and no-one mentioned the swear jar. Which was good, because him and Hayden would probably retroactively owe it a lot.

“I meant to do this after dinner,” Shane said. “I’m sorry.”

“It’s fine,” Jacki said.

“I’ve made dinner late,” Shane pointed out. “I’ve thrown off the schedule.”

“I know you’ll hate this,” Hayden said, “but fuck the schedule, bud.”

-

TO
Lily

*No need to make balloon animals out of Hayd’s
intestines :-)*

FROM Lily _____

-oh that is a good one

-good

-you are doing okay?

TO
Lily

Yeah.-

It was a lot, but it was good.-

FROM Lily_____

-did you tell them you have sexy hook ups?

**TO
Lily**

Not that I have sexy hookups.-

But that there is a guy I've been seeing.-

FROM Lily_____

-what? who is this guy you have been seeing?

**TO
Lily**

Asshole.-

FROM Lily_____

-no no that sounds like guy i have been seeing

**TO
Lily**

Dickhead-

FROM Lily_____

-mmm yes sounds more like me :))))

-you are home?

**TO
Lily**

Yeah.-

*I didn't think it would be so exhausting. I wouldn't
have done it the night before a game if I knew.-*

FROM Lily_____

-ah homophobica striking again

**TO
Lily**

Was it like this for you telling Marlow?-

Exhausting.-

FROM Lily_____

*-i think maybe for me was more tired before.
-and when i say it, it was not magic no more
tired, but still less tired.*

-not like that for you at all?

**TO
Lily**

Maybe a bit. Like a weight was lifted.-

*Having done it was good, but doing it was
a lot.-*

FROM Lily_____

-yes

-you are very brave malysh

-good job

-is not chirp i am being real

**TO
Lily**

Okay. Thank you for clarifying.-

Thank you. I didn't feel brave.-

FROM Lily_____

-that is what bravery is i think yes

-not feeling brave and doing things anyway

-you need sleep?

-or maybe reward for being brave?

**TO
Lily**

Depends on the reward, I guess.-

FROM Lily _____

-i bought new friend for your collection

-correct colour

-i chose size based on your favourite dick

**TO
Lily**

*I was going to ask how you managed to
get a reference for Gretsky's dick, but then
I realised that implied I had seen it somehow
and obviously I haven't-*

*I guess his could still be my favourite dick, like
fantasy style. I don't know what it's like so I can
imagine it being perfect.-*

FROM Lily _____

->:((((((((((((((((

-so mean

-so you do NOT want new toy

-and you do NOT want dick toy is sized for?

**TO
Lily**

Sorry lol-

Obviously your dick is my favourite dick.-

You are my favourite dick.-

*I think probably even if Gresky's dick was like,
insanely amazing, yours would still be my
favourite.-*

FROM Lily _____

-only probably?????

-cruelty

-i am like chicken in shit box

**TO
Lily**

What?-

FROM Lily _____

*-forced to stay in cage and lay eggs
-not cruelty free*

**TO
Lily**

You say the weirdnest things-

Your dick is the best dick.-

*And if you were my chicken I would let
you roam free range. I would build you a
big coop with lots of roosting spots and
lots of foraging areas.-*

FROM Lily _____

-:)

-okay

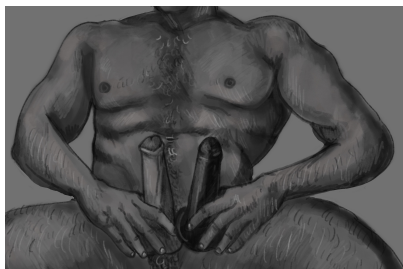
-i forgive you for cruel dicklications

-this is clever mash of words i have made

-i should be one getting reward, but, you

were very good and brave so i still give to you.

*-[PHOTO ATTACHMENT] (Ilya holding his
hard dick in one hand, and then right next to
it, a dark purple dildo in the other. They are
almost identical in size)*



TO
Lily

Oh fuck-

Oh fuck will you fuck me with both-

It's really big-

I should bring my smaller one too-

And you could fuck me with that and your cock-

Or that and the new dildo-

Or whatever-

I want your cock-

FROM Lily

-so greedy already

*-i thought you were tired? needing to sleep
for game tomorrow?*

TO
Lily

I am, i do-

I want anyway-

Fuck you have a game tomorrow too-

You should be going to sleep-

*Morning game and then a game the next
day, fuck, you should already be asleep-*

FROM Lily

-lol

-i know my game schedule

-i also know moy malysh

-i know is so easy to have you cumming

-we will be so quick and will be asleep so soon

-but right now you should be touching your self

-lick your fingers

-rub self behind balls

-not hole, soft skin before

-pretend i am licking you there

**TO
Lily**

Fuck ok-

It's called the perineum btw-

Or taint-

FROM Lily

-so not sexy names

-but sexy place

-rub hard like i am trying to suck you into my mouth

-like i am trying to fuck against you from outside with my tongue

-licking to your tochka g

**TO
Lily**

fuck yeas-

prostate nott g if you meant g-spot-

FROM Lily

-fuck baby do correctings after

-i want to make you cum not write book

of anatomies

**TO
Lily**

Sorry-

I am really hard-

I just dont have a g-spot-

FROM Lily_____

-i know this, was just first best word

-or maybe i will pretend is right word

-say i want my mouth on your pussy, hm?

*-want to lick into you, push and fuck my
tongue into your hot cunt?*

**TO
Lily**

fuck-

i dont -

okay fuck yes please fuck me-

FROM Lily_____

-mmmm i bet you are so wet for me

-say you want me to lick your pussy :)

**TO
Lily**

fuck-

fuck-

ok-

I want you to lick my pussy please-

Fuck my pussy i need it-

FROM Lily_____

-so hot and easy for me, opening so good

-beautiful pussy so good to suck and fuck
-i would not let your pretty asshole lonely
-i want both your holes
-push my fingers into your pussy and lick
down into your tight ass
-i know how bad you want it i can feel your
heartbeats on my tongue
-would push inside of you opening you up
so wet love to feel you give to me
-your pussy would be dripping and i would
still be getting to lap it up out your asshole
while i fuck your cunt with my fingers
-rub your tochka-g mm?
-fuck i want to fuck you
-fuck my cock into your asshole and dildo
in your pussy and make you so full
-you want this?

TO
Lily

yehs fuchjk oh my gofd ilya-
i dont know whhat the fuckj-
mso close-

FROM Lily

-so good for me dorogaya
-rub your pretty clit for me
-cum with me in you
-making you mine
-gonna cum in you fill you up
-lick it out of your hole when it drips

-or push back in

-keep me in you

-want you

TO
Lily

Fuck.-

FROM Lily_____

-did my pretty baby cum?

TO
Lily

Yeah.-

That was not quick.-

FROM Lily_____

-mmmm pretty quick

TO
Lily

Won't be after i shower-

FROM Lily_____

-ahh i made you messy?

TO
Lily

You know you did-

FROM Lily_____

-me too

-you made me messy

-should come here and clean up mess

TO
Lily

Don't tempt me with a good time-

FROM Lily_____

-;)))

**TO
Lily**

*Wish I'd gotten a flight right after the game-
I could be with you tomorrow night.-*

Not have to wait longer.-

FROM Lily_____

*-i think people say patience is good building
character thing*

**TO
Lily**

I have enough character-

FROM Lily_____

-lol

**TO
Lily**

Would you prefer I was a girl?-

FROM Lily_____

-lol

**TO
Lily**

Seriously.-

FROM Lily_____

-no, malysh.

-if i wanted girl i would be with one

-was hot, yes?

TO
Lily

Yeah.-

Shouldn't have been.-

FROM Lily_____

-was hot as fantasy, da

-imagining new ways to be fucked

-to be filled with me

TO
Lily

*Stop, I need to shower and sleep not
jerk off again omg-*

FROM Lily_____

-soooo easy for me :))))

-shower and sleep :))))

-moy khrabryy malysh x

TO
Lily

Goodnight :) xxxx-

-

You rated Lily

-★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - **great** - excellent

KISSING - **meh** - good - great - excellent

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

I still don't know how I feel about the pussy talk but it did make me come really hard, so. Marked down on technique just because you were saying things I couldn't replicate enough to feel like I was doing a good job. I want you to fuck me raw in Boston, and lick it out of me. Please.

[PHOTO ATTACHMENT]

(slightly blurry photo, close up mostly of wet skin, Shane's hand, two fingers pressed into his asshole)



-

Lily has rated you

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - **meh** - good - great - excellent

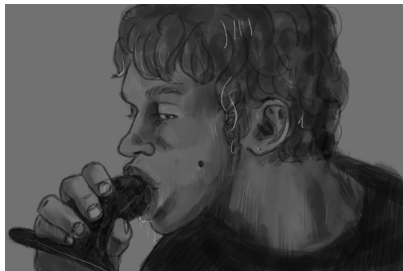
FOREPLAY - meh - good - **great** - excellent

COMMENT

still five stars because you are always so good malysh, but i am taking down on foreplay for too much heckling!!! sadly you are so sexy i still am turned on when you correct me. i was imagining you in your bed with your angry face on and your hands in your pants trying to work out how to touch a pussy and i enjoyed it very much. maybe when you are here i will show you how i would eat your pussy ;)))) Here is photo for new fantasy for you ;))))

[PHOTO ATTACHMENT]

(Ilya's face in profile, dildo in his mouth, about halfway in)



-

The game the next day felt like a dream. He turned up at the arena, he led his team through warm ups and easy drills, and then they played and won like they were just following a script, and Shane had to do interviews and say all his usual lines about winning and team work and staying humble. He just kept thinking about how tomorrow morning he was flying to Boston, to go stay with Ilya at Ilya's house. That they hadn't even made a plan for what they were doing, they were just doing it. He was going to be touching Ilya in less than twenty four hours. He'd watched Ilya's game between practice and his own game, and had spent the entire time grinning, watching Ilya own the ice, the goals, the game. Was stupidly jealous of the way he handled his stick, threw himself at his team mates for cellys, smiled wide at a camera after a goal. Sucked at his water bottle on the bench, chewing at the top. Fuck.

He had to stop himself from thinking about it when he and his team hit the showers after the game, didn't want to risk thinking and then getting too hard about it. Especially because after the showers, him and Hayden getting dressed again in their stalls next to each other, and Hayden kept looking at him *weird*. Had been in the shower as well, like he was checking where Shane was looking, maybe, and that was bad enough that it finally pulled Shane out of the soft fugue state of winning that he'd been in.

Spoke quiet and low so only Hayden would hear him. "I don't look," he said. "I'm not, like, checking any of you out."

"Fuck," Hayden said, looked surprised. He checked over his shoulders, and then turned back to Shane, shaking his head. "Bro, I wasn't - I didn't think that."

"Okay," Shane gritted out. Kept his eyes on his shoelaces as he propped his foot up in front of him. Tightened the laces. "I saw you in the shower, like, keeping an eye on me."

"Fuck," Hayden said again, and then he was sitting down half dressed in his cubby and leaning over into Shane's, almost leaning against his leg. "No. Bro. I was just - just realising I've never noticed how like, stiff - not the right word - how uhhh, not statuesque, though you kind of are, bro. Determined. Like, always staring at the wall, keeping yourself turned away."

"Right," Shane said to his laces. Knotted them. "That's what you're supposed to do. Not look."

"Right, right," Hayden hissed, "but, buddy, it's like. I'm just. Sorry I didn't notice how careful you thought you had to be. Or that you do have to be, I don't know. Everyone else gets to just like, look around and chat and whatever without worrying. Like, I didn't worry when I was basically in your shower the other day, but you were, and. Yeah."

"Oh," Shane said. He took his leg down, lifted his other one. Tightened the laces.

"Shane," Hayden said. He was still speaking low, quiet, and no one seemed to be listening in. Not after Shane had told them very firmly at the beginning of practice that he and Rose were not dating, and would not be dating, and to back off about it. "I've looked at your cock."

Lifting his gaze from his shoes to Hayden, Shane expected to find him grinning, or making some stupid expression, only to find Hayden's expression far too serious for this statement. "What?"

“It’s a great cock,” Hayden said, was only a little pink, but still stoic. “We all look at each other’s cocks. We can’t help it. We’re like, comparing, in our heads. I just - I’m not saying this to make you uncomfortable, I just want you to know, that like. I know you. If you’re feeling, like, guilty? About having looked, at any of us. It’s fine. It’s normal.”

Shane stared at him. Somewhere behind them he could hear JJ and a few others talking loudly about their after-party plans, excited and loud and not listening to Hayden say all of this insane shit.

“C’mon,” Hayden said, when Shane didn’t say anything for a few beats too long. “At least tell me I have a great cock too, that’s only fair.”

Blinking, Shane wondered briefly if he had fallen asleep and was dreaming a very weird porn parody of his life. “Um,” he said, “I mean. I guess it’s, um, good?”

Hayden’s mouth dropped open and he looked far too upset about this. “Good?” He asked, “Only good? Seriously? I said yours was great and all you have to say is good?”

Shane snorted, finally finished the laces on his second shoe, his hands unfreezing. Stood up straight. “Buddy,” he said, “if you don’t actually think my cock is great, then say that.”

Hayden said nothing, looked mutinous for a few moments, then said; “I think maybe you just haven’t looked at mine enough. I think we need a rematch, or something.”

“Hayden,” Shane found himself giggling, could not believe this conversation. “What the hell? You want us to, what, get naked and rate each other?”

That was something he reserved for Ilya.

“No,” Hayden protested, “I mean. Fuck. I’m just saying, you have my explicit permission to look at my dick and then you can maybe revise your judgement of it!”

That bit was said a bit too loud, and Mitty and Comeau walking past laughed. “What the hell, Pike,” Comeau scoffed, “What is this faggy plan? Did Jacki diss your dick?”

“Fuck of Gil,” Hayden shot back, so easy, “I’ve seen you measuring your dick.”

“To prove a point!” Comeau shot back, still laughing, unbothered.

-

FROM Lily_____

*-so you will be writing sex review for
cleavers?*

**TO
Lily**

What???-

FROM Lily_____

*-because you fucked them so good
tonight :))))*

**TO
Lily**

Lol-

*No. Reviews and ratings are reserved for
Roanov Rides only-*

FROM Lily_____

-so many Rrrs

-good

-i saw your sexy goal in third

-maybe we make new app

-for rating each others sexy goals

-5 star for 5 hole baby

**TO
Lily**

If you say hole to me right now I will die.-

FROM Lily

-.:))))))))))))))

-hole

-love your hole

**TO
Lily**

Oh fuck.-

Love my hole tomorrow-

*I have to get up so early to get stuff done
before my flight and I want to not be tired
when I get to yours so you can fuck me
the way you've been talking about fucking me.-*

FROM Lily

-which way first?

-so many good plans we made

-you are bringing friends yes?

**TO
Lily**

I've packed both toys, yes.-

FROM Lily

-mm your new friend is eager to meet them ;)

-and youuuuuuur hole

*-this is your hole **

-and this is your hole tomorrow O

TO
Lily

You're so gross-

FROM Lily _____

-.:))))))

TO
Lily

Do i have a good cock?-

FROM Lily _____

-whatthe fuck?

TO
Lily

*Hayden said I have a great cock, but
I'm pretty sure he was just, like, saying it.-*

FROM Lily _____

-why is pike complimenting your cock

-your cock is not his business

-and he is wrong

-is amazing cock

-useless yes but very beautiful

-hot amazing cock

-tell pike to fuck off

-i bet he has wrinkly dick

TO
Lily

Lol-

His dick is a perfectly good looking dick.-

FROM Lily_____

-PERFECTLY

*-so i should have bought dildo like his dick
hm???? would be your preferred?*

**TO
Lily**

*No, i think my original dildo is probably more his
size, and we've already determined it's not
enough for me, after your cock-*

FROM Lily_____

-good.

*-so you tell pike you are gay and now he is
saying you have great cock. he wants to
fuck you, yes?*

**TO
Lily**

*What? No. He was just, idk, trying to make me
feel less weird about locker room rules.-
apparently i'm too strict about not loooking-*

FROM Lily_____

-this is not true. you looked at mine

**TO
Lily**

And learned my fucking lesson-

FROM Lily_____

-found best dick to look at you mean

**TO
Lily**

Yeah.-

FROM Lily_____

-is sleep time?

**TO
Lily**

*Yes. Goodnight. I'll text you when I leave
tomorrow morning xxx :-)*

FROM Lily_____

-.:) goodnight malysh x

Chapter End Notes

yay :) :) :) they get to fuck in person tomorrow!!!!

Chapter 9: SHANE

Chapter Notes

so sleepy yesterday that i slept most of the day, but i am more awake today and managed to write this! Only one picture today, because they're too busy getting their hands on each other to take photos.

TO
Lily

Boarding now :-)

FROM Lily _____

-i will pick you up

-will drive most boringest car

-park in darkest corner

-

TO
Lily

I could have gotten a ride.-

Landed, btw, just waiting to deboard.-

FROM Lily _____

*-no no no, you have app for reason, no?
rozanov rides?*

TO
Lily

So I should rate you after?-

That might severely tank your rating.-

FROM Lily _____

-so rude to me when i am so nice

-i am such good driver

*-if i was not amazing at hockey maybe i
would be race car driver*

**TO
Lily**

*See, the fact that you think race car
driver is the kind of driver I want?-*

That's where you're losing me.-

FROM Lily _____

*-no, i will make sure you wear seatbelt, will
not lose precious cargo ;))))))*

**TO
Lily**

Asshole.-

*Finally off the plane.-
Going to get my luggage now.-*

FROM Lily _____

-ah you are moving in?

**TO
Lily**

*No, asshole. I just didn't want to bring the
fucking dildo and plug in my carry on because
they fucking xray the bags and would see them
AND me at the same time-*

FROM Lily _____

*-ahhh no one is allowed to know you have
sex, yes i forgot*

**TO
Lily**

Not this kind of sex!-

FROM Lily_____

*-they will think you have kinky girl
-they will not look at you big hockey player
who is so famous and think yes this man
is big bottom for ilya rozanov, big slut*

**TO
Lily**

You drive me insane.-

I hate you.-

FROM Lily_____

-:))))

*-i am screenshotting to share with media
-they are always saying you are so nice and
polite about me in rivalry and only i am
asshole, but this will show them :))))*

**TO
Lily**

*They would assume you had said something
fucking insanely annoying and that I was right
to reply like that.-*

And they'd be right.-

FROM Lily_____

-this is what you think

-but i will share with boston media

-and they love me so will side with me

*-i will say shane hollander came here only
to be mean to me*

-and they will be so sad for poor ilyushka

**TO
Lily**

Ilyushka?-

FROM Lily_____

-ah is like sweet name of my name

**TO
Lily**

It's cute.-

Okay, got my bag. Where are you?-

FROM Lily_____

-[LOCATION SHARED]

-have you eaten?

**TO
Lily**

I had a protein smoothie before I worked out-

FROM Lily_____

-and that is all?

-ugh

-you will taste like chalk

**TO
Lily**

I've brushed my teeth! And had water.-

FROM Lily_____

-chalk man

**TO
Lily**

>:(-

FROM Lily_____

-hehe kotik

TO
Lily

*Fuck I think I just got recognised-
Someone definitely took a photo of me.-*

FROM Lily_____

*-well make sure to tell them you are only
here to fuck famous rival*

*-or other whys maybe they think you are
here just for work or to see friend, or to go
to event*

*-tell them you have biiiig plans for fucking,
long lists of things to try*

TO
Lily

*Ha fucking ha.-
I just don't want anyone talking about me.-*

FROM Lily_____

-people are talking about you always

*-there are people who make big long videos
all about you on youtube and show clips of
every time you deke, or things, and then
talk so long about it*

*-one more person saying one more boring
thing about you will not be problem*

TO
Lily

You watch youtube videos about me?-

FROM Lily_____

-no

-fuck off i don't

-i just hear about them maybe sometimes

-or see on recommends when i watch

hockey videos

TO
Lily

Oh my god you do watch youtube videos about me-

FROM Lily _____

-why would i do this? would be so boring.

TO
Lily

*There's this video compilation of you I watch
sometimes of all your on ice fights.-*

FROM Lily _____

-ohhhhhh

-you are horny for me

-jerking off to me being strong and sexy

TO
Lily

Maybe I'm jerking off about the other guys.-

FROM Lily _____

-no. they are not as hot as me

TO
Lily

*That time you fought Mini? Stupid move, btw. He
got you good with that right hook. Looked good
doing it, too.-*

FROM Lily _____

*-HE started fight! goalie should not start
fight. he had me on surprise!!!!*

*-he is too short for you. you do not really
find him more sexy than me*

TO
Lily

Mmmm.-

FROM Lily

*-fuck i am going to have to fight him again
-and be sexier this time*

-

Shane grinned at Ilya's texts, shoved his phone into his pocket, and then knocked on the driver's side window of Ilya's most subtle car. It was black, yes, but it also have gold flames on the sides. He watched Ilya startle through the tinted glass, and couldn't help but keep his grin on his face as he watched Ilya's face travel through shock, to realisation, to what looked a little like delight, before it morphed into a smirk as he rolled his window down.

"Sorry babe," Ilya drawled, "I am not looking."

"Huh?"

"I am pretending you are hooker," Ilya said in an undertone, "trying to bag rich client."

Shane stared at this absolutely stupid man in front of him, who he was, sadly, kind of in love with. He glanced around, checking they were still as alone as he thought they were in this back end of the long term parking, and then put his bags down and leaned down low, resting his hands in the open window.

"I'd make it worth your while," he said, doing his best to sound seductive, though his best was just trying to lower his voice more and also try to soften it? He didn't think he was doing a good job. "And if you just give me a ride in your nice car, to where I want to go, then I'll even go down on you for free."

Was this sexy? He did not know. Yes a bit. Ilya's face broke out of its confining smirk and he smiled wide at Shane, letting out a burst of laughter, looking like he couldn't believe what he was hearing.

"Fuck," he said, "put your bags in boot and get in my car now so I can give you kiss."

Shane fought down his smile, pouted instead. "We haven't even talked payment yet?"

"I pay you anything you want," Ilya told him, "I give you thousands even if only for kiss, but I need this kiss very quick."

Shane stopped fighting his smile, and stood back to pick his bags back up. Ilya rolled his window closed, and there was a small pop noise from the boot of the car as Shane walked around to it. He put his bags in, and circled the rest of the way around the car speedily, opening the passenger side door and sliding in and shutting it again so quickly he almost shut his leg in it.

Then Ilya was kissing him immediately, hands already on Shane's face, pulling him closer, mouth demanding and hot, and Shane let himself fall right into it. Leaned into Ilya's space, bringing one leg up underneath him so he could be closer still, his hands pushing in to Ilya's open jacket and smoothing up and around Ilya's ribs over the soft fabric of his shirt.

When they finally pulled apart, strands of spit disgustingly stretching between their lips for a moment before breaking, they both panted for a moment, still holding on to each other, still in each other's space.

"So," Shane asked, "do I still taste like chalk?"

"Maybe," Ilya replied, ducked in and kissed Shane again, licked into his mouth in a decidedly less sexy way than he had before, making Shane let out a horrified noise too much like a squeal as he pulled away. "Mmm, no," Ilya said, grinning at Shane's fake disgust. "Taste like me now."

“And that’s better than chalk?” Shane asked, raising his eyebrows, and Ilya made a face at him.

“You love how I taste,” he replied, “you love it so much you are always wanting your mouth on me.”

“Maybe,” Shane shrugged, “maybe I have bad taste.”

“Oh, you do, yes,” Ilya agreed, “with your terrible chalk drinks and your yucky protein bars. I will do my best to fix while you are here.”

“I’m only here for a couple of days,” Shane pointed out. “And I don’t think that’s something that needs fixing.”

“Disagree to agree,” Ilya replied, and then leaned into the backseat, grabbing a cardboard cup holder with an unfamiliar iced drink in it, and a small paper bag. “Here is first part of fixing.”

“It’s agree to disagree,” Shane said, absentmindedly as he took the proffered items warily, eyeing up the drink and then the bag which he could already see had an oil stain on it. “Um. What-”

“Is fancy healthy tea,” Ilya said, turning away from Shane and fiddling with first his keys, and then the wheel. “Pea butterflies I think. With lemon. Healthy, pretty, and nicer than chalk drink. And I am not agreeing to disagreements, is silly.”

“Oh,” Shane blinked down at it, was still very cautious of what the bag contained.

“Bag will not bite, Hollander,” Ilya told him, not meanly even as his voice became gruff. “Bagel. Oil is from tomatoes. Not raw tomato. Kind in oil. Chewy.”

“Sundried?”

“Mm, this. Maybe you will not like how much cream cheese, but I already ask them to put less, so is already healthier option than should be. Salmon too.”

Shane opened the bag and looked in at his lesser-cream-cheesed-bagel with sundried tomato and salmon, and then at the purple-ish drink dripping condensation into it's cardboard holder, and felt so terrifyingly cared for. In a car that wasn't orange, and was parked somewhere remote and expensive for such a short stay.

“Shane,” Ilya said, sounded a little worried. “Is bagel really so bad?”

Shane's lip quivered, and he shook his head. Ducked his head down and brought his shoulder up to wipe the tears off one cheek.

“No,” he said, choked. “It's really nice.”

Ilya exhaled. “Okay,” he said, “You will eat it then, yes?”

“Yeah,” Shane nodded. He took the drink out of it's cardboard and took a quick sip before putting it between his thighs so he could have both hands for the bagel. The tea was nice - sweet without being overwhelming, and just a hint of bitterness to even it out. “Thank you.”

Ilya watched him take a bite of the bagel, and then he reached out and put his hand on Shane's thigh, hand especially warm in contrast to the ice drink.

“I am glad you are here,” he said. “Now, ah, where was it you wanted a ride to, hm? And will I be receiving your services in car?”

Shane grinned, his cheeks full of bagel, shook his head. Swallowed. “Take me to your place,” he said, couldn't sound seductive right now if he tried, his smile too wide. “And we can do

anything you want.”

-

Anything Ilya wanted, apparently, was to get Shane entirely naked the moment they'd gotten inside his house, Shane's bags dropped in the entrance, and then his shirt quickly following.

“Been thinking about you here,” Ilya said, had pressed Shane up against the wall right beside the shoe stand. “Waiting while I am playing game. Watching me on my TV, wanting me, knowing I am coming home here after to fuck you.”

“Yeah,” Shane panted, dropped his head back hard against the wall as Ilya bit at his neck, his hands making quick work of divesting Shane of his trousers. “Maybe I'll only let you fuck me if you win.”

Ilya laughed, kissed Shane again, and then was suddenly dropping down to his knees. He helped Shane the rest of his way out of the clothes caught around his shoes, as well as taking his shoes off, and then kissed up Shane's thighs, pressing them apart with one hand and pressing Shane harder against the wall with the other.

“I was thinking, maybe,” Ilya said, his mouth pressed into the crease at the top of Shane's thigh, Shane's cock beginning to press against Ilya's jaw. “Maybe you wear plug while I am at game and you are watching. And when I win, which I will do, I come home and slide right into my slutty brat.” He punctuated this with a quick bite to Shane's thigh, and then with a lick the Shane's shaft.

“Fuck,” Shane groaned. “I don't know if - I mean - yes - I want, obviously. I think, I think I'll only put it in if you've scored in first period.”

“Oh?” Ilya raised his eyebrows at Shane, and even kneeling on the ground at Shane's feet Shane still felt so entirely captivated by him. Like if Ilya told him to drop fully on the ground and suck him off instead, Shane would do it without a thought. “You want to make bets? Bargains? Okay, yes, we do this.” He pressed a wet kiss to the head of Shane's cock, and Shane moaned, kept his eyes on Ilya's face.

“You put in plug after I score in first period,” Ilya said, nodded firmly, like this was already destined to happen. “And then you count every point I earn, and when I come home, that is number of times I give you spank before I take out plug.”

Shane’s body felt a little like it was made of jelly, like he was a nervous system in a see-through gelatinous casing and Ilya could press on all of his nerves in just the right way to make him shake. He imagined being face down on the couch, or on Ilya’s bed, or across Ilya’s lap, Ilya’s palm coming down hard against his ass cheeks, or against the base of the plug.

Ilya’s hands softened on him, smoothing down his thighs instead of pressing hard against him, and Shane blinked at him, at the way Ilya’s face was tensed just a little, and realised he was waiting for Shane to tell him he’d gone too far.

“I doubt you’ll get that many points,” Shane said, his voice raw, “so it’ll be easy. That’s only assuming you win, though, and that you get a goal in first.”

“Okay,” Ilya was smiling again. He moved one hand from Shane’s thigh and wrapped it around Shane’s cock instead, stroking him slow and firm. “If I do not score in first, but I still win game, what is my prize?”

“Still the points to spanking,” Shane said, nodded once, “and - and you can fuck me with two things at once. Not including the plug.”

Ilya nodded, licked at Shane’s dripping cock-head, sucked it into his mouth, his tongue circling the tip maddeningly. He pulled off much too quickly, and looked back up at Shane. “And if I score in first, but do not win?”

It took this, plus Ilya’s pleased face looking up at him, for Shane to realise he was having fun. Like. A lot of fun. And he had expected to have fun while he was here - they had talked about many types of fun they could have - but he had also expected it to be...weird for a bit. Or to feel anxious, or worried, or, whatever. None of that now. Only enjoyment.

“I will let you fuck me,” Shane began thoughtfully, and then reached down and batted lightly at Ilya’s head when he laughed. “Shut up. I will let you fuck me, but - um - but you can’t touch me. I’ll ride you. You just have to watch as I - I take out the plug, and take what I want.”

Ilya groaned, a heated noise that went straight to Shane’s lower stomach, to his cock, making him feel suddenly hot and melty. Ilya mouthed wetly at Shane’s cock again, his hand still working it slow and steady.

“And if you - you don’t score in first,” Shane said, his breath hitching as Ilya took more of him in his mouth, “and you don’t win the game, then - fuck - then you have to watch as I fuck myself with one of the toys. You don’t get to touch me.” Oh god Ilya better win the game, fuck. “You just have to watch.”

Ilya moaned around Shane’s cock, and then he was swallowing him down, his nose pressing in to Shane’s freshly trimmed pubes, his throat clenching around Shane’s cock, his curls tickling at Shane’s stomach.

“Fuck - fuck Ilya,” Shane groaned, his hands knotting into Ilya’s curls, “fuck I missed your mouth - I missed - you’re so good at this -”

Ilya bobbed his head, one of his hands sliding up from Shane’s thigh, over his hip, his stomach, squeezing at one of Shane’s pecs. So good. So much better than Shane touching himself, even with Ilya’s voice over the phone, guiding him, heating him up. So much better than his memories of doing this with Ilya, or his fantasies, or any other sex he had with anyone else. It was stupid how good it was with Ilya, and it made Shane feel stupid not knowing if it was because of how he felt about Ilya, or that Ilya was just that skilled.

He was definitely just that skilled. Was doing something with his tongue that made Shane’s hips shake so hard it juddered up his spine and into his jaw, and his teeth were chattering with it, and Ilya was rubbing his thumb over and over and over Shane’s nipple, and all his raw nerve endings were on fire and he was coming down Ilya’s throat without a warning for himself or Ilya.

He would have collapsed down onto the floor if Ilya wasn’t immediately there - standing up and wrapping his arms around Shane, pressing him upright between his chest and the wall.

“Fuck,” Shane groaned, more a breath than anything. “Fuck I think you killed me. I think you sucked out my soul or something.”

Ilya laughed, kissed him on the lips, then the nose, the forehead, back to the lips. “I give back to you,” he said, kissed him again, his tongue pushing into Shane’s mouth, taste of come bitter and slick on him, and Shane swallowed it down.

“Better?” Ilya asked, once they had kissed slowly for a few moments more, and Shane’s body had stopped shaking so much. “You are still here with me?”

“Yes,” Shane said, his eyes had been shut for a while, he wasn’t sure how long, and he opened them now to look at Ilya. At Ilya’s eyes searching his face, at Ilya’s mouth quirked in a small smile like he didn’t even know he was smiling. At the flush of his cheeks. “Can I blow you?”

Ilya grinned, kissed Shane again. “Da, malysh,” he said, “come upstairs, we are not finished yet.”

-

Upstairs Shane helped rid Ilya of his clothing, pressing his mouth greedily to each bared piece of him, until they were both naked and on the bed, Ilya on his back, Shane between his legs. Shane’s fingers would never be enough to mimic the way Ilya’s cock made him feel, not pushing into him, or sitting heavy in his mouth, and he felt saliva pooling under his tongue just looking at the way Ilya’s cock sat, hard and flushed, foreskin pushing back the harder he got.

He wanted to dive right in. Take Ilya right down his throat, swallow him, devour him, make them one thing. Wanted it so badly his stomach felt like it was cramping with hunger for it. He wanted to tease, more, though. Wrapped his hand tight around Ilya’s hot cock and pushed it up instead, pressing it towards Ilya’s stomach as he dropped his head forwards to mouth at Ilya’s balls, Ilya swearing above him.

“Blyat,” Ilya hissed, his hand in Shane’s hair, “you are trying to kill me,” he accused, breathless, “this is - is illegal, taking out captain before game - uh - fuck -”

Shane, his mouth full, sniggered, loved to get Ilya running his mouth and then incoherent with it. Loved the way Ilya’s grunts became almost softer, and his thighs, so hard and corded with muscle, trembled beneath Shane’s hands.

“I will get on ice -” Ilya panted, his hands tugging seemingly mindlessly at Shane’s hair, “- and be like baby deer, and will say - fuck, *fuck*, - my Jane - her mouth -”

Shane took pity on him now - or on himself - and finally lifted his head back up to wrap his lips around Ilya’s cock-head, to suck just at that first, his tongue working at the delicate frenulum, lapping at the bitter musk of him, before relaxing his jaw and taking him in deeper. Relished in the feel of it bumping against the back of his throat, a dull pain transposed to sheer want even as his throat spasmed at it, and then swallowing him down. Letting the thick hot breadth of him hold his throat open, automatic bodily responses panicking at the intrusion even as Shane’s mind clouded sweetly over.

Ilya’s palm, warm on his cheeks, cock hot in his throat, thighs bracketing Shane’s head. Surrounded and subsumed by Ilya.

He let himself have it until his lungs’ terror broke through the fog of his brain, and he pulled back off only enough to breathe, sharp lungfuls through his nose, sucking at what was still in his mouth, his hand coming up to grip the dripping base of Ilya’s cock.

“Fuck, moy lyubimyy,” Ilya was saying, his voice soft and heavy at the same time, like he had been saying it on repeat, waiting, and when Shane lifted his eyes up to Ilya’s face he got to watch as Ilya smiled down at him, open and happy and relieved almost. “Shane,” he said, “god, I thought you would choke yourself on me.”

Would, Shane wanted to say, but to speak involved giving up the cock in his mouth, so instead he blinked through the haze of wetness in his eyes, and lifted his hand from Ilya’s thigh. Took the hand Ilya had on Shane’s shoulder, and guided it to his mouth, opening wider to fit the first two fingers in alongside Ilya’s cock, and watching as Ilya squeezed his eyes shut and then open again, looking pained and amazed.

It was over a little too quickly after that. A very large part of Shane felt like maybe he should have just taken Ilya in his mouth and then insisted on just holding him. Letting his jaw become stiff and sore from the intrusion and the weight. But that was the part of Shane that felt clouded over, the part of Shane that was still raw heated nerves wanted Ilya coming now, and he got that, swallowing Ilya over and over as he came in Shane's mouth, drool and come dribbling out the corners of his lips where he was over stretched, Ilya's fingers holding him open.

It felt like he blinked and then he was caught up against Ilya's chest, his head so heavy over Ilya's loud, fast heartbeat, arms around him, Ilya speaking low and soft and Russian over him.

"S'good?" Shane asked, when he worked out how to make his mouth work in a way that wasn't cock related.

"Bohze moy," Ilya breathed, "da. Shanya. Yes, so good, so good. You are good?"

"Mhm," Shane hummed. "I missed your cock."

Ilya laughed, and then his hand was on Shane's face, tipping him up to face Ilya, and Ilya's face was pink and elated, and they were kissing soft and wet.

"You are okay, though, yes?" Ilya asked again, when he pulled away from the kiss, his hand still holding Shane's face upright. "Sweetheart, you were so - so deep somewhere, like my cock had you drunk."

"I'm good," he said. Imagined texting Rose and asking if she knew about the phrase *cockdrunk* and if it was normal. "I'm so good. You?"

"Yes," Ilya scoffed, "I think we will need nap, though, yes? Regain some little energy."

Shane was nodding without needing to think about it. He didn't really do naps, didn't like how they threw off his sleep schedule, but he was heavy, sated, warm, sleepy.

"I get cloth," Ilya told him, kissed him again. "Give us quick clean, and then we nap."

-

Ilya was still asleep when Shane woke up. He wasn't sure how long they had been asleep, or what the time was, but the dim light coming through the half opened blinds didn't seem much changed from before. He found Ilya's phone in his sweats pocket on the floor, checked the time. They'd probably been asleep for an hour, maybe. He put the phone on Ilya's bedside table, and then pulled on Ilya's discarded clothes so he wouldn't have to go downstairs naked.

Downstairs he gathered up his own messily dropped clothes, his phone in his jeans' pocket, and his bags. Brought them as quietly as possible back to Ilya's rooms. His checked luggage was only a small duffle - the toys wrapped in a couple of hoodies in one end of the bag to keep them from rolling around, and everything else he needed fit easily in the leftover space. It had felt stupid getting a checked bag, but he'd known he wouldn't have been able to relax taking the toys through security. They would probably have called in a bomb threat or something on him for how twitchy he would have acted.

He got back into bed, because he figured Ilya could still sleep for another couple of hours before he needed to even start getting ready to leave, and the moment he slid back under the covers, Ilya rolled over and wrapped his arm over Shane's waist, still asleep. And if Shane let himself just lie there for a few long moments, staring at Ilya's sleep lax face, well. No one needed to know.

He'd brought his phone into bed with him specifically for updating Rozanov Rides, and the first thing he did was snap a quick photo of Ilya's sleeping face, because he wanted to see it again, and hiding it on the app seemed the best place for it.

-

You rated Lily

-★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - meh - good - great - **excellent**

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

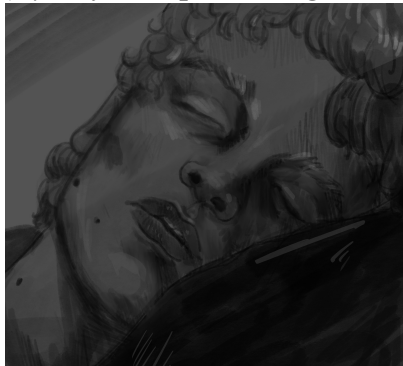
COMMENT

~~I love you~~ I love sucking your cock. I know I have a habit of like, chewing on things, or putting things in my mouth, and I think when it's your cock in my mouth it really hits the urge or whatever it is I have. Someone called it an oral fixation once, so maybe it's something like that. It's calming. Not always, like, when you're fucking my throat, or when I'm more actively sucking you off, like, I'm too turned on to be calm exactly then. Just, you seemed a little worried earlier, and I wanted you to know that it was really good for me. That it felt nice. You sucking my cock? I also love that, and it is very much the opposite of calming. The thing you do with your tongue??? Like you're fucking my cock? Idk. Makes me feel like I am shaking apart. In a good way. It was so hot the way you had me against the wall, like you couldn't wait until we got any further into the house, like you needed me as much as I needed you.

Rating is 4 stars because you literally ran a red light on the drive home, you fucking menace, just because there were no other cars at the intersection doesn't mean it's not illegal!

[PHOTO ATTACHMENT]

(Ilya's face squished against a pillow, asleep, his mouth is slightly open.)



-

Ilya woke up only a half hour later, his arm tightening around Shane's waist for a moment before he grumbled out a noise that was probably a greeting, and Shane quickly locked his phone. Possibly too quickly, because that drew Ilya's sleepy attention into very suddenly awake attention.

"What was this?" Ilya asked, using his grip on Shane's hip to roll him onto his back so they were no longer spooned up together, and Ilya could be hovering over him. "You drop phone so speedy like you are hiding things."

"If I was hiding things, I wouldn't tell you what it is, would I?" Shane shot back, amused at how young and grumpy Ilya looked, his hair all bedraggled, eyes squinting. "I was just texting Rose."

Ilya made a face, and then dropped himself down against Shane's chest, the weight punching the air out of Shane's lungs, but his own arms coming to pull Ilya closer anyway.

"Texting Rose Landry," Ilya grumbled into Shane's neck, "For what? So she can tell you again you are gay, when you could have asked me years ago and I would have told you?"

Shane snorted, his hand moving of its own accord, rubbing up and down Ilya's back. "I couldn't ask you," he said. "You're not seriously jealous that someone else helped me work out my sexuality, are you?"

"No," Ilya snapped, "I do not get jealous."

"Mm," Shane nodded, breathed as deeply as he could with Ilya pressing down on top of him, his lungs lifting Ilya up and down. "I rated you, by the way," he added, "but you're not allowed to look until you rate me back."

Ilya was quiet for a few moments, and then he huffed out a noise that might have been a laugh. “So keen for rules,” he said, and then rolled himself fully off of Shane and sat up in the bed, looking for a moment like he was about to get up, and then, glancing back at Shane, noticing that, “you are wearing my clothes.”

“Ah, yeah,” Shane glanced down at the shirt he was wearing, “oh, I put your phone on the bedside table, by the way.”

“Oh,” Ilya said, still looking at Shane. “This is hot,” he added, waving his hand at Shane. “Almost as good as Bears’ shirt.”

Shane freed his leg from the sheets so he could kick Ilya lightly in the ass as Ilya grabbed his phone, and then Ilya kicked him back, and then they shoved each other a few times, and then they kissed until Ilya’s phone started chiming from the tangled blankets between them.

“Phone call?” Shane asked, dragging himself out of Ilya’s arms.

“Alarm,” Ilya replied, his hand skating over the blankets until he found the phone and picked it up. “Reminder to take sex break to make food.”

Shane laughed and Ilya grinned at him, silencing the alarm that was probably not actually a sex break alarm.

“Okay,” Ilya said, he still had one of his hands wrapped around Shane’s bicep, and didn’t seem like he was planning on letting go even as he kept tapping on his phone. “I rate you back so I can read all your hot praise for me.”

“It’s not all hot praise,” Shane teased, shuffling around until he could find his own phone where it had fallen under his ass. “Some of it’s confused praise.”

They both sat back against the pillows and the headboard, still a little tangled in each other, phones in hands. Shane texted Rose back, smirking only a little when he caught Ilya’s glare at

his phone.

“Ah!” Ilya bit out, “but no one was on road! Would have been silly to stop and wait.”

“Silly, maybe,” Shane acknowledged, “but following the rules. You’re lucky I didn’t take off two stars, for making me an accomplice.”

“I would have said I was kidnapping you,” Ilya replied tartly, “if we were stopped. Probably would be believable, yes?”

“No,” Shane snorted, opening Rozanov Rides so he could see the review Ilya left him. “My best defence would be that you lured me in with tea and bagels.”

“No, no,” Ilya shook his head, “if I remember, it was with my big amounts of money for some of your kisses, no?”

Shane laughed.

-

Lily has rated you

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - meh - good - great - **excellent**

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

5000/5 love to get you so desperate you let me drop your clothes everywhere on floor, should add new rating for neediness and you would always get excellent. love how you get so wet everywhere for me, eyes, mouth, cock, so pretty. when you had me in your throat i could feel your body so tight and shaking but your face so happy like you were sleeping so beautiful. always get me off so good, my fingers in your mouth??? so hot so sexy. love how you feel in my arms after like we are melted together.

-

“Is good to know,” Ilya said, when Shane looked up from reading the review, “that you like as much as you look you like.”

“I do,” Shane agreed, “and I have picked up my clothes, by the way, but you’re right that I didn’t even think about it until later.”

“Very hot,” Ilya said. Shane could see he still had the app open on his phone, was scrolling almost absently through reviews.

“Um,” Shane said, “so, like, are your other... riders enjoying the app update?”

Ilya looked at him, eyebrows raised. “What?”

“Getting reviews back,” Shane shrugged. “Being able to be rated? Unless some of them don’t like that?”

“I have not given update to anyone but you,” Ilya said, still staring at Shane like Shane had said something entirely insane. “No one else is getting ratings.”

“That - yeah - that makes sense,” Shane’s mouth said, “I guess I am kind of, like, intense about - about comparing ratings. Stuff like that.”

He watched as Ilya rolled his eyes, and then locked his phone and dropped it onto the mattress beside them. “Shane,” he said. “Are you rating anyone else?”

“Uh,” Shane frowned at him, looked down at his own phone again, and then locked and dropped it too. “I mean, no. I don’t have an app? And it’s probably rude to like, give out unsolicited ratings on sexual performance?”

Ilya sighed, like Shane was being purposefully obtuse, shook his head. “Other day,” he said, taking Shane’s now empty hand in his. “You say you are sleeping with other people,” he paused and crinkled his nose, shook his head again. “Maybe I am wanting to know how they rate next to me? Hm?”

Shane snorted, pushed his fingers between Ilya’s, wound their hands together, looked away from him. “What?” He asked, “you want me to like, give you a rundown on everyone I’ve - that I sleep with?”

“Maybe,” Ilya shrugged. “I will give you answer I know you want, as well. How you rate next to other hook ups.”

Fuck. Shane did really want to know that. He knew it wasn’t fair, and he knew it wouldn’t really be a good comparison because most of Ilya’s hook ups (he was pretty sure) were women, so.

“I mean,” he began, groaned a little. “It’s not - fuck, it’s embarrassing, Ilya.”

“Because no one is as good as me?” Ilya sounded like he was teasing, and that made it worse.

“I mean, yeah,” Shane rolled his eyes. “No one is as good as you. For me, at least. But, what’s embarrassing is that - it’s not - I mean, I’m not sleeping with anyone right now. You’ve got to know that already, right? Like, when would I have time?”

“You are very horny,” Ilya pointed out, his voice mild, “maybe when all you get from me is phone sex you need more.”

“I do,” Shane shrugged, “but I’m not, like, I don’t want it from anyone else.”

“Okay.”

“And the people I’ve - do you want to hear about the other people I’ve been with?”

A long pause. “Yes.”

Shane sighed again. Felt like his insides were squirming. Also like he wanted to tell Ilya about everything he had ever done. Get to speak about some of it for the first time ever. And there was something else, he didn’t know what yet, but it was churning inside him and propelling him forwards.

“I blew a guy on a roadie,” he said, the words bursting out of his mouth. “Behind a Denny’s. I downloaded Grindr and met up with him and then deleted it immediately. He blew me as well, but it wasn’t very good. And, over last summer, when we weren’t speaking. I um, I went on a boys trip with Hayd, and some of my team mates and I met this guy, and we fucked a few times. And I mean, it was good, but it wasn’t - I liked it, and it was fun, but. I would have rated him three stars, probably, and blow job guy would get two, if I he’s lucky. So.”

Ilya squeezed his hand, Shane frowned down at his knees. One of his legs of the stolen/borrowed sweatpants had rolled right up over his knee, and he had a bruise just under the curve of it.

“But it,” Shane began again, didn’t even know yet was he was saying. “Thinking about it now. My experiences with other guys, and - and with you. It makes me think that I really didn’t. I didn’t like have sex with women. I think. I think I actually really disliked it. I always felt. Bad. After. And guilty, maybe? I just thought that was what sex was meant to be like, and - and when we first started hooking up I thought that it was so good with you only because it was you, y’know? Which, don’t get a - don’t let that go to your head. It wasn’t until I let myself be with another guy that something inside me clicked, like, oh. Even when it’s not - not five stars, it still feels good. So maybe, like, maybe what I’d been having with my girlfriends, and - and women I hooked up with sometimes. Maybe that was something different.”

A long silence. Ilya’s hand still tight around his.

“Something different?”

“I don’t know,” Shane told his knees. He wanted to reach down and unroll the shoved up one. Make it even. Stop looking at his bruise. “I don’t know,” he repeated. “Sorry. I know that wasn’t exactly - that wasn’t the kind of, like, scoop you were looking for.”

“Shane,” Ilya said, and then he was reaching over Shane’s body, tugging his trouser pant down, and rolling Shane onto his side so they were facing each other. “Here is my scoop for you,” he said, far too serious for those words. “I am not sleeping with anyone else. I have not been for a while. Did not notice at first, but it has been months, maybe since was anyone but Svetlana, and now not even Svetlana. You are only one giving me ratings. You are at top of ratings.”

Shane let himself look at Ilya, and Ilya looked back at him.

“Oh,” he said.

“I think,” Ilya said, his eyes intense on Shane’s, flicking back and forth across Shane’s face. “I think maybe we both do not need anyone else to sleep with. I think maybe I appreciate Rose Landry for telling you you are gay, so you are not hurting yourself on more women. I think - I think you should know that I am only wanting you.”

“Oh,” Shane said again, and then when Ilya’s expression slid slightly closed, he brought his un-held hand up quickly to Ilya’s face. “I only want you too,” he said. “I don’t want to sleep with anyone else.”

“Okay,” Ilya nodded, ducked in and kissed Shane so softly, while Shane’s brain threw itself around his skull.

They had just agreed to...what? Become exclusive friends with benefits? Monogamous fuck buddies? Shane was seriously the only one effecting Ilya’s star rating? His stomach grumbled then, and Ilya pulled back from the kiss, chuckling.

“I make lunch,” he said, kissed Shane again. “Early lunch? Brunch? Silly word but fun to say.”

Chapter 10: ILYA

Chapter Notes

sooo flattered by all your comments!!!! I'm having so much fun writing this and sharing with you all :))))))

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

He was well aware that he had put too much thought into this - he wasn't really prone to anxiety - but it had felt like one of the important things for Ilya to get right. Food. For Shane. It wasn't something that Shane really talked about much, but Ilya had been noticing more and more that it was something he talked around, and that when it was brought up it was mostly because he was complaining that the caterer had forgotten his specifics, or he was hangry because the cafe he'd gone to didn't have anything *safe* for him to eat. And Ilya had seen the interviews Shane done about diet, and health, and micro macros or whatever, but he had thought they were sort of like some of the advertisements Shane posed in. Drinks he didn't like, or shoes he never wore, just being a face for it without actually following it. He'd known Shane took his diet and health much more seriously than Ilya ever had, but still.

He had been working it out clearer, these last few months, the exact intricacies of what might be safe, what might be allowed, what might be actually nice for Shane to eat instead of just safe and allowed.

He'd settled on tuna melts - with a lot less melt than he would otherwise - and oven baked chips, and a fucking pre-made leafy salad. Something that could look enough like a meal he would make for himself without being obvious he had bought and prepped it specifically for Shane.

He'd sat Shane down at his kitchen counter and talked at him while he'd put the sandwiches together. Fished a ginger ale out of the fridge and put it in front of Shane, keeping his face casual, his conversation light. Shane let him talk about Detroit's terrible offence this season, and about Marly's current obsession with taking photos of his food, and about discovering that he was allergic to kiwifruits because yes they were acidic but they weren't apparently meant to make your throat swell up.

Then Shane had gotten off the barstool, once Ilya had closed the oven door on the chips, and had walked around the counter, and kissed him.

Ilya kissed him back, obviously, hands going to Shane's hips so he could steer them away from the oven, and then backing him into the counter before getting his hands around Shane's thighs to hoist him onto it. Shane wrapped his legs around Ilya's waist, his strong thighs pulling Ilya in tight against him, and it was insane that Ilya had gotten this far. That he had Shane in his house, for this long, and Shane was still here, and smiling, and pulling him closer, and also very hard against him.

"I see," Ilya teased, pulling out of the kiss and bumping their foreheads together, like he did on ice with his teammates helmets sometimes. Except this felt a lot more like nuzzling. "You are not just hungry for food?"

"How long does the food need to cook?" Shane asked, pressing forward and biting against the side of Ilya's neck.

"Mm," Ilya dropped his head to the side. Wanted Shane to bite him for real, to bruise him, so he could go into the locker room with a bit of Shane showing. He had to put the tuna melts in the oven in about fifteen minutes, to get them cooked and ready at about the same time as the chips. "Fifteen minutes, maybe? Maybe twenty if we want crispy chips. What do you want?"

"Um," Shane said, glanced at the oven, "I don't mind crispy?"

"I mean what do you want me to do to you," Ilya said, slid his hands up under the hem of Shane's shirt (Ilya's shirt on Shane), gripped at Shane's waist. "You want me to suck you off again? Eat you out? Finger you? Kiss you until you're dripping for me?"

Shane's hips made a small aborted movement against Ilya, his thighs clenching, and Shane's head dropped back to pressing their foreheads together.

"Fuck," he said, his mouth hanging open like Ilya had winded him. "I want - fuck - you're leaving in about an hour, yeah?"

“Hour and a half,” Ilya confirmed, bit at Shane’s earlobe, and then at the hinge of his jaw. Wondered if Shane would let Ilya mark him up. Just a little. “We can wait until after we have eaten, if you want.”

He could almost hear Shane’s brain whirring, could actually hear the way his jaw clicked a little, tense with indecision. He kept mouthing at Shane’s jaw, his neck, scraping his teeth over his skin.

“Finger me a little after lunch?” Shane finally said, “Kiss me now? I can - I can jerk you off, if you want, or blow you, or - fuck!”

Ilya had removed his hands from under Shane’s shirt, scooped up under his ass instead, and hoisted him off the counter. He only staggered a little as he took the weight, and then he headed to the lounge, Shane’s legs tighter around him, his arms around his neck, his mouth complaining even as his cock was harder than ever.

“You have a game later,” Shane was saying, “you could pull something!”

“Already pulled you,” Ilya said, and then dropped the both of them down onto the couch, bouncing a little just to be a dick, and grinned at Shane’s pissed off expression. “You are so heavy, Hollander, but I am so strong. Is easy for me.”

“Asshole,” Shane breathed, but didn’t move to get off his lap now they were on the couch, and didn’t hesitate before he was kissing Ilya again.

They made out almost lazily, (Ilya managing to persuade Shane (very easily) into sucking a hickey into his neck,) until the oven beeped, and then made out a little frantically for a few moments more until Shane got too anxious about a fire suddenly taking out the whole house, apparently, and they went into the kitchen. Ilya put the melts in, got the salad on plates, showed off his very insulting Crowell impression, served up the chips and the melts. They ate together at the counter, because Shane had sat back down on one of the stools and remembered his ginger ale, and he looked cute there.

Shane insisted on taking a quick shower first, and also on both of them brushing their teeth before he let Ilya at his asshole, which was frankly very unfair because Ilya had just realised Shane had been in his house for nearly five hours and he hadn't even touched his hole yet.

He checked his game bag while he waited for Shane, having brushed his teeth with Shane before Shane told him to leave him alone so he could shower, and had glared at him when Ilya had offered to help out. Replied to a couple of texts in the team chat, to Marly, to Svetlana. Scanned the messages from his brother and decided they weren't emergencies. Then he'd heard the bathroom door upstairs open and had been up the stairs so fast he was pretty sure he might have set a record.

Tackled Shane in the bedroom doorway, Shane still only in a towel, and deliciously damp.

"Jesus, Ilya," Shane squealed, sounding genuinely shocked for half a second, followed by laughter. "What the fuck!"

Manhandling Shane towards the bed, Ilya bit down on Shane's shoulder, his hands gripping Shane's ass. He growled playfully, and Shane laughed more, let himself be all but thrown onto the bed, both of them reveling in the physicality of it.

He stared at Shane for a moment; lying supine on the bed, legs spread, towel shed on the floor, face soft and easy with enjoyment. Wanted this so badly that for a horrifying instant he thought he was going to actually cry about it, which would one hundred percent ruin things right now.

"Fuck," he said, instead of crying. "I'm going to fucking eat you."

Shane giggled, bit his lip, his shoulders tensing for a moment before he was pushing up on his elbows and moving like he was going to wriggle away off the bed. "Gotta catch me first," he said.

Ilya would cry about this later. For now he just laughed and pounced. Shane was fast too, but he was already disadvantaged by being thrown onto the bed, by being on his back. It was easy to grab him by his ankle even as Shane rolled away, to tug him back, and then when he kicked his leg out of Ilya's grip, he was already close enough for Ilya to grab him by the hips and drag him closer again, climbing onto him, pinning him down with Ilya's knees in the crook of Shane's knee and the back of his thigh.

"Got you," Ilya pronounced, dropping his weight down over Shane's back, even as Shane still wriggled, bit down on his shoulder again, spoke through his meaty mouthful, "Mine."

Shane groaned underneath him, his muscles still flexing and straining even as he stopped making any real moves of escape. His cheeks were so flushed, and when he dropped his head down on the mattress, turning so he was looking up and back at Ilya, he was smiling, panting, pleased.

"What're you gonna do, now, then?" He asked, groaned again when Ilya bit down a little harder on his shoulder muscles. "Fuck - feels good."

"You need massage therapist," Ilya said, after finally removing his teeth from Shane's skin. "Lucky for you I am trained in very specific type of massage."

Shane made a stifled sort of noise, blinked up at him. "So, uh, you're not going to eat me?"

Feeling unbearably fond, Ilya grinned his best toothy smile down at him. "You were type of child who wanted everyone to follow rules when playing make imagine games, yes?"

Shane blinked a few more times, and then glared a little. "Don't make fun of me," he said.

"No, no, moy lyubimyy," Ilya said, laughed, kissed at the skin on Shane's shoulder where he was going a little red, wet with spit still. "I am making fun with you. Playing with you. I am still going to eat you."

“Hm.”

“If I stop pinning you down,” Ilya asked, dropping his voice down low, speaking into Shane’s ear. “Will you try and run away from me, kotenok?”

Shane paused, then shook his head.

“You will be good?” Ilya pressed, “now I have caught you? You will lie nice and still here in my lair while I eat you?”

Nodding his head now, Shane’s eyes dropped closed, heavy lidded, mouth open like he needed to be able to gasp in large lungfuls of air.

“I believe you,” Ilya said, bit at the top of Shane’s ear, “you will be so good for me, yes? So good even when I am pressing my teeth into you?”

Another nod. Ilya bit harder at his ear.

“Say yes, malysh,” Ilya instructed, “I want to hear you say yes.”

“Yes,” Shane replied, easy and soft.

Ilya rewarded him with a kiss, gripping his jaw with one hand as he did, holding Shane’s mouth open for him. He climbed off Shane in a way that probably looked very ungainly, but Shane couldn’t see him, so it didn’t matter. Shoved Shane a little further onto the bed, right into the middle instead of the edge where he’d managed to half crawl to in his short lived bid for freedom. Crawled in between Shane’s legs, nudging them wider with his knees, and then dropped down onto his stomach, propping himself up on his elbows, hands already gripping at Shane’s ass cheeks. Pulled them apart so he could see Shane’s hole, a little pink from his obviously slightly hurried prep in the shower. Wondered how long he could just lie here holding Shane’s cheeks apart, stretching his hole just the tiniest bit like this until Shane got impatient and mad. Didn’t have enough time to test it.

“So pretty for me,” he said, and then, because he did like to play with his food a bit, “your lovely pussy.”

“Fuck,” Shane bit out, his hole clenching so hard suddenly that Ilya lost his grip on one of his cheeks. “Jesus, Ilya.”

“Mm,” Ilya rubbed his thumb against Shane’s hole before reasserting his grip on his ass, holding tighter, stretching wider. “Not a pussy for me?”

He watched as Shane clenched again, more like a pulse of muscle than anything, an involuntary reaction.

“Only,” Shane began, took a sharp breath, “only if you say it’s the best pussy you’ve had.”

“Fuck, this is easy,” Ilya said, spat at Shane’s hole. “Is best pussy in world, baby. Best pussy I have ever had, ever will have. Let me eat it?”

“Fuck,” Shane moaned, “fuck, yeah, eat my pussy.”

Probably somewhere some greater power had accidentally tallied a balance wrong, and Shane Hollander was Ilya’s ill-gotten reward, which would be taken away as soon as the mistake was discovered. But for now, he had Shane’s pussy to eat.

He bit at the meat of Shane’s ass first, hard enough to leave marks, but not to break skin. Hard enough to shock another moan out of Shane, and then another when he finally moved his head to Shane’s pussy and licked into it, tongue hard and wet and firm.

He licked at him, his thumbs sliding down the inside of Shane’s cheeks to press against his rim, to rub at the tight muscle. Managed to fuck his tongue in so easy, imagined Shane with his fingers in himself in Ilya’s shower. Slid one of his hands down from Shane’s pussy to

press under him, to get his hand around Shane's cock and pulled it back so it was facing Ilya, rubbed his thumb over the cock-head where it was already wet and leaking and so slick.

He rubbed it firmly, alternating circles and short sharp flicks over the tip as he fucked his tongue into Shane, spit dripping from his mouth, smearing from Shane's cheeks to Ilya's until everything felt wet and pulsing and Shane was making halting half moans like he was so overwhelmed he couldn't finish one before another was bursting out of him.

He gave his tongue a break for a moment, kept rubbing at Shane's cock, bit his other ass cheek. "I'm going to make you come," he told Shane, "and then I'm going to jerk off onto your pussy."

"Please," Shane said, said some other words as well, but they were incomprehensible, and his main message was really delivered in the way he shoved his ass back at Ilya.

Ilya resumed his mission, slipped his thumb from Shane's rim into his hole, eased in by the spit slick everywhere, held him open. Licked back into him, flat tongued licks first before spearing his tongue back into Shane's hole, licking in along his thumb. He pulled his thumb out after a moment, then replaced it with his middle finger, pushing in and pressing down, rubbing careful and firm. Took his mouth off Shane's hole again to tease him.

"Did not forget your tochka-g-spot, baby," he said, "you like how I am fucking your pussy?"

Shane's moans were very affirmative, as was the way his muscles were clenching, and then he was coming, tight and hot around Ilya's finger, his cock squirting come against Ilya's chin and chest, the bed sheets.

He didn't pull his finger out as he pushed up onto his knees, dragged the waistband of his shorts down enough to take his cock out. Kept rubbing at Shane's prostate, watching him twitch and gasp with the overstimulation, as he jerked off rough and fast, came on his hand and Shane's hole.

"Put it in me," Shane slurred, his body still twitching like he couldn't decide whether to try to pull away or push back into the pressure. "Fuck - fuck, Ilya, I want it in me."

Ilya panted down at him, felt like he might pass out and he wasn't the one being very gently tortured. "My come?" He asked, "Or my cock?"

"Fuck," Shane bit out, "yes. Both."

"Fuck," Ilya reiterated. Slapped his softening cock against Shane's ass, dragging his cock-head through the come pooling in Shane's ass crack, used his cock to push it to Shane's hole. "Yes? You are sure? You want?"

"Yes, fuck, Ilya," Shane groaned, "fucking do it."

He spat onto his cock, though he doubted the extra spit would do much more than the come and spit already there. Pulled his finger out slowly, until just the tip was still in, and pulled down on the rim from the inside, watching come slide slow into the wet pink of him, holding Shane open enough to press his cock-head inside.

"Just tip?" Ilya asked, muscled down the groan trying to press out of him at the heat of Shane's ass around him. "You are not - not stretched enough - fuck."

"I want it all," Shane complained, his hips shoving back a little, finding no real purchase with his legs barely under him, and Ilya's hands on him. "Please."

"Fuck, my greedy slut," Ilya breathed, "so needy, hm? Need me to split you open? Need me to push into you until I am so deep inside I am all you feel?"

"Yes, fuck, yes."

Ilya closed his eyes, rubbed his hand along his cock a few times, squeezing out the last drops of come, giving Shane the sensation of nearly fucking. Listened to Shane's moans. Pulled out.

“I suppose you will have to hope I win game tonight then, yes?” He asked, bending over Shane’s back to press a kiss to his reddened shoulder. “Otherwise maybe you do not even get my cock at all today.”

“Fuck,” Shane groaned. “Asshole.”

Ilya patted Shane’s pink ass, watched as it jiggled. “Such a good asshole,” he said, approvingly. “I have to have very quick shower, so I do not turn up at game covered in come.”

-

You rated Jane

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - meh - good - **great** - excellent

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

Sooo sexy your insane brain, you are feral creature. is very fun to play with you kotik. very fun to leave you so mad even when i have given you such good orgasm already you are so cute. i love to eat you out, love to have you mad and turned on and mad at how turned on you are. i am always so so much loving how wet you get, everytime i am pleased like is new trick. so needy for my cock and my cum. in media tonight when they ask how i play so amazing i will say my jane gave me yummy meal before i leave house ;)))))))))) kissing is only not excellent because i did not get to do enough of it while i was busy with your pussy

-

You rated Jane

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - meh - good - great - **excellent**

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

FORGOT ABOUT COUCH MAKEOUT FORGET OTHER KISS SCORE

-

Jane has rated you

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - meh - good - great - **excellent**

FOREPLAY - meh - good - **great** - excellent

COMMENT

Very rude of you to point out that I was the kid no one wanted to play with because apparently 'you're not supposed to tell people what to do' while playing make believe. I was just thrown because you started a new 'game' while I thought we were still doing the other one. Hence the non excellent foreplay score despite the fact that apart from that it was fucking great. We should do the chasing one again except next time you should actually have to chase me. IDK how we'd do it, because it doesn't seem like a good idea to run around inside in case we break things, or like, fall down the stairs. But maybe we could set room limits and it'd be kind of like tag except you pin me down and fuck me when you catch me. Sorry, I know this is supposed to be feedback on what we did not a place to brainstorm new things. You eating me out is always hot. Fucking me with your tongue never seems like it should feel as good as it does, but it does. I was so mad and turned on when you gave me just the tip >:(. I still don't know how I feel about calling my asshole a pussy. It's really hot but it also feels weird. Could we like. IDK. Talk about it before we do it like that again? We don't have to. Um. You should post a new tip pic, tonight, after you fuck me. So you'd better fucking win. I want you in me.

-

FROM Jane _____

-Should I be leaving a second review for the couch makeout? So we're even?

**TO
Jane**

*no i think is fine to just be bonus-
makes up a little for my more reviews, yes?-*

FROM Jane _____

-I guess, it just makes our shared ones uneven.

**TO
Jane**

*will be fine lol-
i have new name for you-
pedantic princess -*

FROM Jane _____

-:/

-Don't like that.

**TO
Jane**

i like how you are pedantic-

and is same letter thing-

illiterate?-

FROM Jane _____

- Alliteration.

**TO
Jane**

yes this-

you do not like pedantic or princess?-

FROM Jane _____

-Neither.

**TO
Jane**

you are mad?-

FROM Jane _____

-No.

**TO
Jane**

you are sounding mad.-

FROM Jane _____

-I'm not. I'm something. It doesn't matter.

-it's fine.

**TO
Jane**

malyshehhh-

this is like pussy problem?-

more alliteration -

FROM Jane _____

-:/

-Yes. I guess. I swear it's fine.

- Just feeling weirdish.

**TO
Jane**

what will make you feel ok?-

FROM Jane _____

*-You winning the game and coming home
and fucking me.*

**TO
Jane**

ok-

i do this for you x-

FROM Jane _____

-x

-

Ilya's teammates had whistled when he'd stripped to change earlier, chirping him and commending him in turns for the obvious very recent fucking he'd just had - according to Riley, the colour of his hickies put him having sex very obviously between the last half hour to four hours. He had grinned and shrugged about it, keeping his mouth shut except to fire off a few of his own chirps, and it wasn't until Marly came and loomed over him after warm ups while Ilya sat in his cubby, that he said anything even vaguely real about it.

“So,” Marly said, his hands on either side of the stall like he was trying to pin Ilya in. It wouldn’t work, because Ilya was fast and sneaky and could absolutely duck out under Marly’s arm and be gone. “Your Jane?”

“My Jane,” Ilya agreed, found himself smiling stupidly wide up at Marly. “Is staying with me. Arrived this morning, very early.”

“Wow,” Marly snorted, eyebrows raised, “all this just this morning?”

Ilya shrugged one shoulder, couldn’t hide that he was pleased with it. “I was very happy to see her,” he said, “and she was very happy to see me.”

Despite the fact that Marly hadn’t been weird about the whole, Ilya being bi, and Jane being a man, thing (or, he had been weird, but not in a bad way), Ilya still found himself almost bracing for discomfort, or disgust at this, but Marly only grinned and rolled his eyes, dropping one hand down from the side of the stall to bump Ilya’s shoulder.

“Good,” he said. “So you’re not still worried you’ll drive h- uh - her off?”

“Oh, no,” Ilya said brightly, “I am fucking terrified of this, Marly, thank you for reminding me!”

“Jeeze,” Marly groaned, “seriously, bro?”

According to the comment Shane had left in his rating today, Ilya was probably already walking a fine line in not scaring him off. He was used to Shane being prickly and defensive about new things being introduced during sex, and had thought he was good at spotting when the prickle was real, but apparently not. Then he’d gone and made it worse, and he still wasn’t sure if Shane had objected more to the *princess* or to the *pedantic*, and he had thought pedantic was a good enough description, hadn’t thought it would sound negative, or more mean than a little nudging tease, but -

“Bro,” Marly repeated. Nudged his shoulder again. “C’mon. Why?”

Ilya shrugged again. “I say stupid things,” he said, “you know this.”

“Yeah, I fucking do,” Marly agreed, “but never too stupid. Or, like, when you do say too stupid things you fucking realise and take it back. I’ve seen you talk your way out of so much shit, bro.”

His shoulders moved to shrug again, but Ilya stopped himself, shook his head instead. “You ever want something so bad, Marly,” he said, “that it is, ah, too much, too obvious, and so your brain is... will only show you how it will go bad. Like cigarettes.”

Marly stared at him.

“How on cigarette packs they have these yucky photos of gross lungs to say, hello, we know you know this, but this may do this to you.”

“What kind of cigarettes are you buying, man?” Marly asked, squinting at him, and Ilya sighed. Fucking Americans.

“Is - no, forget this, is not point of what I am trying to say-”

“Jane is like cigarettes?”

“No, do not say this about my Jane,” Ilya growled, and then groaned, slapping his hands over his face. He was glad Marly was blocking him in, now, didn’t want anyone else seeing him. “No I am saying my brain is - is law that makes cigarette people put gross pictures on box. In places that are not America. Like as warning, yes? So people see cigarettes, and maybe they want them so bad, but pictures remind them what might happen.”

“Okay,” Marly still did not look entirely convinced, but he nodded. “So you’re just, what, skipping straight ahead to divorce?”

“Fuck! No,” Ilya resisted the urge to howl. “Now you are trying to curse me!”

“Bro,” Marly put both his hands on Ilya’s shoulders now, gripped him firmly. “I’m not - I’m just saying I think, like, you’re turning this mountain into a molehill!”

Ilya paused, thought it over, eyed Marly up. “I do not think this is correct.”

“No, it is,” Marly frowned at him. “It’s a saying. It’s like, if you had a mountain, and then moles like, dug holes all through it.”

This was much better than thinking about how he would inevitably fuck things up with Shane and lose him forever. He pulled himself upright, using Marly to do so, and poked his head under Marly’s arm to address his room.

“Hey!” He hollered, waited until the general chatter died down, and his team all turned to look at him. “Who knows silly phrase about mountains and molehills?”

-

**TO
Jane**

hiiiiiii moy malyshhh-

you are putting in plug? ;))))))))-

FROM Jane_____

-Your phone should be in your locker.

-It's in. You only needed one goal in first.

-Show off :)

TO
Jane

fuck yes send photo-

FROM Jane _____

-No.

-You're surrounded by people!

TO
Jane

i will protect phone from view!-

FROM Jane _____

-I can literally see you on camera right now

-Carmichal is hanging off your shoulders.

TO
Jane

yes but he is not paying attention-

FROM Jane _____

-:/

TO
Jane

*ok yes maybe you saw him get smack just now-
was not related to him pointing over my shoulder
and saying he was paying attention now-*

FROM Jane _____

-:/

-I'm rolling my eyes so hard at you.

TO
Jane

oooh baby how hard?-

FROM Jane _____

-Fuck offfff omg you are unbearable

**TO
Jane**

this can not be true, i am bear ;-)

you see me wave and wink?-

FROM Jane _____

-Yes, along with all your other fans.

**TO
Jane**

but i am only thinking of youuuu malysh-

tell me how plug feels-

FROM Jane _____

-Maybe if you score twice again in second :)

**TO
Jane**

you think i am getting hatty plus tonight?-

wow you really do think i am best player-

FROM Jane _____

-Fuck off.

**TO
Jane**

did you go put plug in right after i score?-

or did you wait until break?-

FROM Jane _____

*-If I had waited until break, I wouldn't be
texting you right now, I'd still be busy.*

*-I took my phone to the bathroom with me
so I could keep watching the game.*

TO
Jane

*because it is big turn on for you watching best
ever hockey player, yes?-*

FROM Jane_____

-Watching you turns me on.

TO
Jane

i am so hard-

FROM Jane_____

*-Well stop it. You have to keep playing to
win so you can fuck me.*

TO
Jane

*i have won while hard before-
every time i have won against metros :-)*

FROM Jane_____

-God you're so stupid.

TO
Jane

*remind me after game to tell you silly mountain
mole thing marly said.-*

FROM Jane_____

-lol okay :)

-

FROM Jane_____

-Tell St Simon he needs to stop dragging his fucking stick like that before he trips himself.

-And fuck the ref for that call on the foul

-It was NOT a foul, just awkward.

-And if we're handing out punishment for awkward play, there are other people who need to be punished first.

-Beautiful deke :)

-In case somehow our messages ever leak and people are more concerned about the hockey thing than the gay thing I want to make it clear right now that when the Bears are playing the Metros I want to fucking destroy them.

-

**TO
Jane**

sooooo paranoid lolllll-

i will tell vic my jane thinks he is terrible skater-

and tell me whoooo would be puniushed first?-

imagine i am batting my pretty lashes at you-

FROM Jane

-You're so weird.

-Tell St Simon your Jane thinks he needs to tidy up his edges unless he wants to keep losing all his speed.

-And I'm not telling you who, because I have retroactively decided that the same rules apply to this as telling you how my plug feels.

TO
Jane

:(((((((((((

my jane is so cruel to me-

FROM Jane_____

*-Your Jane is sitting on your couch, watching
you play, wearing a plug, waiting for you to
come fuck me.*

TO
Jane

*i told team we have to win tonight-
and if we do not i am cutting off every dick-*

FROM Jane_____

-I'm sure that helped morale.

TO
Jane

*everyone cheered and clapped-
i am great captain-*

FROM Jane_____

*-I guess if anyone starts slowing down you
could let them know that your Jane won't
let you fuck unless you win.*

TO
Jane

*ah my slut wants everyone to know? -
how i am kept on leash? -
pussywhipped? -
not last one. sorry. -*

FROM Jane_____

-Fuck it's fine.

-I didn't write the comment to make you feel like shit.

-But yes, I do want everyone to know you're fucking whipped for me.

-That if you lose you'll beg to fuck me and still won't get to.

-That I make you so horny for me.

**TO
Jane**

you really fucking do-

i'm fucking yours-

do anything to get you-

FROM Jane

-;)

-

FROM Jane

*-DO NOT OPEN UNTIL YOU ARE ABLE
TO HIDE PHONESCREEN*

-VERY SERIOUS ABOUT THIS

*-[PHOTO ATTACHMENT] (photo is of
Shane, chest to thighs, leaning back. He
has his shirt pushed up to show his chest,
his legs spread, one hand holding his hard
cock out of the way to show the plug in him)*



-Good job winning :)

**TO
Jane**

fuckkksjhane-

i am on my way nowed-

sfduck media fuk-

omw soonsa media kets me go-

FROM Jane

*-I'm watching your interview :) get off
your phone :)*

-wtf seriously ilya

-I can't believe you said that!!!

-I mean, I can, but holy shit.

**TO
Jane**

they ask why i am in hurry!-

i only say truth!-

FROM Jane

-You're going to get fined for that

**TO
Jane**

is worth it-

is like putting on public service notice-

i am off market-

won't have to do big group text-

FROM Jane _____

-You're such an asshole

**TO
Jane**

mmmmm maybe-

i am coming for your asshole now ;-)

FROM Jane _____

-:)

-

The drive home was unbearable, as if all of Boston was trying to cock block him. Which would be truly so unfair if they were, he had just won them a game, given them entertaining sound bite, looked so hot on camera! And Shane - fuck - Shane was waiting for him and was so right that Ilya would have begged to fuck him if he hadn't won. Would still have loved it and come so hard just watching Shane get himself off, but fuck, he needed to be in Shane now. Should have fucked him first thing this morning, would have if he had had any patience.

They hadn't discussed Ilya's winning reward since that morning, since Shane had breathlessly told him a set of sexy situations, meeting Ilya where he was and raising the stakes.

Fuck he'd said he'd spank Shane and Shane had agreed and worked it into the rules, fuck. He was so hard. Was Shane still on the couch? Had he moved to the bedroom? Would he be waiting by the door?

He had to focus on the road, willing blood back into his head with his brain in it so he wouldn't drive into something in a haze of hole fueled lust. That would really piss Shane off.

(JSYK this is not a cliffhanger to a car crash or whatever, they will get to fuck in the next chapter :))

Chapter 11: SHANE

Chapter Notes

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

Despite the fact that Shane had been waiting all afternoon and evening to get fucked, he suddenly felt very unprepared. Not physically, he was constantly near overwhelmingly aware of how prepared his hole was, but, mentally? Which was stupid, because they had fucked so many times, and they'd fucked after Shane had had the plug in, it was just -

He had told himself earlier than he was only a little nervous because he was anticipating being hit - spanked - but he was excited for that, and anyway, it would only be five times. He'd also tried to tell himself it was because he was worried he'd come too soon again, so he'd jerked off before he put the plug in, holding his phone up to his face and watching the game more intensely than he'd ever watched porn.

Okay so maybe that was it.

They had agreed this morning to be...exclusively fucking each other. And then also Ilya fucking big mouth Rozanov had literally announced to the world (or the world interested in hockey) that he was *taken*. Which. Shane hadn't been the most adept at being a fuck buddy, was never entirely sure what the boundaries were, what was too much to expect, but now this? What if Ilya met someone he wanted to date for real? Would he be monogamous with them, too? Would it be like, dual monogamy? That was definitely not a thing. Right? And anyway, the way he'd phrased it on camera made it sound very much like he was not available for anything; fucking, dating, romance, whatever. Did Ilya even want to date anyone? Like, ever? Rose had talked to him a bit more about different... orientations, while they were drunk, and she had said something something about romanticism? That couldn't be the right word. The word like that but that meant you didn't want romance. He should have looked this shit up, but how was he supposed to know he would need to?

He was well aware he was making his way very speedily into a spiral, and rather than letting himself get fully sucked in, he headed to the upstairs bathroom, turned the shower on cold, and stuck his head in.

Fucking cold. Water up his nose.

He dried his hair off as much as he could, didn't want to have to explain that he had begun to have a panic attack about their very chill and casual relationship status, and then derail the evening by having Ilya tell him he was being in fact very uncool and -

Okay. Not spiralling.

He'd put some of Ilya's shorts on, after he'd taken the photo for Ilya, had to tie them tightly to keep them up. (That reminded him he needed to ask Ilya what the fuck his glute routine was, because holy fuck.) He had considered being completely naked when Ilya got back, naked and lying on the couch, but that felt kind of gross because Ilya ate on that couch and what if he got crumbs stuck to the lube still dripping down his ass crack?

Ilya had played so fucking well tonight, though, assisting or scoring every single fucking goal, and winking at the camera every time like a fucking asshole. Shane hated how much it had turned him on. How much he had enjoyed it, like, in his heart as well as his dick. He felt torn between wanting to literally greet Ilya at the door fully naked, and wanting to affect apathy, so as to not make Ilya's ego expand too much more and so that he wouldn't see just how much Shane wanted and wanted him.

-

He'd ended up on Ilya's bed by the time he heard Ilya's car crunch onto the driveway, still in the shorts and shirt, phone in his hand so he could pretend to be scrolling on it. He did have twitter open, had been half heartedly scrolling through pundits tweets, but he doubted he would be able to focus on a single thing other than Ilya's approach now.

He'd also managed to work out that he was not nervous at all about any of the physical aspects that were also approaching, he was still extremely horny about that. Which was good, but also bad, because it pinned all the blame of his nerves, the fluttering in his stomach, on the fact that, well. That he loved Ilya. And that Ilya was *something* to him now, and it still wasn't enough, even though it was more than Shane had hoped for. He had told the Pikes that he wouldn't get to have more because of Hockey, and it was partly that, yes, but it was mostly that he didn't think he wanted *more* with anyone but Ilya.

It was bad enough that Shane was already...complaining about some of the things Ilya liked. It wasn't even like it didn't also turn Shane on, which is what made it so dumb he had even brought it up at all, because he loved to be easy for Ilya. Loved when Ilya called him his slut, desperate for it, and it wasn't very desperate slut of him to ask to talk about. Boundaries. Or something. Or feelings. If it could all just be kept to the app, as stats, that would be fine. If Shane could write down anything there and just have it transformed into numbers and performance mechanics, that would be preferable, and he could pour out his stupid feelings there instead of having to feel them like this.

It was an odd sensation being so wholly turned on and also kind of miserable. He wanted Ilya. He also wanted Ilya to not be already coming up the stairs - calling Shane's name in such a gleeful tone - because Shane was busy trying to either wipe the tears off his face or shove them back into his eyes and it wasn't a very sexy look.

"Are you hiding from me?" Ilya called, from the hallway, "Is this part of sexy game - ah!" He pushed the bedroom door open, and paused when he saw Shane on the bed, his face lit up with a huge smile, which began to wilt immediately after his gaze fell on Shane's face.

"What is wrong?" He asked, gripped the edge of the door and the doorway both, like he was holding himself up. "Are you hurt?"

Fucking fuck. Shane shook his head, gave up on the tear eradication as a lost cause, held his arms out to Ilya instead. "I'm fine," he said, his voice maybe a little wobbly. "I'm just - fuck - I need you in me. I need you."

He watched as Ilya's hands dropped from the door, as relief washed over his face, and was then replaced with a softer version of the smile he had been wearing before.

"Oh, malysh," he said, took one step into the room. "Has it been hard?" He winked. "Being so full without me? Having to wait for me to come home?"

Yes. "Please," Shane kept his arms outstretched, didn't move from his half sitting sprawl against the headboard. His phone had been dropped into the blankets at some point, and would probably be knocked onto the floor. He didn't care. "Don't make me wait anymore."

“Ah,” Ilya nodded, took another step closer, and then paused again because he was a dickhead. “But you will still have to wait, remember, lyubimyy? I said I would not take plug out until-? Did you remember to count points?”

“Five spansks,” Shane replied, swallowed, “but come hold me first.”

Maybe his voice had done something weird, or his expression, or maybe Ilya was just bored of pretending he wasn't as horny for it as Shane, because this was what brought Ilya to him. He crossed the distance between them quickly, climbing onto the side of the bed and immediately hauling Shane into his lap, as if Shane wasn't just as big as him, as if Ilya wasn't even tired after his game. The movement shifted the plug inside Shane, making him gasp and shiver, and Ilya didn't even tease him about it, just adjusted him in his lap so the plug wasn't pressed against Ilya's legs at all.

“Shane,” Ilya murmured, voice soft and sweet, kissed him. “Sweetheart.” Kissed him again. He had one arm wrapped tight around Shane's waist, holding them tight together, the other arm caught between them, gripping Shane's chin with his thumb and forefinger, tipping Shane's face down to receive more kissing. “Was too much?” He asked, once he'd kissed Shane enough times that Shane had lost count. “Plug being in this long?”

“No,” Shane mumbled. He felt embarrassed about all of this - the being caught crying, the way he was pathetic, the fact that sitting in Ilya's lap he was already feeling so much better - but it wasn't cutting him. It was doing the soft slide his brain sent his humiliation down when it came to sex and Ilya. Like it almost felt good to have been caught like this. “No it feels - feels good. It's just a lot, and I needed - I needed you.” He didn't have any way to phrase it better. No ways that weren't far too revealing anyway.

“Okay, okay malysh,” Ilya soothed, voice low. He pressed a kiss to Shane's cheek, and then to his other cheek. “You have me. Better, now?”

“Yes,” Shane replied, meant it, could feel his face burning, the flush swirling all the way down to his gut, to his cock.

“Good,” Ilya gave him one more kiss to the lips, and then he raised his eyebrows. “You have not even said congratulations to me, yet.”

“Congratulations,” Shane said automatically. “You played so well. Really impressive Hat trick.”

“Yes, well,” Ilya shrugged. He let go of Shane’s chin, only to trail his fingers up Shane’s face, to press his thumb against Shane’s lower lip until Shane opened his mouth and stuck his tongue out and Ilya pressed in against it. “I had big prize waiting at home for me, yes? Prize who said he would be brat and not let me fuck him like he needed if I did not win. You would not have been able to resist, I think,” he added, sounded amused. “Would beg me to fuck you, hm?”

Shane closed his eyes, his mouth as well, sucked hard at Ilya’s thumb. Focused on the hand on his waist as it moved, loosening the tight grip around him, palm warm and firm over Shane’s lower back, and then sliding down over the shorts until it was cupping the plug in his hole. Not pushing yet, just holding there, every one of Shane’s nerve endings aware of each inch of palm and finger touching him.

“Please,” he said, around Ilya’s thumb, spit already dripping out down his lips where Ilya was pressed into his mouth. “I would. I will. I want you so badly.”

“Open your eyes,” Ilya instructed, waited until Shane did. He kept his thumb heavy, pressing down on Shane’s tongue, rubbing back and forth on it like he was testing if he would set off a gag reflex that Shane had spent a long time learning to resist. “Good boy, so good for me, baby. You want me, hm? You want me so bad it makes you cry? Will you cry again when I spank you?”

Probably. Shane nodded, kept his eyes on Ilya’s, wanted to see as much of Ilya’s emotions as possible. Ilya nodded back at him.

“You will count for me?” Ilya asked, “Like you counted my points? My most dedicated fan.”

Shane nodded again, his eyes felt heavy, but he kept them open. Ilya was smiling at him.

“I will let you choose how you want to be,” Ilya told him. “Over my lap, or bent over bed. Which?”

It wasn't a decision that needed any thought. He didn't want to lose any contact. He spoke around Ilya's thumb again. “You,” he said.

Once again Ilya manhandled him around like his entire work out routine was focused on being able to pick up other hockey players, turning Shane around in his lap first, so his legs sprawled off to one side, and then turning him by his hips, and tugging, until Shane was lying across his lap, his cock pressing hard against Ilya's thigh. He had his elbows drawn underneath him to keep his head up a little, to be able to brace himself. Ilya pushed at his thighs until he pulled one knee up on an angle like a half frog stretch. That also helped to brace him a little more, but mostly just served to spread himself open so that even with the shorts still covering him he felt obscene.

“Good?” Ilya asked, one hand on Shane's nape, a sudden heavy weight, and then pushing up and carding through his hair before gripping tightly so he was holding Shane's head by his hair. “You are comfortable?”

“Yeah,” Shane breathed, his cock throbbing against Ilya. He could feel Ilya's erection pressing into the side of his hip as well, and wished Ilya had taken his trousers off. Or at least taken Shane's shorts off.

“So easy for me,” Ilya said, sounded like he was smiling. “Letting yourself be moved around like doll, opening your hole up for me, waiting so pretty on my bed.”

The humiliation burned greedily in his stomach, his pulse beating through him so hard it felt like he could feel his own blood rocking the plug in him, gasped loud and wet, ground down on Ilya's lap.

Ilya palmed his ass with his free hand. Squeezed his spread ass cheek. Didn't touch the plug yet. His hand was gone from Shane's ass, and then back again with a sudden heat and spike of pain, falling heavy where he'd just squeezed. The impact was dulled by Shane's shorts, but it still sent a red hot spark up Shane's spine and into his hole. He moaned.

“I told you to count,” Ilya said, voice low.

“One,” Shane said quickly, wished he had suggested he get as many spanks as penalty minutes that Ilya got instead, and then it wouldn’t be over in just another four hits. He’d get to keep going to ten, and maybe by the time he got there he would regret it, but he very much doubted it.

“Good,” Ilya said. His hand was rubbing where he’d smacked it, “such pretty noises too, baby.”

He was already so flushed and embarrassed, so Shane let himself moan about that as well. Moaned again when Ilya tugged at the waistband of his shorts, not managing to pull them down at all, just jerking the fabric tight against Shane’s cock and hips.

“What,” Ilya snorted, “you are wearing chastity shorts?”

“I can untie them,” Shane replied, shifting his weight onto one elbow and moving to reach back, but Ilya caught his arm and shoved it away.

“I will do,” Ilya told him, “is like unwrapping present.”

Shane huffed, folded his arm back under himself, basked in the glow of Ilya’s hands curling warm around and under his hips. Ilya cupped Shane’s cock, just briefly, through the shorts, and then made quick work untying the double bow knot Shane had only done to keep the ties being too long and annoying, and then he was tugging the shorts down in a sharp jerking movement. Only down at the back, pulling the fabric down only just under the swell of Shane’s ass, and the taut fabric, and wide hem pressed against the base of the plug. Shane moaned again, and Ilya’s hand on his ass, a sharp slap to his other cheek, felt like a direct response.

“Two,” Shane said. The pressure against the base of the toy was too little too much, he needed.

“Good,” Ilya told him, rubbing once more at the cheek he’d slapped, and then his fingers were sliding down, pressing just fingertips against the base, and he said; “good,” again when Shane moaned louder.

The next spank felt much more like a tap, gentle and still only fingertips Shane was sure, against the base of the toy, and he didn’t know it had been anything more than a tease until Ilya’s hand was in his hair again, tugging.

“Forgot what comes after two?”

“Three,” Shane gasped, “s-sorry.”

“Is okay, malysh, I know you get cockdrunk, I know is hard for you sometimes. Pay attention, yes?”

“Yes.”

The fourth spank was not the gentle tap that had preceded it. It felt like Ilya had driven the heel of his hand into the base of the toy, and it fucked up hard inside Shane, the ribbed curve of the plug rubbing hard over his overly sensitised prostate. Tears pricked his eyes, fell hot down his cheeks.

“F-four!” He managed, half a moan, was grabbing at the blanket beneath him, clinging to it like a life line. His ass felt like it was vibrating, like it was replaying the sensation of the shove of toy inside him on all of his nerves. “Fuck.”

“You are making both our pants wet,” Ilya said, cool and light, like he was making an observation on the weather. “So turned on you are already dripping like tap.”

“Yeah,” Shane agreed, didn’t even care. “I am. You make me.”

Now Ilya groaned, like Shane had managed to break through his cool performance with his words. “Fuck,” he said, tugged at Shane’s hair again. “You make me insane.”

He delivered the last smack, his hand spread so he caught both cheeks and glanced off the plug.

“Five,” Shane bit out, could feel a muscle in his stomach spasm with the tension pushing through him. “Fuck me about it,” he said in a rush. “Show me how crazy I make you, fuck it into me.”

Ilya growled, and then they were both rolling over, and Shane was never going to get over how much he loved being thrown about like this. Like it was easy. Like he belonged to Ilya. Like he could be pinned down. Ilya dragged his shorts the rest of the way off, but was still fully dressed even as he began pulling Shane’s shirt off, kissing him unhelpfully through the process until Shane was fully naked and panting underneath Ilya, and Ilya was sucking hard kisses into his throat, groping at his chest with one hand, holding himself up over Shane with the other.

“Get naked?” Shane asked, “Please. I wanna feel you. Wanna see you.”

“Greedy,” Ilya said, his mouth barely leaving Shane’s skin to speak. Bit at him again, and then moved to kiss Shane properly, or, not properly really, fucking his tongue into Shane’s mouth the way that Shane always felt primarily in his ass and the base of his spine.

“Please,” Shane repeated, when Ilya stopped tongue fucking him, both their lips wet.

“Okay,” Ilya told him, hovering so close over him. “I have to get up to grab special item anyway, so I will undress as nice favour for you.”

“Asshole,” Shane snorted, laughed when Ilya slapped his cheek lightly before climbing off Shane and off the bed. “Wait, what? What special item?”

“I was promised,” Ilya said, already stripping off his clothes, “that I could fuck you with two things at same time tonight. I had thought maybe my cock and my replacement cock, but you are already mess, so maybe just my cock and your little tiny Pike cock?”

“What the fuck,” Shane groaned, ignoring the desire he felt to insist he could take two of Ilya right now. Wasn’t sure he could actually handle it, at least without more time spent, and he wanted to be fucked now. “Don’t fucking call it that!”

“You were one who said was same size,” Ilya said with a shrug, kicked his trousers off, and moved over to Shane’s duffle. “Is in here?”

“Yeah, in the jumper,” Shane said, rolled onto his stomach to watch. “I still don’t want you bringing him up when we’re - when we’re about to fuck. I don’t want to think about Hayd while I’m thinking about you in me!”

“Ah,” Ilya said, then stood up, holding the offending toy in one hand. “But what about when he is fucking you? Surely you would like to think about him, then?”

“I hate you,” Shane said, and watched as Ilya grinned.

“You do not,” Ilya said, sing-songy. “You like me. You want me to give you kisses and fuck you stupid.”

“Shut up.”

Ilya did not shut up. Instead, as he chucked the dildo and then the lube at the bed, he continued on being intensely annoying. “You ever think about it?” He asked, “Hayden fucking you? You said he said you have great cock, he has been looking. Did he say you have great ass too?”

“Fuck off,” Shane said, very pleased when Ilya did the opposite and climbed back onto the bed instead, moving over Shane’s body until he was straddling the backs of his thighs and

leaning down over Shane's back. "Fucking fuck me, stop saying dumb shit."

"Sooo demanding," Ilya pressed a kiss to Shane's cheek, and then tweaked it with his fingers. "Thinking you are in charge now? You set rules, yes, but now you want to tell me what to do?"

"I always want to tell you what to do," Shane shot back, bucked back into Ilya's weight. "Because you never fuck me fast enough."

"Okay," Ilya said, not moving at all. "Tell me what to do, then, sweetheart."

"What?" Shane craned to look over his shoulder, could make out Ilya's smug expression. "I already said to fuck me."

"Mm, yes," Ilya nodded, "but how, moy lyubimyy? You want to tell me how to take plug out? How to hold you down? How to tease your hole? How to make you moan?"

Sometimes it was best to capitulate early. Shane wasn't going to win this game because he very much did not want to play this game. He dropped his face back down against the bed, made himself relax, loose under Ilya.

"No," he breathed, "I don't. I want you to - to - you're in charge."

"Mm," Ilya's hands landed on Shane's ass, gripping at the meat of them and pulling his cheeks apart. "That is what I thought, yes. Slutty brat, trying to suck off more than you can swallow."

"Not how that phrase goes," Shane mumbled, grinned when Ilya leaned forwards to shove his face further into the bed. "Fuck."

“Is how goes for sluts,” Ilya said, sounded distracted, his hands both back on Shane’s ass, holding him open, kneading and rubbing at the taut skin stretched around the plug. “Fuck, baby, looks so good for me.”

With Ilya on his legs, Shane couldn’t push up on his knees to shift his ass back, but he could arch his back, putting himself even further on show, so he did that and soaked in the breathy noise of appreciation from Ilya.

“So slutty,” Ilya said, tapped his thumb on the base of the plug. “You are so full and still need more? Still ready to beg for me to make you take it? To stretch you?”

“Yeah,” Shane groaned, was trying to rock against the bed and not being able to move much at all for the weight pinning his thighs down and the heavy, gluttonous feeling of need sitting heavier in his gut. Technically not his gut, even if it felt like it was deep enough.

One of Ilya’s hands left his skin, and Shane made a noise of complaint about it, Ilya laughing above him, and then cold lube was being drizzled over his ass, dripping down his crack. He hissed at the cold, and Ilya clucked his tongue at him before he returned his runaway hand and began rubbing the cool slick gel in around the flare of the plug. The lube felt extra cold against his rim, only for a second, and then it felt like nothing, just more of the wet warmth assisting Ilya’s fingers in sliding easily under the toy’s base, catching fingertips at his rim, tugging at him gentle and persistent.

It took longer for Ilya to get the plug out this time - Shane having had it in for long enough now that he actually had tightened up around it again a bit more than last time. So by the time Ilya has the plug gripped firm around the base, and has pulled enough of it out that Shane feels the ribbing pressing hard against the inner muscles of his rim, he’s already crying a little. Overstimulated, and aching, and flinching through sharp pricks of pain of the stretch, and it feels so good he’s scared Ilya will stop and go back to soothing his hole, massaging it into looseness rather than trusting Shane to take it.

“Doing so good,” Ilya said, low and warm. He had shifted a little further back on Shane’s legs, his weight more in his knees bracketing Shane’s thighs now instead of on Shane, but his weight still felt like the very pull of gravity. He pressed a wet kiss to Shane’s lower back, kept up the slow tug. “So hot, malysh, giving me your hole like this.”

“S’yours,” Shane slurred, face pressed into the bed. He’d pressed his own hands to the back of his neck, one on top of the other, wanting Ilya’s palm there and making do without it.

Ilya swore, and then he was pulling the plug fully out of Shane, and Shane could feel himself clenching around nothing, felt open and vulnerable and cold. Must have made a noise about it, because Ilya’s hand was back so quickly, fingers almost petting into him, three fingers, slick and strong, pushing in before Shane’s body had any chance to resist, and Shane groaned, tried to press back on them.

“So wet and needy,” Ilya said, hushed, “so hot inside, *malysh*. You are like fire, your hole sucking me in.”

So fucking embarrassing the way that made Shane moan again, louder, imagining how he must look to Ilya right now; depraved.

“You need more?” Ilya asked, “Tell me, *Shanya*, say with your words what you need.”

Shane had done some research when Ilya had left for the game. Probably not the research he should have done, according to his sudden spiral beforehand, but still. He had practiced pronunciation as well.

“Need you to fuck me,” Shane said, lifting his head from the blankets, didn’t want to be muffled. Turned to lay his cheek on the bed, his eyes straining as far into their peripherals as possible to see Ilya. “Need your cock in me, and for you to fuck me with the toy. Make me take it. Make me take as much you want me to take. *Ilyushka*.”

Ilya had been humming pleased affirmatives while Shane spoke, but he paused for a full five seconds at *Ilyushka*, and Shane spent each of those five seconds thinking about how embarrassing - and not in a sexy way - it would be to be asked to leave right now.

“*Blyat*,” Ilya hissed, “fuck.” He’d pulled his fingers out of Shane, and that was a little panic inducing too, even as Ilya gripped his hips and lay himself down over Shane’s back, pressed a heated kiss to Shane’s lips. “Fuck,” Ilya said again, into Shane’s mouth. “Say again, *Shanya*.”

“Ilyushka,” Shane repeated, obedient despite the thrill of panic. “I need you.”

Ilya moaned, kissing Shane again, wet and rough. “You are going to make me lose it,” he warned, a growl in the back of his throat, “turning me on so much, fuck, Shanya. I will have to fuck you with dildo first so I do not come immediately.”

Okay, no need to panic, Shane was allowed to feel only warm and happy again, aching and needy. Could relax into Ilya’s mouth on his, their tongues against each others’, teeth catching on lips.

“Want to see you,” Ilya said between kisses, “enough hiding face away. Show me.”

Shane was a little too lost in the kissing to fully parse what Ilya was asking, until Ilya was rolling them over, their legs tangling, and then Shane was on his back, Ilya’s tongue still in his mouth, hands smoothing up and down from Shane’s ribs to his hips. The bed was a litter of wet spots already.

“Beautiful,” Ilya said, kissed at the corner of Shane’s mouth, and then just under Shane’s eyes, “so pretty, so good, Shanya.”

He was still adjusting them even as he talked and kissed at Shane’s mouth, using his knees to shove his way back in between Shane’s thighs, one hand pushing down to hook around under Shane’s knee and lifting his leg up, over Ilya’s hip.

Shane loved to get fucked from behind, his face being pressed into the pillows, the angle driving Ilya’s cock hard over his prostate with every thrust. But he couldn’t deny that he loved this more. The way he could be kissed so easily on his back, the way Ilya looked down at him with real affection on his face.

“Still can’t believe you said that to the press,” he found himself saying, when Ilya finally pulled away from kissing him and settled his weight back and lifting Shane’s thighs up,

handing them to Shane to hold back. “I only saw a little, but twitter went crazy about it right away.”

“Yes,” Ilya shrugged, looked pleased. Used one hand on the back of Shane’s upper thigh to push his leg a little higher, stretching the muscle almost painfully. “I will get telling off from social media people and coach, maybe, but was funny. No?”

“No,” Shane said, and then rolled his eyes at Ilya’s raised eyebrows. “A bit. Are you going to fuck me?”

“Maybe I am just wanting to look at my nice view,” Ilya replied, ran his hand down Shane’s abdomen, and then, avoiding Shane’s hard and leaking cock, down the angles of Shane’s hip and crotch, until he was rubbing his thumb down the slick skin of Shane’s perineum and nudging against Shane’s tender hole. “You made it so pretty for me,” he said.

“Make it prettier,” Shane said, closed his eyes, “you should come in it.”

They had basically already done that this morning, just in a somewhat disappointing way, and Shane had been unable to get it out of his mind. How Ilya had talked about filling him up. How he wanted to feel it in him. He thought he probably wouldn’t enjoy the sensation *afterwards*, but for during?

“You want me raw?” Ilya asked, always using words that spiked at Shane’s gut, crass and unflinching. He nodded anyway, his eyes still squeezed shut, but Ilya didn’t let him keep hiding. “You want it,” he said, fingers pushing into him again, only enough to crook in to the first knuckle as a tease. “You say it. You ask for it. Say clear for me, I want to hear you say exactly what is you ware wanting. Open your eyes for saying it. Look at me.”

So many instructions. He felt dizzy with it. Opened his eyes and looked up at Ilya, Ilya’s face momentarily tight looking, and then softening as he held Shane’s gaze.

“I want you to fuck me raw,” Shane let his want say, “I want you to fill me up and make me yours.”

Ilya swore under his breath, and then he was nodding, reaching for the abandoned dildo, and pushing it into Shane without a word of warning.

Shane's back arched, and the sudden thrust inside him pushed out a breathless moan from his lungs that lingered on into stuttering *uh uh uhs* as Ilya moved from that first thrust into a steady rhythm, fucking into Shane like they had already been fucking for ages already. He had to keep adjusting his fingers and his grip on his thighs, sweat making his skin slippery, the stimulation on his prostate making his muscles shiver and weaken in bursts.

"Taking so good," Ilya told him, had his free hand on Shane's pec, one thumb rubbing over his nipple in a relentless tease. "Opening up so much more so easy for me, hm? Will stretch so good," he must have shifted his grip, or angled the dildo differently, because he was fucking it down into Shane now, avoiding his prostate, stretching his rim with the new angle, adding a burning stretching ache to the pleasure. "Krasivyy, malysh."

If there was a way they could record this with full assurance it would never be leaked, Shane would. So he could listen back to the tone of Ilya's voice, so he could feel the shape of his words, so he could feel them without being distracted the way he always was by the time Ilya's voice got like this.

Ilya over him, alternating between purring out pleased words and biting out swears, fucking Shane hard and steady through it, and Shane holding himself open for it. Feeling himself open more, like Ilya was laying out new paths within him, space for Ilya only. Everything that wasn't the burn of his ass and the rasp of Ilya's voice was only fuzz, his body buzzing and numb and nothing and the bed was nothing and Shane's brain was doing nothing, the fuzz heaviest there. All he was was want, need, pleasure, Ilya.

Ilya had pressed the dildo in deep, held it there as he brought his hand down from Shane's chest and slid two fingers at once alongside the silicone. Moved them in and out, sliding almost gentle in against Shane's rim, before he hooked them back in and pulled out in a tugging motion. A pause. More lube, cold and brilliantly shocking, and then three fingers and the dildo, and Ilya swearing loudly, telling Shane something about how open his hole was, how beautiful it was. Shane's eyes were open but everything was cloudy, lids so heavy, only focusing on the curve of Ilya's mouth when he spoke. Watched as Ilya spit at his hole, and moaned as Ilya did, fingers pushing in hard, pushing the spit into him.

“Fuck me,” Shane said, realised he had already been saying it, had been saying it, low and desperate. Didn’t stop. “Fuck me, please, fuck me -”

“Shh,” Ilya said, fucked his fingers in and up into Shane, removing Shane’s ability to *shh* by rubbing cruelly at Shane’s prostate until Shane was whining with it, trying to arch away or towards or something, but Ilya’s other hand was on his lower stomach, pushing him down. “Shhh,” he told Shane again. “Sweetheart, I will fuck you, you need so badly, I will give, I give to you, yes?”

“Yes,” Shane managed, tore in a rough breath when Ilya pulled his fingers out. “Please, Ilyushka.”

It was like the endearment was a signal to be kissed, because Ilya leaned forwards the moment Shane spoke, and kissed him. Or maybe the kiss was just a distraction, because as Ilya slid his tongue into Shane’s mouth, his hands were still pressing into and kneading at Shane’s ass, holding him up, holding the dildo in, and then the tip of his cock was pressing in as well. So much bigger than the fingers, so much hotter and wetter.

Shane moaned into Ilya’s mouth. Wanted to be able to wrap his arms around Ilya and hold him closer. To drag his nails down Ilya’s back. To dig in like he had claws and hold on.

It hurt when Ilya kept pushing in, but he also kept kissing Shane, and Shane liked it so much, wanted to feel the pain of it like he did after a good workout. Wanted to have worked for it. Wanted it to linger in his body. His brain chemistry was already busy moving the pain into pleasure, and it was all Shane could do to keep his mouth open for Ilya to kiss.

“Okay?” Ilya asked, and he had to be at least mostly all in because Shane felt like he could feel Ilya in his chest, his throat. “Almost there, you can take more, yes?”

“Yes,” Shane panted, felt like he would split in two. Wouldn’t care. “Please.”

Ilya gave him the rest with one more twitch of his hips, and then finally his pelvis was pressing flush to Shane’s ass, and he’d given Shane everything and was holding himself so nice and still to let Shane breathe through it, to give him a chance to feel how everywhere

Ilya was inside him. Shane was still mostly fuzz, but the feeling of Ilya was like a clear spike of clarity, burning and pulsing. Like if Shane looked down he would be able to see a glow emanating from inside him.

“Shanya,” Ilya breathed, his lips moving against Shane’s cheek, everything felt wet, everything tasted salty. “You are so tight, so tight and hot, gripping me in you. You need more time? Or you want me to fuck you now?”

Probably it would be wise to ask for more time. To let his body stretch to accommodate the fullness before moving. “Fuck me,” Shane begged, “Fuck me, come in me, keep fucking me if I come, I want you to come in me, I want you in me-”

Ilya cut him off by kissing him again, kissed him through the first shallow, careful rolls of his hips against Shane, and then pulled back so he wasn’t chest to chest with Shane anymore, which was sad, but was instead gripping tight to one of Shane’s hips and one of his thighs, and using him as leverage to pull out and fuck back in. The dildo began to slide out, and Ilya moved his hand from Shane’s thigh and pressed it back in. Held it there as he fucked Shane like he had played his game. Fast, brutal, insane accuracy.

Shane hadn’t even realised - too overcome with everything else happening - that Ilya hadn’t even put a hand on his cock this whole time, until Ilya pointed it out, breathless between thrusts. “You’re going to come like this,” he said, like an order. “Not a single touch to your useless cock, yes?” Shane’s useless cock twitched at that, and Shane’s useless mouth moaned. “You don’t even need it,” Ilya continued, panting. He had sweat dripping from his hair and onto Shane, and it should have been gross but it wasn’t. “All you need is your slutty hole stretched and filled, all you need is me, yes? My cock, my words, my fingers -”

Shane’s spine clicked in several places as he came, his back muscles tensing so hard it hurt, his thighs burning, his head thrown back, unable to stop himself from moaning, on and on because Ilya kept fucking him through it, like Shane had asked for, so much, so much. Pulling pleasure pain out of Shane like sticking a poker into the coals of a fire, embers lighting up and sparking, glowing, burning even with the flames gone.

He let go of his thighs, relieved when Ilya helped him wrap his legs around his waist instead, and gave in to the need to cling, his hands grasping at Ilya’s waist, scratching over his tensing abs.

“Ilyushka,” he called, voice sounding and feeling ruined for all the moaning he’d done.

Ilya met his eyes, held his gaze, mouth hanging open, sweat trickling down the side of his face. He looked like he could devour Shane. Like he could hold Shane down and just keep taking if he needed to. Feral. Shane wanted him so badly that it almost hurt like he hadn’t only just come, like he needed more somehow. He was almost worried he would come again, the pleasure pain building inside him felt like it was cresting, tightening and twisting more and more with Ilya’s heavy gaze on him.

Ilya came inside him with one last frenzied grind, like he was trying to fuck even deeper into Shane, and he only managed a few more thrusts, grunting as he moved, until he was draping himself back over Shane, covering him like a blanket, head on Shane’s chest, panting open mouthed.

“Fuck,” he said, his chest heaving against Shane’s own shaking ribs. “Fuck, you have killed me.”

Shane was still feeling fuzzy, but he laughed a little at that. Ilya was still inside him, the dildo also still inside him, though slipping a little without Ilya’s hand at it’s base. He ached all over.

“I killed you?” he asked, still laughing a little, letting the humour melt through him, neutralizing the fuzz and buzz of his body. “My hole sucked you in too good?”

“Yes,” Ilya groaned, tilted his head up to look at Shane, “so good. Your hole loves me, I think.”

Well, yes. “Loves your cock,” Shane said, which wasn’t technically a lie at all. “You fucked me so good.”

“Yes?” Ilya asked, was still slumped over Shane, but there was the telltale quiver of tension in his arms, like he was ready to push himself upright and off Shane in a moment’s notice.

“You are feeling okay? Not too much?”

“It was perfect,” Shane told him. “I liked it so much. You’re getting your five stars, don’t worry.”

“I was not worrying about stars,” Ilya said, pressed a kiss to the underside of Shane’s jaw. “Are you wanting plug back in? To hold my come in you?”

Shane really fucking did. But it was getting late, and he hadn’t eaten yet, and he wasn’t sure he wouldn’t start getting all maudlin again, being full of the plug and maybe not touching Ilya. He shook his head.

“Next time, maybe,” he said. “I’m too sore for it now.”

Ilya made a face. “Sorry,” he said, the word always sounding clunky in his mouth, like he had to work at it to say it earnestly. “You want shower? Or, I have bath? Maybe nice bath? Soothe muscles?”

“Sounds nice,” Shane nodded. “Just - let’s stay like this a little more?”

I am still inside you,” Ilya pointed out, his cock was softening, but he hadn’t moved his hips to draw it out of Shane yet, and Shane hadn’t wanted him to. Liked to be connected.

“Yeah,” Shane nodded, “stay?”

“Okay,” Ilya agreed. “We stay until you get grumbly about being sticky.”

“Shut up,” Shane grumbled.

They stayed wrapped around each other for probably only a few minutes, and then, as Ilya predicted, Shane got grumbly about being sticky. Which any normal person would, because being covered in various fluids is not a nice feeling once you're not being flooded with happy sex chemicals or whatever.

"Bath," Ilya said as they pulled apart with several unpleasant noises. He rubbed at Shane's hip as he pulled his own cock out of Shane's hole, and then stared down at it. "But maybe shower first, to, ah, rinse out?"

Shane wanted to sit up in a crunch and crane his head to look at his hole leaking Ilya's come and lube, still stuffed with the dildo. He also very much did not want to see that. Only wanted to see it through Ilya's eyes, through Ilya's enjoyment of it.

"How does it look?"

Ilya glanced up at him, and then ran his fingers lightly over Shane's ass, dipping in to his hole. Lifted his hand to show Shane the mix of lube and come on his fingers, dripping off and down on Shane's softening cock.

"So beautiful," Ilya told him. "You look like tasty snack. Glazey doughnut."

"Oh," Shane breathed. "You want to eat me?"

Ilya looked up at him again, one brow raised, his mouth twisting up into a smirk. "Already horny again, kotik?" he asked. "You need to come again?"

"No," Shane shook his head. "I don't need to - I just want - I like your mouth on me."

Ilya looked at him a moment longer, and then he was shifting backwards, and dropping down. Licking into Shane's hole like he really was a snack. Pushing his tongue in against the dildo, and then mouthing wetly at the rim as he pulled the dildo out, slow and careful as Shane moaned at the yank of it leaving his inner muscles. He was fully making out with Shane's

hole - it must be so sloppy and open, his rim felt tender and tired, and he could feel his body trying to close in on itself. Ilya pressed a sucking open mouthed kiss right over his hole, and then again, and then he was licking back in. Shane could feel him swallowing every so often, and almost wished he had asked Ilya to come and deposit all the come into his mouth instead, but he was already pushing it, staying so long on this now crusty bed, and he knew adding the drip and smear of lube and come to his face would probably be too much.

When Ilya finally lifted his head, lips pink and wet, come smeared over his face, Shane grinned at him, relaxed and boneless, and Ilya grinned back.

“So tasty,” Ilya said, licked his lips, and Shane groaned despite himself.

“So nice to me,” he replied, felt absurdly shy saying it. Wanted a kiss. “Ilyushka.”

Ilya kissed him, tasting like come and skin and lube, and it was objectively disgusting and also excessively hot.

“Your legs work?” Ilya asked, “Or you need carrying?”

“I can walk, asshole,” Shane said. Reconsidered slightly. “I just - I might need a little help.”

-

Ilya assisted him to the bathroom, showered with him so he could help keep him upright, his arms holding tighter whenever Shane’s knees began wobbling again. And then while Shane huddled in a towel, leaning against the sink cabinet, Ilya ran Shane a bath. Poured in an absurd amount of epsom salts. Gathered Shane up in his arms again and kissed him more while they waited for the tub to fill, and then took Shane’s towel from him, and helped him into the bath.

Once Shane was in, Ilya hung the towel up again, said he would get Shane his phone, and did just that. Returned to give Shane the phone, and hand him a hand towel, and to press a kiss to

Shane's forehead, and to say he would get some food sorted, and that Shane should soak for as long as he wanted. To text or call if he needed something.

-

Lying in the bath up to his neck, one arm hanging over the side to hold his phone, Shane closed his eyes and did not spiral. He had one more full day of this. Of getting Ilya. Or making up... games to play together. Having sex that made Shane feel like Ilya was reaching in and pulling out whole new facets of Shane that Shane had never even suspected existed inside him.

He didn't know what would happen after this one more day. If they would go back to how they had been for months now. Phone sex, snatched moments after games. Except knowing it was only each other. Or would it change - would they see each other more frequently. Would Ilya come visit him in Montreal like Shane had here. Would they go away places together? Would it be sort of like having a boyfriend?

He focused on the aches all over his body, the way the heat was melting away the pockets of pain. Thought about... did not think about it.

-

You rated Lily

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - meh - good - great - **excellent**

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

Sorry I was so weird at the beginning I wasn't expecting that either. It was really hot waiting for you to come home and fuck me, and it was really hot being plugged and ready for you. I wish the plug had come out a bit easier so you could just fuck right into me, but it was still really hot the way you worked me open around it again. Having you and the dildo in me felt like I was dying, but in a good way? I really really liked it. I want to do it with the new toy too, but I think that'll take a bit more time. Hopefully I won't get weirdly emotional about it or whatever. I think I might have cum twice at the end there? Like, I came once, and then when you kept fucking me there was definitely something that felt like another orgasm just more all over my body. I think I really like being cum in. I really like you eating your own cum out of me as well. If I hadn't already had possibly two orgasms I would have cum about that as well. You were so hot and sexy and nice to me. I liked the spanking too, btw. Maybe we could do a more extended spanking thing at some point. Like, where the point is the spanking. IDK.

-

Lily rated you

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - meh - good - great - **excellent**

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

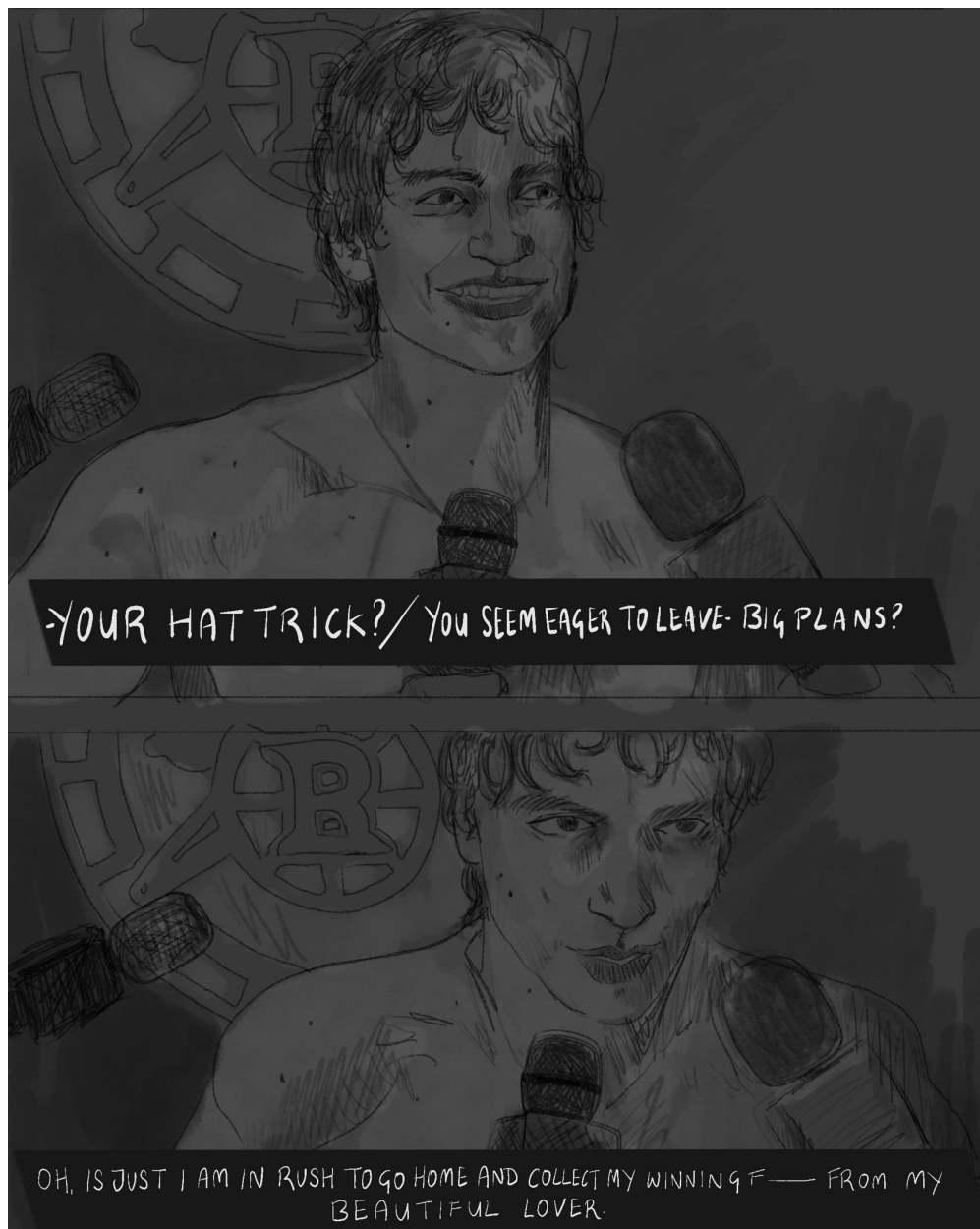
COMMENT

you are sitting upstairs in bath right now and i still want to be inside you. if bath was bigger i would get in with you and slide back inside you. hold you to me and kiss you more. would make us both like old plums. excellent game win reward. i want you after every win. and maybe after every loss too for consoling prize. i hope your hole feels okay xxx

FROM Lily

-i am already trending as gif lol

-[IMAGE ATTACHMENT] (Screenshots of post game interview Ilya, subtitles on the screen. There are many questions being asked, and then Ilya is looking directly at a reporter and saying, 'Oh, is just I am in rush to go home and collect my winning fuck from My beautiful lover.')



Chapter End Notes

We can pretend they talked about logistics of going raw some time earlier, unless it's hotter that they didn't, up to you 😊

Also I wasn't planning on doing the interview pic lol, so it's pretty rushed but it exists!

Chapter 12: ILYA

Chapter Notes

CW - discussion of racism, homophobia, sexism (yes, in your porn fic, I'm sorry)

First half is feelings, second half is porn + feelings + picture :)

Shane had been so soft and sleepy after his bath, had spent so long in it that Ilya had got dinner ready, stripped and remade the bed, and panicked that Shane had fallen asleep and drowned. When Ilya had opened the bathroom door - all rattle and crash because he had convinced himself it was dire - Shane had just jumped a little, water splashing out and onto the floor, and blinked at Ilya. Let Ilya haul him out of the bath and into a fresh towel and rub him down and lead him to the bedroom to put him into Ilya's clothes again. He knew Shane had brought clothes, pajamas, his own stuff with him, but it would be mean to Ilya personally if he couldn't have Shane in *his* clothing as much as possible. They weren't so different in size that it was very obvious, but he still liked the way he could tell his clothes hung looser on Shane. Made him look cosy. They ate dinner (chicken and rice burrito bowl), in front of the Boston game re-run because that was what was playing. And because when Ilya had gone to change the channel, Shane had shaken his head.

They watched the whole thing, even though Shane looked like he was struggling to stay awake, and Ilya was feeling pretty dead as well. But... they'd put their bowls down on the coffee table, and Ilya had lifted his arm and Shane had tucked himself in against him so easily, his head resting on Ilya's chest, hair still a little damp, but warm. Shane had slung his arm around Ilya's hips, slid his hand up under his shirt so his hand was pressed to Ilya's bare hip. And it was just so nice. Also nice how every time Shane approved of a goal Ilya made on screen, or an assist, or just a good move, he would hum a little, his thumb rubbing over Ilya's hipbone for a moment. He didn't even chirp Ilya's failed shots on goal, didn't hum with appreciation over anyone else's good shots and moves, like he was only watching Ilya, only seeing the good in him. He would warn Shane that that was dangerous, but that would require breaking the comfort of the moment, and he never wanted to do that ever. Thought that actually, if he could just get to do this with the rest of his life, he would be happy to quit hockey. Not that quitting hockey would be the way to keep Shane Hollander, of course, if he quit it would probably be followed up by a text from 'Jane' saying they shouldn't see each other anymore. Maybe that was mean.

Shane barely said a word the whole time, only really one word responses to Ilya's questions, which Ilya might have been worried about if he couldn't literally feel how relaxed Shane was

in his arms. So it was a bit of a surprise, as the post game interviews started playing, and Shane shifted in his arms and sat up.

“I hate the word lover,” he said, as on screen Ilya said the word as well. “It always sounds, like, gross.”

Ilya snorted, torn between amusement and an odd twinge of hurt. “Felt like best word for this,” he said, nodding at Shane, “without having to say something which would have gotten me fined much worse, no?”

“I don’t know,” Shane replied, stood up from the couch and stretched before scooping the bowls up. “You could have just not said anything.”

“No fun,” Ilya sighed, resisting the urge to smack Shane’s ass even though it was right in front of him. “No one is thinking this is about you, Hollander,” he added, as Shane took the bowls to the kitchen. “You do not need to worry they are sticking you with yucky word.”

Shane didn’t reply, and after a moment, Ilya hear the kitchen sink turn on, the clink of crockery. He turned the TV off with a huff, and then followed Shane into the kitchen. Paused in the doorway to watch Shane putting the bowls in the dishwasher, and then crossed the room to plaster himself against Shane’s back.

“You are guest,” he said, letting his head rest heavy on Shane’s shoulder. “You should not be doing this.”

“You cooked,” Shane replied, like that meant anything. He kept loading the dishwasher, sticking in the tupperwares Ilya had had his food prep in. He didn’t shrug Ilya off. Didn’t seem like he was mad.

“Mmm, yes,” Ilya kissed his shoulder. “I am very good host. Leave dishes, malysh.”

“Were you going to put them on tonight?” Shane asked, not leaving the dishes.

“No,” Ilya admitted, “they would be fine overnight.”

“That’s how you get bugs and, like, rodents,” Shane told him, firm. “It’s only a few more dishes. You could help, if you want.”

Ilya did want, but he wanted so much more to stay where he was. He kissed Shane’s shoulder again. Didn’t know why he was feeling ignored when he was literally holding Shane, literally talking with Shane.

Shane glanced over his shoulder at him, squinting with how close Ilya’s face was. “Tired?”

“Mhm,” Ilya hummed. “In case you forgot I played amazing game tonight, and then came home and fucked you so hard you could not walk.”

“I could walk,” Shane pointed out, turning back to the dishwasher and taking the warmth of his gaze away. “I was just a little… wobbly.”

Ilya made himself make a sarcastic noise, but didn’t argue back. He moved his hands from where they’d been almost chastely resting against Shane’s waist over his shirt. Pushed one hand up the front of Shane’s shirt, digging his fingers in to the warm soft ridges of muscle and fat and skin. Slid his other hand down the front of Shane’s sweats, the elastic loose around his hips and easy to reach into. Wrapped his hand around Shane’s dick, soft.

“Jesus,” Shane bit out, jolting a little. “You seriously want to go again? I’m loading the dishwasher.”

“No,” Ilya said, “just wanted to hold him.”

A moment of silence, Shane unmoving against him. “You want to hold it.”

“Mhm. Feels nice. He’s very cute and warm like this.”

Shane snorted suddenly, shaking his head. Didn’t shake Ilya off. “You’re so fucking weird,” he said, slid the top tray of the dishwasher in, and then the bottom tray. “And don’t call my penis *cute*, it objectively isn’t.”

“No, Shanya,” Ilya groaned, “is like how you are cute.”

“I’m not cute.”

This was unbelievable. He squeezed Shane’s dick just slightly, felt it twitch back in his hand, which was also cute and a little hot. “You are,” he said. “I love how cute you are, with your lovely freckles, and your pretty eyes, and the way you pout like you are doing now, and how you moan for me -”

“Okay,” Shane said, and he sounded like he was trying to sound amused, but there was a bite underneath it. “Let go of me and put the powder in, or whatever, I’m going to go brush my teeth.”

Ilya pulled his hands sadly out of Shane’s clothing, and stood there as Shane left the kitchen. Listened as Shane headed upstairs. Filled the dishwash powder slot. Turned the dishwasher on. Turned off the kitchen light, and then the lounge light. Climbed the stairs.

Shane was still brushing his teeth, back very straight and solid. He was standing to the side of the sink, not in front of the mirror like Ilya did. From the doorway though, Ilya was at the right angle to see Shane’s face in the mirror, and for Shane in return, to see his. They met each other’s eyes, and Ilya decided that he didn’t want to put this away for later. Later felt too much like never. He wanted Shane to be here and be happy here.

“This is the alliterate problem,” Ilya said. “Yes?”

Shane frowned at him in the mirror, kept brushing his teeth, but raised his eyebrows as if to say *what?*

“Calling you cute,” Ilya said, felt like he was forcing himself to stick his hand into a spinning blade. Held himself steady to it, braced for the pain. “Like pussy problem.”

Shane flinched, toothpaste dribbling out the corner of his mouth. His eyes left Ilya’s in the mirror. Ilya waited. Shane’s toothbrush stopped buzzing, and he stepped over to the sink and spat. Rinsed his toothbrush. Wiped his face off with a wet hand, and then rinsed the hand as well. Didn’t turn around. Kept looking at Ilya only through the mirror.

“You called me pretty,” Shane said. “At the shoot we did together, years ago. The CCM one. I never could tell, even now, if it was meant to be a chirp or if you meant it.”

Ilya shrugged, frowned as he tried to dig back into his memories, peeling apart the way he thought about Shane now to how he thought about Shane then and seeing if he could be sure they hadn’t just bled into each other. He had thought Shane was pretty the whole time.

“Uh,” he said, “I think was probably both. You are very pretty, yes, and also I was trying to, uh, get in your skin?”

“Under,” Shane said. “Under my skin.”

“Okay,” Ilya shrugged, “that too.”

Shane blinked at him. His shoulders looked so stiff. They shouldn’t look that stiff, not when they’d been so relaxed barely, what, ten, fifteen minutes ago? Ilya was so good at ruining things.

“Okay,” Shane echoed. “You know what other guys mean when they use it, though, right? As a chirp.”

Ilya frowned, couldn't pick apart Shane's expression. Felt like if he could just see him face to face and not in the glass he would be able to work it out.

"Uh," he said, "yes. I guess."

"Because it's funny to them," Shane bit out. "To call another guy pretty. Because they're actually calling him a fag. Or like, girly. Delicate. Small. Did you know I was the smallest kid in my tim-bits classes? For fucking years."

Ilya hadn't been expecting this level of vitriol in Shane's voice, had especially not expected it to feel so... self directed. Like he was angry at Ilya, but only peripherally.

"Was not what I was saying," Ilya said, and then because he had never learned how not to stick his foot in his mouth when he was feeling guilty and cornered, "except for the bit where I was saying you were gay."

"Fuck you," Shane said. Still didn't turn around. He was gripping the counter now, his elbows locked. "My tim-bits coach kept telling my mum I shouldn't be playing because *our kind* just weren't big enough for it. That I would always get thrown around on the ice because I was an easy target. That I looked soft. But I was a pretty kid, maybe I could do figure skating. I was six."

If Ilya just knew how to keep his mouth shut, maybe they could be doing this tomorrow. Holding each other. Not as a fight. He scrubbed one hand across his mouth. Felt sick. Didn't know what to say.

"When I was eleven," Shane told the mirror, "at hockey camp, my whole year group and a few of the teen camp leaders cornered me in the showers and made me show them my dick, to prove they were right about Asians having small penises. They made me have a cold shower first, and then held my arms back so I couldn't hide. One of the older guys told me it was cute, but wouldn't cut it, and no wonder I was so fast on the ice, I had to make up for not being a man."

Ilya recoiled at this. He had seen a photo of Shane at eleven. A newspaper article that had been scanned and put online. Shane Hollander, child hockey prodigy. Setting speed records at eleven. His little solemn face, wide eyes and freckles and a mouth held so tightly closed. Ilya had been bullied as a kid, had also bullied other kids sometimes. Had stepped in to stop bullies, later, but not always. He didn't know what he would have done at eleven, his whole group gathering in the showers, jeering at the communal laughingstock of the night. He wanted to ask if Shane had told an adult, but he knew the answer already. You didn't complain about hazing.

"Shane," he said, his voice coming out much smaller than he'd intended it to. He wanted to apologise for not knowing what he would have done at eleven. He wanted to say he would have stepped in and stopped it, or tried to.

"I know you don't think about it," Shane said, taut. Wasn't meeting Ilya's eyes in the mirror anymore. "That I'm half. Half Japanese. Because all you see is the - the image the league wants of me, right? I'm basically white. I'm too good, too big to be Asian. It's just a - a progress thing for them, so they can point out that they do have Asians in the league, they're not racist, look, there's Shane Hollander, now forget that he's Asian. The reporters who don't like me don't forget. Neither did any of the kids I grew up with, with my mum bringing me to practice, to events. Neither do the guys chirping me on the ice. It's funny to them, to talk about my dick, because if they're telling me they imagine I'm so small, it's not gay. Right? Literally until Hayden told me my dick was great, the only things I heard about it in the Metro's locker room was surprise on my first day, and Comeau telling me to my face he thought I was going to have a chode."

Shane stopped talking suddenly, his face twisting. He looked almost surprised, like he hadn't even known he was going to say half of what had come out of his mouth. Ilya couldn't help but wonder how long all those words had been simmering in the back of Shane's mind, pushed away so he wouldn't cause a scene, be a problem.

Shane turned his face away from the mirror, away from the door as well, so Ilya couldn't see what his expression was.

"Sorry," Shane said, "this isn't - you don't need to hear this."

It felt like hearing it was as painful as keeping his hand in the path of that fucking spinning blade, but that not hearing the rest was somehow worse. Ilya thought that if it felt like that for

him, it must be killing Shane. He took a step into the room, and when Shane didn't move, took another, and another, until he could touch him.

Pressed his hands flat against Shane's upper arms, felt him shake.

"Tell me rest," he said, pressed his forehead to Shane's nape.

"There's nothing," Shane lied like a liar, his weight shifting into the backs of his feet, his body pressing against Ilya's hands. Thank god. "You don't want to hear it."

"I do," Ilya said. Squeezed Shane's arms. "I do not think I will like, no, but I do want to hear. Is important, yes? Making you... upset. Hurting you. I do not want to be hurting you."

He felt Shane's throat spasm, like he was struggling to swallow, and then he spoke in a tone far too light. "I mean," he said, "you seemed pretty fine spanking me, earlier -"

"Not same thing," Ilya cut in. "You know this. I know you like when I hurt you for sex, I would not do if you didn't. I do not want to hurt you for real, especial when I do not even know I am doing."

"You should brush your teeth," Shane said quietly, "so we can go to bed." He didn't pull away from Ilya. Didn't move.

"Moya lyubov'," Ilya mumbled against Shane's spine, "say you will tell me more when we go to bed. I will not look at you if this is what you need."

He felt more than heard as Shane took a shaky breath. "Okay," he said. "Brush your teeth." He pressed back against Ilya for a moment more, and then pulled away, left the room briskly.

Ilya brushed his teeth. Put his toothbrush next to Shane's instead of in its usual spot. Turned off the bathroom light, and walked back into the bedroom. Shane already in the bed back to

Ilya, his phone sitting on the bedside table, charger plugged in. If he wasn't so stiff, Ilya would think he was asleep already. They were both exhausted. Maybe they should just sleep.

Ilya took his shirt off, pants too, so he was just in his boxers. Slid into the bed behind Shane after he put his own phone on the charger on his side of the bed (wanted so bad to have a *side* rather than a bed), and shifted across the fresh sheets until he could wrap his arm over Shane's waist and find one of Shane's hands to hold onto. Shane let him. Held his hand back, dragged him in even closer with it, until they were spooned up against each other, Ilya molding along Shane's back.

"It's too much," Shane said, once they were settled, "I was too angry. I'm sorry."

"Fuck that," Ilya said, said it quieter than he wanted to because his mouth was basically on Shane's ear. "I want you angry. I like when you are real with me."

Shane swallowed, his eyes closed but brow screwed up. "Really?" He asked, "Even when I'm, uh, messy?"

"I love when you are messy," Ilya teased, and then toned it down again. Wanted Shane to know he was serious. "Yes, really. I think maybe I am one of few people who get to see you be real. I like it."

"I don't know how to say it," Shane admitted. "How to start again. I didn't - I kept not thinking about how to talk about it because I was... scared, I guess."

"Mm," Ilya nodded. "Maybe I - I start off, for you?"

Shane didn't say anything, but after a few moments, he nodded slightly. Ilya reupped his grip on Shane, squeezing him tighter for a few beats, feeling Shane's muscles relax slightly at the pressure.

“When I say you are, ah, cute. Pretty. You are hearing that I am saying, mm, I think you are small? Weak?”

Shane huffed out a small noise. His eyes were still closed, brows still furrowed, but he was so much less tense. “Yes?” He said, sounding unsure.

“Kind of. I think it’s just - I’m - It’s part of what I said before. In the ensuite. About how people treat me because of my race. How it’s like - a thing. People expect Asians to all be small, or, like, polite - don’t say anything about Canadian politeness - and, it’s like a joke. All over. How Asian men are effeminate. Y’know. Small dicked, skinny. Weak. And I’ve worked so hard to not be the joke. I mean, I didn’t do anything about my dick, it’s just like that, and how tall I am, but - but I’ve always wanted to play hockey. And I’ve always been good at it, and for a while it just didn’t matter, right? Because I was too small before I hit my growth spurt, and coaches were wary of - of the optics of having an Asian kid getting pummeled on the ice, even if he was also scoring all the goals. So I had to be fucking perfect. Had to have the best work out routine so I could get bigger than at least some of the other players. Had to practice harder and longer so I would get a second look even when I was already the best player on the ice by far, I had to be fucking amazing. And then even then, when I was in it for real. I was the hockey player, I was still - still the half Asian guy, still getting called soft, and - and I don’t know if it’s because I’m Asian or because I’m gay sometimes. Like. What it is about me that makes people need to kick me down a peg, to tell me I’m still not good enough.”

He paused here, chest heaving. Ilya kissed the skin behind Shane’s ear. Waited.

“So I’ve always hated when people call me cute. Or say I have pretty features. Because it sounds like they’re saying I still haven’t done it. I’m still... an easy target. It’s embarrassing. And then - then when you say it to me it’s -”

He broke off again, swore under his breath. Finally opened his eyes again, turned his head to actually look at Ilya.

“I like it,” he said, sounded very upset about this, his eyes wet, the whites of them pink. “But it - it makes me feel... guilty. Like I’m just. I don’t know. Accepting that I’m... worthless. And it’s - it’s different, when we’re having sex, not like, fully different. I like it when you make me feel, um. Like. Yeah. But it still, there’s still. I don’t know what it is. Just that - I think it scares me. Makes me think that - that even you wish I were something different.”

Ilya frowned. "I say you are, ah, good looking and you think I want you not to be?"

"No," Shane frowned back at him, like Ilya was purposefully missing the point instead of desperately searching for it. "No. That you're - you're saying you want me to be less... me. Less big, less strong. Or like, like you do wish I was a girl. That it would be better for you if I was."

Ilya thought about it. He was so tired. He wished he had more words. He wished he could press their foreheads together and just beam everything into Shane's head. Not that last one, that would be too much, and Shane would definitely leave.

"Okay," Ilya said, felt like he had to work up to the right words. Threw out a couple more starter words. "Well. Um." He freed his hand from Shane's, rubbed his thumb against Shane's cheekbones, the freckles scattered there, the flush of his cheek. "When I say - when I say you are so pretty, so cute, so beautiful," he said, slow, "I am not - I am not seeing you or wanting you as... smaller. You being so big, strong, heavy, I like this so much. Is what makes - makes things like your freckles even prettier. Like little detail in big famous painting. I like, when you are, ah, submitting to me? How it feels because we are almost same size, yes, you are choosing to give yourself to me. Maybe I could take, if I fought, yes? But I do not have to, you are - are holding yourself open for me. Is what makes it so hot."

Shane shifted in his arms, loosening Ilya's grip, and then rolled entirely over so they were face to face and then buried his face in Ilya's neck instead.

"Like a - a contrast," Shane mumbled.

"Mm, yes," Ilya nodded, rubbed his hand down Shane's back, pressing his palm down firmly. "I feel I am doing bad job explaining. Bad job noticing things, also."

"I think you're doing okay," Shane said, kissed gently at the base of his neck. "I'm - I'm getting it. I think."

"Okay, good," Ilya nodded. Didn't know what to do or say now. He wanted to - to say something about the...racism. But what would he say? What could he add? It would all just

amount to what would basically be him saying he wasn't racist. "How do I - what do you need now?"

"Probably to sleep," Shane said. "I've - I shouldn't've kept us up so late."

"We are down," Ilya pointed out. "Lying in bed. Is fine."

"I didn't want to be like this," Shane whispered, "at least not - not while I was here."

"Like what?" Ilya asked, pressed a kiss to the top of Shane's head, liked so much how Shane smelled like Ilya's bodywash.

"Difficult."

Ilya thought about this too, kept his mouth shut to stop himself from saying something well meaning and stupid before he could think of a better thing to say. Kissed Shane's head again. Tried to say the right thing; "Hockey is difficult," he said. "Is hard work. Long hours. Hurts, yes, sometimes. I love to play hockey. You love to play hockey. Neither of us are - are caring how sometimes is difficult. Yes?"

Shane sniffed, sniffed again. Pressed his face in harder against Ilya's skin, smearing the spill of tears. "Yes," he said. "But I'm not-"

"Not hockey, no," Ilya agreed. "Better. Okay? Better than hockey."

Shane shook his head. His whole body was shaking, but only his head seemed purposeful. Ilya held him tighter, grasped the back of Shane's head with one hand, kissed Shane's forehead.

"Better," he said again. "And also," he added, "cardio with you is much more fun."

“Asshole,” Shane snorted. “Fuck. Ilyushka.”

Shane was going to kill him with his casual name drops, each *Ilyushka* feeling like a tug on a lead tied around his heart.

“Shanya,” he replied, tipped Shane’s face up to him. Kissed him on the lips. “Is okay. We sleep now, hm? Talk more tomorrow if we need. You are so tired.”

“Yeah,” Shane agreed, eyes closing as Ilya pressed more kisses to his cheeks. “Okay. Sleep.”

-

Shane was still asleep when Ilya woke up. He had expected to have trouble falling asleep last night, but Ilya had found himself dozing off almost immediately after they’d turned off the bedside lamps and met again in the middle of the bed. He was pretty sure Shane had started snoring a little before he had fully dropped off. He was glad Shane was still asleep. It gave Ilya the opportunity to just hold him and look at him and also to try and be a sensible person who knew how to handle issues that weren’t just surface level and fixable by an easy action. He imagined calling Marlow for advice, but he was pretty sure the advice would be well intentioned and entirely unusable. Not Marly’s fault, he just didn’t know who Shane was. Svetlana would be able to help more, would have insight and advice, but she would want to know who Shane actually was, and he would tell her because it was important, so he couldn’t ask her for help about it right now.

He wanted to call his mama. He didn’t know if she would have any useful advice, if she was still here. If he would have to hide who Shane was to her as well. He hoped she would. In his mind she was always two images plastered over each one, both trying to be seen first. His shining, beautiful, lovely mama, like an angel. His crying, tired, sad mama, dead and cold.

He had never had to be so careful with anyone before. Not because he didn’t value his friends. He loved Marly, and Svetlana, and to a slightly lesser degree but still love, Vic, and Carmy, and Connors, and most of his team. But he had never let them get so deep into him,

and he had never tried to get so deep into them. He could chirp his friends all fun and games, and if he accidentally poked too hard at a sore spot, he would back off and it would be fine, because he hadn't known about it. They could move on. He could avoid Sveta's sore spots easy, because he knew about them already. Didn't need to eke the story or the hurt out of her, because they had either shared it or known about it as it happened. It was the same for her with him.

With Shane - well. They had held themselves apart for so long, purposefully not learning about each other except in bed. And Ilya had fucked up and found himself so deeply attached to a man he knew and didn't know at all. He was pretty sure Shane had fucked up the same way, but, Ilya knew what they said about making assumptions. But now they were talking more, sharing more, learning more, and Ilya kept getting more and more attached the more he learned.

Every misstep with Shane felt like it could be the one to finally unbalance them enough to knock sense back into Shane. Or into Ilya, but he doubted he could choose to pull back at this point. He kept trying to put down some roots, some foundation. Something to be real enough that they could both stop worrying about their balance and just chill out.

He knew Shane was made up out of hockey and anxiety and horniness, and Ilya wanted so badly to maybe add some comfort into his make up as well. Wanted Shane to feel stable. Wanted to give him anything he asked for. Was so scared to offer too much and have Shane turn him down. He still didn't know exactly what Shane thought about his...statement after the game yesterday. Except that Shane didn't like the word *lover*. Which was sad. Ilya liked the word. It was useful to hide in, because it implied two things and people often chose only one meaning. Someone he was fucking, or someone he was in love with.

He had wanted it to be something Shane could reference, almost, as a reminder that Ilya only wanted Shane. That they had agreed to only be with each other. That Ilya wanted him. Wanted to keep him.

Shane stirred beside him, and Ilya dropped his uncomfortable musings quickly, wanted to watch Shane opening his eyes, wanted to see if Shane would look pleased to see him.

Shane opened one eye, squinting at Ilya, his mouth quirking up in one corner, a sleepy smile.

"Creep," he mumbled, voice hoarse. "Watching me sleep."

“Yes,” Ilya said, happy. “I love to see how your nose twitches in your sleep.”

“Hm,” Shane opened his other eye and looked at Ilya properly. “Hey.”

“Hey,” Ilya replied, felt gooey when Shane lifted a clumsy hand from the sheets to touch Ilya’s cheek. “You are so sleepy, malysh.”

Shane shook his head, was still smiling, small and soft. “You look cute,” Shane told him, voice cracking just slightly. “With your hair so fluffy like this.”

“I look cute?” Ilya asked, grinned so wide his upper lip got stuck a moment against his canines. “You think I am cute?”

“Yeah,” Shane said, “that’s allowed, right?”

“So allowed,” Ilya nodded, ducked in and kissed Shane’s sleep warm cheek. “I like when you call me cute. I also like when you call me hot, or sexy, or beautiful, or sex god. All of these are so good.”

“Such a narcissist,” Shane complained, was still smiling. He rubbed his thumb against Ilya’s lower lip. “It feels okay?” He asked, his eyes on Ilya’s lips as well. “Doesn’t make you feel - feel like I’m - I’m trying to make a point or something?”

“Are you?” Ilya asked, darted his tongue out to lick at the tip of Shane’s thumb.

“No,” Shane said, spread the spit from Ilya’s tongue over his lower lip, rubbing it in. “I just, when I woke up, thought. If it isn’t - if I want to start - start feeling less weird about you saying it to me, well. I do think you’re cute, and so if I say it about you, when I know how I see you and your - your, um, manliness. Maybe it’ll make me feel. Better.”

When Shake woke up, did his brain just print off a file for him to look over? Here is the morning report of all the things you were stressed about last night.

“Sounds smart,” Ilya said, “I am allowed to say you are cute, then?”

“Yes,” Shane said, flushed. “Just. Maybe not about my, uh, cock?”

“Hm,” Ilya nodded. “Even when he is so cute? Soft and wet after I suck him? So big and pink?”

Shane narrowed his eyes at Ilya, but they were pressed up against each other enough that Ilya could feel when Shane’s cock realised he was being talked about.

“Ilya.”

“I will not if you really do not want,” Ilya said, shifting his hips against the mattress so he could slide his leg forwards, pressing his thigh against Shane. “But I think, maybe, maybe problem is still just you feeling bad for liking, hm?”

Shane’s cock wasn’t very hard, but still hard enough to press against Ilya’s thigh through his pants, to twitch at the contact.

“Shanya,” Ilya prompted, his hand moving to press and squeeze first at Shane’s tit, and then turning to rub down his torso and paused at the waistband of his pants. “Your big, sexy cock, he is cute sometimes, yes? When he is sleepy. When he is so wet and drooling for me without a hand on him?”

“Jesus,” Shane bit out, “yeah. Yes. Touch me.”

Ilya did not touch him, kept his thigh still, his hand paused. Didn’t stop Shane from rocking against him, but didn’t move to return the motion yet. “I am pushing,” Ilya said, “say no if

you do not want.”

Shane groaned - a frustrated noise, not one of Ilya's favourites - his hand still on Ilya's face shifted so he was gripping Ilya by the chin, thumb wet. "Ilya," he said, closed his eyes, looked like he was steadying himself. "Fuck," he said, sounding not at all steadied. "You make me feel - feel fucking insane. Like, I don't know. I think that I - I'm so used to fucking lying to myself about shit, and then you go and point out it's a lie, and I have to deal with the fact that you figured it out before me."

Ilya wanted to point out that one of Shane's tells that he was lying was that he looked and sounded miserable while saying it. He wanted to tell Shane that he felt insane too. He kissed Shane instead, pushing forward against the grip on his chin, licking into Shane's mouth, his hand scrabbling to push under the waistband of Shane's pants.

"Fuck," Shane mumbled, muffled by Ilya's lips, kissed his back, his hips juddering up into Ilya's hand as he got his hand around his fat fucking cock. "Fuck, s'really dry-"

There was only so far Shane's pre-come could take them, and at this point without a long lead up, it was as far as three good strokes, and then one too dry stroke.

"Sorry, sweetheart," Ilya said, still kissing Shane even as he pulled his hand out of his pants. "Lemme do properly," he added, pulling away a little more so he could grab the lube still on the bedside table.

Shane nodded in response, grabbing one more kiss before he was pushing the blankets down and shoving his pants off, leaving his socks and shirt on.

Ilya didn't bother with taking his boxers off, just squirted a good amount of lube into his hand, and climbed back over to Shane, holding his hand up while he moved back into place. Slotted one of his thighs between Shane's, his elbow on the mattress beside Shane's armpit, his mouth on Shane's mouth, Shane kissing him back. He got his hand around Shane's cock, breathing a quick sorry about the cold lube, and began stroking him again, the movement slick and easy, Shane's cock kicking in his hand, hot and hard.

“So sexy,” Ilya grunted, tipping his head down so he could look between their bodies at the way he was jacking Shane off, the wet pink tip disappearing in and out of Ilya’s fist. “Love how big you are,” he said, then, bit at Shane’s tit, sucked at the plump muscle for a moment before returning to Shane’s mouth. “Love to make you feel good, malysh,” kissed Shane again, “you are feeling good?”

Shane moaned, nodded. His hips were still jerking, but only small movements, letting Ilya control the speed. He smiled at Ilya, spit on his chin. “Yes,” he said, “I - fuck - I love how big you are, pushing me down like this. Makes me feel - makes me feel really good.”

Ilya groaned, sped his hand up, pressed more of his weight onto Shane, shifting off his elbow a little until he was held up on his shoulder on Shane’s shoulder more than anything, and Shane moaned again about that, hips jerking. His hands were on Ilya’s shoulders, clinging on as if for dear life, nails biting nicely into his skin.

When he came, Shane pressed his mouth against Ilya’s cheek, not kissing, not even really muffling his moan, just pressing against him.

Ilya kept going, jerking Shane off until he was letting out small hurt noises, and then sliding his hand down Ilya’s shoulder to take Ilya’s hand by the wrist, and brought his come covered hand up to Shane’s mouth.

“You want?” Ilya asked, Shane already licking at the skin between thumb and finger. “See how good you taste?”

He pushed his first two fingers into Shane’s mouth when Shane opened wider, and then leaned back in to keep kissing Shane around his fingers, both of them sucking the come off fingers and then tongues, and Shane moaned so loudly when Ilya slid his third finger in against Shane’s cheek and pulled his mouth wider, finger tips pressing in to the slick softness of inner cheek.

They kissed until their mouths were all spit again, and Ilya pushed himself upright to look down at Shane, pink face, lips almost swollen, mouth hooked open on Ilya’s fingers, eyes glazed but present. He looked back up at Ilya, smiling as much as he could with Ilya’s fingers in his mouth.

“So beautiful,” Ilya told him, “so fucking hot, Shane.” He removed his fingers slowly from Shane’s mouth, and then rubbed gently at Shane’s jaw with his wet fingers. “Are you sore?”

“A little,” Shane said, “but not badly. It felt good. Feels good.”

“Okay,” Ilya kept rubbing at his jaw, digging his thumb in against the muscle at the hinge of the jaw. “So sexy for me,” he said now. “Sucking on my fingers so hungry, even after I make you come so good. Are you still hungry?”

Shane nodded, his eyes fixed on Ilya’s.

“What are you hungry for?”

Now Shane paused, looked as if he had been about to just say it, and had then remembered something. Didn’t say anything.

“What?” Ilya pressed. “Tell me.”

“You didn’t update your tip pic yesterday,” Shane said. Cleared his throat. He lifted one hand to wrap his fingers around Ilya’s wrist, resting against Shane’s clavicle. “We were, um, busy and forgot to take a photo when you pulled out of me. But I thought maybe we could take one this morning.”

“Oh?” Ilya had completely forgotten about Shane’s hot as fuck tip pic suggestion, but he was very open to new ones.

“I’ll give you a blowjob,” Shane said, all business now. “And then when you’ve come, but you’re still hard, and like, there’s come leaking down your cock and out of my mouth, we take a photo. Of my mouth on your tip.”

Ilya stared at him. “Holy fuck,” he said. “You are one making public social announcement now, hm?”

Shane squirmed underneath him. “Fuck off,” he said.

“You want to put tip pic up so anyone who is maybe, thinking of hitting me up, will look at app and see my tip is in safe lips?”

“Shut up,” Shane groaned. “No. Maybe. Do you want to do it or not?”

“I do,” Ilya said, nodded. “Your lips in photo - nothing else?”

Shane shrugged a little. “I mean, I think, I think if it’s just lips, and maybe a little chin and nose it’s still - I could still pass as a woman. Maybe. But I think it’ll be fine. Right? How would anyone be able to tell?”

“I think will be fine,” Ilya agreed. “You are so fucking sexy, you know this? I wake up in morning and sexiest man is in my bed, and he wakes up and says sexiest things ever. How am I supposed to not be bursting into flames? What is words for that? Sounds better as those words.”

“Spontaneous combustion?” Shane asked, eyebrows furrowed, and Ilya nodded. “You’re so - okay - no spontaneous combustion,” he said, “at least until I’ve gotten to suck you off.”

“Agreed,” Ilya said, solemn, and then; “first, however, I am not finished yet with you. I made handshake deal with your lovely cock that I would clean him up.”

“What?” Shane asked, snorting a little, and then exhaling heavily as Ilya heaved himself down the bed. “If you’re getting a cloth,” Shane said, as Ilya neared his still softening cock, “you’re going the wrong way.”

“Why would I need cloth?” Ilya asked, happily in position, “when I have mouth?” He bent down, one hand moving to grip Shane’s dick by the base, much spongier feeling than he was used to feeling Shane’s cock, and fed it into his mouth. Sucked gently at it, running his tongue up the shaft, feeling Shane shuddering all around him.

“Shit,” Shane hissed, “fuck - it’s so - fuck.”

Ilya kept going, licking into Shane’s slit, running his teeth very gently over the head. When he was satisfied with the, ah, cleanliness of Shane’s dick, he moved on to his balls. Sucked each one into his mouth, one after the other. Shane’s hand was on his head, just holding, not pulling or pushing, holding on. When Ilya lifted his head, Shane was staring at him, abs tensed as he held himself up enough to watch Ilya without sitting up. Ilya dropped his eyes heavily from Shane’s, and moved slow, licked the length of his cock, making it twitch.

“So cute,” Ilya said, “he wants to go again.”

“Fuck,” Shane hissed.

“Even when he is so soft,” Ilya said, “he fills my mouth. Love to have him in my mouth. Maybe this is how he can be useful, hm? When I am having trouble sleeping I could lie down here and hold him in my mouth?”

“Fuck,” Shane repeated, and his cock twitched again, hopeful, but not currently able. “Come kiss me, and then let me suck your fucking cock.”

-

You rated Jane

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - meh - good - great - **excellent**

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

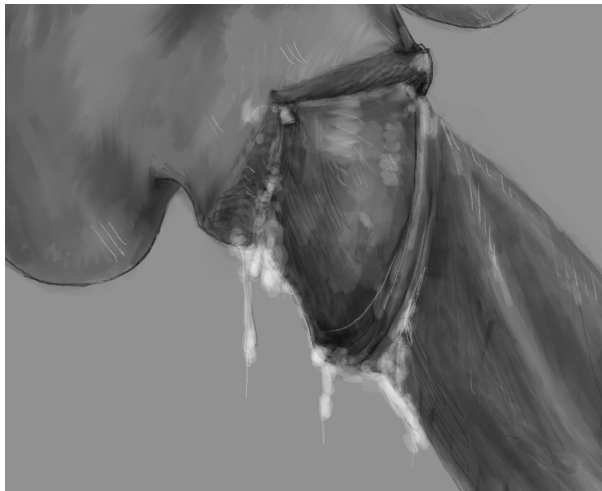
COMMENT

i keep thinking i should maybe stop giving you five stars so you do not grow ego as big as mine, but then each time you are five stars. i am not good at saying right things, i do not know how to say without making jokes. i love that you are a man. i love how big you are, how you are hairy, and how you smell. your big cock, and your great ass, and your pretty hole. how we can wrestle and chase and throw each other around. all. also, how you took my fingers and my tongue in your mouth and sounded like you were having second orgasm was so hot i did not think i would be able not to come. good thing i did not so you got to suck me off and take aware winning photo, hm? you look so good sucking me off, so focused, i feel sometimes like hockey puck and orgasm is goal. you are so good at scoring.

-

[TIP PIC]

(Ilya's erect penis, come dripping down it, Shane's lips on the tip of it, only a bit of his chin and nose are visible otherwise.)



-

Jane has rated you

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - meh - good - great - **excellent**

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

Thank you for getting me out of my head. By giving me head. And letting me give you head.
xxx

Chapter 13: SHANE

Chapter Notes

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

Because apparently Shane's fucking team had nothing better to do, the team chat was going crazy about Ilya's 'statement' the previous night. As if a hockey player mentioning a hook up, or a partner, or whatever, was anything to write home about. Sure, he swore, and he'd get fined, but like, he was always getting fined for swearing. Even Hayden had sent Shane a message outside of the group chat (because he knew Shane avoided the group chat for anything but actual team business) of a screenshot of the interview and an eye rolling emoji. Shane replied with an eye rolling emoji as well instead of having any thoughts or feelings about it.

"Your team is in love with me," Ilya said, craning over Shane's shoulder to look at the team chat Shane had opened again, Ilya's face appearing several times in screenshots and article links. "Can not stop talking about me."

"Pretty sure they're all saying how much they hate you, actually," Shane said dryly. "This shouldn't even be news. Why the hell are they all talking about it?"

"Svetlana texted me this morning as well," Ilya said, kissed Shane's cheek before moving away from the counter where Shane was perched, back to the stove where he probably very much needed to stir the scrambled eggs unless he wanted an omelet. "She said she saw interview, and says to say hello to my favourite passenger. This is you, in case you forgot."

Shane paused, his thumb moving away from his phone screen so he wouldn't accidentally idly like a stupid message or something. "Svetlana knows about me?"

"Little bits," Ilya said, hacking at the scrambled eggs with a wooden spoon. "She figured out I am seeing someone connected to Metros, and she knows I call you Jane, and you are only one I am seeing. I do not think she knows you are a man, she knows I like men too, but she has not said if she thinks this. Um. I have not told her anything too much."

Shane was probably really stupid, but he let himself say it anyway. "You trust her, yeah? You could. Tell her. About us. If you wanted to."

Ilya moved the pan off the hot element, switched the stove off, and turned around to look at Shane. "This would not cause you a million heart panics?"

It probably would. Shane shrugged. "Maybe. But - you don't have to. That's fine as well. It's not like we're - yeah. I just thought it might make it easier for you. To be able to talk to someone about it. Us."

"Would make easier for you?" Ilya asked back, his eyebrows furrowed. "You want to tell, mm, Pike? Say you are love- uh - person I am speaking of in media? What is he saying about me in team chat, hm?"

Shane winced, glanced down at his phone. "He thinks you're, uh, a sex fiend with a bragging problem. Which, I mean. He's not wrong."

Ilya rolled his eyes, didn't look at all phased by this. "You want to tell him?"

"I don't know," Shane admitted. Cleared his throat. "It doesn't - whether or not I want to tell someone doesn't mean you have to wait for me to figure out what I want before you talk to Svetlana. Or, like, Marlow, if you want. Seeing as he knows you're bi, as well. And - I don't know. I might be more - more scared about him knowing. Because I actually see him. But if you did want to tell him, I do - I do trust you to - to only tell people who wouldn't be... bad about it."

Ilya looked down, eyes unfocused, looked like he was trying to figure things out, or maybe just trying to translate his thoughts. Shane couldn't imagine how hard it must be, always having to be so on. Sometimes Shane felt like he couldn't even translate English into English.

"You would be scared Marly would think less of you?" Ilya asked eventually. "Or would... be cruel to you?"

Shane opened his mouth to say no. "I don't know," he said instead. "Maybe? Not really? I think that's just what I expect from any hockey player, if they found out about me. And I know - I know I've already told Hayd that I'm gay, and it went good. It's just, for now it's still like. A theoretical. Like - an imaginary thing, because there's no name, no other real person who I'm having - having gay sex with. So if I tell him, then it becomes real to him, and it's real and also you. Who he thinks is an asshole."

"So he will think you are asshole too?" Ilya asked, squinting at him. "Or that you must be, ahh, stupid to be sleeping with asshole?"

"Maybe," Shane said. "I don't really think so. It's just the - the panic running loose. I - I don't know if you've noticed this," he added, tried to grin but possibly looked a little queasy instead. "But I'm like, scared, all the time."

He had tried to make a joke out of it, and Ilya did laugh, just one soft exhale of a laugh, but then he was coming back around the counter again, and wrapping his arms around Shane. He hadn't expected to spend so much time over these two days in Boston just being held. He also hadn't expected to need it so much, or to be quite as disastrously emotional and pathetic. He did like being held, though.

"I have secret for you," Ilya said, his cheek resting on top of Shane's head. "I am also scared all the time also."

-

The eggs were cold and kind of rubbery by the time they remembered them, and Shane managed the tip of one forkful, and probably could have done a couple more, but Ilya had watched him fail to control his expression, and had pulled his phone out at the same time as tugging the eggs away from Shane.

"I order us smoothies," he said, "for delivery, and you can stop looking like I am forcing you to eat poison."

“It wasn’t that bad,” Shane tried, and then gave up at Ilya’s raised eyebrows. “Do they have spirulina ones?”

-

After their smoothies, while Ilya had a phonecall he was required to sit through over his ‘conduct’ the previous night, Shane texted Rose. He had told her, and only her, about his impromptu trip to Boston and the real reason for it. His coaches and teammates thought he had a meeting with a new sponsorship deal, and he had considered telling Hayden the truth as well, but - but if news came out that he was in Boston, and Hayden knew he was seeing ‘Lily’ who was a player for another team.. It just felt like he would be setting up a complicated set of dominoes to be pushed to fall and reveal all his secrets. And well, maybe he would tell Hayden when he got home, anyway, but he wanted to get to be the one to say it. Wanted to have some control over it. Felt like he’d had no control over so much to do with this all ready; had tried and failed to not be gay, had tried and failed to contain his attraction to Ilya, his feelings for Ilya.

It was different with Rose, because he had already told her his ‘friend’ was in Boston, so if she was going to work out that it was Ilya through that, she could have done it already. Different as well because Rose had already been there on what felt like the frontlines of a fucking battle of Shane’s shame and gayness, and held him through it while stroking his back. So. He knew she wouldn’t get weird about it now.

His text to her was in reply to her last text to him, which had involved a lot of winky emojis and eggplant emojis along with a question about whether or not Shane had been feeling fulfilled by his peg. He let her know he hated that question, but then also attached too many laughing emojis for her to ever take it seriously. And then sent another text saying they were exclusive hook up buddies now.

He only had about half a minute to try and decide if that was a dumb thing to text before Rose was calling him.

-

“Exclusive hook up buddies,” Rose said in reply to Shane’s hello. “Shane Hollander, what is happening.”

“Um,” Shane said, squirmed a little on the couch, and then pulled his legs up underneath him. “It means we’re not - we’re not sleeping with anyone else.”

“Okay, so, I understood that theoretically,” Rose said, “but not like - *what does that mean*. You’re dating?”

“No,” Shane said quickly, glanced over his shoulder to check Ilya hadn’t somehow finished his call, snuck back into the lounge, and pressed in close enough to overhear Rose’s question. “No. I - I don’t think so. We didn’t say anything about that.”

“So you’re both free to date anyone else you like,” Rose said.

“I guess.”

“You sound like you hate that idea, Shane,” Rose sighed. “And like, what, if you did start dating someone, what if they want to have sex? You’re going to tell them you have to call things off with your fuck buddy first?”

“No,” Shane groaned, dropped his head against the back of the couch. “I don’t know. I’m just not going to. Date anyone else.”

“What about him?”

“What about him?” Shane asked, stared up at the ceiling. The bedroom was right over the lounge, and he wondered if anyone was down here while he and Ilya were upstairs fucking, if they’d be overheard.

“What if he wants to date other people?” Rose asked, gentle. “Is he going to call you and break things off? Or is he going to not have sex with the person he’s dating until it’s very serious? Or what.”

“I don’t know,” Shane grumbled. “Fuck, Rose. I - we didn’t, like, discuss it. But I -” he paused again to look around. No Ilya in sight. “- He isn’t really a - he doesn’t really date. And he’s - he’s not been with anyone but me for ages. So. I’m just. Happy to take it as it goes for now.”

Rose made an odd noise, like she’d begun to say something and then physically swallowed it back down. There was a moment more of strangled sounding silence before she spoke again. “So,” she said. “If this was me, like, in either one of your shoes. I would be...asking if we were dating. Because it sounds kind of like you are. You’re staying at his house, yeah?”

Shane’s stomach did a flip, and then kept on flipping. He wrapped his free arm around it tightly. “Yeah,” he said. “It’s - it would be, like, weird if I didn’t. A waste of time.”

“Because you’re spending every single second fucking?” Rose asked. “He’s fucking you right now?”

Shane’s stomach stopped flipping for long enough to imagine Ilya fucking him and telling him to sound normal on the phone, shoving his fingers into Shane’s mouth whenever he started to moan.

“No,” he choked out, cleared his throat. His stomach was back to its acrobatics. “No we’re - I mean, we’ve fucked a lot, but - I mean. We can’t physically fuck the whole time, we’d probably die, no matter that we’re both professional athletes. So we’ve just been hanging out.”

“Hanging out,” Rose said, “okay. What do you do when you hang out?”

“I don’t know,” Shane said, for what felt like the millionth time. “Sometimes we just cuddle. We worked out together this morning. Watched his - a - game last night. Chat. He was telling me about one of his teammates getting the phrase ‘mountain out of a molehill’ very wrong while he made breakfast this morning, and -”

“He’s making you breakfast in the mornings?”

“Well. I mean, he made me lunch and dinner yesterday, but, technically he made breakfast this morning but we got distracted and the eggs went weird so we ordered in.”

“Distracted, huh?” he could *hear* that Rose must be wiggling her eyebrows, the leer in her voice obvious.

“Shut up,” he snorted, “it wasn’t even like that, we were just - just talking.”

“Mhmm,” Rose hummed, and sounded inexplicably smug about this. “Definitely sounds like just hook up buddy situation. A one sided affection kind of thing. An unrequited love story.”

“Shut up,” Shane repeated, much whinier than he should ever sound anywhere, but it only made Rose laugh again. “Seriously, this is - it’s complicated.”

Rose laughed a little more, and then sighed, sighed again. “I know,” she said, fully sobered. “I know, babe. Look - can I ask - and you can just no reply, I was just thinking - I saw the Boston game last night, and, I guess I was just wondering, if maybe -”

“Shanya!” Ilya called, flinging the door open, “my coach says to say sorry to you for being so crass on television and also that you should withhold sex for a week at least, but you should definitely *not* do that -” he paused, half a step away from where Shane sat on the couch, eyes wide and hand up. Lowered his voice substantially, and most likely much too late according to the hushed gasp and then silence on the phone. “-ah, you are on phone.”

“Hang on a minute,” Shane said into his phone, pulled it away from his ear so he could stab the mute button, watching carefully to make sure he had pressed it, and then looked up at Ilya. “It’s okay,” he said, although Ilya wasn’t looking too worried. “It was - it’s just Rose.”

Ilya’s eyes narrowed momentarily, and then he was flopping down on the couch next to Shane. “Rose Landry,” he said, eying Shane’s phone like Rose might just pop right out of it.

“Why?”

“Yes, that Rose. To chat?” Shane tried, lifted his arm when Ilya leaned in, and then wrapped it around Ilya’s shoulders. “She wanted to - I told her about how I was coming here. To see you. Well. To see my ‘friend’ in Boston.”

“Hm,” Ilya said, lifted his hand and gripped Shane’s jaw. Pulled him in to an immediately dirty kiss that had heat pooling immediately in Shane’s stomach, his cock. “So she is calling to do cock block?”

“Ilya,” Shane protested, “I’m on the phone - don’t - do not get me hard right now.”

“I was only kissing,” Ilya said, his face and voice all mock sincerity and innocence. “If you get hard, well, I am sorry I am so attractive.”

“You’re such a dick,” Shane laughed, shook his head. “Do you - do you want to say hi?”

“What? To your dick? Yes, always. Is he awake again?”

“Stop,” Shane grunted, was speaking to Ilya but also a little to his own dick who, yes, fuck off Ilya, was ‘awake’ again. “To Rose.”

“Mm,” Ilya sounded uncharacteristically shy. “You want me to?”

“Only if you want,” Shane said, shrugged. Didn’t even know what had compelled him to suggest it. He just wanted to. “I think - I know Rose would keep it a secret. And I know she thinks you’re a great hockey player. And - and I think - she just brought up yesterday’s game, so I think maybe she knows it’s a Bear’s player, and maybe she thinks it’s you.”

“She better think is me,” Ilya said, “no one else on Bear’s is good enough player for you to fuck.”

Shane laughed, delighted and shocked. “You’re so -” he began, didn’t even know what he was saying, shook his head again. “Yes or no, Ilya.”

“Yes,” Ilya said, reached over Shane’s chest for his phone, and took it out of Shane’s hand. Pressed the mute button again and then the speakerphone. “Hello, Rose Landry.”

A long pause, and then Rose laughed.

“Of course it’s Ilya Rozanov,” she said. “Like Shane Hollander would settle for less.”

“This is just exactly what I was saying to him,” Ilya said, not sounding shy at all anymore, just smug as he grinned at Shane. “Why would anyone think he would be with hockey player inferior to him?”

“They couldn’t,” Rose agreed, “it would be too weird. I feel like he would always be too judgy of you on ice if you weren’t good enough, and wouldn’t be able to get hard in bed.”

“Hey,” Shane cut in, horrified and so fucking pleased at the same time. “Hey, I’m still right here. And I’m not *judgy*.”

“Shane Hollander is very bitchy about bad players,” Ilya said immediately, “sometimes he texts me just name of player and a rolling eyes emoji. Is so much fun.”

“Hey!”

“Oh I can believe it,” Rose sniggered. “When we got way too drunk together, after we’d finished being sad, we got way too into talking about how chopped some players are.”

“Chopped?” Ilya asked.

“Like, fugly,” Rose said.

“Or,” Shane hurried to add in, “like, bad at hockey!”

“We were basically playing hot or not,” Rose said.

“We weren’t,” Shane insisted, “I had valid points about things other than looks.”

“You said that Grocer should go back to the slime cavern he came from and stop dripping his greasy ass all over your nice ice.”

Shane paused. Ilya was grinning so wide it made Shane’s cheeks and heart hurt just to see. “Okay, fine,” he said, “but that’s also about public safety. Someone needs to teach him how to wash before he causes a major slipping accident or something.”

“Is true,” Ilya chimed in here. “I once tried to check him and he was slippery like fish.”

Rose laughed.

“Rose Landry,” Ilya said then, clearing his throat. “Is very brave of you.”

“Oh?” Rose asked, “What is?”

“For helping Shane see he is super gay, instead of riding his sad gay dick. He is very good looking, I think maybe some people would help him pretend he is only interested in men and hockey.”

“Wha-” Shane said, wasn’t cut off by anyone, just felt too discombobulated to finish the word. Blinkered. “I’m not super gay,” he said.

“Babe,” Rose said, “you are super gay. And I was happy to help. Only a little disappointed for myself, but I mean, I think it would have been much more disappointing for both of us if we tried to date.”

“Yes,” Ilya said, solemn. “He said to me he told you he is hole.”

Rose laughed so loudly the phone crackled slightly. Ilya was grinning again, and Shane wanted to run out onto the street and scream. Not in a bad way, it was just all. A lot. He felt stuffed full of feeling. Ilya was still tucked in against him, leaning in to Shane.

“Okay,” Shane said, didn’t bother sounding anything other than what he was. “This has been very fun, but I need Ilya to fuck me now, so we’ll talk to you later, Rose.”

Rose paused in her laughter, and then continued on somehow louder. Ilya ended the call, tossed the phone behind himself onto the other end of the couch.

“You need me to fuck you?” he asked, his grin more a leer now, but his face still glowing with happiness.

“Yeah,” Shane said, using his arm around Ilya’s shoulders as leverage as he hoisted himself up and then onto Ilya’s lap. “No one else is good enough, right?”

Ilya’s arms closed around him, hands gripping tight to Shane’s clothes, pulling the fabric taut, pulling Shane close. “No one else,” Ilya agreed, rough. “You would be bored with anyone else, hm? Need me to chase you on ice and in bed? Strong enough to hold you down? Quick enough to catch your dekes?”

“Yeah,” Shane breathed, grinding down in Ilya’s lap, pressing his forehead hard against Ilya’s. “S’always been you making it exciting. Making me push harder.”

“Giving you new records to break,” Ilya said, tipping his head to the side and biting at Shane’s lobe, and then at his neck. Shane had given in so quickly yesterday, had bared himself for hickies and bites. Marks. He wanted them so badly. He could deal with the chirping he’d get when he got back home. He needed. “Making you take more than you thought you could, hm?”

“Fuck,” Shane bit out, one of Ilya’s hands was heavy on his lower back down, pushing and directing the grind of his hips, shoving them harder together. His asshole throbbed, sore still from last night, but so fucking needy for it anyway. Felt like it was aching for Ilya’s hand to move down further, to touch him, to press into him. To push him down onto the hard cock he was rubbing his own dick up against. “Fuck - yes - you - you always - ngh, Ilya, I need -”

“I know, I know, malysh,” Ilya breathed, his hand rubbing small hard circles into the small of Shane’s back. So close and so far. Shane’s hole kept clenching with every hard press of fingers and then heel of palm digging into his back muscles, pushing him down against Ilya’s cock. “You need me to fuck you. Need me to fill you up and make you feel good, yes? My pretty hole needs me?”

Shane swore again, some incomprehensible slurry of words, he wasn’t even sure what he was saying, just that he felt like he could already feel Ilya inside him, his brain lighting up his nerves like a fucking runway, making him ache and press down on nothing. Ilya’s hand was finally sliding down the back of Shane’s trousers - yet another pair of Ilya’s sweats, because when he had gone to his bag to get his own clothes this morning, Ilya had thrown the sweats and a shirt at him from his drawers.

“Please,” Shane moaned, Ilya’s fingers rubbing slow down his cleft, into his crack, just one finger pressing its pad against Shane’s hole, just petting at it, not pushing in, but it felt so heated anyway. He pushed down against the light pressure, knew he was loose enough still that Ilya could press in easily enough if he wanted. Didn’t even care that it would be a bit dry, wanted the friction, wanted the pull of it. “Yes,” he found himself saying, “I need you.”

Ilya growled against Shane’s throat, and then was finally pressing his finger inside Shane, just the tip, crooking up instead of pressing down for Shane’s prostate. A hook of pressure in him, heat of Ilya’s hand on him, Ilya’s cock rubbing up against Shane’s, mouth biting and sucking at Shane’s throat. Shane needed more.

“Please,” he said again. Couldn’t believe he’d just been talking with Rose casually right here just before and he was already so desperate. He and Ilya had already gotten off before breakfast this morning. Had gotten each other off again in the shower they took together after their workouts. He’d had so much sex in the last twenty four hours he shouldn’t still be feeling so pent up and like he would start crying if he didn’t get Ilya properly inside him now. “Ilyushka, it hurts -”

“Hurts?” Ilya asked, his head popping up from Shane’s neck, eyes dark and narrowed, “Your hole?”

“Yeah,” Shane breathed, grabbed Ilya’s face with one hand, just to hold him. “Inside. Without you. Needs you.”

“Oh fuck,” Ilya said, his whole body except for his cock stilling for a moment, tense, his cock jerking hard. “Fuck, my slutty Shanya. You are hurting without me in you? Your poor hole needs to be filled?”

“Yes,” Shane closed his eyes against the pleasure of it. Opened his eyes again when Ilya let go of him with one hand and began rooting around behind the couch cushions. “What?”

“Lube,” Ilya said, still hunting, and then his hand emerged with a small bottle of lube - mostly full. “I put here in case. Good thinking, hm?”

“Yeah,” Shane said, would roll his eyes usually, but he was too pleased for the lube to be right there. Had wanted Ilya in him so badly but had been dreading having to pull apart first. “Stop talking and fuck me.”

Ilya laughed, and then he was shoving his hand in between them and pulling his hard cock out the front of his pants, slicking it up with brusque movements.

“Pull your pants down,” he told Shane, “just enough for hole to be out. You are only my hole right now, yes?”

Fuck. “Yes,” Shane shifted up a little on his knees, pressed into the couch on either side of Ilya’s thighs. Tugged his/Ilya’s pants down until the waistband was tucked against the back of his balls, his whole ass out. Had kept the front of the pants as much up as possible. “Fill me up, please.”

Ilya’s hand, wet and slippery with more lube than necessary, landed on Shane’s ass, pressed two fingers immediately inside, spreading lube and his fingers briskly before pulling out again, his hand going to grip the base of his cock to hold it steady, his dry hand on Shane’s hip.

“So demanding,” Ilya said, gripping at Shane’s hip bone like it was a handle, directing him up and forwards and then down again. “I think maybe I need to teach you to be a little more patient, hm? If you are only my hole? Only for me?”

“No,” Shane mumbled, groaned when the thick head of Ilya’s cock finally pushed into him. “Please don’t make me wait more -”

Ilya laughed, soft and warm, kept guiding Shane down onto him, holding him back from just sitting right down and taking all of him one go. “Poor hole,” he said, kissed Shane, licked at his lower lip as he pulled back. “No, do not worry, my Shanya, I fill you up. I give you fullness. We will work on your patience after this.”

Shane could deal with after, well, after. Could and would deal with a lot of things if he just got to get this right now. Pressed his face closer to Ilya’s in silent demand for more kissing as Ilya lowered him slow and steady onto him, the burn of the stretch exquisite in its easy give. Open enough to open more, tight enough to hurt anyway. Ilya kissed him wet and sucking, pushing his tongue into Shane’s mouth, and then drawing entirely back just to bite at Shane’s lip.

By the time Shane’s ass was finally seated fully in Ilya’s lap, Ilya’s hand sliding out from between them, and then moving to rest wetly against Shane’s ass cheeks, Shane felt like he had been hollowed out. Refilled with Ilya. With heat and pleasure. It felt so deep in this position, like he’d been speared. Like he and Ilya were just two parts that fit together.

“So good, sweetheart,” Ilya told him, wrapped his dry hand arm around Shane’s waist, somehow pulled him down and onto Ilya an infinitesimal amount more, surely, but it felt like

an electric shock, and Shane moaned loudly, letting the entirety of his weight rest heavy against Ilya, in Ilya's control. "You are so good for me, Shanya. Took all of me so good, so patient. Nice, warm hole for me, yes?"

Shane nodded, and Ilya tapped at his ass with his wet hand, making a not nice squelching noise.

"Yes," Shane replied, obedient. "You can move now."

"Mm," Ilya said. Kissed Shane's cheek. Used his head to encourage Shane to rest his own head down on Ilya's shoulder. "No, i think, this is where you learn how to be patient, yes?"

"Hm?" Shane asked, his face in Ilya's neck, mouth open, tongue dragging over Ilya's skin. Salt and skin and heat.

"We will sit like this, for a little while," Ilya told him, like he wasn't so fucking hard inside Shane it felt like he had a heated metal rod in him. "You get to have me in you, yes? But you must be patient and stay still and good in my lap."

Hot and also terrible. Shane wanted so badly to be fucked. He whined against Ilya's neck, bit at his skin, and Ilya's arm tightened around him, his hips pushing up at the same time, his cock inside Shane grinding into him, fucking everywhere, all of Shane's synapses spinning out.

"If you are good," Ilya told him, "I will fuck you. I will fuck you however you want, and I will jerk you off too."

"M'okay," Shane nodded. "And if I'm not good?" He would be good. Probably.

"I think maybe you will just have to come like this, then," Ilya said. "I will not touch your cock, and I will not fuck you. Maybe I will spank you."

“Oh,” Shane breathed. Clung to Ilya. Felt himself tensing all over, and then tensing again at the rush of pleasure it caused, a feedback loop of feeling and feeling again how big Ilya was in him. “Oh fuck, really?”

“Mm, really,” Ilya said. “I think you could do it. Come just like this, yes?”

“I don’t know,” Shane said, nuzzled a little against Ilya’s neck, trying to bury himself in Ilya. “I don’t think I can -”

“Does not matter what you think,” Ilya told him, “if I say to you to do, you would, yes?”

“Yes,” Shane admitted. “I would try-”

“You would do,” Ilya corrected him. “Hm, I see you are already not being good, hm? Arguing back?”

“Fuck,” Shane mumbled. “I’m not-”

Ilya tsked, “And again,” he said. “Moy malysh, you are really wanting spanking, hm?”

Because he was already going to be in trouble, Shane rolled his hips against Ilya, groaning at the pleasure of it, and groaning more when Ilya’s hands on his hips stilled him, holding him down and motionless, while Ilya laughed.

“So bad,” Ilya said. Kissed at Shane’s forehead. “I think you are wanting punishment, hm? You are wanting to be bad and be pulled back. Are wanting to be told off.”

“No,” Shane said, weak as a defence. “I want to be good.”

“Hmm,” Ilya did not sound like he believed Shane at all. “Maybe you will be good after I tell you off?”

“I will be,” Shane promised, because he had always been good at taking criticism and making it constructive. At following instructions. Taking pointers.

“You will be,” Ilya agreed, kissed Shane’s head again. “Gimme kiss, Shanya, come here.”

Shane lifted his head, kissed Ilya. Ilya kissed him back languidly. His hand left Shane’s hip, no longer holding him still, slid under Shane’s shirt and ran up and down his back as slow as the kiss. Palm firm on him, always, never pricking at Shane’s skin with light touches, always holding him firm. Switched to running his nails down Shane’s back when he started fucking his tongue into Shane’s mouth. Scratching him hard enough to be on the very edge of pain, but not hard enough to break skin, to really hurt. Blunt nails dragging carefully down Shane’s spine, his back alight with nerve endings he didn’t think had ever been woken before. Tingling on his scalp like he’d gotten goosebumps with his hair, the skin on his arms all raised with goosebumps too, his whole body immersed in the scratch, the slide, the pressure inside.

He was leaking in his pants. Could feel the fabric wet against him, his cock throbbing hard with every heavy pulse of his blood.

When Ilya’s hand on his back stopped, moving to press heavy and warm against his lower back, and Ilya stopped kissing him as well, Shane swayed in his lap, felt dazed at the lack of sensation. Tried to focus on Ilya’s face, but could only blink and feel how hot and hard Ilya still was in him. How if Shane maybe tipped his hips just a bit he could -

Ilya’s hand moved from Shane’s back to his face, thumb and forefinger pinching his cheeks, squeezing until Shane’s mouth puckered forwards, his cheek squished in, his attention on Ilya.

“Shanya,” Ilya said, his eyes on Shane’s, searching until Shane sharpened his own gaze to look back properly. “There you are, sweetheart.” He loosened his grip on Shane’s face, kept holding him.

“Here I’m,” Shane agreed. Smiled.

Ilya smiled back at him. “You were so good and sweet, malysh,” he said. “But you know I still have to punish you for being bad in beginning, yes? You did so good, but we cannot forget about rules.”

“I know,” Shane said, nodded once, kept smiling. “I’ll be good for it,” he promised. “I can do it.”

“Yes?” Ilya nodded back at him. “You can come like this? Sitting here, getting your ass smacked until it’s as pink as you are inside? Getting your mouth tongue fucked?”

“Yeah,” Shane nodded again, could feel his cock hardening in his pants, had only softened a little in his daze, but had never left the room. “I can. You said I could.”

“I did,” Ilya agreed. “Good. So good for me, Shanya. After you come, maybe I fuck you then? If you take punishment good?”

Shane swallowed. Imagined how Ilya might flip them over on the couch and fuck into him, holding his legs back, or, might push Shane up and bend him over the back of it, fuck him from behind. It would be so much. Too much. Not enough. He nodded harder.

“Okay,” Ilya said, repeated it to himself under his breath like he was steeling himself.

Not that he needed more steel, the way he was still so hard in Shane. Maybe he was trying to make sure he didn’t come yet, Shane knew he was squeezing around Ilya intermittently, doing his best to feel him everywhere with as little outside movement as possible. He was suddenly impressed with how calm Ilya had stayed, with the way Shane’s ass was basically fucking milking his cock, and the realisation of all of this was stupidly hot, making Shane shudder.

“Shanya,” Ilya still had his hand on Shane’s face, stroked his thumb against Shane’s cheek. “You can, ah, wiggle, but you are not allowed to bounce. Yes? You keep your ass on me. You let me fuck your pretty wet mouth with my tongue. You take as many smacks as I want to give. Yes?”

“Yes,” Shane repeated, held himself back from immediately grinding against Ilya, unsure if he had to wait for a ‘go’ or not.

“So good,” Ilya praised him, brought their mouths back together for a soft kiss, a brush of lips. “You can move now, malysh, I have you. Start making yourself come now.” Then he was kissing Shane again, his grip on Shane’s face tightening.

Shane rolled his hips in the smallest circles he could, concentrating on the stick of skin to skin between him and Ilya, making sure the touch never broke. Pulsing movements that nudged the thick shaft of Ilya against Shane’s prostate in glancing blows, so much after the anticipation, and so little in comparison to how it felt when Ilya really fucked him. He was so focused on keeping his movements controlled, in breathing through his nose with Ilya’s tongue in his mouth, that he was taken by surprise by the sharp hit, flat handed, to his left ass cheek. Gaspd into Ilya’s mouth, his whole body flinching and tightening, and then groaning at the way that pushed everything together inside him, and groaning more as Ilya groaned at the squeeze as well.

He didn’t have a chance to catch his breath before Ilya hit him again, firm, same spot. It hadn’t hurt the first time, had been more of a shock, but the second hit was already more tender, landing over the sting of the first. It became a blur, all of Shane’s mind fuzzing out to focus on the task set to him. He let himself whimper when the hits became so layered over each other on both cheeks that he’d lost count of how many. None of them very hard, all of them open handed, followed quick by another. The feeling of needing to scream, the tension in him, the feeling building so big in him it could only explode had begun to shake around the edges. He could feel through the haze how close he was. He was points of heat, his ass cheeks aflame, his insides molten, his cock red hot and so wet in his trousers. He was sweating everywhere, was moaning around Ilya’s tongue, shaking, crying, clinging around Ilya’s neck, needing to be closer, he was so close.

He couldn’t breathe when he came, his whole body shaking so hard he could barely stay upright. It was like everything else in him had given up in favour of the orgasm pulsing through him, his muscles spasming, and his lungs seizing. Ilya’s hands on his face, thumb rubbing over his cheeks.

He knew he'd been loud when he came, if only because his throat felt stripped and raw, and his ears felt like they were ringing with the aftershocks as his shaking moved to trembling and Ilya began rubbing his back again, keeping one hand still on his cheek.

"Hey," he said, "hey," he repeated, some unknown amount of time later, and Shane managed to open eyes he hadn't realised were shut and looked at him. "Hi sweetheart," Ilya whispered, so pink faced and wet eyed it was a shock to see him. "You're so sexy," he said, as Shane stared at him. "You are okay?"

"Yeah," Shane nodded, head so heavy. "I did good? You'll fuck me now?"

Ilya looked at him for a long moment, and then laughed once, face crinkling with amusement. "Yes," he said. "Yes, i will fuck you now, slut. You did so good for me. So good coming because I told you to. So good I almost came as well."

"You didn't, though, right?" Shane checked, he could feel Ilya inside him still, but everything was so liquid and warm he would be hard pressed to be able to say for sure it wasn't just the imprint of him.

"No, no I didn't, malysh," Ilya snorted, "do not fear, I am still going to fuck you. If I had come, I would have got our new friend out, taken him on trial run on you."

"Want me to ride?" Shane asked, didn't want to think about the back up fucking plan because he got to have the good plan instead. "I can ride you."

He would if Ilya asked, but he still needed to locate the part of his brain that knew how to control his legs, and his muscles.

"You are so good to me," Ilya said, patted Shane's cheek. "But you have done such hard work already. I will be so nice to you, let you rest while I fuck you."

“Okay,” Shane smiled.

He let Ilya move him, content to let Ilya pull out only because Ilya told him what he was doing as he did it. Promised he would fuck back in so soon. Lifting Shane off his lap and helping him up onto his knees. Smoothing his hand along Shane’s back as he pressed him down over the back of the couch. Shane absentmindedly commenting how lucky it was the couch cushions were so wide, and Ilya laughing at him, pressing a kiss to his shoulder blade, and then his nape.

He pushed Shane’s thighs apart as far as they could go with the sweats still caught around his thighs. They were so wet they were uncomfortable now, but Shane didn’t really care, because Ilya was still touching him. Would be back inside him. Would make himself feel good using Shane’s hole. His head was still so warm and floaty, the wet pants barely made a dent in the way his whole body felt good. Achy and well used and ready.

Ilya pushed back into him in one slick move. Pushed all the way back in, and leaned over Shane to kiss his nape again, and then each shoulder blade.

“Okay?”

“Yes,” Shane said, his cheek squished into the couch cushion so he could peer back at Ilya, at Ilya’s wild hair and sweaty face, his panting, open mouth. “I still need you,” he added, when Ilya didn’t move immediately, still looking at Shane. “Still need you, Ilyushka.”

Ilya straightened back up, his hands pressing firm at Shane’s waist, arching him back more, and then moving to his hips, wrapping his fingers around them and tugging Shane’s ass back into him. Began to fuck him hard and fast, obviously already so close to his own orgasm. Had edged himself for longer than he’d edged Shane. He couldn’t tell if it was the angle, or the thrusts, but each time Ilya fucked back in it felt deeper, felt new. It hurt like a passing thought, each sharp burn of over sensitivity and rub of over fucked skin burning so fast and quick until it was just more fuel for the seemingly everlasting embers of his fucking lust for more, more, more. He had burst already, come, screamed, broken down the thing in his chest that had begged to be released, but he still felt like he needed more. Like he couldn’t be satisfied until he had it.

Ilya pounding into him harder and sloppier, movements shuddering and jagged, until he was gripping Shane tighter, and bending over him to bite at the flesh at Shane's waist, coming in Shane, grinding himself deeper in, hips stuttering. Shane's name bitten into Shane's skin, breathed over and over until they were both turning and twisting, keeping Ilya inside Shane, so they could kiss, and Shane could say Ilya's name into his mouth and Ilya could say Shane's name into his mouth.

They stayed twisted like that for a short while, breathing heavily into each other's mouths, until Shane's back spasmed in protest at the twist, and he accidentally let out a huff of pain.

"Sore?" Ilya asked, kissed Shane once more, and then moved to untangle himself.

"Yes, wait," Shane said, lips feeling numb. "Don't - don't let go yet."

Ilya's arms twitched around Shane, but he didn't keep pulling away. Stayed. "You are uncomfortable," he pointed out. "This is uncomfortable position. Will be better if we move, hm?"

This was a valid point, but wasn't one Shane really cared about.

"I will keep holding you," Ilya said, words slow, "yes? We move, careful, and I keep holding you? Maybe I keep holding you all up stairs and into shower?"

That seemed like a lot of work and like Ilya would have to pull out. Which Shane was against. Morally. He said this out loud and Ilya laughed at him.

"Yes," Ilya said, once he'd stopped laughing, and stopped pressing kisses all over Shane's face. "Is wrong, but I think is also necessary, hm? My poor cock will be so wrinkled with how wet you have kept him."

"Take a photo," Shane said, once he'd come to the agreement in his own head that this was, sadly, a thing that needed to happen. The pulling out. "Of my - of my hole. For the app."

“Really?” Ilya asked, sounding far too shocked for someone who Shane had sent hole pics to before. “You want?”

“Mmhm,” Shane nodded. Wasn’t sure how much he wanted to see himself like that, but knew Ilya would like it. And knowing Ilya would like it made him like it. “If you have to pull out. My phone is - is just on the floor I think.”

He winced when Ilya did pull out. Gentle, and his cock already half soft, but Shane felt like his hole was probably at least a little swollen, was clinging tightly to every movement inside him, the lube that had been in excess at the beginning of this all almost rubbed away. He stayed bent over the back of the couch, breathing slow and even into his arms while Ilya got off the couch and fetched Shane’s phone, took the photo. Kept one hand on Shane the entire time, his back, his leg, his foot, his ass cheek.

Then Ilya was helping Shane up, making him move slowly, rubbing at his muscles like they’d just had a hard workout. Pulling Shane close to his chest and not chirping Shane’s slow movements at all.

“I could carry you up stairs,” Ilya suggested.

“Nope,” Shane mumbled, his face smushed against the side of Ilya’s face. “You’d take us both out of the running for playoffs.”

“Is my secret plan,” Ilya whispered. “We cannot do playoffs? Oh no, maybe we spend whole play off season fucking instead.”

Shane snorted, “Sure.”

“Shower,” Ilya said.

-

They made it up the stairs and into the shower somehow, Shane more in a daze than not, clinging to Ilya and letting him lead. Not really blinking back into an actual focused reality until Ilya was scrubbing shampoo into his hair, nails scratching soothingly at Shane's scalp.

He didn't try to speak yet. Focused on the feeling of the hair wash. On Ilya's concentrated expression. On the fact that he could smell this was his shampoo, not Ilya's.

He moved as Ilya told him, using short orders and soft hands, and tipped his head for Ilya to rinse the shampoo out. Tipped it again for the conditioner to be spread sparingly into the ends of Shane's hair.

Ilya had angry looking bruises on his neck, across his collarbones. Bite marks. Apparently Shane was more feral than he thought he was. He lifted his hand to rub his thumb across the bone.

"Sorry," he said, his voice coming out raspy, sore.

Ilya blinked at him, and then down at his chest, squinting to see the bruises only barely in his line of sight, and then smiled up at Shane. "I like them," he said. "I like how they look. I like you have them to me."

"Yeah?"

"Yes," Ilya nodded, "much prettier gift than necklace."

"It's not too much?" Shane asked, was still trailing his thumb over them. "It looks like you get, um, attacked."

“I did get attacked,” Ilya said, “by very wild animal. Is okay, though, I won fight. Animal submitted to me in end. And I gave back as good as I got,” he added, pressed his own thumb against Shane’s neck, and then trailing down his chest. “Is this okay? For you?”

Shane looked down at his own body. He could just see some of the hickeys under his collarbones, around his nipples. A few on his thighs. There were probably some on his ass too, which he was sure would get at the very least a few raised eyebrows in the locker room. It would be fine. It might not be fine. But at this moment it was fine, and it would probably end up fine as well. He wanted this more than he was scared of it. Like the longer he got it in one sitting - it, being Ilya - made him somehow braver.

“Yeah,” he shrugged. “If I get chirped I get chirped. It’s a bit embarrassing, but, like, okay, I had fucking amazing sex, I know Wilson got *that* bruise from tripping over the corner of the carpet he keeps saying he’ll nail down and hasn’t for two full fucking years. So.”

Ilya laughed. “This Wilson is going to break his neck, probably,” he said. “Should maybe hire contractor.”

“Well, yeah,” Shane rolled his eyes, moved forwards a little so he could wrap his arms loosely around Ilya’s shoulders. “We - mostly me - have been telling him this the whole time, and he keeps saying that he can fucking do it, doesn’t need to pay someone else to do it. It’s so stupid.”

“So,” Ilya said, “Wilson will have bruise because he can not nail, and you will have bruises because you are actually king of nailing.”

Shane snorted.

-

You rated Lily

-★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - **great** - excellent

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - **great** - excellent

KISSING - meh - good - great - **excellent**

FOREPLAY - meh - good - **great** - excellent

COMMENT

Let's not use that fucking bodywash as lube for shower handjob. I can still feel the fucking peppermint in my dick. Still so hot though. Orgasms after work outs are so intense. Loved the way you sucked my nipples but they are definitely bruised now, so I think you used too much tooth.

-

You rated Lily

-★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - meh - good - great - **excellent**

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

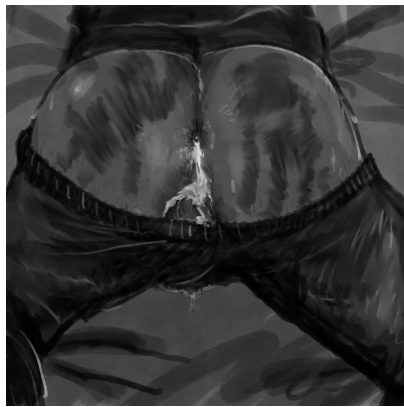
COMMENT

Just so you know, the fact that I needed to have you fucking me was nothing to do with Rose and all to do with you touching me and how much I like the way you laugh. Also you are sick and twisted and evil, holding me hostage on your cock until I came? It hurt so good, I felt like I was going to fucking cry everytime I moved even before you started spanking me. Kind of

don't like the word spanking either. Doesn't matter. I like the action a lot. Butt is definitely bruised as well, which, well. Is hot right now, we'll see how I feel about it when I have to sit in an uncomfortable airplane seat. You made me cum so hard I don't even know how to describe it except that it was like being in OT against a really good team and you manage to pull off a crazy shot and make the goal and everyone goes wild in the celly and the stands. Except the celly in this case is entirely my body. IDK. I still felt like I wasn't finished even after I came. Like. I needed you to fuck me properly, to cum in me. To use me. And then, after that, I mean. You saw how I was. Fucking floppy and out of it, but really fucking happy. Thank you for washing my hair xxx

[PHOTO ATTACHMENT]

(photo of Shane bent over the back of the couch, ass to bottom of thighs. Bright red marks on his ass cheeks. His asshole is leaking come, shiny with lube, fucked out.)



-

Lily has rated you

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - meh - good - great - **excellent**

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

sorry for the peppermint soap lol but handjob was so hot xxxxxxxxx

-

Lily has rated you

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - meh - good - great - **excellent**

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

you should stay here in boston and i can fuck you every day. can hold you afterwards. can get you out of you head when you need it. wash your hair. suck you off. smack your pretty ass. the whole thing was so sexy i kept thinking maybe i am dreaming it, except it feels so much better than dream, and you are so good for me, doing what i say and when you make mistakes taking punishment so good and pretty and it makes me want to tie you to my bed and keep you. i will feed you yummy foods and you can come play with bears instead when you need to play hockey and i will get rid of peppermint bodywash and i will keep huge stock of gingerale for you.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for coming!

Chapter 14: ILYA

Chapter Notes

For everyone already yelling at them that they are boyfriends... I raise you this chapter :)

(sorry no art this chapter, but there is still a visual element just for fun)

Ilya was pretty sure he had never showered so often outside of hockey. They would probably end up having a third shower tonight because there was surely no way they would make it all the way to bedtime without fucking some way again, and he doubted Shane would let them crash without a better clean than a wipe down. Maybe if he was very persuading. Things to think about.

He kept re-remembering that Shane was leaving tomorrow morning. That he was going to drop Shane off at the airport at like six in the morning and then go on to practice, getting there stupid early, and not even get to go home to Shane again afterwards.

It was beginning to make him feel like he was wasting time any second he wasn't actively touching Shane, or like he needed to be doing something interesting, or sexy, or funny to keep Shane's interest so Shane would miss him when he left. And it was difficult to do any of this, except for the touching Shane bit, because Shane had said he needed a nap after they'd gotten out of the shower, and Ilya hadn't pointed out that it was still morning and they'd only been up for a few hours, because he also needed a nap. Less of a nap than Shane, apparently, because Ilya had been awake for a while now, face in Shane's tits, Shane's arms slung loose over his shoulders.

He wanted to take Shane out for lunch. Felt like it was a waste having to keep him here. He wanted to walk around his city with his... Shane. In theory they could do this. Just hang out together in public, because most people when they saw two hockey players from separate teams hanging out together did not automatically think they were fucking. Unfortunately, because they were fucking, he knew there was no way Shane wouldn't panic about it. And also there was a good chance that Ilya wouldn't panic about it enough and forget himself and just touch Shane too much. Or call him *malysh* or *lyubimyy* or something else that some insane person would of course have caught on film and get translated, and then they would both be outed.

They could go to a drive through, maybe. Park up somewhere with a nice view to eat. Makeout. Maybe fuck. Or give each other handies. Probably not fuck, because there was no way Shane wasn't sore after last night and this morning. Ilya rubbed his face against Shane's chest, licked one of his nipples, just because he could. Watched it harden, and grinned. Was immediately taken away from this new activity by his phone ringing harshly on the bedside table.

He rolled himself away from Shane, grabbing his phone and moving to end the call, because fuck off, he was busy, and then didn't, because it was his father. He got out of bed entirely, walked into the ensuite and shut the door, answered the call.

It didn't take long for him to realise his father wasn't making any sense. Was sounding so confused. More confused than he had last time. Didn't know where Alexei was, or maybe even who Alexei was. Didn't know who Polina was, kept asking for and insulting Irina in the same breath. Ilya did his best to calm him. Hung up, called Alexei, was sent immediately to voicemail, and left a quick angry message. Followed it up with an angry text. Followed that up with a money transfer to try and grease Alexei's fucking wheels.

He splashed water onto his face, dried himself off roughly, and then opened the door carefully, hoping Shane would still be asleep.

Shane was, of course, not still asleep. He was sitting on the end of the bed, his phone in his hands, looking ruffled and wary.

"Hey," Ilya said.

"Hey," Shane replied, raised his eyebrows at Ilya, "everything okay? Family trouble?"

"Ah," Ilya frowned at him, "you speak Russian now?"

"No," Shane rolled his eyes, "but I can understand papa."

“Mm,” Ilya nodded, grimaced quickly, and then crossed over to sit on the end of the bed next to Shane. “Yes. My papa is sick.”

“Oh,” Shane put his phone down behind them on the bed, giving Ilya his full attention. “Um. What kind of sick?”

Ilya would so much prefer to not talk about this. Ever. With anyone. It might be easier with Shane than it was with Svetlana, or with his brother, though. If only because he didn’t know the full story, and he didn’t think Ilya was a villain in it, like Alexei seemed to think.

“Is, uh, dementia. Has been getting worse.”

Shane frowned, nodded slowly. “Oh,” he said again. “I’m sorry. It’s - I don’t really know much about dementia, I guess, except it makes you forget things?”

Ilya shrugged, “that is main thing, yes,” he said. “And also is killing him, probably. Probably soon.”

“Oh,” Shane looked like he wished he had said something else. He put his hand on Ilya’s knee, and then withdrew it and just climbed into Ilya’s lap instead. Hugged Ilya, arms tight around him. “I’m sorry,” he mumbled into Ilya’s hair. “I - that’s so hard. I can’t even imagine.”

It sounded very much like maybe Shane could imagine, judging by the wet sound of his voice. Ilya was picturing Shane imagining his own father being sick. Shane’s father who was probably a normal, boring Canadian man. Reads the New Yorker. Helped make Shane. Probably loved him very much and might even tell Shane that. Someone who would be a real loss to Shane, something truly awful rather than the hollowed out weird feeling that was the closest Ilya could get to his own grief about what was happening to his father.

“He is, um,” Ilya started, realised he sounded as choked up as Shane. Couldn’t tell if it was because of his father or because of Shane’s imagined pain for *his* father. “He is not. Not a

good man. My father. But. He is still.”

“Still your father,” Shane nodded. “That’s - complicated? I didn’t know.”

“How would you know?” Ilya asked, tried to sound amused. Cleared his throat. “We do not do family talks, us two.”

Shane was rocking slightly in Ilya’s lap, and it took Ilya a moment to realise Shane was doing it on purpose, rocking the both of them back and forth like he was soothing a child, or maybe how he would have been soothed as a child.

“We could,” Shane said, quiet. “I’m - I’ll listen, if you want to tell me more. I want to know.”

“Is not fun stories,” Ilya told him, let himself relax into the movement, into the closeness of Shane. How Shane was in his lap like he had been downstairs and it felt so different, how even his weight on Ilya’s thighs felt different. “You will say to tell something with happy ending instead. Or more funny jokes.”

“Most of the books I read aren’t fun stories,” Shane said, and then, like he couldn’t help but tell on himself; “most of them are about hockey, so it is kind of fun but like, not fun. Sorry. I want to hear anyway.”

Ilya had been going to tell Shane from the moment it had been offered to him, was mad at himself for giving over so quickly and easily.

“Is just me, my papa, and my older brother, Alexei,” Ilya said into Shane’s shoulder. “Mama died when I was twelve. And I think maybe Alexei has hated me since then as well. We do not get on. He has wife and small baby, my niece? Nephew? Raisa. Devochka. Baby girl.”

“Niece,” Shane told him, hushed.

“Mm, spasibo,” Ilya murmured. “Papa is - he has wife, Polina. She is not wanting to look after him. Alexei is meant to be looking after, but he keeps - he is so often not there. I hire a nurse to be there when Alexei cannot, but is up to Alexei to schedule when she is on and he keeps - I do not know. I think he is maybe spending nurse wages on his nose.”

“His nose?”

“Snorting. Cocaine,” Ilya said shortly. Sighed. “I keep sending money and is never enough, never enough. My papa is calling me, alone, confused, and what can I do from here? Not enough.”

“Fuck,” Shane said, squeezed Ilya tightly, pressed a kiss to his forehead. “That sounds like shit.”

“Is very shit,” Ilya agreed.

They rocked in silence for a short while, Ilya sniffing occasionally, mostly regaining his composure, Shane letting him hide against his shoulder.

“Can I - can I ask what happened to your mum?” Shane asked, hesitant.

Ilya considered telling Shane the whole thing. Thought again about how Shane had to leave tomorrow. How he wanted to spend every second of the rest of today being happy. How he would cry for real if he talked about his mama. Wouldn't be able to keep it in. He shook his head, cleared his throat, swallowed hard on the feelings trying to creep out about it even unspoken.

“Not - not today,” he said eventually, once he was in control of his voice again. “Is too much.”

“Okay,” Shane said, easy as that, kissed his forehead again, one hand running his fingers through Ilya’s hair, light and slow so he didn’t tug at the curls. “What do you need?”

Ilya considered again. He wanted to go get street food with Shane. He wanted to take Shane to his favourite shops. He wanted to drop in on Marly and surprise him with Shane and also with how fucking good Shane was at Chel so they could double crush him.

“Lunch,” he mumbled eventually. “There is nice sushi place I like. Maybe if we - if we drive to it, i could get sushi while you are in car, and we could eat out?”

Shane didn’t reply for a few moments, his hand kept moving gentle in Ilya’s hair, though, so he was pretty sure Shane hadn’t frozen up.

“Um,” Shane said, his voice sounding very weird, and Ilya braced for the careful rejection. The thought out and practical reasons why this was a risk too far. And why bother going out at all just to eat in the car? All that stuff that Ilya knew he was butting up against and asked for anyway. “I have, um, an idea,” Shane continued. “It might be dumb?”

Ilya lifted his face from Shane’s shoulder, looked up at him. “I love dumb ideas,” he said, looking up at the actually a little panicked expression on Shane’s face.

“Yeah, you do,” Shane said, the edges of his mouth lifting even though his eyebrows still looked panicked. He lifted his hand and wiped gently at Ilya’s undereyes, calluses hard against the soft skin. “This one might be too dumb, though?”

“Tell me,” Ilya demanded. Shane had stopped rocking them now, and Ilya joggled his knees instead, getting a laugh, and then a wince out of Shane. “Sorry Shanya’s butthole and butt cheeks,” Ilya said, and Shane laughed again, hit his shoulder. “Tell me dumb idea, please,” Ilya said, insistent.

“Okay,” Shane shrugged. “I’m just - what if we... just happen to bump into each other? At the sushi place. Accidentally. And - and sure, we’re - we’re *rivals*, but no one’s seen us really interact off ice. We could, if you want, maybe, start, start making a new... change the optics.”

“Optics?” Ilya asked, was mostly following, and he was pretty sure he was excited about it.

“How people see us. The general public. Um. We could get lunch together. Just hang out. Eat sushi. And then, we both leave, go our separate ways. Except obviously not really. I’ll just - I’ll get a car to a hotel or something, and you could pick me up from there and we come back here.”

Ilya stared at him.

“I know,” Shane shook his head. “It’s a lot of work, and not - not much pay off. You just wanted sushi. We can do your plan. We can -”

“Maybe I will chirp you in cafe,” Ilya cut in. “Say I think you must be lost. Or - or ask if you are shopping for better team.”

Shane blinked at him, and then hit his shoulder again, laughed. “You’re such an asshole,” he snorted. “Okay. Good. Cool.”

-

Despite the fact that he and Shane had drawn up the game plan together, agreed on the play, Ilya still felt like he had walked in to the biggest surprise ever when he opened the door to the cafe and immediately saw Shane standing with two people who were getting him to sign their caps. Surely tourists, because Bostonites stood with their Bears. Although, it was Shane Hollander, even Ilya was willing to bend his rules for him.

“Hollander,” he said, maybe a little too loud, because he saw Shane’s shoulder jerk even though he knew Shane had clocked him coming inside. “I did not know they let you outside when not on ice!”

One of the fans, a tall girl with a big smile, giggled a little at this, looking openly awestruck as she looked from Shane to Ilya. Ilya refrained from preening. Shane was rolling his eyes, shaking his head. Finished signing the second cap before thanking the fan and turning to face Ilya.

“Rozanov,” he said, “you know this isn’t a McDonalds, right?”

Ilya laughed, “You have been practicing chirping?”

Shane shrugged, put his hands into his pockets in a show of nonchalance that would only be believed by people who had never seen Shane actually relaxed. Which was, of course, to say, most people.

“I might have been.”

Scoffing, Ilya glanced around the room, stepped closer to Shane and away from the door so he wasn’t blocking the entrance. There were quite a few people watching them, looking interested, or curious. Probably most people here didn’t know who they were, except that at least Shane was famous enough to be asked for his autograph.

“What are you doing in Boston?” Ilya asked, put his own hands in his pockets as well, slouching his shoulder down. “Trying to get swapped to better team?”

“Fu- shut up, Rozanov,” Shane snorted, “you wish. You need someone on your team who can mind their edges.”

“Ha,” Ilya intoned. He was having so much fun. “I edge much better than you.”

Shane’s lips twitched, and then he molded his face into one of careful faux astonishment. “Wow, so you choose to be sloppy during games, then? Interesting.”

“Hey, fuck you, Hollander,” Ilya laughed, shoved Shane’s shoulder very lightly. Initiating contact. Playful fighting. Not too hard so people wouldn’t get worried this would turn into a hockey brawl. “So? What’re you doing here?”

“Came for a meeting,” Shane lied easily, “but it got rescheduled, so I’m just spending the day here.”

Ilya looked around them, eyebrows raised. “By yourself? The famous Shane Hollander going to eat all alone?”

“I don’t see you with anyone,” Shane retorted.

“Ah, well, is fate then, I think. Yes?” Ilya shrugged. “You have time. I have time. We eat lunch together? You tell me how I am such amazing skater, and you look up to me, and I tell you how you are not so bad yourself.”

Shane laughed again, sounding exasperated and pleased, and then he nodded. “Yeah, okay,” he said. “Have you been here before? Know what’s good?”

“I have and I do,” Ilya said, slung his arm over Shane’s shoulders and dragged him over to the front counter to ask for a table.

This had all obviously been the plan, and he knew Shane would say yes, but he was still so stupidly pleased to have gotten Shane to agree to have lunch with him. Imagined this happening how it looked, bumping into Shane in public and teasing him into having a meal together. Touching him like this. If they weren’t already hooking up in this imaginary scenario, would Shane still come back to his afterwards? Would Ilya be able to subtly seduce him enough to convince him. He could invite him over to play video games. Touch him just enough, bumps of shoulders and knees, to gauge interest. Finally get to kiss his lips, suck the plump lower one into his mouth.

They had a couple more people come up to their table before they had even ordered, asking shyly for autographs or a photo. Some people saying how surprised they were to see the two of them being so civil together. Shane pointed out that they were never uncivil off ice. Ilya

pointing out that sometimes he was a bit rude about Shane off ice but it was just because he was so easy to chirp at. Shane rolling his eyes and obviously kicking Ilya's shin under the table, making everyone laugh.

He directed Shane to get the tuna tataki, and the chawanmushi, and Shane ordered those along with some hiyashi wakame because it was apparently his favourite. Ilya ordered a million small dishes because he wanted to get Shane to try everything, and Shane told him it was way too much, and Ilya said he'd take it home if he couldn't eat it but that he bet he could, and Shane raised his eyebrows and said he'd take that bet.

They chatted about hockey first. Just in general, not about either of their teams. About who they looked up to when they were kids, and what their coaches were like, and at what stage of worn down were skates actually the best. Neither of them dug too deep into any of it, sharing only surface level things because this was absolutely not the time or place to press at any of the sore spots from childhood hazing that Shane had brought up last night. Or for Ilya to talk about his own less than ideal experiences.

When the food came, Shane told Ilya about how his nana - his O bāchan - made her tataki differently, and how he hadn't had his favourite wakame since he was a kid, because they always got it from an Asian supermarket in Ottawa that had since closed, and he didn't remember what it had been called. He told Ilya about how he hadn't known for ages that chawanmushi was even Japanese because it was his dad who would make it for him sometimes, and it wasn't until he asked for the recipe when he moved to Montreal that he realised. Ilya chirped him for this, listened closely, coveted all these new dregs of information about Shane and his life.

He fed Shane gyoza, stabbed onto the end of his chopstick and held out so Shane would eat it off the stick, rolling his eyes performatively as he did, his cheeks blushing. Asked him if he knew how to make dumplings, and if he had had pelmeni before. Told Shane how he had been so terrible at folding the pelmeni his mama had made him redo the same one six times before she let him try a new one, so he wouldn't ruin the whole batch. But that she laughed and smiled and helped him the entire time, and Shane smiled so softly at him about this that it hurt, and Ilya had to pinch his own thigh to remind himself that Shane was Hollander and Ilya was Rozanov, and he wasn't allowed to pull Shane onto his lap and cling to him right here and now.

They signed a few more things; receipts, a tote bag, one of the menus (one of the chefs requested this), a Bears' cap. Took a few more selfies, both of them making sure to keep the fan in between them when it was a group selfie. Ilya chirping Shane the entire time when it was just with one of them, no matter which one it was. And then they were leaving, drama free, and Ilya even got to pay, loudly proclaiming that Shane was a visitor, and maybe next time he was in Montreal Shane could buy him lunch. And there were going to be photos of them online, together, casual and accidental and normal. And Shane didn't seem like he was freaking out, not yet at least. Probably a little later. That was okay. They would deal with it then.

All they had to do now was sell the departure, and they could meet up and go home again and Ilya could kiss Shane like he had been wanting to for the last hour and a half.

Except then they stepped out onto the street and almost walked directly into Marlow and Connors.

"Roz," Marly said, grinning at him, and then dropping his grin so quickly it would have been funny if it was a different situation, when he saw Shane right behind Ilya. "Hollander?"

"Holy fuck, boys," Connor said, far too cheerfully for the churn of Ilya's stomach. "I didn't know you guys could stand so close together without a brawl!"

"We don't brawl," Shane said, his face all a tight frown.

Marly was still staring at Shane, mouth a little open. Ilya wanted to reach over and shut it and then kick him.

"Verbal sparring only, yes?" Ilya said, elbowed Shane, "Because you are such good, clean player, hm, good boy keeping his nose clean."

"Fuck off," Shane grumbled, and then sidestepped Ilya's elbow and held his hand out to Connors. "Appears today is my lucky day for running into Bears," he said dryly, "nice to see you off ice, Connors."

“Yeah, bro, you too,” Connors said, grabbing Shane’s hand in his own, and then pulling him in in an overly bro-y hand clasp shoulder bump thing that Shane bore with stiff grace. “Sorry you had to bump into Roz first, he can be a fucking pest, huh?”

“Tell me about it,” Shane snorted, “I just wanted some good food and then I got commentary. I tried to correct how he held his chopsticks and he told me his chopsticks were actually mini swords and I should mind my business.”

Connors laughed, delighted, was gripping Shane’s arm, fearless. “So good, man. Hey! Are you free? You should come with us - we’re going to get bubble tea because Marly doesn’t believe me when I say the balls are good!”

“That’s because we play a puck based game,” Shane replied, “so balls are inferior.”

“What am I, chopped fucking guts?” Ilya asked, pushing his shoulder against Shane’s and leaning forwards to shove Connor’s shoulder, and then to shove Marly’s shoulder as well, because Marly was still just standing there staring. “Marly, bro, you concussed or something?”

Connors was sniggering, about the puck joke, or about Ilya’s dramatics, and he elbowed Marly as well. “Yeah, wake up Cliff,” he said, “we’re only talking to Shane fucking Hollander.”

“Shane,” Marly said, very faintly, and Ilya knew with a certainty that Marlow had put the fucking pieces together and was still coming to terms with them. From the way Shane’s body jerked and then stiffened again, he knew Shane was realising this as well.

Still, Shane was no chicken. He held his hand out to Marlow as well, steady. “Marlow,” he said, friendly and bland. “Tapioca balls, are in fact tasty. So long as you don’t choke on them.”

Marly took Shane's hand in his, shook it, didn't let go. "Uh," he said, "thanks for the advice, Hollander. Don't choke on balls."

"Unless that's what you're in to," Connors joked, bumping into Marly again. "So? Boys? Roz, Hollzy? Bubble tea?"

"Uh," Ilya said, glanced sidelong at Shane, and then glared up at Marly who needed to fucking start acting goddamn normal right the fuck now. "I am - uh - maybe free."

"You guys should come," Marly said, thank god, remembering to be a human. "I'll need witnesses to tell everyone that Connors purposefully made me choke to death."

"Yeah, okay," Shane said, and Ilya whipped his head around to look at him full on. "I'm, uh, I'm free for a bit. I am going to get so badly chirped when I get home, though," he added, grimacing, "someone is for sure going to photograph us and I'll get accused of defecting or something."

"All good," Connors said, slinging his arm over Shane's shoulder like there were no consequences to things like this. "We'll tell everyone we kidnapped you. Or that we begged, and you were such a good sport."

"We are not saying we beg," Ilya said, "kidnapped is best. Maybe we send random note with cut out letters to Metros."

"Ransom note," Shane said, glancing over his shoulder at Ilya as Connors began steering them down the street, having taken Shane's yes and putting it immediately into action.

"Yes, this," Ilya said, following behind Connor and Shane, Marly at his side. "Tell them they will not get their captain back until they pay us, uhhh -"

"A video of their whole team trying to do handstands," Marly suggested. "I bet most of them won't even be able to kick their legs all the way up."

“Bro,” Connors snorted, “like you can do a handstand!”

“I can’t,” Marly agreed, “which is how I know it would be hilarious to watch!”

“Okay, yes, good,” Ilya said, nodding solemnly. “No captain for Metros until all Metros make fools of selves for our entertainment.”

“Terrible idea,” Shane said. “I don’t know if they’ll think it’s worth it.”

“Then they are stupid and you should really defect,” Ilya said, maybe a little too seriously. Marly glanced at him, eyebrows raised. “Loss for Metros is win for Bears.”

“Sure, okay,” Shane said, and Ilya knew he would be rolling his eyes. “Uh, so, I haven’t had bubble tea for ages - and mostly only like, lemon bubble tea. Is this one of those places that have an insanely huge menu?”

“It sure is,” Connors said, “so many flavours, and toppings, and you choose the sweetness level, the ice level, the size of the drink. Some of the drinks come with like, slices of pear in them. It’s so good, Hollzy, something for everyone, I swear. Though I am making Marly get a drink with tapioca pearls so he can experience them. This place does the best pearls-”

-

Having lunch in public with Shane had been trippy, but nowhere near the level of unreality that was sitting opposite Shane at a little table with Marlow and Connors, drinking bubble tea like they all just hung out all the time. They talked hockey, and Chel, and then video games in general, and Marlow did choke on a pearl on his first mouthful because he sucked the straw too hard and shot it into the back of his throat.

Marlow managed to act normal, besides the momentary choking, and only stared at Shane a medium amount.

While Connors was quizzing Shane on - for some fucking reason - player stats from twenty years ago - Marlow took out his phone, nudging Ilya as he did, and opened his messages to Ilya.

Ilya watched him typing, and then sighed and pulled his own phone out.

Marlow had sent him one word. *Jane?*

Ilya replied with one word. *Yes.*

“Fuck,” Marly breathed under his breath. Typed again. *Fucking score of th century man wtfffff is that hickies on his neck?*

Ilya glanced over at Shane, where his nice button up shirt was a little crumpled under his left ear, from having Connor’s arm slung over it on the walk here. He could see the dark bruises creeping up the side of Shane’s neck, peeking over the side of the skewiff collar.

“Fuck,” Ilya replied, also under his breath. His cock twitched unhelpfully. Shane’s eyes flicked to him, and Ilya lifted his hand and tugged at the neck of his t-shirt and tugged at it.

Shane looked away, back to Connors. Rattled out a series of numbers that Ilya had no idea what was in reference to, and very casually adjusted his collar. Beside him, Ilya heard Marly whisper, *Wow.*

“Shut the fuck up,” Ilya hissed back at him, “put your phone away. So rude.”

Marly laughed, “Fuck man,” he said, didn’t bother with keeping his voice quiet now he as back into normal conversation. “Sorry, I didn’t know you were the polite police.”

“Calling me police is biggest insult ever given to me,” Ilya replied, “saying I would follow my papa and big brother into being cunts? I am asshole all in my own special way, thank you.”

Marly rolled his eyes, shoved Ilya’s shoulder.

-

“That was insane,” Shane said, shutting the car door behind him, and slumping down heavily against the seat, closing his eyes. “I can’t believe that happened.”

They had spent another hour at bubble tea, which was a lot of time in which he could not be touching Shane how he wanted to be, and a lot more opportunity to be papped, or found out somehow through vibes. They’d finally got away, Shane claiming he was meant to be meeting up with a friend, and Ilya offering him a lift, he was parked in a parking building around the block from the sushi place. It made more sense in the moment than Shane getting a random taxi to a random hotel or something, just for public perception, when they had just spent so long together. Plus, the parking building was relatively private as well, no one would *know* they were going to the same car or the same house.

“You are okay?” Ilya asked, doing his belt up, and then leaning over and grabbing Shane’s belt to do him up as well while he stayed limp in the seat. “Too much?”

“Fuck I was so scared and tense the whole time,” Shane whispered, “I feel like my body is made of like, corrugated iron now.”

“Ah,” Ilya nodded. “Yes. You were very stiff. Lucky not so stiff in trousers, but. I will help with this when we get home.”

“What?” Shane opened his eyes to look at Ilya, his expression sardonic. “With getting me stiff?”

“Such a dirty mind, Hollander,” Ilya teased, “I was thinking more of being nice person and giving you massage to relax your back.”

Shane didn't reply for a moment. Ilya started the car up, backed out of their park, navigated out of the parking building. Shane didn't say anything until they were fully on the road again, home hopefully fucking free.

“When it's just us,” Shane began, hesitant. He was gripping to the belt across his chest, eyes fixed on the window screen. “Could you. Keep calling me Shane.”

“Shanya,” Ilya said, the word immediate out of his mouth, and also not quite what Shane had asked for. “Shane,” he corrected himself. “I was only re-justing.”

Shane shifted a little, an uncomfortable sort of movement.

“Shanya is good too,” he said, a moment later, before Ilya could think of anything else to say. “Sorry. I just. It was good. It was fun - being out - I mean, like, hanging out, with you and your friends. But I also just. I just want to spend the rest of our time together. And getting to, um, hear your say my name.”

Ilya felt like maybe Shane had just picked up a knife and sliced off a little of his heart to give to Ilya. A dramatic thought, but still. He wanted Shane to know he would do the same. Cut out chunks of his heart to give him. If Shane asked, Ilya was pretty sure he would give him just about anything. Svetlana would call him a fool.

“I like to say your name,” Ilya said. “I like it when you say my name.”

“Do you,” Shane began, “you like it when I call you Ilyushka. Do you prefer when I call you that?”

Ilya would close his eyes if he wasn't driving and doing so would endanger Shane. He settled on breathing in deep through his nose and exhaling through his mouth instead.

"Calling me Ilyushka all times would kill me," he said, very honest. "Is so much. I like too much. Is special hearing it."

"Okay," Shane said, and out of the corner of his eye, Ilya could see him nodding. "Um. So, Marlow knows?"

Ilya did his slow breaths again. "Yes," he said. "He, um. He texted in tea shop, just said *Jane*? And so I said yes. He knew I was having my Jane over, and would be with him whole time. So. Yes."

"I guess once you're faced with it, it's not much of a jump from Jane to Shane," Shane said, sighed. "It's okay?"

"It's okay," Ilya nodded. "He won't say anything to anyone. He will, however, send you annoying memes now you have given him your number. Will probably try to be subtle and say alley things."

"Alley things?" Shane asked. He was leaning closer to Ilya, pulling the belt looser around him, put his hand on Ilya's thigh. "Or did you mean ally?"

"What is difference?"

"Uh, alley is like, um, the gap between two buildings? Like a corridor but outside. And Ally is someone who is, um, allied with a group of people, or something. Ally is the one where Marlow would be trying to show he's supportive of gay people."

"Ah, yes," Ilya nodded. Sometimes words were too similar to remember which was which. "Then second one, yes. He sent me one with cute dog about being bi."

“Okay,” Shane nodded, rubbed his hand along the top of Ilya’s thigh. “I will do my best not to freak out about it.”

“You are being very unfreaked about things right now,” Ilya pointed out.

“Yeah, well,” Shane shrugged, rubbed his thumb against the inner seam of Ilya’s trousers. “It’s - I keep thinking, well, I’m gonna get chirped and asked about shit when I go back, so, this might as well happen. Just - it kind of helps, actually, to have controlled the narrative a bit?” His thumb kept inching higher up Ilya’s thigh. “So there’s a story there people can see. We bumped into each other, it snowballed into a group hang out. I’ll probably be dragged along to more team events for a while because they’ll be offended I hung out with Bears more recently than a group of them, but. But I don’t think anyone is going to see that and think - and think anything about you and me in a, um, like, a sexual or - or - or romantic, way. So. Yeah.”

Ilya was listening to this, and taking it mostly all in, but also. “Shanya,” he said, voice strained, “if you keep rubbing so nice so close I am going to need to pull car over.”

Shane’s hand, regretfully, withdrew entirely.

“Sorry,” he said, “I was just - not thinking. Just wanted to touch you.”

“You can touch,” Ilya said, “but maybe not so sexy like. I do not want to crash my pretty car or hurt my pretty Shane.”

“Yeah, I have no desire to get into a crash. I think I’d prefer to die then and there than having anyone know it was because I was giving road head.”

Ilya groaned, shifting in his seat, spreading his thighs wider so he could give his hard cock a little more room. “Do not even say such things,” he said. “We would both have to die, and would be so sad for whole world and for hockey. Hockey would never be good again.”

“I think it’s more likely it would just be me who’d die,” Shane said, like this was a normal and casual conversation to have. “My head would be at a weird angle, and in prime car crumple space, and I wouldn’t be wearing my belt properly. Unless it was a really bad crash you’d probably only get whiplash. And I might accidentally bite your cock off. Sorry.”

“Ugh,” Ilya groaned, but at least he was definitely not as hard anymore. Still getting softer. “No. Unacceptable. I refuse. You are not allowed to die, is illegal, actually.”

“I don’t really think you’ll have a say in my eventual death,” Shane said, sounded amused. “It’s kind of inevitable. Happens to everyone.”

“No,” Ilya said, shook his head. “I will fight death. Punch it in face. Is not happening.”

Shane laughed. His hand was back on Ilya’s leg, safely on his lower thigh, not moving. “Okay,” he said. “I guess we’ll both just have to wait and see. I’m not planning on dying for quite a while.”

“Good.”

A beat of silence.

“When we park in the garage,” Shane said, “I could give you head in the car.”

Ilya’s cock gave up on getting soft.

-

You rated Jane

-★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - **great** - excellent

KISSING - meh - good - great - **excellent**

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

i think maybe we are too big to fit car head in without both being cramping up. you always give such good head anyway though, so hot and warm and tight in your lovely mouth. i love when you take me in your throat and hold yourself down on me with your whole body shaking until you have to breathe. was very rude of you to not let me suck you back, or put my tongue in your hole :(~~you know i want you always~~ hurry up in showerrrrrrrrrrr

-

Jane has rated you

-★★★★★

ORGASM - **meh** - good - great - excellent

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - meh - good - great - **excellent**

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

I wasn't really sure how to score sex when I wasn't getting anything back, exactly? So the meh is just a N/A stand in again. I love when you fuck my throat, when you put your hand in my hair and just hold me, because you know you don't need to hold me down. You can though, if you want. Also I didn't let you get me back yet because I want to fuck as many times as possible before I leave, and I don't know how many orgasms I have in me, so I wanted to save it for when you are inside me, because I love those the most.

-

TO
Jane



meme marly sent me-

FROM Jane

-That's so dumb.

-Cute dog :)

-Are your socks off?

TO
Jane

What??-

FROM Jane

-Socks on or off?

TO
Jane

off-

why??????-

FROM Jane

-I don't want you slipping and falling.

TO
Jane

i am not old frail man-

FROM Jane

-:)

-I'm hiding

TO
Jane

what-

FROM Jane

*-If you can find and catch me you can
fuck me :)*

*-Downstairs only so we don't break our
necks.*

TO
Jane

holyfuckk-

-

Ilya threw his phone down on the bedspread, springing off the bed as did, his blood sloshing around wildly in his body, thrilling with adrenaline. What the hell. Shane had showered downstairs, which Ilya had thought was a little weird, but hadn't thought much about. Obviously he should have, because Shane was sneaky as fuck, and sexy as fuck, and somewhere downstairs hiding so Ilya could find him and fuck him. Holy fuck. Was he naked? Was he hard? Fuck.

He had to force himself to take the stairs down at a reasonable place, clutching to the hand rail as an added measure, because it would be very embarrassing if he slipped right now, and also if he slipped and hurt himself he probably wouldn't get to fuck Shane and that would be extremely awful.

"Shanya," he called, stepping onto the ground floor, his head on a swivel. "You cannot hide for long in my house, sweetheart, I know where all good spots are."

No response, obviously, Shane wasn't as easily baited as that. Still easy, just not that easy.

He checked the downstairs bathroom first, just in case. Shane's clothes were folded neatly on the counter. So, yes, he probably was naked. The air was still warm, so he can't have been out for long. Ilya fought back the sudden, probably disgusting, urge to lick the water still on the shower floor. He should probably be locked up somewhere.

He checked the laundry room next, thinking about the genre of porn in which improbably busty stepsisters got stuck in washing machines and dryers. Unless Shane was literally fully inside the machine, he wasn't in there either.

"When I find you," he called, loud so Shane would hopefully be able to hear him even if he was on the other side of the house. "I am going to pin you down and eat you."

He grinned into the quiet of the house, stalked onwards. There was a drip of water on the floor just past the lounge doorway, and he surveyed the lounge from there, and then saw the next drip, just a flicker of light catching in the water like a trail marker.

“Sweetheart,” he singsonged, “I am getting close to you -”

He slowed his footsteps, crossed the room to the second drip, licked his lips, walked into the kitchen. From the doorway he could see mostly everything, except for what the counter blocked off, and Ilya was pretty sure the counter was blocking off Shane. His heart was hammering wildly in his chest.

“Oh,” he said, as bland as he could managed, hard to keep the glee out of his voice. “Maybe you are not in here after all.”

He stepped inside, quiet, quiet, though he doubted Shane was really tricked. He considered trying to vault over the counter, but instead darted suddenly forwards around the side of it.

Shane was crouched there, leaning against the wooden cupboards on this side of the counter, grinning back at Ilya. And then he was up, hurling himself over the counter in such a swift move it seemed unreal. Ilya bet Shane could do a handstand.

He tore after Shane, feet landing heavy on the kitchen tile as he built speed.

“Sneaky!” He called, following Shane into the lounge, the both of them darting and dodging around the coffee table. “You are like slippery fish, Shanya!”

Shane giggled breathlessly, and then managed to make a break for it by hurdling the couch and running down the shallow hallway that led to the entrance.

“You are getting caught,” Ilya told him, following still at speed, but slowing down slightly so he could watch Shane for dekes. If Shane went through into the other hall, he would be in a dead end, and all Ilya needed to do was persevere. “You are not as fast off ice, malysh.”

“Neither are you,” Shane replied, grinned at Ilya over his shoulder, and darted down the hall.

Because this was about the chase as well as the catch, Ilya sped up again. Wanted Shane's adrenaline to be rushing through him, wanted him breathless and high with it.

It didn't take long, both of them moving too fast now to make tight turns or turn back, and Shane ran straight into the laundry room. The slut. Ilya followed him in, shutting the door behind him, and flicking the light on. Looked up at Shane who had climbed on top of the washing machine, as was grinning and panting down at him.

"Oh no," Ilya said, "it looks like maybe you have gotten yourself stuck, little kotik."

"Fuck you," Shane shot back. "You still haven't got me."

Ilya growled, bit at the air like a feral dog to make Shane laugh and pant, his cheek so pink, his chest shaking. He was half hard, his cock hanging heavy between his bare thighs.

"But I will," Ilya said, "you cannot escape now, I will have you."

"Go on, then," Shane demanded, pressed himself back against the wall, like maybe through sheer will he could push through it and continue running, continue the chase.

Ilya lunged forwards, grabbing for Shane's ankles, and Shane skipped, like a mad man. Not high, just high enough to avoid the grab. His feet landing one after the other back down where Ilya's hands had just been. Didn't manage it twice, and Ilya got one hand tight around Shane's ankle, the other grasping hard at the back of Shane's knee.

They struggled for a few moments, Shane trying to kick, Ilya holding him, tugging him down, Shane twisting to soften the fall from upright to knees, and then fighting back again until Ilya wrestled his arms behind his back, bit at his neck, hard, both of them panting and shaking, and Shane moaned, stopped struggling.

“Got you,” Ilya said, pulling back from Shane’s neck, grinning down at Shane’s face, sweaty and lax and pink. “You are mine, now, yes? Found and caught and claimed.”

“Yeah,” Shane agreed, let himself be manhandled until he was sitting on the edge of the washing machine, his legs around Ilya’s waist, arms around Ilya’s neck, loose and easy. “You can do whatever you want with me.”

Ilya swore, pressed their foreheads together. Both of them hot and sweaty, still panting hard. There would be further showering in their futures, he prophesied. They would be the cleanest hockey players in existence.

“Did you hear when I said earlier I would eat you?” He asked, voice coming out raspy. “I have run up my appetite, chasing you all over. I am so hungry.”

“Oh no,” Shane said, very unconvincingly, spreading his legs further so he could press his erection harder against the front of Ilya’s pants.

It was a struggle getting Shane back up on his knees and turned around, only because Ilya also wanted to keep him plastered against his front, rolling his hips against Ilya’s. But once he’d gotten Shane into position - pausing to grab a couple of towels to shove under Shane’s knees for a modicum of comfort - Shane’s ass in the air, back arched, hands grabbing for purchase at the top of the machine. It was a sturdy thing, so that was good, but it was definitely going to be a little dented. Ilya gave zero fucks about this. Was already feeling horny about seeing the dents later. So maybe that was giving a fuck about it.

“Stop fucking looking and eat me already,” Shane complained, head down, resting the crown of his head against the wall.

It was such a nice view, though. Miles of sweaty skin, bulging muscles, stretch marks slick and shiny with sweat catching in them, freckles, and ass, and Shane’s breath still heaving, his whole body moving with each breath. Still, he wouldn’t want his prey to suffer, he heard it made the meat too chewy or something. He grabbed Shane’s ass cheeks, one in each hand, spread him wide. Shane gasping and bucking back. Spat at Shane’s hole as it twitched beneath him, pulled open just by the spread of cheeks, so thoroughly fucked over the last two days it was easy for him. So pink, so reactive. He watched as the hole clenched and fluttered just at the spit landing on it, watched the saliva drip and catch inside the rim. Shane already

moaning, like even this was so good. He hunched over, buried his face between Shane's cheeks, fucked his tongue into his hole, pushing the spit further in, letting more drool out of his mouth and into Shane. He adjusted his grip on Shane's ass, pulled him apart further, listening to him moan with it as Ilya sucked on his rim, kissed wetly along his taint, mouthed at his balls. Flattened his tongue and licked hard stripes from his balls up to his hole and then plunging his tongue inside, pulling out, doing it again and again until the underside of his tongue hurt, and he returned to kissing sloppily at his open hole, feeling muscles trembling against his lips. He pulled back enough to speak.

"Hold your cheeks for me," he instructed, tongue thick in his mouth. He wondered if it was possible to strain your tongue. Was used to playing injured, and would happily continue this game too.

Shane adjusted, having to shift to rearrange his centre of gravity, his muscles standing out stark in his arms as he reached around himself to grip where Ilya directed, holding himself open for him even as Shane's breathing was rapid and catching, his cock dripping and drooling onto the top of the washing machine, red and fat.

"Good boy," Ilya said, slapped Shane's cheek lightly. Didn't want to bruise over the already existing marble of pale purple bruising. Did want to, but didn't. Shane jerked at the hit, moaned again. "Good slut for me. Surprised I didn't find you pretending to be stuck in the machine," he added, swatting Shane's other ass cheek for good measure and receiving another moan in reply. "Holding your whore ass open for me so I would come in and fuck you and leave you in there until I wanted to fuck you again, huh?"

"Fuck," Shane groaned, then, still somewhat lucid apparently; "there is no way I could fit more than like, my head in the machine."

Ilya laughed, then pushed two fingers at once into Shane's dripping hole, twisted them in until they were knuckle deep and Shane was panting little *hha haa* noises with every movement, the noises holding a direct line to Ilya's cock. He leaned back in to lick around his fingers, pushing them in deeper and curling them in and in and in over and over again as he sucked on Shane's rim, fucked his tongue in despite the ache of it, got spit everywhere, his face wet with it, his knuckles bumping against his cheek with every movement. Especially when he brought his other hand in, sliding first one finger in, and then two, so he was holding Shane's hole open with four fingers, licking deep into him between them.

“Fuck,” he bit out, words hard to form after so much sucking and tongue fucking. “You are so open, baby, I could fuck you with plug, I could fuck you with my cock and new dildo together.”

“Yeah,” Shane groaned, pushed back onto Ilya’s fingers, “do it. Fuck, Ilya, please, please.”

“Toys are upstairs,” Ilya pointed out, groaned. Lube too. “I will fuck you wider later. For now I will just fuck you for me.”

Shane breathed out some incomprehensible thing, and nodded, the knuckles of his hands holding himself open were white with how hard he was holding himself, and Ilya could feel the relief of it when Ilya bumped his elbows, instructing him to let go and relax. He wrapped his arm around Shane’s chest, and then with his other hand, helped and directed Shane in climbing backwards off the machine. Tugged the towels forwards over the edge to act as a slight buffer, and then bent Shane back over, kicking his legs wide until Shane’s ass was level with Ilya’s cock. He undid the front of his trousers, pulled his cock out of his underwear. He leaned over Shane, one hand on the back of his head, pressing his head down just hard enough that Shane would have to exert himself to get free.

With his other hand he grabbed a handful of Shane’s ass, pulled him open again. “I think you are slut enough to take me like this, yes?” He asked, took a gamble; “I have made you wet and loose like pussy.”

Shane’s breathing grew harsh, his hole trying and failing to clench, and then he moaned, low and slow. “Yeah,” he agreed. “Fuck - Ilya - fuck my pussy.”

He pushed in slowly, not wanting to do any real damage, spitting at his hand to slick his cock first, and then spitting again and again at Shane’s hole, pushing the spit in on the tip of his cock, fucking in shallowly, aiming carefully, fucking sharp moans out of Shane until the whole machine was shaking. They should have put on a wash cycle as well, fucked on top of that. Maybe next time.

“You gonna come for me?” He panted, keeping the rhythm as steady as possible, sucking in hard breaths, focusing on not coming himself. Not yet. “Gonna come and go all soft and sweet for me? So easy to keep fucking in to?”

“Yeah,” Shane moaned, “keep going, keep going-”

Ilya kept going, only pausing momentarily to get his hand under Shane, around his cock, to jerk him off fast and hard until Shane was clenching and spasming and coming hard and wet in Ilya’s hand, moaning Ilya’s name, moaning *Ilyushka* so pretty that Ilya almost came as well.

He kept fucking into Shane until his moans shifted lower, hoarse grunts as Ilya pushed over and over again on his prostate, and Shane took it.

When he pulled out, Shane made a loud noise of discontent, lifted his heavy head to look over his shoulder wide eyed at Ilya. “You didn’t come in me,” he said.

“Not yet,” Ilya told him. Wanted to pick him up and carry him up the stairs. Was probably not quite capable of that. Possibly if he was fully rested and hadn’t chased Shane around the house and wrestled and fucked him first. “This was just warm up orgasm for you. Make you so easy for taking both my cocks, hm?” He tucked his hard cock back into his pants.

Shane blinked at him, nodded, his mouth stretching into a smile like Ilya had just given him some great news.

“Good,” Ilya praised. “Come with me.”

He helped Shane stand up straight, pulling him in close against his body. Kissed him, then kissed him again.

-

He had grabbed a couple more towels from the laundry room when they’d left it, and he lay them out on the bed before lowering Shane onto them, Shane going easy, lying down heavily.

“Be right back,” Ilya told him, stretching out over his body and kissing him again quickly. Then he darted back downstairs, grabbed a couple of gatorades, a muesli bar, and then also another couple of towels, just in case. He didn’t want to have to remake the bed again.

“You’re not putting those up my ass,” Shane mumbled when Ilya came back in, holding the gatorades up, pinched in one hand by their caps. “They’ll be so cold.”

Ilya laughed, and then determined not to think about putting them up Shane’s ass, because he hadn’t even thought of that as a possibility. “They are for drinking,” he said. “We are sweating a lot. Imagine if I fuck you so good you pass out and I panic and call ambulands and we have to explain how we played sexy hide and go tag fuck games.”

Shane groaned, grinning, stretched out on the bed, his arms above his head, his biceps bunching. Ilya wanted to lick up along the stretch of his torso, over the ripple of ribs and muscle, kiss into his armpits, lick the smell of him, bite him.

He settled on the bed next to Shane, helped him sit half upright, and gave him a bottle, and then when Shane had drank about half of it in one go, the muesli bar as well. Shane ate it without protesting, soft and easy, leaning against Ilya’s side, his skin warm and sticky with still fresh perspiration.

“I am fattening you up,” Ilya said happily, patted Shane’s stomach. “You will be most scrumpyus meal.”

Shane snorted, leaned in further against Ilya, stretching out one of his legs in front of him like he was trying to twist out a muscle ache.

“Oh, yes,” Ilya said, “I need rest of my tools. Finish eating bar, baby, and then I am still free to do whatever I want, yes?”

Shane swallowed his mouthful, looked up at Ilya. “Yeah,” he said. “Whatever you want.”

“Dangerous words, malysh,” Ilya said, kissed him, and then got off the bed again and went into the en suite.

He had some massage oil he’d bought a while back with certain ideas in mind, and then forgotten about. He checked it wasn’t some very pungent scent, figured relaxing lavender was probably safe. Then, just because he was already in there, he took a quick piss, washed his hands and face, and stripped off his sweaty and dirty clothing. Came back into the bedroom naked, holding the push bottle of oil. He grabbed the new dildo now, as well, from his bedside table drawer, and the lube, and threw all items onto the bed before he climbed back on as well.

Shane looked from the toy, to the lube, to the oil, and then to Ilya. Didn’t say anything, just reached over to put the muesli bar wrapper on the bedside table, along with the gatorades, and lay back down on the spread out towels.

“Ideal’nyy,” Ilya purred, crawling over Shane’s body until he was blanketing him, his knees on either side of Shane’s hips, and kissed him. “So good, malysh,” he said. “I am going to give you massage now, hm? Reward for being so good for me. So brave.”

“Okay,” Shane breathed, lifted his head for another kiss and kissed back hard when he got it.

Shifting to one side of Shane, Ilya helped roll him over, adjusting the towels as he did. Then he got into position, kneeling upright over Shane’s thighs, his knees pressing Shane’s legs closer together. He poured the oil into his hands to warm it before pressing his hands into Shane’s shoulders.

He hadn’t given many massages, but he’d gotten quite a few - mostly sports ones - so he knew enough to focus on the relevant muscles. How to press his hand into the curve of knots, how to grip without pinching. Smoothed the oil into Shane’s skin as his hands smoothed Shane’s muscles, and Shane let out low relaxed noises of contentment, all but melting into the towel, his head turned to the side, cheeks squished, cheeks pink and cute.

Ilya focused on his shoulders first, digging in under shoulder blades, rubbing down the slope of his neck. Moved down his arms, gripping firm and pushing into each muscle as he found

it, made his way to Shane's hand, and slid it between his own, digging his thumbs into the meat of Shane's palm, pressing his fingers between Shane's, tugging at each digit. Did the same on the other side. Returned to Shane's back with more oil. Ran his hands down the sides of Shane's spine, worked the muscles in his lower back until they stopped rolling little pained grunts out of Shane's mouth. Kneaded at the swell of his ass, bent to kiss it. Then skipped over it entirely and shuffled himself backwards over Shane's legs until he was perched over his calves. Took one of Shane's massive thighs in his hands and dug the heels of his hands into the muscles of it, feeling Shane's sharp intake of breath, and then the resulting release and relaxation as Ilya made his way down the muscles, spread hands, smoothing along skin, making his leg hair glisten. Repeated this on his other thigh, and then turned himself around until he was almost sitting on Shane's ass, and rubbed Shane's calves, hard, until he was shaking. Used his palms on Shane's feet, trying to avoid tickling him, hard pressure.

When he was done with legs and feet, he turned back around and lay down fully on Shane, letting his weight press Shane down in the bed. Kissed Shane's squished cheek, his lips pouted by the squish as well.

"Feeling?" Ilya asked, "Good?"

"Mhm," Shane hummed, his eyes closed, his forehead relaxed.

"Good," Ilya said, kissed him on the lips.

He moved back to his original perch on Shane's thighs, skin slippery and warm underneath him. Poured more oil into his hands, rubbed them together, and then ran his hands up the sides of Shane's ass, pressing firm against twitching muscle. Kept himself from immediately returning to Shane's asshole by focusing carefully on rubbing gently over the bruised parts of Shane's ass. Running his hands over and over the entire shape of him, pressing in and up from the top of his thigh, digging into the muscles there. Shane was still soft and relaxed under him, but every so often his hips would shift minutely, rocking forwards.

Ilya wiped the oil off his hands with one of the extra towels he'd corrected, then reached for the lube. Warmed it in his hands like he'd done with the oil, then ran his fingers down over Shane's hole, getting that as slickly slippery as the rest of him. Rubbed gently along the rim, down his taint. Pushed two fingers inside him again and focused on rubbing slow and gentle along his inner walls, pressing into muscle and then prostate, and then muscle again. Firm

pressure, slow movements. Added a third finger and did it again, a fourth. Shane twitching under him, breathing hard and slow and even.

He kept his fingers in Shane, rubbing, as he grabbed the dildo. Perched it on Shane's thighs so he could one handedly dribble lube onto it - and Shane's legs - and slick it up. Moved his hand until he had only two fingers in Shane, slick and deep, and then pressed the head of the dildo in as well, pushed it in easy, just the tip. Rocking it like that for a few moments before sliding his third finger back in, then pushing the dildo further in, Shane's ass opening so easy for it, relaxed and soft and needy.

"Fuck, moy lyubimyy," he moaned. "You are swallowing him up, your hole loves it so much."

"Fuck," Shane repeated, Ilya wished he could see more of his face, still so squished as it was. "Fuck - it looks - looks good?"

"So good, sweetheart," Ilya assured him, pushed it in deeper, then held it still and fucked his fingers in and out around it. "Opening so good for me. You like it? Your slutty hole likes it."

"I like it," Shane said, "feels - feels weird but good. I like it."

"Like hard massage," Ilya said, pushed the dildo in to its base, and wiggled his fingers from underneath it, around the circle of Shane's rim, until they were pushing in along the top of the dildo, pushing the dildo down with every movement. "Pressing bits of you you didn't know about?"

"Yeah," Shane gasped. "Ah - fuck - I didn't know - didn't know. Hoped. Thought maybe - fuck-"

"Hm?" Ilya pressed, twisting his fingers, "What did you maybe think, Shanya?"

"That you could do this," Shane said, breathless. "Make me feel like this."

“How do I make you feel?” Ilya asked, ducking down to kiss at Shane’s hip, smearing oil over his lips, not caring.

Shane swore, quiet, whiny.

“Shanya,” Ilya whispered, kissed his other hip.

“Like I’m okay,” Shane mumbled.

Ilya paused, lips still on Shane’s skin. He wanted to bite down. He wanted to lie back over Shane and cover him up and wrap his arms so tight around him. He wanted Shane to keep feeling like he was okay, at the very fucking least.

He straightened up, his fingers still deep in Shane’s ass alongside the dildo, Shane’s hips rocking gently back on them like he couldn’t help himself.

“You are okay,” Ilya said. “You are perfect. I am having you and I can see you are perfect.”

Shane didn’t reply, turned his face away, pushed his ass back at Ilya.

“Shanya,” Ilya tried again.

“Please fuck me,” Shane said, muffled. “Please fuck me and come in me and - and put the plug in.”

Oh fuck.

“Fuck,” Ilya hissed, “fuck, Shanya. You are - fuck, okay, sweetheart.”

Shane turned his head again so Ilya could see his face, his wet eyes, his flushed cheeks. Ilya pulled his fingers out carefully, left the dildo for now, and leaned forwards so he could kiss Shane again. Would cling on to him more but his fingers were so slippery and wet.

“You are okay?” He asked. “You want this? Fucking you open with two cocks?”

“Yeah,” Shane nodded, eyes on Ilya, lips wet and shiny with the oil from Ilya’s lips. “Please, Ilyushka.”

“Anything I want,” Ilya said, “and anything you want.”

It was slow work at the start, finding the best angle to hold the dildo at while he pressed himself slowly in alongside it. Pausing ever few moments to check the stretch, fucking in so shallow with the toy and himself for long moments of Shane moaning and begging for more, and then he was finally pushing in all the way. One hand holding Shane open, the other holding the dildo steady, he cock pressing in under the toy so he could be the one rubbing Shane’s prostate, fucking it.

He had been so close for so long now, and he couldn’t last long in the clutching heat of Shane’s body, pressed so tight along the slippery silicone, hot with the heat of being inside Shane for so long. The noises Shane was making, the way he kept saying *Ilyushka* like he was pleading for something. He came with a loud groan, his hips stuttering hard, his mind flooding white and blank and his lungs feeling so taut that he was gasping in ragged breaths as he came down from it.

“Fuck,” Shane moaned underneath him, “fuck you’re so hot, that was so good, I love to feel you come, fuck, Ilyushka, please, please make me come-”

He stayed buried deep in Shane, fucked the toy in and out of him instead, bruising against his spent cock, but still somehow so good. Reaching between Shane’s legs until he could get his hand on Shane’s cock again, and rubbing only the head of it, mercilessly teasing it like he

would a clit, feeling it twitch and shake in his hand as Shane's body jerked and shuddered all around him, until he was coming, squeezing Ilya so tight he felt like he was coming again, white hot and tearing at his muscles.

Most of him wanted to stay where he was, curled over Shane's back, still inside him even as he softened and ached. But the louder part of him wanted so badly to be holding and kissing Shane, so it dragged him off and out of Shane and along his body until he was spread out on the towel beside him and they were pulling each other into their arms.

Lips pressing together, clumsy, cheeks sticking, a hand caught between them, legs intertwining. Everything was slippery and hot, and sore, and needing to be held.

"Plug," he mumbled, at some point, things still hazy, hands still clinging.

"Want this more," Shane replied, words slurring over each other. Neither of them moved.

Chapter 15: SHANE

Chapter Notes

A quicker and non smutty chapter, but there are drawings :)

Every muscle in Shane's body felt like it had been pulled out of him, kneaded like dough, and then slid back in under his skin and gone to sleep. His body was heavy and slow and warm. His ass stung a bit, but it was so muffled by the heat and adrenaline it was barely noticeable. More noticeable was the deeper aching. Bruising, or emptiness, or both. Sticky everywhere too.

Ilya was clutching him so tight, so wrapped up in each other that it took Shane a few moments of slowly regaining clarity to realise the hand pressed to his chest was Ilya's and not his own. Longer still to realise the tears still trickling down his cheeks were also Ilya's, and not his own.

He found one of his own hands cupping the back of Ilya's head, fingers pressed into his hair, and moved it slow and careful to cup Ilya's cheek, pulled clumsily at his face, trying to bring him into view.

"Hey," he tried, "baby. Hey, you okay?"

Ilya's eyes were screwed shut, face very pink. He nodded. Turned his head one way, and then the other so he could try and hide against the bed, pressing his wet face into the crumpled towel.

"Yes, sorry," he mumbled.

Shane's brain was still moving sluggishly, like he'd been force shut off and now his entire body was slowly booting back up and checking all the logs for error messages, or whatever. He didn't want Ilya to have to hide.

“Hey,” he said again, “no, s’okay. What - is this just - like when I’m - just overwhelmed?”

“Mm,” Ilya made a half nod motion into the bed. Was still clinging tight to Shane, even as he kept his face pressed away. “I am fine, malysh. Was a lot.”

“A lot in a - a bad way?” Shane asked, rubbed his thumb slowly along the side of Ilya’s face, tracing the jut of his jaw and then running back up over what cheek he could still reach, wiping at tear tracks.

“No,” Ilya said, sniffed. “Maybe. No. Good.”

“Did I - did I do something wrong?” Shane asked, felt stupid asking it, but also like it was the only thing that would really make sense.

“No,” Ilya said, sounded much more like he meant this no than the previous. He shook his head, and then turned it so he was no longer hiding his face. Looked at Shane with wet eyes and a frown. “No, you were so perfect.”

One of the little knots in Shane’s stomach undid itself, dissolved. He pressed a soft kiss to Ilya’s forehead, right on the little divot of frown between his eyebrows, and then another kiss under Ilya’s eye, making his lips wet with salt.

“It was so good,” Shane said, when he pulled back from Ilya’s face, Ilya’s eyes following his movements closely. “You were so good. You made me feel incredible. I loved it. What - what went, um, wrong for you?”

“You are leaving tomorrow,” Ilya said, his voice tight. “That is all. Was nothing wrong.”

That was a lot wrong, to Shane. That he would be leaving tomorrow - early enough that they would barely get any tomorrow actually with each other. Wrong that he would be going home

to his empty apartment, and Ilya would be coming back here alone, and they wouldn't be chirping each other in person, or eating together, or wrestling, or kissing, or fucking. Shane had gotten so used to it in just this short amount of time, had become so full of Ilya that the thought of going without felt like starvation.

It wasn't like he wanted to leave. He had to. He had responsibilities, and a life in Montreal that he needed to return to. Had to go to practice tomorrow and make up for his day off. They had an away game in three days.

"I can't miss anymore practice," Shane said.

Ilya's face twisted, and he shook his head. "I know," he said. "I am not asking you to."

"Okay," Shane didn't know what to say. Sorry? It's your turn, come back with me? Are you my boyfriend? What would that even mean?

"Sorry I did not put plug in," Ilya said then, had lifted his hand from where it had still been squished against Shane's chest, wiped brusquely at his face. "I will do next time."

"It's fine," Shane said, "I liked being held."

"Mm, yes," Ilya nodded. "Is probably important, yes? Uh, holding each other after, when sex is very intense. I have heard this helps with, mm, like warm down."

"Yeah," Shane nodded as well. "I always feel, like. Um. Bad? When we don't."

Ilya frowned again, his eyes flicking over Shane's face searchingly. "You feel bad after we have sex?"

"Not usually," Shane said quickly. "I mean - like. Mostly only when it was really quick, and there was no... warm down time?"

“Ah,” Ilya nodded, face still a frown. “You never said this?”

“No,” Shane shrugged a little. “It - I guess I didn’t realise what the problem was. Didn’t put it together for a while.”

“Mm,” Ilya reached out to touch Shane’s face, dragged his knuckles down over his temple, down the curve of his cheek. “I am sorry.”

“S’not your fault,” Shane shrugged again. “It wasn’t all the time, and I think I just thought it was the guilt, anyway. So.” He really wanted to not be talking about this anymore. Ilya wasn’t crying now, looked more worried for Shane than anything, which had not been the plan. “I - should we shower? Together?”

“Okay,” Ilya said. “We will need to hold each other up this time I think.”

-

You rated Lily

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - meh - good - great - **excellent**

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

It was actually stupid fun being chased, and it helped keeping me from getting too competitive about it because I knew being caught was the game, and you played it so good I felt like I was high. Or, how I imagine it feels to be high. Don't chirp me about that. I can't believe how good you make me feel, or how much of it you can make me feel. I can't believe I took both the dildo and your cock and it felt amazing. I'm definitely sore now and I don't think we can fuck again before I leave, but it was worth it. The massage was so nice. I still feel half melted. ~~I don't want to leave. I want to stay here with you. I want you to come home with me. I think I'm in love with you. I am in love with you. How stupid is that? Do you love me too?~~ You've looked after me so well I feel spoiled. Like, how am I supposed to go to sleep without getting kissed and held first. I'm going to have to try really hard at our next game not to get turned on when you chase me on the ice. Maybe we could go for a run or something together, now that people have seen us acting like friends in public. Or we could go for lunch or whatever, that would be really nice too. Marlow and Connors could come if they/you wanted, and maybe Hayden and JJ. IDK. Sorry I got so off track. I want to do all of what we did again, I love when you stretch me out like that. Eat me out like that. But I also love when you fuck me just you. I know that's vanilla or something. I just wanted you to know we don't always need to be so intense. I like it with you all the time. Xxx

-

Lily has rated you

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - meh - good - great - **excellent**

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

x

-

They finished off both the gatorades before they showered, and after the showers Shane dug out his moisturizer and insisted Ilya moisturise as well because the amount of showers they had been having must be drying their skin out like crazy. He was limping a little, much more sore now the hormones had settled down, and he wasn't flooded with adrenaline and pleasure and the feeling of Ilya holding him. He allowed Ilya to bend him over the bathroom sink for a much less sexy inspection of his hole, because Ilya kept looking at him with a pinched worried look and asking if he was sure he hadn't injured him, and wouldn't take Shane's non-visual assessment of minor tearing and swelling but nothing crazy, as a fact. He even managed not to make any crude remarks while he had Shane holding his cheeks apart and his face between them. Only kissed the cleft of his ass, and smeared soothing cream in and against Shane's hole, finger moving slow and careful.

-

They ordered in pizza for dinner, Ilya said he knew a place that made organic pizza, with whole seed bases, and boring toppings, and that he had even checked it would have Shane approved cheeses. Shane didn't know what to do with the way he felt about that. So they just ate the pizza on the couch together, watching Ilya's favourite Fast and Furious movie, which Shane also liked even when it annoyed him. When they'd finished eating, he tugged Ilya in against him, and Ilya came easily, moving in closer and lying his head down in Shane's lap to keep watching the movie from there, letting Shane stroke his hair and rub his back and shoulders like he was a large cat.

He read Ilya's latest review, tried not to feel hurt about the lack of comment even though Ilya had still left an 'x'. Told himself Ilya was just tired and overwhelmed, and he, like Shane, was sad that this little bubble of stolen time was coming to an end. Told himself not to spiral about it. That it didn't mean anything bad. That Ilya was literally half asleep in his lap right now, one hand tucked under Shane's thigh. Hoped Ilya didn't find it annoying when he left long rambling review comments. If there was an edit option Shane would be going back five minutes after posting every comment and revising it. Maybe he should start writing the comments in his notes app and giving it a day before he posted it over. What if he forgot to backspace something too much in the app? He was not going to spiral.

On screen two cars collided. Ilya sniggered.

-

Shane packed before they went to bed. He didn't have much to pack, really, had barely touched his bag for anything that wasn't sex toys. But Ilya had cleaned the new dildo and handed it over with eyebrows raised, and when Shane went to go pack it in the duffle with the other two, he found the other two were wrapped in one of Ilya's hoodies. Not a Bears one, thank god. A pair of Ilya's shorts were scrunched up and stuffed into the bag as well, like they were trying to hide behind Shane's folded jeans. Ilya didn't mention the stowaway clothing, so neither did Shane. Put the jumper - a comfy pullover in Ottawa Centaurs' colours but without the terrible logo - that had held the dildos on the way here, into Ilya's wardrobe. Putting it on top of the hamper in there, so it would be found hopefully within the week rather than just not being noticed.

He brushed his teeth. Then left the toothbrush next to Ilya's, because he would want to brush again when he woke up, and because for some reason he felt like Ilya's toothbrush would be lonely without it. Stupid. Washed his face. Stared at himself in Ilya's mirror, trying so hard to see if he looked as different as he felt. If it was so obvious on him that he was in love. If it would be clear to everyone that he had spent the last two days being fucked every which way, and he loved it.

He got into bed on the side with his phone plugged in. Ilya had put a glass of water on the bedside table for him, and the moment Shane slid under the blanket, Ilya was moving into his space, wrapping around him like a handsy blanket.

They turned the lights off.

"My alarm's set for quarter to five," Shane mumbled into the dark, after they'd lain in each others' arms in silence for a few minutes. "If you - if you're too tired, I can still always call a car service. I probably need to leave her at half past five."

"I'm driving you," Ilya grumbled. "You think I would be able to sleep through your morning routine? Your toothbrush is like high power vibrator is so loud."

"It's not that loud," Shane retorted. "I'm just saying, you don't need to, like, feel obligated if-"

“I am driving you,” Ilya repeated. “I want to. You do not want?”

“No, of course I want you to,” Shane sighed. “I just know you have practice tomorrow as well, so you might want to be more rested -”

“I will be fine,” Ilya said. “You are one who needs more rest. I think I would be in big trouble with league if they found out was me who hurt your ass.”

“Shut up,” Shane snorted, pinched Ilya’s waist gently. “I’ll be fine. It’s just a bit sore. I’ve played through way worse.”

“Mm,” Ilya didn’t sound convinced. “Well. You will be careful with it, hm?”

“It’s not like I’m going to be fucking anyone else,” Shane said, “or fucking myself until it feels better.”

“You are still happy for it just being me, then?” Ilya asked, very quiet.

It took Shane a few moments to properly comprehend what he was being asked, because it was so stupid. “Yes?” he squinted through the dark at Ilya. “Obviously. I - do you not want to?”

“I am just checking,” Ilya defended, “I want. For it to be just us.”

“Okay,” Shane focused on pulling in slow breaths, telling his heart to stop fucking pounding like he was being hunted. “Okay. Good. Same.”

“Good,” Ilya echoed. “Sleep, Shane. Early morning.”

“You sleep,” Shane shot back.

-

They were too sleepy to do more than kiss the next morning. Ilya wrapped around Shane’s back in the bathroom as they both brushed their teeth - Ilya getting toothpaste on Shane’s chest and then licking it off - and then kissing minty fresh and slightly squeaky.

He watched Ilya pretend not to notice Shane putting his toothbrush back on the bench, pretended he didn’t notice either. Left it in the bathroom when he went back into the bedroom to dress in his own clothing again. Let Ilya distract him from putting his shoes on by kissing him again, him only half dressed still.

They made and drank some truly disgusting chocolate flavoured protein shakes, and Shane wished he had waited to brush his teeth, but didn’t want to go and brush again, because then it would be obvious he was leaving it on purpose. Kissed Ilya against the counter, between sips of water to try and wash the fake chocolate taste away.

Ilya asked if he should go park in long term again. Which would mean that they could probably get away with making out in the car park. But. It didn’t make sense to do that. They had to have their final kiss at some point. Kissed Ilya hard in the garage before they pulled out. Wanted to climb over the hand brake and gear shift and into the too tight space just to sit in Ilya’s lap again. Made himself be happy with the twisted spine kisses from their own seats.

They didn’t talk on the drive. Ilya put the radio on, and Shane fiddled with the stations for a while, flicking past half a dozen before leaving it on something playing quiet music. He had texts on his phone from Hayden, from his mum, from Rose, from his agent, from his team. Notifications about the photos of him and Ilya and Marlow and Connor being posted online. He and Ilya had both been tagged in multiple twitter posts, and more. He hadn’t really looked. It wouldn’t be anything unexplainable, it would be fine. He was just ignoring the messages and notifications for now because he didn’t want to explain it away. Didn’t want to lie about it. Didn’t want to pretend he wasn’t both terrified and ecstatic about there being photos of him and Ilya being him and Ilya. He was going to trawl the internet for as many of them as he could and save them to his laptop.

He put his hand on top of Ilya's, where it was resting on the gear stick, and Ilya wiggled his hand until their fingers threaded together.

Shane considered bringing back the stupid bit they'd done when he'd arrived. Telling Ilya he was welcome to hire Shane's services whenever. But it all felt a bit. Wrong. Like he really didn't want to play about this today. About them.

If he was braver he -

But he wasn't.

They arrived at the airport far too quickly, and when Ilya pulled up in the drop off area, Shane wanted to tell him to just keep going. They could just keep driving. Go somewhere. Ignore their phones. Instead, he squeezed Ilya's hand in his, slowly withdrew it. Considered going in for a kiss, but - it was unlikely that anyone would see, or notice, but what if?

"Thanks," he said. Looked at Ilya's hand flexing on the gear stick, then up to Ilya's face, impassive looking. "I - um. I had a lot of fun."

"Yes," Ilya said. "So did I."

"I'll - I'll text you."

"Okay. Good," Ilya nodded. His eyebrows twitched, his jaw clenched, and then he turned his head away from Shane. Stared out his side window. "I will pop boot for you."

Shane's insides clenched painfully. There was something cold and spiky working its way up his throat. "We'll - we'll see each other again, soon," he tried. "I'll be back in Boston for the game in a couple of weeks."

"Yes."

“And the All Stars game weekend is coming up, too,” Shane added, sniffed hard. “We’re both shoo ins, obviously. And -”

“Shanya,” Ilya gritted out, still not looking at him. “If you do not want me kissing you right here, you should get out of car.”

“Oh,” Shane said. He had undid his seatbelt, put his hand on the car door handle. “I do want you to. We just - we can’t.”

“Yes,” Ilya grunted. “Exactly.”

Shane opened the door. Got out of the car. Walked around to the boot, heard the pop, opened the boot. Took his bags out. Closed the boot. Walked around to Ilya’s door. Glanced around at the other commuters not paying attention to him, the closest person with their back to him. Opened the door and leaned in. Kissed Ilya quick on the mouth, his hand on Ilya’s face.

“Text soon,” he said, staring down at Ilya’s shocked expression, his damp cheeks. “Bye, Ilyushka.”

He shut the door again. Walked around the front of the car, into the airport.

He checked in. Checked his bag. Tried not to look like a person who had three sex toys in their checked luggage. Went to his gate. Found the closest bathroom to his gate. Shut himself in a cubicle. Cried.

-

It's raining so bad in MTL-

FROM Lily_____

-should have stayed here

**TO
Lily**

Yeah-

FROM Lily_____

-you are home?

**TO
Lily**

*At my apt, yeah. Gonna do a quick cardio sesh,
then head in to the rink.-*

FROM Lily_____

*-i am in media training session
-very boring*

**TO
Lily**

*How many times have you had to sit
through the same training?-*

FROM Lily_____

*-so so so so so many times
-say is mandate after an infringemint*

**TO
Lily**

Are they worried about the photos of us?-

FROM Lily_____

*-no
-social media woman julee says they are
very cute
-in a 'bromance' way she says*

*-and is already planning on reposting all
photos of marly choking*

*-photo of pearl flying out his mouth is
already reaction pic in groupchat lol*

**TO
Lily**

My team is kind of pissed.-

I think I'll tell Hayden the truth.-

About us.-

*But I don't know how to make the rest of them
chill about it.-*

They already know the story I would tell.-

*I read an article about us that they posted in our
team chat. -*

FROM Lily_____

-what are they pissed at?

-how you are having fun?

**TO
Lily**

*In the chat they think I should have told you to
fuck off.-*

FROM Lily_____

-i think you probably did

-they are all rude boys hm

**TO
Lily**

*Comeau thinks I should have taken the opportunity
to literally fight you. Which doesn't make sense. It
would be safer legally and socially to fight you on
ice. Not that I want to. Obviously.-*

FROM Lily_____

-i hate comeau

-deep hate

**TO
Lily**

It was just a dumb comment.-

IDK.-

I kind of was hoping they would be fine about it.-

*It's not like some of them don't have friends on
other teams, teams we play against often, even.-*

FROM Lily

-average metro is dumb as brick

-can not expect sense for them

**TO
Lily**

:/-

FROM Lily

-i am just calling as i see

**TO
Lily**

Whatever.-

They'll get over it.-

We didn't do anything wrong.-

FROM Lily

-i can tell marly to start kidnap rumors

-so you can say you had no choice

-but you are right

-you did nothing wrong

TO
Lily

*As funny as I think it would be, definitely do not
even imply to Marlow to start rumors.-*

*Pretty sure Pat and Anders would count it as
collusion somehow.-*

FROM Lily_____

-i hate them also.

TO
Lily

Have you looked at the photos?-

Of us.-

FROM Lily_____

-yes

TO
Lily

I really like this one-

*[PHOTO ATTACHMENT] (image is of Shane and
Ilya grinning at
each other, mid conversation)*



FROM Lily_____

-i really like also.

*-my favourite is one i crop marly and
connors out of*

*-[PHOTO ATTACHMENT] (image is shot
from behind Ilya, only catching a little*

of his face, but Shane is looking at him with a smile. Bubble tea in hand.)



-you look very cute.

-freckles

TO
Lily

*Rose sent me that photo as well. She said I look
happy. -*

FROM Lily

-yes. why i like so much.

-

Because Hayden had asked, and because Shane really wanted his good will right now, Shane drove to the Pike's on his way to practice, to pick up Hayden. Shane was pretty sure it was just so they had time to talk, rather than a need for a lift, so he was braced for it when Hayden got into the passenger side, his bag tossed in the back seat, and immediately got into it.

"What the hell, man," he said, quite loud for the contained space, and then groaned, reached out to grab Shane's shoulder. "Hi," he said. Squeezed, let go. "Good to see you. What the hell, Shane. You're dating Connors?"

Oh. Okay.

"Um," Shane said, felt like his brain had just put on a screensaver so it could go scream laugh out back. Not helpful for words. "Uh. No?"

"Buddy," Hayden said, shook his head. Made an odd gesture with his hands. "I don't - I'm not saying it's like, *obvious*, to anyone who doesn't know you're gay, but - so many of the photos of you two have him all over you. It's not - it's not subtle -"

"Hayd," Shane cut in. Turned in his seat so he could reach out and grab Hayden by the upper arms. Needed this to be a flail free zone. "I am not dating, or seeing, or sleeping with Connors. Yesterday was literally the most time I have ever spent with him off ice. On ice too, probably. I'm not dating or fucking Marlow, either, before you ask."

Hayden looked for a long moment like he was going to keep arguing his point, like he had more examples to give, and then he deflated. "Oh," he said. "Okay - I just. Sorry? Is that homophobic of me to assume you were, like, into him because you guys were being so friendly?"

Shane let out a gust of breath, lips pursed. "I literally don't know," he said. "Maybe. But - okay, fuck. Hayden, I need you not freaking out when I tell you this, okay?"

"What?" Hayden snorted, "I do not freak out. Buddy, out of the two of us, you're the chef of freaking, I'm sous chef out at most."

“What the fuck are you -” Shane began, and then decided it didn’t matter. “Okay. Look. Hanging out with Marlow and Connors was a real accident,” he said. “We bumped into them in town and ended up hanging out. I was there to see Ilya.”

Hayden stared at him. “Ilya?” he asked, “Who is - wait, Rozanov?”

“Yes,” Shane took a deep breath. “There was no meeting in Boston. I just - I missed him. He missed me. He’s who I’ve been... seeing. This whole time.”

Hayden continued staring. Shane took advantage of the silence to add more details, in case they helped his case.

“I was - I didn’t know how to tell you, before. And I didn’t know if Ilya would be okay with people knowing. But we’ve talked about it now and - and I wanted to tell you. I know there’s, like, history. He’s an asshole, and he’s a vicious chirper, but he’s - I feel like a person when I’m with him.”

“You are a person,” Hayden said, blinking.

Shane exhaled, let go of Hayden and drew his arms back to himself, slumping against the seat, gripped his own biceps. “But I don’t feel like one. A lot of the time,” he said. “And I do with him.”

“Oh,” Hayden was frowning, blinking down at his lap, swallowing hard. “You - I - that’s. You don’t feel like - I don’t make you feel like a person?”

Shane didn’t think he was very well equipped with situations like this. If he was, he probably would have not caused this current problem.

“Hayd,” he said. Sighed. “You do. You and Jacki and the girls do. But, like. It’s not - it’s not the same. Okay? That’s not a bad thing. I just don’t know how to say it better than that. I’m not good at, like, this,” he finished, a little pathetic feeling, gripped tighter to himself.

“Sorry,” Hayden said, cleared his throat. “That, uh, maybe I took your chef hat from you for a moment. Sorry. Seriously, though, this isn’t a - a joke. You and Rozanov? He’s your - your boyfriend?”

Well. “No,” Shane shook his head. “I mean - no, I’m not joking. I love him. We’re - we’ve been hooking up for years. We’re not. He’s not my boyfriend. We’re friends, and we fuck. And also I love him.”

“Jesus christ,” Hayden said, whistled low and long. “Fuck, buddy.”

-

Practice was infuriating. He should have been able to just say the story once, and then have everyone focus on drills. But instead his team kept asking the same things over and over. Even Theriault joined in to chirp him about faking a meeting to go hook up with Lily, said he should just say that next time and he’d give Shane the week off if it meant Shane would loosen up a bit, fuck. Comeau repeated his opinion on how Shane should have fucked Ilya up while he had the chance, or at the very least, not assisted Marlow in not choking to death on a tapioca pearl. When they were practicing checking, various team mates made the same joke about ‘should they treat him like a Bear now?’

He wasn’t as chirped over the hickeys as he’d worried, though. His team had laughed at him for it, and had appeared to decide as one that Lily must have been very mad about the Rose Landry incident, and was staking her claim. Shane kept out of the locker room discussion about that one, except to say that he and Rose were friends, and Lily knew that and was fine with it. By the time they had all changed out to leave practice, though, the current running story was that Shane had gone to Boston to stop Lily from arranging a hit on Rose, and had had to wear her out sexually to persuade her to stand down, but also that Shane actually was dating Rose anyway.

It wasn’t worth speaking up about again because he knew when he protested too much they doubled down.

He drove Hayden home, and Hayden informed him that he was coming for dinner. Non negotiable.

It was better than going back to his apartment by a long shot.

Chapter 16: ILYA

Chapter Notes

:))))))

In no universe did Ilya think Marly would actually let him slip away after practice without a thorough debriefing, so he didn't even attempt it. Didn't think he wanted to attempt it either. The idea of going back home to his now Shane-less house filled him with something that was definitely not joy, and he wasn't going to try and further label it.

Connors had spent a good portion of practice talking about how cool Shane was. How he was totally intense, yeah, but he was a good hang, and he actually chirped all the time it was just subtle, and he'd given Connors some tips on how he should try lacing his skates to help steady his slides, and -

And the Bears had all laughed at their antics, teasing them all about making friends with the enemy, but in a mostly good natured sort of way, and Marly brought up the idea of kidnapping Shane for the Bears, and Connors seconded it, and then half the room was semi seriously discussing how they could pitch it to coach and management. It was all very silly, and no one was pointing finger at Ilya and accusing him of sleeping with Shane, or telling him he should have taken Shane out of the running (except for Razy, but that was more on the kidnapping side of things because he was already dreading tending Shane's hits on goal again), and Marly talked about how they should make Shane show them the sights in Montreal as pay back, and -

And Ilya fucking missed him.

He followed Marly back to his place, Marly asking, him nodding. Threw himself on Marly's couch when they got inside. Buried his face in the cushions.

Marly grabbed a couple of beers, shoved at him until there was room on the couch for him as well, and then sat down next to him, cracking one beer open.

“So,” he said, “can we talk about it now?”

Ilya twisted himself around until he could reach a hand out, and Marly put a beer against his palm. He twisted back into his squished against the back of the couch position, opened the beer in his cave of shoulders and head and cushion, and took a cramped swig.

“Bro,” Marly said. “Are you freaking out? Didn’t I already say that Hollzy in a phenomenal pull? Like, I’m not gay but I can tell he’s hot, *and* he’s the only guy on ice keeping up with you? If I had to pick you a boyfriend, I mean, I probably wouldn’t have picked him, because I wouldn’t think you’d have a chance, but -”

“He’s not my boyfriend,” Ilya gritted out, the words feeling razor sharp against his throat, sitting badly in the air. Marly made an odd noise. Ilya tried again. “We cannot be boyfriends.”

“Um,” Marly said. His hand landed heavily on the pretzel of Ilya’s waist, and then moved up to grip his shoulder. Squeezed. “What? Did something... happen?”

“Same thing that has always been happening,” Ilya said. Sniffed hard. Drank some more beer. It was hard to tip it up enough to get the liquid in his mouth while so squished against the couch, but he was unwilling to be un-squished yet. “Russia is Russia, hockey is hockey, we are both men, I am asshole.”

Marly didn’t say anything for a moment, and then continued to not say anything, but used his grip on Ilya’s shoulder to pry him away from the back of the couch until he had him in an ungainly backwards sprawl against Marly’s shoulder instead. Ilya huffed, took a less inhibited swig of beer.

“Okay,” he said, when Ilya didn’t have anything more to say and also didn’t try to wriggle back into his hiding position. “But like. You guys were literally on a date the other day, right? And you’ve been hooking up for, uh, how long?”

“Does not matter,” Ilya grunted. Swirled the beer in the bottle and stared at the froth of it. “I did not say I did not want, Marly. Obviously, yes, I want him to be my boyfriend. Just because you know who he is now does not change how things were when I talked about this with you before. Is better for us, this way.”

“Better for you,” Marly did not sound like he believed this at all. Ilya closed his eyes. “I don’t get it. I saw how you guys looked at each other the other day, you think I couldn’t see that? I don’t think Hollzy is back in Montreal cheesing it up right now, either.”

Ilya drained his beer.

“No, seriously,” Marly pressed, and Ilya knew he knew Ilya didn’t want to talk about this anymore, so he wasn’t going to get out of this unless he physically left. “I get the - the dangers. I do, seriously man. I’m not - I literally did research about this, okay? I haven’t looked up so much shit since junior high. I know. But, like, you’re already doing all the stuff you’d get in trouble for anyway. Just. Not getting to. I don’t know. Reap the reward?”

“Reap the reward?” Ilya asked. Was pretty sure last time he had heard the phrase it had been about picking up girls.

“Y’know,” Marly shrugged, jostling Ilya. “Actually get to enjoy what you’re doing? Get to, god, I don’t know. It’s like, what if you were doing all the captain duties for the Bears, right? But you weren’t the captain. Maybe not even an alternate. That would suck.”

“Why am I not captain?” Ilya sat up, turning himself around so he could actually see and frown at Marly better. “Who is saying I will not be captain?”

“No, idiot,” Marly groaned. “We’re imagining.”

“We are imagining I am not captain, but still acting like captain?” Ilya confirmed. Was pretty sure the beer he’d just drank had unplugged some vital cord in his brain or something. His brain was moving so slow, and he was so tired, and Marly was just not getting it.

“Exactly,” Marly said. “And that sucks, yeah?”

“Yes,” Ilya sighed. “This is not same thing.”

“It is, it’s like - you’re acting like his boyfriend, but you’re not being *called* his boyfriend, so-”

“That would hurt worse,” Ilya snapped. “When we are finished. When he - when he moves on.”

“This is you going straight to divorce, again,” Marly said, not at all put off by the snapping. “The molehill mountain thing.”

“Shane laughed a lot at that,” Ilya said, couldn’t help himself. “He said he wanted to put you in a jar and study you like a bug. Ask you to explain other saids”

Marly snorted. “He’d have to find a big jar,” he said. “And don’t try and change the subject.”

Ilya groaned, leaned over to put his empty bottle on the ground. Marly still had half a bottle left, but avoided Ilya’s half hearted swipe at stealing it.

“We are making comparisons, yes?” Ilya asked, slumped against the couch, tipped his head back as far as it could go. “So, I think if I try and say to Shane, I want to be something. Have a word like boyfriends be about us. That this would be as stupid and disastrous as stepping onto ice in first play off game and saying we will win the cup. We would all be out with injuries by game three. Would be eliminated. Would be laughing stocks.”

Marly winced a little, but gestured, said; “and what would be the, uhh, comparison to having a terrible play offs run? You speed run marriage and divorce?”

“No,” Ilya clenched his jaw. Hated every time Marly even said the word divorce. “No, probably either Shane would say no, and I would never have him again. Or he would say yes, and then somehow whole world will know, and he would hate this, and also Russia would kidnap me and take me home and then probably my brother would kill me. Something like this.”

“Jesus,” Marly said. He slung his arm over Ilya’s shoulders, dragged him back in tight against his side. “No middle ground?”

“This is middle ground,” Ilya said. “Where I love him and get to have him and pretend maybe he loves me too, and no one is getting hurt. Except when they ask for it.”

“No, bro,” Marly said, and then twitched a little. “Hang on. Wait - that time you went and locked yourself in my bathroom and made some insane sex noises and came back looking like you’d run a marathon. That was with Hollzy?”

“Yes,” Ilya said. “Was very good phone sex.”

Marly blinked a little. “I keep learning new things about this guy,” he said, “that I think would probably kill half the league dead with shock. They think he’s boring. Nice, talented, but boring.”

“He is boring,” Ilya grumbled. “He is just also. Him. Look. Marly. I do not want to be given big speech about dating. Yes? I want to - to tell you silly things and drink beer.”

“Fine,” Marly sighed. “Just. Fuck, bro. At least think about what I’ve been saying, yeah? Or talk to Hollzy about it? I think you could have more, if you let yourself.”

-

*metros did not fire you for having fun with other
team?-*

FROM Jane _____

-My job is safe.

-For now, at least.

-I think most people on my team are idiots
though.

-Like, no one but JJ and Hayden left me
alone about it all practice.

-JJ did say we should do a lunch with you
guys in MTL next, but then a couple of
other guys started suggesting poisons.

-I'm at Hayden's btw.

-I told him.

-about you. Us.

**TO
Jane**

what did you say about us?-

i am at marlys-

FROM Jane _____

-That you're the guy I've been seeing.

-That you make me feel like a person.

**TO
Jane**

and he was ok about this?-

is making you feel like a person good?-

FROM Jane _____

*-He was surprised about it. But I think
overall he took it better than I thought.*

Jacki thinks it's great. She says you're really hot, btw.

-And also that it's very funny you sent me a Bears' shirt. I am not telling them what you actually sent me.

-Yes. It is.

**TO
Jane**

*jacki is right i am very hot-
i did give you shirt though, so still funny-
likhfddaljkh-*

FROM Jane

-??

**TO
Jane**

*>:(marly stole my phone-
he says he wants to say hi to you-
i told him to text on his phone-
you should ignore him-*

FROM Jane

-lol

-I have to ignore you too, now, dinner.

**TO
Jane**

:/-

-

**TO
Jane**

i dont want to go home tongiht-

-

FROM Jane _____

-Why not?

-

FROM Jane _____

-I just got home.

-Did you end up going home?

**TO
Jane**

no-

i got drnk-

marly couch-

FROM Jane _____

-[INCOMING CALL]

-

“If you are calling for hot phone sex,” Ilya began, shifting from his position on his side onto his back instead - the couch springs digging in to his hip - “you should know that Marly is not heavy sleeper.”

“He’s asleep already?” Shane asked. “It’s not that late.”

“Ah, he has early morning tomorrow. Picking his sister and nephew up for graduating thing. And actually I was lying, he is very heavy sleeper. Like dead man.”

“His nephew is graduating?”

“No, his sister. He says she is very greedy, is her third time graduating, and he has bought her flowers and woken up early each time.” Ilya sighed, flopped his arm over his face. “He will be sending photos of boring parade and crowds of people in silly clothing all day to group chat, and photos of him with child on shoulders. Will be boring and cute.”

“Sounds like it,” Shane said. “Did you get really drunk?”

“Mm, no. Not really drunk,” Ilya was pretty sure he was probably about 20% beer right now. “Just too drunk to want to crash car on way home. He has spare room but bed in there is so too big so I am on couch.”

“How is a bed too big?” Shane asked, “you’re huge, shouldn’t a big bed be good?”

“No,” Ilya grumbled, “there is so much space it makes me keep remembering you are not there. On couch I am all squished, just like sharing bed with you.”

“You’re the one who sleeps on top of me on my side of the bed,” Shane shot back, “I’m not the one squishing you.”

“No, you are right, couch is one squishing me.”

A short silence. He wondered if Shane was in bed already as well, or if he was doing evening chores. If he was dressed in Ilya's clothes. If he was naked. If he had eaten something nice for dinner.

"My bed's too big as well," Shane said, quiet. "I didn't think, um, I didn't think I'd like it. Y'know? Sharing a bed with you."

"Because you think I smell bad?"

"No, idiot," Shane snorted. "I love the way you smell. Except when you smoke. Well, actually - no. Nevermind. Just because I like my space. I've never liked sharing with like, girlfriends."

"Because you are gay," Ilya pointed out, felt himself grinning at how he imagined Shane would be rolling his eyes right now. Was feeling so silly with glee about Shane nearly admitting out loud that he even liked how Ilya smelled when he smelled like cigarettes.

"Yeah," Shane said, sounded very much like he was indeed rolling his eyes. "Because I'm gay. Yes. I liked it. With you. When you stayed here as well. But it was different this time, at your place. I don't - I don't know what - but it was different. Right?"

Ilya cleared his throat. "Yes," he admitted. "It was different."

"Not just the - the sleeping," Shane said, brave. "We were different."

He didn't know what to say to this. Without sounding so sad that it would betray everything about him. It hadn't even been a full day since they had seen each other, since they'd kissed. There were damp towels in his laundry at home from Shane. Shane's toothbrush was on his bathroom bench keeping his toothbrush company. His bed probably still smelled like Shane. He should have gone home so he could soak it up. He didn't want to be here, alone, on Marly's couch that smelled like beer and farts and frangipani scented cleaner.

He wanted to be living in the world Marly thought they were in. Where he could open his mouth right now and tell Shane everything he wanted, and then get it and not have the world

collapse around him. Not ruin Shane's life, and his own life. He didn't know what he would do if Shane wanted it as well, asked for it. If he would be able to say no when he so badly wanted to say yes.

"Tell me about rest of your day," he asked. "You said Jacki says I am hot, hm?"

Shane was silent for a few seconds, and then he let out a small laugh. "Yeah," he said. "After - after dinner, we um, she and I cleaned up while Hayden put the girls to bed, and she said it was time to, uh, gossip? Asked me a lot about you."

"Mmm," Ilya was well acquainted with gossip time. "You tell her I have nine inch cock?"

"You do not have a nine inch cock," Shane replied, sounded fonder than firm. "I am willing to admit it is closer to nine inches than you deserve, but it still isn't nine inches."

"You are calling me a liar?"

"I'm just saying that I'm not sure Russian measurements are the same as what we have here, and that as the person who's had your cock inside them? I have a pretty good understanding of how big it is."

Ilya laughed, covered his mouth with his hand to muffle the sound a little. "You say this to her, too? Tell her how we have sex?"

"No, asshole," Shane laughed as well. "I didn't tell her much at all about the sex. Just that it's, well, really fucking good. She was pushing for more details, but I - I don't know. Part of me wants to talk about it, like, brag about it almost? But it's embarrassing."

"So you are prude now?"

“Fuck off, you know I’m not.” Shane exhaled loudly, and Ilya listened intently for background noise. The creak of a bed, the pad of a foot on the ground. “I don’t - I don’t even want her to know I’m the bottom. I’m embarrassed about that too, honestly. I can’t believe I just said it to Rose. And like - I’m *not* - I’m saying this badly. Forget everything I said -”

“What?”

“About - you’re an asshole. Okay. So. Fuck,” Shane grunted, and then there was a small thud, like he’d kicked something.

“You are beating up walls?” Ilya asked.

“No,” Shane bit out, sighed again. “Just my head against the headboard.”

So he was in, or at least on his bed. Hitting his head. “Don’t hit your head on board,” Ilya chided, “I am big fan of your head.”

Shane laughed again, quiet and tired.

A short breath of silence passed between them, and then Shane spoke again.

“I think, maybe,” he said. “When I let myself, like. Know. That I’m gay, and that that’s just the way I am, I think it like. Unburied a lot of stuff with it. Like when I tried to bury the gay part of me, I shoved a whole lot of other shit down there too and tried to pretend it didn’t exist. And it’s been like, still there, obviously, the whole time, I’ve just been trying to ignore it, so - I’m still not saying this right.”

“Saying it right enough,” Ilya offered, still working his way around the translation. Was pretty sure he’d understood. “What else is there that is being so real to you now?”

“That I can’t do this,” Shane said, simple, his voice small and hurt suddenly, like the words had made him feel as ice cold as they made Ilya feel. Like a knife in his heart.

Ilya took a steadying breath, and then when that didn’t work, tried another one. The knife twisted with the movement of his lungs, and it bit into him painfully.

“This?” He managed to ask, his voice not feeling or sounding like his own.

“What I’ve been doing,” Shane said, still in the same small, hurt voice. “H-hiding. Smiling. Ignoring shit. I got - I got one experience of - of what it could be like to go on a real date with a guy, even though we were still like, being as bro-like as we could, and now I don’t - now I know what it is I’m missing. I thought I knew, before. Watching everyone else just getting to be. But I didn’t know it felt like that. I didn’t know I - I didn’t know I could - I wanted to kiss you so bad the whole time we were out together, and I kept thinking - kept thinking, this is the worst thing that has ever happened to me. Which is stupid, because like, I’ve had bad shit happen to me, and -”

He cut himself off with a loud inhale, heavy exhale, and then a groan.

“Sorry,” he said. “I’m - I told myself I wasn’t going to freak out about this, but I kind of am.”

Ilya was not caught up enough. He had been following, and then not following, and he was so unsure how steady the ground he was on was, and Shane wanting to kiss him had been the worst thing that had ever happened to him? Or was it that it was the wanting and not being able to kiss?

“Shanya,” Ilya tried, hoped the tears stayed out of his voice, they were not invited. “Is okay. Breathe. You are tired?”

The sound of Shane breathing. In and out. In and out. “Yeah,” Shane said. “I am. Shit,” he added. “Look. I’m sorry. You’re - tipsy, or drunk, I shouldn’t be saying all this right now.”

“I want to hear it,” Ilya protested, truthful even though he had tears dripping into his ears, gross.

“I’ll tell you later,” Shane said, “when I’m not tired and you’re not drunk.”

Ilya’s lip wobbled, which was embarrassing even in private. He bit it, held it still.

“Okay?” Shane asked.

“Yes, okay,” Ilya agreed. “You must have your beauty sleep.”

“Fuck you,” Shane replied, easy, “*you* need your beauty sleep.” Such a bad chirper. “Are you, um, okay?”

“Yes,” Ilya said. “Maybe. Yes. I am, maybe, confused.”

“Okay, confused about what?”

“If you have put break up on pause,” Ilya said, the beer ushering the words out of his mouth with abandon. “Or if break up has happened already.”

“What?” Shane’s voice was sharp. “What break up?”

“You say you can’t do this,” Ilya sniffed. “I know what these words mean, I have watched American TV.”

“That’s not what I - Ilyushka,” Shane sighed. “Baby. I wouldn’t - I’m not. That’s not what I was doing, okay?”

Ilya cleared his throat, but couldn't dislodge the lump in it enough to speak, so he settled for a raspy sort of grunt instead.

"I want to keep doing this with you," Shane said, words fast like he was almost scared of saying them and had to get them out as quick as possible. "I want you. I want to keep this. Okay? We'll - we'll talk about the other thing later, but it isn't a - it's not a break up, Ilya. It's not."

"Okay," Ilya managed, cleared his throat again, and again to get it out.

"Sorry," Shane said, soft and careful. "I just - I meant to call just to like, say hi. And - and goodnight. 'Cause I missed you. Not to get all confusing and shit."

"Very confusing," Ilya rasped. "I had too much beer, I think."

"Yeah, I think so too," Shane said. "Do you have water?"

"I am in lounge," Ilya mumbled, his throat was finally clearing up enough to let words come out mostly normal sounding if he kept them quiet. "I can go to kitchen easy if I need."

"You should go now," Shane said. "Have some water now."

"Then I will need to pee," Ilya complained. "I already need to and if I stay still I can ignore, but not if you make me go add more future pee."

"Gross," Shane snorted. "Get up."

Ilya got up.

“Kitchen,” Shane instructed. “Get some water and drink it. You can pee afterwards.”

“I’m bringing you with me,” Ilya told him, “to keep me company while I pee.”

“Gross,” Shane repeated, didn’t sound like he meant it at all. “But whatever helps.”

Ilya poured himself a glass of chilled water from Marly’s fancy fridge. Drank it. Shane suggested he drink some more. He drank some more. Refilled the glass a third time on Shane’s instructions, and took it to the lounge to leave on the coffee table. Went to the bathroom.

“Sometimes,” he said, felt like now he was standing up and also so full of water and beer and pee he was suddenly extra more drunk than he had been, and possibly not safely in tipsy level. Maybe it was like, spread out more when he was lying down and then it shot up to his head when he stood up? Surely not. “Sometimes when I pee when I am a little hard I do not use my hand to aim my dick, I use power of wood.”

Shane snorted, stifled another noise that was surely going to be a laugh. “Okay,” he said. “Are you a little hard right now?”

“You are on the phone,” Ilya pointed out. “And you said to me you want me. Of course I am a little hard. Would be a lot hard but I am so made of beer. Because, I am a Bear.”

“Mm,” Shane hummed. “That makes sense. I think you should still be holding on to your dick and aiming while you’re peeing right now, though.”

“Ah, you want me to touch my cock,” Ilya said, grinning. He was still fumbling one handed with his jeans’ button, but Shane didn’t need to know that. Why the hell was he wearing jeans? “I knew this phone call would be a sex phone call.”

“No,” Shane said. “I want you to not get piss all over Marly’s bathroom.”

“If you were here,” Ilya said, finally managing to get the button undone, and tugging his fly down triumphantly. “You could hold and aim for me, make sure I do not make a mess.”

A short silence. “Maybe,” Shane said, and Ilya’s cock jerked hopefully in his hand as he pulled it out of his underwear. “But right now you’re drunk, and you need to focus.”

“Not that drunk,” Ilya said. Started to pee. Oh god he had needed to pee so badly and hadn’t realised. Groaned. Shane laughed in his ear. “There must be word for feeling when you finally get to pee when you have needed it so badly,” Ilya said, once his brain was free from the all encompassing gratitude of pressure being taken off his organs. “Like orgasm but not.”

“There might be,” Shane said. “Maybe in German? I’ve heard they have a lot of specific words.”

“Mmm. Have you ever been?” Ilya asked, tucked himself back into his underwear, didn’t bother doing his jeans back up. Flushed the toilet.

“To Germany? No. Um, we’ve been to a few places. Me and my parents. But I haven’t really left the Americas since I started playing high level hockey. Not enough time.”

“I would like to go for trip, maybe,” Ilya said, deciding it as he crossed from the toilet to the sink. “They probably have hockey too, so maybe would not be boring trip for you.”

Shane didn’t say anything while Ilya washed his hands, probably waiting for the water to stop running so he could be audible.

“Ready to go to sleep?” Shane asked, once Ilya turned the tap off. “Are you going back to the couch?”

“Yes,” Ilya said, and then paused at the door to the bathroom. “Are you in bed?”

“Yeah,” Shane said. “It’s been a long day.”

Ilya made another decision, opened the bathroom door. “Couch is lonely,” he said. “I am going to get into Marly’s bed and put my cold feet on him. Then we will all be in bed together, like threesome.”

“I’m pretty sure a threesome involves sex,” Shane said, “and we’re not having phone sex. And also I doubt Marlow wants to be involved.”

Ilya pushed Marly’s door open, didn’t bother knocking because he could hear him snoring from the bathroom.

“He is very asleep,” he whispered into the phone, picking his way around the shit on Marly’s floor. “Would not even wake up, I think, if you were here and we fucked next to him.”

“We’re not testing this,” Shane told him, sounded like he was grinning, the edges of his words all turned up. “Are you seriously getting in with him?”

“Yes,” Ilya pulled up the blanket on the side of the bed Marly wasn’t sprawled entirely over, and then shoved Marly’s arm off the pillow. “I am cold on couch. He is warm.”

“Do you, um, have you slept with him before?” Shane asked, the edges of his words turning down now.

“Yes,” Ilya said, lay himself down with a sigh of relief, the beer had been begging to be spread out again and he was very happy to oblige. “Sometimes we fall asleep watching movie, or get sexiled on roadie and have sleepover. Is not weird. Is not - Shanya, are you jealous?”

“Keep your voice down,” Shane said, whispering entirely unnecessarily. “Don’t wake him up. And no, I’m not.”

“He would sleep through anything,” Ilya said. “He slept through Connors getting very noisy diarrhea once. I was three rooms down and I woke up for it.”

“Ew.”

“Shanya,” Ilya whispered.

“What.”

“Is you I want to be in bed with.”

“Go to sleep, Ilyushka.”

-

FROM Jane _____

-[CALL ENDED 5 HOURS 28 MINUTES 9 SECONDS]

-

In the morning, Marly teased Ilya for falling asleep with his phone on his face, and then more when he realised he’d literally fallen asleep with Shane on the phone. Then patted his head and cooed at him like a puppy until Ilya had growled and swiped at him. Then he had gone and showered, dressed, left the house after telling Ilya to eat something and lock up after himself. Ilya obeyed the instructions a few hours later, after plugging his phone into Marly’s phone charger and going back to sleep for a while until his head hurt less.

He drank the glass of water drunk him and sober Shane had left on the coffee table, ate four pizza pockets, burning his mouth on three of them. Drove home. Optional skate in the afternoon. He hadn't decided if he was in or out for it yet. Showered. Looked at Shane's toothbrush for far too long. Shane would probably be pissed off if he used it.

Found Shane's jumper in the wardrobe. Put it on. Lay on the bed and pressed his face against the pillows that smelled like Shane's shampoo.

He felt fucking stupid for how drunk he had been last night, but at least he hadn't been so drunk he'd said everything, or so drunk he'd forgotten everything. Still remembered very viscerally the fear that shot through him when Shane said he couldn't do this. Was pretty sure he had suggested Shane hold his dick while he piss.

-

**TO
Jane**

He misses you :(-

*[PHOTO ATTACHMENT](photo is Ilya's hard dick,
held at the base by his hand. There is a sad face
emoji pasted just under the head)*



FROM Jane

*-I can't sext right now I'm about to go to
a meeting.*

-I miss him too.

-Miss you.

**TO
Jane**

:(-

have fun in your meeting :(-

I will think of you-

i will show him photo of you so he is not sad-

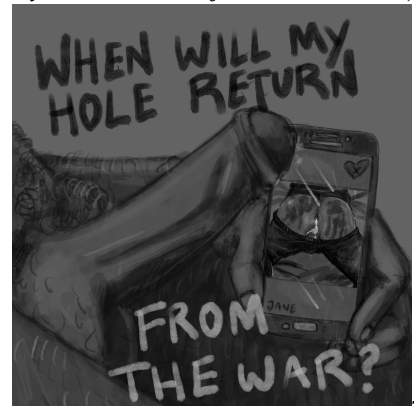
-

**TO
Jane**

i had to find tablet to take funny photo for you-

scene is emotional tho you must remember-

*[PHOTO ATTACHMENT](photo is Ilya's hard
dick, leaning against his phone screen. His phone
screen is displaying a photo of Shane's ass from
the app. It has text across it reading; 'when will
my hole return from the war'.)*



-

FROM Jane

-I honestly don't know why this turns me on.

*-You're so weird. I don't think people know
you're this weird.*

**TO
Jane**

:))))))-

*i had to hide how weird so i wouldn't
be made into goalie-*

would be waste of my talent and face-

FROM Jane _____

-Are you going to your optskate?

**TO
Jane**

yes-

FROM Jane _____

-Not hungover?

**TO
Jane**

no, you saved me with water-

we are even now-

thank you for coming to bed with me and marly :))))-

FROM Jane _____

-God.

-He texted me this morning.

-A photo of you.

**TO
Jane**

wttf-

this is illegal-

what is photo?-

FROM Jane _____

-Wouldn't you like to know ;)

**TO
Jane**

yes-

i would!-

he take photo of me drooling?-

FROM Jane _____

-You look cute in it.

-I like it.

-I'm keeping it to myself for now.

-I said thank you to Marlow for it.

**TO
Jane**

*is photo of me, you should say thank you
to me-*

FROM Jane _____

-Go skate

**TO
Jane**

you will call me tonight?-

tell me things you were too tired to last night?-

FROM Jane _____

-Yes.

-Don't get drunk.

-x

TO
Jane

x-

Chapter 17: SHANE

Chapter Notes

love to see you all hyped for them becoming official boyfriends this chapter!!!! enjoy :))))

Practice was more bearable today.

Not because his teammates had grown a sense of humour over night - not one that wasn't them calling Shane 'Captain Bear Hollander'.

Definitely not due to the meeting he'd had with management, PR, and Farah, which Farah called a colossal waste of time and Shane agreed wholeheartedly but silently with. He wasn't in trouble, because that would be actually completely stupid, he was just asked to consider the optics of turning a legendary rivalry on its head overnight without a plan or monetary gain. (His mum had also sent through some questions about it, asking if this was just a one off, and if it wasn't, was he sure it would be a good idea to involve his 'brand' with Rozanov's? Shane knew this was his mum looking out for him, but he hadn't been able to come up with a reply that wasn't angry, sad, or a lie, yet, so he'd just thumbs-up her message and was trying not to feel bad about it.) Farah told management that there was absolutely nothing in Shane's contact that would lead Shane to assume he needed to advise anyone of his inter-team friendships, regardless of outstanding rivalries, and that it was ridiculous to assume Shane could have predicted this situation and/or stopped the public from taking photos and posting them. (Shane kept his mouth very shut during this bit seeing as he had predicted most of the situation, and in fact had orchestrated the most provocative part of it.) Management had conceded that yes, okay, and if Shane could just, perhaps, give them a heads up next time, and they could arrange to post about it officially as well so it would look like a league mandated friendship. Farah had advised him not to agree, because come on, guys, and Shane had shrugged.

So, could have gone better. Management was a little miffed with him. Farah was miffed with management. Miffed with Shane as well for not answering her texts about it for half the day, and also for not replying to his mother, because now Yuna was messaging her about it too.

Practice was more bearable today because he had Ilya Rozanov in his phone sending him stupid things, and asking for phone calls, and missing him loud enough that Shane didn't feel alone in it.

He could grit his teeth through a few hours of Anders and Bouch coming up with increasingly stupid ideas of how Shane should have turned the Bears down when asked to hang out. Could roll his eyes at Comeau leering and telling him he should get Lily a muzzle. Could keep it together to ignore all of this and direct everyone through a pretty good practice game, a new power play formation, and then some possibly a little evil timed speed skates because he was pissed off at them. And because it was good for them. Mostly the pissed off thing though.

While they were still peeling themselves off the ice afterwards, Shane changed out at speed (he would win this speed trail too, if it was timed). He was meeting up with Rose for an early dinner - she had a night shoot, and he had a phone call - and now that she knew about Ilya, and knew so much about Shane as well, he felt like she was the best person to talk to about how to try and talk to Ilya without freaking him out. She knew more about him in regards to this than Hayden did, which Shane felt like Hayden would feel hurt by, but would also appreciate not knowing so much if he knew what it was he wasn't knowing. Whatever.

-

**TO
Lily**

Going out with Rose for dinner tonight-

Just so you don't see photos online and get jealous-

FROM Lily_____

-i would not do this, i am not metro

*-you are allowed to have friends who are
not me*

-weird you would want to but ok

**TO
Lily**

Asshole-

You like Rose-

FROM Lily_____

-she is fine

-i like her more now she knows you are gay

**TO
Lily**

My team thinks Lily is jealous of Rose-

And that's why I'm covered in bites-

FROM Lily

*-did you tell them you are covered in bites
only because you are very tasty?*

*-and also because you like to be chased
like prey and devoured by sexybeast ilya?*

**TO
Lily**

Yes obviously i told them exactly that.-

No. I told them there's no jealousy-

Because I'm only friends with Rose-

They don't seem to believe that bit, though.-

Being only friends with her.-

*Gossip articles are worse. That's why I wanted
to give you a heads up. I know there'll be some
article talking about it, and Connors keeps
sending me things about a possible film Rose
will be doing in Boston next year, so, like, IDK?-*

FROM Lily

-ok

*-i promise i will not start imagining you and
rose landry having boring straight sex*

**TO
Lily**

:/-

If I asked, she'd probably buy a strap.-

*Could even get one with a double slot, so she
could fuck me with two dicks at once.-*

FROM Lily_____

-no

-do not

-i will get strap to attach extra dick

-she would not be able to fuck you like i can

*-too small. you need big muscle to get hard
fuck*

**TO
Lily**

I mean, if I rode the strap, I'd control how hard.-

FROM Lily_____

-Shanya

-.(((((((

**TO
Lily**

Ilyushka.-

I am gay.-

WE are exclusive.-

The only cock I am going to ride is yours.-

FROM Lily_____

-when ar eyou leaving for dinner?

*-i want to hesr you say that to me while
yuu are moaning*

**TO
Lily**

I'm parked outside now.-

Sorry, I'm already running late-

FROM Lily_____

-fuck

-

“You are so flushed,” Rose greeted him, when the waitress showed him to their table, same place as last time, with their fish barricade. “Did you run here?”

She stood to hug him, and he hugged her back quickly before sitting down heavily, and running a hand over his face.

“No, sorry,” he said, could feel the heat emanating from his face. “I just - I was texting with Lily.”

Rose’s eyebrows rose, and she smiled, delighted. “Oh my,” she said, “were you seriously sexting in your car and that’s why you’re late?”

“No,” Shane said, thought it through, Rose laughed at him. “A little. Not really. I didn’t mean to, it just got, y’know. Heated. But I said I had to go, I’m just still, like.”

“Turned on,” Rose supplied. “He’s good with his words, huh?”

“He is,” Shane shrugged, grabbed his water glass and the carafe, and filled his glass, and then topped up Rose’s water as well before taking a quick gulp. “But. It’s just him. He could probably just stand there and I’d get turned on.”

Rose was still grinning, but she was looking him up and down now as well, as if searching for something on him, about him. “Wow,” she said.

“Yeah,” Shane agreed. Still felt flustered, but more settled now. He’d managed to avoid having to hide an erection, thank god, his cheeks just liked to ruin his life with how easily they flushed sometimes. “So, how are you?”

“Oh, I’m good,” Rose said, smiled at him, much more restrained than before. “Honestly, my life is kind of boring right now. I’m filming all day every day it feels like, and then I’m mostly sleeping or working out. I’m living vicariously through you right now!”

“Oh god,” Shane snorted, “I’m the worst person to live vicariously through - boring is practically my middle name.”

“No way,” Rose shot back, rolling her eyes. “You are so - do you know you look different?”

“Huh?” Shane shifted back in his seat a little, glanced down at himself. Button down, normal slacks. He had brushed his hair back like normal. “To what?”

“To last time I saw you,” Rose waved one hand, “it’s not a physical thing, exactly.”

“Okay,” Shane narrowed his eyes, “so what, how do I look different if nothing is physically different?”

“You look happy,” Rose said, simple. She shrugged one shoulder, and took a sip of her water, smiled at him. “And like - like you put something heavy down.”

Shane swallowed. Had never thought he looked unhappy, or at least not so much that it would be an obvious change when he was actually feeling happy. “Oh,” he said. “I think - I think I didn’t know,” he said, slowly, fiddled with the edge of the menu. Already knew he would be getting the same as last time. “Like, that I wasn’t happy?”

“Oh,” Rose echoed, then reached across the table and took his hand in hers. “That’s pretty fucking sad, babe.”

“Shut up,” Shane said, found himself inexplicably grinning, and she smiled back at him. “I’m not - this isn’t just about Lily,” he said. Cleared his throat. “It’s about - I still don’t know how to word it properly. But. Since we talked, you and me, Rose. I’ve been feeling like - like - okay, so. I couldn’t-” he cut himself off with a groan, rubbed his free hand against his face again.

“Take your time,” Rose said, sounded amused. “We can always edit in post.”

“Haha,” Shane said, rolled his eyes. “I’m trying to say thank you. For helping me, like, stop trying to force myself to be someone I wasn’t.”

“I mean,” Rose grimaced at him, “you don’t need to thank me for that, babe. I was happy to help, and I’m still so - it’s great getting to keep you as a friend and see you, like, well. Be happy.”

They squeezed each other’s hands, smiled at each other. The waitress chose this moment to interrupt and take their orders. Shane instituted a strick one bottle of wine rule for the table, and also ordered a ginger ale.

“Okay, continue telling me all about your wondrous gay growth,” Rose instructed, once she had her glass of wine in hand.

Shane rolled his eyes again, shook his head. “You make it sound like a - a tumor or something gross.”

“You’re gross.”

“Very mature,” he said, and then laughed when she poked her tongue out at him. “Okay. So -”

TO
Lily

*Hayd wants to know if you want to get dinner when
we're in Boston for the game. Thoughts?-*

FROM Lily_____

-he knows i will not sleep with him, yes?

TO
Lily

Yeah because he definitely wants that.-

*I think the only way you would get him to sleep
with you is if you convinced him it was
homophobic not to.-*

FROM Lily_____

-hmmmmm

-nah not a challenging enough pull

-we can get dinner yes

-he wants to give me bff spade talk?

TO
Lily

Shovel talk. I don't think so?-

FROM Lily_____

-would be fair, i offered to kill him too

TO
Lily

Let's just not tell him that bit.-

FROM Lily_____

-no fun

-you are home?

TO
Lily

Just got in-

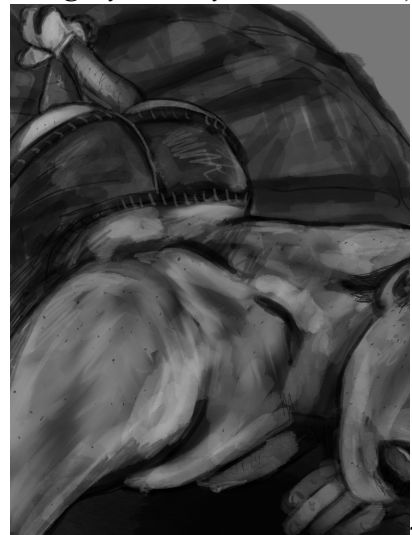
Are you free?-

FROM Lily

*-i am actually very expensive. if you want to
match what bears pay me i might consider
your offer*

TO
Lily

*[PHOTO ATTACHMENT](image is a selfie of
Shane, taken from above. He's lying on his
stomach on his bed, ass lifted slightly. He is
Wearing Ilya's very short shorts.)*



My offer :-)

FROM Lily

- accepted.

TO
Lily

[OUTGOING CALL]-

-

“Rose did not fuck you good enough?” Ilya asked, the moment he picked up the call. “You are still needing my cock?”

Shane laughed, far too fond over the tinge of real jealousy he could hear in the edges of Ilya’s joke. “You know she didn’t,” he said. “You know I do.”

“I do,” Ilya repeated, “you are only ever slut for my cock, yes?”

“Yes,” Shane exhaled, and then had to take another deep breath and focus. “Wait.”

“Wait?”

“If we have phone sex now we might be too, like, fucked out to talk after,” Shane said quickly. “I want to actually talk to you. I mean, I want to have phone sex too, but, i think we should talk first.”

Ilya swallowed audibly, and his hesitation was loud in Shane’s ear.

“Let’s switch to video chat,” Shane suggested, wanted to see Ilya, wanted Ilya to see him. “Okay?”

Another loud hesitation. “Okay,” Ilya said.

Shane rolled over, and then shuffled up so he could sit against his headboard, angling his phone to show just his chest and face as he switched to video.

Ilya appeared on his screen. Shane could see him from the shoulders up, and from what he could see of the shoulders, Ilya appeared to be wearing a Centaur’s coloured jumper. He was also wearing a tense sort of smile, like he was attempting to look normal and thought he was

succeeding, but... yikes. Shane understood. He had seen himself wearing very similar smiles in photoshoots plenty of times.

"Ilyushka," Shane said, loved to say it. Loved to see the way it softened something in Ilya's posture every time he heard it. "This still isn't a break up."

The edges of Ilya's smile quivered, and then broke as he exhaled, lips puffing out with it. "I know," he said eventually. "Could still be bad."

Shane honestly didn't know if it would be bad. What he wanted to say. Couldn't tell Ilya it wasn't.

"Can I just, just tell you," he asked, staring at Ilya on his phone like if he stared hard enough he could manifest him in the room. "And then we can decide if it's bad or not."

"Joint project," Ilya said. Nodded once, sharp. "I am listening."

It had helped to talk it through with Rose earlier. He felt like he knew what he was trying to say, now. Mostly. What he wanted. What he thought he could live with. What he didn't think he could live without. Knowing this clearer didn't make it less scary to say. Didn't add an extra implant of bravery. Didn't stop his voice from shaking.

"I want to come out," he said. Winced at the words coming out of his mouth, even though he had braced for them. "I'm - I'm fucking terrified at just the idea of coming out, but I also - I can't keep living like I have been. Because I've been so - so scared of just being. I think? And when I think about - about my life, it's hard to - to find parts where I'm actually. Happy. I think maybe I'm really unhappy. I just thought this was how it was, so I - I didn't think there was any point in changing anything."

Ilya was so still and silent on the video that Shane worried for a moment that the video was frozen, or dropped, and Ilya had missed everything Shane had said. Except then he saw the tear drip off the corner of Ilya's jaw.

“You are unhappy,” Ilya said, a few long moments later, his words slow and heavy like he had dragged them out of himself.

“Not, not right,” Shane said quickly. “I mean in general. The way I’ve been living.”

Ilya nodded, once, and then twice, looked away from the camera, his forehead furrowed. “Living in secret,” he said. “Is making you unhappy.”

“Yeah,” Shane said, because that was definitely a large part of it.

“I make you unhappy,” Ilya said, still looking offscreen. It looked like he was sitting in the lounge, on his couch. Probably he was staring at the wall. “I have been making you unhappy.”

“No,” Shane shook his head hard. “No, that’s not - that’s not what I mean.”

“No,” Ilya shook his head as well, still wasn’t looking at his phone at all. “You are unhappy, being in, ah, drawer. Cupboard. Dresser. I have been - been having you in secret. Sneaking you around. Calling you *Jane*. I have -”

“Ilya,” Shane cut in. He wanted to shake his phone to get Ilya’s attention, but it wouldn’t work if he wasn’t fucking looking. “You make me so fucking happy, idiot. You are why - part of why I realised I wasn’t happy with everything else. I spent two days with you, being me, and I - I was happy. Consistently.”

Ilya looked at him now, cheeks wet. “Consistency?”

“All the time,” Shane said, then, “what I’m saying, is that, like, when I look at my life. Back and forwards. It’s just been. Like. This grey thing. A calendar. And there are bright spots, hockey games, and family things, and seeing you. But it’s not - it’s not enough. I don’t think.”

“No,” Ilya cleared his throat. “I do not want you living grey life.”

Shane nodded, bit his lip. “I do really love hockey,” he said, “I’m not - and I know I have it really good. I’m not - I’m trying not to complain. I have a job I really enjoy, and I get to play, it’s just. Just.”

“Grey,” Ilya said. Sniffed. “So you want - um. You want to come out. To world? Or, or to few people?”

“Ideally just a few people,” Shane said, smiled wryly, “but I’m not - I’m not trying to kid myself. I know it’ll leak. Not from like, my family, or close friends, but. I want to tell my team. I want to be able to just like, speak about my life as my life, not in code.”

Ilya nodded. Swiped at his face. “Yes,” he said. “You think your team will... be okay?”

“No,” Shane found himself choking out a laugh. “No, not at all, I’m - I’m so scared about it, but. It’s so much of my life, being with them, and that’s where I think I feel worse a lot of the time. When we’re not playing hockey, but just around them. Being their captain and not me.”

“Is very hard,” Ilya agreed. “Are you - um - this will be soon?”

“No,” Shane sighed. “I don’t know, actually. Part of me wants to just do it now. Get it done. Handle the fall out. But - but that’s not fair to, like, my agent, or my parents, or my team even. It would be a - maybe not a scandal - but at least kind of... big news.”

“Very big,” Ilya said. “First out hockey player is famous Shane Hollander.”

“Don’t remind me,” Shane winced. “It’s not - this is selfish, but I’m not doing this to make like, a statement. I don’t want to be the first. I just want to be happy.”

“I get it,” Ilya assured him. He looked so sad that Shane’s hand twitched like he could reach into the screen and touch his face. “So - so we will still have some time?”

“Some time?” Shane frowned at him.

Ilya made an odd gesture, looked a little like he was trying to do a dismissive little wave, and then changed his mind half way through. Wiped at his face again, jaw clenched. “You do not want code names,” he said, “or secrets. And you know I cannot be - I have a Russian passport, and a sick father. I would be a code name if you kept me. So, so we have a little more time before there is spotlight on you and you leave me behind.”

The way Ilya said it sounded like he was reading from a script, like he’d been handed an info sheet on exactly what was going to happen. He sounded so matter of fact.

“I don’t want to leave you behind,” Shane said. “I don’t - this isn’t - I don’t need you to come out, this isn’t like. I don’t know. An ultimatum. Come out or we’re done. It’s not that. It’s - it’s fair warning, I guess. About, like you said, the spotlight. I want to keep you, Ilya. I just - I want to keep you, it’s just that I know it’ll be more of a risk for you. When I come out.”

A long silence. Ilya exhaling low and long. Sniffing.

“Okay,” he said. Looked at Shane through the camera. “Maybe we - maybe we talk about this more when we are together in person, hm?”

Swallowing hard, Shane nodded. “Okay.”

“You’re being so brave, malysh,” Ilya said, quiet. “I am very - very impressed with you.”

“I haven’t done anything, yet,” Shane said, scoffed. “I might chicken out.”

“You’re not a chicken,” Ilya said. “You are Shane fucking Hollander.”

Shane laughed a little. Ilya still looked sad. “Are you okay?”

“Yes,” Ilya shrugged, sighed when he saw Shane’s sceptical expression. “Maybe not so okay. Scared, maybe. Missing you. I think, maybe, distance is homophobic. I should be able to see you much easier, to give you kisses for saying so many brave things to me.”

“I wish you were here too,” Shane said. “I’ve been wanting to just talk to you all day. Texting is awful when I got used to just talking. And touching.”

“How is your hole?” Ilya asked, not entirely apropos of nothing, but still. “Sore?”

“Uh,” Shane rolled his eyes, couldn’t stop himself from grinning though, a familiar curl of lust heating his stomach. “A bit. It’s fine, though. Healed enough. What were you thinking?”

Ilya shrugged, rubbed at his nose, and then at his lips. “That you would not be able to ride Rose Landry satisfactorily enough for you, I think her arms are too small to reach around your big ass to give it a good smack.”

Shane snorted, “Maybe I’d ride reverse cowboy,” he said, “and then it’s right there for her.”

“No,” Ilya narrowed his eyes. “You want ride?”

“Um, I mean. Yeah.”

“Okay,” Ilya pursed his lips, like he was thinking, and then nodded. “Get pillow, towel, and dildo. Pike one, maybe, so your poor hole is not doing too much work.”

“You have to stop calling it the Pike dildo,” Shane said, getting up and off the bed to fetch the NOT PIKE dildo, “or I’ll start calling it that too, and then we’ll both be mad that I’m thinking

about Hayden while you're trying to fuck me."

"Makes you laugh," Ilya pointed out, "and I think I get your mind off him easy enough."

"You do," Shane conceded, dropped the dildo on the bed, and then went to go fetch a towel. "I should buy a waterproof blanket, or something. So I'm not constantly washing towels and worrying they'll soak through."

"Mm, good idea," Ilya said, "I should get too, so we can fuck until we fall asleep and then do not have to remake bed."

"Yeah," Shane shoved two blankets under his arm, made his way back to the bed. "Okay. Now what?"

Ilya explained his vision, nice and simple, and Shane arranged the pillow, covered by both towels for safety, and then straddled it, dildo in hand, lube by his knee, Ilya on his phone held up against the top of the headboard so he could see Shane.

"Very good," Ilya said, "pity you do not have Rose Landry's strap, you could have used to attach dildo to pillow. Now you just have to hold it steady yourself."

"Pity you're not here to fuck me yourself," Shane retorted, "I want to ride you so bad."

"One week and you'll be back on my cock," Ilya said, and then he was readjusting his phone so he could pan down his body to show his other hand around his cock, pulled out of his sweat pants, palming it languidly. "I will bring you home from game and put you in my lap and you keep there, i think," he said, slow. "Finger yourself for me, Shanya, get yourself ready for me."

"Yeah, okay," Shane nodded, swapped the dildo out for the lube by his knee and slicked his fingers up clumsily, one handed so he could keep the phone steady, his eyes on Ilya and Ilya's hand moving slow and steady. He sat up higher on his knees so he could easier reach between

his legs to press his wet fingertips against his taint, and then to rub over the pucker of his hole. He was still slightly tender - more of an internal ache - but nothing so bad enough to stop him from moaning at just the touch, coupled with the idea of Ilya waiting for him.

“So hot, malysh,” Ilya murmured, “so good for me. So easy for me, you love it so much, hm?”

“I do,” Shane agreed, panting a little as he pressed his middle finger into himself, slow but unflinchingly to the second knuckle, ground down against it. “Fuck, I do, I love it. I love being your hole. I love you wanting my hole. I loved your stupid meme dick pic. I - ah -” he cut himself off, moaning again when he pushed his second finger in, the stretch a vague burn made hot by memories flooding through Shane’s mind of being on his stomach in Ilya’s bed, Ilya’s fingers deep inside him, tongue licking in to him. “I love you eating me out,” he panted, pumped his fingers in and out of himself. He brought the phone closer to his face so he could see Ilya’s dick better. “I love your cock.”

“Fuck, sweetheart,” Ilya groaned, “so horny for me. Move phone back, baby, I want to see you riding your fingers as well as your pretty face.”

“Hard to show both,” Shane said, but held the phone out against the headboard again, tilting it down so show as much of him as possible, but specifically where his hips were tilted up and his hand was moving underneath himself. “Like this?”

“Perfect, Shanya,” Ilya praised, his words dropping heavy into Shane’s cock. “Are you ready for toy? Ready to pretend you are riding me for real?”

“Yeah,” Shane said, sad and eager at the same time to remove his fingers from his hole and to reach for the dildo. “Tell me more about - about after the game.”

Ilya grinned at him, wide and cocky. “So eager, malysh,” he teased, but nodded, and gave Shane what he wanted anyway. “You liked what we did on my couch, last time,” he said, watching intently as Shane maneuvered on his knees, reaching around himself to find the best spot to hold the dildo from. “Liked when I sat you down slow on my cock, hm?”

“Yeah,” Shane breathed, held the dildo still, and tilted his hips until he felt the cool slicked tip of it press against his hole, sliding up his crack, and then, tilting his hips back a little more, pressing against him and pushing inside easily. “Loved it.”

“Made you feel every inch,” Ilya breathed, “you take so easy, baby, like you’re made for it, hm?”

“I am,” Shane said, wanted to be, for Ilya. Kept his hand in place, his arm angled behind him, brought his ass down flush against the pillow, dildo all the way inside. “Fuck, I wish this was you-”

“Is me,” Ilya said, firm. “You are in my lap, Shanya, holding me in you, doing so well, squeezing me so tight.”

Shane blinked at Ilya on his screen, narrowed his mind down to just Ilya, to just the feel of the toy in him, the spread of his legs.

“Roll your hips for me,” Ilya instructed. He moved his camera up now, so Shane could only see his torso and face, because his cock was in Shane. “Ride me slow, hm?”

“We don’t have to be gentle,” Shane said, doing as he was told anyway, bit at his lip. Wanted to be holding on to Ilya’s broad shoulders, feeling his muscles shift, smelling his sweat. “You can fuck me hard, baby, I can take it.”

“We do that later,” Ilya said, “I want you like this right now, Shanya, want you to be patient for me.”

“Okay,” Shane breathed, kept moving his hips slow, fluid, letting the dildo rub gently against his prostate, not hitching his hips into the press of it, breathing through the want. “Tell me more, I want to know more.”

Ilya's mouth was open, lips wet, tongue resting on his lower lip, and he just looked at Shane and breathed for a few long seconds, his arm moving slow, hand out of view. "I would do this," he said. "How we are now. Make you take it so slow, not enough, hm? Keep you on me, teasing you with my cock so deep in you and still not enough, until you are begging for more. You would beg?"

"Yeah," Shane said, far too easily, the shame so hot inside him it felt shameless. "I will."

"Show me," Ilya ordered.

"Please," Shane bit out, "please, please, Ilyushka, fuck, I need you so bad, I need you to fuck me, I need you, please--"

"Fuck," Ilya grunted, his shoulder jerking, a tendon in his neck popping. "Fuck, Shanya you turn me on so much, you almost make me come, so fucking hot when you beg like this, say my name like this."

Letting himself beg had pushed the want in Shane's body up to what felt like more than 100%, each rock of his hips of not enough was a sharp shock to his system, and his eyes pricked wet like he'd been here for much longer than he had.

"You make me like this," he gasped out. "Fuck - I really do need you to fuck me, Ilyushka," he said. "Please - please - you can hold me down and make me take it when I'm with you, please can I ride your cock now - I want to come so bad -"

Ilya swore long and loud in Russian, his head dropping back, the tendon in his neck still standing out, his adam's apple bobbing. "Fuck, yes, yes, ride me," he panted, when he lifted his head back up to look dark eyed into the camera. "Make yourself come for me, malysh," he said, "fuck yourself."

He still had to hold a somewhat awkward position to keep the dildo in place, but with permission to actually move, Shane's body relaxed into easy movement, riding the pillow, the dildo, eyes squeezing shut as he thrust himself down and down and down, fucking against his prostate, no hand free to jerk himself off. Ilya kept speaking to him, voice low and hot,

slipping in and out of Russian, and then into cursing when Shane came, shuddering and biting down on moans.

-

You rated Lily

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - **meh** - good - great - excellent

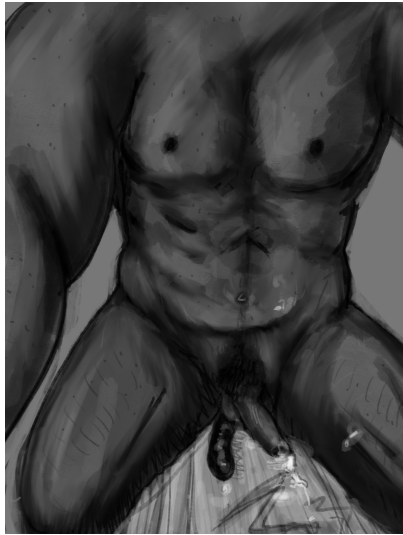
FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

I already miss kissing you. I can't wait until I'm back in your lap for real. I loved how you told me what to do, making it clear but also really hot. This is only four stars because I think I'm too used to having you for real that anything less automatically just feels, well, less. I'm sorry for scaring you with wanting to come out. Thank you for being supportive. If you don't want me to, I won't. I want to keep you. You make me happy. I can find a way to be happy like this if I get to keep you.

[PHOTO ATTACHMENT]

(Image is a selfie on Shane, chest down, straddling the pillow, the dildo is lying between his legs, next to his softening cock, come on the pillow.)



-

Lily has rated you

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - **meh** - good - great - excellent

FOREPLAY - meh - good - **great** - excellent

COMMENT

scary talks do not make good foreplay, but you are sexy as fuck so still works. i will keep you on my lap and kiss you forever next time.

[PHOTO ATTACHMENT]

(image is a photo of two toothbrushes sitting next to the sink, bristles turned towards each other.)



Chapter 18: ILYA

Chapter Notes

because a few people have been asking - yes i do all the drawings! they're all in black and white so they can be quick drawings so i don't burn out on doing them. i use a mix of porn, photos of HR actors, and photos of myself as reference images :)

also i have loved getting the so many comments that just said 'toothbrushes' - i have been showing my wife every time because it makes me so happy :)))) thank you so much to all of you commenting and interacting with me and my fic!

**TO
Jane**

you cant hide that in the app-

[OUTGOING CALL]-

[CALL ENDED 0 MINUTES 0 SECONDS]-

i dont want you staying fucking grey for me-

I am not enough-

-

FROM Jane

-Sorry I was in the shower

-I wasn't trying to hide it, I just wanted it said.

-[INCOMING CALL]

-[CALL ENDED 0 MINUTES 0 SECONDS]

-Nothing needs to be decided right now

-

TO
Jane

this time i was in shower-

ok.-

FROM Jane _____

-Do you want to talk about it more now?

TO
Jane

i want to wait until you are here-

easier.-

FROM Jane _____

-Yeah, okay.

-Can I stay with you?

TO
Jane

yes. obviously. you have toothbrush here.-

FROM Jane _____

-Thank you x

-That was a cute photo

-I almost felt bad about sending a horny one.

TO
Jane

ah ah never feel bad for horny photo-

i feel bad for not sending you a horny one-

*maybe a little hard even for yoyu to jerk off to
toothbrushes-*

FROM Jane _____

-What the fuck does that mean?

-EVEN ME

*-I was going to say you should update
your tip pic but don't do that actually*

-I like to see it.

**TO
Jane**

because you are sooo horny-

all the time-

*how many times a day are you looking at
tip pic???*

FROM Jane _____

-A normal amount

-Fuck off.

**TO
Jane**

;-)

FROM Jane _____

-Can i say something else scary?

-Not scary scary

**TO
Jane**

i am brave boy say your scary words-

FROM Jane _____

-I think it's just scary for me, this time.

-I'm going to tell my parents that I'm gay.

-And that I want to come out.

TO
Jane

you think they will not be supportive?-

FROM Jane _____

-I think they will be.

*-But they've put in a lot of effort to get me
where I am now. I don't want them to think
I don't appreciate it. Or that I'm not happy.*

TO
Jane

you are not happy-

FROM Jane _____

-I mean, yeah, but.

-I don't want them to think it's their fault.

TO
Jane

they love you yes?-

FROM Jane _____

-Yes.

TO
Jane

it will be okay-

they will want you to be happy-

FROM Jane _____

-Are you happy?

TO
Jane

i think i do not know how to answer this-

FROM Jane _____

-A yes or no would work

**TO
Jane**

yes or no-

FROM Jane _____

-.:/

**TO
Jane**

you should be sleeping-

past your bedtime-

*sooner you sleep sooner tomorrow comes,
sooner you come to boston and come-*

FROM Jane _____

-Fine. I'm following up in Boston.

**TO
Jane**

following me up stairs to bed ;-)-

FROM Jane _____

-Are you going to sleep now, too?

**TO
Jane**

yes-

FROM Jane _____

-Are you okay? At least?

**TO
Jane**

yes, malysh-

goodnight-

FROM Jane _____

-goodnight x

**TO
Jane**

x-

-

Svetlana called him the following morning, before he'd managed to drag himself out of bed, and he answered the phone without bothering to unmash his face from his pillow.

"Hello, Svetchka," he rasped, "is it early or late for you?"

"It's nearly eight," Svetlana replied, arch, "I've been awake since six. Is that Jane in your tip pic?"

"Um," Ilya said, rolled out of his pillow. "Yes."

A short pause over the phone, though he could hear her drawing in a deep breath and releasing it through her teeth. It whistled a little, and she only did it like that when she was stressed. He waited, felt like every single one of his muscles had tensed.

"Jane is a man," Svetlana said, "Or?"

"Jane is a man," he clarified.

Reminded himself he had permission to talk about this. To tell Svetlana who Jane was. Marly knew, this would be fine as well. But Svetlana knew him better than Marly, knew his pit falls more intimately.

Another pause. The faint whistle of stressed air through teeth.

“Shane Hollander,” she said. “Is sucking your cock as your tip pic.”

Ilya's first instinct was to look for cameras, which was a stupid instinct. He floundered, one hand physically flopping out to grasp at nothing. *“What?”*

“Is it Shane Hollander?”

“Yes,” Ilya shook his head, “but how the hell do you know that?”

She sighed, like he was the one saying the unexpected things right now. *“Jane was with the Metros,” she explained, slow like he had a concussion. “For a woman I think you have less high standards? Not bad, just - but for a man he has to be worth it, hm? To keep having around all this time, and to be connected to a team you don't like. You wouldn't be like this for any one, he would have to be very good, and the best player is Hollander.”*

Ilya glared up at his ceiling. She wasn't entirely wrong, probably. He didn't think he would bother with working so hard to keep up a hook up over this many years with so many obstacles if it was anyone other than Shane. But then again, he didn't think he would have fallen in love with anyone else. Couldn't even imagine it. He liked the people he hooked up with - more often than not - but he always knew it was lust not love. He was desired, not wanted. He wasn't made for more, wasn't enough for more. Had expected to stay a bachelor, or maybe to marry a friend in the future, just for an excuse to share a home with someone, to have a family. Love - romantic love - hadn't factored into his future plans for years and years, before Shane.

“Best player on the Metros,” he managed to say. “I am best player.”

She laughed at him, which was kind of rude while she was also making him have a highly stressful phone conversation as his literal wake up call. He swore at her under his breath, and she laughed a little more, swore back at him.

“So,” she started, her voice much kinder now. “Ah, no wonder your dick would not stand attention to my pussy anymore, huh? I’m entirely the wrong shape.”

“I didn’t stop liking women, you asshole,” Ilya grumbled. “It is not like other men were turning me on.”

“No, exactly,” Svetlana said, not sounding at all offended. “No one else is Shane shaped, hm? And he is important enough to be part of your tip pic. I’ve never been on there.”

“Why are you looking at the app anyway?” Ilya hissed, “We have not had sex recently. Not since you gave me the false one star review to fuck me over.”

“Aw, did it get you in trouble with your high achieving boyfriend? He gets turned off when you perform badly?”

Honestly, probably. “No. And he always rates me truthfully, so my score is at five again.”

“I noticed, because I was looking to check your score,” Svetlana said, her voice sharpened now. “Because I have not heard from your properly for too long. I thought, well, probably he is busy fucking his Metros girl, so I checked the app, and then I saw the picture and, well. You were ignoring me for Shane Hollander, and you didn’t even invite me over to say hi to him? You know I think he is so cool.”

“You think he is much cooler than he is,” Ilya sighed. Felt... relieved. Bereft as well, maybe. He wasn’t sure how he felt. He had slept so badly, turning Shane’s words over and over in his head. Thinking about the way Shane had laid it all out so clearly and still didn’t seem to see the flaw in his plan. “He is so boring, Sveta.”

“Sure,” she said, and he pictured her rolling her eyes at him. “He is boring, and yet you are in love with him?”

“I never said this,” Ilya retorted quickly. “Maybe he is just amazing fuck.”

“Do you? Love him?”

Ilya considered lying. It would be useful though, to have a few more people in the know about why he was crashing out further down the line when Shane broke up with him. Ended their arrangement. He kept saying break up, and it wouldn't even be a break up. He wouldn't stop being a boyfriend, or a partner, he would just...stop. Maybe he could even tell Svetlana about how he knew it was coming. How he was so scared, and sad, even though he wanted Shane to be happy, and he was...proud of Shane for deciding to come out, to live a life that didn't make him feel awful.

“Yes,” he said. “I am in so much trouble. I was not supposed to love him so much.”

“Trouble? You think someone knows about you two? If it gets out we can work it out, Ilyusha. You can't be deported for this, and we'd work out how to keep you here.”

“If it gets out,” Ilya said, hating how optimistic she sounded, how easy she made it sound. “I will not be safe to go back to Russia where my father is dying, Sveta. You know this. I cannot - I cannot do my duties from America. Shane wants to come out. He wants to tell people. About him.” The words kept escaping out of his mouth, even though he hadn't decided he would tell her everything.

“And it will be so difficult for him, and I will support him. But eventually it will be easy again, and he will see how - how there is a whole world out there who still loves him even when he lets them see who he is. And so many men who would be better for him than me, and who can be with him in public. Maybe even some who can fuck him almost as good. I think he will be so nice about it, too, when he tells me we are finished. He says he wants to keep me, now, but that is only because he hasn't seen what else he could have. I want him to be happy, and he is not happy right now, so the happier he gets with everything else, the sooner he will see that I am just another thing that makes him unhappy.”

Svetlana was quiet for the space of three whistling exhales, and then she spoke much too gently, like Ilya was a fucking feral kitten, caught in a fence, starving. *“Ilyushenka,”* she soothed. *“You sound fucking insane. You think you are psychic now? You think you are fated to have unhappy endings? I am coming over. I know you have a game tonight - I am coming to it - and until then I am coming over to sit on top of you if need be, until you stop saying things that sound like you're reading a script for the saddest fucking movie ever. Order something tasty for brunch. I want pastries.”*

Then she hung up.

-

**TO
Jane**

*i think maybe sveta is a witch-
she saw tip pic and after she asked if jane is man
she guessed jane is you-
i took pic down-
sorry if you were wanting to jerk off to it-
she is mad i did not introduce you earlier-
she thinks you are cool-
do not worry i told her she is wrong-*

FROM Jane

-Oh wow

-How??

-I was barely in the photo?

**TO
Jane**

*she knew jane was connected to metros-
and said if i was fucking a man on metros it would
have to be best metro-
she did not figure out from your face-*

FROM Jane

*-Okay that's a crazy assumption she made
and then somehow got right.*

-Why did you take the photo down then?

-No one else is going to connect it.

**TO
Jane**

i think you are thinking only with downstairs brain-

is just in case-

you can see my dick in other photos if you miss him-

FROM Jane

-Why was Svetlana even looking at the app?

**TO
Jane**

*she said i was ignoring her too much so she was
checking to see if my rating was back up-*

to see if i was with you-

or maybe she was lying and missed my dick-

he is very charming-

FROM Jane

-.:/

**TO
Jane**

you are doing team gym today?-

*cannot sneak away to call so i can say hello to
your dick? i miss him-*

also your hole-

no word on when he returns from war still :(-

FROM Jane

-You are ridiculous

*-Yes I'm with the team, no I can't sneak
away to have phone sex with you.*

-They're only just calming the fuck down.

-I have to go out with them tonight.

-BBQ and then bar for a drink.

-Sometimes the price of friendship is too fucking high.

-At least we all agreed home before ten because of the game tomorrow.

**TO
Jane**

bbq is at least yummy?-

unless you are eating only salad?-

FROM Jane

-Pat is hosting and he always fucking burns the fuck out of everything. Or undercooks it. IDK why we still let him host.

-The salad is just the safest option.

**TO
Jane**

you are captain you could enforce no pat bbq-

take team to bbq restaurant-

FROM Jane

-IDK if it's wise to rock the boat right now.

-I know I've been complaining about them a lot recently but they're still my team. My friends. And I'm going to throw a curve ball at them sometime soon.

-I kind of just want to build up some more good will, show them I'm still dedicated.

**TO
Jane**

you call these idiots friends?-

*did not seem like they were teasing you in friend
ways-*

FROM Jane _____

-That's just the way it is sometimes.

-You know what hockey guys are like.

*-I only tell you the bad bits because I'm
pissed off. It's not all like that.*

**TO
Jane**
sure-

FROM Jane _____

-Do you have plans before your game?

**TO
Jane**

*sveta is coming over-
made me order big fancy brunch-*

FROM Jane _____

-Oh cool.

**TO
Jane**

*she will probably make me talk about you-
so boring-*

FROM Jane _____

-Do you miss fucking her?

**TO
Jane**

*i do not think it would matter if i did-
[PHOTO ATTACHMENT](image is photo of
Ilya's erection grasped loosely through his sweats)-*

he is only ever getting hard for you now



FROM Jane _____

-wtf

-I told you i'm in the gym with my team

-Don't fucking send me pics like that

**TO
Jane**

:(-

FROM Jane _____

-Have fun with Svetlana. I'll talk to you later.

-

"He's probably already figuring out how to end things," Ilya said when Svetlana let herself in and found him in the kitchen, pulling boxes of her favourite pastries from paper bags. "So you can skip your optimistic talk and we can go right to eating pastry and getting drunk."

She rolled her eyes at him from the doorway, shrugged off her jacket, and threw it at him. *"Sound less like you collect concussions for a job," she told him. "It's annoying remembering how stupid you are sometimes."*

"So cruel to me," Ilya bemoaned, catching her jacket, and then dropping it onto one of the stools as the counter. "I am heart broken and my oldest friend can not even summon up a drop of empathy or vodka for me."

“You have a game tonight,” she reminded him, “and a tendency to catastrophise. What could you have possibly done in the hour since we last talked that would have Shane cutting you off?”

Instead of replying verbally, Ilya shoved his phone over the counter, unlocked and still open to Shane’s messages. Probably Shane wouldn’t appreciate his texts being read, but these seemed tame enough. Svetlana looked from him to the phone, and then sighed and crossed to the counter. She dropped herself down on a stool, crossed her legs, and swiped up the phone. Read in silence while he opened the boxes and then fetched plates.

“So you are an idiot,” Svetlana told him, took an apricot tart and bit into it messily. “Were you trying to make him jealous on purpose? Why wouldn’t you just tell him no? You don’t miss fucking me?”

“I told him my dick only gets hard for him!” Ilya protested, gesturing to said dick, “Surely that is more reassuring?”

“So stupid,” Svetlana shook her head, took another messy bite. “And he is mad at you for being mean about his team, yes, and for sending stupid photo while he is in public, but I cannot believe he did not already know you are this annoying and stupid, Ilya. If this is the type of thing he can’t handle, he would not still be here today, hm?”

Ilya picked up a donut and stared at it morosely. Boston cream. He missed Shane.

-

FROM Jane_____

-Good luck for your game tonight.

-We’ll probably put it on the TV at the BBQ

**TO
Jane**

you will be watching then?-

FROM Jane _____

-When I can, yeah.

-When I can't watch live, I always watch later.

-I like watching you play.

**TO
Jane**

i like you watching me play-

FROM Jane _____

-Do you want to make a deal again?

**TO
Jane**

?-

like with plug?-

FROM Jane _____

-Yes.

-Except with more limited actions.

*-I'm not going to be doing anything while
I'm still out with my team.*

*-But I was thinking we could either make
a deal that includes the outcomes of all
of both our games until we see each other
next, so rewards/etc will wait until then.*

*-Or we make deals per game, and have
phone sex.*

*-With things like, if your team wins, I'll video
call wearing the Bears shirt.*

TO
Jane

*I score in first and you wear Bear shirt and nothing
else?-*

FROM Jane_____

- If you win after scoring in first

TO
Jane

I will-

FROM Jane_____

-So cocky.

TO
Jane

If I score in first and do not win?-

FROM Jane_____

-I thought you were going to win?

TO
Jane

i will. but just so we are fair with rules-

FROM Jane_____

*-If you score in first but don't win, I want you
to call me still in your gear and jerk off on
video call so I can see.*

TO
Jane

fuck-

i thought you will be at bbq?-

abd then bar?-

FROM Jane_____

-Oh yeah. Fuck.

-I'll got to the bathroom.

-I won't jerk off yet.

*-Your reward for scoring in first will have
to wait until I get home and video call
back naked so you can watch me
fuck myself.*

**TO
Jane**

on the me dildo?-

FROM Jane _____

-Maybe if you play really good.

**TO
Jane**

and if i win game?-

do i still get to see you fuck yourself?-

FROM Jane _____

-Yes. On the you dildo, in your shirt.

**TO
Jane**

so happy my hole is home from war-

FROM Jane _____

*-We literally had phone sex with a dildo in
my ass last night.*

**TO
Jane**

yes but i did not get to see your hole-

FROM Jane _____

-You only get to see hole if you win.

**TO
Jane**

*well fyuck i was already winning but now
i am killing for win-
i will shed much blood on ice tonight for hole-*

FROM Jane _____

*-Just remember that if you actually get
arrested you will not have your phone
for phone sex and there will be no hole
for you.*

-WTF am I even texting.

-You should be doing warm ups right now.

-I need to go inside to the BBQ

-DONT commit murder to see my hole

**TO
Jane**

:(-

FROM Jane _____

-xxx

**TO
Jane**

xxx-

-

FROM Jane _____

-Holy fuck

-That was an insane shot

*-If you hadn't made it you would be in
so much trouble*

*-I had to leave the room because I got hard
about it.*

-Your fucking face when the camera zoomed in on you.

-

FROM Jane _____

-That looked like it hurt

-stitches?

-

FROM Jane _____

-Pat somehow burned the outside of the chicken literally crunchy black, but when I cut into it it still bled.

-I don't understand.

-Maybe I should get him like, couples cooking classes for him and his wife on their anniversary and play it off as a sweet idea rather than a necessity.

-

**TO
Jane**

i think is good idea, but too late for whole team not to be dying of food poisons for game tomrrow-

only captain on ice, i am sur eyou will still win :-)

FROM Jane _____

-I think most people are not eating the chicken.

-Did you get stitches?

-Are you okay?

**TO
Jane**

two on forehead-

i am fine; will be back on ice for third-

FROM Jane

-Okay good.

-It'd be pretty sad for you to score in first and win the game and still not get your reward :/

**TO
Jane**

i would call while bleeding out to get reward-

last thing i want to see before i die-

your hole-

or your face-

FROM Jane

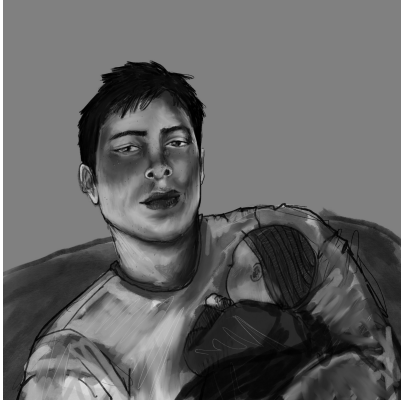
-Fuck off.

-

FROM Jane

-I've been commandeered to hold Marchy's baby because he doesn't stay asleep unless he's being held, and both his parents are playing pool.

*-[PHOTO ATTACHMENT](image is a selfie
Taken from an upper angle of Shane with
a baby asleep on his chest)*



-I haven't held a baby this small since

Jacki and Hayden's girls were little.

-Jacki's pregnant again, though, so I do

*see a lot more babysitting in my near
future.*

-Jacki says hi, btw, andasiuh sdf

*-this is jacki! If you want more photos of
shane holding babies and looking soooo
adorable i am happy to provide. also happy
to provide photos of him dressed up by
toddlers :) :) :) :)*

-

**TO
Jane**

very cuuuuuute-

are you still holding baby?-

FROM Jane

-No, him and his mum just went home.

-We're heading to the bar soon.

TO
Jane

go to bathroom first-

FROM Jane _____

-Why?

TO
Jane

*because i won game yes but i still so badly want to
give you reward and jerk off for you in my gear-*

*i get off rink and so many texts waiting for me from
you and i get hard like reflex-*

i want you to see me -

FROM Jane _____

-fuck okay yes

-we have to be quick

-fuck my earphones are in mycar

-have to be quiet too

TO
Jane

hurrrry uppp-

i still have media after-

need you now-

FROM Jane _____

-[INCOMING VIDEO CALL]

-

“Oh fuck,” Shane huffed out, as their call connected, bringing Shane’s already flushed face onto Ilya’s phone screen. “You already started.”

“You said we need to be quick,” Ilya reminded him, leaning back hard against the cubicle wall, holding his phone out from his body just enough to show his hand around his cock, pulled up out of his gear, pulling it in short hard strokes. “Is this what you wanted to see, malysh?”

Shane just stared, eyes looking unfocused, though Ilya knew it was only because he was staring hard at his own phone screen rather than at the camera, his mouth dropping open as he watched Ilya rub his thumb over his cock-head, his cock jerking in his hand.

“Shanya,” Ilya breathed, couldn’t believe how turned on he was just seeing Shane’s cheeks so pink, his eyes so dark. “You like this? Seeing me so desperate for you? Sweaty and panting and still only wanting you?”

“Yeah,” Shane breathed, voice low and husky. His eyes darted up at the camera for a split second, and then they were back down to where Ilya assumed his cock was on Shane’s screen. “Fuck you look so hot. I want to lick you. I want to suck you off.”

“Such a slut for it,” Ilya bit out, didn’t slow his hand at all even though he wanted to draw it out, keep Shane’s eyes on him like this forever. He needed to finish and wash his hands, and go do media before he was sent for and discovered with his hand down his pants. “You want to be on your knees for me right now? Mouth open? Letting me slide my cock into your pretty wet mouth?”

“Yeah,” Shane nodded, licked his lips, and then let his mouth fall open more, his tongue resting wet against his lower lip like he was waiting to receive Ilya’s cock right now.

“Fuck, malysh,” Ilya hissed. “Want me to fuck into your throat, hm? Hold you down on it until you are shaking? Make you breathe in my sweat?”

“So gross,” Shane mumbled, licked his lips again, “please, please, I want it.”

Ilya groaned, turned his head to try and muffle it against his upper arm. “Want me to come in your mouth? Fill you up with me even more? Have you swallow everything and then lick my cock until I am all clean?”

Shane nodded, small jerking movements, eyes still fixed.

“So good,” Ilya said, swore, “so good to me, Shanya - *fuck* -” he bit out, coming into his hand, having to shift to jerking himself through it with his hand only around his cock-head so he could catch as much come as he could. “Fuck, you are so hot, lyubimyy,” he panted out, “so beautiful. Is everything you wanted?”

“Enough for now,” Shane replied, hoarse. “Fuck, I’m so hard. I have to go back out there.”

“Poor baby,” Ilya teased, still holding his softening cock in one very messy hand. “You want a hand now?”

“No time,” Shane shook his head. “I have to go out. I’ll - I’ll let you know when I’m home? And we can call again if you’re home.”

“I will not stay out very late,” Ilya promised. “Not when I have prize waiting.”

-

After they hung up, Ilya wiped himself down the best he could with toilet paper, and then washed his hands thoroughly. Made it back to the locker room with (probably) no one the wiser, and then LeClaire immediately poked his head through and asked him to come do media. He was on fire tonight, amazing timing. He was still riding the high of his first goal, even though LeClaire had rolled his eyes at him and said he could do with a little less showboating every so often, and it had carried him through a great game for the Bears, into an amazing orgasm with Shane, and a fantastic mood now as he sat down in front of the reporters.

He answered the first few questions easily enough - all game focused. A few more questions about how his team felt about him taking risks like his first goal, which he answered with mostly bragging and a little bit of explaining of how he only took risks when he was sure they would pay out, or at least would not hurt his team. A few questions about other goals. And then, of course, a question he had been ignoring from interviewers in his email and via his agent. He did not want to do a full interview about this, because he would not be able to say much of anything, but right here and now, he did not need to give them much, but he could give them something. Wanted to give Shane something.

“A lot of rumours swirling around about you, lately, Rozanov,” the reporter began. “You’ve always been known as a bit of a ladies man, so it was quite surprising last week when you implied you might have just one lady locking you down. Is your *lover* waiting at home for you to reward you for a game well played again? And is she why you’ve been playing so fiercely in your last couple of games?”

Ilya glanced over at Julee who was overseeing the questions today, and she rolled her eyes, so he grinned back at her and took it as permission.

“Ah,” he said, leaning back in his chair. “My sweetheart, yes, my favourite topic. We are not in same city tonight, but I will still be getting my... reward when I call to say goodnight. Is good for morale, yes? Having your baby watch you play.”

“She’s your favourite topic? Do we get to hear anything more about this lovely lady? We have heard from many women over the years that you are notoriously not a *long term* romance option.”

“My sweetheart is not a fan of attention,” Ilya said, “not like this. So, I will keep information secret.”

“And I think, unless there are any more relevant game questions,” Julee added, standing up and addressing the crowd, “we’re done for the night.”

“Man, cap,” Hammers called, when Ilya came back into the locker room and finally started removing his fucking stinking gear. “You are down so fucking bad for Jane, huh? I have never heard you call anyone a sweetheart before!”

“He calls dogs sweethearts all the time-”

“Yeah, dogs, not people, idiot, it’s different-”

“I say sweetheart because Jane does not like when I say lover,” Ilya said, didn’t look at anyone when he spoke, just focused on stripping. “But my Jane is only person I call sweetheart. All dogs are sweethearts, except for when they are very mischief full, and even then they are very good dogs still.”

-

You rated Jane

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - **meh** - good - great - excellent

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

foreplay was all your texts. tecnique was how hot you look when you are turned on and staring at my cock. not five stars because not enough time to see you cum too and i love to see you cumming. you opening your mouth and almost drooling was sexy seeing how much you wanted me in your mouth.

-

FROM Jane_____

-Sweetheart is better than lover

-But I still can't believe you said all that

-Some people know you're talking about me now.

-Hayden keeps giving me LOOKS

-Also it's so unprofessional of that SPORTS JOURNALIST to be asking pulp questions like that.

**TO
Jane**

*is not like i said on TV i was going to call so i
can watch you fuck yourself on huge dildo that
is still not big enough for you because is smaller
than my cock-*

*maybe they think my reward is you saying good job
to me when i call and say goodnight-*

sweet-

FROM Jane_____

-No one thinks that

-Because as the guy said, you're notorious.

**TO
Jane**

*he also said i was ladies man-
this is where he is unprofessional-*

*i am equal opportunities man-
except now i am shanes man only-*

FROM Jane _____

-My man

**TO
Jane**

*if pike is still giving you LOOKS you should tell
him marly gave me hi5 and said to say hi so-
oh also hi to jacki from before and can i have her
number-*

FROM Jane _____

-That sounds like a bad idea.

*-And a sure fire way for you to get your
hands on too many photos of me.*

**TO
Jane**

you were very yummy looking holding baby-

FROM Jane _____

-Yummy?

**TO
Jane**

made my tummy grumble for you-

FROM Jane _____

-Okay weirdo

**TO
Jane**

are you not at bar?-

FROM Jane _____

-I am

-I can multitask

**TO
Jane**

give attention to your friends-

i will be here after ;)-

FROM Jane

-Okay.

-Text soon.

-

Ilya had agreed to go to the club after their win, because he did love dancing, drinking, getting loud and silly with his friends. Svetlana came along as well, slotting in with the group as she always did, friends with some of the WAGs who joined in on clubbing when they were playing at home. And he loved his friends, and loved being their captain. Loved the way they slung their arms over his shoulders and chirped him for being so love-drunk he was turning down dances with every woman coming up to him, staying only with Svetlana, and refusing to move his hands anywhere but her waist, despite her eye rolling.

But he wanted to go home and call Shane. It wasn't that he didn't want to go clubbing, didn't want to spend time with his friends. It was just that he wanted to be ready and available whenever Shane was. To talk, or fuck, or anything. Because they had such limited time. And he did feel better after Svetlana had basically beaten a little sense into him. Pointed out how he was always quick to assume he would be left. Rude of her. It hadn't freed him of the certainty that he would be, though.

So he wanted every moment of Shane he could have. It was true what Marly had said, and what Svetlana had said. Bits of what they had said. That he should just let himself have it. Name it, even. It would be better, he hoped, in the long run, to have been able to enjoy what few months (or weeks, or days) he would have left with Shane, and be all in, and then go through the loss. Let the loss be named as well. He wanted to get to hear Shane call him his boyfriend. And, well, if somehow things didn't end up the way they were definitely going to end up, and Shane decided to keep him. Good. He would already be Shane's.

Sveta and Marly both jeered at him when he ducked out early, and Connors and Vic catcalled him as he left, Hammers yelling at him to get that pussy prize.

Went home. Showered off the club. Brushed his teeth. Lay on his bed, fiddling with his cross, running it up and down the chain as he tried to figure out how to do it. When to do it. Did he ask Shane to let him pretend they could have this for real, tonight? Did he just casually drop in *boyfriend* and hope Shane went with it? Did he wait until next week when Shane would be back in Boston, and Ilya would be having dinner with him and his best friend like they were already officially dating. Did he tell Shane he loved him? Or was that just a step too far. If he said it over the phone for the first time would that feel bad? Would it hurt to say it and not get to feel him. Would it hurt to say it and not have it said back? Even though he was already resigned to the end of any possible love?

That stupid reporter had been right. Ilya was known for not dating. He wasn't good at it. He didn't know how to be a boyfriend and had never cared enough to try to figure it out before.

-

Jane has rated you

-★★★★

ORGASM - **meh** - good - great - excellent

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - **meh** - good - great - excellent

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

You are so fucking hot you made me so hard I almost got ice to put on my crotch. I know how disgusting hockey gear is and how bad we all stink after a game but for some reason I unfortunately still want to pin you down and lick you fucking clean before sucking you off. I've been waiting all evening to get home so I could read your rating because I couldn't open

the app in front of anyone. I'm already so hard, been hard on and off all evening thinking about you. Thinking about how I'm going to be so fucking slutty for you, putting the camera down between my legs so you can see me fucking my hole for you.

[PHOTO ATTACHEMENT]

(image is a photo of a tablet propped up on a small table at the end of the bed. In the foreground Shane's legs are bare and sprawled. Lube and a large dildo sit by one knee.)



-

FROM Jane_____

-Come and get it ;)

Chapter 19: SHANE

Chapter Notes

CW. for some discussion of suicidal ideation (woe to all who are here only for smut i am sorry)

Ilya called before Shane has a chance to feel too awkward, sitting on the end of his bed wearing nothing but his socks and the Bears' shirt. He'd showered and prepped as soon as he'd gotten home, wanting to be both speedy and thorough, which weren't things that went well together. He'd had to pause and just breathe so he wouldn't injure himself after deciding he wanted to shave his asshole for this - if it was going to be on camera. It would only be worth it if he didn't slice his fucking hole or cheeks open by shaving too fast. Felt so stupid having done it because it wasn't like Ilya had never seen his hole hairy or whatever before.

He answered the call with his legs folded, aping modesty in a way that would be laughable in a few short moments, he was sure.

"You look so good in my colours," Ilya said immediately, his face a wide grin, eyes crinkling with it. "You should wear more often, hm?"

"Fuck off," Shane replied, "like that would go down well. So, um-" he faltered a little here, still feeling a bit stupid. "Good job, tonight," he said, making his voice as sweet and sincere as he could without sounding too forced. "I'm really proud of you."

Ilya gaped at him, his head jutting forwards slightly. "Oh," he said, closed his mouth, opened it, closed it again. "Thank you, malysh."

"That's what you were expecting from the call, right?" Shane attempted to continue to sound earnest, to not smile. "A sweet little congratulations? Before we say goodnight and go to sleep?"

Ilya rolled his eyes at him, smiling again, softer but just as wide as the grin. “You are being teasing,” he said, nodding, “very cute. Yes, of course, sweetheart. We can just say goodnight now if you want, I know you have game tomorrow and need your sleep.”

Narrowing his eyes, Shane continued to commit to the bit, hoping very much that Ilya would be the first one to break and direct them into having sex instead. “I do, I only stayed up so late so I could have a call with my talented man to tell him he played so good.”

“So nice to have a boyfriend who is willing to break his strict bedtime for me,” Ilya said, his voice wavering slightly even as his face stayed smooth. “Thank you for calling, lyubimyy. Do you need to go sleep now?”

Shane blinked at the camera. “Boyfriend?”

Ilya blinked back at him, the twitch of his jaw the only thing betraying his lack of calm. “Yes,” he said, “I think, probably? That is what we are.”

Fuck the bit. Fuck Shane. “Ilya,” Shane breathed. “Fuck, really? You want that?”

“Yes, of course,” Ilya said, and Shane fucking loved it when he blushed like he was doing now. “You like this better than lover?”

“So much better,” Shane said, nodding hard. “I want - fuck - does my boyfriend want his real reward, or would he prefer we go to sleep?”

Ilya bit out a laugh. “Ah,” he said, shaking his head almost mockingly. “Too horny to keep pretending you do not want to show me your hole like a good little slut?”

“Fuck you,” Shane groaned. “Yes. I’m - I fucking prepped already, I’m literally dripping for you right now.”

Ilya swore, his eyes squeezing closed for a moment, and then he was leaning in closer to the camera, his face filling Shane's tablet screen. "Show me," he said.

Shane hurried to oblige. He'd practiced beforehand, figuring out the best way to position himself for the camera. Propped pillows up behind him. Spent way too long thinking about lighting on his asshole. It wasn't like it had to be amazing quality, he wasn't filming a fucking porno, but still. Maybe he should invest in some of those blogging camera light set up things. Get a phone stand, or a tablet stand. Then they could have hands free from phone, phone sex all the time. He'd already bought a couple of waterproof blankets, one on his bed now, the other bundled away in his wardrobe rather than in the linen cupboard, just in case.

He hitched himself backwards, further onto the bed, leaning back first on his arms, and then on his elbows as he propped himself up on the pillows he'd wedged into position. He'd made sure earlier that the tablet was high enough up, that when the bed sagged a little, the camera would still be able to see everything. He spread his legs, lifting them up one at a time onto the bed, and then hooking his arms under his knees to pull them back even further, spreading his thighs and ass wide.

He could still - just - see the tablet, his chin tucked to his chest in a way he was sure wasn't the most photogenic, but it wasn't what the camera was focusing on, so who cared. Watched as Ilya's eyes widened, his mouth open. Heard him swear, loud and long and familiar, even as it came out entirely in Russian. He loved the way some of the words came out so sharp and hard and then molded into consonants all curling around each other, tripping and dripping out of Ilya's mouth.

"Fuck, Shanya," Ilya finally switched to English, "you are so - so much lube in you, hm? So pink and pretty and wet for me."

"Yeah," Shane breathed, hoped the tablet could pick up his voice well enough.

Resisted the urge to ask if Ilya liked that he'd shaved for him. He always gave his pubes a trim before they hooked up, liked them to be neat, but he'd never shaved his ass fully clean like this, not on the same day they were seeing each other, anyway. It always felt too slutty, too needy, too presumptuous, maybe. He hoped it was obvious now, with how much effort he'd put in, that he was, in fact, slutty and needy for Ilya, and that he was willing to presume it would be reciprocated.

“Fuck I want to lick it,” Ilya said, gruff, accent heavy in his voice like he kept going to speak in Russian and only just slid back into English in time for the words to be spoken. “You look so smooth, malysh, like I would slip right into you. Lick into you and my tongue would be so deep in your ass right away, could be fucking you just like that, on my tongue.”

Shane felt his hole twitch at the idea, and then at Ilya’s audible noise of appreciation of the twitch, felt heat shooting through him, his hole fucking pulsing with anticipation, with want, and he didn’t know if it was visible, or just something he could feel, but the idea of Ilya seeing his hole fucking flutter with sheer need for him was so humiliatingly hot, he dropped his head back and moaned.

“You need to be fucked,” Ilya said, rough and heated. “Look at you, fuck, you are so hungry for it, hm? So pretty and so needy? Shanya - give your hole what it needs - you have your me dildo?”

“Yeah, yeah,” Shane panted, felt undone just from Ilya’s voice, the knowledge of his eyes on Shane, the want of it all. He fumbled around on the mattress, keeping his leg held back by itself, until he got his hand on the dildo, and moved his arm behind his thigh again, rubbing the tip of the dildo against his hole. “Please, can I fuck myself?”

Ilya groaned, then growled through it, swearing again in Russian. “No,” he said. “Not fucking yet. Put just tip in, show me how you stretch around it, how you still need so much more even when cock head is so fat and big in you.”

Difficult to coordinate limbs while moaning and panting and needing. Shane did his best anyway. He should probably reach for the lube as well, add some more, but he had used a lot in his prep, pushing the slick gel up into himself so it would drip down on camera for Ilya’s viewing pleasure.

He repositioned his hand on the dildo, holding it low, his hand resting against the bed to try and make sure Ilya would get an unobstructed view as possible, and tilted the toy slowly until it was back against his hole, rubbing and slipping in the already leaked lube, before catching on his rim, blunt head of it pushing through lax muscles easily. He groaned loud when the head slipped all the way in, the wider flare of the silicone glans, pushing his hole open wide before nestling inside him, letting his rim squeeze back around the narrower part of the shaft. Paused, waited for Ilya’s next instruction, or reaction.

“So good,” Ilya said, slow and smooth, creamy. “Pull out, a little, show me small stretch again. Tease your hole with it.”

“Cruel,” Shane muttered, but did as he was told. Pulling the toy back incrementally until he was spread wide around it again, his muscles pulsing, pushing and pulling at the dildo in waves. Some molten core at the base of Shane’s spine began to burn with need and want and heat, and he flushed with the idea of feeling empty. “I need more, please -”

“You are so beautiful,” Ilya told him, voice still slow, like he was unbothered by the proceedings, calm. “I love to see you taking it. Opening for it. Wanting it so badly. You love to let me see? Love to show how much you need it?”

Shane swallowed down his denials, let the heat in his core speak, let the pulsing, pathetic thing that was his hole, speak. “I do,” he panted. “For you - want you to see how I am for you. Need you. Want you.”

“Slut for me.”

“I’m a slut for you,” Shane repeated, “yours. Please, baby, please -”

“Fuck yourself, blyat, fuck yourself hard, malysh. Like I am fucking you and you are so good feeling around me, tight and hot, and I cannot help but try to fuck right into you, take all of you, make space for me inside you -”

Lube squelched stupid loudly as Shane pressed the dildo in to its base, the sudden burn and stretch painful and relieving at once. Pain and pleasure numbing any reservations he had left, he cried out loud at the feeling, like he would if Ilya was here with him for real, his breath coming in ragged noises as he twisted his wrist to pull the dildo out and shove it back inside himself. The molten core still ached, but was split, as well, pleasure gushing and coursing through him. He kept his wrist pumping, his ears pricked for any noise from Ilya, his eyes useless to try and squint at the tablet because they kept fluttering closed with every rough brush up against his prostate, with every deep dull thud inside him.

“More lube,” Ilya called, breathless as well, and Shane imagined his hand around his cock, fucking up into his fist and pretending he was fucking Shane’s hole. “Get so wet, baby, sloppy for me.”

Shane swore, wished he’d thought to bring the lube closer before he started fucking himself, because now he had to take his hand away from the dildo - leaving it buried deep in himself - and reaching with a slippery hand for the bottle. Brought it closer so it would be easier if there was a next time, and then cupped his hand around the press top and filled his palm with lube before returning his hand to the dildo, to his ass. Pulling it out and smearing it with the slick, gathering it on the tips of his fingers with his thumb and pushing it into his hole before fucking the dildo back in.

“Wet enough?” He asked, over the noise of the toy, so loud it would be embarrassing if Shane wasn’t still numb to shame. “It’s as wet as my cock, now, I’m dripping so much onto my stomach.”

“So good, Shanya,” Ilya panted, “fuck I want to see - I want to suck your cock, baby, lick up your mess - keep fucking yourself like this, yes - will you come like this? Do you need a hand on your cock?”

Shane honestly didn’t know. Thought he could probably come like this if Ilya kept talking to him, kept saying things like wanting to suck his cock, calling him Shanya, being his *boyfriend*.

“I don’t know,” he moaned, “maybe - I can try - I’ll try for you -”

“Try for me,” Ilya agreed. “Make yourself come and then show me - fuck - show me how much mess you make. Wet everywhere for me. I am thinking you are wishing you could have something in your mouth too - sucking on a cock or fingers, yes? So hungry for more, always, my Shanya, wanting to be stuffed full. My slut who wants two dicks shoved up his ass until he is crying and whining, and a mouth on his own dripping cock, and another cock down his throat. Hm? You want to be used? Want to have come fucked deep into you, hot down your throat? Someone biting at your nipples? Overwhelm you? Hold you - fuck - hold you down and make you take?”

Ilya was sounding so close to the edge that Shane was impressed he was still talking, forming sentences, his own brain felt like it was melting. His thighs were burning from the position he was holding himself in, and it focused his every feeling somehow sharper, more desperate. He imagined Ilya's mouth around his cock, sucking and then swallowing him down, his throat working around him. Imagined Ilya's cock in his own throat, hot and pulsing, cutting off his airway. Imagine Ilya between his legs, fucking hard into him, hips slamming into Shane's ass, fucking a dildo in alongside his own cock, splitting Shane open. Surrounding him. Ilya calling him his boyfriend. Ilya say he loved -

Shane came so hard he felt his arm muscle seize and cramp, and could do nothing about it, the pain of it not even coming close to denting the force of his orgasm. He could feel his thighs shaking like a leaf in a fucking storm. Could hear Ilya groaning and speaking, his words nothing but hot noise and flickers of lust.

Shook until he could force his hand to let go of the base of the dildo, leaving it inside himself as he dropped his legs so his feet were flat on the mattress, body heaving huge relieved breaths in and out as he shook his arm out. His face was wet, trails of tears leading into his hair and down his cheeks, and spit and come on his chin.

"Show me," Ilya said, after Shane's chest stopped heaving as hard. "Sit up and show me your mess, malysh."

Shane sat up slow, having to engage his core to assist with one of his arms still feeling weak, and the other stiff from being hooked around his leg. Slow to keep the dildo seated inside him. Didn't want it out yet.

"Is it on your face?" Ilya asked. He looked pink and sweaty on screen, his mouth open to breathe. His eyes looked sparkly. He was so handsome, so beautiful. Shane wanted to lick him and eat him and hold him in his mouth and his arms.

"Yeah," Shane said, darted his tongue out of his mouth to lick at it on his chin. Could only reach a bit of it, but when Ilya swore loud about it, he lifted his hand and collected more from his stomach, and then from his chin, and sucked it off his fingers.

"Such a slut," Ilya said warmly. "You're so good, so good for me. Such a nice reward from my sweetheart."

“I want you to lick up the rest,” Shane said, “I want to see your cock.”

“Demanding,” Ilya said, and then tilted his camera down to show his softening cock resting against his bare thigh, come smeared in his leg hair and over his lower stomach. “I will lick you everywhere when I see you,” he said. “My tongue will say hello to every bit of you.”

Shane could imagine that would likely be a little irritating, the way Ilya would almost certainly try and put his tongue in places tongues shouldn't go, but he couldn't push away how horny and fond it made him feel as well.

“I want it in my mouth,” he said, “your tongue. And your cock. You could lick up my come and kiss it into my mouth and give me your come as well.”

Ilya reached down to squeeze at his cock again, groaning. “You will kill me,” he said. “You show me most perfect hole in existence, fuck it so good for me to see, show me beautiful body covered in come, beautiful mouth full of come, and now you are still so hungry and sexy for more? You need more? I get in plane right now and come give you more?”

Please please please please please.

“You go to bed, now,” Shane said, smiled at the camera. “You clean up and you go to bed so you're not dead for tomorrow.”

“I am tough,” Ilya said, waved the hand not holding his cock in quick dismissal. “I could go days and nights with no sleep and still be best player and best fucker.”

“Sure, in your dreams,” Shane snorted, rolling his eyes. “You're so full of bullshit.”

“So sad, my boyfriend does not even believe in me,” Ilya said, drama colouring his voice as he tilted his camera back up to capture him throwing his arm over his face. “Misery.”

“You’re an idiot,” Shane said, turning the word *boyfriend* over and over in his head and marvelling at the warm joy it brought him. It had never felt like this before. Like it fitted him, and complimented him just to be called it.

“Says one idiot to another,” Ilya shot back, and then; “you are feeling good? Was good for you, yes? Not too much?”

“Yes, it was good,” Shane shook his shoulders out a little, his body beginning to feel stiff. “Really good. I’ll tell you more in the app, okay? I need to go have a shower and do some stretches before bed.”

“Okay,” Ilya said, quiet, but still smiling. “Goodnight, sweetheart.”

Shane’s heart bloomed in his chest. “Goodnight, Ilyushka.”

-

You rated Lily

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - **meh** - good - great - excellent

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

I miss kissing you. Miss your tongue on me. Your lips on me. It was very scary videoing like that, with my ass so revealed. I couldn't see you on the screen for most of it, couldn't check I looked okay either. I hope it was good for you. It felt really good once I got over being scared. I love knowing you are looking at me and liking what you see, and the way you talk when you're turned on turns me on so much. I can't fuck myself like you can fuck me, but when I try I think about the way your hands feel holding me down, and the way your thigh muscles feel against me when you fuck so hard into me, and about you biting my shoulder while you grind your cock inside me while you're cumming. Thinking about you is always how I come now. I don't know the last time I thought about anything or anyone else. It's always you. I didn't know we could be boyfriends. I didn't think it was allowed. I'm really glad it is allowed. I want you to be mine. I want to be yours. I know it doesn't change much, realistically, with how far apart we are, and the secrecy we still have. And I know you're still worried about what will happen when I come out, and I'm worried too, but we've been doing this for so long. It's going to be okay.

[PHOTO ATTACHMENT]

(image is is a photo of Shane taking the dildo out of his ass, he has one leg bent up, foot flat on the bed, the other bent to the side. His cock is in view, a little hard still. Everything is wet looking)



-

Lily has rated you

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - **meh** - good - great - excellent

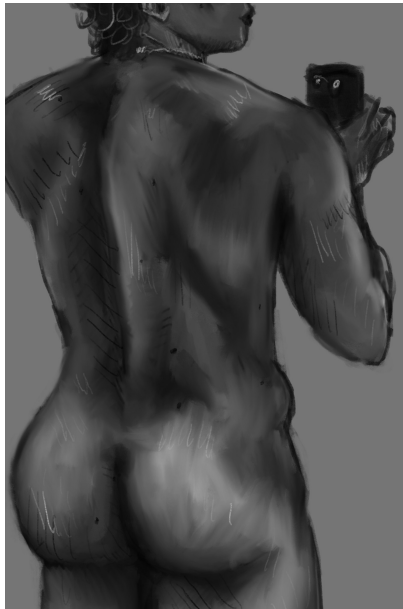
FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

you are so hot i almost came the moment you showed me your hole. did you shave for me, malysh? so pink and wet and needy. you wanted me to slide right in and feel how soft you are everywhere inside, soft and wet. i am horny again for your hole now as i write comment and i want our game to be happening now so i can fuck you properly again. me dildo does not get deep enough to make you make best noises where your voice goes into almost growl and your body shakes so hard before you even cum. i cleaned up cum too quick so i took different sexy photo for you.

[PHOTO ATTACHMENT]

(image is a mirror selfie of Ilya's back and ass)



-

TO
Lily

My parents are coming over after the game.-

For a late dinner.-

And I'm going to tell them about me. And us.-

FROM Lily_____

-big brave step

**TO
Lily**

Is it okay? To tell them about us as well?-

I can just tell them about me, if you want.-

FROM Lily_____

-you want to tell them about me?

**TO
Lily**

*Yes. So much. You're the best thing about
this entire situation.-*

FROM Lily_____

-i am only small part

-except for my cock

-he is big part

**TO
Lily**

Such an idiot.-

*I wouldn't be doing any of this if it wasn't
for you, Ilya. You know this.-*

*I wouldn't bother with coming out. Why would
I? I would have no reason to think it would be
better. I wouldn't know how good it could feel.-*

*Being with someone I actually really like and am
attracted to.-*

*But just because I want to tell them doesn't mean
I have to tell them. It's up to you.-*

FROM Lily _____

-You can tell.

*-but you have to lie and say i am so nice to
you so they do not hate me immediately*

**TO
Lily**

It's not a lie-

You're an asshole most of the time, sure-

But when I need it you're nice to me.-

When it counts.-

I like the way you treat me.-

FROM Lily _____

*-i was not nice to you in vegas, remember?
very bad app rating.*

**TO
Lily**

*That was before. And you already said you were
having a bad time.-*

You've always looked after me since then-

I'm going to tell them the truth about you-

And the truth is that you're so good.-

FROM Lily _____

-i disagree

-but you are allowed to make mistakes

-will you be seeing them before game?

**TO
Lily**

*No, I'll be with the team already when they
get in to MTL.-*

I prefer telling them after the game, anyway.-

*So if it goes realllllly bad, at least I won't have to
go play a game and pretend I'm okay on live TV.-*

FROM Lily _____

-yes that would be not fun

**TO
Lily**

Can I say you're my boyfriend?-

*Or do you want me to keep it sounding a bit
more casual?-*

FROM Lily _____

-no casual.

-i am your boyfriend.

*-do not leave gaps for them to suggest
better boyfriends for you.*

**TO
Lily**

*Mum is always trying to set me up, so, yeah
probably a good call.-*

*I think she tried to set me up with a fucjking
Swedish princess once.-*

FROM Lily _____

-no sweedish royals!!

*-i will pretend i have royal blood if i have to.
maybe sveta can get me fake papers as
proofs.*

**TO
Lily**

*Yeah, let's not commit fraud on top of
everything else-*

*You're already the second best hockey player in the
NHL, that's better than royalty.-*

FROM Lily_____

-hockey nerd

**TO
Lily**

Oh come on-

We're at the same level.-

FROM Lily_____

*-no, you like hockey like it is religion and
lover and everything.*

*-i like hockey like it is good game that i am
good at and pays me money.*

**TO
Lily**

I do not-

Seriously?-

Just a good game?-

FROM Lily_____

*-see? So offended by how hockey is not my
whole brain and life.*

**TO
Lily**

No. I just thought it meant more to you.-

FROM Lily_____

-it means enough to me

**TO
Lily**

Okay-

FROM Lily_____

-you are seriously mad at me right now?

**TO
Lily**

No.-

I'm not.-

I'm just confused, I guess.-

I misunderstood.-

FROM Lily

-ok so i am suddenly not good enough yes?

*-you misunderstood how much i like hockey
and now you are regretting letting me see
your hole.*

**TO
Lily**

No.-

Jesus, Ilya.-

Fuck, I have to go.-

I'm not mad.-

I'll call you before the game, okay?-

You are enough, BTW, fuck you.-

I fucking love you, asshole, you're more than enough.

-

So. Shane had not been planning on saying that yet, boyfriends or not. And he hadn't been planning on sending it via text, absolutely not. And he one hundred percent had not meant to send it immediately followed by an insult.

Fully fucked up that he had sent it, gotten into his car to drive to practice, and then realised he had sent it and had to force himself to keep driving and not check his phone until he got there, and then. Ilya hadn't even replied.

He couldn't exactly just delete the message. Ilya had already seen it. He could send some context texts, but there was no context really, except that he did love him. And that he was just. He didn't know. He had always thought he and Ilya felt the same way about hockey. Like it was all consuming. Because Ilya always seemed to understand how Shane felt, when he talked about it, when he stressed about it. And yes, Ilya was never as intense as Shane was about it, but he thought that was just due to Ilya being less prone to stress and anxiety.

Ilya was so good at hockey. And it was just a game to him?

He wasn't mad at Ilya, or mad at all, exactly. He was just rattled. And rattled further still now he had sent his stupid thoughtless love text and gotten no reply.

He went in to practice.

-

His team was meshing with him better again now, the night out had helped. Shane being with them, and chatting with them, as if he never had before he'd been photographed hanging out with the Bears. It was fine. It was good. He knew his team mostly respected and liked him. Knew he could be weird sometimes, and so could they. Resented that he had to feel guilty for being a person, for being the person he was.

Hayden kept shooting him sidelong glances as they went over plays, but didn't ask him anything until afterwards while they were in the team lounge, chilling out in their undergear before they had to go back for the pre-game talks and warm ups.

"Something happen last night?" He asked, both of them standing over the rubbish bin to eat energy bars that were far crumblier than they were worth. "With, uh, Lily? After their little... comment at media last night?"

"No," Shane said, already grumpy about it and trying not to be. "No. I - I mean, I was a little pissed just because it's such a public thing to say about a very non public thing, but I also

liked it. No, I just. I'm just freaking out a bit."

"Code for freaking out a lot?" Hayden asked. A chunk of his bar crumbled right into the bin.

"Maybe," Shane admitted. Sighed. "Fuck. I - okay, so, context? We... talked last night -"

"Sure, you *talked*," Hayden said, rolling his eyes. "You know I know you're having phone sex, Shane. I'm not your fucking parent."

"Okay, jeeze, I was just trying to - whatever. We did talk, a bit, though. About how we are -" he paused to glance around, and then even though it didn't look like anyone was paying them any attention, and the noise levels in the room were loud with a bunch of the team squashed onto the couch and playing Mario kart. Still was careful with how he worded it. "How I'm Lily's boyfriend."

"Oh," Hayden glanced around now as well, double checking Shane's checking. "Official, then?"

"Yeah," Shane shrugged. "Except this morning I accidentally sent the first *I love you* text and I've not had a reply yet. Plus we had a minor argument right before that. And before that I'd just said I was going to tell my parents about us. So."

Hayden swore, then whistled lowly. He dropped the remainder of the bar in the bin, because it was mostly in powdery chunks caught in the wrapper. Shane was still attempting to worm his powdery chunks out without them escaping into the bin as well.

"Okay, so a lot of shit happened this morning," Hayden said. "And no reply since?"

"No," Shane groaned. "Fuck. I - I said I'd call before the game. Which is basically now. But, like. Do I still do that? Without a reply?"

“Yeah,” Hayden said, emphatic and immediate. “Bud, if you don’t want to add more fuel to this issue, you’ve gotta call and talk it out. It’s Jacki’s rule. You call when you say you’ll call, and you fucking talk it out before it like, lingers?”

Shane groaned again. “God. Okay. I know. Okay? It’s just not like that with us. Hasn’t been like that for us.”

“Hasn’t been,” Hayden shrugged. “But you’re official now, right? So maybe?”

Shane had no idea what was really going to change with them being ‘official’. Were they supposed to stop calling each other assholes? Were there rules? He’d always just followed whatever his girlfriends had told him to do, before, but it felt like Ilya was in the same boat as Shane. The boat in question apparently having no oars.

“Okay,” he said again. Rubbed his hand over his face. Dropped his wrapper in the bin. “Fine. I’m going to go find somewhere quiet and call. I’ll be back, uhh, soon.”

“Okay,” Hayden grinned at him suddenly, winked. “You’re not going to go find a bathroom to have phone sex in again, right?”

Shane paused, his leg half lifted. “What?” He asked, far too quickly. “I haven’t - what are you _”

Hayden snorted. “You freak,” he said fondly, then spoke in a much lowered voice, to Shane’s relief. “I’ve shared a hotel room with you for years. I know, far too well, what you look like coming out of a bathroom after jerking off. You had your jerk off face on when you came out of Pat’s bathroom last night.”

“God,” Shane said, could feel how pink his face was. “I didn’t even - I’m not doing that right now. And I didn’t even jerk off last night, I just - nevermind. I’m going. Not to have phone sex.”

-

TO
Lily

I'm going to call-

It's okay if you don't want to talk right now-

[OUTGOING CALL]-

-

“I love you too,” Ilya said, all in a rush the moment the call connected. “I did not - could not - find way that felt right to text to you, and could not make my self say anything else until I could say it.”

Shane exhaled so hard he felt light headed for a moment. Circled the small meeting room he was in, and dropped himself down on one of the chairs stored against the wall.

“Okay,” he said, “fuck. Okay. Good. I didn’t mean to text it.”

“Oh,” Ilya said. A long pause in which Shane felt like he could hear Ilya’s brain ticking, and then realised his own brain ought to be ticking as well.

“I meant it though,” Shane added, quick, “sorry. I meant it. I just didn’t mean to say it like that. Over text. Calling you an asshole.”

“I am an asshole,” Ilya said, scoffed lightly. “Fuck, you scared me.”

“You scared me,” Shane shot back. Still felt vaguely light headed with relief. Hadn’t realised how tightly he had been holding himself ever since he’d sent the text. “I thought - I don’t know. I know I’ve pushed for too much before.”

“I called you my boyfriend last night,” Ilya pointed out. “In middle of sex so you would be distracted and it would not be so scary.”

Shane paused and thought about it. “So dumb,” he said. “I had to get a pep talk from Hayden to call you, because I thought you wouldn’t want to talk to me.”

“No!” Ilya sounded a little like this actually distressed him. “Do not say I am in debt to Pike. What the fuck, Shanya.”

“Only a little,” Shane reassured him, laughing. “He just pointed out that I said I would call, so I should call. And he was right.”

“Ugh.” A pause. “I should have texted,” he said, “to say it back, or to say I was looking forward to the call.”

Shane would have appreciated that, yes, but he also understood the freeze of indecision. “It’s fine,” he said. “Have you been freaking out all day?”

“I do not freak out,” Ilya replied, prim. “I lie on couch and stare at ceiling. Very different.”

Shane laughed despite himself. Closed his eyes. “Yeah,” he said. “I think that’s probably not great, either.”

“Is nothing,” Ilya said, and Shane could imagine him waving his hands. “You are feeling okay? For game.”

“Yeah,” Shane said, tilted his head from side to side to try and release some of the tension he’d been holding in his neck. “I think it’ll go well. If I wasn’t going to have my parents over right after the game, I’d say we should make another deal. But. Well.”

“I have deal for you,” Ilya said. “Parent friendly. Maybe. If you lose game you call me after parents leave. If you win game, you call me while parents are still there.”

It took Shane a few moments too long to fully parse this. “You want,” he began, slow, “to... meet my parents?”

“I mean,” Ilya huffed out a noise that was half groan. “Is maybe scariest fucking thing, yes, but. Would be a good reward for you? If it is not good reward, we won’t do this. You can call me after they leave and I will say sexy things to you instead for reward.”

“So you won’t say sexy things to me on the phone afterwards if I don’t win?” Shane asked, “Or if I do win, but want the talking to my parents option?”

“Ehhh,” Ilya laughed. “Maybe. Who can say.”

“Um,” Shane said, “how about - if I win - and I think it’s going okay with my parents, I’ll call you to join in? I could, like. Come out to them first, and stuff, and then give them the option to... meet you over video chat?”

“Okay,” Ilya said, stiff. He cleared his throat. “I will shave face and comb hair.”

“My mum’s pretty intense,” Shane said, “but my dad is really chill. So, like, if this happens and you’re, um, floundering, he’s pretty safe to soft ball a question to.”

“Floundering?” Ilya asked. “Like flat fish?”

“Uhh, are flounders flat fish?”

“Yes, I think, yes?”

“I thought they were like, y’know the little mermaid? The yellow and blue fish -”

-

The game went over time, which was annoying. It wasn’t even a particularly exciting game, there was just a stupid fumble by Drapeau in goal in third period that pushed it out, and then some sloppy stick handling, Shane only just off the ice watching his team lose the puck and the chance to shoot and draw back ahead before time ran out. Irritating. He got them their goal in OT pretty quick, but still.

He was frustrated, even with the win, and Theriault sent him out to media before he’d gotten to shower, so he was still in his sweaty under gear and uncomfortable, and he *hated* it when reporters were trying to get him to talk about his personal life instead of just the game, or other hockey players. This was actually directly Ilya’s fault, because the reporter referenced him directly.

“So I don’t know if you’ve been hearing about your rival making pretty big gossip waves recently,” he started, shoving his microphone forwards. “The two of you always seems neck in neck professionally, how about personally? Do you have anyone special waiting for you at home tonight?”

Shane found himself rolling his eyes before he could stop himself, and then was extra annoyed because he *knew* that bit would be gif’d. (Hayden had, for months on end, whenever possible, used a gif of Shane rolling his eyes at his first interview after being named captain, when someone had asked if he thought he had been given the title as special treatment for being Asian.)

“I had kind of hoped the rivalry talk would die down a bit after we hung out so publicly,” Shane replied, knew he sounded annoyed, and tried to bring his voice into more bland professionalism. “However, if we’re comparing stats, I would point out that I’m still five points ahead of him on ice, currently, and twenty four ahead in -” He cut himself off with a cough and imagined a hole opening up underneath him like some mole had come and made a molehill out of this mountain or some stupid fucking shit.

“Twenty four points ahead?” That was someone else sticking a microphone in his face. “In what? I don’t think I have any stats that have a gap that big between you and Rozanov -”

“I misspoke,” Shane said, cleared his throat. Knew he was pink. “Uh -”

“Are you and Rozanov taking your rivalry to friendlier, yet still competitive new grounds? Keeping score of your... romantic encounters?”

Oh Jesus. Oh fuck. How could this random fucking asshole reporter manage to land on something so true and so false at the same time? Why was Shane’s brain blue screening so badly he felt like he could hear the nasal computer hum of machinery overworking itself.

“No,” he said, couldn’t see their fucking reporter handler. Where the fuck was he.
“Absolutely not-”

“-And did you have any comment on whether or not you have a special girl waiting on you?”

Shane wished he could set things on fire with his eyes. Would burn the whole room down with him inside it quite happily right now, as his mouth opened and answered for him, scatterbrained and stressed, and still scanning the room for the handler who was fucking up by not shutting down these questions just as badly as Shane was fucking up by answering them.

“Yeah, I’m introducing my parents to her tonight.”

Oh fuck. Great. Wonderful.

“Okay, no more questions -” Great, good job Daryl, so quick on the uptake, where the fuck were you, “-thank you for coming, we’ll see you next time!”

Shane hightailed it.

-

FROM Lily_____

-you had malfunction?

**TO
Lily**

*I think I justyfucking dropped my brain on the
ground and then kicked it.-*

FROM Lily_____

-so we are 24 stars apart, hm?

-you are winning ;)

**TO
Lily**

Shut up oh my god-

I can't believe i said that-

*I can't believe that fucking reporrtter had a guess so
almost accurate what the fuck-*

I am going to go drown myself.-

FROM Lily_____

-nooooo don't kill yourself your so sexy!!!

**TO
Lily**

wtf-

FROM Lily_____

-it will be fine malysh

-no one will guess what you meant

-we can say is points in video game

-or darts

-i do not know

-we will figure it out so please do not

drown yourself

**TO
Lily**

Okay-

Sorry for freaking out.-

FROM Lily

-it was not as bad as you think

-miner confusion

**TO
Lily**

Minor-

Miners mine things-

FROM Lily

-.:/

*-maybe i was comparing your fumbling
to miners lost in mines*

**TO
Lily**

So it was actually bad huh-

FROM Lily

-no i was being mean idiot

-is fine.

-will be most big deal to your parents, no?

*-finding out in interview you are introducing
them to partner tonight?*

TO
Lily

Yeah. my mum has been texting me nonstop.-

FROM Lily_____

-what are you saying?

TO
Lily

Nothing. I'm too stressed.-

I'll tell them everything when we're at mine.-

FROM Lily_____

-okay

-will be fine lyubimyy

-

“You could have texted back, honey,” Yuna said, when Shane stepped into his apartment to find his parents already waiting for him. “Did you bring her with you?”

Shane sighed, hanging his coat up at his door, and then dropping his bag with a thud at his feet. “Sorry,” he said, let her hug him. “I - I just wanted to get home. Sorry for dropping that in an interview. I was stressed and it slipped out. I wanted to get to talk with you properly first.”

“It’s fine, Shaney,” David said, stepping into view after grunting loudly as he presumably levered himself up from the couch. He stepped over to Shane still in the doorway, and hugged him as well. “Good game. You played well, even though it must have been a bit frustrating, huh?”

“A bit,” his mum rolled her eyes. “God, some of those slip ups were horrific, Shane, not your fault of course, but who put them out on the line for the last minute like that? Theriault?”

Terrible decision making there.”

Shane shook his head. “It worked out,” he said, “can we - can I come in?”

They made their way into the lounge. His parents had brought Thai food, they always brought the same after game takeaways, and he was grateful for it, and the reassuring familiar aroma of it sitting heavy and warm on the coffee table. He perched on the edge of his ottoman, and his parents sat down on the couch. He felt very much like a small child again, coming to tell his parents something stupid that he thought required a family meeting. Had he always been this anxious?

“So,” Yuna asked, once they’d been sitting for a few long moments in silence, and Shane hadn’t managed to pry his mouth open yet. “Will we be meeting her tonight, then? Or when you said introduce, did you mean more of a introduction to the... concept of her?”

Shane had been trying to introduce himself to the concept of a girlfriend for most of his life. The concept of a life with a wife that didn’t make him want to cease living.

“No,” he said. Cleared his throat. He didn’t need to clear his throat, he was just procrastinating. At least sometimes he was self aware. Fuck. “No. Um. Depending on - on how this goes - maybe on video call.”

“On how this goes?” Yuna’s forehead furrowed, “Why would it go badly?”

“I’m gay,” Shane said. Would clear his throat again, but he felt like he was making it raw and sore doing it so much. Might need to actually clear his throat later and didn’t want it to hurt. “So - so my boyfriend, is, well, a boyfriend. Not a girlfriend.”

“Oh,” his mum said, very mildly. His dad raised his eyebrows slightly, but didn’t look perturbed. “Oh, well, I guess we thought you might have been, gay, that is. I’m sorry I kept saying ‘she’.”

“Oh,” Shane repeated. Closed his eyes. Wanted to just keep them closed, walk off, get into bed, lie down and sleep. “Okay. Is that - okay.”

“It’s fine, baby,” his mum added on, “sorry. I - you know this doesn’t change anything, right? We love you so much.”

“We love you,” his dad echoed. “And we’d love to get to know your boyfriend.”

“Did you - were you scared to tell us?” his mum asked now, frowning.

“A bit,” Shane shrugged, opened his eyes. Folded his arms. “It wasn’t about you. I - I took a long time to figure it out. To feel... okay about it.”

“To feel okay about being gay?” his mum looked a little like she might cry, her lips tight. “Did you - did you think you couldn’t be?”

All the frustration Shane had been feeling through the game, and in media came back to a head. And he dropped his face into his hands, gripping at his skin hard enough it hurt. “Of course I thought I couldn’t be gay,” he said, much louder than he wanted to be. “I - you both know what it’s like in the room. In hockey. Just because - just because I grew up knowing it was okay for other people didn’t - I also grew up knowing it wasn’t okay for me. For who I wanted to be.”

He couldn’t look at his parents, just kept gripping at his face, pinching his way over his cheeks, forehead, until he could grip his hair and pull it.

“I don’t - I didn’t fucking - I didn’t know. Okay. For - for years I have been trying so fucking hard to be normal, to do things right, and it’s felt like I have been drowning. Just thinking about a future outside of just hockey felt like I couldn’t breathe, because I kept trying to add in a wife, or a - a girlfriend, so I would fit in. So I could give you guys grand kids, and people would stop making jokes about me being gay. And I thought if I could just find someone - some woman who I could make myself like, it would be okay.”

He had to pause to breathe, his throat hitching and catching on inhale and exhale. Embarrassing. Stupid.

“Shaney,” his dad said, soft. “Kid -”

Shane shook his head. Needed to get everything out first. Didn’t know if he had it in him to make himself say so much multiple times. One go was best.

“I thought people were exaggerating,” he said, could hear his voice cracking, splitting, splintering. “About how - about liking people. About being - being happy. Because I didn’t let myself think about trying to - to have a romance with a man. I’ve - I’ve been *with* men before, but I thought I could like, grow out of it. But then I - I’ve been. I’ve been in love with my boyfriend for far too long without - without letting myself think about it. And I didn’t realise it could feel good, because I thought it was a bad thing. Loving him. I thought it was stupid, and reckless, and - and would never be reciprocated, so what the fuck was the point? I’m sorry I’m swearing so much, I just -”

He heaved out another breath. Heard a soft affirmative murmur from the couch. Took it as forgiveness for swearing, and carried on.

“I gave in. I tried not to. I did. But I gave in, and I let myself, um, let myself acknowledge that I love him. And we spent - we’ve been spending more time together. Went on a real date. Hung out. And I don’t think I’ve ever been so... happy. Or felt so real. And I realised that this was what people were talking about. What other people get to have. Going on dates, and - and loving their partners out loud, and - and. I don’t know. I think it was the first time I realised that I could maybe have a future where I didn’t feel like I might as well be dead? Like I could be a real person all the time, and not just when - when I’m with him, or like, winning a game.”

He finally looked up now, still gripping hard to his hair, and was horrified to see that both his parents were crying. Not what he wanted to happen. He’d said too much. Should have tried harder to rein in his frustration. He just felt. So much. He didn’t know how to have conversations like this, and he kept having to have them. And he knew they were good to have, because communication blah blah, but he hated them so much. Just wanted to be understood innately, was that so much to ask?

“Sorry,” he mumbled.

“Baby, no,” his mum said, sniffed, hard, wiping at her face. “Shane - I didn’t - I didn’t know you were feeling so bad, I’m sorry I didn’t notice how bad it was -”

“I’m okay,” he said, shook his head, shrugged. “I wasn’t - I wasn’t feeling, like. Bad. All the time. I just wasn’t really feeling much. There wasn’t anything to notice.”

This made her eyes well up again, his dad putting his arm around her, his eyes still dripping as well. “Shaney,” he said, “can we hug you?”

Shane eyed the couch, and then both his parents scooted away from each other, and patted the space between them, so he got up and sat himself down squished between them. They smelled like they always smelled, and when they both wrapped their arms around him, holding him tight, he was the only part of the smell that wasn’t nostalgic. He wondered if they noticed that too, or if it was just him always peeling things apart, memories, smells, himself.

“I’m sorry,” his mum started again, “that we didn’t see you weren’t happy.”

Shane cleared his throat, for real this time. A painful lump had started to form at the back of his throat. “It’s okay,” he said. “I wasn’t - it was fine, I don’t blame you guys at all, I was hiding on purpose.”

His dad pressed a kiss to the crown of his head, and spoke slow and cautious. “Shaney,” he said. Full stop. Took another breath. “You said - you said it felt like drowning. And that you might as well have been dead, in a future where you - you kept hiding. Is this - do you - do you think about this a lot?”

“About what?” Shane asked around the swelling lump in his throat. His skin felt too tight.

“About maybe, things being better if you were...dead,” his dad said, slow and careful, his grip on Shane firm and warm. “Or maybe about not wanting to be alive.”

If Shane gave himself maybe five more seconds to think this through, if he wasn't already overwhelmed, and then overwhelmed again, he would almost certainly have given a different answer. “It's not like I'd kill myself,” he said, “but everyone wants to be dead sometimes. Like - just get to stop being. I wouldn't kill myself,” he said again, his brain slowly informing him of how tense his parents were, of what he was saying, and what he needed to say next. “I wouldn't do that to you guys,” he said, pulled back a little out of the huddle of them so he could look at their tear stained, stricken faces. “You don't need to worry about that kind of thing.”

His parents did not look particularly reassured.

“Shanebug,” his dad said, pulling out a name Shane hadn't heard directed to him since he was bug sized himself. “It's okay. We believe you wouldn't do it. But that's not the same as not wanting to. And that's kind of... scary to hear.”

Fuck. Who the fuck taught his dad some type of therapy speak shit. He needed to fucking end this conversation. Needed to tell them again they had nothing to worry about. Especially not now, not now he knew what he wanted, knew who he wanted. Was so close to getting to have it. He needed to point that out, that he was so happy right now, even with the random bullshit. That he hadn't even had his little daydream about being dead and buried (and not even needing to worry about eating or exercising because his body was literally decomposing) for months now! Instead of saying any of this, he opened his mouth and burst promptly, embarrassingly, into tears.

Chapter 20: ILYA

Chapter Notes

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

Ilya wasn't sure how long it would take for Shane to come out to his parents. Whether they would eat dinner first before he told them, or if now he'd already told them there was *someone* he would tell them everything immediately.

He was being patient.

But still. Two hours since Shane's last text felt like a reasonable amount of time to check in without coming off as pushy. Maybe Shane had changed his mind about telling them? Maybe he told them and it went badly?

Maybe he told them everything, who Ilya was, and they persuaded him to do the sensible thing and just dump him now. Before he came out, so he wouldn't be dragged down by Ilya's reputation if their relationship came out. So he could meet nicer, more sensible men to be with.

-

**TO
Jane**

how is talk going?-

i am all cleaned up nice and tidy-

FROM Jane

-Sorry

-It went weird.

-I'm kind of overwhelmed.

TO
Jane

weird?-

how did it go weird?-

they are not okay with it?-

FROM Jane

-No they're fine with me being gay.

-I just didn't get much further than telling them that.

-I didn't think they would be so upset about some of the things I said.

-Sad upset, not mad upset.

-They're still here, I'm just taking a minute to myself in my room.

TO
Jane

what things upset them?-

what is going on?-

[OUTGOING CALL]-

[CALL ENDED 0 MINUTES 0 SECONDS]-

FROM Jane

-I don't know how to explain

TO
Jane

pick up call and try-

[OUTGOING CALL]

-

"Hi," Shane answered in a half whisper. "Sorry."

Ilya had been pacing his kitchen, slumped over the counter now, relieved and still worried at hearing Shane's voice. "Shanya," he said. "Why are you sorry? Talk with your parents is hard. What is it they are upset over? That you are dating Bear?"

He listened to Shane clear his throat, and then clear it again. Maybe it was that Ilya was a Boston Bear, or that he was Ilya Rozanov. He imagined Shane's parents saying they were perfectly fine with him being gay, but dating Rozanov was where they drew the line.

"No," Shane said, his voice not at all sounding cleared. "I was - I was telling them about me. Being gay. And how I tried to not be. And I think I worded it...dramatically. Because it scared my parents. Like, a lot. And now they want me to - to get a therapist, or like, take a step back from hockey, and I'm just - I'm really confused right now."

Ilya was also really confused right now. He pressed his forehead against the cool stone of his counter top, readjusted his phone against his ear, fingers slippery. "Therapist?" He asked. "For being gay?"

"No," Shane let out a half scoffing breath, and then just sighed heavily. "No. It's stupid. It's - they think I might, like, kill myself. Which I won't, obviously, because I'm - I'm literally trying to make things better by telling them about me, and us, and wanting to come out and shit like that, so."

Ilya heard the words like a record scratch in his brain, digging into the soft flesh of him and shrieking. For a moment he wanted to end the call right then and there. Like it would erase what had just been said, undo it.

How was he here again? Not noticing? And yes, Shane was saying he wouldn't, but - but why would his parents be worried he would? And why was Shane saying it like he might have, or might still if he couldn't - couldn't be out. What if coming out didn't actually un-grey his life? What if he was wrong about Ilya making him happy? What if Ilya went upstairs to Shane's bedroom one day and found him cold and stiff on his bed, vomit on the floor.

"Ilya?" Shane's voice wavered like he was about to say something more, and then didn't.

“This is - is something you - why do they?” Ilya stuttered out, his words evading him, English and Russian. “When you text earlier - drowning - you mean it?”

“No,” Shane said, “no. I didn’t. Ilya. Ilyushka. I am literally telling you right now; I do not want to kill myself, okay?”

He tried to let the words settle him. Hung them up in his minds’ eye like a big banner. Shane did not want to kill himself.

“Your parents are worried, why?” He demanded, kept glancing at his imaginary banner.

Shane sighed again, then made a soft sort of snorting noise like he’d rubbed his hand hard over his face while sighing again. It was a cute noise. It was not a reassuring enough noise. Maybe Ilya should be looking at plane tickets to Montreal. Maybe he should be going downstairs and getting into his car and starting to drive to Shane right now.

“Because I’ve been unhappy,” Shane bit out, “but it doesn’t - it doesn’t *matter* - I tried to tell them I was happy now, because I understand who I am better, and because I have you, but I was so fucking overwhelmed about everything I started crying, and I got scared too, because maybe - maybe sometimes I did want to *be* dead, or at least just not alive, but I was never going to do anything about it, Ilya. And maybe - maybe it could be a good idea to see a therapist, just because it’s going to be hard with all the coming out and the reactions to it, because I know that won’t be easy, but no one needs to be - to be scared I’d - fuck - it doesn’t matter.”

This probably wasn’t the time to say it, but Ilya was saying it anyway. “My mama killed herself,” he said. “When I was twelve. I found her. She was so - so funny, and clever, and beautiful, Shanya, and she still - she was so sad sometimes. My papa was hard on her, and she was lonely. I think maybe most days she also did not think she would kill herself.”

He heard Shane draw in a sharp breath, and then swear, all muffled like he’d put his hand over his mouth, or the phone against his body. Ilya put his own hand under his mouth, knuckles pressing into the now damp counter, clamped down hard in an effort to keep the sudden sob in his throat from escaping as noise.

Whoever it was up in heaven, or playing with the fates, who had mixed up his blessings and given him too many before had finally worked out their mistake. Was pulling it all back now. What would hurt Ilya Rozanov the most? Make him think he had a chance at love, and family, and something like being happy all the time, and then take it away.

“Baby,” Shane said, voice clear again, even through the muffled sponge of grief that had wrapped itself around Ilya’s head. “I’m so sorry. I’m so sorry. That’s so horrible, for you and your mama. Please - baby - Ilyushka - I’ll - I’ll go to therapy, okay? And I’m not going to - to do anything. I don’t want to. I want to be alive. With you. Okay?”

It took a few tries to get the right amount of air into his lungs. He kept having none, choking with it, or his lungs were blown out like sails in a storm and he was panting. His chest hurt so badly, like someone was reaching in and pinching at his heart and his ribs. Whole body shaking.

“Okay,” he managed to say, his voice shaking more than his body. “Fuck. Yes. Okay.”

“It’s okay,” Shane said, his voice doing its best to be soothing but still so stressed around the edges. “Hey, you’re okay. I’m okay. We’re okay. Breathe, okay?”

Ilya breathed. He had been Shane’s boyfriend for less than a full day and he was pretty sure he was doing such a bad job at it already. He had let Shane down about hockey. He had freaked Shane out by not just texting back that he loved him too. He was having a fucking melt down about his mama when it was about Shane. He breathed. Listened to Shane breathing loud and slow on the other end of the phone. Followed him.

“Can we switch to video?” He asked, when he could eventually speak without the shake in it. His chest still sore but no longer punishingly so. “I want to see you.”

“I’m a bit of a mess,” Shane said, voice quiet, “so -”

“Me also,” Ilya cut in, rolled his eyes. It hurt. Like he’d strained them by forcing them to be fountains out of the blue. “And also I like when you are messy.”

“You’re so - ugh - silly,” Shane mumbled. “Okay. I want to see you too.”

Ilya’s phone beeped at him, and he accepted the transfer to video call, blinking blearily at his phone screen and ignoring how he looked. Shane smiled at him when the video connected, as wet faced as Ilya, eyes red, cheeks flushed.

“I’m sorry for making you cry,” Shane said. “I didn’t mean to.”

“This is because sometimes you are dumb about saying things,” Ilya said, sniffed hard.

“Saying things about yourself like they are fine to be bad for you because you are you, and it hurts people who fucking love you to hear you say it doesn’t matter, because it matters so much.”

Shane blinked at him, a couple of tears glinting on his cheeks as they ran slowly down his face, and then he nodded. “Okay,” he said, “this isn’t me saying - saying it doesn’t matter - it’s just that it really did feel like it didn’t matter, for me. Because it never felt - I was never, y’know, like how people talk about it? Like it’s - in my head, because I wasn’t crying all the time, or like, feeling depressed, or. I don’t know. Making plans to hurt myself. There was nothing to worry about. And I still don’t really - I still don’t really think there’s anything to worry about, when it’s me. Does that make sense?”

It was better being able to see Shane for this. Constant confirmation that he was there, okay, talking, alive.

“Yes,” Ilya shrugged. “No. I do not know. I think - I think maybe. But you say - you said you will go to therapist, yes? Even if you do not really worry, because your parents and also me are worrying?”

Shane nodded, exhaled heavily, rubbed one hand over his eyes. “Yes,” he said. “You guys worrying worries me. I don’t know. I don’t know if I’m more worried about how I feel or how you feel. But I’ll go. I’m sure my mum is already looking up therapist out in the lounge right now.”

“Good,” Ilya nodded as well. He didn’t know how to do this. How to act. How to support without being in the way. Still couldn’t help but feel like this was somehow his fault. Like he had tricked Shane into thinking he felt happy when he was with Ilya, but it was only a grain of what his real happiness could be, and when he went to a therapist he’d realise that. “Good. I am sure she will find good ones. You are, um, how are you feeling, malysh? I meant to call to - to help you feel less overwhelmed. I did not do good job.”

“No,” Shane shook his head. “I think, actually, it helped. Not that I want you to be upset, but it did pull me out of my head. Gave me something else to focus on. So. You always help.”

“You are most attracted to me when I am snotty, hm?” Ilya asked, attempted a smirk at the camera. “I am distracting you with my hotness?”

Shane laughed softly. “You always distract me with your hotness,” he said. “I thin-”

A faint knock had Shane pausing mid sentence, and his eyes shifted past Ilya and then bounced back to him.

“Shane?” He heard, a woman’s voice. Probably Shane’s mother, Yuna. “Can I come in, baby?”

“Hang on,” Shane called back, and then spoke quickly to Ilya; “I know this isn’t how we - we thought this would go. I mean, I hope it isn’t how you thought this would go. But. Do you want to meet my parents now?”

“Oh,” Ilya said. All his pre phonecall primping was ruined now, his face pink and puffy. Maybe they would not recognise him as Ilya Rozanov, and be nice to him, poor weird Russian boy. “I - yes? If you think this would be okay.”

“I think,” Shane said, eyes darting to and fro, “I think I just want to, like, reveal everything in one go. Tonight has been like being run over by a truck. I just want - I just want everything in the open so I can breathe about it.”

“Okay,” Ilya nodded. “Well, yes, then. If you do not mind your parents thinking I am always looking like crying creature.”

“I think they’ll understand,” Shane murmured, “I mean, we match, at least.”

Ilya rolled his eyes. Shane walked over to the door, carrying Ilya was him, still holding the phone so Ilya could see Shane’s face. Listened as Shane opened his bedroom door, Yuna making a soft noise of surprise, and then of sad affection.

“Um,” Shane said. He swallowed, and Ilya watched his throat bob, watched the way he licked his lower lip briefly. “I know this is - this is a lot. But - um. Ilya is on the phone, right now, if you want to meet him?”

“Ilya?” Yuna asked, “Rozanov? Why?”

Ilya stifled a laugh that tried to surprise its way out of his mouth. Shane’s eyes flickered down to the screen, to Ilya’s smile, and furrowed his eyebrows briefly at him before rolling his eyes.

“He’s my boyfriend,” Shane said, very steady, though Ilya knew his hands were shaking, because his camera view was also shaking. “Rozanov is my boyfriend.”

Silence for a long moment. Then a creak, a grunt, footsteps, and then a man who must be Shane’s father, David, spoke.

“That does make sense in a way, doesn’t it,” he said. He sounded tired, but fond in a quiet way. “That you’d fall for someone who can keep up with you.”

“Yeah,” Shane said. “He’s, um, on video chat. Now. Hearing this.”

“Oh,” Yuna again. “Yes. Of course. Do you want to - to turn the phone around? So we can say hello?”

Shane made a face, but then nodded, pulled the phone away from himself, and widening Ilya’s view until he could see both Yuna and David Hollander coming to stand next to their son, peering at his phone. Yuna’s eyebrows went up when she locked eyes with Ilya, like she hadn’t quite expected the real Ilya Rozanov to be on call. Or like she was very unimpressed with his now ungroomed appearance.

“Hi, Ilya,” David said, quite pleasantly. “Funny meeting you here.”

“Dad,” Shane groaned quietly.

“Hello, sir,” Ilya replied, fought the urge to stick out his hand to try and shake hands through the phone. “It is good to meet you.”

“Just David is fine,” David said, “no need to be formal.”

Ilya wasn’t entirely sure he could do that, so he just nodded, flicked his gaze to Yuna, who was still staring at him with an odd expression on her face.

“Mum,” Shane prompted, swallowed hard.

Yuna blinked, then looked from the phone to her son and back again. “How long has this been going on?” She asked. “Has this been going on since the CCM shoot?”

“What?” Shane squeaked. “Why would you - huh?”

“It’s just, I remember bumping into Ilya in the hotel that evening, going up to a floor I knew he wasn’t staying on, because I’d overheard him speaking at reception. Was he going to your room?”

Ilya was pretty sure that if they put Yuna Hollander and Svetlana Vetrova into the same room, all the world's mysteries would be solved. Or possibly hockey would be solved. Something would be figured out.

"Yes," Ilya said, when Shane looked like he was rebooting from a hard crash. "But we were not, ah, boyfriends then. Boyfriends is new."

"How new?" David asked, he was looking from his wife to his son mostly, glancing only at Ilya to ask this question before looking away again like he needed to keep an eye on his family in case they began exploding like popcorns.

Ilya was not sure how reassuring saying *last night* would be.

"A little while," Shane said, his jaw twitching. "We've been - working up to the label. For quite a while. I wasn't ready."

"Okay," David said, nodding slowly, "because, I did think Ilya here had somewhat of a reputation as a ladies' man."

"Enough so that there's been far too much talk on official sports news shows about your... lover, that you spoke about a few games back," Yuna said, eyes narrowed, like she was having a few revelations she wasn't exactly enjoying. "I remember something about rewards."

"Mum!" Shane interjected, sounding truly horrified, maybe about the mention of rewards or about the reappearance of the word *lover*. "Can we not - everyone else was before we were... exclusive, and the - the person he's been talking about in the interviews - because he's an idiot - is me, and we really don't need to get into that."

"Is true I have reputation," Ilya said, kept his eyes on Shane, wanting to watch his expression in case of further distress. "For ladies. I am, mm, both - bisexual. But I am not, ah, player? I

have not been exclusive with any person until Shane. Not a boyfriend. Have not loved anyone except Shane. He is very important to me.”

Shane swallowed hard again, his free hand lifting to swipe at his under eyes, his gaze firm on his phone.

-

The Hollanders had sat around Shane’s table, Ilya propped up against some books in front of them, like some very weird meeting. Talked a little more. About Shane’s plans to come out. About Ilya’s inability to currently come out. Talked in arching spiraling circles around the idea that Shane had been maybe struggling more than anyone - including himself - had realised, and how they could try and make things easier. Shane’s parents asked Ilya what felt like a million and one questions about himself; most of them friendly and simple, and some of them very difficult. Talked until Shane cut in to say quietly that he was really tired, and really hungry, and could they please have their dinner and go to bed?

So Ilya had said goodbye, and hung up, and texted Shane to call if he wanted to when he went to bed. And then he had gone upstairs and lain face down on his bed.

He still wanted, so badly, to just go to Shane. But he had a game tomorrow, and then in just two more days, Shane would be in Boston again. He could be patient. Shane probably didn’t want him to come, not if it meant missing a game. He still didn’t know what Shane was thinking about Ilya in relation to hockey. If it was actually a problem, or if it had just been a surprise. Things kept happening too quickly to finish digesting one thing before the next.

What if Shane had wanted to be dead while Ilya had been ignoring him after the olympics. What if he had wanted it enough to do it, and the last thing Ilya had been to him had been cruel and dismissive.

Just because Shane said now that he didn’t want to kill himself didn’t mean he wouldn’t. Ilya’s mama had promised never to leave him, and she still had. It hadn’t been her fault, he knew that, she wouldn’t have left him if she’d thought there was any other way.

-

FROM Jane _____

-I'm sorry tonight has been such a shit show.

-My parents are staying over in my spare room. Like I need to be babysat.

-I keep fucking this up.

**TO
Jane**

you are not fucking up-

FROM Jane _____

-I am.

-All day.

-I got weird about hockey, I TEXTED our first I love you, my team played stupidly, I said dumb things on live TV, I managed to fumble coming out to my parents so badly they've booked me in for a therapy appt already, I made you cry, and then my mum figured out that we've been hooking up since rookies.

**TO
Jane**

you have appt already?-

was a lot of things i one day malysh-

but not fuck ups-

FROM Jane _____

-Yeah. I don't know how. I didn't ask.

-Day before we fly to Boston.

-Can we call?

**TO
Jane**

[OUTGOING CALL]-

-

“You are not fucking up,” Ilya said, when the call connected. “You are very stressed. It has been stress full day. But we are okay, yes? Your mama and papa were not mad, just loving you, and they do not seem so much to hate me for being Bear, or for being me, so this is good too, yes?”

Shane sniffed over the phone. “Yeah,” he said. “They don’t hate you at all. I think they really like you. They’re just kind of in shock.”

“Yes, understandable. How did their boring son bag Russia’s sexiest man?”

“Fuck off,” Shane snorted. They both laughed a little, and then Shane made a noise half way between clearing his throat and a squeak, and then spoke; “You’re not angry with me?”

“What? No. Why would I be angry with you, Shanya?” He sat up from his sprawl on his bed, wished they were on video call again so he could frown at his screen, so he could try and work out what Shane’s face was doing and why.

“Because I -” Shane began, let out a gusty sigh, started again. “Because of the way I was talking, and how your mum died.”

“Oh,” Ilya’s heart panged, and he lifted his hand absentmindedly to run his finger across the cross resting at his clavicle. “This is very stupid, sweetheart,” he said. “Of course I am not angry. I would not have been angry even if you had known already about my mama. Maybe I would have been...little angry, but only because I would have been scared. I do not know. But I am not angry, and I was not angry. Only sad.”

“Do you ever think,” Shane began, very quiet, “that, maybe, sometimes, you’re like her?”

Ilya thought that a lot of the time. They had the same curls, for one thing. She had had moles like his. They were both too soft for his father’s liking. He knew what Shane was asking.

“We are not making this about me,” he said.

Shane huffed, began a word, stopped, huffed again. “Okay,” he said. “But when I’m in Boston in a few days, it’s going to be about you.”

“Fuck,” Ilya sighed. “You are talking about how you will be sucking my cock, yes? Or eating my ass? Something sexy like this?”

A pause. “You want me to eat your ass?”

Ilya laughed, didn’t think he would be able to distract Shane for very long with sex, not when he had his mind set on something else, but a small reprieve was always nice. “You kiss my mouth so good,” he said, “I think your kisses on my ass would also feel so good. Maybe if you are hungry in Boston I will let you eat out at most private place.”

Shane laughed as well. “Okay,” he said, “I’m guessing if it’s such an exclusive place it’ll fit my diet, so I’ll pencil it in to my planner.”

“Sexy,” Ilya shot back, grinned up at his ceiling. “Do you know what also was very sexy?”

“What?” Shane sounded amused.

“You knowing not only both our hockey stats off top of your head, but also our app stats. Your brain is like insane sexy ice rink.”

“What the hell does that mean?” Shane asked, laughing, “And oh my god, please don’t bring that up. It’s so embarrassing! I don’t know what the fuck I’m going to say the points were about.”

“Was so funny, so sexy,” Ilya argued back, “I laughed and got hard when I saw you saying it. And this is easy problem. We say points are - ah - online phone word game wins. What is game? One with friends.”

“Words with friends?”

“Yes, this bitch. I will laugh about it in interviews, say is not fair, really, because this is in English and my second language. He is only winning so much because he is big cheat who started learning English as soon as he was born while I only started when I was already too old to learn new things.”

“I mean,” Shane snorted. “Yeah. Okay. I sound like an asshole, but it works. I am kind of an asshole.”

“You are,” Ilya agreed, very happily. “And I like this about you soooo much, my Shanya. Is one of the things I find so fun and sexy about you is your secret asshole comments you make. World is going around and around thinking you are polite boy, and no. You like to bitch about bad players, and also to be chased like animal and then be pinned down and fucked.”

“Hmm,” there was a rustling noise, like Shane rolling over in bed maybe. “I do say *please* a lot while you’re fucking me, though, I think that has to count towards the politeness.”

“Yes, is true. You beg like such pretty slut for my cock,” Ilya said, could feel himself getting hard at the thought of it, but didn’t reach down to touch himself. “I do not think we can call this so polite, though, not with way you are always pushing your ass back against me, so horny, like brat.”

“I never hear you complaining.”

“Well no, of course not, Shanya. I said before, I love how you are like this.”

A short silence, Shane breathing, slow and steady. “I love you,” he said. “And I - um, I only looked it up right before we called, so I’m sorry if the pronunciation is, like, shit. But. Ya tebya lyublyu.”

Ilya’s chest hurt again. Maybe he should mention it to the team doctor. Except then it would be a big deal, and he was mostly sure it would only turn out to be how having emotions is sometimes for some reason physically painful because fuck you.

“Blyat, Shanya,” he breathed, “I cannot believe you say this to me before I say to you. Ya tohze tebya lyublyu. I love you too, malysh. Fuck. Still does not feel allowed to say this to you.”

“Ya tohze tebya lyublyu,” Shane repeated under his breath, as if committing this to memory as well. “I know. I keep - I’ve wanted to say it to you so much. I kept being scared I wrote it in the comments on the app.”

Ilya laughed, ached, sniffed hard. “Oh,” he said, “we will need to download other app. Words one.”

“Oh yeah,” Shane said, “tomorrow. I’m so tired.”

“You need to sleep?”

“Yeah. Um. Will you stay?”

Thank god. “Yes,” Ilya said, “yes, I will stay.”

Chapter End Notes

no smut today :_(

Chapter 21: SHANE

Chapter Notes

Thank you everyone for being so nice in the comments omggg especially for being reassuring about the no smut chapters lol.
speaking of smut chapters, general announcement that it is not tmi for me if you tell me you jerked it to my fic lol it is very flattering! xxxx
Enjoy!

The first thing Shane noticed after turning off his alarm, was that the phone call with Ilya was still going. Neither of them being drunk meant they'd both remembered to plug their phones in, apparently, and Shane could hear Ilya's heavy, steady breaths coming quietly through his phone speakers.

Rather than getting up immediately like he would usually do, Shane lay back down against his pillows, bringing his phone with him to sit on his chest. The phone was a bit warm from running the call all night, and it was a tiny bit like having Ilya resting his head there. Basically not at all like it, but by closing his eyes and imagining very hard, Shane could let the idea of it comfort him.

He didn't feel as...panicked as he had yesterday. Things had not gone anywhere close to the ideal version of events he had been hoping for, but now he'd talked about it and slept on it, they didn't feel as awful as they had at first. Embarrassing, yes. Very embarrassing. But he was embarrassed all the time anyway, so he could deal with that.

He could see where his parents, and Ilya were coming from, with how scared they had been. Could understand how from an outside perspective it probably looked worse than it was, so even though he still didn't think he was...bad enough to need the kind of interventions and therapy they wanted for him, he would be able to grit his teeth and bear with it. Hopefully he could have a couple of sessions with whoever it was his mum had booked him with, and then they would say he was totally fine and everyone would stop worrying.

That was for later, though. For now, with Ilya still snoring very lightly in his phone, he downloaded Words with Friends.

-

TO
Lily

[CALL ENDED 8 HOURS 32 MINUTES 09 SECONDS]

[LINK] Words With Friend's code invite!-

Thank you for staying on the phone with me x-

Ya tebya lyublyu-

-

No skate today, thank god, so Shane wouldn't have to explain himself to his entire team until tomorrow. His parents were still asleep, so he skipped making his pre-work out so the blender wouldn't wake them, and went straight to his work out instead. Lost track of time a little bit on his warm down, jogging on his treadmill, mind blissfully blank. Startled, but managed not to trip when his dad appeared in his line of vision.

"Fuck," Shane gasped out, fumbling to turn off the machine, and get his feet to the sides. His legs felt like jelly. "Sorry - I didn't hear you come in."

"I knocked," his dad said, mild, "you were in the zone. I was thinking about making omelets for breakfast, are you keen?"

Shane let himself pant for a few more seconds, mopping his hand up over his forehead and shoving his damp fringe back. He would normally have his pre-workout shake, and then overnight oats with protein yogurt, or a spirulina base smoothie. He hadn't had his pre-workout. He was hungry.

"Egg whites and spinach?" He asked.

David wrinkled his nose, but shrugged. “If you want,” he said, “I could add mushrooms, chicken, peppers, that sort of thing, too.”

Shane’s stomach growled. These were all things he could and did eat. But it wasn’t like he was going to be skating today, didn’t need so much for breakfast when he had already done his only workout for the day.

“I’m not that hungry,” he said.

“Okay, Shaney,” his dad nodded. “Are you finished in here, then?”

Maybe Shane could finish up with some quick yoga. Or slow yoga. But he had already been in here for longer than he’d meant to, a quick glance at his watch showed he was half an hour past his usual finishing time. And he was so sweaty and gross.

“Yeah,” he said, stepping off the pad. “I’ll go shower. And then I can help you with breakfast.”

“You shower,” his dad agreed, “but I’ve got breakfast, kid, I like cooking for you.”

-

While he showered, Shane planned. Or tried to. Now he wasn’t lost in the beat of his feet on the tread, the pumping of his blood, his brain kept sliding down side tracks, anxious. He felt like his thoughts were mice looking for a place to hide, and all his head held were more and more cats. That was another side track thought.

He needed to make sure Ilya was okay. He already knew that Ilya was not as okay as he liked to pretend he was, and had already been going to talk to him about it after their next game, but now he knew about Ilya’s mum? Maybe he should try and get Ilya to go to therapy as well, make it into a deal. They both go. Would that work? Was that manipulative? Maybe he should threaten to withhold sex. No. That would be manipulative, and also he didn’t think he

would be able to hold out. He was great at denying himself things, except when it came to Ilya apparently. Ilya would touch him and he'd fold. Fuck.

He needed to be so normal in front of his parents. He didn't want to worry them anymore than he already had. He'd let himself be overwhelmed by everything yesterday, he just needed to be better at holding it together. The fact that his *mum* had been the one to suggest maybe he take a break from hockey was insane, and only went to show how worried she was that she would go so far. Hockey wasn't the problem. Hockey was one of his favourite bits of being alive. It was the people involved with hockey that were the issue, the stupid biases they had.

And anyway. He couldn't take a step back from hockey right now. He was going to need every bit of good will, and time spent, and awards won to back him up when he came out. He needed to be there with his team so they could see he was still him. It was kind of - a lot - a nightmare scenario, but he'd been thinking about it and thinking about it non-stop and he was certain this the ends would eventually outweigh the means. It would be like putting himself through grueling training, or the constant pain and exhaustion of play-offs. He was doing it to be better. To win. Just, this time he was doing it for a non-hockey related reason, for a just Shane reason. So, really, the fact that he was doing this should be absolute proof of the fact that he was okay.

-

FROM Lily _____

-i sent you game request

-we will see if you really will be superior

-ya tohze tebya lyublyu

-you are doing ok this morning?

**TO
Lily**

I'm not great at word games, so we'll see.-

I'm doing okay. Just following routine.-

Just with my parents as well.-

How are you? I'm sorry again about last night.-

FROM Lily_____

-i will be better when you stop with sorries

-i am fine malysh

*-routine today means you are taking it
easy yes? sleep in and nice food?*

**TO
Lily**

I stayed in bed a little bit.-

And dad is making omelets.-

FROM Lily_____

-with more than egg white?

**TO
Lily**

Yes. Spinach.-

FROM Lily_____

-you are killing me

-so many yummy things to put in omelet

-sausage, tiny tomato, pickled things

**TO
Lily**

I like them plain.-

When are you going in to practice today?-

FROM Lily_____

-not until after lunch

-how long are you parents staying?

**TO
Lily**

*I don't know. I think they want to stay
until I have my therapy appt.-*

It's like they think I can't be left alone.-

Which I can be. For the record.-

FROM Lily_____

-they are wanting to look after you

**TO
Lily**

I know. But it's still annoying.-

I'm an adult.-

FROM Lily_____

-[INCOMING CALL]

-

“Please let them stay,” Ilya said, when Shane answered the phone. He sounded sleep rough still, or maybe just rough. “Not because of not trusting you. Is only that is so much easier to feel less horrible not being there with you when I know you have your mama and papa there.”

Shane had been getting very slowly dressed while he'd texted with Ilya. Had been absolutely putting off going back into the rest of his apartment and having to see his parents and their worried expressions again. He wanted to not be annoyed by it. He wanted to just feel cared for, but when he tried to it made his brain start edging towards the panic button. Like if he let himself fully appreciate this, it would mean he needed it, which would mean he was fucked up and -

“I'm not going to kick them out,” Shane said. He was fully dressed except for one sock, and he held it instead of putting it on one handed. Sat on the edge of his bed. “I'm just. I like my space.”

“Yes,” Ilya said, “I like your space as well. I am always wanting to be in it.”

“So dumb,” Shane mumbled, rolling his eyes, not bothering to try and stop the smile creeping up his face. “I like you in my space too. That’s different.”

“Yes, because you let me follow you into showers and bed as well,” Ilya agreed. “I am limpet to you.”

“You are pretty good at sucking onto me,” Shane said, dropping his voice low in case his parents decided to start listening at the door. “But I don’t actually need supervising, okay?”

Ilya sighed, like he had been planning on building more on the sucking bit, and now had to switch gears again. “So is not super vision for you,” he said after a few moments. “You are fine. Okay. I am not.”

“What?”

“Shanya,” Ilya groaned. “We are boyfriends now, yes? You knew already I am limpet. Yes. You say to me you were so sad talking to your parents that now they are worried, of course I am now going to be worried until I can be touching you myself. Until I am sucking on you again.”

Shane sat with that for a few seconds. His cock kept trying to remind him about the part where Ilya had said *sucking on you*, but he was ignoring it for now because, again, his parents were here.

“Okay,” he said. “I can be less annoyed if it’s for you.”

“Thank you,” Ilya said. Sounded like he really meant it. “Spasibo.”

Shane wondered if it would always be like this, and if he would ever get used to it. How earnest Ilya could sound, how worried he was letting Shane hear him be. How he was so openly caring for Shane without having to hide the entire thing behind a joke or innuendo.

“I’m really looking forward to it,” Shane mumbled, “having you limpet to me. I like it. You always being, like, plastered to my back. Touching me whenever you can.”

“Is pity we have Pike for dinner,” Ilya said, “so I will not be able to touch you in all the ways I want to be touching you.”

“He won’t stay long,” Shane said, was planning on making sure Hayden knew this would not be a prolonged hang out on threat of death. “And I thought maybe - I thought maybe I could fly in a bit earlier, anyway, and we could see each other before the game too.”

“Yes, good. This way maybe I won’t need to give you under table hand job while Pike is telling boring stories.”

“You’re such an asshole,” Shane snorted. “Are you - um - are you feeling okay, now?”

A short pause.

“Yes,” Ilya said. “Hearing you make your silly little sleep noises all night was very good. And good to know you will let your parents stay.”

“I don’t make noises in my sleep.”

“You do. Very cute noises. Sometimes grumpy noises.”

-

FROM Lily_____

-i am going to tweet it like this

*-[SCREENSHOT OF WWF GAME] i am
now only 23 wins behind
@ShaneHollander24HockeyPlayer, i will
soon be in lead ;)*

**TO
Lily**

Yeah that's good-

*Make sure to blur out our codes so we don't get
fans trying to start games with us.-*

FROM Lily_____

-your poor fans :(no fan engagement

**TO
Lily**

:/-

FROM Lily_____

-of course i will blur baby

-i want to be your only competition

**TO
Lily**

Ha, competition-

FROM Lily_____

->:(

-you did not actually win 24 games more

**TO
Lily**

*No, only six so far, which you're not mentioning
in your tweet.-*

FROM Lily_____

*-oh sorry you would prefer i say i am now 30
wins behind? you want your bf to look so
Pathetic?*

**TO
Lily**

Lol-

No.-

It's a good tweet.-

My mum thinks it's good too.-

FROM Lily_____

-thank you mama hollander

-i post now?

**TO
Lily**

Yes.-

Thank you, baby.-

FROM Lily_____

-is nothing

-funny for me

*-bears will chirp me for bragging about being
bad at game, and i will chirp them for teasing
esl player for speaking english enough to
win sometimes*

-and also i love you

**TO
Lily**

*Probably at some point I'll stop getting a full
body adrenaline rush everytime you say that.-*

FROM Lily_____

-but not yet

-not for while

-i want to see you shiver with it in person

-feel you shaking against me

**TO
Lily**

*Do NOT get me horny right now my mum
Is literally right next to me-*

FROM Lily_____

-.;)

-i am only talking about a hug, sweetheart

-what were you thinking about?

-dirty mind hm ;)

**TO
Lily**

You're such an asshole-

FROM Lily_____

-ahh thinking about my asshole

-and your reservation? ;))))))

**TO
Lily**

Well now I am-

I'm retweeting your tweet.-

FROM Lily_____

-yes talk dirty to meeeee

**TO
Lily**

I'm going to block you.-

FROM Lily_____

-mmm i do not think so

**TO
Lily**

:/-

FROM Lily_____

-what is lunch for hollanders today?

-something nicer than egg snot?

**TO
Lily**

Mum ordered us dumplings. And miso with tofu.-

FROM Lily_____

-yummy

-she is feeding you like baby bird?

**TO
Lily**

No, because I can chew my own food???

What are you having for lunch?-

FROM Lily_____

*-BIG sandwich. good i am so good at
taking big things in mouth*

**TO
Lily**

You are impossible-

FROM Lily_____

-you are easy ;)

-you want deal for tonight, malysh?

**TO
Lily**

Don't I set the deals for your games?-

FROM Lily _____

-mm sexy rulemaster

-tell me deals then

**TO
Lily**

*Same rules. Goal in first period gets you a bonus,
winning the game is the main prize.-*

FROM Lily _____

-i am already so hard

**TO
Lily**

Shut up.-

Score in first and I'll suck off the you dildo-

*Win the game and I'll suck it while I fuck
myself with the other one.-*

*No plug because that's too much with my parents
In the apartment-*

FROM Lily _____

-i will be strong about no plug

-are you still next to your mama?

**TO
Lily**

*No, I'm in the bathroom because someone
kept sending me horny texts and I got hard.-*

FROM Lily _____

-poor baby :(

*-seeing sexy things in very normal
innocent texts from your sweet and
angelly boyfriend :)*

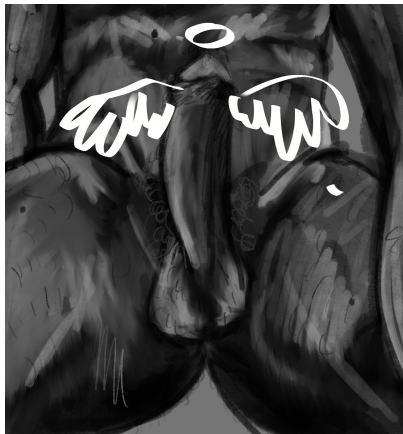
**TO
Lily**

Angelic-

FROM Lily

-yes this

*-[PHOTO ATTACHMENT] (image is a photo
of Ilya's hard dick with a very sloppy halo
and wings drawn over it.)*



-angel for your shoulder?

**TO
Lily**

*Jesus how are you so fuckig hot when you're
being so dumb-*

Pretty sure you're more the devil on my shoulder-

Or you're both.-

Fuck I came in here to calm down-

FROM Lily

*-[PHOTO ATTACHMENT] (image is a mirror
selfie of Ilya with devil horns and angry*

eyebrows drawn on, also sloppy style)



-better? ;)

**TO
Lily**

Don't you need to be leaving right now?-

FROM Lily_____

-yes

-i just wanted to give you little gift first

-you do not like? ;)

**TO
Lily**

Fuck you you know i like it-

You're so fucking hot.-

Go to work, jesus.-

FROM Lily_____

-xxx

**TO
Lily**

xxx-

-

Marlow kept texting Shane invites to WWF games, so Shane accepted one of them while he waited to get at least a little less hard before leaving the bathroom. Hoped his mum wouldn't start asking him about his fiber intake or something when he finally came out.

His fiber intake was fine.

-

They spent a lot of the afternoon in a video meeting with Farah, because his mum said the first step in his big picture plan was to actually tell the person who would be able to make it happen as smoothly as possible. Shane agreed. It was just, well. The first official step. Which was good, just a lot. And he didn't want his parents to know how much it scared him, because he didn't want them thinking that he *didn't* want this.

He knew that they were seeing it a lot more black and white than he was. Which might have been partly his fault, in the way he'd dramatized the entire thing by crying. The way his mum talked about it made Shane think she still thought that pulling back, or even quitting hockey would be an option. Which was one of the reasons he needed to be on the call with Farah, so he could make it clear that the only outcome he was looking for here was getting to play hockey and not pretending to be straight.

He had grown up in the locker rooms, around the worst of the boys, and then when he got really good, he had been in the 'grown up' rooms as well. Mingled with GMs and coaches and sponsors. He knew better than anyone what sort of culture he was surrounded by. Knew how resistant to change it tended to be, how violent it could get. He wasn't stupid. He had already spent his life making sure he was the best so people could get over the fact that he was half Japanese. That he was a bit weird. Surely he could work just a bit harder, be good enough they could overlook this as well.

If Ilya ever wanted to come out - if he could be safe in regards to Russia - Shane thought he might have an easier time of it. Not entirely. It just helped that people never said the same things about Ilya that they did about Shane. Not that he had heard, anyway. Ilya and his attitude had always exuded a confident masculinity that Shane had never managed, even when he bulked and any size difference between him and Ilya was negligible. Shane was just intrinsically something smaller in people's eyes.

-

**TO
Lily**

Mum says good job on the hatty-

And that she hates rooting for Boston-

But at least you're a good player-

Okay, she said great.-

*Very weird watching you with mum without
her complaining about the Bears and you-*

She didn't even point out your dirty footwork-

*Because she's always liked it, it just annoys her
when it's happening on a team she doesn't root
for.-*

*Oh she also says to not expect her support for the
our match up. Metros fan and Shane fan for life-*

*Dad says they'll come to a match up in MTL and
he'll wear a Bears jumper if you want?????-*

Because he's a traitor-

FROM Lily

*-tell your mama thank you and i
understand of course she must cheer for
her baby boy even when he is on worse
team*

-and tell your papa i will give him jumper

-and hand in marriage if he wants

**TO
Lily**

:/-

>:(-

FROM Lily_____

-just jokings, malysh

-;)

**TO
Lily**

I hate you-

FROM Lily_____

-nooooooo take it back

-i am so funny and hot

-i need your love to play!

-hate will make me loooooose

**TO
Lily**

Fuck fine-

I love you-

FROM Lily_____

-:)

-ya tohze tebya lyublyu <3

-

**TO
Lily**

Sorry baby-

You played such a good game, though-

A hatty and an assist is so good xxx-

FROM Lily_____

*-i am fine with losing game, only so sad to
lose watching you fuck yourself again :(*

*-sad for you, of course, your hole will be so
lonely!*

*-if you maybe need to fuck it as well tonight
i will not tell refs ;)*

**TO
Lily**

You're so funny-

I think I'll survive.-

*You could always try asking very nicely later,
see what happens.-*

FROM Lily

*-hm i think out of the both two of us you are
one who begs so easy and sweet xxx*

**TO
Lily**

Going out with your teams for drinks?-

I won't be able to call for your reward until later-

When my parents are in bed.-

Oh you're on media-

*I know you aren't looking at your phone but please
do not talk about rewards on camera again my mum
is looking at me-*

*If you want points with my mum you need to stop
talking about sex that we're having on TV.-*

Okay cool WWF-

*Fuck I just remembered that technically you
getting asked about the points is also about
sex they just don't know that-*

fuck i feel like im in a saw trap-

Stop saying I cheat!!!!!!-

Asshole-

FROM Lily_____

-i am going for few drinks yes

-so you do watch movies not about hockey

-only violent things?

**TO
Lily**

Fuck off-

It was at a team event-

I watch movies-

I've seen all of Rose's movies-

FROM Lily_____

->:(

*-no one is hearing me talk and thinking
you for real cheat at game, malysh*

-you look like rulebook

**TO
Lily**

*Great, exactly how I want my boyfriend to
think I look-*

FROM Lily_____

-mmmm my sexy book

**TO
Lily**

Weirdo-

Stop texting me and go shower.-

FROM Lily_____

-without you ? :(

TO
Lily

:/-

-

Shane had managed to persuade his parents that he was more than happy to eat his pre-made, diet-approved dinner while they had pasta takeout from an Italian place ten minutes from Shane's, that David in particular really liked. He let his mum give him one of her raviolis, enjoyed the burst of flavour way too much, and turned down anymore from either of their plates.

They were being mostly normal, probably because they could tell Shane would itch out of his skin if they kept handling him with kid gloves, but he still kept catching them just looking at him. Worried lines on their foreheads, tight lips. They were touching him more as well. More pats on the shoulders as they passed each other, or a quick arm around the waist or shoulders while they talked. Which was fine. It just wasn't. Deserved? Needed.

He did the dishes after the game - not that there were many - and his dad came and dried and put away with him. Mostly stayed silent while they worked, just being there. Shane appreciated that. When he had someone else just being quiet with him it helped his brain stay a little quieter. Assuming the quiet was comfortable, the moment it became awkward silence his mind would start fizzing in very unhelpful ways.

When he was a timbit, there had been a local reporter doing a little fluff piece, and they had asked him what he'd liked about hockey. He had been the named captain of his team, not that that really meant anything at that age, but he'd taken it seriously. He'd told the reporter that he liked it because it lined his brain up for him, and it was nice and quiet. He remembered the older siblings of his team finding it funny when it was released. He didn't remember what they said to him, just that he hadn't understood why they laughed after they said it.

His coach had said it was a perfectly sensible answer, and he didn't need to worry about it. He had tried not to, but obviously he hadn't succeeded, because here he was nearly two decades later feeling that same twist of worry at just the memory of it.

His mum had coached him on answers after that. He had asked her to. Knew professional hockey players often had set answers, and he didn't want to have to wing it.

Hockey still did that. Lined things up. Made things quieter. Not all the time, and not to the same extent as it had when he was a kid. For one, timbits hockey was a lot more straight forward than the NHL. You were also expected to follow the rules more as a timbit - in the way where in the NHL so long as you knew the rules you could always bend them to an extent.

His role in hockey while on ice was so simple. He was getting pucks in the net. Off ice it kept getting more and more complicated. League politics, locker room tensions, team rivalries. As captain he was expected to do more than make goals. On ice, not a problem, he could see and make plays as if it were instinct. He opened corridors up for his team mates, found the pass, set up the shot. Off ice he did his best to do the same thing socially.

He knew he managed reasonably well. He wouldn't still be captain if he didn't. He was pretty sure. He just never felt clear headed while he did it. His brain hammering on about how his tone should be, and to not forget to use this wording, and don't flinch when he says fag, and don't turn down this invite that'll be the fourth turn down in a row, and call out bad behaviour, but not so much that they think he's even more of a buzz kill, be seen with a drink, be seen with a woman, be seen with a friend, stop being only seen out with his parents, don't slip up, don't trip, don't let them see, don't look, don't turn around-

It was exhausting.

"Tell me a bit about Ilya," his dad requested, tupperware held in his hand as he dried it on a steadily dampening teatowel. "Something that isn't about him as Rozanov."

"Um," Shane said, blinked at the hot water in the sink. There was nothing else to wash, so he pulled the plug. "He's a pretty good cook," he found himself saying as he grabbed the dish cloth to wipe the sink and counter down. "I stayed with him last week, for a couple of days, and he - he made sure to cook me things that fit my diet. Tasty things."

“Hm,” David nodded, turned around to put the tupperware in the cupboard. “That’s good. You need at least one good cook in a relationship.” He elbowed Shane gently, winked at him.

Shane rolled his eyes, “I can cook,” he said.

“I said one *good* cook,” his dad retorted with a smile. “I love you, Shaney, but your cooking skills will keep you from starving only because you don’t care when it’s not seasoned nicely.”

Shane would argue back, but. He liked food that tasted good. Obviously. But he didn’t need it. It was a bonus. Ilya seemed intent on making him enjoy his meals, but that wasn’t what eating was for, most of the time. Things like going on dates were exceptions. The food just had to be not entirely disgusting, fit his diet, and easy to store and re-heat.

“Fine,” he said. “I think he’d make a good room mate,” he said then, cleared his throat. “Not that I’m - I mean obviously we can’t live together, we live in different cities. I just think, he’d be nice to live with. Thoughtful.”

“Yeah? How so?”

“Just,” Shane rinsed and then wrung out the dish cloth. Hung it up. Washed his hands. “He’s good at knowing what to say. And like, anticipating when you need something. He picked me up from the airport when I went to visit, and he brought me breakfast. And he made sure to tell me he’d gotten it changed to be better for me. He just, like, guessed I wouldn’t have had any real food yet. And got me a drink I’d never had, but was still nice. I don’t know.”

“Sounds like he’s working hard at learning you,” his dad nodded. He had hung up the damp teatowel. Shane resisted taking it immediately to the laundry. It would be fine. “And you feel safe with him?”

“Huh?”

“He has more reputation than that of a party boy who sleeps around,” David shrugged. He didn’t sound judgemental, but he did have one eyebrow up, so he was definitely judging a little bit. “He gets in a lot of fights on ice.”

“So do a lot of players,” Shane mumbled. “It’s on ice. It’s part of the game.”

“More than most players of his talent and status, then,” his dad shrugged again.

“I feel safe with him,” Shane said, knew it came out a bit pissed off. “I’m not a - I’m not - I’m literally in the same league as him, dad. I can hold my own on the ice. I’m not delicate. And like, I don’t know if you’ve noticed, but Ilya has literally never fought me on ice. He doesn’t off ice, either.”

“Okay, okay,” his dad had his hands up, appeasing. “I wasn’t trying to accuse him of anything, Shaney. I just wanted to check in with you. Not because I don’t think you can handle yourself, fuck, kid, you could probably bench me. Just because, well, I’m your dad.”

Shane took a couple of breaths to try and return to not being pissed off and antsy. Nodded.

“He really does seem like a good kid,” his dad offered. “I liked how he talked to us. To you. And I like the way you look when you talk about him. I’m just still wrapping my head around it, as is your mum.”

“I know.”

“I know it’s probably a bit annoying, having your old folks hovering over you,” David continued, “but we appreciate you letting us.”

“You have Ilya to thank for that,” Shane admitted. “I didn’t want to be babysat. He convinced me.”

“Well,” David nodded. “He’s getting a hug from me when I see him. Can I give you a hug, too?”

Shane nodded back at him. Pressed his face to his dad’s shoulder when he as pulled into a tight hug. Let the hug linger.

“Your mum is dying to ask when we can meet him,” his dad said, his arms firm around Shane. “I thought maybe, when he comes to Montreal next? Then we can meet him on your turf. Give you two a bit of time.”

Shane nodded. “Yeah,” he said. “I’d prefer that. Um. I’ll talk about it with him.”

“Good. Also - do you think he would be okay with us having his phone number?”

-

**TO
Lily**

I think my parents want to kidnap you-

FROM Lily_____

-in a bad way?

**TO
Lily**

Probably not-

*They want to know if they can have your
phone number. I’m guessing for like,
emergencies, or just to be nosy.-*

FROM Lily_____

-lol

-yes they can have number

*-will be weird to have Shane's parents
but not Shane.*

*-Maybe I should put them in as Jane's
mama and papa.*

TO
Lily

*You could just put them down with their first
names, unlikely to be a problem. -*

[CONTACT SHARED] Yuna Hollander.-

[CONTACT SHARED] David Hollander.-

FROM Lily

-yes but is less fun

TO
Lily

Do you think you could take me in a fight?-

FROM Lily

-oh

-is this a sexy fight?

-chase you and fuck you fight?

TO
Lily

No.-

Like, on ice.-

FROM Lily

-hmmm

*-i think yes. i have more ice fight experience
no?*

*-and you do not do attack as much as
defends*

**TO
Lily**

Okay but I do pack a solid punch-

FROM Lily _____

-i have not seen so i cannot say

-you want us to have on ice fight?

-as new friends? about wwf maybe?

**TO
Lily**

No.-

*I just feel like people forget I am also a hockey
player.-*

FROM Lily _____

*-Shanya, no one is ever forgetting you are
hockey player.*

**TO
Lily**

*Not like that. I know I'm a hockey robot or
whatever, but like, physically.-*

FROM Lily _____

-i am not sure i am following

**TO
Lily**

Okay. Hang on.-

*My problem here is I don't know if people assume
I can't fight/defend myself because I don't have a
reputation for it, or if it's because I'm Asian and so
people assume I'm somehow weaker or more
delicate. -*

FROM Lily _____

-oh

-i do not know

-but for me is not either of those

-i think i beat you in fight because i am very good at fighting

-if you did fight with connors or sebbins or vic i think you win eeeeeasssy

-big fucking strong boyfriend ;)

**TO
Lily**

You like that?-

FROM Lily

-that you are big and strong?

-yes

-i like soooo much malysh

-i am always seeing photos of you in your sexy little ads with your big biceps and your huge thighs and i am always getting a little hard thinking about them

-very big turn on to think you could be picking me up and holding me down

-is same for you? with me?

**TO
Lily**

Yes. Very much.-

FROM Lily

-you are going bed soon?

**TO
Lily**

Yes. I'm just waiting for mum and dad to finish their drinks and head to bed as well.-

*I want to know the ensuite will be safely between
us with the fan on before we call-*

FROM Lily_____

-yes good idea

*-you are always very loud even with your
mouth all filled up*

-very hot

**TO
Lily**

I'm still with my parents-

FROM Lily_____

-yet you are also still with texting me

-not very polite

**TO
Lily**

We're not actively talking-

I just dont want to be sexting around them-

I gave them your phone number btw-

*I just watched dad put your name in as 'Shane's
Partner', so I guess you could put them in as
Jane's parents. If you wanted.-*

FROM Lily_____

-no i saved as shanya mama and papa

*-you do not like when jane gets things you
want i think. like you think i think you and
jane are different people*

**TO
Lily**

Kind of embarrassing when you put it like that.-

FROM Lily_____

-how else to put?

**TO
Lily**

IDK-

FROM Lily_____

-is funny sexy secret calling you my jane

*-but less funny and sexy when i know how
much you like when i say my shane instead*

**TO
Lily**

I'm not jealous of myself-

Yeah. Exactly that.-

FROM Lily_____

-yes

-moy shanya

**TO
Lily**

Moy ilyushenka-

FROM Lily_____

-yes

*-is very hard to go from this to when i see you
In public and have to not kiss or touch and
not call you sweet names*

-also wtf is VU how is this real word?

**TO
Lily**

I don't make up the rules for WWF-

Take it up with them.-

FROM Lily_____

-maybe i will

-vu will not save you though

-i am winning this game

TO
Lily

Hmmmmm-

FROM Lily_____

-hey whatsthe fuck

TO
Lily

:)-

FROM Lily_____

-evil anc cruel and unpresidedted

TO
Lily

unprecedented-

FROM Lily_____

-fuck youuuuuu

-next game i have you

TO
Lily

Next game will have to wait-

I'm about to head to bed to call my boyfriend-

FROM Lily_____

-oh interesting

TO
Lily

[OUTGOING VIDEO CALL]-

-

“Hi, moya lyubov,” Ilya said, grinning widely already by the time the video had started working, “you are so eager to give me my reward?”

“Like you’re so patient,” Shane shot back.

Would not say that he had nearly run to his room the moment his parents began heading to bed after both hugging him and saying goodnight. Had locked his bedroom door, turned on his bathroom fan, and almost slipped on the floor in his haste to get to his bed. He’d only just managed to get his headphones in. He sat up straighter against his headboard and tried to pull on a somewhat unbothered expression, like he wasn’t already half chubbed just thinking about it.

“Mm, maybe not,” Ilya said. He was already shirtless, also sitting up against his headboard, sprawled back with his arm held out so Shane could see the bare expanse of his torso, the low waistband of his pants. “Take your shirt off.”

“That wasn’t part of the deal,” Shane said, uselessly, because he was already tugging his arm out of one sleeve and switching his phone to his other hand. “All you’ve earned tonight is watching me give a blow job to a dildo. That’s not something I need my clothes off for.”

“Mmhm,” Ilya nodded, “take your pants off, too, da? In case you get drool on them. I am only looking out for you, malysh.”

“Good point,” Shane said, had dropped his shirt to the side and began fumbling with the button of his trousers. “Only for keeping clean, obviously. This isn’t for you.”

“No, not for me,” Ilya said, his eyes moving rapidly, so close to his phone now that Shane could see the shape of himself in the rectangle of light reflected in Ilya’s eyes. “Just sensible things.”

“Exactly,” Shane said, shoved his undies and trousers down his thighs, and then kicked them off the rest of the way, holding his phone up until he could see his stomach and his thighs in the self view. “I was thinking, though, maybe.”

“Yes?”

“You did score a hatty,” Shane said, shrugged languidly as he brought the phone back up a little so he was only showing from his chest up. “Maybe you deserve a little more?”

“Oh?” Ilya’s eyes flicked up from where they had one hundred percent been fixed on Shane’s pecs, and looked him in the face. “A little more? Yes, I think yes, I do. I was MVP of game tonight, four point game for me.”

Shane nodded, liked how he could see his bedside lamp glinting in his eyes, wondered if Ilya liked it as well, or if he was much more focused on less eye parts of Shane.

“You played a really good game,” he said, “so I thought maybe you could... make some requests? And if you’re lucky I’ll say yes.”

“Ahh,” Ilya smirked, “you are wanting to try and make me beg for it, hm?”

“If that’s what you ask for, maybe,” Shane smirked back. “I just want to keep it interesting.”

“You are always interesting to me,” Ilya said, “always I am curious about you. Wanting to know more. Wanting to see more. Show me your cock.”

Shane smirked, didn’t move the camera down even though he wanted to. “Not yet,” he said. “You can ask for more afterwards.”

“Tease,” Ilya said, pouting hugely, and then dropping his own camera view down to his cock. “Oh well, he likes when you are brat.”

Shane did his best to not audibly gulp as he scrabbled in the sheets beside him for the dildo. It was a pretty good dupe for Ilya’s length and girth, but he had to be careful to not hype it up too much in his mind or he’d get disappointed.

“So you don’t want me to start giving you a show, yet,” he asked, leaning into the role. “You and your dick would like me to drag it out a bit more?” He lifted the dildo up into view now, pressing the head of it against his cheek, tapping it against his skin. “Make you wait for it?”

He watched Ilya’s dick twitch, Ilya’s hand gripping it hard, and then the camera swept dizzily back up to Ilya’s face, his eyes dark, lips wet and curved up in amusement. “I do not think you want this,” he said, low and teasing. “I see you drooling already for it, my easy slut. You want so bad to have my cock in your throat.”

“Shut up,” Shane said, then opened his mouth, pushing his lower lip out further with his tongue, let the (admittedly excessive amount of) spit in his mouth drip down his tongue, over his lip.

Brought the dildo underneath the jut of lip and tongue to catch the drool. Kept his eyes moving from the self view to Ilya’s expression. Really liked seeing what he looked like when Ilya looked at him with that hunger in his eyes. Wanted to see himself how Ilya was seeing him. Wanted to know how much of a slut he looked. He looked a lot like a slut. He looked like Ilya could walk in here right now and shove his cock into his mouth and Shane would just swallow him down.

“Fuuck,” Ilya groaned, his eyes heavy lidded, teeth flashing momentarily as he bit at his lip. “Shanya, fuck -”

Shane tapped the head of the dildo against his tongue, hoped his phone speakers picked up the wet sound of it, the slap of it. Hoped his parents did not. Closed his lips over just the tip, drawing his tongue up the underside. Listened to Ilya’s moan catch in his throat.

“Da, like that, kotik,” Ilya said, “making it so sloppy wet.”

Shane nodded, took more of it into his mouth, his eyes on Ilya’s face more than his own now, was so into the way Ilya’s lips kept twitching.

“Take more,” Ilya breathed, low, “go on, malysh. Take it all, show me how good you are, hm? Show me how you are the best at sucking cock.”

Shane swallowed down his moan, and then loosened his jaw and pressed more of the dildo in. He missed the taste of Ilya’s skin, the salt musk of it. When he’d first looked up how to suck cock (in an incognito tab), he’d seen a lot of people complain about the taste of both cock and semen. Maybe they were just sucking inferior or dirty cocks. Maybe Shane was just weird. He liked it so much. Liked it even when Ilya was sweaty and should objectively be rancid and off putting, but even just the thought of Ilya dripping with sweat after a long workout was enough to get Shane’s cock interested. Maybe when he came out he should just come out as a slut and be done with it.

Ilya was swearing, and Shane could hear the slick noise of skin on skin as he stroked his cock out of view of the camera. A tendon was sticking out in his neck, his cheeks flushing. He was so hot. Shane nudged the dildo against the back of his throat, didn’t manage to stifle the moan that knocked out of him, and was glad of it when it resulted in Ilya moaning even louder, hot and beautiful in Shane’s headphones, like Ilya was moaning right against his ear.

“Gospodi,” Ilya gasped, eyes flickering closed and then snapping back open, “ideal’nyy, malysh. So perfect, so hot - fuck -”

Shane swallowed around the head of the dildo, pushing the base of it as he did. He didn’t bother to fight the tears welling up at the intrusion. Let them fall as he tipped his head back, bringing the phone with him to keep the view good for Ilya. Took the whole thing into his mouth and throat until the base was flush against his lips and his body shook with the first thrill of warning. Blinking through his tears he could see Ilya’s mouth open and pink, his shoulder moving fast and jerky.

Shane’s face was hot and wet, his throat beginning to ache with just holding the dildo in it, his muscles spasming around it trying to dislodge it. His body was still shaking, and his cock was getting harder between his legs in direct opposition of the instincts of the rest of Shane’s

body to pull away. Shane's brain was so nicely straightforward though. Quiet. Just heat and Ilya and the build of pleasure being stronger than the build of pain.

He waited until his lungs were threatening to try and pull in a breath without his say so, and pulled the cock out of his mouth. Had to fight to keep from coughing, or pulling in too harsh breaths. Didn't want his parents to overhear and think he was getting sick, or that he was fucking his throat with a dildo.

Ilya was still swearing, the words muffled as Shane's head rushed with blood and relief, and he held the head of the dildo against his tongue in his open mouth, panting quiet as he could around it, eyes blurry.

"Malysh," Ilya said, his voice finally cutting back through, "fuck, you are so hot. You are so good. So talented. Keeping yourself so trained to take my cock, hm? So good at training. World class cocksucker, sweetheart."

Shane felt the words *cocksucker* land, hitting him somewhere in the humiliation region, and bouncing straight into pleasure in the way a lot of Ilya's words did. Hadn't expected to feel so at ease with words he flinched away from in the locker room. Wanted Ilya to call him a cocksucker again.

"You came?" He asked, letting the dildo fall mostly out of his mouth, resting against his lower lip, wet and dripping down his neck and onto his chest.

In response, Ilya dropped his camera down to his cock, wet and shiny with come and maybe lube. Still pretty hard. Shane bet he could come again pretty soon if he wanted to. Although he had played a game tonight, so maybe he should sleep soon.

"So hot," he said, his own cock pulsing hotly. Had been dripping since Ilya had started swearing. "Fuck I miss your cock."

"Not as much as I miss yours," Ilya growled, brought the camera back to his pink face. "Show me your cock, malysh."

Shane's hand twitched, so did his cock. He held firm. Pulled the dildo away from his mouth to drop onto his lap so he could hold himself firm as well. "Say please."

Ilya swore, the edges of his lips curling up. "Fuck," he spat out. "You want to show me."

"Say please," Shane repeated, ran his thumb along the side of his cock, pressing in against the vein, his whole body twitching in response.

Ilya groaned at the movement, like he could tell immediately what Shane was doing. "Fuck," he said again. "Please, baby, please show me your pretty fucking slut cock."

Shane grinned, much too pleased, and reversed the camera so he could keep staring at Ilya's face while Ilya stared at his cock.

"Fuck you are so wet," Ilya bit out, "blyat, malysh, look at you. This is all from sucking my cock?"

"Yeah," Shane breathed, nodding even though Ilya couldn't see him. "I like it so much."

Ilya swore again, under his breath, possibly in Russian. "Fuck," he said at the end of the indecipherable hiss of words he let out. "Sweetheart, I have request. Please, for my hatty."

Shane hoped and also hoped it wasn't to fuck himself. He always wanted to get fucked, but, he was tired, and his parents were next door. He wanted Ilya to ask just so he could say no. Didn't want Ilya to ask in case he couldn't bring himself to say no and ended up risking it because he was a slut.

"You can ask," he said.

“Jerk yourself off,” Ilya said, voice very rough, like it had been him who had swallowed a dildo. “With the me dildo. Like you are giving us both handy. Fucking up against my cock.”

“Oh fuck,” Shane moaned. Readjusted his grip on his phone, and then changed his mind and just put it on the bed so he could have both hands free to grab the lube.

“Hey!” Ilya called, from where his view was now face down in the blankets, a black screen. “You want me to beg for this, too? Please, lyubimyy, please, will be so hot. So sexy, please let me see!”

Shane laughed breathlessly, returning back to his position after squeezing lube into his palm and smearing it onto his cock first, and then on the dildo, which he held in one hand now as he picked his phone back up.

“Impatient,” he said, moving the view back to his lap so Ilya could see his hard cock and the dildo he was moving into place, working out the best way to grip them both to give himself enough friction and enough tightness. “But I like hearing you beg for me, for once.”

“Special treat for sometimes,” Ilya said, huffed out a loud groan at the sight of Shane getting his hand around himself and the dildo at once. “Fuck yes, Shanya. Your big hand, so hot. Fuck. Jerk off for me. Show me. I need to see.”

If Shane didn't also need desperately to start jerking off, he would have made Ilya wait a little longer. As it was, he felt like his hips were going to start bucking up if he didn't start moving his hand. It was a bit of a struggle keeping his grip tight enough to hold himself and the dildo together one handed without holding too tight, but he worked it out. Stroking himself slow and smooth until he found the balance, and then speeding up, Ilya in his ear the whole time, a cascade of dirty words falling from his mouth, his eyes transfixed to his screen.

One day Shane would last longer. He came quickly, Ilya encouraging him, swearing, praising him as he came all over the dildo and his hand.

Spent, Shane switched the camera back around, and lifted his phone closer to his face, panting at the camera, and watching the way Ilya's smile softened seeing his face.

“So good, malysh,” he said. “Was a perfect show. Very nice reward. Hot boyfriend.”

Shane fought down the urge to let all of the joy show on his face. Was pretty sure he would look stupid with it. Smiled back at Ilya. “It was good?”

“Yes, obviously,” Ilya snorted. “You are fishing, hm? Cannot even wait for official rating?”

“Fuck off,” Shane said, rolled his eyes. “I just like to know you had a good time.”

“I always have good time with you,” Ilya said. “This seems, ahh, statistically impossible, but never once have I had sex with you and then thought, hm, not a good time.”

“I guess I’ll keep trying to do the statistically impossible, then,” Shane said, then, “are you serious about me eating your ass?”

Ilya blinked at him. “Ah,” he said. “Yes? If you want. I know you are big slut bottom, so maybe -”

“I want to,” Shane interrupted, cleared his throat. He had maybe been doing a little bit of research. Was pretty sure he would be fucking great at ass eating, with his skill in sucking cock combined with how he knew he was a good kisser. And Ilya had a fucking amazing ass. Just because he wasn’t dying to fuck it didn’t mean he didn’t love to touch it. “I just didn’t think, I mean, don’t call me a big slut bottom, asshole. I’m not - I mean, obviously, yes, I am, that, but don’t. Whatever. I didn’t think you would want that kind of thing.”

Ilya shrugged. “I do not usually,” he said. “Is not huge big deal. I have done before. I like. I think I will like extra much with you. I have not had man do it to me before.”

Shane had felt a little irrationally angry about not getting to be the first tongue in Ilya’s asshole, but hey, at least he got to be the first guy. He needed to get over not being Ilya’s first

anything. He'd known that going in, that Ilya would have done everything he did with Shane with someone else first.

"Okay," he said. "Cool."

Ilya rolled his eyes at him. "So you will go over pencilled in calendar reminder with pen?"

"I will," Shane said nodding. "I love you."

"Yes, for letting you lick my ass, I would think you would," Ilya said, and then softened. "Ya tohze tebya lyublyu," he said. "Sleep time, now?"

"Yeah, I have early practice," Shane said. "And you should sleep too. Big game tonight."

"Day off tomorrow," Ilya rebutted. "Maybe I need to stay awake all night and think about how hot you are."

"Don't do that," Shane told him. "I want your sleep schedule normal so we can spend as much time as possible fucking while I'm in Boston. We can fuck up our sleep schedules then, not before."

-

You rated Lily

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - **meh** - good - great - excellent

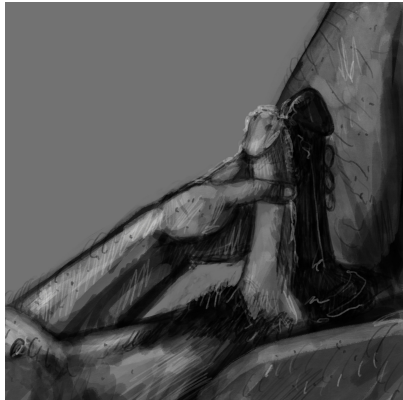
FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

I love you. And I don't need to delete it this time. I love you. Fuck. I love sucking you off, I wish it was really your cock in my throat tonight. I want to taste you. I want you to cum in my mouth and on my face and lick it off me and kiss it into my mouth. I love how you dirty talk to me, I love how your voice sounds, I love hearing you cum and swear. I love how your voice sounds when you say you love me.

[PHOTO ATTACHMENT]

(image is of photo taken from the side, of Shane holding his still hard cock with the dildo tucked behind it, holding them both. There's come on the head of both his cock and the dildo, and his hand as well. He has one leg crooked up.)



-

Lily has rated you

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - meh - good - great - **excellent**

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

Keeping kissing score up for your head skills xxxxxx so hot i felt like i was melting yo uwill kill me with how much you turn me on i swear. i wanted so bad to be cock in your throat, feeling you squeeze and shake around me. ya tebya lyublyu moya lyubov i love you i want you here in my bed. i have already gone and bought you special shane treats and this is not innuedndo but photo attached is a little of one. yes i put it back with rest of them so one of them will be special ;))))

[PHOTO ATTACHMENT]

(Image is a photo of Ilya's mostly hard cock held in one hand, photo taken low from his stomach. Beside his cock, he is also holding a can of canada dry ginger ale.)



Chapter 22: ILYA

The internet was having a fucking party over Ilya's Words with Friends' tweet, and Shane's subsequent retweet. His entire goddamn team had insisted he start games with them as well, and had been tweeting screenshots of their games in which Ilya was mostly winning, and tagging Shane to ask how he was beating him so much. Because Shane wasn't exactly on his twitter much, Ilya had been replying to his teammates instead with a variety of photos of him pulling the finger, or just the simple statement that they were dumb as fuck. Julee did call him and ask him to maybe tone it down a little, so he amended the statement so he was saying they were dumb as puck, instead, and she sent him an eyes rolling emoji and then a laughing emoji, so he assumed he was in the clear.

He had been keeping Shane up to date-ish on the internet reaction to this new development of their rivalry turned friendship, just letting him know the important or extra funny bits. He was sure that between Yuna and Farah Shane would be informed of anything else he needed to know that Ilya missed, or misinterpreted. He had seen a few... vague tweets from various Metros. Nothing explicitly damning, but also nothing in the same playful style as what his Bears were posting. He had asked Shane about it, if he was getting messages or flack from his team again, but Shane had sent him a screenshot of his plane ticket for tomorrow morning and Ilya had been immediately distracted.

Hadn't realised he had been distracted until Shane had gone to practice. To be extra fair to himself, Shane had also followed up on the screenshot with a couple of links to COCK-RINGS, and Ilya's brain had burst into flames and the only thing he'd been able to think about or text Shane about was about how much of a slut Shane was, and did he want Ilya to be his sugar daddy and buy him another toy, and should he get it in matching colour to the dildos, and was Shane trying to kill Ilya by sending all of his blood into his dick?

He'd jerked off after Shane had left, and then scrolled back up through the messages to confirm what time Shane was getting in tomorrow so he could set an alarm to leave and pick him up, and then seen his unanswered text.

-

so metros ARE jealous we are playing wwf?-

*have they ever tried being not cunts and then
maybe their cpatain would like them?-*

i think maybe i have worked it out-

*metros are all actually group of babies under
magic spell to look like big adult hockey players-*

*this is why they are so bad at sharing and also
at hockey-*

*obviously you are not bby under spell, you are
rulebook who wished very hard and was granted
wish to be hockey player and be fucked so good-*

-

Yuna texted him to ask if she could share his number with Farah, in case Farah needed to run anything by him, and Ilya had said yes, because what else was he going to say to Shane's mama? And also because it was a good idea to give Shane's agent a way to contact him because she was now one of only a small handful of people who knew potentially dangerous information about him, and it was best to keep those people close.

David also texted him, but with a code for WWF's, which he accepted and only got mildly thrashed in their first three games.

It was very weird getting these relatively casual messages from Shane's parents. Yuna had also messaged to personally say good job for his hat trick the previous night, and he had replied to say thank you again. And David wasn't pressing him for information, was just literally playing a game with him.

Which was great, and he really liked it. He did. Very much. It was just that he was also waiting with bated breath for the other shoe to fall, the fists to drop, the words to cut.

And Ilya was great with parents - not of people he was dating, because that wasn't a thing he'd dealt with before -, he had met several of his teammates' parents, and he knew they found him charming, and talented, and funny. He'd slept with a handful of his junior hockey teammates' parents, back in Russia, which was another way he was great with parents. But he also knew that the way parents liked him was at a reasonable distance. Because he had a reputation - always - for being...volatile. In Russia he was so often seen as not serious enough, soft under his father's thumb. In America his Russianess was seen as him being too serious, hard faced and sharp tongued. Intense.

So, he thought probably he could charm Shane's parents, to a certain degree, yes. But there would always be the underlying caution of him. Especially because he was dating their son. Especially because, when you really looked at it, so much of Shane's unhappiness could probably be so easily linked right back to Ilya. Did they look at Ilya now and see him as a reason Shane cried? Because he was. A reason Shane felt unsafe? A reason Shane felt ashamed? Did they hate Ilya for it? Would they pretend they didn't hate him right up until the moment Shane's therapist got him to see how much easier his life would be without Ilya, and then they would hate him out loud and poison any goodwill Shane had leftover for him?

-

He went out to go buy the cock-ring in person, because even paying for fast shipping wouldn't get it to his house until the day after next, and what did he care about being seen going to a sex toy shop? He maybe cared a little, though only because he was suddenly worried about being papped, and Yuna Hollander seeing photos of her baby's boyfriend going to a sex toy shop and forbidding Shane from coming to see him because he was a pervert.

He explained this to Marly, after he'd gone and knocked heavily on his door until Marly had let him in and reminded him he had a fucking key and could have let himself in, and Ilya had shrugged, and helped himself to a coke in the fridge while telling Marly he hadn't wanted to be impolite.

"Okay," Marly said. He swiped Ilya's coke to take a swig, and then handed it back. He looked far too amused by Ilya's predicament. "You do realise you're both adults, yeah? Like, I know this is baby's first time having a real relationship, but parents do know what sex is."

"Shut up," Ilya groaned. He got up from where he'd flung himself onto the couch, only to walk huffily around it and throw himself back down on it. "Is bad enough they know how

long Shane and I have been sucking each other off, I think maybe Shane will actually burst into flames with embarrassment if I am photo'd with sex toy in hand and his mama sees. He is very - ah - easy to feel bad. Shamed. Ashamed? About normal things. And I think -" Ilya paused, because he was pretty sure Shane wouldn't be the biggest fan of Ilya talking to anyone about their sex life, but also, he talked to Rose about it, didn't he? So it was probably okay. "-I think maybe he does not think sex is even normal thing. Or, not sex, him having sex? How he likes sex."

Marly was squinting at him, like having his eyes mostly shut would make him better at comprehension. Or maybe he thought it made him look smart. Ilya drank the rest of the coke. Burped loudly.

"So it's like," Marly said, slow, "internal homophobia?"

Ilya groaned again. "Oh my god, Marlow," he said, "I am here for help, not education."

Marly rolled his eyes at him, and then leaned over from his perch on the armchair to shove Ilya's shoulder. "Shut the fuck up, asshole," he said, not meanly. "I'm trying to fucking help you, this just isn't something I've dealt with before! Mostly when I'm fucking someone we both agree that it's hot."

"Oh he agrees is hot," Ilya snapped, "he is so into it, Marly, sometimes he is already with tears in his eyes before his dick is out he wants so much."

Marly's eyebrows raised, but the rest of his expression stayed carefully neutral.

"He is absolutely best fuck I have ever had," Ilya continued, the words pouring out of him now he'd given himself permission. "I think sometimes maybe he was put on earth only to play hockey and fuck. How he is on ice? Very like he is in bed. Except he is not pretending to be polite, nice boy."

"Fuck," Marly said. "I mean - fuck. I saw the hickies you guys gave each other, but, I figured that was all you."

“We are, ahh, what is word. Crazy? Animals? Wild?”

“Uhh, rabid?”

“No, no that is like, when dogs have foam mouths, yes? Very bad and sad.”

“Jesus. Feral?”

“Yes,” Ilya clicked his fingers, pointed at Marly. “We are feral for each other.”

“Jesus,” Marly repeated. “Okay. Back to the original problem. You want to buy a sex toy. Okay? Just get, like, I don’t know, some obvious dumb shit with it. Like those straws people buy for bachelorette parties?”

It was kind of a good idea. Hiding the real mission behind something stupid. But it would not save him from the disapproval of Yuna, should he be seen with something as dumb as dick straws. Or boob straws?

He shook his head. “No, I need more stealth. I need big favour.”

Marly opened his mouth, and then snorted, rolled his eyes. “Seriously?” he asked. “You want me to go in and buy something for you? Like I’m your cool older friend?”

“Fuck off, you are not cool,” Ilya grouched back, folding his arms. “But yes. I do.”

“You are so bad at asking for favours, bro,” Marly said, shaking his head, grinning at Ilya as he did. “Pretty sure most people would say please, and also not insult the person they’re asking a favour from. What do you even want? A vibrator?”

“Cock-ring.” Ilya mumbled.

Marly laughed, Ilya glowered further. “Okay,” Marly said eventually, once he’d stopped laughing like an asshole. “So, first your cock stops working for anyone but Shane, and now you’re shooting off early with him?”

“No,” Ilya ground out. “Is not even for me. I do not think? Shane wants it, but he did not say for which dick. Blyat, I will have to buy two, in case.”

“Okay, okay,” Marly was shaking his head again. “Fine, I will go buy these two cock-rings for you, but I’m expecting a shout out for it in your wedding speeches or whatever.”

“Yes, I will say Marly is big asshole who got turned on a little hearing me say my boyfriend is very into sex.”

“I did not,” Marly shot back, “I was just - fuck off.”

“You fuck off!”

-

FROM Jane _____

-Why is Marlow texting me to say you're an asshole?

-I already know you're an asshole.

TO
Jane

*i am taking him to bubble tea to say sorry
for being asshole to him-
and also to see if he chokes on balls again-
he is pissing me off so i hope he does-
i will not thump him on back-*

FROM Jane_____

-Yeah sure

TO
Jane

*practice was okay? -
your baby metros learn how to share puck? -*

FROM Jane_____

-god fuck off

-It was fine.

*-It's annoying that they're so easily
distracted by literal gossip, but they're
still good players.*

TO
Jane

*okay-
you are on way to therapy? -*

FROM Jane_____

- I'm in the parking lot.

-I don't want to go in.

TO
Jane

it will be okay, moya lyubov-
your mama will have chosen nice person-
and if person is not nice, we find new one-
you are so brave malysh you can do this-

FROM Jane

-I don't feel brave.

-I feel really stupid and weak.

*-I didn't even tell Hayden about it because
it feels like such a fucking failure.*

TO
Jane

is same thing as physio yes?-
*i read this online. how talking therapy is like
physio for brain-*
*you are not weak when your body needs help and
your brain is part of body-*
you are taking care of your body shanya xxx-
*and is scary because people are stupid about it but
does not mean it is stupid-*

FROM Jane

*-You've been looking up things about
therapy?*

TO
Jane

i did not know much before-
i wanted to be able to say useful words-

for when you got stuck in car lot-

FROM Jane _____

-Asshole.

-Thank you.

**TO
Jane**

you are so much not a failure ok?-

go to session x-

call me after if you want-

*i will answer even if i am trying to save marly
from inhaling balls-*

FROM Jane _____

-So dumb.

-Okay.

-I love you.

**TO
Jane**

I love you :)))))))-

-

FROM Jane _____

-[INCOMING CALL]

-

“Can I come over tonight?” Shane asked, before Ilya had a chance to say hello. “And stay with you a bit longer?”

Ilya blinked out his windscreen, had answered the phone on speaker one handed, and had to resist the urge to check it was Shane calling, and now somehow someone who sounded like Shane.

“Yes,” he said, “of course, malysh. Will there be difficulty swapping ticket?”

“No,” Shane said, sounded very relieved. “I, um, already did it. Sorry. I should have asked first.”

Ilya would very much like to wind down his car window and scream out to Boston that Shane Hollander wanted to see him so much that he hadn’t even asked first. He settled for snorting out a dismissive sound, rolling his eyes.

“You do not need to ask,” he said. “Is very obvious I want you here, always, no?”

Shane laughed a little, quiet. “Mostly,” he said. “But I’m not - I’m starting to think maybe things that are obvious to other people aren’t always as obvious to me. And vice versa.”

Ilya had thought that was obvious. Refrained from saying so, because that would probably be just mean. And Shane sounded right now very much like he needed Ilya to not be mean, not even in a funny way. “I want you here, always,” he said. “Always you are welcome at my home, Shanya. When is your new plane arriving? I will pick you up.”

“Ten past eight,” Shane said, sighed. “I’m - um - I’m in the car park again. My one this time. I don’t want to talk about the session yet. I’m going to have to go upstairs and talk to my parents, and say I’m going to Boston even though they’re taking time to be here for me, and - I just wanted to check it would be okay to come, and also hear your voice.”

“I will be at airport for you,” Ilya said, “You want to hear my voice say things?”

He heard Shane let out a little huff of a laugh, sounding exhausted. “I’m maybe not up to phone sex right now,” he said, his tone only half joking, everything else dead serious.

“Not sex things,” Ilya confirmed. “Was not was I was thinking. In your comment you said you loved to hear me say I love you.”

“Oh,” Shane said, soft.

“I love you,” Ilya repeated. Felt himself blush with it, even as he sat alone in his car, Shane only able to hear him. “Ya tebya lyublyu.”

“Thank you,” Shane murmured. “I - thanks. I love you. I have to - I should go. But I’ll text you when I’m about to board?”

“Yes,” Ilya nodded, “and also play me back, I am winning our game.”

Shane laughed.

-

**TO
Jane**

your papa plays very boring words-

FROM Jane

-Boring because they keep beating you?

TO
Jane

not the point-
will your parents drive you to airport?

FROM Jane_____

-Yes. I said I'd get a taxi, or park my car in longterm, but they insisted.

-They'll stay here for the night and then go back to Ottawa.

-Mum's a bit disappointed I think.

TO
Jane

she can have you again soon-
is my turn-

FROM Jane_____

-Now who can't share?

TO
Jane

still metros i have been sharing whole time-

FROM Jane_____

-Marlow didn't end up choking?

TO
Jane

only little bit. did not need help-
i was busy anyway-
some of these drinks have pudding in them-
very delicious -

FROM Jane_____

-Like an egg custard kind of thing?

TO
Jane

idk, was yummy and also yellow so maybe-
i asked for one i saw on poster-
looked good and was good-

FROM Jane _____

*-Maybe if we go there again I could ask
what's in it and see if i can have it*

TO
Jane

you can have it-
is only one drink-

-

FROM Jane _____

-Boarding plane now.
-Still okay to pick me up?

TO
Jane

yes obviously-
8.10 i will be there-
long term park again?-

FROM Jane _____

*-I thought maybe it would be okay if you
just picked me up at arrivals?*
-If you don't mind being seen with me?
-Now that we're officially friends.
*-And I told my coach I was coming early to
hang out with you.*

TO
Jane

did he have heart attack????-
we will have to wait for hello kiss-
but yes i pick you up at arrivals-
i can be brave like my brave boyfriend-

FROM Jane

-I'm not being brave
-I just want you as soon as possible.
-And the more the media sees of us as
friends feels safer? I think. If they papped
us picking up in long term somehow it
would look suspicious. Pick me up in
public and we have nothing to hide.
-Except for what we're hiding.

TO
Jane

Okay lyubimyy-
x-

FROM Jane

-x

-

Ilya headed to the airport not long after Shane's plane took off. He paused to pick up a disgusting looking quinoa salad because David had texted him to say that Shane hadn't eaten yet. He would not be telling Shane that his papa was telling on him, but he did text David back to say he would feed Shane. He wasn't sure how much time he was going to get with Shane on this trip. Definitely more than he'd hoped for, but still not as much as he wanted. They would have tonight, tomorrow until afternoon, and then tomorrow night. He was pretty sure Shane was still planning on traveling back with his team the following morning. A small part of Ilya (perhaps) selfishly wished Shane would go on IR. He had looked that up as well,

and you were allowed to go on IR for things like this. Mental issues. Maybe not the right wording. Shane would hate that wording. He didn't remember how the website had phrased it.

Shane didn't seem to think any of this was a crisis, but every time Ilya thought about Shane calling him after coming out to his parents, and his tears, and the way he spoke - it felt like a crisis to Ilya's aching chest. Shane would probably hear it as a betrayal if Ilya suggested it. Like how he didn't want to even entertain his mama's idea of taking a step back from hockey.

He arrived at the airport early, armed with quinoa and gatorade and WWF. He still hadn't beaten David even once, but Marly hadn't beaten *him* even once, so he wasn't feeling too stupid.

-

FROM Jane _____

-Landed

-I have checked luggage again so I'll still be a little while.

**TO
Jane**

ahhhh ;) checked ;) luggage ;)-

FROM Jane _____

-Shut up

**TO
Jane**

nice of you to bring our friends to visit :)-

FROM Jane _____

-Less nice, more I want you to fuck me and my throat at the same time until I'm crying.

**TO
Jane**

oh-

this is why you needed earlier plane, hm?-

needed me to fill you up?-

FROM Jane _____

-Partly.

-I want my brain to shut up

-You fucking me will do that.

**TO
Jane**

ah so this is business arrangement-

FROM Jane _____

-:/

**TO
Jane**

*is okay shanya. I will make sure you cannot even
think words-*

FROM Jane _____

-Thank you.

-Deboarding now.

**TO
Jane**

*say when you have luggage and i will drive
to pick up lanes-*

FROM Jane _____

-ok

-

FROM Jane _____

-Got it.

-

Shane had the same duffle as last time, and he was wearing Ilya's hoodie. He looked very somber, standing by the side of the lane, but he smiled when Ilya pulled up beside him. Part of Ilya wanted to have gotten to do this in long term parking again, so he could kiss Shane immediately. Play with him a bit. But this was good too, not hiding even as they were still hiding. It would be okay to be seen like this right now. Maybe they would have to reconsider how they interacted in public after Shane came out - if only for Russia - but that was not now. He could play Shane's friend for now. Also, he wasn't certain of Shane's mood right now. How his therapy appointment had gone to have him coming immediately to Ilya. Wanting to be fucked into the place where he went all soft and dazed. Didn't know what Shane needed around the fucking. If he needed Ilya to be normal, or to be careful with him.

He popped the boot, and Shane chucked his duffle in before coming back to the passenger door and climbing in.

"Hi," he said.

"Hi, Shanya," Ilya replied, hoped he was keeping his face appropriately friend smiley and not *yeah you get massive heart eyes when you talk about him bro* smiley. The car doors were closed, but if someone got a photo of them here it would be silly to be outed by his inability to no longer be able to look at Shane with anything less than love. "Flight was okay?"

"Yeah," Shane said, already pulling his belt on. "Can we go?"

"Yes, sir," Ilya snarked, tapping a fake cap on his head, and pulling back out of the park. "Have you had dinner?"

He didn't know why he asked when he knew the answer. Maybe he wanted to see if Shane would lie to him about it.

"Uh," Shane said, "not really."

"Not really?"

"I had a protein bar?" Shane said, the trailing end of the word making it clear he knew this was unacceptable. "I wasn't hungry."

Ilya kept both hands on the steering wheel, navigating them out of the maze of so many stupid lanes for different parking.

"Behind you in bag," he said. "Quinoa salad that looks actually disgusting. And gatorade. Eat dinner, idiot."

Shane didn't move for a moment, and then he nodded, turned in his head so he could reach into the back seat, and fetched his dinner.

"It's, um. Keen-wa, or like, ken-no-ah," he said, as he pulled the salad out of the paper bag. "Not qui-noa."

"That is very stupid," Ilya said. "If they want it said this way maybe they should spell this way."

Shane snorted, fished the takeaway fork out of the bag as well, cracking the bowl open and taking a forkful like it was something nice. Ilya knew in theory that Shane did like quinoa, but in practice he found it hard to believe even while seeing Shane chew a mouthful of it and look happy doing so.

"Is good?"

“Yeah,” Shane said. Had a few more mouthfuls. “Thank you.”

“Do not forget drink,” Ilya said.

“Okay,” Shane shrugged. He was probably rolling his eyes, but Ilya felt like it was too dangerous to check. Like if he let himself properly look at Shane right now, he wouldn’t look back at the road. “Who told on me?”

“What?”

Shane laughed a little, opened the gatorade. “Both my parents have your number, and both of them were trying to get me to eat before I left.”

“Your papa,” Ilya admitted. “Is good, yes? They trust me to feed you.”

“I’m not a kid,” Shane said, a little stiff, and then relented. “Yes. It is good. Annoying that you can all gang up on me now. But yeah.”

“It will be fun,” Ilya decided. “Ganging up on you. I think is likely your mama has folders of embarrassing photos of you.”

“You are never allowed to see my photo albums,” Shane said through a mouthful of salad. “I was a severely awkward child.”

“I bet you were so cute,” Ilya said, grinning at just the thought of it. “I think you are so cute now when you make your awkward faces.”

“Let’s not check,” Shane said. “I’m pretty sure there’s literally no photos of me smiling from the age of like, nine until I was fourteen or something, and scouts were looking at my profiles

and mum said I needed to look friendlier.”

Sometimes Shane just said things like this, like they were such simple facts of life and not at all something that made Ilya so deeply sore, like he had a vice in his gut.

“I am glad you have found your smile again,” Ilya said, maybe a little too earnestly. “I like best when it is your real smile, not your photo smile.”

“I like your smiles,” Shane replied. “All of them. I like your whole face.”

“This is good,” Ilya nodded, “I am very attached to my face, would be difficult to get new one.”

“Yeah,” Shane agreed, “there’s no upgrade, anyway, this is the best face available.”

Ilya’s cheeks were heating up, and he shook his head, feeling his mouth curl up into a smile. “I am very sexy, yes,” he said, “is good to hear my beautiful sexy boyfriend agrees.”

“I like when you say that,” Shane said. He was staring intently at Ilya now, his salad and drink just sitting in his lap. “When you call me your boyfriend.”

“Yes,” Ilya allowed himself one quick glance at Shane’s lovely face, smiled at him, tore his gaze away. “I like also. Very much. So much I want to never be in public so I can say all the time to you.”

“There’s other stuff I want you to say as well,” Shane said. “If we’re going to stay locked up inside.”

The problem here was that Ilya so badly wanted to just act normal, and he was pretty sure that that was what Shane wanted too. To take this opening to start talking dirty, telling Shane what he wanted to do to him. Except he still didn’t know how Shane was fucking feeling.

It was easier to just move straight into sex when they were still pretending to just be hooking up, because Ilya wasn't allowed to care so much about what else was going on for Shane. He was there to address the immediate issues, which tended to be that Shane needed very badly to get fucked and treated like a slut, and then kissed and held.

He still wanted to do that. Very much. He'd been talking his erection down since Shane had texted about having checked luggage.

He wanted to help Shane feel better, and if he needed to not think for a while, Ilya was happy to make that happen, just -

"I love you," he said, kept his eyes on the road. "This is what you want me to say, yes?"

Shane sighed, luckily a happy sounding noise rather than frustrated. "Yes," he said. "But also -"

"You want me to tell you all about how I am going to push you down on the bed," Ilya said, dropped his voice low so would rasp against Shane's ears in the way he knew made Shane shiver. "Take your clothes off you, hold you down, and fuck you until you are just my hole?"

Shane's responding, breathy moan was answer enough.

"You will have to be patient, malysh," he managed to grit out, most of his attention on the road and keeping his hard on to at least only a a hard ish. "Finish your dinner and drink, hm? And then when we get home you will want a shower, I think. Wash the plane off."

Shane nodded, took a sip of gatorade.

"Then when you are clean," Ilya continued, watching in his periphery as Shane took another mouthful of his salad, "I will give you what you need, yes? So long as you are good for me, patient. You can do this?"

"Yes," Shane said. "Thank you."

Chapter 23: SHANE

Chapter Notes

:)

Shane wasn't sure how to describe it, the way he felt when he let himself drop out of his mind and let Ilya guide him.

The dropping out of his mind felt a lot like suiting up for the ice, or stepping on to a treadmill. Like teeing his brain up to just follow instinct and routine, orders, without thinking about them. On ice, correcting his balance and speed after dodging a check, or moving his stick to get in position, no thought just instinct. On the treadmill, or on a run outside, one foot after the other, placing his feet firm and strong, avoiding rocks or slippery ground, automatic movement. With Ilya, following the words out of his mouth, the movements of his hands, the tone of his voice, tugging at Shane's spine.

He lost time while working out, sometimes, just from the monotony of it, skating the same loop, focusing on muscle, tendon, reach, push, pull, burn. He knew he lost time sometimes when he was anxious as well. Not much. Just getting lost in a loop in his mind and blinking into awareness hours later, stiff at his kitchen counter, or cold on his little balcony, arms gripped tight around himself.

This was a little like losing time. In that it felt a lot like he would blink and find himself skipped forwards a little. Maybe more like how he'd heard people talk about the 'fun' type of black out drunk. Where your night turned into a series of vignettes that you had to piece together and hope nothing embarrassing happened in the blacked out edges of your memories.

It wasn't like that at all, though, because even as time slipped forwards, taking Shane with it, he had a current of awareness washing along with him; that if he wanted to he could lift his head and be back in the noise of reality. At the same time, he also knew he didn't want to, didn't need to, not with the way he felt warm and calm, following Ilya into his house, Ilya's hand warm on his lower back. Guiding him with short easy commands, voice firm and warm. He didn't need to worry about anything, or think about anything. He didn't have to make any

decisions, or consider how things looked, or calculate calories. He could trust Ilya with his body.

Ilya stayed with him the whole time. Obviously in the car, yes, but when they got home, Ilya took Shane's bag and the dinner and directed Shane to follow him, one hand lightly on Shane's arm, or his lower back. Told him to take off his shoes and jacket in the entrance. Took them through the kitchen to throw away the quinoa bowl and fork, to rinse the gatorade bottle and put it in recycling. Upstairs to the bedroom to put the duffle on the dresser top. Into the bathroom. Told Shane to take his clothes off, and took each item from Shane as it was removed, put everything in the laundry hamper. The shower was on, and Shane was in it, and then before he could be untouched for too long, Ilya was also in it, hands on Shane's hips, firm.

He let Shane stay tucked down under himself while he soaped up Shane's body, rinsed him off, his hands staying firm on Shane's skin, never dragging into trailing light touches.

"Okay, Shane," Ilya said, his hands were on Shane's hips again, and his voice was the same volume it had been the whole time, but he'd edged it with something that nudged under Shane's chin until he found himself lifting his head up and blinking at Ilya with full awareness of his body. "Hello," Ilya said, while Shane shifted his shoulders to shift the pattern of water landing on his skin. "You are back with me?"

"Yes," Shane said, swallowed. Felt heavy still, but in a good way. "Sorry."

"No," Ilya shook his head, he looked faintly amused, and he lifted one hand to brush against Shane's cheek. "So good for me, hm?"

"Yeah," Shane nodded, closed his eyes at the touch for a half second before he returned his gaze to Ilya's face. "I like to be. For you."

"Good," Ilya said. He tipped forward to press a light kiss to Shane's lips, didn't deepen it even when Shane's mouth fell open for it. "Do you still want?" He asked, leaning away again, his back was against the tiled shower wall, Shane against his front. "For me to fuck you all the way back under? Push until you are so full of only me, in your mind, in your body?"

Shane didn't need to check in with any part of himself. "Yes," he said. "So much." His brain, now back online, had finished sorting out all the current events, and had put together why they were still in the shower. "I'll prep," he said, "it won't take long."

"You need help?" Ilya asked, "or for me to stay?"

Shane wondered if the constant touch had been Ilya's idea, or if Shane had been reaching out to him the whole time without realising. Making it so obvious and clear that he was using Ilya as an anchor, both to hold him down and to pull him back.

"No," Shane rolled his eyes. Felt so fond, and also embarrassed. "I absolutely would prefer to do this myself."

Ilya shrugged one shoulder, his hand was still on Shane's face, thumb rubbing over his cheek bone. "So secretive about your asshole," he said, "as if I have not had many conversations with it myself."

Shane snorted, shoved Ilya's shoulder. "Don't be a dick," he said, "you know it's different, and it's also not sexy."

Ilya shrugged again. "You are sexy," he said, "sex with you is sexy."

Narrowing his eyes up at him, Shane tilted his head to the side. "Are you...winding me up right now?" He asked. "Because you like it when I get..."

"Wet hissing cat angry," Ilya said, a wide grin breaking out across his face. "Kitten."

"Oh fuck you," Shane said, shoving him again, unable to stop himself from laughing, especially when Ilya laughed as well. "Get out of the shower."

“So mean,” Ilya said happily, pressed a wet kiss to Shane’s cheek. “Maybe is my greatest biggest wish to -”

“No,” Shane shook his head. “Out of the shower and the room.”

Ilya kissed him again, still grinning. He got out of the shower, wrapped himself in a towel, and left with a wink.

-

Ilya was lying on the bed, propped up against the pillows, on his phone, when Shane stepped into the room, sans towel. Ilya still had his towel draped around his waist, the corner where he’d tucked it in had come out, so it was one movement away from fully unwrapping. He looked up from his phone and smiled, not bothering to hide the way his eyes roved over Shane’s body, lingering on his cock.

On the side of the bed that Shane had slept in when he was here, he could see his phone on the charger, next to a bottle of water, and also the Ilya sized dildo.

In a very different tone to the one Shane was thinking with, his eyes on the dildo, Ilya said; “I was just texting with your mama. She wanted to know you were here safe.”

“Oh,” Shane said, realised he’d fully forgotten to text his parents when he’d arrived. Hoped they hadn’t worried too much. He probably had missed calls from them. “Sorry.”

“Is fine,” Ilya shook his head, was putting his phone down on his bedside table as he stood up from the bed, the towel falling away. “You were exhausted, malysh. I told them you were tired, but had eaten now, and was in shower.”

A pang of irritation shot through him, the powerlessness of being worried about, the care he was being shown even while he kept turning away from it because they shouldn’t be worried, they shouldn’t care, they should let him be. He pushed it away. Nodded.

Ilya took one step towards him, and then stopped, his pose casual even as Shane could see how he was shifting his weight to make his muscles pop. Showing off quietly, like Shane wasn't already fully enamoured with him.

"So I don't need to talk to them right now?"

"Not unless you want to," Ilya shrugged. "I said would be bedtime after shower."

Shane looked at the dildo on the bedside again, and then at the crumpled towel on the bedspread. "We'll need a dry towel," he said, "I am not going to lie on your wet one."

Ilya snorted, rolled his eyes, but also leaned backwards and grabbed the offending towel, walked it back into the bathroom. "We would just be getting it wetter," he said over his shoulder. "Soon new dry towel will also be wet one."

Shane perched on the edge of the bed, watched as Ilya came back with two dry towels and a smile. Stayed there when Ilya stalked over to him, coming to stand between Shane's knees as he dropped the towels onto the bed. His cock was semi-hard, bobbing a little between his legs, and if Shane ducked down he could get his mouth on it. Would have done so, except then Ilya was taking his face by the chin, and bending down himself to kiss Shane hard, tongue first, mouth open and demanding.

Shane melted into it, realising only now that this was their first non-chaste kiss since he'd arrived - Ilya having kept it to light kisses in the shower, and Shane being too out of it in the car once they'd pulled away from the airport.

Moaned when Ilya sucked his lower lip into his mouth and bit it, was kissing him like he wanted to devour Shane. He wanted Ilya closer, wanted more, his hands grabbing at Ilya by the waist, the hip, the ribs, the ass, everywhere. Finally moving up to wrap one arm around his neck, the other to grasp his face.

Ilya didn't push him backwards onto the bed like he'd been hoping for, instead broke the kiss, moving his mouth roughly across the side of Shane's face, biting at his jaw, and then his neck, sucking at the spot that always made Shane moan louder, and Shane could feel and hear him smirk out a laugh at how Shane's whole body jerked with it.

“Fuck off,” he bit out, panting already, his cock hard and wet, wanting.

“So good for me,” Ilya said, biting the words into Shane’s clavicles, and then moving down further to suck one of Shane’s nipples into his mouth before saying, “you still want to be good for me?”

“Fuck,” Shane said again, “yes.” Sometimes he wanted Ilya to just make him be good. Sometimes it felt like that was what he was doing, making Shane admit it. “Please, I will be.”

“I know, I know, malysh,” Ilya said, bit at his other nipple, and then licked a hot wet line down Shane’s stomach. He looked up at Shane from there, from where he’d sunk easily to his knees, his hands moving to push Shane’s thighs further apart, fingers digging comfortably into Shane’s muscles. “I am going to make you come,” he told Shane then. “In my mouth, and then I am going to give it to you, and you will take, and say thank you. Yes?”

“Yes.”

Ilya patted his thigh. “Good,” he said. “Can you wait until after to hear rest of plans? Or are you too impatient? You need to know everything first?”

“No,” Shane shook his head. “I can be patient for you.”

“Good,” Ilya repeated. Didn’t say anything else, just sank down further on the floor, one hand moving from Shane’s thigh to take him by the base of his cock, and took him into his mouth.

Shane moaned, focused on keeping his hips still, his ass firmly on the bed. Ilya hadn’t told him to move his hands, so he kept them where they’d ended up, one hand in Ilya’s hair, the other cupping Ilya’s nape. Held on tight as Ilya bobbed his head, just over the head and the first few inches of the shaft, tongue fluttering, mouth suctioning tight. Heat and pressure and sensation and so good. Shane knew he’d been leaking already, easy for it, and he wondered

how he tasted in Ilya's mouth. If Ilya liked it like Shane liked it. If he would swallow some of the come before kissing it into Shane's mouth at the end.

Ilya's mouth was merciless. He wasn't dragging this out. Swallowed Shane down, and down, until his nose was pressed into Shane's pubes. He hoped they weren't too spiky from their recent trim. Ilya's throat so tight around him. His hand slipping from Shane's cock and moving down over his balls, squeezing gently before moving down further, thumb rubbing at his taint, hard pressure eased with dripping saliva.

Shane's body caught up before his brain did, the pressure on his prostate, the rush of heat and pleasure. He was coming before he managed to move his mouth from another moan into a warning. Ilya must have caught the warning tremors, though, already pulling back enough that he only had the head of Shane's cock in his mouth. Kept one hand rubbing at Shane's taint, moved the other from his thigh to jerk Shane's cock off into his mouth as Shane came, prolonging the orgasm, pumping him through it until he felt like he was being squeezed for every last drop. His whole body lax and running hot and relieved.

Ilya pushed him backwards onto the bed as he rose onto his feet, one hand curved around Shane's hip to hoist him further, the other pushing against his chest. Climbed onto the bed over Shane's body, chest heaving with aftershocks of pleasure. He opened his mouth when Ilya leaned in, and Ilya's mouth met his, wet and bitter and hot. Shane didn't mind the taste of his own come, but he preferred Ilya's. Liked how this way he was getting some Ilya with himself, spit and come pushed into Shane's mouth on Ilya's tongue, Shane swallowing whenever he could, not wanting to let any over flow drip out of his mouth and soak into the blanket. He hadn't landed on the towels. Should have thought about it. Hard to think about anything like this, sated, hot, Ilya's tongue in his mouth, still pushing his spit tinged with Shane's come, into his mouth.

He waited until Ilya pulled back a little, and then panted; "thank you."

"Good boy," Ilya told him, patted his cheek firmly, and Shane felt himself nearly whine for it. "You swallowed so good. Beautiful, moy malysh. Onto your stomach, now."

Shane rolled, or, attempted to, because Ilya was still straddling him, which made it hard. Ilya laughed, but climbed off him, tugging at the towels and Shane as he did, until Shane had managed to roll over properly and be positioned on the towels Ilya had spread out, double layered. His cock brushed and then pressed against the rougher fabric of the towels, over sensitive but not overwhelming.

For a moment Ilya wasn't touching him, and Shane, prone, his face pressed into rucked up blanket, couldn't see him. Could only anticipate, feeling the bed shift, waiting for the heat of Ilya's body, or the mattress to tip him into Ilya's gravity.

Ilya touched the backs of his thighs first, palm pressed into the meat of Shane's left thigh, rolling it out, the push pulling his ass cheeks apart, Shane letting himself be moved. For a moment that was all Ilya did, hold him slightly open, hand heavy on him, and then he was pushing in. Moving his whole body, pushing Shane's legs further apart to make space for him, bending one of Shane's legs up and to the side, hip turned out, an easy stretch. Ilya's tongue on the exposed inner thigh, his hands still holding Shane's legs, holding back Shane's twitch at the sudden sensation easily.

He bit at the soft flesh, the curve of fat over hard muscle, where Shane's leg hair softened and lightened, his skin paler here as well, stretch marks white and tight feeling when Ilya dragged his teeth over them, nerve endings weird and jittery. Moaned when Ilya bit down hard right in the inner junction of thigh, ass, cock. More thigh than anything else, pain reacting hotly with every other sensation around it. He could feel a little lube dripping out of his ass, the way his ass cheek was spread, opening his hole enough that he couldn't squeeze himself shut without being so obvious.

"So wet for me, lyubimyy," Ilya breathed, not missing the trickle of lube, or the way Shane's ass twitched in a moment of indecision over clenching or not. "Are you embarrassed you are so wet?"

Yes. No. "I'm always wet for you," he bit out into the bedding, felt like he was being strangled with need, a choking heated wetness rising up his throat and pricking at his closed eyes.

"Mm," Ilya sounded pleased, and then his tongue was on Shane's thigh again, moving up, licking up the lube, so wet and loud, his tongue hard and flat against Shane's skin all the way up to its source, where he spat it out again. Lube and spit hitting Shane's hole like an electric shock, and his whole leg twitched with it, his hole clenching and releasing again. Ilya spat on it again before continuing to speak. "You did not answer me."

Shane shook against the bed. "Yes," he said.

Ilya pressed a finger into Shane, pushing his spit and the dripped lube back into him, sliding in so easily, pressing down on the rim with his thumb so he could hold Shane open even as he filled him.

“I love how wet you get for me,” he said, a pause, and then he spat again, used his thumb to work the spit into Shane. “Seeing how turned on you are for me, malysh. My beautiful slut, you want so badly to be filled up. To be used. For me to be inside you so deep you could feel from outside.”

Shane groaned, the idea of it, Ilya’s finger inside him so good and so not enough, he wanted. He was always wanting proof. Proof of Ilya wanting him. Proof of being wanted. Proof he was in his body. It belonged to him. It belonged to Ilya.

“Yes?” Ilya prompted, pushed a second finger in along with the first, not gentle, but slow, letting Shane’s muscles stretch.

“Yes,” Shane breathed. “Yes, I want that, I want it, I want you, please.”

“Fuck,” Ilya said in reply, voice strained. “Fuck, Shanya, when you are like this - fuck I want to be in you. Want to hold you down and fuck into you so deep. Grind in like I can get deeper, make you come again and again, fucking you so good you can’t help it. Crying and dripping and shaking, but still wanting more, always, hm?”

“Yes,” Shane moaned, already felt close enough to crying, to shaking. His cock was doing its best to get hard again, and it was already wet at its tip. Ilya could fuck him until he fucking passed out, and Shane was pretty sure he’d still want more if Ilya asked.

Ilya swore again, hushed and rapid Russian, and then he was pressing a third finger into Shane, was starting to fuck them in and out, rather than just the slow movements he’d been doing before, easing Shane into it. He wasn’t touching Shane’s prostate yet, carefully avoiding it like he knew just as well as Shane did that it would have him coming so quickly and weakly.

Instead, he focused on opening Shane up. Had grabbed lube from somewhere - Shane hadn't seen it before but whatever - and drizzled it directly onto Shane's hole, cold and shocking, and immediately fucked into him where it warmed and just become more of the slick wet noises Ilya was making.

Shane's mind kept going back to the dildo on the bedside table. Wanted to know where it was going. If Ilya was opening him up so he could take it and his cock. If it was just there to tease Shane. If Ilya would fuck him with it and then make him suck on it while Ilya fucked him.

Ilya's mouth was on him again, biting at his ass cheek, and then dragging biting kisses up over the swell of his ass to his waist, stopping to suck at the sweaty skin there, his hand still fucking into Shane.

"I have choice for you to make," Ilya said, set his teeth against Shane's ribs. "Is easy, do not worry. Will be good either way."

Shane groaned. Didn't want to. Would do whatever Ilya wanted. He wanted Ilya's fingers on his prostate. He wanted Ilya holding him. He wanted.

"Six," Ilya asked, "or nine?"

Okay. Shane huffed out a laugh, his brain fuzzy around the edges apparently very amused by Ilya saying without saying sixty nine. He shook his head, more rubbing his face into the blanket. "Nine," he said.

"Mmm, very good," Ilya said, the praise warm in Shane's chest, and then hot when Ilya finally changed the angle of his hand and fucked down against Shane's prostate. "So good for me, malysh," he continued, as Shane breathed out soft awful noises. "My sweetheart. You take so good. Always. Always take me so pretty, like you are made for it. Made to be my hole. Made to be used, yes?"

Shane nodded, desperate, wondered if he came again now Ilya would make him come a third time. Didn't think he was capable of it. Didn't think it mattered if Ilya asked him to. "Yes," he panted.

Ilya didn't push that far, not yet anyway. He fucked Shane for a few more thrusts, and then, horribly, withdrew his fingers, patted Shane's ass cheek wetly.

"Back or tummy?" Ilya asked, "last decision, malysh, I promise."

Shane sniffed. He wanted to see Ilya. He wanted to be kissed. "Back," he mumbled.

"Good," Ilya said, "roll over again, moya lyubov."

Shane rolled over, obedient. Ilya had got up on his knees, and then gotten entirely off the bed, which was dreadful, until Shane saw he had gone to get the dildo. And also the water bottle. He brought both back to the bed, and handed Shane the water bottle first.

"Drink," he said. "I am making you lose lots of fluids."

The part of Shane that loved an argument (quite a large part of him, to be fair), was mostly asleep, fucked out. He took the bottle and drank deeply. Panted when Ilya took it again and had a drink himself, before leaning over the side of the bed and putting the bottle on the floor.

"You remember our draft?" Shane found himself asking, eyes on Ilya's sweaty face. "How we shared your water bottle?"

"I remember," Ilya said, grinned sudden and mischievous back at Shane. "I wanted to fuck you so bad. Push you down on gym floor even though it would be so dirty and fuck you into it. So hot and so angry. I wanted to eat you."

"I went back to my hotel room," Shane said, felt loose and glazed over and happy. "And jerked off thinking about you."

Ilya growled, and then he was kissing Shane again, wet and biting and so good, Shane getting to lie there and be eaten, kissing back but mostly giving himself over.

“Fuck,” Ilya hissed, drawing back eventually. “You are so - fuck, Shanya. What did you think about? In your hotel room?”

“Sucking you off,” Shane replied, easy, it had been one of his favourite fantasies - still was. Loved the idea and the feeling. “You - you standing up in front of me and shaking your cock like you shook the bottle, and then -” he had to pause to clear his throat, dizzy with remembering. “And then when I had you in my mouth you’d say *more* and push into my throat and fuck me like that.”

Ilya swore again, and then again. Shane could feel him shaking, could feel his hard cock resting wet against Shane’s thigh. He wanted it so badly in his mouth. In him somewhere.

“You chose so good, then, malysh,” Ilya told him, voice rough. “You get my cock in your throat tonight. You get me fucking into your mouth and holding you down. You stay like this,” he said, when Shane tensed his shoulders, ready to push up and get to Ilya’s cock, please. “I will sit over you, yes?” Ilya continued. “Six nine, yes?”

“Yes,” Shane said, nodded. He’d never done it, but he knew the theory, obviously.

“You suck me off,” Ilya told him, “and I fuck you with lesser me, okay?” He held the dildo up now, and in response Shane’s asshole throbbed hot and hard, embarrassing even though he knew Ilya couldn’t know about it.

“Yes,” he replied.

Ilya kissed him again. Then he got back up on his knees and moved slowly around the bed, until his knees were on either side of Shane’s head, his cock hanging heavy over Shane’s face, making Shane go cross eyed trying to keep his eyes on it, wanting his mouth on it.

Ilya moved slowly, widening his legs, tilting his hips, reaching down between his thighs and hooking his thumb into Shane's mouth to pull his mouth open wide, holding him open as he pressed his cock in.

Shane tried to bob his head up to take more in, but Ilya kept him down, his hand on Shane's jaw, thumb in his mouth, tugging him back.

"Patience, malysh," Ilya reminded him. "You will get. Relax."

Shane relaxed. Ilya fed his cock into his mouth, heavy and hot and wet on his tongue, smearing musky bitter pre in his mouth. Shane's salivary glands reacted as excessively as his cock, flooding his mouth with spit, and Ilya groaned, pushed in deeper. Not into Shane's throat, yet, but butting up against the back of it.

"You will hold nicely in your mouth," Ilya told him, his voice more strained now, his cock twitching against Shane's tongue. "So you can breathe while I fuck you."

Shane didn't really want to breathe. He could probably just not breathe for a while if need be. If it meant he got to hold Ilya's hard cock in his throat. He made a noise of muffled assent, because he was being good.

"Good," Ilya told him.

It was hard to tell exactly what Ilya was doing, Shane's vision was mostly balls and ass and white hot heat everytime he closed his eyes. Ilya took Shane's cock in his hand, kissed it, which was nice, and then squirted more cold lube on his asshole, which was less nice. Shane didn't bother complaining, because then Ilya was notching the head of the dildo against him, firm pressure but not pressing in just yet, and he had one hand hooked around Shane's thigh. Rubbed the head of the dildo against Shane's hole, letting it catch on the rim teasingly before sliding against his taint. When Shane's hips twitched, the third time this happened, Shane's mouth bloomed with the tang of fresh pre-come, and the tangible proof of Ilya loving this was so hot, Shane's hips jerked again, and then Ilya was fucking the dildo in.

Hard and fast, shoving it all the way in, knowing Shane was open enough to take it, knowing also that it would still hurt, still burn, still shock him after the gentle press and pull against his hole, and Shane's groan was muffled by Ilya's cock, but not really quieted. He quieted himself by beginning to suck with purpose, lapping at the cock in his mouth, tightening his lips around it and sucking, holding the head of it against the back of his mouth so each suck in fucked it against the back of his throat.

Ilya was making noises above him, nothing with words, or words Shane could decipher. Fucked him hard with the dildo, had set a brutal pace and was sticking to it. Shane had seen him lifting in the gym, he knew Ilya could keep this up, imagined being pinned down for as long as it took for Ilya to fuck him 'til failure. Until his arms gave out.

He wasn't sure if it was because he was close to coming, or if it was Ilya who was close to coming, the tight heat inside him felt like it could be either of them as Ilya shifted himself over Shane, and then pressed his cock all the way in. Cock in Shane's throat, knees caging him in.

Shane wrapped his own arms around Ilya's thighs, and felt the blood rush through him and around him. Could feel Ilya's pulse racing in his legs, in his cock, his own pulse racing alongside it. Hard to tell the difference. Maybe they were the same pulse, just one pulse. Hard and fast and buried deep in each other's guts.

His lungs strained painfully when he came, his whole body jerking and seizing, and his throat clutching tight around Ilya, red hot, white hot. Whole body burning and bleeding with pleasure pain please.

Ilya's voice in his ear, soft words with no meaning. Ilya's hand in his hair, fingers scratching gently at his scalp. Ilya's chest under his cheek, heartbeat slow and steady, skin warm.

When Shane peeled his eyes open he was already in bed, limbs heavy and warm like his bones had been replaced with liquid heat. He was naked, pressed chest to chest, hip to hip, thigh between thigh with Ilya, who was also naked. Ilya's hand was rubbing slow and hard down and up down and up Shane's back, pausing at the base and at his nape, rubbing a slow shape into the skin before moving again.

He opened his mouth, and it made a little popping noise, dry.

“Water?” Ilya asked.

When Shane nodded, Ilya helped him sit up, just a little, and held the bottle for him, tipping it only enough for Shane to get a dribble at a time until he was taking the bottle from Ilya and drinking from it properly.

“You are... okay?” Ilya asked, when Shane gave the bottle back, and then tucked himself back down against Ilya’s chest.

Shane took stock, sleepy and unhurried. His throat hurt a little. So did his ass. But in the way he liked. Where he felt used. Where he knew he’d feel it tomorrow - not enough to hinder him, just enough to have the constant reminder. The rest of his body felt good. Almost like it had after Ilya had given him the massage. He could tell he was still a little sticky in places, but mostly he felt clean. And comfortable. And his mind was still moving so slow, so quiet.

“Yes,” he said. “So good.”

“Good,” Ilya murmured, pressed a kiss to Shane’s forehead. “I did not hurt you?”

“No,” Shane said, dragged his hand up from where it was resting on Ilya’s waist, rubbed his thumb against Ilya’s chin. “Was it good for you?”

Ilya laughed a little, “Yes, malysh,” he said. “You were so good, you are always so good. I came so hard, and when I try and pull out so you can breathe, you keep trying to pull me back in. Next time you can have it for as long as you want, okay? When you are not in active risk of suffering.”

Shane could vaguely, vaguely remember the burn of his lungs paired with a twinge of annoyance about the cock in his throat being pulled out. He could maybe accept that it was a good thing not to have suffocated, but still.

“Okay,” he mumbled. “Sleep?”

“Yes,” Ilya said. “Sleep.”

-

He woke up desperately needing to pee, had to extricate himself from the octopus that was his boyfriend - HIS BOYFRIEND - to escape the bed, and went to piss. It had just gone six in the morning, when he returned to the bed and picked up his phone. If he was in Montreal he wouldn't be getting up for another half hour - sleep in for game day. But he supposed he'd gone to sleep earlyish last night. Didn't know for sure what time they'd gotten home, or finished fucking, but he assumed it was pre-midnight, because he felt fully rested now.

Ilya was still asleep, his arm sprawled out over Shane's side of the bed, so Shane let him be and went for a shower, after digging out his toiletries from his duffle.

He was still in the shower when Ilya shuffled in, yawning. Felt oddly, and stupidly, flattered when Ilya just went ahead and pissed in front of him, still yawning, eyes half scrunched closed.

When Ilya flushed, and then looked at Shane, he grinned.

“Wash your hands before getting in,” he said, and watched as Ilya rolled his eyes.

“I am literally about to put my hands in water in shower,” he retorted, stomping over to the sink anyway. “And all I touched was my penis, which, I do not think I have to remind you, you have had in your mouth, and your ass, and your hands -”

Shane just rolled his eyes back, content to listen to Ilya complain about washing his hands while washing his hands, and continue to complain about it while he stepped into the shower with Shane, wrapping his freshly washed hands around Shane's waist to pull him closer.

-

You rated Lily

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - meh - good - great - **excellent**

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

Never stop kissing me. You make everything so easy. You make me feel easy. Yes, in the slutty way, but also in the uncomplicated way. I love when you're rough with me because I know I'm still safe. You could be rougher and I'd still love it. I love that you tease me. I love your fucking huge cock in my throat. I love that you can make it all go quiet. I love you.

-

Lily has rated you

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - meh - good - great - **excellent**

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

i think probably i am having such good sexy hot dream about having sex with you because is insane how good it is and how good you are. you are always so needy and i love to be giving to you will give you everything and anything you ask for.

-

Ilya had bought smoothie ingredients - the ones Shane used on a regular basis - and made them smoothies for breakfast. Told Shane they would be having a bigger lunch in exchange, and Shane figured that was fair.

They drank their smoothies, and bickered about WWF while playing a game against each other, and Shane watched Ilya resist, and resist again, the urge to ask.

He waited until they'd washed up after breakfast, and sat down on the couch together, Ilya talking about how unfair it was that Vine was being discontinued, and how he thought he could have been a fucking huge hit as a Vine star if Julee hadn't strongly discouraged him and Marly when they had posted a Vine the year before. Shane did want to know what the video had been, and also if Ilya still had a copy of it, but he wanted Ilya to relax, just a bit more.

"It wasn't awful," Shane said, and Ilya frowned at him, because what Shane had said made no sense in the current context, so Shane added more context quickly. "The therapy appointment. I know you're worried it was like, so fucking terrible I had to flee Montreal, but it wasn't."

Ilya blinked at him, and then nodded. "Okay," he said, "not so bad you had to flee, you just decided to flee anyway?"

"Yeah," Shane shrugged. "I wasn't...fleeing. I just wanted to see you."

“I am very attractive and interesting,” Ilya said, “so this makes sense.”

“She was, um. She was nice, but like, firmer than I expected,” Shane continued. Cleared his throat. “I kind of thought, like, therapists were all supposed to be kind of... vague? Wait for you to tell them shit. Like, I dunno. But I sat down and she - she asked why I was there, and then, I mean, i think I said something about how - how my parents and my...boyfriend were worried about me. So she asked why, and I told her what had happened, and that it wasn't a big deal -” Ilya twitched a little here, but didn't interrupt. Just leaned in harder against Shane's side.

Shane continued. “She just kept, um, asking questions. Which was fine, it made it much easier than having to like, think of what to say myself. And it felt good, too? Because I knew she wouldn't - couldn't - tell anyone, so I got to say things like, like that I'm gay, and that you're my boyfriend. Things like that.” He paused again, because that had been the easy part of the appointment and it had still made him cry. Had still felt like the end of the world with every word he said to her.

Ilya pressed a kiss to this cheek. Waited.

“She, um, she asked me to do an exercise with her? A mental one. Not like, I dunno, weight lifting -” he cut himself off, because he was being stupid, and stalling. “It's so stupid, it wasn't like - it wasn't anything deep, I just -”

Ilya kissed his cheek again. Shane closed his eyes. Felt pathetic.

“All she asked me to do was to imagine someone I loved saying the things I said. And - and feeling some of the things I feel. And she asked me to - to write them down for her, like a script. And she read it out to me. And, fuck, Ilya - I don't. I don't know how to explain why it feels different in my head when it's about me, because I thought about you saying that - what I wrote - to me and I felt like I was going to -”

He was crying again, which was so not what he wanted to be happening right now. He had wanted, so badly, to take this entire thing - his meltdown, scaring everyone, therapy - and wrap it all up in one go. Fix it. Come here and be fine.

Ilya pulled him in until Shane's face was pressed to his chest, tears soaking into Ilya's shirt.

"I know, I know, malysh," Ilya murmured, one hand rubbing against Shane's back like it had the previous night, strong and comforting, the other just holding him.

"It scared me so much," Shane managed to get out, sniffing wetly against Ilya's shirt, tasting salt as he spoke. "Because I keep - keep thinking about how you're - you couldn't even tell me if you were happy. And if - if I'm in my own head and can't even tell how I'm feeling, how am I supposed to - and then you told me about your mum, and -"

Ilya's arms tightened around him, his hand pausing in the slow rub over his back. "Shanya," he said. "You do not need to be worried about me."

Shane laughed a little, hearing himself say those words and truly believing them. Still believing them to some extent, even though he knew he was lying.

"Well," he said, "then you don't need to worry about me."

Ilya said nothing for a long moment, just held on to Shane, his head ducked down so his lips were pressed against Shane's forehead. They breathed quietly together.

"Sometimes," Ilya allowed, voice quiet. "Sometimes I am - I have bad days. Yes? Heavy days. But is not all the time. Not like how you have been feeling. More days I am feeling good."

Shane wriggled against Ilya's grip, wanted to see his face. Was unsurprised to find Ilya's cheeks wet as well, though he didn't know when the tears had fallen. He climbed onto Ilya's lap properly, straddling him. Kissed his cheeks. Still didn't know how to word anything.

"Would the - the bad days scare you," Shane asked, "if it was me having them? If I had - had the thoughts you have on your bad days?"

He didn't know how bad these bad days were for Ilya, or what he thought or believed about himself during them. But he watched Ilya grimace, almost flinch, and shake his head, before ducking down and pressing their foreheads together.

"Do not play therapist with me, Shanya," he said, voice hoarse.

"I'm not playing," Shane replied, lifted his hand to cup Ilya's cheek, kept their heads pressed together. "Would it scare you?"

Ilya growled a little, not his usual sexy growl, something instead made up of frustration and misery. "Yes," he bit out. "I do not want to - this is not the same thing."

"It's the same enough," Shane decided. Still had no idea what he was doing. "Baby," he tried. "I needed you, last night. I need you. You looked after me so well, you have been, this whole time. I want to look after you too."

Chapter 24: ILYA

Chapter Notes

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

It was probably a little humiliating how quickly Ilya folded. He was trying his best not to think about it like that. How all Shane had to do was look at him so sad and earnest, his lower lip wobbling, and say *please Ilyushka*, and Ilya was agreeing, and kissing him, and crying as well. If his father could see him now - well. He would probably disown Ilya. Ilya could try and argue his side, but none of his key points would really help his standing with Grigori, seeing as they mostly revolved around the fact that he had fallen in love with a man.

Sometimes Ilya had wondered if his parents had ever been in love. If there had been a good part before there had been the relationship Ilya knew them to have. If there had been a point where his father had hurt whenever Irina had hurt, where her bad days made him feel sick as well. Or maybe she hadn't had bad days until their relationship turned sour. Maybe it had always been sour.

Ilya had asked Alexei, once, when he was still young enough to look to him for answers and love, and Alexei was still young enough to sometimes still speak to him with affection. He didn't know if Alexei had believed his answer, or if he had been trying to hurt Ilya when he said that mama being sad all the time was Ilya's fault. That papa never hit him until Ilya had been born. That they had been all happy all the time until him.

He had been young enough then to go to his mama about it afterwards, eyes full of tears, to say sorry for making her so sad, and she had gathered him up on her knee and told him that of course he did not make her sad. That he made her so happy, that he was a blessing.

He wished he had made her happy enough, been a blessing enough to keep her there. Keep her alive. Wished that maybe she had had someone to ask her how she would feel if someone she loved felt the way she felt. Maybe she wouldn't need to be tricked into it, maybe she knew she was in a dark spiraling place, and simply couldn't get help. It would have been embarrassing. For the family. For Grigori.

Ilya could not imagine his father seeing how Ilya was acting, what Ilya was agreeing to, and reacting with anything but disgust and embarrassment. If Ilya was still small enough, he would beat him until Ilya stopped moving. He would probably still try to beat him now, but Ilya only ever let him get a few hits in before he would remove himself from his father's reach.

It might be... interesting to tell him. Over the phone. See if Grigori would remember he had disowned Ilya over it the next day. It could be one silver lining of the illness that was beginning to take him over.

-

Afterwards, once they'd finished sniffing into each others' shoulders, Shane insisted they go wash their faces, to press cold cloths against their eyes so they didn't both look like they'd just spent a good half hour doing exactly what they'd been doing. He said he didn't want anyone who knew about them to see their faces and think they'd been fighting, or to ask questions right now when Shane didn't think he could handle having to answer.

Ilya knew Shane felt embarrassed about it as well; was doing the same complicated mind tricks (in which he could tell Ilya there was nothing weak or silly about getting help, while still thinking himself weak and silly for it,) that Ilya was doing. He didn't know what to do about that for now. Figured maybe it was just another thing to live with.

He was so glad Shane wasn't making them immediately sit down to start searching for a therapist for him as well. He had promised he would find one, and would ask for help if he needed, and Shane had agreed, albeit on the condition that he would be asking for updates.

Once they were sufficiently de-puffed, Shane called his mum; saying it would be quicker and easier than texting, because she would send each follow up question by itself and it would become a whole thing.

He perched on the end of Ilya's bed to make the phone call. He had put on one of Ilya's team hoodies this morning, one Ilya had stripped off yesterday afternoon and tossed onto the chair by the dresser. Ilya had watched Shane pick it up, sniff it, and then pull it on, and if both of them hadn't been literally stomach grumbling hungry, he would have pushed Shane down onto the bed and fucked him again. It was still hot seeing him wearing it now, over a pair of shorts that Ilya was pretty sure also belonged to him, but they were generic enough he couldn't be sure. He liked that as well, not even knowing whose clothes they were.

Shane had started the conversation with his mum easily, telling her he'd been exhausted when he got here, and yes, Ilya had looked after him (Ilya felt himself go warm all over at this, at Shane talking about him, so sweetly), and they'd had breakfast this morning, yes, and yes mum, he had all the information for joining up with his team later, and Hayden had his gear bag.

He sat down on the bed next to Shane when Shane sighed into the phone, his shoulders tensing, eyes closing. He could hear Yuna's voice over the phone, but none of her words, just

the intonation of asking careful questions.

“No. It’s not - yes I’m talking to him. ----- Yes. I’m going to go back. ----- Yes, mum, -”

Ilya reached over, took Shane’s jaw in his hand and turned his head to him, Shane letting it happen easily even as he kept speaking to his mother. Ilya rubbed his thumb slowly along the bone of Shane’s jaw, and then moved his hand slow, stroking over Shane’s face and scratching his nails against the side of his neck before curving his hand around Shane’s nape and squeezing. Shane’s breath stuttered, and his eyes closed briefly again. He was listening to something Yuna was saying now, so Ilya took the opportunity to reach over with his other hand and rubbed the pad of his thumb over Shane’s lower lip, a slow swipe, Shane’s eyes dropping down, nearly cross eyed, and then moving slowly back up to look at Ilya. When he inhaled, Ilya moved his hand down, away from his mouth, let his hand drift down to cup Shane’s throat, this hand much softer than the hand on his nape.

“Okay, mum,” Shane said, his eyes on Ilya, wide and dark, cheeks slowly pinking. “I know. I will. I - I need to go.”

Yuna was speaking again, and Ilya leaned in, pressed his lips behind Shane’s non-phone ear, kissed him, dragged his teeth down the tendon of his neck, kissed him where the hood of the hoodie was folded against his skin. He could feel Shane swallowing hard, his throat moving against Ilya’s palm, his pulse beating against Ilya’s fingers.

“Yeah, bye, love you,” Shane said, and the moment Ilya saw him press *end call*, he bit Shane’s neck. “Fuck - Ilya - what the fuck!”

Shane didn’t sound angry, not really. He mostly sounded turned on and like he thought he should be a little pissed off. Ilya had been mostly very good - he wouldn’t have done anything *really* sexual with Shane’s mum on the phone, but it didn’t look like Shane’s cock had gotten the message. Was tenting the front of his shorts which even up close Ilya didn’t know who they belonged to.

“You seemed tense,” Ilya said, innocent, kept his hands on Shane as he pulled his head back to look at him. “I am helping.”

“Helping,” Shane said, flat, even though Ilya could feel how fast his pulse was beating, “being a fucking menace.”

“Yes,” Ilya shrugged. “Both.”

Shane rolled his eyes, and Ilya grinned, grinned more when Shane tipped forwards in obvious request for a real kiss. Kissed Shane happily, sliding his hand from Shane’s throat down his front until he was cupping his hard on instead, his tongue pressing into Shane’s mouth to taste Shane’s moan.

He pulled back, grinding the palm of his hand against Shane. “You are still tense?”

“Yeah,” Shane said, lips spit slick, “a bit.”

“I help you,” Ilya told him, “get on your knees.”

For a half second Shane didn’t respond at all, at then he was moving off the bed like he was on a breakaway, fluid and insanely quick, his body a flicker of movement, and then he was on his knees on the floor, between Ilya’s legs, looking up at him, his mouth open.

Ilya stared back down at him, had to take a moment to get a hold of himself so he wouldn’t just spout utter nonsense. “You were so sad last night,” he said, once his brain had released his language capabilities again. “When I took my cock from your mouth. You wanted to keep it so bad, I felt like I was taking candy from baby.”

Shane narrowed his eyes at him, but didn’t talk back, just let his tongue flick out against the lower lip like a sense memory.

“You want again?” Ilya asked, one hand going to hold himself through his pants, the other going to cup Shane’s face again, his thumb pressing immediately to the wet lower lip, chasing Shane’s tongue, pressing into his mouth.

Shane nodded, his lips closing around Ilya's thumb, sucking on it like it was instinctual, and Ilya had to take a sharp breath, pressing his thumb in deeper as his other hand fumbled with his pants, pulling his cock out.

He curved his fingers around Shane's chin, his thumb still in his mouth, and tugged him forwards until he was pressed into the front of Ilya's pants, chin nudging into Ilya's balls through the fabric. His eyes were closed, lids soft, forehead un-creased, calm and pliant in Ilya's hands, caught between Ilya's thighs.

Ilya stroked his cock up against his stomach, once, twice, palm dry and cool on his heated skin. Kept his eyes on Shane's pretty face, his freckles so beautiful against his flushed cheeks. He loved the way Shane was a collection of soft and hard features. His strong jaw, his lush lips, his nose - somehow still so straight after a life of hockey -, his eyes so shiny and emotive when open, and lined so perfectly with his lashes when closed. If Ilya knew anything about art words he would probably never shut up about how Shane was like all the best art made into one perfect piece that inexplicably really liked hockey and Ilya.

He palmed his cock, pushing it down, held it by the base as he pressed it to Shane's face, the head of it smearing against Shane's hollowed in cheek, catching and pulling his foreskin back, and Shane was the one moaning, still sucking at Ilya's thumb, eyes still closed.

Ilya focused very hard on not coming then and there, pulled his cock back only to slap it back against Shane's cheek - not very hard - just enough for it to make a smacking noise against his skin, making Shane moan again, his mouth falling open this time.

"You want?" Ilya asked, kept his thumb hooked behind Shane's teeth, rubbed his cock harder against Shane's cheek, feeling the outline of teeth, the give of flesh, his cock sliding easily in his own mess.

Shane nodded again, his eyes flickering and then opening slowly, not even all the way. Looked up at Ilya heavy lidded, spoke around the thumb in his mouth.

"Please."

Maybe when Ilya eventually took himself off to therapy the first thing he should talk about was how he was absolutely fully gone for Shane Hollander, to the point where he was pretty sure he would give Shane anything he asked for, if he asked for it as earnestly as he asked for Ilya's cock in his mouth.

Ilya was still an asshole though, so he took his time with it. Slapped Shane's cheek again, the noise louder, stickier, and then tugged Shane closer still, Shane coming so easily even though his jaw must hurt a little, being held like that. He took his thumb out of Shane's mouth, and released his balls from his pants, nudging them against Shane's open mouth until Shane opened his mouth more and took them, one at a time into his mouth. Sucking on one until Ilya grunted and repositioned himself so Shane could slide his mouth onto the other, his tongue lapping against them like it was a treat he was being given, making small breathless noises around each mouthful.

Finally, mostly to save himself from coming before he got Shane's mouth on his cock, Ilya pushed him back. Surveyed his wet face, chin dripping.

"You will just hold him for me, hm?" He said, ran his knuckles against the side of Shane's cheek where he was shiny with pre-come. "Keep him warm in your mouth for me? I have to, ah, look at emails."

Shane blinked up at him, a small crease appearing and then disappearing between his eyebrows before his face shifted into a soft smile, and he nodded.

"Yes?" Ilya prompted.

"Yes," Shane replied, and then just opened his mouth again.

Ilya swore, squeezed himself hard, and then directed himself into Shane's mouth, letting Shane take him as deep as he could while still breathing, though shallowly, through his nose. He patted Shane's cheek lightly, and Shane looked up at him through hazy eyes.

“Just hold him, malysh,” Ilya repeated, “you will be good for me, I know. You are so good for me.”

Shane let out a contented noise around Ilya’s cock, his eyes closing again. Ilya shifted a little, moving his legs so he could press against the side of Shane’s head until he was resting on Ilya’s thigh.

Then he fished his phone out of his pocket with a little difficulty, and opened his mail app. He did have a few emails to look through, but nothing actually pressing. He just wanted to give Shane time to sit without feeling like he was taking up Ilya’s time.

Revised timetable for practices, which Ilya had already gone through with coach the other day, so he didn’t need to look at that. An invitation to a new club opening. His agent emailing with interview requests from some sports brand or something that wanted to know Ilya’s diet and workout and probably how he was so sexy. Junk mail asking if he would like a bigger penis. He did not think having a bigger penis would be useful, he didn’t want to hurt Shane’s jaw. Julee had emailed him to let him know he and Shane Hollander were trending on twitter again. Okay. Nothing to panic about. Because Julee would have said that in her email if there was, and also both his and Shane’s phones would be going mental.

He switched to twitter. Someone had gotten a photo of Shane getting into his car at the airport. Through the windscreen so you could see both of their smiles. Neither of them looked obviously like they were dying to kiss each other, or like Shane was about to basically ask to get fucked so hard he stopped thinking. Shane didn’t even look as tired as he had close up. It had been retweeted, well, a lot of times. Ilya scrolled through a few of them, dropping his hand down onto Shane’s head to stroke gently through his hair. Shane made a soft noise around him, but didn’t move.

Ilya was still mostly hard, but it wasn’t so pressing anymore (unless he thought about where exactly his cock was for more than five seconds at a time). It was just nice. Hot in Shane’s mouth, nice, having Shane so close.

Most of the comments alongside the photo were people saying things like *wow they really are friends* or *PR friendship? NHL decided on a new way to squeeze more money out of these two?*

He saw a few comments that were a bit pissed off about two opposing captains hanging out the night before a game between their teams, some stuff about team loyalty. Nothing awful. Marlow had tweeted the photo as well, tagging Ilya and Shane with *where tf is my invite bros????*

This was fine. Shane said he had literally told his coach he was coming earlier to hang out with Ilya, so it wasn't a secret. They were officially friends. This was why Shane had said he should pick him up at normal pick up, rather than hiding somewhere. So they could prove they had a normal, public friendly relationship.

He did like the photo. Shane smiling at him. Him smiling back. It was nice. He saved it to his phone.

It was kind of a pity he was seeing this now, rather than before he put Shane between his legs to calm him down. Hopefully it wouldn't cause Shane to get so tense again. Wondered if he should tell Shane - in a mostly joking way - that he should tell his therapist about this calming down technique he had, or if maybe the therapist would put Ilya in jail for being too horny.

He put his phone down on the bed behind him, sitting it next to Shane's phone, and then returned his attention to Shane. His eyes were still closed, his head heavy on Ilya's thigh. Spit was dripping out the side of his mouth, messy, and he didn't seem to even notice. Ilya wasn't sure if it was normal to find this so hot and so sweet at the same time. Wanted to take a photo and set it as his phone background so he could see it all the time. He scratched his nails gently against the back of Shane's head, then down his nape, slow and firm. Felt Shane's skin prickle beneath his fingers, goosebumps, Shane sighing heavily through his nose, his shoulders slumping like he was melting. Ilya smiled. Did it again.

"Moya lyubov," Ilya said, low, traced his fingers down the side of Shane's face, rubbed his thumb against the hinge of Shane's jaw. "Sweetheart."

Shane opened his eyes, unfocused, and then blinked slow, looked up at Ilya. Ilya smiled down at him, kept rubbing at his jaw. Fuck, he was too beautiful. So relaxed and so debauched, lips spread wide and pink around Ilya's cock, spit and pre smeared everywhere, light glinting off him.

"You want more?" Ilya asked, kept his tone gentle, wanted to keep Shane in this lax moment, spreading it out as far as it could go before Ilya's cock got too hard again, as if it had just now remembered it was in Shane's hot mouth. "You want to make me come?"

Shane nodded minutely, pushing forwards on Ilya's cock as he did, already trying to slide his mouth over the last few inches, but Ilya moved his hand down to grip around the base of himself, keeping him from taking it all yet, and Shane whined his annoyance.

"You will get it, malysh," Ilya said, unable to hold back a small laugh at Shane's immediate grumpiness, tried to soothe it away with his thumb against Shane's cheekbone. "I am just wanting to say, first; Ya tebya lyublyu, I love you."

Shane shivered, groaning around Ilya, and Ilya could feel Shane's skin pricking up again like Ilya was running his nails down Shane's nape. He could barely believe how much it affected Shane, physically, just hearing the words, and he felt himself grow harder still in Shane's mouth, call and response.

Ilya moved his hand off his cock, and Shane lifted his head from his thigh, took him all the way into his mouth, swallowing like it was easy around Ilya's cock-head to take him deeper. Ilya groaned, pushed his hand up until he could tighten his fingers around Shane's hair.

He let Shane lead the pace, tugging at his hair only in reaction to how fucking good it felt, Shane's cheeks hollowing, his head bobbing, spit leaking down Ilya's balls, licking up Ilya's shaft, tonguing at his glans, and then taking him into his throat again.

One of Shane's hands moved up then, landing on top of Ilya's in his hair, and for a moment Ilya made to release his grip, thinking that was what was being asked of him, except then Shane was pushing down on his hand, his eyes flicking up to Ilya with an almost pissed off expression until Ilya tightened his grip again and pushed him down.

They both groaned, Shane much more muffled, vibrations of it feeling insane around Ilya's cock so that he groaned again, his hips jerking forwards, holding Shane down to take it. Shane took it so easy, his body still lax between Ilya's thighs even as his face grew pinker and his eyes dripped. His hand on Ilya's hand had slipped to grasp lightly at Ilya's wrist, not guiding anymore, just touching. He rolled his hips slow, experimental, and when Shane didn't pull away at all, or tighten his grip on his wrist, he did it again, fucking into Shane's throat, shallow movements because he was already in so deep it was more of a grind. Kept it up until he was coming, feeling Shane shaking around him, face red, hands still loose on Ilya's wrist. Held him down for a moment more, and then, when Shane didn't move at all, pulled him off, sticking his thumb into the corner of Shane's mouth to push him back as well, breaking the seal, making an airway.

Shane gasped, coughed, the noise of his inhale sounded so ragged and desperate it hurt, and Ilya's hands were on his face immediately, cupping his cheeks, wiping away tears and snot and spit. Shane tipped forwards, pressing his face wetly against Ilya's stomach for a moment, his back shuddering and shaking with heavy breaths.

"Malysh," Ilya said, tried to sound calm, "was too much?"

"No," Shane croaked, he laughed a little, and it sounded dreadful. Guilt curling up Ilya's stomach.

"You are hurt?"

"No," Shane said again, voice so raw sounding, he sat back upright again, his whole body still shaking, face pink and wet and so content looking, despite the roughness of his voice. "Baby," he said, looking up at Ilya with eyes still literally leaking tears. "That was so good."

"You sound like you lose fight with smoke," Ilya replied flatly, relieved that Shane's eyes were open at least, and he was looking up at Ilya with intention, even if he did still look a little glazed over. "Your body looks like it thinks it is dying, because I almost choke you with my massive cock."

"It's not massive," Shane said, "just very big. And I could have pulled away anytime I wanted to. I wanted it like that."

"You wanted it like you are half a second from dying," Ilya narrowed his eyes at Shane, "I do not want to tell on you to therapist, Shane, but this is maybe -"

"Fuck you," Shane snorted, and then sat up on his knees, pressing his palms flat to Ilya's thighs, and then reaching one hand to Ilya's face. "Baby," he said. "I am fine. I wasn't going to die. I cross train with swimming, I'm good at holding my breath, I know my limits, and I literally came so hard I forgot to move."

Ilya blinked at him, and then shifted the both of them a little so he could look down between their bodies at Shane's crotch, where his shorts were soaked through in the front.

"Oh," he said. "Okay."

"Okay?" Shane repeated, kissed him. "Now can you tell me you found that hot?"

"It was so very fucking hot," Ilya said immediately, now he no longer felt so guilty he would have marched himself off to a gulag if Shane had told him to. "You are so fucking hot, malysh, the way you take me so good? Your noises? Fuck, was so good."

Shane grinned at him, loose and sunny, and then dropped back down between Ilya's legs. "Take a photo," he said, "on my phone. For the app. I want you to - to be able to look back at this and remember how much I liked it."

Ilya reached for Shane's phone, paused with it in his hand. "Of your face?"

"Yes," Shane nodded, paused, "hang on," he said.

Ilya hung on, to the phone, and then to the bed when Shane ducked his head back down and pressed his mouth to Ilya's cock again, taking it in one hand and tugging his foreskin back so he could lick at the pink head of it, his tongue fucking into the crease like he was trying to kill him. When he lifted his head again, he stuck his tongue out to show the come he'd collected, like some insane hunting trophy, and Ilya laughed.

"Okay," Shane said thickly through his tongueful, "take a photo?"

-

You rated Jane

-★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - meh - good - great - **excellent**

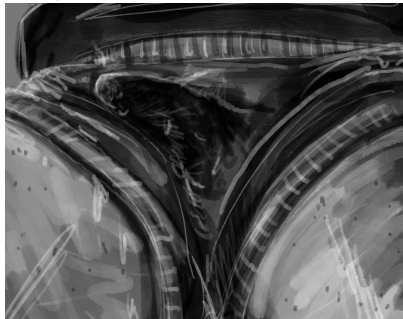
FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

maybe next time you tell me you have lungs of olympicians before i think i have killed you on cock. one star lost only for amount of fear i felt because everything else was so hot i keep thinking i am probably one who died and somehow made it to heaven and am being rewarded for being such hot hockey player and good lover and only reward good enough is moy shanya. i love how you are such slut for my cock it makes you relaxed like i am one giving you big treat, massage, singing lullaby. i will open my own therapism studio where all my therapy is me letting you suck my cock. i love you. also fuckkkkkk is so hot when you cum like this in shorts so turned on by sucking my cock you cant help yourself????

[PHOTO ATTACHMENT]

(Image is a photo of Shane's shorts, the soaked through part clinging very obviously to his dick)



-

Jane has rated you

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - meh - good - great - **excellent**

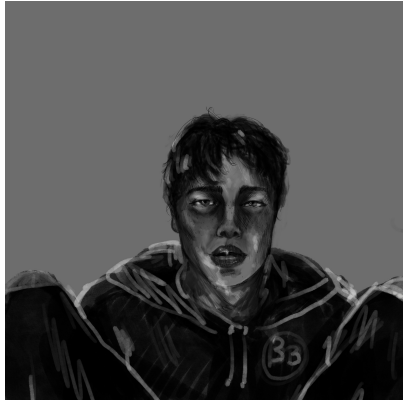
FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

Trust me to trust you. I liked that so much. I loved it. You know it turned me on. And calmed me down. I trust you with me. You make me feel so fucking good. Refer to this photo as needed. I love you.

[PHOTO ATTACHMENT]

(Image is a photo of Shane between Ilya's legs, looking up to the camera, face wet and pink.)



-

Shane was not as un-calmed by twitter as Ilya had feared. Just frowned at the amount of posts the photo had generated, scrolling through Ilya's feed rather than his own and scanning comments.

“Well,” he said eventually, giving Ilya his phone back and slumping back against the couch, “it’s basically what we could have hoped for. My team is probably going to be pissed at how much attention it has, but like, they were already pissed I traveled here early.”

“Babies,” Ilya said. “We really need to find witch to undo curse, hm?”

“Shut up,” Shane snorted, rolling his eyes. He grabbed for the playstation controller from the coffee table. “Are we going to play or what?”

“Yes, yes,” Ilya rolled his eyes, “so eager to be beaten by me before going to be beaten by me in real life as well.”

“In your dreams, Rozanov,” Shane shot back with a grin, and when Ilya laughed, a wink as well.

Ilya booted up the game, and they made it through choosing their characters before he couldn’t help but poke at it a bit more.

“They knew already you were coming to see me?” He knew Shane had told his coach, but didn’t think he would have told everyone.

“I put it in the group chat,” Shane said, not looking away from the TV. “I figured there was a chance we’d be seen, and I didn’t want to look like I was hiding it. If I just said I was going early, they would assume I was coming to see my, uh, my girl. Lily. Which, I *am*, they just don’t know that.”

“Mm,” Ilya nodded. Focused for a few moments more on the game. “Will they think maybe you and your Lily are broken up?”

“I don’t know,” Shane sighed. “I mean - they thought we had when I was hanging out with Rose, and - I don’t know. If they think I could just, um, drop Lily so quick for someone else, maybe they don’t think I’m as invested as I am. If they ask I’m just going to say I saw Lily as well. Maybe I should say you two know each other? Actually, no. They would all think you were fucking Lily.”

Ilya laughed, his character crashing and burning on screen as he lost control of his hands for a moment, his whole body spasming at the ridiculous idea of himself cheating on Shane with himself. Unless it was a threesome sort of situation.

“If there was a clone of me,” he asked, while they waited for the game to load the new screen, “would you want to be fucked by both of us at same time?”

He had apparently timed this question perfectly for Shane to immediately send his game self out of bounds, ending the round right as it started.

“What the fuck,” Shane gasped, once he’d recovered from possibly choking on his own tongue. “Yes, obviously. Except then I don’t know what we’d do afterwards. Like, would you and your clone continue to be the same person? With all the same thoughts and things? Or would you slowly become two different people? What if I ended up with a preference for one of you?”

“It would be preference for real me,” Ilya said, suddenly extremely jealous and horrified, “I am superior me.”

“Yes, obviously,” Shane rolled his eyes, “but what if it wasn’t? And how would I tell? Like, does the clone have all your memories, and desires, and everything from the moment it was cloned?”

“Jeeesus,” Ilya groaned, dropping his controller to cover his face. “I take back hyperthetical, is too many die llamas, you cannot ask so many questions over horny idea, Shanya! Now I am mad at my clone who is not real!”

Shane laughed, dropped his controller as well, and climbed into Ilya's lap, taking Ilya's hands from his face and pulling them to rest on his hips instead. "Okay," he said. "Here's a new hypothetical."

Ilya grinned, awaiting what he was pretty sure was going to be a sexy idea.

"We invite Marlow for dinner as well," Shane said, which was not a sexy idea unless Shane was considering asking Marly for a threesome, and while that was theoretically sexy it was more practically making Ilya feel like he was stabbing himself in the lungs. "Him and Hayden both know. It might be more comfortable for both you and Hayden if it isn't just the three of us. And I - I dunno. We could like, post a photo as well. So it's less about just me and the Bears hanging out, or just me and you. Also, I think Marlow will literally keep sending me sad memes if I don't hang out with him while I'm here."

Ilya rolled his eyes. "Okay," he said, "yes, fine. How dreadful, inviting my best friend to dinner so he can be even better friends with my boyfriend. Such big hassle. I suppose we can do this."

"Asshole," Shane said, kissed him. "Also," he added. "How are we doing the deal today?"

Ahhh, here were the sexy hypertheticals. Also an opportunity to be more of an asshole, just for fun.

"I was thinking, maybe," Ilya said, tone light, "if I win game, you fuck me."

Shane's face went very carefully still for a moment, and then he nodded. "Yep," he said, "sure. Okay. I didn't think you'd want, I mean I know you're keen for me to, like *eat* - I just. Yep, we can do that."

Ilya let him ramble for a moment. "Shanya," he said. "Moy lyubimyy."

Shane sighed. "I can do it," he said, "I'm not like. Against it. Topping. I am ha- willing to do it. I like to make you feel good, baby, and like -"

This wasn't quite as fun as he had been expecting. "No," Ilya shook his head, lifted one hand to cover Shane's mouth. "Was a joke, anyway, but even if I was not joking? I would not want you fucking me with such amount of, ahh, opposite of...enthusiasm."

"I dunno," Shane mumbled. "Unenthusiastic? Disinterest?"

Ilya shrugged, quirked his mouth to one side. "Da," he said, "probably this, yes." He gripped Shane's hips tightly, shook him a little, wanted Shane to know he was being fully serious. "I am not asshole like this," he said.

"Ilya," Shane said, looked at him and then away. "It isn't a big deal, like, I've done it before. With women, but I've done it. And I'd probably like it a lot more with a man. With you. Because I love you."

"Okay?" Ilya bit out, took a deep breath, forced himself to inhale it slowly. "So, okay, maybe? Maybe one day I will want for real, for you to be one fucking me. Is not today. Probably not any time soon. I do not like it the way you like it. But I would not like it at all if you were not also wanting it. Not - what, *willing to fuck me*, but fucking wanting to. Yes? You say in app to trust you to trust me, so I will push, yes? So maybe trust me when I see you for real do not want to be pushed."

They stared at each other, Shane looking mulish and uncomfortable, and Ilya pushing down the desire to flee, because it was being matched with the desire to cling to Shane. It left him just clutching at Shane's hips like he had been, and nearly vibrating with keeping himself seated.

Shane nodded, slow, his lips pursed. "Okay," he said. "But it wouldn't be-"

"Shane," Ilya snapped, "I will make you do evil therapist exercise. Make you think about how you feel if this was opposite."

Shane's mouth slammed shut, and he looked properly pissed off for a long moment, before he groaned and tipped forwards, pressing his face in against the side of Ilya's face, his arms wrapping around Ilya's neck.

"Okay," he said. "Sorry."

Ilya moved his hands from Shane's hips, wrapped his arms around his waist instead, pulled him tight against him.

"For what it's worth," Shane mumbled against his cheek, "I do want to eat you out. Like very much want to. If you still want that."

"Yes," Ilya said, cleared his throat, "you already have booking, under Hollander."

"Okay, okay. Good," Shane said. Kissed his cheek. "What do you want, then? If you win? Well, I mean, if the Bears win."

"I am the Bears," Ilya said. Closed his eyes. "I want... I want you to choose for me."

Shane snorted, rocked a little on Ilya's lap. Behind them, the video game music played, their characters unmoving.

"Okay," Shane said after about a minute. "If you win, um, I'll - I - you can open me up for the plug, and fuck me with it however you like. I'll, um, shave my, uh, hole. As well."

Ilya gripped tighter to Shane, felt him laugh a little as he felt Ilya's cock hard under him already, just from this suggestion.

"And if you win?"

“If I win,” Shane said, “I’m going to go into the spare room and video call you while I fuck myself open until you can’t fucking stand it not being your cock, and then you’re going to come in and fuck me, instead.”

Ilya groaned, grabbed at Shane’s head to pull their faces together, lips mashing awkwardly for a moment before they were kissing for real. Every time he thought he’d heard Shane say the dirtiest thing he could, Shane was coming in and smashing a new idea into the back of the net.

“And,” Shane gasped, kissed Ilya again, “if you score in first - fuck - I’ll shave whether you win or not..”

“If you score in first,” Ilya bit out between kisses, “I’m going to make you come on my tongue as well as on my cock, or plug.”

“Deal,” Shane said into his mouth.

-

After handjobs on the couch, a few more rounds of their game, and then lunch, Ilya had to go in earlier than Shane. He had a meeting with the coaches about a fundraising event, and then they had the team mini practice pre game. He’d suggested he could take Shane in to the hotel, but Shane had said he’d prefer to go in later so his team had less time to pester him. Ilya suggested he could go with him to the hotel and pester Shane’s team in return, and Shane had rolled his eyes and suggested Ilya go fuck himself.

So he’d left Shane at his house, getting to kiss him goodbye like this was a normal thing. He’d given Shane his spare keys, so Shane could lock up behind him and then come back if he needed to. He’d also offered to lend Shane one of his cars, but Shane had decided that would be too risk if someone noticed.

He'd sat through the fundraising meeting, doing his best to be helpful, and was just on his way to the locker rooms to get ready, when he got a text from Shane. He assumed it was just letting him know Shane was leaving the house.

-

TO
Lily

Miss you already-

[PHOTO ATTACHMENT] (image is a selfie of Shane, sitting down in a sprawl, wearing only Ilya's Bears' hoodie and an erection. He's pulling the hoodie up to show off his stomach and abs.)



Have a good practice :-)-

FROM Lily

-fuck

-you are gong kill me

-shit

-ihve only few minutes before practice

-nd i am using all of them for youur pic

slurp slurp :)

Chapter 25: SHANE

Shane got as far as the hotel lobby. His plan had been to meet Hayden at his hotel room, to help bring down the gear bags, and also just check in, but there was already a group of his team ready to leave in the lobby, sprawled ungainly on the couches there, and they accosted him loudly the moment they spotted him.

“Cap!” Bouch called, “Fuck, man, we were about to start calling!”

“Thought we mightn’t see you until we got on the ice,” Anders added.

Gagnon, who had been standing closest, had stepped over and thrown his arm around Shane’s shoulders, leading him away from the lifts he’d been heading toward, and saying; “Getting on in the wrong colours. Starting to think maybe you’re gonna switch teams on us.”

“That’s not what’s happening,” Shane said, knew he sounded and looked stiff, caught unawares like this. Tried to shrug off Gagnon and the hopefully light hearted accusations with a quick laugh. “Sorry I’m running late, I wanted to, uh, see Lily before I came in.”

JJ, on the couch with Mitty, and Pat, whistled loudly. Much too loud for indoors. Shane sent an apologetic look towards reception. “Capitaine,” he said, lifting his fist out for Shane to bump as Shane got closer. “Getting your dick wet before the game, huh? Or just making up for going to see Rozanov before her?”

Some of the group made ‘oohing’ noises at this, and laughed, and Shane rolled his eyes. Tapped his knuckles against JJ’s, and then folded his arms in a way he was sure looked as awkward as it felt.

“Nothing to make up for,” he said, forcing the words to come out as airy and cheerful as he could. “She doesn’t get jealous just because I’m spending time with friends.” Maybe a little too pointed.

Several of the group snorted at this, too, like Shane had said something funny instead of mildly pissy. JJ cocked his head at Shane, looked more confused than amused.

“Sure,” he said, “just, probably feels a bit, uh, sad for her, no? You guys don’t see each other that much, right, and then you come into her town early, and it’s not even for her?”

Shane could see very easily how this might be an asshole move if he did indeed have a girl called Lily he was supposedly dating, and he had spent the evening, and night previous with a friend instead. He didn’t really care so much what the rest of his team thought about this, because most of them seemed to think it was funny. He knew that a few of the married guys around him - Pat, Drapeau, Gagnon - hooked up with various girls all over while they were on the road, so their opinion on his love life meant very little to him. But he didn’t want JJ thinking he was an asshole. Not now he was finally able to call Ilya his boyfriend (within certain earshots), not when Ilya meant so much to him.

“JJ,” he said, “uh, Hayd and I are grabbing dinner with Rozanov and Marlow, after the game. Keen to come with?”

More jeering from the couches. Shane ignored them, even as Pat started to jokingly narrate a tale of betrayal. JJ stared at him like he’d lost his mind, and then suddenly shrugged.

“Yeah, sure,” he said. “Can’t let Hayden have all the fun, no? And if it turns into a brawl, well, neither of you are as good with your fists as I am.”

“JJ,” Shane said, “I literally beat your score by nearly double when we did that punch strength game thing.”

“That means nothing,” JJ retorted, waving his hand in dismissal, “it’s all about style, calisse, man, when you square up you look like a duplo figurine.”

Shane blinked at him.

-

TO
Lily

I invited JJ to dinner as well. I hope that's OK.-

I want to tell him about me and us, too.-

*He's my best friend after Hayden. I feel bad
keeping this from him.-*

FROM Lily_____

-no this is good

*-because connors has invited himself
for tonight as well as he is rude rude
boy and does not know to mind his
business.*

-i would also like to tell him about us

-he is rude but also nice

*-and he thinks you are hot shit so good
to let him know you are off market*

TO
Lily

:/ Because he for sure wants me-

Okay good, this will be good.-

FROM Lily_____

-you already sound like you are panic

-and obviously he wants you you are hotshit

TO
Lily

Yeah I'm pretty sure you're projecting-

I am hot shit though, you're correct.-

FROM Lily_____

-my hot shit. my man.

**TO
Lily**

Yeah baby, I'm yours.-

I think it'll be good having six of us for dinner-

Better for social media I mean-

*And better in the long run. Having people in
the know.-*

*I know I'm going to be coming out about myself
to my team, sometime in the near future, so
this also feels kind of like a trial run for that.-*

Like. If JJ can't handle it, then, idk.-

IDK if it'd be worth it to come out more.-

FROM Lily

-if jj does not handle well he is huge idiot

-but not a reason to give up

**TO
Lily**

Do you want me to change the dinner order?-

FROM Lily

-no i will handle

-marly was so whiny when i see him

*-why wouldnt either of you text me back so
we could all hang out, bro???*

*-had to remind him how sometimes when 2
people are together they are doing things a
3th person would not want to join in on*

*-and his stupid dumb face looks at me and
asks if we were putting together new shoe
rack i buy and havent put up becos is stupid
complicated*

*-anyway so now i think marly wants to have
sex with us*

**TO
Lily**

*I can help you put the rack together. I like that
sort of thing.-*

*Okay just because his mind didn't immediately
go to sex as as thing he wouldn't want to do
with us doesn't mean it is something he
WOULD want to do with us.-*

Is this you suggesting we have a threesome?-

*First the clone question, then connors, now
Marlow?-*

FROM Lily

-of course you like putting furniture together

-no malysh

-i think i am too jealous for this

-is maybe sexy to think about a little

-but i would maybe punch marly

**TO
Lily**

:/-

Okay-

It is a little sexy to think about-

FROM Lily

*-you are thinking now about being fucked
by 2cocks hm? or maybe 3? 1 in mouth*

**TO
Lily**

Shut up-

We've just got to the arena-

*So I need to stop texting before I get horny
enough to consider sneaking over to you
and sucking you off in a cupboard.-*

Text you after the game.-

Love you.-

FROM Lily _____

-Shanya

-Shaneshka

*-Fuck you should get hornier and sneak
to me to suck me off*

-you are menacing me

-sabertague

-will be too hard to play

*-ugh you are too sensible have put your
phone away so i can not sext you into
abandoning team for orgasm*

-love you

-

During warm ups Marlow, and then Connors skated up to say hi at the centre line, and JJ and Hayden came over immediately to flank Shane like some idiot bodyguards. Idiot only because of the lack of danger Shane was in. Ilya was over by the boards, talking to the coach, and Shane kept looking over at him, willing him to wrap it the fuck up and come over to smile at him.

“He won’t fucking accept my invites,” Hayden said to Marlow, “because he says I’m too slow at playing my turn, but he plays with my wife, and you?”

“To be fair,” Marlow replied, grinning widely, “pretty sure Hollzy only accepted my game requests because I kept badgering him about it. I do play back pretty quick though, so maybe it’s just that. Or that I’m cooler than you.”

“Oh fuck off, Marlow,” Hayden snorted, “JJ, have you been roped into this?”

“Words with Friends?” JJ asked, “Ah, no, I have no room on my phone for the app.”

“Too full with dating apps?” Hayden asked, getting a laugh from Marlow and Connors.

“Tabernak,” JJ swore, “yes, just give them the chirping material, good idea, Pike!”

“Marly had to delete tinder to download it,” Connors said, swinging his arm around Marlow and attempting to shake him. His own body swayed, while Marlow stayed solid. “I think it was a good trade, he gets to practice his writing skills way more on Words with Friends, he sucks ass at messaging girls.”

“I do not-” Marlow began, and then was interrupted by Ilya skating up behind him and quite gently full body checking him. “Oof, fuck off Roz, what the hell?”

“Whose ass are you sucking?” Ilya asked, “Hello Shane, Pike. Boiziau. You are all ready to lose?” he winked at Shane.

Both Hayden and JJ began to protest about how they were not losing, Ilya grinning evilly at them.

“We better win,” Shane said, nudging Hayden and then Pike, “because Ilya and I made a deal, about the outcome.”

He watched as Ilya’s eyebrows shot up, his mouth opening slightly. Very satisfyingly, his cheeks tinged pink.

“Losing team is paying for dinner tonight,” Shane said, “and I’ve seen how much these fucking Bears can put away.”

-

Their win probably wasn’t in deference to Shane’s credit card, but Shane still shouted thanks to Hayden and JJ for sparing him, hugging them tightly as they careened into each other after the final buzzer, Shane having just netted the last goal -his third of the game -, bringing them to a satisfying 5 points against Boston’s 3.

He and Ilya had media together afterwards - most likely due to the hype on twitter - and it was fun getting to sit next to him at the media table without having to act like he didn’t like him.

They both answered a few questions about the game, simple, standard. Ilya rolling his eyes a little at questions about Boston’s loss on home ice, and if that worried him. Ilya pointed out that Shane had gotten a hat trick, and assisted in the other two, and he wasn’t worried, because no other team had Shane Hollander. Shane had to work hard to keep himself from beaming, from pressing himself in against Ilya’s side, warm and happy with the praise even when it was delivered in a sarcastic tone.

“A question for both of you,” a reporter near the back asked, heralding the end of actual hockey related questions. “What do you think about people on twitter saying that your friendship is either a PR move, or, in quite a contrast, a betrayal to both of your teams?”

Ilya snorted, and Shane knocked the side of their shoes together, his stomach twisting at the word ‘betrayal’. Why could no one ever be fucking normal?

“I’m not really online much,” Shane said, leaning forward to the microphone, “so I don’t pay a lot of attention to what’s being said, but I can say that there is no truth in either of those theories. Ilya - Rozanov and I have been in each others’ lives since we were teenagers, and have always had a lot of mutual respect for each other. We’ve had the luck to get to spend some time together outside of hockey, recently, and realised we have a lot more in common than we thought. That’s all there is to it. And as to, what, betrayal? Plenty of other players

have friends on opposing teams. Rozanov and I actually talk a lot less about hockey than you might think, and we're certainly not sharing our game plans."

Some murmuring as Shane sat back in his seat, heart hammering in his chest, Ilya's foot comforting against his. The crowd looked to Ilya now, for his version of events, and Ilya smirked as he leaned forwards to take his turn with the mic.

"What he said," he said with a grin, then shrugged, and kept going. "I am, ah, what are they saying, mm, chronic ill online? So I have been seeing all your tweets," he directed this straight down the nearest camera. "Some of them are very funny, I liked especially one where I am saying for him to, ah, *get in loser, we are going shopping*. I take friendship very seriously, I have heard your complaints, I will make sure Shane Hollander goes shopping and wears clothing that is not only gym wear."

"Hey," Shane snorted, "F-stuff you, I dress fine!"

"You dress fine when you are at gym or rink," Ilya shrugged expansively, shook his head sadly at the camera as if to say 'see?'. "But everywhere else? Oof, is good thing I like you or I would be so embarrassed being seen in public with such bad clothing!"

"Says the guy who dresses like he's going clubbing just to go get sushi," Shane shot back. "Fine. We can go shopping, but I'm choosing you an outfit too."

Someone in the crowd cleared their throat, and Shane remembered where they were. Not that he'd forgotten entirely, just that he'd felt so comfortable for a moment.

"So," this was a different reporter, stepping forwards. "Does this mean this is the end of the legendary Rozanov Hollander rivalry?"

"No," Shane said. Ilya scoffed beside him, and Shane shot him a look before leaning to the mic again. "We were never rivals off ice. On ice I will continue to try and crush him and his team every time, as you saw tonight."

“Tonight was fluke,” Ilya objected, leaning in alongside Shane. “I am going to return favour in Montreal and crush Metros into ice.”

“In your dreams, Rozanov,” Shane snorted.

-

**TO
Lily**

*How long do you think you'll last before you're
running in to my room to fuck me tonight?-*

*First glimpse of my fresh shaved hole on your
screen?-*

FROM Lily

-you are evil

-and i think you will be begging for my cock

*-fucing yourself on camera for me and
moaning and pleading for me to come fill
you better*

*-maybe i will stay in my room and watch you
make yourself cum before i come fuck you*

*-come in while you are shaking and fucked
out and shove my cock in you with dildo*

-your slut hole could take it

**TO
Lily**

Fuck-

I don't know if I could handle that-

*Wanting you and knowing you're right there and
you not coming to me. Cumming in me-*

It's my reward-

FROM Lily_____

-already so needy and whiny malysh

-we will see how generous i feel tonight

-see how sweet you beg for me

-is your reward yes

-but i am one giving reward

**TO
Lily**

Fuck.-

Okay. Have to stop.-

What is your agent sying about all this?-

Us trending on twitter. Yesterday and also now-

FROM Lily_____

-ah he is not saying much

-he does not see it as big money opp

-so he does not really care

*-julee who is bears pr is one telling me how
we are being seen as cute 'bromance'*

-she sent me post in which we are called

-star crossed brothers

*-a little gross and big insult to you as my
brother is awful gross asshole and you
are beatiful tasty asshole.*

**TO
Lily**

:/-

Yeah it's weird.-

*But good. Hopefully the public perception
of our friendship stays platonic after I come*

out. -

If we really lean into the 'bros' thing.-

FROM Lily_____

-i hate leaning into the bro thing

*-except when it is me leaning into your
bro thing ;))))))*

**TO
Lily**

I know. Same.-

That doesn't make sense-

FROM Lily_____

-okay so imagine when i say leaning i

*mean fucking and when i say bro thing
i mean your hole :)*

**TO
Lily**

Over dinner we need to keep it less sexual-

Probably not like, touch as much.-

To try and make it easier for the guys.-

FROM Lily_____

-no i was thinking we would fuck on table

*-here is enchiladas and birria and also my
favourite meal, shanya's hole.*

-of course i will not be sexy deviant

*-but if they are our friends and they know
we are in love with each other, why can we
not be touching?*

**TO
Lily**

Not no touching, just less.-

FROM Lily _____

-what is less

-less like you will not sit on my lap on couch

-or less like you will not hold my hand

-less like no kissing even when little kiss

-less like you will sit not next to me

**TO
Lily**

*Small kisses are fine, hand holding is fine,
I don't think I should sit on your lap, but I
will sit next to you.-*

I just don't know how it's going to go tonight-

*Even if everyone accepts us, I know there's
often a line that the acceptance goes to. And I*

don't want to push over it.-

FROM Lily _____

-oh like people who say being gay is

all fine so long as is not shoved in faces?

**TO
Lily**

Yeah, basically.-

FROM Lily _____

-If connors or jj is like this than i do not want

them as friends

-i am not ashamed of my bi ness

**TO
Lily**

Ok-

But you know I am.-

Ashamed.-

Of being gay.-

I'm trying not to be, but I still am.-

*And if I'm ashamed about it, how can I blame
someone for feeling uncomfortable about it?-*

FROM Lily _____

-Shanya.

**TO
Lily**

*I just want to give people a chance. Even if they
don't respond perfectly first time.-*

Make it easier on them.-

FROM Lily _____

-is it just being gay you are shamed of?

-or are you also ashamed by me?

**TO
Lily**

[OUTGOING CALL]-

-

"I'm not ashamed of you," Shane whispered when Ilya picked up the phone. He was still at the hotel with Hayden (who was on the phone with Jacki, sprawled on his bed), and he had been regretting his choice of feigning some sort of normalcy by coming back to the hotel at all, rather than just going straight to Ilya's. "How could I be? You're fucking amazing."

Ilya cleared his throat, the noise loud over the phone. Stayed quiet for a few long seconds.

"Yes," he said at last, "I am amazing, and I am amazing fuck. Obviously. I do not think you are ashamed for being attracted to me, hottest man in whole world. More that maybe you

would be ashamed to be gay with a man who is not willing to be as out and brave as you are. One who is - is clinging to a country and a family who fucking hates him, like he is pathetic louse. Will you be, maybe, ashamed when you are out to world, and reporters are asking about boyfriend, and you have to say he is secret? Or you say, maybe for being safer, you do not have boyfriend at all?"

Shane put the toilet seat down, and sat on it, rubbed his hand over his forehead. This would be easier if he was with Ilya, if he could do the thing where he just got into Ilya's lap and held him while they talked. Knew the weight and the embrace made Ilya feel grounded and safe. He couldn't tell from here, from Ilya's mostly level voice, how upset he was. How real this was. Or if he was just asking questions.

"I am not ashamed of you," he said again, felt like it was the most important part to hammer home first. "I love you. If I could, I would tell everyone about you, all the time. I'm not going to be ashamed about not getting to share you with everyone. It'll be... sad, hiding. But I want you safe. That's nothing to be ashamed about. Loving your home and your family, even when they're not - not good to you, there's nothing shameful about that, baby. You just - you can't help it. You're so good at loving."

Ilya made an odd noise, muffled slightly, followed by a sharp sniff, and then clearing his throat again. "And not even this?" He asked, hushed. "You do not even find this shameful? How I am scared?"

Shane's throat constricted, and he had to focus hard on his breathing, on his swallowing. "Ilyushenka," he said. "No. I'm so fucking scared all the time as well. Are you ashamed of me?"

"No," Ilya replied. "But it is different. You are brave."

"You're fucking brave," Shane shot back. "Don't argue with me about this. I'll make a whole presentation with slides on all the fucking brave things you've done, and it will make you so bored."

"Slides? Like my shoes?"

-

Shane, JJ, and Hayden all shared a car to Ilya's house, because that made the most sense, even if Shane would have preferred to have gotten a car over hours earlier. He knew he would be giving the truth to JJ soon, and Hayden already knew he and Ilya were together, but he didn't want to give the rest of his team anymore fuel. Maybe he could have said he was going to go see Lily in between. Maybe he should have, actually, that would have been sensible. Fuck. Oh well.

When they got out of the car at Ilya's, Shane considered doing the normal looking thing and knocking, or ringing the doorbell, like a guest would. He was, after all, a guest. But it was all going to come out in the next hour or so anyway, and he loved that Ilya had given him access, trust.

He unlocked the door himself, and opened it, JJ and Hayden gaping at him, though he could tell Hayden's surprise was less full shock, and more surprise over the level of trust this intimidated.

"Honey, I'm home," Shane called as they stepped into the entrance, feeling suddenly fizzy and silly with a mixture of nerves and bravery.

"Did you bring bacon?" Ilya called back from the direction of the kitchen. "That is phrase, yes?"

Shane, taking his shoes off, and nodding at the other two to do the same, rolled his eyes. "I did not bring home the bacon," he yelled, "but I do have a fish?"

"Hey!" Hayden snorted, "I'm not on the table for dinner."

Shoes off, Shane led his teammates into the house, through to the lounge, where Marlow was sprawled, grinning, on the couch, and Connors was perched at the kitchen counter, visible through the open doorway. Connors looked a little startled, but much more at ease than either JJ or Hayden looked.

Ilya appeared in the kitchen doorway then, beer bottles clasped by their necks in one hand, and a can of ginger ale in the other. He nodded back at Connors imperiously, and Connors snorted, standing up, and grabbing a couple of bowls from the counter.

“Hello,” Ilya said, “Boiziau, Pike, welcome to my house. I have made promise to Shanya to not only be chirping you tonight. Would you like a beer?”

“Shanya?” Hayden muttered.

“Yes, I think I will need, calisse,” JJ said, holding his hand up. “Beautiful house you have here, mon ennemi!”

Shane rolled his eyes, stepping away from his friends to take his ginger ale from Ilya, and only narrowly avoiding leaning in to kiss his cheek, or his mouth.

Connors had circled around Ilya with the bowls - one with chips in, the other with... carrot stick - and placed them on the low coffee table before shoving at Marlow's legs and flopping himself down.

Ilya handed out beers, further, quite awkward, greetings were made. Much more awkward than on ice just a few hours previous, though Shane was pretty confident that if it wasn't for what he and Ilya planned to say very soon, the awkwardness would fade very quickly. He thought JJ, Hayden, Marlow, and Connors would actually get along reasonably well, if they had a chance. Hoped they would still give it a chance after they dropped the bombshell.

They waited until after everyone had finished their beers, and Shane had gone and fetched some more, grabbing himself one as well, though he doubted he would drink the whole thing, he just wanted a little liquid courage. Ilya could finish it if need be.

When everyone had their drinks again, and the conversation had continued going smoothly on about which refs were universally hated, and who had gotten the invite to All Stars, and who had listened to Macklemore's new song (Shane wasn't sure who this was, but Ilya had said he had thought there were Mackle-less songs out, and was happy that it seemed like

actually there were the Mackle-most, and Shane found this quite funny), Shane began the conversation.

He and Ilya had decided it would be best to do it before dinner, after snacks and beer so everyone was in a good mood, but before it would have been sitting anxiously in Shane's gut and stopping him from having an appetite.

He began the conversation by casually returning to his seat next to Ilya on the smaller couch opposite where Marlow and Connors and JJ were on the larger one (thank god for furniture wipes, or else Shane would be dying of embarrassment thinking about them sitting on the couch he had come a LOT on), and sitting so close to Ilya that his but was mostly on Ilya's thigh. He watched Connors clock this, his eyebrows going up, and then choking on his beer. Marlow didn't even look away from JJ as he reached over and smacked Connors' back.

"Um," Shane said, and heard it come out a little loud and high pitched, embarrassing, but at least it got the attention of everyone in the room. Conversation stopping, heads turning to look at them. JJ's eyebrows also immediately went up as he saw where exactly Shane had opted to sit. Or, how. "So, uh, this is - fuck - I actually don't even know how to say this."

"Say that you've lost your sense of balance?" JJ asked, "You fall over, man?"

"Hey," Shane said, "I saw you literally lose your balance on ice today because you *thought* about taking a swing. Don't chirp me, my proprioception is fucking amazing and I am exactly where I meant to be."

JJ held his hands up, snorting. "Tabernak, okay, sorry capitaine, you are just not usually so, ah, comfortable?"

"Right," Shane said, knew he had his hackles raised a little, and attempted to sound less defensive. "I mean, yes. That's - that's part of what -"

"Holy shit," Connors gasped, "wait, are the rumours true? You're going to be a Bear?"

“Ostie!” JJ snapped, “Non!”

“Fuck, Connors, so not helpful,” Marlow grunted.

Hayden had his face in his hands.

Ilya was being uncharacteristically silent, so Shane looked at him, only to find Ilya already looking back, a smile so small it was nearly hidden, on his face.

“I think you are not hairy enough to be bear,” he said to Shane. “We would have to buy you fur suit.”

“Shut up,” Shane snorted, cut through the mess of reactions happening in front of him. “No, Connors. JJ, stop freaking out. Let me just - Okay! I am gay. Ilya is bisexual. We are dating. Boyfriends. We are boyfriends. I’m not leaving the Metros until I’m literally kicked out, hopefully due to old age.”

Silence.

“Thank fuck you told him,” Marlow groaned, “it has been killing me not being able to gossip about you two, Jesus.”

“You knew?” Connors demanded, whirling from staring at Shane and Ilya to stare at Marlow instead. “And you still listened to me listing of people I thought could be Jane?”

“It was funny when you suggested a traveling beauty products lady,” Marlow said with a shrug. “Anyway, I only know because I’m extremely clever and preceptive and figured it out.”

“He had good luck,” Ilya said dryly, “with putting pieces together.”

“Wait a minute,” Connors said, was blinking hard like he needed to keep resetting his brain or something. “Ohhhhhh my god! That was a date! We crashed your date!”

“You did,” Ilya snorted. “Very rude behaviour. I was going to take Shanya home and give him dessert until you two came and gave him less sexy dessert.”

Marlow groaned, so did Hayden. Ilya wrapped his arm around Shane’s waist and squeezed, once, twice, thrice, slow and even until Shane pulled his breaths in slower.

“Did you know as well?” JJ asked, voice low, directed to Hayden, who was still sipping his beer casually from where he was perched on the ottoman.

“Not for very long,” Hayden replied, shrugged a little. “Probably same way as Marlow. Right place, right cues.”

“We haven’t really been telling anyone,” Shane said. “Um. Because, well, it’s obviously - hockey isn’t exactly a - a gay friendly place, and um, Russia is even less of a gay friendly place. So we’ve been... down low. Except now we - we um. I love him.”

His eyes were prickling, and he could feel a burn in the back of his nose that meant if he didn’t shut the fuck up right now he was going to start crying, and he would really prefer not to. Ilya kept his arm tight around him, thumb rubbing at his hip over his trousers.

“I also love him,” Ilya added, voice rough. “If anyone was wondering.”

“Crisse,” JJ muttered.

“This is actually explaining so much,” Connors said, “fuck, Roz, no wonder you’re always so fucking pumped to play Montreal!”

“Yes,” Ilya shrugged, “not just because he is most talented player other than me, he is a challenge and a reward.”

Shane elbowed him.

“What do you mean, and a reward?” JJ asked, his voice weird. “Is this like - like the bet you guys made about dinner? Or are you - do you guys choose who’s gonna win before hand?”

“What the fuck,” Shane said, felt like he’d been booted in the chest. “Fuck no.”

“It’s not like it’s up to them who wins,” Marlow added, snorted like he thought it was funny, “they’re good, but they’re not choose who wins good.”

“Last time Boston won Shane fumbled an easy pass,” JJ said, voice flat, “we would have won with that pass.”

Shane stung all over. That pass had been so embarrassing. He’d swiveled slightly too far and over extended. It was an easy pass, and he’d beaten himself up for missing it.

“Are you a fucking idiot?” Ilya growled. “One failed pass does not mean losing game. You think I did not play my best tonight? You think Shane does not do his absolute fucking best every single fucking game he plays?”

“I know he always gives it his all,” JJ shot back, swore loudly, “but he’s fucking good enough to give it his all and then still tip the game.”

“You’re sounding like an asshole right now, JJ,” Hayden said, grim sounding.

“An asshole and a bigot, maybe,” Marlow added, shoulders tensing.

“Tabernak!” JJ stood up from the couch, taking a step away from Marlow’s imposing figure. “Non. I do not - so what, Shane is gay. But with him? Seriously, Shane?”

Shane’s lower lip was going to quiver if he stopped holding it tense against his teeth, and he didn’t want that to happen, so he just nodded at JJ, his hand reaching out until he found Ilya’s at his hip, and clung to it.

“C’mon, bud,” Hayden said, standing up as well, his hands held out in front of him. “You’re already in his house, it’s a fucking surprise, sure, but it’s not - you need to calm down.”

“Calm down or leave,” Ilya said, “because maybe you do not think you are bigot, but you are still making your friend feel like you hate him.”

JJ whipped his head around to glare at Ilya, and then his shoulders slumped, and his hands came up to cover his face. He swore quietly into his hands.

“I don’t fucking hate you, man,” he said through his fingers. “Fuck, Shane. Sorry.”

Shane exhaled hard. Yanked up his bravery as much as he could, and nodded. Stood up out of Ilya’s grip. “C’mon,” he said. “We can talk about it alone.”

“Shanya,” Ilya said, low.

“It’s fine,” Shane told him, stepped away from the couch. “Food will arrive soon. You can handle it?”

“Of course I can handle,” Ilya replied. “Can you-?”

“Yep,” Shane cut him off, headed towards the doorway leading to the stairs, waved at JJ. “Come on, man. You can fucking cuss me out in private, or whatever.”

“I’m not going to cuss you out,” JJ said, following after him.

Hayden took a step after them as well, hesitant, and Shane shook his head.

He took JJ into Ilya’s small office. Mostly only an office in name, but it did have a nice desk and some good chairs. He shut the door, didn’t look at JJ. Perched on the edge of the desk so they didn’t end up sitting like they were in a meeting. JJ perched next to him.

“Sorry,” JJ said after a few long moments of silence. “This is all just, crisse, unexpected.”

“Mhm,” Shane offered.

“What about Lily?” JJ asked, “does she know about him?”

“Jesus, JJ,” Shane sighed, “Ilya is Lily.”

JJ took a few seconds to process this. “This whole time?”

“Yes, this whole time.”

“And you never told us.”

Shane sighed again. Wiped at the side of his face when he felt an errant tear trickle down it. Stared up at the framed picture on the wall. Ilya’s mama. The photo was torn, and a little creased, but the frame was expensive, thick glass, beautiful wood.

“No,” he said. “I didn’t. I didn’t even know how to tell myself.”

“What the fuck does that mean?” JJ asked, “What, you weren’t aware you were fucking the enemy?”

“He isn’t the fucking enemy,” Shane snapped. “He’s just another hockey player who happens to be fucking amazing at hockey and at getting under people’s skin. Which, for how we play hockey, is just another part of being good at hockey. He’s the reason I’m even telling anyone anything. I think I may well have gone to my fucking grave not telling anyone in my life I was gay if not for the fact that I fell in love with him.”

JJ swallowed hard, fidgeted. “Why?” he asked.

Shane shrugged. Didn’t know what the why referred to. Why Ilya? Why not tell? Why was he gay?

“I love hockey,” he said, slow and steady. “And I am well aware that it does not love me back easily. In the same way you have to work so fucking hard to be taken seriously in it. We know there’s a - a big racism problem. There’s also a fucking big homophobia problem. There’s nothing I can do about my ethnicity, but I thought there could be something I could do about being gay. If I just didn’t acknowledge it. Kept it a secret. Didn’t treat it seriously, maybe I could fix myself. Do you get it? How I don’t bring, like, rice dishes in for potlucks? How refs turn a blind idea so often when they hear the N word, when they hear chink, when they hear faggot? We don’t complain because we want to be allowed to stay. Fuck, JJ.”

JJ had winced throughout this rant, his eyes closed, face solemn, and they both sat there now, breathing heavily. JJ reached out, slid his hand along the edge of the desk until he bumped into Shane’s hand, and then took it clumsily in his.

“Mon ami,” he said, shook his head. “I am sorry.”

Shane didn’t know what to say. Didn’t say anything. Felt like he’d used up all his words forever, maybe. Held onto JJ’s hand.

“I forgot,” JJ said, very slowly, “that in hockey so many of us wear masks over our real selves. I do not know the real Rozanov, I only know the one who steals my puck and makes me angry.”

“That is still a large part of who he is,” Shane whispered.

JJ squeezed his hand, didn't let go. “I understand why you did not tell me,” he said. “About being gay. It wasn't about me. Even though maybe it should have been, for how I reacted. Calisse. I am sorry.”

Shane shook his head. “You don't care, then?” He asked. “That I'm gay?”

JJ took a moment, and then shook his head as well. “Non,” he said. “I care, not in a bad way, but because it is part of you I do not know so well? Maybe you do not know it so well, either. But I am not upset about you being gay. It changes nothing for me. You are my friend, my captain.”

“There's a good chance Ilya will hold a grudge against you for this,” Shane said, “he's, um, very protective. Of my feelings.”

JJ laughed a little, “ostie,” he whispered, “of course. I did not react well.”

“You got over it,” Shane shrugged. “He will too. Just. Wanted to warn you, because he is not about to, uh, endear himself to you.”

“Noted.”

Chapter 26: ILYA

Chapter Notes

So I have chronic fatigue and I fell asleep so many times today, twice while actively writing, soooo if there are extra typos it's because I had a nap on my keyboard or my eyes were closed while my fingers were still typing idk but here is chapter :))))

The food arrived while Shane and Just Jeans were still talking, so Ilya made himself be as normal as possible and thanked the delivery driver, tipping possibly too much because he'd forgotten he had a hundred in his wallet and just grabbed all his notes thinking they were twenties and under. Oh well. Not a big deal, nice treat for this guy.

Joke Joke and Shane still hadn't come back out by the time he'd brought the food in and got the other guys to grab plates and cutlery and more beers. The guys being Connors and Marly, seeing as they knew where the stuff was. Pike just stood at the edge of the table looking vaguely nauseous.

"Man," Connors said, dropping himself down into one of the dining table chairs at the same time that he dropped his handful of cutlery onto the table. "It's kinda blowing my mind, Rozy, thinking back to how long you guys must have been a thing. We've known about Jane for years!"

"Yes," Ilya said. Frowned at the doorway.

"Honestly a little insane," Connors continued, obviously noting that Ilya was tense and irritable with waiting for Shane to finish coddling Junk Junction, and deciding to keep on anyway. "Hollzy always seems so serious on ice, and in interviews and stuff, but like, I've seen some of your texts with him, and woah."

Ilya redirected his frown from the doorway to Connors.

“Yeah,” Pike said, sounded like he was miles off. “I don’t know how I missed it for so long. Wait I can’t believe you seriously sent him a Bears shirt the day before a match, last time we were here. You’re insane, Rozanov.”

“It was a good gift,” Ilya said, shrugging, and then because he couldn’t help himself, he added; “but was not what I sent in parcel to hotel.”

“What?” Pike asked.

“You sent Hollzy a present to his hotel?” Marly asked, snorted with laughter from where he was leaning against the far side of the table, eying up the food. “What was it, some other sex toy?”

“Some *other* sex toy?” Pike squawked.

“Shut your mouth Marly,” Ilya said, finding Pike’s disbelief very amusing. “I have not even told Shane yet about new gift.”

“Okay,” Connors cut back in, “so like, from what I saw from *Jane*’s texts, I kind of assumed she was the one - sorry, he was the one buying the toys -”

“What did you see?” Marly asked, shaking with laughter as he turned to Connors. “And why the hell didn’t you tell me? This sounds juicy.”

“It was too juicy!” Connors shot back, laughed as well, “I was like, damn, cap, and Rozy shoved me into a cupboard and said he wouldn’t let me out unless I promised to keep it to myself. And that I could jerk off to the idea if I wanted, but he’d know if I was picturing his *Jane* and would decapitate me.”

Marly howled. Ilya rolled his eyes. Pike sat down at the table, put his head in his hand.

“Jesus,” he said. “Why - what - Shane never talks to me about his sex life. He’s always so fucking awkward, and now, what, he’s some kind of - of sexting master?”

“Master-*bator*,” Connors added on, the height of his wit.

Shane would probably not appreciate this conversation, but Ilya didn’t think he would actually dislike it, and that was enough of a distance for Ilya to let it happen. Let these ridiculous things get said now, while Shane was busy feeling like he was worth so little it was his duty to put his head down in the guillotine of someone else’s hurt fucking feelings. JJ Boiziau, more like Judgy Judas Boys No. These were thoughts Ilya would not be saying out loud, because they were very much not funny enough, but they were keeping him from stomping his way to his office and slamming the door open and dragging Jamba Juice out of his house. So.

“Don’t take it too hard, bro,” Marly was saying to Pike, “I bet it would have been pretty hard for him to feel comfy talking about sex stuff when he wasn’t out to you yet. That was only recently, right?”

God, Clifford ‘My sister is gay and I am an ally’ Marlow really putting the work in. Ilya loved him.

“Right,” Pike said, “uh, yeah. How did you know? I mean, about me knowing just recently. Shane talked about it?”

“No,” Marly shook his head, “I was just talking Roz through his freak out about coming out to me when Hollzy was texting him about coming out to you.”

“Wow,” Connors said, he looked like he was having far too good of a time for how stressed out Ilya currently felt, even while amused. “You guys had like, a joint coming out? Pretty romantic.”

“I was not having freak out about coming out,” Ilya groaned, “and we did not have joint coming out, there was no romance about it. Kwinkydink, sort of, for coming out on same day.

He planned to tell Pike, and I accidentally told Marly because he would not let me bury myself in towel hamper.”

“Kwinkydink?” Pike asked.

“Wait, are you the reason the towel hamper is ripped?” Connors asked.

“To be fair, it was kind of a freak out about coming out,” Marly began, unhelpful.

“Oh good, the food’s here,” Shane said, appearing in the doorway with Jolly Jumper at his side. “Everything is fine. Should we eat?”

“Sorry about how I acted,” Jenga Jowers (not Ilya’s best attempt) said, cleared his throat. “That was fucking shit of me. I’m not - I’ve got nothing against the community - the gay community that is. I said some dumb things. I know you guys weren’t rigging the games, I think I just panicked. Sorry.”

Shane patted him on the back, and then stepped further into the room, his hand moving to brush against Ilya’s hip as he did, and Ilya fell into alignment with him without thinking about it. They rounded the table together and sat, Ilya pulling out Shane’s chair so he could also tug it closer to his own.

Wordlessly, Pike pulled out the chair next to him, and Jittery Jelly came and sat down next to him. Everyone stared at the table. Very awkward silence. Shane did not look like he was on the verge of tears anymore, just stressed.

“Okay!” Ilya said, loud to get everyone’s attention, but not captain speech loud so as to not get complaints from Shane and Marly about terrorizing eardrums. “This is stupid. Our food is getting cold. You all have one question each, which maybe we will or will not answer, and then we are eating food and talking about how to beat Shane on Words with Friends.”

“Jacki beats me all the time,” Shane said, “I think maybe it’s something to do with how many concussions we’ve each had.”

“That’s why Marly sucks at it,” Connors offered, and then grunted when Marly obviously kicked him under the table.

“My question,” Pike said, interrupting what might have become a full on kick war under the table if left alone, “is, uh, how do you want us to refer to you guys in public? Like, still as Lily? Or Jane, I guess, for you guys here? So weird. As each other’s girlfriends? What about when Shane comes out, will we keep saying Lily?”

“That is five questions,” Ilya said.

“Oh woah, you’re going to come out to everyone?” Connors asked.

“Wait your turn, man,” Pike said, reaching over to bat at Connor’s shoulder. “And it’s one question with a bunch of sections.”

“Lily and Jane for now,” Shane said, cleared his throat. Reached out to put his hand on Ilya’s knee and then gripped it like he needed the support. “I - I don’t know what when I come out. And yeah, girlfriends, I guess. It’s not fucking ideal, but it’s - I prefer it to pretending we’re single.”

“Yes,” Ilya nodded, “I have already told world about my sweetheart, and Shanya accidentally also told world about having a partner to introduce to his parents.”

“God that was an insane night,” Pike muttered, “especially when you didn’t answer my texts for fucking hours, bud!”

“You have no idea,” Ilya said, dryly, and then covered Shane’s hand on his knee and squeezed it in quick apology.

“Yeah, sorry,” Shane said, coughed. “I was stressed out. Um. In answer to Connors, yeah, I don’t - I don’t want to hide anymore. I realised it’s been, like, fucking my head up for a while having to pretend to be straight. So I’m planning on coming out to my team. I don’t know when yet, but. Yeah.”

“Is that a good idea?” Jam Jar asked, voice timid. “Ostie, mon ami, I am not trying to sound mean, but you really think coming out to them would be a good idea?”

Shane stared down at the table in front of them, his jaw clenching. He was chewing the inside of his cheek, Ilya could see the tug of skin and tooth.

“I can’t do it anymore, JJ,” he said. “I don’t think I’m... strong enough. To pretend, to ignore. I’ve tried to tell them not to speak how they do, I know what they say, I’m not - not stupid. I know a lot of them think that - well. I’m just hoping that maybe because they already know me, it won’t be so bad?”

Ilya wanted to tell Shane he was the fucking strongest person he knew, but if he started getting into this now it was probably going to end with Ilya needing to leave the room until he could get his emotions under control, so he settled for just squeezing Shane’s hand again.

“Damn,” Connors said, “I’d heard some of the guys on the Metros were kind of, like conservative, not like that’s a new thing for hockey players. But I guess I wouldn’t have expected your room to be so rough? Y’know?”

“Next question,” Ilya said. “Marly, is all you.”

“Shane,” Marly said, shifted forwards with his elbows on the table so he could bring his giant leering face closer to Shane. “If you weren’t with Rozanov, who would you think is the hottest player in the league?”

“Hey!” Ilya snapped.

“If I wasn’t with Ilya, he’d still be the hottest player in the league,” Shane replied, and Ilya turned from his glare at Marly to grin at Shane instead, letting out a triumphant laugh.

“Fuck you Marly,” he added over his shoulder, before leaning in and giving Shane a quick kiss.

“Waste of a fucking question, man,” Connors complained, “Like, even if there hadn’t been that dumb fucking loophole, what useful information would that be?”

“He just wanted to know if Shane thinks he’s hot,” Pike said, was reaching already for a plate and for one of the containers of food. “He wasn’t thinking of the common good.”

“Fuck you I was thinking of the common good!” Marly shot back, also grabbing a plate, “Getting Hollzy to rank us would give us the most definitive answer on who’s hot, because he’d also be adding in, like, our hockey stats. It’d be a full person ranking.”

“A holistic ranking,” Pike offered, “nah. You’re talking like Shane is free from bias, when I know for a fact that he isn’t.”

“You’re talking about Shane like he isn’t here,” Shane chipped in, “and yet, here I am.”

Ilya grabbed them both plates, and began scooping birria. Thought back to his mostly joke suggestion of also eating Shane’s hole, and winced through a spike of hornyness.

“Yes, but I feel like Pike would tell us more, because we’ve used up our questions,” Marly said to Shane, and then to Pike, “what biases? And wait, is it Bi-asses or like bye-a-sees -”

So perhaps not the worst dinner party Ilya had been a part of, but also certainly not in the top ten, either. Ju Jube had contributed to the conversation, but not as much as he had before they'd come out. The other three were working extra hard to make up for it, which Ilya appreciated, even though it meant Marly and Connors got louder and sillier, but at least it meant that so did Pike, and Shane was smiling about it.

A relief when everyone left. The Metros because they had curfew, and the Bears because they understood Ilya's curt head shake when Shane asked them if they'd like another drink.

Shane insisted on cleaning up before they did anything else, covering what little leftovers there were, putting them away. Stacking the dishwasher, wiping the table, collecting beer bottles. Ilya helped rather than attaching himself to Shane's back and humping him like he wanted to whenever Shane was being particularly Shane about anything.

"So," he said, rinsing out the beer bottles before putting them in the recycling because Shane had told him to. "Was your eating not very much due to, uhh, bottom necessities? Or?"

Shane cleared his throat, and then glared at Ilya. He was placing spoons in to individual holes in the cutlery holder in the dishwasher. There was a little fold down flap or something that Ilya had never seen before. "I really don't want to talk about prepping," Shane said, voice flat.

Ilya shrugged. "Shanya," he said, "I do not understand why this is still so, ahhh, off limits for you. You let me in you so deep and you are still worried, what, I will see a little poop and realise oh no, I am in bum hole where poo lives?"

Three more spoons got viciously placed, Shane's shoulders tense.

"I have also done prep before," Ilya offered, pouring the dregs of a beer down the sink. Good thing Shane had told him to rinse them. "I have done douche. This is not a big secret to me. We are not sad boring straight couple who do not even know what they look like without make up, or think that a pussy comes naturally hairless and smelling like flowers."

“Ugh,” Shane said. He was finished with spoons, and all the rest of the cutlery, so he no longer had an excuse to be tucked away. He looked up at Ilya, his eyebrows furrowed. “It just feels. Uncomfortable. I’m not - I don’t think you’re like, unaware of what I’m doing, I just. It’s not about you.”

Ilya rinsed the last two bottles, took the whole collection to the glass recycling. Came back to wrap his arms around Shane from behind like he’d been wanting to do, resting his head on Shane’s nape - forehead to skin. Kissed him just above the hem of his shirt.

“Okay,” he said. “So eating only a little dinner was for sex? And you will have more food afterwards?”

Shane groaned, but also leaned back in Ilya’s arms, letting Ilya take his weight. “Okay,” he agreed. Turned the dishwasher on. “Now, uh, about the sex -”

“Yes,” Ilya grinned, squeezed Shane, and then when Shane wriggled, let him go enough to turn around in Ilya’s arms so they were face to face, arms around each other. “Tell me your complicated plan, Shaneska, I am very excited.”

“You’re going to stay down here,” Shane told him, licked his lips very briefly. “Um. In the lounge, watching TV? I don’t know. You could have a shower or something if you want, because I’m going to shower too, but that’s up to you. And then, when I’ve showered, I’m going to call you. From your bed.”

“With dildo in your ass?”

“Maybe, maybe not yet,” Shane shrugged. “Um. And you’re not allowed to - to come up for at least five minutes once the call starts. Even if I’m, um, begging for it.”

“Fuckkk,” Ilya groaned, ducked down to kiss Shane messily and quickly, “I have to be holding both of us back? Will be very difficult, but I will do for you. Because I love you.”

Shane smiled at him so brightly that Ilya was sure he could turn off all the lights in here and still be able to see clearly.

“Love you too,” Shane said, cheeks pink. “Okay?”

“Yes, of course okay,” Ilya snorted. “I will stay down here, very, very horny for you, and then I will resist coming to immediately fuck you, and then I will fuck you very hard, and eat you out. Have not decided which one first. We will see.”

Shane nodded, already pressing in for another kiss before Ilya had quite finished speaking, and he let himself be cut off with Shane’s tongue pressing against his.

“There is, uh, a gift for you,” Ilya said, when they broke apart, both breathing heavily. “In bedside drawer. You can use if you want.”

Shane raised his eyebrows.

-

He did take a shower, just to kill a little time while Shane did his secret anal sex rituals upstairs, and he jerked off, just to tide him over. Between being stressed out, and pissed off, and tentatively having fun this evening he had also been very horny because he kept remembering their plans, and because Shane was touching him. He wondered if there would be some point in their future where they would get to be together physically long enough that just being in Shane’s presence wouldn’t have his body immediately in fuck or suck mode. Where his body would know he would get to have this again, that Shane wouldn’t be leaving the next day for who the fuck knew how long, so he didn’t have to get as much sex as possible out of each short moment.

It was probably impossible that he would stop getting turned on by Shane’s presence, but it’d be nice if maybe it could be in a more... comfortable way.

He didn’t bother getting properly dressed again after his shower. Wrapped his towel around himself and sat down on the couch. He didn’t know if maybe he should have brought up John

John's reaction, and how Shane was feeling about it before going immediately to sex. This was probably the best option, giving Shane time to figure out himself how he felt while also giving him... stress relief.

Maybe he should get himself a little jacket like a dog, one that said *service animal* or whatever it was. He could travel around with Shane, and when Shane started to get too stressed out, he could fuck him, or suck him, or put Shane on his knees so he could suck him. He would be great at the job, had been training on picking up Shane's anxiety for years now, could probably sniff it out a mile away.

Ohh and then he could double as a guard dog too, not that Shane needed the protection, but there would be something so satisfying about being there when one of those smarmy fucking reporters asked a question only just veiled enough to not be outright racist, and Shane giving one of his cool bottled answers, and then Ilya leaping at them and biting their faces off.

He could have gotten up from the couch this evening and got in between Shane and Jar Jar and growled, and someone could have said to *call off your dog, Hollander*.

He turned the TV on before he could get harder about the whole concept, kept his phone clutched in his hand so there would be no missing it when it rang. Stared at the TV where it was playing the tail end of tonight's game. Got harder watching Shane make the game winning goal. Fuck. One day, when he could make himself come out as well, and Shane was out, and assuming Shane hadn't dumped him, he was sure they would get a lot of questions like Jack Jack's about whether them being together affected their game at all, and Ilya would just have to - no choice in the matter - tell them that yes sometimes he maybe skated a little less fast because he got a hard on so quick he almost blacked out just because Shane made a very sexy maneuver, but that had never stopped him from beating the Metros, so it wasn't really a problem.

His phone rang just as the post game interviews finished, and he answered Shane's video call before it had a chance to finish its first vibration.

"Hi baby," Shane said, the camera and a serene smile on his face, filling the screen. "How are you?"

God he was such a brat. Ilya slumped back against the couch cushions, grinned at Shane as he tucked his hand behind his head, watching Shane's eyes tracking the movement and the way Ilya's bicep bulged. "Hi malysh," he said, as calm as he could, "I am fine. Just at home watching TV. Saw your post game interview."

Shane laughed a little, “Oh?” He asked, “I caught that too. Apparently this asshole thinks I need him to help me buy a new wardrobe.”

“Ah, I will not say I agree with him,” Ilya shrugged, purposefully flexing his arm more. “I think we can fix issue of you always being in gym clothing by simply removing all clothing. Hm? I do not think many people would actually complain if you became nudist.”

Shane snorted, his cheeks going pink. “I can already think of a lot of people who would complain,” he said, “including, actually, you. I think you’d get jealous.”

“I never get jealous,” Ilya retorted, “I am such a sharing man. I have never glared at random woman on sidewalk who I hear talking to friend about how hot you look in underwear ad.”

Shane laughed out loud, looking away from the camera and shaking his head, like he couldn’t keep looking at Ilya or he’d lose it. “Okay,” he said eventually, finally looking back at the camera. “You don’t get jealous?”

“I do not,” Ilya said, nodded firmly.

“So you don’t wish this was you?” Shane asked, flipping the camera so Ilya’s screen was suddenly filled with Shane’s reflection in the mirror in Ilya’s room. He was sitting on the edge of the bed, leaning back a little, one knee drawn up with his foot on the mattress, the other on the ground. His free hand working the Ilya sized dildo in slow thrusts in and out of himself.

“Blyat,” Ilya hissed, dropping his arm from behind his head so he could grip his phone with both hands. “Fuck, Shanya, what the fuck - you have been doing this whole time?”

“Yeah,” Shane said, tipped his head sideways so Ilya could see him grinning at him through the camera, “I’m good at controlling my face when I try.”

“We will have to play poker,” Ilya said, staring hard at his phone, trying to make out more details than were coming through via a phone camera and a mirror that needed a clean.
“Fuck, lyubimyy, let me see closer -”

“I’m comfy here,” Shane said, not moving except to shrug and also to keep fucking himself, slow and shallow. “But -” he tipped his phone so the camera panned from mirror, to Shane’s lap and Ilya could see his cock, dark purple band tight around the base of it, the head of it already so red and wet. “I found your gift. I like that you got two.”

“Colour matching too,” Ilya pointed out, mouth very dry, “fuck, it feels good?”

“Feels like I’m going to die,” Shane said, his voice light as he tipped the camera back to the view in the mirror. “In a sexy way. Feels good. Feels like I’m going to - to combust or something when you touch me.”

“So maybe you are not wanting me to touch you?” Ilya asked, and then before Shane could match his energy, took it back, “I have to touch you, Shanya, fuck, you look so good. I could make you feel so much better than dildo.”

Shane bit out a groan, the camera wobbling a little, not hiding the way Shane’s thighs jumped in the mirror, muscles tense.

“Cannot be so comfy,” Ilya continued, “having to fuck yourself, no? Sitting on edge of bed, holding yourself upright to see. I will lie you back, let you relax. Hold you up or down, however you like, when I fuck you.”

“Yeah,” Shane was nodding, “tell me what else you’d do, baby, if you were here?”

Ilya groaned, let go of the phone with one hand so he could palm himself roughly over the towel. “I would get my mouth around your hard cock,” he said, “I think it will be maybe feeling so hot and throbbing in my mouth and you will make such whimpering noises-”

Shane made a noise that might have been an objection, but came out far more like a whimper, and Ilya grinned.

“But then I would remember your beautiful hole,” Ilya continued, loosening his towel enough to get his hand under it to stroke himself properly. “How smooth and wet it is waiting for me, how open you have tried to fuck it and it still will not be open enough for me, hm?”

“So egotistical,” Shane mumbled, didn’t sound mad about it.

“And you played so well tonight,” Ilya said, “you deserve so many rewards, so I will treat you so good. I will eat you like icecream, little licks all around edges yes? Suck and slurp with my lips? Maybe I will be so hungry, I push my tongue right it as deep as I can go?”

“Fuck,” Shane groaned, “fuck, Ilya, I need you - please - fuck - please come fuck me, come touch me, I need it -”

Ilya’s eyes darted to the length of the call, and he groaned, gripped himself tightly. “Sweetheart,” he said, “I am under strict orders not to give to you yet, you can be patient, yes?”

“No,” Shane said, “no, fuck, I can’t, I need you too much - how much longer?”

“Maybe a minute,” Ilya said, had thought about lying, but if they ended the call Shane would see how long it had been, and then Ilya wasn’t sure if that would mean he had won or lost or if it even mattered, but he wanted to keep to his word. “You can be patient, my Shanya, I know you can.”

“Fuck,” Shane bit out, and then he flipped the camera back to his face, no longer controlling his expression. Pink and sweaty, heavy lidded, biting at his lips. “Ilya.”

Fuck Ilya was going to lick him everywhere. Wanted to press his face into the side of Shane’s neck and suck and lick, drag his tongue down his chest, press his nose into his armpits.

Wanted to bite at his stomach, press against the lush feeling of warm fat over hard muscle. He stood up, his towel staying on the couch.

“I am not coming in yet,” he told Shane, voice hard to keep it from shaking, “you will be good for me, yes? You will listen to me?”

Shane’s face twisted like he was considering saying no, shaking his head, and then he sighed. “Yes.”

“Good,” Ilya said, made his way by memory and feel alone as he kept his eyes glued to the phone screen. “I want you to put phone up facing you against pillows, and you will get on your hands and knees, and fuck yourself harder, deeper. Better angle, yes?”

“Okay,” Shane nodded, was moving already, huffing out short, whining breaths. “Phone might fall,” he added, the audio going crackly as he put it down, a pillow momentarily obscuring the camera before Shane pushed it away, readjusting the position.

“Will be okay,” Ilya told him, “I will be in to see you myself very soon.”

“Okay,” Shane panted. He kept looking at the camera as he shifted on the bed, one arm reaching behind himself, shoulder twisted awkwardly. “Oh fuck -”

Ilya would have requested a better camera view if it wasn’t for the fact that he was already outside his bedroom door, head resting against the wood of it, waiting for the seconds to tick down so he could open it and be greeted with Shane’s ass in the air, facing him, getting fucked.

“Is good?” he asked quietly, Shane’s eyes were closed, like it was too much to keep them open now.

“Yeah,” he moaned, “I want you -”

“Soon, soon,” Ilya promised, his hand already on the door handle. “Give it to yourself harder, sweetheart, go on, I know you need it.”

He could hear Shane’s replying moan through the phone speakers and the door, an echo of pleasure that rippled through Ilya’s stomach, and then again, overlapping itself.

He opened the door, ending the call as he did, and underhand through his phone at the low chair covered with clothes. Didn’t bother looking to see if it landed, because there was nothing that was going to tear his eyes from the sight of Shane Hollander, back arched and twisted, knees spread wide, fucking himself sloppy with a dildo, hard and fast, the muscles in his arm standing out rigid.

He crossed the distance from door to bed in two steps, had his hands on Shane’s hips as quick as he could move them, just needing to hold. Shane jerked and then groaned at the touch, like he hadn’t even heard the door open, or the phone land. Like he’s been so lost in the fucking that the touch was the first he knew of Ilya’s appearance.

His arm immediately fell away from fucking himself, and he dropped forwards onto his elbows like he was suddenly exhausted, even as he shoved his ass back at Ilya’s hips pressed against him.

“Oh god,” Shane groaned, “fuck, Ilya, touch me.”

“I am touching you,” Ilya pointed out, pressed himself closer still, leaning over Shane so he could kiss at his back, biting at muscle, licking at sweat. “Fuck, you are sexiest fucking thing I have ever seen,” he snarled, wanted to be doing everything. Kissing Shane, fucking Shane, flipping him over and sucking him off, eating him out, biting him. “I need you, let me have you -”

“You have me,” Shane shot back, his voice catching on a moan as Ilya ground his hips tight against Shane’s ass, his hard cock pressing hot and wet against the base of the toy still in him. “Please, please fucking take me -”

Growling, Ilya drew back, took a moment to press against the base of the toy with purpose, making sure it stayed pressed deep inside, and then got his hands on Shane's hips again and tugged until Shane was helping roll him over onto his back. He had to kiss Shane then, no other action available to him once he could see Shane's face. Crawled up his body and kissed him like he was going to devour him. Mouth open and clumsy, desperate with it, Shane kissing him back just as needy and wet.

Then he fulfilled his desire to get his tongue on Shane's skin, sucking down the side of his jaw, licking at his neck, his hands moving to squeeze at Shane's tits, and then his waist, and then his ass as he moved further down, biting at Shane's bicep, licking into his armpit, sucking at one and then the other nipple. Licked down the ridges of Shane's abs, standing out with his body tensing and shaking, paused to suck a bruise just under Shane's hip bone, and then took Shane's cock into his mouth while Shane let out a muffled sob above him.

He was so hard and hot in Ilya's mouth that it was hard to believe he wasn't actively coming right now, the vein running up along the underside was throbbing against Ilya's tongue, and if he didn't already have so many other plans, Ilya would spend the whole night here, his brain overlaying the taste of Shane's cock with a metallic aftertaste like he could taste the blood of it.

Shane's hand landed in his hair, fingers twisting desperately in his curls.

"Y' gotta stop," he moaned, "baby, I need - I need you in me - I'll come -"

Ilya pulled off, bit at Shane's thigh, and then shoved it up to give him more space between Shane's legs. The dildo had pushed out, not quite half way, and Ilya ducked down to lick around where the Shane's rim stretched around it, holding it with one hand to lift it out of the way of his head, and listening to Shane moan at the feeling, the new shove of it inside him.

He kept licking as he eased the dildo the rest of the way out, licking up the lube as it squeezed out with it, and then spitting it back against Shane's rim, and then his open hole, the browner pink of the rim standing out against the wet pink gape of him.

"Fuck, malysh," he breathed, taking a moment just to look, to catch his breath, to listen to Shane's hitching moans. "Krasivyy, so pretty. So hot."

He pressed two biting kisses into Shane's thigh, just under where he was holding it back with one hand, and then fucked his tongue into his hole, pushing as deep as he could, saliva and lube already coating his lower face, his chin slick with it. Licked in and against Shane's hole, forgetting entirely his plan he'd told Shane earlier, just needing to fuck as deep as possible, to have as much of Shane as soon as possible. He kissed it just as sloppy as he'd kissed Shane's mouth minutes before, sucking at the rim, and trying to bring as much of it into his mouth as he could. Shane's hand in his hair again, holding, Shane moaning and swearing, incoherent. Or maybe just incoherent to Ilya with his own blood pumping hard against his ear drums, his every sense overtaken by the wet slide of tongue and lips against Shane, wanting deeper, and more. Feeling him shaking, tensing, pressing hard against Ilya's face like by pushing into it Ilya's tongue could get just that little bit deeper.

"Fuck me," Shane said, either more coherent, or just loud enough to get through everything else. "Please, Ilya, fuck me - this'so good, but I need - I need to have you deeper, I need you _"

Well, if Shane would chirp him later for giving in so easily, he had only himself to blame. Ilya sat up on his knees, using his grip on Shane's thigh to roll him back over onto his stomach again. If Shane wanted him deep, he'd get him deep. He grabbed the lube from the bedside table, squirting some into his hand and coating his dick with it before straddling Shane's thighs, pushing his legs together with his knees, and nudging his cock in between Shane's ass cheeks.

"Hold yourself open for me," he ordered, fucking his hips forwards just enough that the tip of his cock caught against Shane's rim, slick and hot.

Shane shifted, moving his weight, and then reaching back with both hands, his face turned to one side so as not to suffocate in the mattress, and gripped his cheeks, spread himself open. The muscle in his right arm was jumping. Ilya should give it a rub later.

"So good, malysh," he breathed, spat unnecessarily at the wet, open hole in front of him, just because he knew how much Shane liked it, watched his back twitch in response. "So fucking slutty for me, so fucking open. Waiting up here so needy and so dirty, fucking yourself open for me."

He pressed in, going slow despite the ease, Shane so pulled open, and Ilya's cock so lubricated it was virtually frictionless. Shane panting and twitching at the slowness, his hips trying to jerk back even with one of Ilya's hands pressed heavy against his lower back, Ilya's thighs pinning his legs down.

"Shh, I am giving it to you," he soothed, when Shane lifted his head enough to look back angrily at Ilya. "So impatient, so hungry, hm?"

"Need it," Shane grunted, dropped his head back down, rubbed his face against the bed. "Need you. Now."

Ilya ran his free hand up Shane's back, leaning in until he had his hand around his nape, squeezed firmly, slid all the way inside, and then ground down hard, groaning as he did, Shane groaning with him, the muscles in his back flexing and then relaxing.

"See?" Ilya said, squeezed his nape again, "You have all of me, malysh. You get all of me."

Shane moaned a noise of approval, his hips still moving under Ilya, rolling fluid movements, rocking Ilya deeper inside him.

He kept his hands on Shane's nape and lower back, braced himself on them as he pulled his cock out slowly, and then fucked back in in one thrust. Not fast, but much faster than before. Pushing in hard so his hips met Shane's ass with a thwack, and Shane cried out low and hot.

"Like this?"

"Please," Shane moaned, "please, yes."

Ilya almost wished he'd thought to put his phone somewhere his camera could see them, and then he could grab Shane's phone from amongst the cushions and watch himself fuck Shane, hard and deep, each heavy thrust pulling a heated noise from Shane and a twist of heat into Ilya's gut. Or maybe he could watch Shane's face through his phone, have Shane hold the

camera close to himself so Ilya could watch each fuck reverberate through Shane's expressions, see how wet and chewed his lips were, if he was crying. Maybe just so they could look at each other while fucking like this.

The fact that they'd just played a game, earlier that evening was beginning to catch up with him, he could feel the exhaustion at the edges of his limbs. Luckily for him, his orgasm was approaching much faster, and he sped up, chasing it, pressing Shane down harder into the bed, grinding his hips rougher with every thrust, panting until he was groaning and swearing, pressing his chest down against Shane's back and biting against his shoulder as he came inside Shane. Stayed still and heavy on him for just a moment to catch his breath, and then pulled out, slow, and dragged himself back down between Shane's legs, hoisting Shane up onto wobbling knees so he could press his mouth back to Shane's hot hole while reaching under him to grip his cock. Had Shane crying out loudly and shaking so hard his knees did actually give out, so quickly, Ilya was sure his own cock was still probably dripping out come from his orgasm.

He helped lower Shane's hips back onto the bed properly, kissed his ass cheeks, one and then the other, and made to move to lie next to Shane when Shane reached up into the messy pillows, mumbling; "wait a minute," before emerging with the butt plug.

He held it back towards Ilya like Ilya had stumbled into a porno, and Ilya groaned. Maybe he and Shane should quit hockey and make porn. Maybe Shane would be happier doing this all day every day, where no one in the industry would be mad he was gay, and he'd still get to work out every day, and get Ilya to fuck him however he wanted.

The plug took a little bit of gentle persuasion, but slid in to Shane's loose hole easy enough, Shane's body all but sucking it in once he'd gotten it past the widest point. He patted the base, snug against Shane's ass, and listened to Shane moan, before finally moving up the bed to drop himself down next to Shane, to pull Shane in against his chest, to kiss him again.

"Okay?" he asked, between kisses, Shane's eyes shut.

"So good," Shane mumbled, mouth open, waiting for Ilya to keep kissing him.

Ilya kept kissing him, slow, messy. Loved how loose Shane felt in his arms, heavy and warm and happy against him. He tugged at Shane's body until Shane was blanketing him, draped

over him all sticky and slippery with lube and sweat and come. If it wasn't for Russia and his family, Ilya thought, he would come out right then and there. It was worth it to have this. To have Shane. To make him happy and relaxed like this.

He didn't know how long they stayed like that, half asleep, heavy. Neither of them making any move to get up until Shane's stomach grumbled, and Ilya remembered how little he'd had for dinner.

Shane insisted on showering first, and on taking out the plug. But he let Ilya shower with him, and take the plug out for him. Let Ilya hold him chest to chest under the warm water and press his fingers back inside him, drawing out lube and come and small whimpers from Shane whenever the over stimulation became too much.

Let Ilya wrap him up in Ilya's clothing again, and take him downstairs to sprawl on the couch while Ilya heated up the food for him, and then let Ilya steal bites of it while they watched the highlights of the other game from tonight in New York.

-

"Tomorrow," Shane said, very sleepily around his toothbrush, "I'm eating your ass."

"I know," Ilya nodded, eyes shut as he brushed his own teeth. "It's in the calendar. Right after breakfast and right before we go clothes shopping."

"Busy day," Shane said, spat into the sink, yawning midway through, and getting toothpaste down his front. "Fuck. Good thing my flight isn't until the evening."

"Mm, very good," Ilya agreed. "Enough time you think for as many orgasms as you will need?"

"Unlikely," Shane said, wiping at the toothpaste on the shirt, mostly ineffectively, his fingers clumsy with tiredness. "Enough time for as many kisses as you'll need?"

“No,” Ilya replied. Spat his toothpaste out, and then rinsed his mouth, sticking his head under the tap.

-

You rated Jane

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - meh - good - great - **excellent**

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

very sexy scene i almost lost self control and came in too early you are so very tempting and seductiving and your ass is too juicy and your cock is too hot it makes me want to quit everything except for being in bed with you. the weird blanket you put on the bed worked really well and i also did not even notice it until after i was too focused on you. you are always so good for me malysh. i want to be good for you too. ya tebya lyublyu xxx

-

Jane has rated you

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - meh - good - great - **excellent**

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

I always feel so pathetic with how much I truly fucking need you to touch me and fuck me, but I never feel like you think I'm pathetic for it. I loved how desperate you were for it too. I love how you listen to and then play out my fantasies with me, it's so fun and hot and I can never get over how much fun I'm actually having. I'm never having this much fun except when I'm playing a game against you. Maybe it's just you, we could do anything together and I'd have this much fun because it's with you. I love you. X

Chapter 27: SHANE

Chapter Notes

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

FROM Lily

-[PHOTO ATTACHMENT] (image is a photo of Shane asleep, face half hidden by the pillow. He looks relaxed and happy.)



-solynyshko

-

Shane didn't usually let himself sleep in, or stay in bed for long after he'd woken up, but he'd woken up so warm and comfortable he hadn't wanted to remove himself from the blankets yet. Almost had when he'd realised Ilya wasn't in bed with him still, but then he'd heard the shower running in the next room, and relaxed again now he knew Ilya's position. He'd grabbed his phone to check for the time, and then been distracted by the photo Ilya had sent of him, distracted further by the task of looking up *solynyshko*, and distracted the most by the warmth pulsing through him, like his heart had heated up and was busy pushing extra warm blood around his body.

He also had a lot of texts which he should probably be at least looking at, even though his biggest impulse right now, getting to hide away at Ilya's, was to ignore the outside world as much as possible until he couldn't anymore.

He replied in the group chat with his parents, thanking them for their congratulations on the game, and letting them know that the dinner had gone okay. That JJ and Connors had been invited as well, so they had a slightly wider circle of friends in the know, now. He didn't

mention JJ being weird, because he really didn't want to have to get into it over the phone when he knew he was probably going to have to get into it at least a little with Ilya later. Also mentioned what they'd eaten for dinner, because he knew they liked it when he talked about food that wasn't his nutritionist approved diet.

Rose had sent him a clip of the interview from yesterday, the part where Ilya was saying he would take Shane shopping, and followed it up with several laughing face emojis. He replied with a frowny face.

Hayden and JJ had both texted, separate but very similar messages about the dinner the previous night. Hayden had also sent yet another WWF request. Shane ignored it for now, because it was funnier that way.

Connors had messaged to say he'd posted the photo on instagram like they'd talked about, and he'd tagged Shane and Shane should follow him back on instagram yo. So he opened his instagram app which he did mostly ignore except when he was asked to make a post, because he was always being tagged in weird stuff, and he mostly just did not care. He had literally asked for this, though, so he followed the notification to Connors' page, followed him back, and then liked the post which was a photo of the six of them around Ilya's dinner table, plates half empty, everyone managing a smile of various enthusiasm. Shane and Ilya didn't even look too close together at this angle. Connors had added the caption; *bears + metros can be friends!!!! @PikeHatty i still dont believe mtl has better burgers then bstn so u better b ready to treat me next game!!*

Hayden had already liked and replied to the post, so Shane liked his reply as well, and then left his own, sticking to a very simple; *Good fun, see you in MTL !*

He made sure to like a few more comments from people he knew, the ones who were saying nice things anyway. Ignored the fact that Comeau had thought it was somehow appropriate to reply to the post with a vomit emoji. The team group chat had been suspiciously quiet of all things but Hockey in the last few days, and he was beginning to think it wasn't because the team were learning to be less gossipy, and more that maybe there was a new groupchat without Shane in it. Maybe without Hayden or JJ either, now they had been publicly posted fraternising with the enemy. He'd ask Hayden about it when he got back to Montreal.

Ilya came out of the bathroom then, before Shane could get too deep into the comments, or to risk opening twitter, and he jumped right onto the bed, no towel, hair still dripping.

“Ah, fuck, Ilya,” Shane yelled out, dropping his phone as the entirety of a very heavy hockey player crash landed on him, all knees and damp and teeth showing in his wide grin. “Jesus!”

“Awake finally,” Ilya crowed, shuffling around on top of Shane like he wasn’t actively pressing all his weight into Shane’s thighs through the points of his knees before he was finally straddling Shane instead of crushing him. “I thought maybe my sleeping beauty would sleep all day until I give him big smacking wet kiss, but had not decided yet where kiss should go.”

“Idiot,” Shane said, rolling his eyes as he reached up to get his hand in Ilya’s damp curls, and then tugged his head down so they could kiss. “Morning.”

“Mm, morning is already wasted away,” Ilya said dramatically, kissed Shane again, “is already night again, we may as well go back to sleep, hm? Or at least stay in bed?” He joined this suggestion with his hand burrowing under the blankets and pushing down Shane’s chest, finger nails scratching against Shane’s skin over his stomach where his shirt had rucked up.

“It’s only just gone eight,” Shane replied with a snort, helped Ilya with getting his hands on Shane’s skin by beginning to shove the blanket down. “Why are you up so early? I thought I’d be the one dragging you out of bed.”

“No one dragging anyone out of bed right now,” Ilya pointed out, kissed at Shane’s cheek, and then his neck, making his way down to the shirt Shane had slept in, and then pushing it up until it bunched up in Shane’s armpits so he could continue kissing down bare skin. “I woke up and could not go back to sleep,” he said, once he’d reached Shane’s waist, his fingers already dipping in under the waistband of the sleep shorts. “I would have stayed and just stared at you, but I thought, hm, a photo will last longer. So I took,” he paused in his talking and kissing to shoot a toothy grin up at Shane, who’d pushed himself up onto his elbows so he could have a better view of Ilya’s descent. “Also,” Ilya added, ducked back down to stick his tongue into Shane’s belly button like a menace, “I had very secret bum cleaning to do.”

Torn between annoyance, shame, and the kick of arousal, Shane chose the arousal. Let his eyes travel from the duck of Ilya's head, over his shoulders, blades and muscles sticking up oddly in his half lying down position, to his ass. Not that there was anything particularly new to see from here, just the fucking impressive curve of his cheeks, the muscles evident in the firmness, the hair that was just slightly lighter than it was on his upper thighs.

"I thought my reservation wasn't until after breakfast?" Shane asked, his stomach and his cock both jumping as Ilya nosed further down, mouthing at Shane's lower stomach, shorts pulled down enough to reveal the slide of stomach into pubes.

"You are valued customer," Ilya said, muffled now, mouth wet as he dragged it down further, skating over the waistband of the shorts and pressing against the fabric gone taut over Shane's growing erection. "If you want to move up booking, you can. Is up to you."

It was tempting to leave the reservation as it was. To keep things in the schedule of day he'd built in his head, and also, maybe, to tease Ilya a little bit. But he kept thinking about Ilya getting up early to shower. Had he fingered himself in there? Did he like to be fingered? Why had Shane never asked before? Was he selfish in bed? Did Ilya wish he was, like, more versatile? It was really hot to think about Ilya touching himself like that, though. Did he press in enough to rub his prostate? Did it make him as crazy as it made Shane? Would he lose control and try to fuck his ass against Shane's mouth?

Ilya's mouth was moving with more intention over Shane's cock now, his tongue lathing over the thin shorts material, his lips closing around the shape of him.

"Fuck," Shane bit out, dropped his head back for a moment to suck in a deep breath, and then lifted it again so he could look at Ilya as he reached out to cup his hand around Ilya's cheek. "Hi," he said, "uh, I've got a booking, but I'm a bit, um, early - any chance I could be seated now?"

Ilya laughed, pressed his face in against Shane's hand, and now he was looking up at Shane again, it was easy to see that his cheeks were flushed pink. "Yes, sir," he said, blinked slow at Shane. "I think we can accommodate you, if you'll just come round back with me -"

"So dumb," Shane whispered, grinning, grinning more when Ilya got up onto his knees and held his hands out to Shane, took his hands. "Any recommendations from the menu?"

“Mm,” Ilya pulled a thoughtful face as he hauled Shane upright until they were both up on their knees, chests pressed together, “I have heard the zad is good, very fresh.”

“Oh yeah?” Shane asked, wrapping his arms round Ilya’s waist, and then redirecting and reaching down to cup his ass instead, squeezed it, felt Ilya’s cock jerk against his stomach. “Fuck, how do - how do you wanna be?”

“Easier, I think, if I am on my stomach,” Ilya said, kissed Shane’s cheek, and then the corner of his mouth. “Better angle for you.”

“What about for you?” Shane asked, forestalled Ilya’s answer by nudging his head forwards so he could kiss him quickly, hornier than he should be this early in the morning after being so extremely fucked the night before. “How is it best for you?”

“Fuck, Shanya,” Ilya groaned, and Shane kneaded at his ass, pressing his fingers in against muscle and feeling it twitch. “I don’t know. Stomach will be good, okay? Maybe we try different later. You want?”

“Yeah I want,” Shane huffed, his own fucking asshole felt hot with how much he wanted this. Thought about how one of the positions they could maybe try later could be sixty-nine-ing, so Shane could get eaten out while he was eating out. “Get on your stomach.”

“Oh, wow,” Ilya breathed, his tone only a little sarcastic, like he meant for it to come out as such, but was too turned on to pull it off. He kissed Shane again, hard, and then he was grabbing a pillow to bundle under his chest, spreading himself out on the bed, his knees underneath him. “Your table is ready, sir,” he added, once he was settled.

Shane had dropped down on his knees, shuffled back a little to give Ilya space to position himself, and was now faced with the view he hadn’t realised he’d been missing. Swore loudly.

“Fuck,” he said, moving forwards on his knees, his hands coming to rest against Ilya’s ass, “fuck, I am so gay, Ilya.”

Ilya laughed into his arms. “Oh?”

He didn’t even know where to begin in explaining himself. How even though he’d wanted to eat Ilya out, even though just thinking about it had been turning him on, he’d still been worried. Worried that he’d get to this exact position, be faced with it, and feel like he was back with a woman, hiding himself between her legs to get her off so he didn’t have to face up to not getting hard himself. Which was stupid, because he loved being between Ilya’s legs. Loved sucking him off. Loved licking and mouthing at him, and that was basically what he was about to do here as well. He just wanted to make Ilya feel good, so good.

“Yeah,” Shane murmured, pressed a kiss to the cleft of Ilya’s ass, and then pressed his forehead against the meat of his left cheek, nuzzled against it, tipping his face so he could bite at it when Ilya laughed again, turning his light chuckle into a sharp moan. “You’re so hot, fuck,” Shane added, dragging one hand over the under curve of Ilya’s right cheek, and pressing his thumb against the crack, pulling him open.

He was damp still, between his cheeks, hair thicker.

“Fuck,” Ilya breathed, and Shane could see he back tensing, the tendons in his thighs taut, his cock hanging heavy between his legs, pink and hard. “Are you just going to look?”

“Maybe,” Shane said, no real tease in his voice as he took it in. “It’s pretty,” he added, hadn’t expected to really think so. “You’re pinker than me.”

Ilya made a noise, almost like impatience, more like nervousness. “I am much whiter than you,” he said, “I know you have noticed this.”

“Yeah,” Shane kissed his cheek again, and then moved closer and licked up his crack, feeling th hair get wetter with his spit. He didn’t necessarily like how hair felt against his tongue, but he fucking loved how it looked, loved it on Ilya, wanted it spit drenched and dark. “Relax, baby,” he said, shifting carefully into a better position, one where he could have both hands

holding Ilya's ass, pressing him gently apart and open so he could see the tight pink furl of Ilya's hole better.

"I am relaxed," Ilya grunted, his hole very clearly tightening in front of Shane's face.

He kissed it, a dry press of his lips, paused to listen to Ilya's unsteady exhale, and then kissed it again, open mouthed, wet, just lips. Paused again. "Okay?"

"Yes," Ilya said, "good."

Pressing back in, his nose dragging against damp hair, Shane kissed him properly, opening his mouth against his hole and dragging his tongue over it, sucking gently like it was Ilya's lower lip. Was thankful for the second time in his life for having made an effort to be good at cunnilingus (the first time he was thankful was realising he could get out of the rest of sex by just keeping going until she'd come too many times to want anything else), just so some of the skills could transfer to analingus.

He moved his thumbs, careful and slow, in until they were pressed against his cheeks, and as he kept kissing at Ilya's hole, he rubbed the pads of his thumbs in gentle semi circles against the outer edges of his rim, spit easing the way, felt the way the muscles began to soften under his touch, the tight grasp of Ilya giving enough for Shane to point his tongue and press the tip of it into him, licking in and in and in until he softened more under the constant pressure.

Drawing back just enough to give himself some breathing room, his lips leaving Ilya's ass with a slurp, Shane asked; "Fingers?"

Ilya's thighs shook, and then he was reaching back, one hand, outstretched. Shane waited, and then Ilya wiggled his fingers, and Shane laughed, just one short breath of a *ha*.

"Baby," he said, leaned up to kiss Ilya's fingers, a quick kiss to each quivering finger tip. "I'm asking if you want me to finger you. Do you want that?"

Ilya's hand stayed where it was for a second more, and then withdrew, pushing up against the bed so Ilya could twist his upper half around while keeping his lower half mostly still, and blinked back at Shane, face so pink.

"Maybe," he said, voice hoarse.

"Baby," Shane said, "Is this - is this not good?"

"No," Ilya bit out, his eyes scrunched closed, and then opened again. "Fuck," he said, "malysh, is so good. Was not expecting it to be as so good as is, I think maybe you are winning award for best eating out I have ever had and you have only just started and I am maybe worried if you put fingers in me I will come so quickly."

Shane attempted not to preen visibly, so fucking there random women who had eaten Ilya's ass in times' past!

"Okay," he said, kept his voice low, "you can come quickly, if you want, like. This won't be the only time I eat you out."

"No?" Ilya asked, "you are, um, enjoying?"

"Yeah, my meal's great," Shane said, "service is impeccable. I'm gonna go for seconds right now, if that's okay with you?"

"Fuck," Ilya groaned, twisted back around so he was no longer a pretzel, buried his face in the pillows. "Yes."

Shane returned to his meal with gusto. Found out that if he pushed his tongue in while holding it firmly pointed, he could lick out against the inner ring of the rim and it made Ilya moan the same way tonguing at his frenulum made him moan. Spat all the pooling saliva in his mouth into the small opening he'd managed to work apart with just his tongue and his lips, discovered he liked being the one to spit as much as he liked it when he felt Ilya's spit

on his hole, and Ilya let out the same almost pained noise about it that he did when Shane looked up at him from under his eyelashes while sucking his cock.

“Blyat, malysh,” Ilya moaned, “put finger in.”

Shane immediately slid one of his thumbs, still rubbing against the sides of Ilya’s hole, into him. Dipped just the tip in, enough to push against muscle, and then pulled it out with a noise enough like a pop that if Shane had been alone he would have been embarrassed. He wasn’t alone, and Ilya was just grunting and panting, not shying away from sex noises, and Shane was doing it again, pressing in and pulling out, fucking Ilya so shallow on just his thumb while he licked around his hand, alternating thumb and tongue in his hole.

Ilya moved above him, his shoulders shifting, and Shane could tell only by the shift of muscle and the slick sound that he had taken his cock in hand, was jerking himself off, his strokes matching the thrusts of tongue and thumb.

“I’m so close,” Ilya bit out, “please don’t stop, malysh, keep going.”

Shane kept going, tried not to get too enthusiastic at Ilya being close, kept the push and pull steady so as not to overwhelm, to keep the build up a slow gradual cascade of pleasure instead of pushing Ilya off the top of the peak. Kept going when Ilya tensed all over, grunting as he came. Shane could see his expression in his mind’s eye, and knew that whenever he wasn’t horny he found it funny, but also knew that he couldn’t think about it without getting horny.

“Come here,” Ilya said, still panting from his orgasm, or from the way Shane’s tongue was still pressing into him. He pushed his ass against Shane, like he was threatening to roll over with Shane trapped between his thighs. Shane wouldn’t complain about that, except that he wanted to be where Ilya wanted him.

He moved up, climbed over Ilya’s body as Ilya turned around, the flush on his cheeks had traveled patchily down his front as well, all the way to the top of his stomach. He was holding his right hand awkwardly, holding it away from the blankets, cupped, and when Shane slid himself in, chest to chest with Ilya, Ilya brought his hand closer.

“You want?” he asked, “Dessert? Is on the home.”

“On the house,” Shane said mindlessly, Ilya rolled his eyes, smile fond. “Yeah. Is it - can I ask for a, um, adjustment?”

Raising his eyebrows, Ilya looked a bit bemused, but he nodded anyway. “Of course,” he said, “we pride ourselves on our, ah, flexibilities.”

“Cool,” Shane grinned, felt himself flushing with more than the exertion of very enthusiastic hole sucking. “I want you to jerk me off with your come, and then I’ll lick your hand clean afterwards, when it’s both of us together.”

“Jesus,” Ilya said, his eyes closing very briefly. “Yes, sir,” he said, “It will be my pleasure.” he added, reaching down as he spoke and pushing his hand under the waistband of the shorts Shane was still wearing, getting his hand around Shane’s cock, damp and sticky with precome and sweat.

“No,” Shane groaned, “It’ll be my pleasure, oh, fuck, baby just like that-”

-

You rated Lily

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - meh - good - great - **excellent**

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

I'm sorry I never thought to ask if you wanted me to finger you or eat you out before. I feel like that's probably very bad gay boyfriend of me? Putting us in boxes. Top and bottom. I mean, I am definitely a bottom, and I know we talked about how you don't have any particular desire right now for me to top you, and how I don't really want to top you. But. I want you to be able to ask for what you want, and I want to be able to give it to you. I'm not saying I'll do anything, obviously, I promise I'll tell you if I don't want it. I loved eating you out. It was so sexy. I kind of want a photo of your ass as my lockscreen, and then your hole as my background. Obviously I won't be doing that, but I just wanted you to know how much I liked it. Is that weird? I know you're always saying nice things about my butthole but like, I guess I kind of thought it was mostly to make me feel good. If you did want me to fuck you at some point I think I would feel okay fucking you with a toy? I don't know why it feels different for me but it does. Really good restaurant, 5/5 stars, will definitely eat here again. The owner is really fucking hot and really fucking nice as well, so that's a bonus for sure. Really helpful as well, for changing food up to fit a certain diet or request. I loved the dessert options. WILL COME AGAIN. I love you.

-

You rated Lily

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - meh - good - great - **excellent**

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

i am pretttty sure you are supposed to legally have let me know you have your big fucking licence of eating out BEFORE you eat me out so good i think maybe i am having break down of my body because i felt like my heart was in my throat and so were you. who do i need to

send flowers to for teaching you such good skills? i will be jealous but i am also gracious and they need reward but not as big reward as you need for how fucking talented you are. i will write to league and let them know they need to make new cup for ass eating and it is to go to you, i do not even care i will come second place because i know with your tongue in me i am cumming first place every time. i want to sit on your face i think and feed you my cock and my balls between you licking my ass i think maybe it would be so hot if you would have to get me off like this without touching yourself at all but maybe with dildo in you and ring on you we should get vibrator maybe get out of the shower i want to talk to you about vibrators i love you xxxxxx

-

“This is reason I am taking you shopping,” Ilya said, when Shane came downstairs after getting dressed (more than a pair of less dirty shorts he’d put on for breakfast), ready to leave the house and not looking like he’d spent all morning with either his mouth or his hands attached to Ilya’s ass because he was pretty sure he’d gotten addicted from one hit. That shit was strong.

“What?” Shane looked down at his outfit. It was fine. Plain blue button up. Nice material. Plain slacks. Classic. “I look fine.”

“You look like child picture book of business man in casual clothes,” Ilya replied, “you look like your mama bought you this shirt once and then you have just kept buying same shirt over and over again.”

“Okay, well,” Shane said, putting one hand on his hip and glaring at Ilya, who was wearing fucking ripped jeans and a t-shirt with some random guy with a painted white face sticking his tongue out? “Mum has good taste.”

Ilya snorted, and then laughed for real. “Malysh,” he said, still laughing, “I was right? This is mama Yuna’s shirt she pick for you? When? When you were little timbiscuit?”

“Fuck off,” Shane said, fighting his own urge to laugh as he started to put his shoes on. “I got it a few years ago, and I liked how it felt and how simple it was, so I just got a few more. It’s not a big deal.”

“Does she do all your shopping for you?” Ilya asked, still teasing, put his hands on Shane’s hips and crowded in close behind, but at least didn’t start humping him while he was bent over still. “I know you are mama’s boy, malysh.”

Shane rolled his eyes at his laces, and then straightened back up, making sure to grind his ass back against Ilya as he did, and grinning when Ilya gripped him all the tighter, and moved to grab him by the chest as well, pulling Shane back against him so they were pressed together.

“Maybe,” Shane admitted, tipped his head back to rest against Ilya’s shoulder. “But I’m letting you take me shopping now, so what does that make me?”

“Mine,” Ilya said, kissed his neck.

“Yours,” Shane agreed.

-

The drive in for shopping wasn’t very long, but Shane was determined to use it to its full extent. Hoped they could get the entire subject over and done with in this contained moment in time and then move on.

“I’m not mad at JJ,” he said. “I know he said some stupid shit. He’s - he doesn’t think sometimes. He doesn’t actually think we’d rig games for each other, or anything.”

Ilya didn’t say anything for a moment, but Shane could see his jaw shifting, almost like a ticking of clenched muscle.

“I was not so mad at him for this,” Ilya said eventually, his eyes on the road in front of them. “I was mad at him for being careless with your feelings.”

Shane shrugged. Reached over to put his hand on Ilya's thigh, rubbed at the tense muscle there. "My feelings aren't that fragile," he said. "I know I've been... I mean, you and my parents I think are kind of feeling like my feelings might be fragile right now? But I'm an adult, Ilya. I get that my feelings will get hurt sometimes. Accidentally or not. And I can look past it. Especially when I get an apology and talk it out. And JJ did."

Ilya dropped one hand down to rest over Shane's on his thigh, rubbed his thumb over Shane's knuckles.

"I will only hold small grudge," he offered. "I think I am allowed, as your boyfriend, to be mad. Yes?"

"Yes," Shane said. "Also, I know JJ just thought he was mishearing you with your accent, but I did catch you calling him *Boiz-hoe* last night."

Ilya snorted. "Was funny, no?"

"Yeah," Shane admitted. "But maybe leave the majority of the chirping to the ice?"

"Fine, yes, of course, I will do as you say because I am very good and well behaved boyfriend," Ilya said, in tones of one who did not plan to be good or well behaved. "I have question."

"Okay?"

Ilya shuffled around a little in his seat instead of asking his question straight away, which made Shane think Ilya was probably still trying to decide if his question was actually worth the fight it might lead to. Tried not to immediately become defensive before he'd even heard it. He took his hand off Ilya's leg.

"What Judge Judy Bono said last night," Ilya said, "about how other teammates might react to you coming out. You have said before how some of them would not take it well, but I think maybe I under esti-guess-timated how many of team this would be."

Shane waited for the question. Ilya sighed heavily. Shane waited.

“He thinks it will be unsafe for you to come out, yes? Maybe there will be, ah, danger, physically, from enough of your teammates that you would be, what, only three against all the rest?”

Shane reminded himself not to be defensive. “I think Mitty’ll be fine with it,” he snapped, “you really think I haven’t thought about the chances of being fucking hate crimed by my own team?”

Ilya didn’t say anything. His knuckles whitened around the wheel as he took a deep breath. Shane also took a deep breath.

“I’ve thought about it,” Shane said, forcibly calmer, keeping the snap out of his mouth. “And yeah. I thought there could be a chance, maybe, that one or two of the guys would, like. Get mad or grossed out enough to hit me, or check me hard. Whatever. But if I tell them myself, then I’m controlling it. I know I need to be careful. To - to maybe, like, stick to Hayden and JJ closer, or something. But if I get outed, or, I don’t know, someone just has a suspicion and it becomes a rumour?” He sighed, threw his hands up in the air, and slumped further down in his seat. After a moment he put his hand back on Ilya’s leg. Ilya put his hand back on Shane’s hand.

“I could get outed,” he said. “I’m - I’ve told - *we’ve* told multiple people now. I don’t want there to be a chance for someone to out me first. For me to not know I need to be watching my back in my own lockerroom.”

“Okay,” Ilya said, once Shane had been quiet for a few long breaths. “I understand. I do not like, but I understand. Maybe I will find witch who turned all these babies into hockey players and ask her to turn me into dog so I can come be your guard dog when you come out? So I can bite them very hard if they so much as look at you bad?”

Shane snorted. “I love you,” he said, “but I don’t think that’ll be necessary.”

“Could be just for fun,” Ilya suggested. “I think you would like having me in a leash.”

Shane pretended this idea was not at all interesting to him. "If you could," he asked instead, "would you come out to your team?"

Ilya paused for a moment, looking contemplative. "I think maybe," he said. "I know for fact at least one of second line is very homophobic, so much I think maybe is literal phobica. I do not think I would feel worried for my safety if it was not for Russia. I have scary reputation, I have Marly, and Connors. I think my other friends on team would have my back. Maybe some will be a little wary, like Jo Jo, but. I think yes."

It felt easier, imagining coming out to the Bears. Probably because Shane didn't know them as well as he knew the guys on the Metros. They were an abstract to him, with Marly, Connors, and Ilya as the face of them in his mind, meaning they leant heavily in the direction of kind and supportive. Still.

"Are you friends with most of the team?"

"Ah," Ilya shrugged. "I am friends with most, yes, but not close close. Close enough that I enjoy talking with them, and will spend time happily with them, but there are only a handful who I am close enough with like Marly, yes? Best friends feels like childish word, but this. A few of my team I find boring, or gross, but mostly I would say friends."

Shane nodded. Ilya looked at him.

"And you, malysh?" Ilya prompted, like Shane knew he would and wished he wouldn't.

"I thought we were friends," Shane said. "Like. Most of the team, that we were more than acquaintances at least. I mean, I've been to their weddings, and parties, and helped them move houses, and stuff like that. But when I, like, really think about it, the only guys on the team who I actually feel. Comfortable with? Like, I don't mind when Hayden and JJ bug me about going out more, or having a drink, because I know they're fine when I don't, and I know they just want me to have a good time. But it doesn't feel that way with the other guys. I always - I think I always feel like I'm on the outside of a joke? Or the butt of one."

Ilya made a dissatisfied noise.

“I think I used to be better at having friends,” Shane said, frowned at the windscreen. “Like, not always. I remember as a kid, like I think until high school, I had maybe one or two kind of friends. But I was really - I’ve told you I was an awkward kid. But in high school I think I was good at just coming across as, um, chill? And I played hockey, so I had a good body, which I guess made me kind of popular. I had a whole group of friends, and like, most of them weren’t the type of close where I’m telling them all my secrets, but close enough that I wasn’t, like, trying to hide all the time? And then, now - I don’t know. I don’t know what I’m trying to say.”

“I think maybe now you are getting better again at having friends,” Ilya offered after a short while. “Think how many you have told your big secrets to, now, hm?”

Shane thought about it. Wiped his eyes. “I’m glad you have good friends on your team.”

“I am glad you have Pike and also some other man on your team,” Ilya replied. Lifted Shane’s hand to his mouth and kissed his knuckles.

-

They got papped excessively while shopping. Shane thought probably the cities journos were all on high alert for the possibility of this happening. It surely wasn’t actually interesting enough to merit the amount of photos being taken of him and Ilya frowning at clothes racks, though.

He did his best to ignore the feeling and fact of being watched. Going clothes’ shopping already made him feel awkward. Ilya helped, being silly constantly, picking up terrible items of clothing and saying *this is perfect for you Hollander*, so Shane could laugh and bat it away. He did get Shane to try on a bunch of things, through a mixture of loud complaining begging, getting onlookers to egg him on, and also just one whispered *Shaneshka*.

In return, Shane picked out several things he thought Ilya would look very good in, and then also several things he thought Ilya would look very good and also very stupid in, and got him to dress up and march around outside the changing stalls to show off each ‘fit’ so they could ask the shopping assistant what she thought.

In the end they visited about seven too many shops, and came away with jeans that Shane thought were too tight for him but Ilya insisted were perfect and that Shane should absolutely wear them at All Stars. A pair of dark purple slacks that Ilya had been hellbent on getting Shane in, and Shane had liked and agreed to them before realising they were the exact shade of the dildos. A couple of 'nicer' button ups, some more shirts with a nice fabric and a comfy fit which Ilya said showed off his biceps like 'crazzzzzzy'. Ilya got a blue button up shirt that was almost an absolute match of Shane's, and then every single thing Shane had made him try on, like he was a kid with someone else's credit card.

They had froyo afterwards, signed various things, posed for far too many selfies, repeated the same few lines they had agreed on earlier about their friendship, and how the shopping was a joke and a promise, and soon everyone would see that Ilya Rozanov was a masterful fashion influencer, just wait until Shane Hollander steps out in his new clothing.

Shane's favourite part was the drive home. Ilya's hand on his thigh.

Which wasn't to say he didn't have fun. He had so much fun. Shopping had never been much more than stressful decisions interspersed with stressful and sweaty fitting rooms. But Ilya was good at taking an activity and shaping it into something that fit Shane as well. If they could have just held hands, or kiss, or smile properly at each other as well, Shane's favourite bit would probably have been watching Ilya dress up for him. Or getting froyo together. Or Ilya picking out outfits for Shane. Getting to post a photo of Ilya to his instagram because Farah and his mum said it would be a good idea.



Just under two weeks until All Stars. And then a week after that, a match up in Montreal. And then --- then Shane didn't know what time they would scrim together to spend.

yay wahoo!

Chapter 28: ILYA

Chapter Notes

yay!

Except for the bit that is

CW. suicidal ideation/past suicide

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

**TO
Jane**

[PHOTO ATTACHMENT](image is a screenshot of an online news' fluff piece Titled 'RIVALS TURNED BESTIES? ROZ-ANDER SPOTTED MAKING CHIRP A REALITY IN DOWN TOWN BOSTON'. There are several photos of Shane and Ilya posing in various outfits, and a photo of them standing together.)



you look so grumpppppppy-

very very very cute-

and so grumpy-

*silly writers are saying you were BEGRUDGING
but i know this is just your face-*

FROM Jane _____

-Wow that was fast

*-Do these people have nothing else to write
about???*

*-How do you look hot in every photo and I
look like I'm trying not to sneeze?*

**TO
Jane**

we are very important to write about very interesting-

this is stupid slander you look so hot-

but also i am just verrrry photogenius-

FROM Jane _____

*-Farah told me that rozander has become a
hashtag on twitter about us*

*-Our 'best friend arc' she said people are
saying.*

**TO
Jane**

ah good they are putting me first-

like in draft-

;)-

FROM Jane _____

-:/

-Fuck off

-I've come first in plenty of things with us.

**TO
Jane**

yeah, mostly in my bed ;))))))))-

FROM Jane _____

-I wish I was still in your bed.

**TO
Jane**

me too-

FROM Jane _____

-I don't want to go to skate tomorrow.

-I've never not wanted to.

**TO
Jane**

*because you are skataholic-
are you worried team will be stupid about us again?-*

FROM Jane _____

-Yes.

-But it's not even that.

-IDK. It's nothing.

**TO
Jane**

[OUTGOING CALL]-

-

“I always want to skate,” Shane answered the phone, skipping fully past any greeting and also sounding far more stressed than he was when Ilya had dropped him off at the airport a few hours ago. “Like, always. Do you think this is like, a symptom of something?”

Ilya took a moment to stare at a camera that didn't exist. "Malysh," he said. "You are having panic attack, I think."

"I'm not," Shane said, "I'm just - confused."

"Do you think, maybe," Ilya began, "think about going just to rink to skate? Not to team practice."

"Same thing most of the time," Shane mumbled, then sighed. "Okay. Fuck. I'm thinking about it."

Ilya waited. He was already in bed, on Shane's side. He also didn't want to go to skate tomorrow, but he was pretty sure he had a different reason for that.

"Okay so maybe I'm - I'm anxious about how they're going to react," Shane said. "I don't know why this feels scarier."

"I do not know," Ilya said, "maybe this is just feeling more real? Anything they say mean about us being friends will feel extra mean."

Mostly Ilya felt pretty confident in his English speaking abilities. He knew he sounded clumsy sometimes, but it wasn't like he didn't know about all the little words they wanted him to use, he just didn't care enough to use them when he could be understood just fine without. But sometimes he just felt insufficient. Like he knew exactly what he wanted to say in his head, and realised he only had a small bag of words to get it out, and none of the words were the right words. It wasn't that he thought he had something...amazingly deep or helpful to say, it was just that it would be more helpful or deep or whatever if he could say it how he meant it for real. It was easier when Shane was with him physically, because it felt like he could communicate through touch, when it came to Shane. Like if he could just get his hand on Shane's nape right now, get his lips on Shane's cheek, he could make Shane feel better.

"Yeah," Shane said, swallowed. "I - you know I talked to Farah tonight, when I got in. I was asking her about when she thought I should come out to the team."

“Mm?”

“She didn’t know. Said that it was up to me, but she’d advise giving it a bit more time for her to come up with some action plans. And it all feels so stupid, having to have an action plan just to tell a bunch of guys who I’ve known for years, that I’m gay.”

“Yes,” Ilya agreed. “And would be actually maybe a little stupid if you were in different type of job. One where you are not so easily put in danger.” This was as far as he dared go right now, in letting Shane know that he was also scared about him coming out to his team. He’d brought it up earlier today, and Shane had given his reasons, and Ilya wanted to respect them. To trust Shane to do what he needed to do. It would just be so much better maybe if Ilya could somehow be there with him while it happened. So he could step in. Not because he thought Shane was weak, or even that he would need back up, but more because he thought Shane would just accept disgust and vitriol hurled at him from his team. Would look like he believed he deserved it. Would turn the other cheek. Would he let them hit him? If he thought they needed to just get it out of their systems before they felt better about it? How much would he let happen?

“I know,” Shane sounded tired. “I get it. I do. I just - I think I feel... like I’m actually lying to them now. Like, before, when I hadn’t - when I wasn’t letting myself like, admit that I’m gay, I was hiding myself but I wasn’t lying, and now I’m lying.”

“Shanya,” Ilya sighed. “You want all of your team to tell everyone who they are attracted to? How they like to fuck?”

Shane sighed as well. “No,” he said, sharp, “but you know it’s different.”

“Yes,” Ilya allowed, “but still same, ah, thing. Goal. Moral. I do not know. Same thing in way that is not lie to not say a thing about you.”

Shane was silent for a long moment, and then he sighed again. “It doesn’t matter. I’m not telling them tomorrow. I can deal with them being dumb about being friends with my so called rival. I just - I just wish they could be normal about it. Make jokes, sure, but, y’know. Keep them jokes.”

“I wish so too,” Ilya said.

-

**TO
Jane**

captain all stars hm?-

congratulations malysh-

think maybe captain gets own room? ;-)

FROM Jane

-Ready to be my wing?

-And yes he does

-Maybe I'll let someone share with me

-Marlow's invited this year?

**TO
Jane**

do not even joke-

i will happily be your wing on ice-

not your wingman for marly-

FROM Jane

-Relax

-You're the only bear I'm willing to sleep with.

**TO
Jane**

*because i am so sexy or because i am so
talented?-*

FROM Jane_____

-Both. Plus some other things.

**TO
Jane**

big cock?-

FROM Jane_____

-Also that yes.

-Did you look at the links I sent?

**TO
Jane**

yes-

have not gone through whole thing yet-

FROM Jane_____

-All good, I just want to know where you're at

-xxx

**TO
Jane**

xxx-

practice went okay?-

FROM Jane_____

-Yep

-What about yours?

**TO
Jane**

yes all good-

oh, our rook cadyn is in love with you-

FROM Jane _____

-?

**TO
Jane**

*asking connors and marly and me so many
questions about you, asking if he can come
to the meet up in mtl-*

FROM Jane _____

-What? Why?

**TO
Jane**

i already say, he is in love with you-

FROM Jane _____

*-Yeah but I was looking for a sensible
answer.*

**TO
Jane**

he still has shane hollander poster in his room-

said you are BIG inspiration for him-

*asked me if you really stayed at my house and did
you do workout there, and if so, do i now know and
can show him how to do your workout-*

he is in loooooove with you-

FROM Jane _____

-:/

-I think he just looks up to me.

*-Which is weird because I've seen him
and he's taller than me.*

*-He could come to dinner next matchup
if he wants.*

-And I can always send you my workout routine to pass along to him.

**TO
Jane**

ah already looking for younger bf?-

i am no longer smooth and sparkly enough?-

FROM Jane

-Shut up

-I never want a bf younger than you because you can't age backwards.

**TO
Jane**

is this romance? i am feeling romanced-

FROM Jane

-<3

-No one was weird to you about us going shopping, then?

**TO
Jane**

no-

they are very jealous i will let you choose clothes for me but is only because vic has been trying to get us all into wearing same outfit for clubbing-

hammy did chirp to say i did bad job getting you in clothes that make you look silly becous you just look good in everything so i think i am actually surrounded by hockey players in love with you-

FROM Jane

-Sounds like he was joking

-You're the only hockey player I want in love with me.

TO
Jane

*ok i will begin killing some of my team-
and probably many from other teams-
probably everyone in junior hockey-*

FROM Jane _____

-Shut up omg don't be stupid

TO
Jane

your team was weird to you about shopping-

FROM Jane _____

-It was fine.

TO
Jane

fine meaning it was bad and they were mean?-

FROM Jane _____

-That sounds like I'm a kid or something.

-It was fine means it was fine.

TO
Jane

[OUTGOING CALL]-

[CALL ENDED 0 MINUTES 0 SECONDS]-

Shanya.-

FROM Jane _____

-Ilyushka please. I don't want to talk about it.

TO
Jane

((((((-

FROM Jane _____

-I've got some meetings now. Talk later.

**TO
Jane**

x-

FROM Jane _____

-x

-

In the small period of time between dropping Shane off at the airport the previous evening, and Shane arriving back at his apartment, he had managed to compile a list of Russian speaking therapist in Boston, and had sent them to Ilya. Ilya had opened a few of the links, and had then chickened out and closed them.

Now he was opening them again out of some sort of spite. It wasn't exactly anger that he was feeling towards Shane, the anger was directed at the Metros, but it was frustration. How easily Shane slid into acting like his feelings meant nothing, the moment he and Ilya weren't in person. How he didn't seem to realise that saying things were fine was so much worse than saying things had been kind of shitty, because *fine* was a mask that could be hiding all sorts of evils, and *shitty* just meant shitty.

It made him want so badly to act out, to reply to Shane's next text asking about him, or his team, with some deliberately vague brick wall of an answer. He was good at brick wall answers. Always had been. Had built so many of them for Shane before and seen them confuse and hurt Shane.

So he was doing this instead. Acting out by pushing his frustration into doing what Shane had asked, so he could hold it up to Shane and say *look, I am getting help, let me fucking help you, let me in, don't pretend you're not hurt please.*

He dismissed half of the therapists within a few moments of looking at their websites. One of them had everything in english except for a small bio in Russian that was filled with grammatical errors, and he did not believe they would actually be able to speak it with him enough to make it worth it. Another simply looked too much like his father. Two of them he thought seemed simply too traditional, and he wasn't looking for a therapist to tell him how American he had become, or how out of touch with Russian values he was now.

Then he dismissed another because she was too young. His age. How was she supposed to know enough to tell him what to think? He would spend the whole time in his mind questioning her experience. She must be straight out of school, surely.

He sent email enquiries to the remaining three. Almost gave up without sending the emails, because he felt so fucking stupid typing out his requests. Muscled through, because he didn't give up on shit.

He got one immediate automatic reply telling him that that therapist was currently fully booked and not open to more clients currently. Okay, so put that on your fucking website, Jesus.

He kind of wished he had a Yuna, to find him a therapist so quickly and easily, with an appointment for the following day so he wouldn't have time to talk himself out of it. He wished he had an adult. He was an adult, yes, but he still didn't feel like how he thought adults should feel. He wanted his mama. He wondered if she had felt like an adult, or if she also felt unprepared, like Ilya did, if maybe one of the reasons she had been so sad all the time was because she had been stuck having to be an adult while she still felt like she needed her own mama.

Sometimes he wished he could ask his papa about her. Ask real questions, small questions, and get truthful answers instead of his father's scorn and dismissal. What was her favourite food? Did she really want to have children or was she just doing what she was expected to do? Was she ever in love with you? Was she ever happy with you? Did she see her mama a lot before her mama died? Would she have been proud of Ilya? Would she hate him for loving Shane? Would she still hold him in her arms, now, even though he was meant to be grown?

For a few years after her death, Ilya had swung madly between being simply grief stricken and being so, so angry with her. For leaving him. For giving up. For not taking him with her. Surely she knew if she was so sad, so hurt all the time in this family, that Ilya would be as well. Surely she could see they were the same spirit in different bodies. Wouldn't it have been so much kinder to Ilya if she had bundled him up in her arms on her bed and fed him the same pills she took so they would both convulse and throw up and die together. And then he wouldn't have to live without her. Being her ghost, her shadow, the last echo of her voice. He had longed for it with such desperation some nights that he could imagine the whole thing so clearly. The nauseous swallowing of pills, the way they would feel in his throat. The burning

pain. The choke of bile. The numb drift away. The nothingness. He would lie awake and imagine the nothingness, and his body would thrill with panic as he just lay there on his bed, still and silent, because if could imagine it hard enough than maybe he could slip into it and find his mama there as well.

She would be waiting for him there, so he wouldn't have to find his own way into heaven. She would have her hand out for him, and her smile he hadn't seen for so long, and her hair would be freshly washed and combed, and bouncing and glowing, and she would hug him tightly, and they would start to walk together.

He could never imagine heaven, but he always felt like it was close enough imagining her hug.

As an adult, a person trying to be an adult, Ilya hadn't wished for his mother to have taken him with her for many, many years. He didn't wish it now. He just thought about how the wishing for it had felt.

-

TO
Jane

are you home-

FROM Jane

-Not yet.

-I've just been at the pool, but I'm heading home soon.

-You good?

TO
Jane

call me in car-

FROM Jane

-Okay?

-Five minutes.

-

FROM Jane _____

-[INCOMING CALL]

-

“Everything okay?” Shane asked, when Ilya answered the phone. He didn’t sound panicked, exactly, but there was a bite in his voice that was at least similar.

“Yes,” Ilya said. Cleared his throat. “No. But yes. There is nothing to be worried for.”

A beat of silence. Ilya, with his eyes closed, imagined Shane’s face scrunching with confusion.

“I don’t know what that means,” Shane said eventually. “If everything isn’t okay, then that sounds like there’s something to be worried about.”

“No,” Ilya sighed. He was hunched over the handles of his stationary bike, legs still moving slowly around. He opened his eyes to refocus his balance. It would be stupid to fall off the bike. “I was only... I did not mean to worry you, malysh. I was only wanting to hear your voice, because I am feeling maybe a little sad.”

“Oh,” Shane breathed. “I’m sorry, baby. What are you feeling sad about?”

“I do not want to talk about it,” Ilya said, knew he was maybe being a little bit of an asshole, throwing Shane’s words (texts) back at him, but he really didn’t want to talk about it. “I just wanted to hear you.”

Another beat of silence in which Shane’s face was probably showing his every thought like he was his own subtitles.

“D’you want me to just talk?” he asked.

Ilya sighed. “Yes. Please.”

“Okay,” Shane said. “Um. Okay. I’m going to, to drive while I talk, is that okay? What are you doing?”

“On bike,” Ilya replied shortly, “yes, drive. I want you home. Maybe then we could do more than talk.”

“Maybe,” Shane said. Ilya could hear the click and clink of keys in ignition, and then the low rumble of Shane’s car turning on. “So, uh, do you want me to talk about anything in particular? Or do you want me to, I don’t know, just, um, ramble?”

Ilya wasn’t entirely sure what ramble meant, thought he could guess enough from context. “Ramble,” he requested.

“Okay,” Shane said, dragging the word out, and then repeating it in a terrible imitation of how Ilya spoke it. “Okey. So, I’ve just been swimming, obviously, I was at the pool. I really like this pool because you can book out lanes in advance, for like, months. So At the beginning of each season I book my lane, and like, I know other people are booking the same lane as well, but it feels like my lane, y’know? It’s part of a separate pool to the main pool as well. There’s the really big, like, family pool near the front of the building, and there’s lanes you can book in that, but it feels kind of gross-”

-

He listened to Shane talk about the pools in Montreal, and then about learning to swim in a lake at his family's cottage, and in the pools in Ottawa, and how he had always loved doing the diving and fetching things from the bottom of the pool activities. Said he'd resisted having swimming lessons at first because he didn't want to have another sport taking up time where hockey could be, but his mum had pointed out how it would improve his stamina with breathing control, so he'd caved, and he was glad he had because he really enjoyed it.

Then, he listened as Shane parked, made his way to his apartment, talking about the dog he'd just seen outside his building, wearing a little shark harness. Promised if he saw the dog again he'd take a photo for Ilya.

"Okay," Shane said, his front door closing with a sharp click behind him. "I'm home now, did you, uh, want to talk about something?"

"No," Ilya replied. Got off his treadmill and made his way to his bedroom, "or maybe yes. We should talk about how I am thinking about you in speedo ad. Do you wear those for swimming?"

"Ugh," Shane groaned, there was a faint thunking noise like he'd dropped his bag. "No. I mean, I wear tight swimming shorts so I'm not dealing with drag, but I hated that ad shoot. People kept talking about my, uh, bulge."

Ilya grinned, "Ah, yes, your bulge. We could talk about this."

"Not what I'm saying," Shane said, "I'm not in my swimming gear still anyway. Just in jeans. And one of those new t-shirts we bought."

"Send photo," Ilya requested, and then changed his mind. "No, change to video chat." He changed his mind again. "You will want shower first, yes?"

“Yeah,” Shane said. “I showered at the pool, just a rinse, but I fucking hate how the water makes my skin feel. I think they need a better filtration system for their showers or something.”

“Okay,” Ilya nodded to himself. “So take photo of you in hot new shirt, yes? To, what is word. Take me over. Hold me over. Is a weird word that does not make sense.”

“Tide you over?”

“This one. Yes. Like I am ocean. Send photo to tide me over while you shower, and then we do video call?”

“Okay,” Shane said, there was a little rustling. “Uh, would you put on the, um, ring? I wanna see how it looks on you.”

“Yes, what else do you want to see?” Ilya asked, loved it when Shane asked for things, wanted to hear everything he wanted. “You want me already hard for you?”

“Yeah,” Shane breathed, “yeah, I want you to get yourself hard for me, and then wait for me to call.”

“Better hurry up and send me hot photo then,” Ilya replied, “so I have something to get hard to, yes?”

“Okay,” Shane said again. “See you soon.”

He hung up.

FROM Jane

-[CALL ENDED 32 MINUTES 48 SECONDS]

-

FROM Jane

-[PHOTO ATTACHMENT](image is a selfie of Shane in a t-shirt with cropped sleeves)



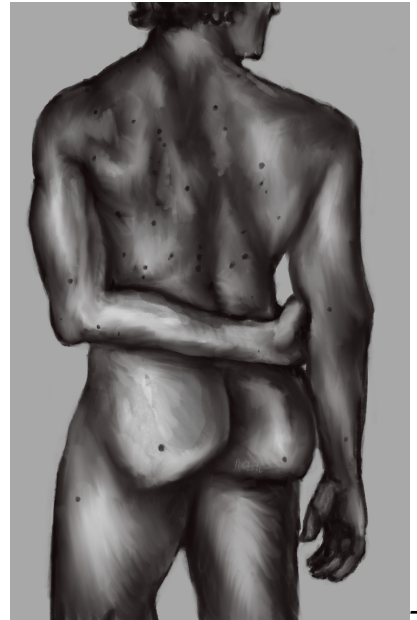
**TO
Jane**

so hot-

i am v good stylist-

[PHOTO ATTACHMENT](image is a photo taken from behind of Ilya naked, one arm crossed behind

his back. Cropped from upper thighs to chin)



i did time photo settings for this so enjoy-

FROM Jane_____

-I will x

-

Ilya di not get into the shower as well, though he probably should because he was covered in a light sheen of sweat. It wasn't so bad, though, he wasn't going hard enough that he felt disgusting with it, and he knew Shane liked when he looked all sweaty like this. He did go into the bathroom to give his cock and ass a quick wipe, just because he kept thinking about how itchy the cock ring might feel on dried sweat on his hard cock, and also the thought that Shane might want to see his hole.

He hadn't been expecting Shane to be as into eating him out as he had been. Hadn't thought Shane wouldn't like it exactly, just that Shane usually liked... to be the one things were happening to. He wasn't a pillow princess - and Ilya knew he'd be mad if Ilya called him that (unsure whether it would be sexy mad or real mad, so maybe Ilya would have to try it out.) - but his preferences absolutely leaned towards lying back and taking everything Ilya gave him.

He liked the way Shane liked to be submissive, the way he wanted to be fought into it, so often. Wanted to play with it. Like a constant reminder that Shane was as athletic, as strong, as impressive as Ilya, had the stamina and the wiles to evade Ilya if he wanted to, it was just

that he didn't want to evade him. He wanted Ilya to catch him, to press him down, to restrain him, to take him.

In Ilya's head, sucking Shane off, eating him out, fucking him, they were all ways he had control over Shane. He was in charge of how much Shane was getting, could turn Shane into a mess of shaking limbs and begging. He wondered how the same activities felt to Shane. If when Shane sucked Ilya off he felt like he was in charge the way Ilya felt with his mouth around Shane's cock, or if it felt like another act of being taken, of submission. Was it the same as eating Ilya's ass?

-

He got the cock ring on, fidgeted with it a little to be sure it wasn't going to make his dick fall off, and then he sat on his bed, legs spread, phone in hand, and took himself in his other hand. Jerked off slowly, zooming in on the photo Shane had sent. Spending equal time on Shane's face as his arms. Thought about the vibrators he and Shane had talked about the morning before, about sitting on Shane's face, or having Shane lying on his stomach between Ilya's legs, eating his hole with a vibrator in his ass, or strapped to his cock. He had suggested he could buy some for All Stars, and Shane had gotten a little weird about trying new and possibly loud things around so many of their *coworkers*, but he hadn't said no. Ilya was pretty sure Shane fantasised about being fucked in front of other people, he'd mentioned it a few times, always with embarrassment and quick assurances of how he didn't actually want that, but that's what fantasies were for. And maybe being fucked hard in a hotel surrounded by hockey players could be a way to play the idea out. Hold him down and whisper about how probably everyone could hear how loud Shane was whimpering, how they could tell his cock was leaking so much, how he was a slut for it.

His cock twitched hard in his hand, and he groaned, sliding his palm over the wet head of it, and grinding the heel of his hand down in slow short strokes. His brain felt so jumbled, jumping from thought to thought now it wasn't just following Shane's voice. Shane.

Shane on his stomach between Ilya's legs, mouth on Ilya's cock, looking up at Ilya with his eyes so dark and serious and wet. Shane in Ilya's lap, grinding against Ilya's hard cock pressed up against Shane's crack, teasing him with its closeness.

Shane calling, Ilya's phone buzzing in his hand with the video call request. He answered lazily, holding his phone out to give Shane a good wide view of Ilya's sweat shiny body, his cock red in his hand, slick head already, the dark material of the cock ring standing out stark on his skin.

“Fuck you look good,” Shane groaned. He was naked now as well, his hair damp, his skin flushed from hot water, or maybe from seeing Ilya like this. “I want to touch you so bad.”

Ilya lifted his hand from his cock and dragged damp fingers over his abs, to his chest, flicked one of his nipples idly. “How would you touch me, moy lyubimyy?”

Shane’s mouth slackened, his tongue darting out to wet his lower lip. He moved his phone back from his face so Ilya could see he was sitting on his bed as well.

“I think I’d - I’d want to work my way up,” Shane said, his eyes flicking over his phone screen. “Like. I want to be on my knees in front of you. And like, kiss up your legs. Suck you off. Eat you out. One or both. Then kiss up your stomach and your chest, kiss your neck. Get on your lap. Kiss you. Have my hands in your hair while you fuck me like that. I could like, sit up on my knees so you can fuck up into me, or I could fuck myself on you. Could suck your tongue.”

Shane was flushing, hard to tell if it was embarrassment over what he was saying, or if he was just very turned on about it. Probably both.

“Oh,” Ilya said, “one moment.”

“Huh?”

Shane raised his eyebrows, but Ilya was already getting up, shifting to go sit on the edge of his bed, and then leaned forwards, his elbow on one knee, holding his phone down at knee level so it was pointed mostly at his cock, the rest of Ilya looming above.

“Here is your view,” Ilya explained. “Give me my view?”

Shane moved quickly, getting off his bed entirely, and moving to kneel down beside it instead, holding his phone up to look down at him. It wasn't perfect, but it was close enough, and Ilya stared into his phone at Shane's eyes looking back up at him, mouth open like he was gagging for it already.

"So good, malysh," he murmured. "You have toys close? You want to show me how you would want to suck me?"

Shane nodded, one hand going out of camera view for a moment, half his body shifting out of view as well, and then he was rocking back into view on his knees, Ilya dildo in hand, the toy wearing the second cock ring. Ilya snorted to see it.

"I think having it on dildo will not help you with holding your come," he told Shane. "But is very sexy you want my exact cock always."

"Always," Shane agreed, repositioning himself, the dildo, and his phone, eyes on the camera. "How is this?"

Ilya's view, if he squinted, was his own lap, and then Shane on his knees on the floor, the dark purple cock jutting out from the same direction as Ilya's cock was throbbing.

"Good," Ilya said. "How will you suck me? Show me."

Shane nodded, and then he was leaning in, both his arms taut with holding the phone and the dildo steady. He took the head of the dildo in his lips, wrapping them around it and then licking over the whole head, lips sliding over steadily wetter silicone. Every few licks he'd close his lips around the dildo again, and every time he did this, he took it deeper into his mouth.

Ilya stroked his cock, loose around the head of it while Shane licked him, and then fisting himself tightly when Shane got his mouth around him.

Shane's eyes had drooped closed, soft and still eyelids, like he was so relaxed, like his brain had shut off.

"You love my cock so much," Ilya breathed, grunted a little when Shane responded by nodding just slightly, and taking more of the dildo into his mouth. "Fuck, malysh, such a cock slut, so eager for it even when cock is fake."

Shane's head ducked a few more times, and then he pulled off the dildo, opened his eyes to look up at the camera, spit dripping down his chin. "Slut for your cock," he said, "not a slut for cock. I don't give a fuck about other cocks."

Ilya groaned, was thankful for the cock ring. "Mm, he said, staring down at his phone, at his boyfriend all wet and stubborn. "So romantic, malysh, but is okay - you are my slut, yes, my pretty, desperate slut, but I think you are pretending."

Shane shook his head, mouth still open, licked his lower lip again. "No," he said, "I'm not."

There was a tinge to Shane's voice that was like a honing beacon for some part of Ilya's brain. The part that told him to push, to peel, that there was more here and it would be so tasty or so awful.

"You think I am worried, Shanya?" Ilya asked, he brought his phone a little closer to himself. Wanted to see Shane up close and panting. "Worried you will leave me for a better cock? I am not worried of this."

"Good," Shane said, "because I wouldn't."

"No, I know. I am just thinking, hm," Ilya paused, dragging the pause out until Shane huffed over the phone, his brows knitting. "I am just thinking," Ilya repeated, "that you are such a cock slut. Is true you want my cock the most, my cock is only cock that will fill you right, but you still want other cocks, hm? You like when I am fucking you with dildo and me. You like dream where you are held down on other cock for me to fuck in next to. Is not your fault you are a slutty brat who needs so bad to be so fucked open and full."

Shane made a noise that was definitely a whine, but his face was still too stiff to point it out.

“I am thinking,” Ilya continued, “I could have you sit up here in my lap, rubbing your pretty cock on mine, and have some one with big cock fucking you from behind. So big, maybe even bigger than me, hm? And you are still begging for me to fuck you, saying this huge cock fucking you open so loose is not enough.”

“Fuck,” Shane mumbled. He’d brought his phone a little closer too, was still holding it above him so he had to tip his head up to look at Ilya. “Fuck, Ilya, I don’t need - I only want yours -”

“Yes, yes,” Ilya soothed, “but you like how dirty it makes you feel, no? How slutty it is?”

A pause, Shane’s eyes flicking side to side, and then he was nodding, shuffling closer again to his phone. “Fuck,” he said, “yeah. Get out of my head, fuck, how do you - fuck, Ilya.”

“Yeah,” Ilya grinned, felt loose and hot with it. “My sweet slut,” he said. He shifted, pulling his leg up so his foot was on the bed, and pulled his cock up, his hand moving down to his balls, and then to his ass, brought his phone down even with it. “Get you on your hands and knees, face deep in my ass,” he said, “while you get fucked from behind, yes? Man with big cock, no name, no face. He is just cock for you.”

“Yeah,” Shane said, his eyes wide, he’d brought the phone closer again so Ilya’s screen was all Shane’s face, his dilated pupils. “Fuck, your ass, baby.”

“Fuck your ass,” Ilya corrected. “You think you can keep eating me good while you are being fucked so deep?”

“Yes,” Shane said, immediate. “Touch yourself?”

Ilya lifted his hand out of view from the camera, garnering a disappointed noise from Shane, but then he spat in his hand, rubbing it over his fingers, and returned his hand to view and received Shane's excitement.

"Yes," Shane breathed, "oh fuck," he added, when Ilya actually pressed his wet fingers to his hole, just rubbing against it. "How big is he?" Shane asked, breathless, "the cock fucking me."

"Big," Ilya replied, just as breathless, so turned on already that the pads of his fingers against his hole were like little electric shocks of pleasure shooting up inside of him and then ricocheting down into his cock. "Big like widest part of plug. Longer than me. Imagine when he pushes all in there is bulge in your gut."

Shane's forehead creased, and then he moaned, low, shaking his head. "I don't -" he began, "that would need -" he closed his eyes. "Fuck," he said, "okay, fuck - fuck, yeah. Fuck, Ilya, tell me what to do - I need -"

"You fingered hole in shower?" Ilya asked, pressed the tip of his middle finger into himself just to watch the way Shane shuddered.

"Yes."

"So put your me dildo in," Ilya said, "sit on it and watch me touch myself."

"Fuck," Shane said. He looked for a moment like he was going to argue about it, but then he nodded. Shifting on the spot, he was looking around himself, and then he was propping his phone up on something, fiddling with it for a moment until it was steady, still pointing down at him on the ground as he fumbled first with the dildo, and then with the lube. He looked back up at the phone. "Do I - do you want me to, like, finger myself first, or just try and take it."

Fuck. "Try and take it," Ilya said, gritted his teeth, "so will feel bigger."

“Yeah, okay,” Shane was nodding, moving quickly, his chest heaving. He sat up on his knees, moving the dildo behind himself, his arms moving a little awkwardly for a moment, and then he was lifting up a bit, then sitting down, slow. “Fuck,” he bit out, his eyes screwing tight shut, still sinking down. “Oh fuck you’re so big,” he groaned, “Fuck - Ilya -”

“Relax, Shaneska,” Ilya said, “you are doing so good. You can do this, hm? Your slutty hole is so good at taking. I know you can take toy so good.”

Shane was nodding, his head moving rapidly like he was a bobblehead in a moving car. “I’m imagining,” he said roughly, “fuck - I’m imagining I’m - you’re pushing me down on it. Hands on my shoulders.”

Ilya bit out a series of swears, his cock jerking against his stomach, his hole tightening around his finger. “You want me to?” He asked, “want me to make you take his cock, push you onto it while I make you eat me?”

Shane was still nodding, still sinking down, his head tipping back.

“You’re doing so good, so hot, so beautiful,” Ilya babbled, watching the familiar expression on Shane’s face, the one where he was so proud of himself for taking the whole cock, the relief and lust. “Fuck, you’re mine, yes, Shanya? Take this cock only for me? Slut only for me?”

“Only for you,” Shane agreed, “only for you. Fuck, you’re the only one I think about, I think about you all the time, baby, I want you all the time. I want to be in you and have you in me and I hate being here without you, I want you so bad.”

“Fuck, Shane,” Ilya gritted out, his body flushing hot and cold and hot again, horny and sad and horny. “I want you, I want you.”

Shane’s face was so pink, so sweaty. He’d started to move his hips, grinding down against the dildo, his stomach and thighs and cock all jerking.

“Jerk off,” Ilya instructed, “I want you to come staring at my hole.”

Shane swore, and then he was obeying, gripping himself tightly, and then letting go to squeeze some lube into his palm, before returning to his cock and beginning to jerk himself off with rough, fast strokes.

“I wanna lick you,” Shane said, voice shaking, “I wanna get your hole so wet and messy and have you pull my head up to your cock and put it down my throat -”

“Choke you on it,” Ilya bit out, “come in you, then push you back to lick at my hole with your mouth still full of my come, still catching your breath -”

Shane came, his hand jerking to a shuddering stop, his abs tight and shaking, his head dropped back as he groaned.

“Stay like this,” Ilya said, bringing his phone up and close to himself, bringing his hand from his hole to his cock and beginning to jerk himself off quick, so close, so hot with it. “I want to see your face.”

“You should come on it,” Shane said, his eyes bright, and then Ilya was coming as well, so much harder than he’d expected to, a long pulsing throb of an orgasm, his come hitting his chin and dripping down his chest. “Fuck, baby, feels good with the ring, huh?” Shane said, low and pleased. “God, your face - I want to kiss you so bad.”

Ilya dropped himself backwards on his bed, bringing phone Shane with him. “I want you to kiss me,” he replied. “I want to wear ring when I fuck you next. Could fuck you so long with this on, come in you so hard.”

“Yes please,” Shane said. He shifted a little on his knees, and then winced. “I think I need another shower,” he said. “Or maybe a bath, kind of stiff now.”

“Sorry,” Ilya said, winced. “Ah, your knees are okay?”

“A bit sore,” Shane shrugged, “they’re okay. Are you okay?”

“Yes, of course,” Ilya frowned at Shane. “I have just had phone sex with hot sexy boyfriend, yes I am okay. I am good, even.”

Shane frowned back at him, and then winced again. “Okay. I have to go clean up. I love you, Ilyushka.”

“I love you, Shanya,” Ilya replied, made kissy faces at the camera until Shane laughed and hung up.

Ilya went for his own shower. He should change his bedding now, probably, there was definitely some come on it. But then he’d lose the Shane smell.

-

Jane has rated you

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - **great** - excellent

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - **great** - excellent

KISSING - **meh** - good - great - excellent

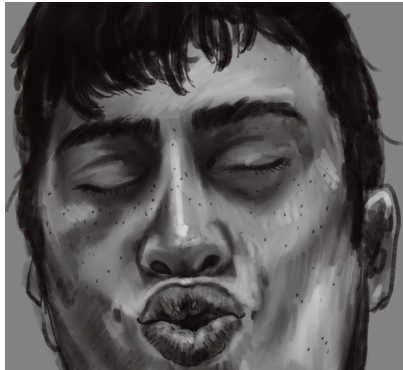
FOREPLAY - meh - good - **great** - excellent

COMMENT

That was really hot, and I liked your ideas, so much. Loved to see you touching yourself, and loved how hot it was to see you rubbing your hole. Did I say before I love how hairy your ass is? It was still really good, the sex, great, even, as you can see in the ratings, I just think it was a bit disconnected for me. Not me and you. The ideas, what we were doing. That's probably just a me thing? It just felt like we were jumping around in different fantasies a lot and I kept having to get back into it. I do think I am into being fucked while like eating you out or something, but that involves someone else and I really don't want anyone else. Also, for a cock so big as to like, be visible in my stomach it would have to be so big that I don't think it's humanly possible for someone to be that big. Plus I would have to stretch like, more than just my ass, and things get weird and maybe like medically inadvisable? IDK. Sorry. It was really hot to think about just I don't think we can do that? I was still really turned on the whole time, it just felt a bit weird in my head, all the different ideas and things happening, I think. I think maybe you were feeling a bit weird too. I love you. Talk to me about it. I'm in the bath but I have my phone so can talk. Xxxxx

PHOTO ATTACHMENT

(image is a photo of Shane's face, he's got his lips pursed in a kissy face expression, eyes shut.)



-

You rated Jane

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - **meh** - good - great - excellent

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

is always so very very very hot when you do what i say and when you are big slut for me. i am always wishing i was with you for real and not doing this over phone.

-

**TO
Jane**

i read comment-

FROM Jane

-I just read yours, too.

-You okay?

**TO
Jane**

yes-

you are upset with me-

FROM Jane

-No.

-I'm not upset with you

-That's not what I was trying to say with the comment.

-Are you upset with me?

**TO
Jane**

no-

FROM Jane _____

-You didn't say I love you in the comment.

**TO
Jane**

we had just said on phone-

FROM Jane _____

-Yeah. But you usually write it anyway.

**TO
Jane**

ok so you think i have changed mind since then?-

FROM Jane _____

-No, I'm just confused.

**TO
Jane**

i love u-

there-

FROM Jane _____

-Okay.

**TO
Jane**

okay???

FROM Jane _____

*-Okay, so you're obviously upset with me
and now I'm upset with you too.*

*-And maybe it's pathetic for my feelings to
be hurt about how you're acting right now,
but they are. So if you actually want to talk
about what the fuck is wrong, you can call
me, and we can talk about it.*

-I love you.

Chapter End Notes

y a y

Chapter 29: SHANE

Shane forced himself to stop looking at his phone for the remainder of his bath. He put his notifications on loud, so he would hear if Ilya was trying to talk to him, but he didn't want to end up just staring at his phone and feeling worse and worse every moment that Ilya hadn't replied or called.

He knew he was panicking, but it was mild enough that he thought he could just breathe through it, trying to relax in the heat of the bath.

Had something happened? Was this because Shane hadn't wanted to talk about how his team had been acting? Something had happened earlier, or at least Ilya had been feeling bad earlier, wanting Shane to just talk at him. Should he have pressed more? Should he have said no to sex while Ilya was using it as a distraction? They both did that, though, and he didn't think it had been bad before. Had it been bad before? Had Ilya actually changed his mind about loving him? Now he'd been exposed to Shane on a regularity and vulnerability he hadn't been forced to deal with before? Now he knew Shane was a mess, and picky, and weird, and wrong. That was probably unfair. He knew Ilya wasn't fickle like that. Was pretty sure of it, anyway, because he knew people always had room to make surprising decisions. Like himself deciding he needed to come out, or his parents deciding he was a suicide risk.

By the time he heaved himself out of the bath, and through another quick shower just to rinse off the bath water, his phone had remained Ilya free, and his lungs still weren't operating at full capacity. He kept drawing in shallow unsatisfying breaths, had to keep reminding himself to pause and take a slow careful breath when he got dizzy with it. The hot water hadn't fully eased the panic pooling in him.

Maybe he should have marked the sex better in the app. It hadn't been excellent, but maybe the rules were different when you were actually dating? He could have marked Ilya full marks and still talked about what felt weird? But that would be wrong, and maybe Ilya wouldn't care that it was wrong, Shane would.

Was Ilya marking him better than what the truth was? Was Shane's lead actually false? Why did he even care about that? He didn't actually think he was better at sex than Ilya, he didn't need to be winning this. Not anymore, not when it was only Ilya and Shane. It was more. He wanted Ilya to tell him the truth, and it had felt like the app was a place where Ilya had been telling the truth, beforehand.

He replied to some emails, very slowly. Texted his parents back. Texted Hayden back. Heated up his frozen dinner that tasted like nothing at all except for the freezer. Ate half of it. Brushed his teeth. Did some stretches.

Lay in bed. Light off. Chest hurting.

Three hours without Ilya replying. Which was nothing. Especially considering how Shane had gone six months without a reply. That wasn't fair. He knew Ilya had been. Upset. Busy. Distracted. Not wanting to be distracted.

He played his turn in four WWF's games. It was Ilya's turn in their game right now. Ilya had won their previous game by three points, and he was winning this game so far by two. They were only four words in, though. Anyone's game.

What if when he went to his therapy appointment tomorrow his therapist told him he was being a bad boyfriend. Or that he and Ilya sounded unhealthy and they should break up. Or that Shane should just take it all back, say he hadn't meant what he said in the comment, and they didn't need to talk about it, and -

His phone rang.

Ilya.

Video call.

Shane sat up, wiping at his eyes hastily, and then reaching over to flick on his bedside lamp, before exhaling shakily and answering the phone.

He didn't say anything immediately, just sat and watched Ilya appear on his phone screen, also sitting in bed. He was on Shane's side of the bed. Or the side that Shane thought of as his. Maybe Ilya actually preferred to be on that side, and was just letting Shane have it to be

nice. What would they do when they shared a bed full time? Would they ever get to share a bed full time?

“You are breathing very quick,” Ilya said, his voice oddly hollow in Shane’s ears, like it was bouncing around in his ear canal. “Shanyashenka.”

Ilya was shaking. No. Shane’s hand was shaking, the phone and Ilya shaking with it. When Shane focused on his hand shaking he could feel it was actually his whole body shaking. His lungs shaking. His brain shaking.

“Deep breath,” Ilya said, his voice was shaking as well. Shane didn’t know if it was just how Shane’s body was processing noises, or if Ilya’s voice actually was wobbly. “Come on, malysh, big breath in, yes?”

On the phone Ilya took an exaggerated breath of air, one hand moving in a scooping motion, his eyes were wide. Shane refused to look at the small image of himself in the corner above Ilya’s face. Didn’t want to see what it was about him that had Ilya reacting like this. He forced his lungs to take in more air, and then when Ilya instructed it, let the air out again, along with a stupid whine, like it had been stuck in his lungs. They both ignored it, and Ilya re-taught Shane the basics of breathing, Shane following along shoddily.

When his breathing was acceptable again, and Shane’s body felt noticeably less terrified, his phone more or less steady in his hand, the shame kicked in. Not the kind that mixed with Ilya and became something hot and tugging. Just the normal Shane type of shame. The kind he’d been carrying around all day at practice.

“I didn’t think you were going to call,” Shane said, found he couldn’t look at his phone now that he didn’t need to be staring hard at Ilya to follow his breathing instructions.

“Neither did I,” Ilya said, which hurt a little, a small sharp pinprick within the greater pain of it all. “Not because I did not want to,” he added, huffed a huge gust of breath, the noise of it rustling in the phone speakers, his voice all taut lines. “I wanted to call you as soon as you said to.”

Shane nodded. Stared at the fabric of his shorts, they were old and soft and comfortable, and there was a noticeably thin wearing pattern along the inner thighs. He hoped they wouldn't rip. "Why didn't you?"

"I was angry," Ilya said plainly, which Shane appreciated. "At you, and me, and a lot of other people. I did not think it would be nice of me to take out on you."

Shane shrugged. "You can take it out on me," he said. "I don't mind. I mean. I might at the time, but I'd - I'd get over it."

Ilya sighed again, this gust of air sounded somehow angry. Shane flicked his eyes up at the hard plains of Ilya's face, and then away again.

"This is part of what the anger was about," Ilya said. "You letting people hurt you because you think, what? You deserve it?"

Shane blinked, stared at his wrist, the tendon standing out just slightly with the way he was holding the phone. "I don't - I'm not letting people hurt me. You being angry at me isn't hurting me."

"I am not just talking about me," Ilya snapped, and then groaned, and then carried on, voice low and fast. "Your team. Your JJ. You give them these bits of your self and you act like you are giving them some bad thing, so it is okay for them to be weird, or mean to you about it. You do not talk about how your team were today so I know they were mean and weird to you about such a little thing like how you have friend they do not think you should have. And I know you know this is not right, even though you think they should be allowed to be mean, because you are hiding it from me, and hiding you are feeling hurt." He finally stopped, panting a little, and then, in a much different tone - hurt and strained; "Shanya. Please look at me."

Shane looked at him. The jut of his jaw. The downturned lips. The crease between his eyebrows, at the corners of his eyes. The hunch of his shoulders.

“Okay,” Shane said, could hear his voice coming out much flatter than he wanted it to, but if he tried to push at it he felt he was going to tip over. “They were weird and mean to me today. Not in a way that I couldn’t handle. It was just. Upsetting. It was small jokes. Jabs. Shouldn’t have upset me like it did.”

“But it upset you, yes?” Ilya asked, hadn’t pulled his voice away from the strained and hurt one. “And you hide this, for what? So I do not think less of you?”

“I don’t know,” Shane admitted. “So I don’t think less of myself. Maybe.”

“Sometimes you are the one being weird and mean to you,” Ilya said. “I do not think less of you for feeling hurt. Malysh. If my Bears, if they were making me... upset. And I did not tell you this, but maybe you could tell, anyway -”

“I should never have told you about that therapy exercise,” Shane groaned, covered his eyes briefly with one hand, and then shook his head. “I know. I would be worried. I would want you to talk to me. I do want you to talk to me, about what happened this afternoon. I know I’m a hypocrite.”

“At least you know this, ah?” Ilya asked, “because I do not think I have the right English to have explained to you.”

“I’m sure you would have figured out a way,” Shane said. Ilya’s face was more relaxed now. Still not as soft as it should be. “What happened this afternoon, baby?”

Ilya shifted, stretched his neck to one side, and then the other, audible cracks coming through the phone and making Shane both impressed and a little scared for Ilya’s neck. He waited.

“I was looking at links,” Ilya said, shrugged one shoulder. “I sent some emails to a couple of the therapists. Made me think about my mama.”

“Oh,” Shane said. “That’s - I’m sorry.”

Ilya shook his head, brows furrowed. "I was thinking how maybe she would be here if she had therapist. How my life would be different. Would I be here? Would I trade this life here for her to have her life back?"

Shane winced. He was pretty sure Ilya didn't want an answer here, so he kept the urge to say *no*, to himself.

"When it was still very soon after she died," Ilya said, "I would used to imagine she had taken me with her. So we would both be dead. I do not think I ever imagined instead a life in which she took me and we left and we both lived."

Shane didn't know what to say to this at all, except he still so badly wanted to say *no, no, no*. "Ilya," he said.

"I did not like realising this," Ilya said, shrugged again, both shoulders, loose and sloppy. His jaw was jutting out again. "Made me panic, I think. I needed distraction. I needed you. And when you talked about all your boring pools, I felt much better, and I thought. I always want you. I want you to feel so good too. You have had hard day too. We will have sex, and things will be better for both of us. And then my head is so much a mess, and it is still - still good, yes? Not excellent. But big mess. And afterwards I am still so messy in my head. I think I needed. When we hold each other after. And this is difficult thing to achieve over video calls, so I kept pushing away and away from feeling of needing it."

Shane knew that feeling intimately. "I'm sorry," he said again, and when it looked like Ilya was going to try and shake his head at this apology again, he barrelled on. "I should have said something sooner," he said. "When we were having sex. Not that it was bad, just that I wanted something different. Slower. Just you and me. And I'm sorry I didn't do anything about how I could see you felt the same. I know we - I know how we are when we're having sex, how it's yo in charge, but I still should have said something."

Ilya did shake his head again, but it looked more like a reflex than an argument.

"I am not good at this," he said. "Being in relationship."

Shane's whole body hurt about this. "Neither am I," he said. "I still want you, though. Still want to do this with you."

"Yes," Ilya nodded, once, brisk. "Me too. With you."

"I don't know how to keep telling you every time my feelings are hurt at work," Shane said. Cleared his throat. "I feel pathetic about it. I'd be texting you every day, like some - some whiny child."

"You are my malysh," Ilya said. "You can be whiny with me. I want all your complaints. I want you to be texting me when you are annoyed at teammates for doing tape wrong, and for when they say dumb things. Shanya, if I could I would want to be like little bug on you. Hearing and seeing everything. I am very clingy."

Shane laughed a little, shook his own head this time, glancing away and then back at Ilya. "You would get bored," he said. "Staying with me all the time."

"Maybe," Ilya said. "But I like your boring."

"I'll try," Shane whispered. Tried then, by raising his voice to normal levels, looking fully at Ilya. "I'll try to tell you. To be open with you. I didn't mean to - to be hiding. Not from you."

Ilya nodded, then swore, sighed heavily. "Yes, I will try also," he said. "To be open. To maybe talk about problem. Sometimes I do not realise I am having problem until I am very deep in middle of it."

"Yeah," Shane huffed. "I can relate."

"Well," Ilya pulled a face. "If we are both going to be doing such deep emotional conversations like this, do we even need therapists?"

“Ilya.”

“Yes, okay, alright, yes. We will be so good at these talks, yes? Maybe our therapists will train us up to compete on being best at therapy, and we get new app for this.”

“We really should not do that,” Shane said. “Um. About the app. Do you - I don’t - my review -”

“Hurt my feelings for a moment, yes,” Ilya said. “But was good. I took time to go through and read again. Your comment was helpful. My poor dick, he is a little sad for being rated lower than usual, but I think he will get over it. He will give good apology to your dick next time he sees him.”

Rolling his eyes, Shane laughed a little. “Okay,” he said. “I just. I just want to, like - I like using it. I don’t want to use it if it’s... making you feel bad.”

“I like using it too,” Ilya said. “I like seeing your comments. I read them sometimes, when I am missing you. Or wanting you. Before, as well.”

Shane smiled, liked hearing this so much that he thought if Ilya had said this to him while he’d been having his slow motion panic attack earlier, and then his hyperventilating version of it, it would have fixed him immediately.

“And,” Ilya continued, suddenly much more serious. “I felt bad for not saying I love you in comment. Felt bad so was mean about it. I love you. Ya tebya lyublyu. I should not have been mean.”

This might also have fixed Shane’s aching chest and tight lungs. Just made him feel loose and lighter now.

“I love you,” he replied.

-

Practice the next day is a bit better. Like everyone had used all their jokes up yesterday. There were still a few chirps, here and there, but much easier to ignore. Shane was pretty sure that if he was a different type of person, more like Hayden, or JJ, he would not be getting this amount of flack for just publicly being friends with Ilya. Both Hayden and JJ got chirped a little for their involvement with the Bears as well, but nothing like the outpouring Shane had received. It made him so paranoid that he was just already obvious about what Ilya was to him. Or, maybe not even that, just obvious about who he was. Which - he was going to tell them, so it wasn't the end of the world if they knew. But he still didn't want to have it so clear and obvious about him, especially because he had done his best his whole life to hide it. What a momentous waste of effort and time if he hadn't even managed to hide it, and everyone just already knew because they could see it on him.

In theory Shane knew he needed to stop thinking of that as some humiliating thing. Being gay. Being seen as gay. Couldn't help it. He didn't know how deep it went, the feeling of revulsion at himself for the way he was. Just that it only really went properly quiet when he was with Ilya, just being. He didn't think he felt that way about other gay people. He hoped he didn't. It would be very embarrassing to discover not only was he gay, but also homophobic.

-

**TO
Lily**

I'm in the carpark outside therapy again.-

I thought it would be easier this time.-

FROM Lily

*-last time you were only scared of unknown
this time you know she will say things to
make you think about things you do not
want to think about*

TO
Lily

Yeah you're right, I should go home-

FROM Lily_____

-malysh!!!!

-not what i am saying!!!!

TO
Lily

I know, I'm just teasing.-

FROM Lily_____

-you are brave, moy shanya

*-and if it is too much after you can always
come home to me again*

-or ask me to come home to you

TO
Lily

We both have games-

Or I would.-

I'm going to Hayd's for dinner after, JJ too.-

I'm going to tell them and Jacki about the therapy.-

FROM Lily_____

*-if janis joplin has dumb things to say about
therapy i will mince him and make him into
pierogies.*

TO
Lily

Please don't.-

My line will fall apart without JJ.-

FROM Lily_____

-ughhhh fine

-but you know i have jacki's number now

-i will check with her he was not asshole

-and she will tell me because we are friends

-we decided we have things to gossip about

**TO
Lily**

*That was bad call on my end. Giving you her
number. I knew you wouldn't stop at photos.-*

FROM Lily

-i do very much like the photos

-but i also very much like the ally

**TO
Lily**

*Hayd keeps complaining she's always laughing
at your texts.-*

FROM Lily

-he is jealous

-you are not jealous

-are you?

**TO
Lily**

No.-

I mean.-

No.-

I just got used to having you to myself, I think.-

FROM Lily

-I am still yours only

-yours first

TO
Lily

I like that you're friends with her.-

FROM Lily

-good

-go to therapist solnyshko

-i love you

TO
Lily

Okay fine. :-/

I love you too.-

x-

FROM Lily

-x

-

His therapist asked for the top three things on his mind right now, after they'd done the initial polite greetings, and he'd settled uncomfortably on the couch opposite her armchair, and had turned down and then accepted a glass of water. After she'd asked if he would like to lead the session today or if he would prefer she did. He had sort of expected she would want to dive right back into where they had left off last time, but was pleased to be given a little reprieve.

She told him to take his time, if he wanted, to think about what was on top (his mind very unhelpfully suggested *Ilya*), that this wasn't a test, there was no wrong answer. It still felt like probably there were right answers, though, and he knew there was no chance for her to really respect him as a person because she knew way too much about him now already, but he'd still like to do a good job as her client.

Top three was easy, though he still sat with them for a short while before telling them to her. Turned them over in his head, like maybe he could convince himself they weren't the top three.

His not quite fight with Ilya. His team. Is Ilya right that he's letting people hurt him or is he right that people deserve a chance to be hurtful before getting it right?

He felt like he was cheating a little, because each of these topics all bleed into the others, but it wasn't like he could present them as one convoluted thing with sections, especially because then he would feel like he would need the next two things on top to be as convoluted. He tried to keep it as simple as possible.

She made him explain everything. Unpack each topic, not relenting when Shane tried to avoid unzipping a section, or pretending the topic was fully emptied. Fixed him with an expectant look, eyebrows raised in a way that reminded him of Ilya.

He found himself saying objectively insane things. Like that he was worried he was being a manipulative asshole when he said he loved Ilya, and when he wanted Ilya to say it back. Things he hadn't realised he'd been thinking until he'd said them out loud, and watched the woman opposite him nod calmly, occasionally making a note, before asking another question.

One of the worst things about therapy, Shane thought, was that he was good at going to the doctor for his body. He understood physio, and medical issues, preventative exercises, rehabilitating ones. Because for the most part, there was a clear cut timeline. A series of days, or weeks, usually, to track progression and healing, and then he would be better. There was no such timeline here. He asked about it. No set date in the future that he could expect to feel fully healed, not even one in which he was expected to be able to put all his weight on the broken bit without any pain. Frustrating.

She talked him through building the cast for his life, the brace. To help keep himself from aggravating the injury more, to create a safe place for it to heal. She said he could call it an injury if he wanted, the way his brain kept turning on him, if it helped him feel more in control. He wasn't sure if it helped him feel more in control, or if it just made it easier to put away. She reminded him that his brain was literally a part of his body, mental and physical were not as distant as people treated them. He nodded along as if he had ever once put that together himself.

-

TO
Lily

Why are you doing handstands?-

FROM Lily_____

-HOW do you know????

-MARLY

-traitor

TO
Lily

Marlow sent a video-

Lol. Yes.-

Why are you doing handstands?-

*I mean, IDK if they count as handstands when you
can't even hold them, but :P-*

FROM Lily_____

-fuck you i'd like to see you try

-i would though i think it'd be sexy somehow

*-just in case it ever comes up in a kidnap
scenario and i need to not embarrass
myself or you*

-marlow was not meant to video

TO
Lily

I liked it-

*Also I'm pretty sure no one else is ever going
to think of requesting handstand videos as a
form of payment, so you're probably safe.-*

FROM Lily _____

-how was talking to scary lady?

**TO
Lily**

She's not scary. She's very nice.-

She just asks scary things.-

And it was okay.-

I feel like I got put through a goddamn juicer.-

But I'm okay.-

FROM Lily _____

-you are fruit juice now?

**TO
Lily**

Yeah basically.-

She says you sound really nice btw.-

FROM Lily _____

-do i sound sexy as well?

**TO
Lily**

I have not brought up sex with her.-

*And I also don't want my therapist talking about my
boyfriend being sexy. So no.-*

FROM Lily _____

-she will probably have seen photos of me

-and will know i am sexy

**TO
Lily**

:/-

FROM Lily _____

-is like a compliment to you

-having such sexy bf

-yes?

**TO
Lily**

Such an asshole sometimes.-

*I'm at the Pikes, and the twins have just spotted
me through the window so I gotta go-*

xxx-

FROM Lily _____

-xxx

-

He and JJ take the twins for a walk to the park down the street, ostensibly to give Hayden and Jacki a chance to tidy up a bit, but Shane was well too versed in furtive looks of planning a quickie to be fooled by this, and the moment he and JJ were standing watching the girls on the swings, JJ confirmed this in amused French.

“They are so not subtle,” he said, “they may as well have told us they wanted a chance to fuck, and then they wouldn’t have to rush through a quick clean up as well.”

“I’m guessing this is a Hayden plan, not a Jacki one,” Shane said, shaking his head.

They watched the twins climb onto one swing together, scrambling over each other until one of them was perched on the others shoulders. Shane considered whether or not they should maybe step in. JJ also looked unsure. They seemed to be having fun, though, and if they fell it wouldn’t be far. Plus, Shane was a big advocate of learning your own limits as a child, probably because his mother was. If she hadn’t been, he doubted he would be as good at

skating or hockey as he was now. He wondered if it had been hard for to not step in, sometimes. When he would fall on the ice, and get up, and fall again. If she wanted to come and pick him up and take him home, or hold his hands and lead him even though he wanted to do it himself. If she wished he had let her help for longer.

“D’you want this?” JJ asked, the question sudden and confusing. He had switched back to English, was still watching the girls, not looking at Shane.

“Want what?”

“Kids,” JJ said, shrugged, and then motioned at Jade and Ruby, who had managed to start swinging slowly, giggling and cheering. “Or a kid.”

“Um,” Shane said. “That’s - I don’t know. I think I do. But I don’t actually know if I want to or if it’s one of those things I convinced myself I had to want, y’know? Like, a wife, a couple of kids.”

“Ah,” JJ said, sounded morose. “Tabernak, mon ami,” he sighed, rubbed his hand over his face. “So many times in our friendship I have been such an idiot with you, haven’t I?”

Shrugging, Shane laughed a little. “No more than me,” he said. “C’mon. I don’t think you were an idiot.”

“I was last week,” JJ said.

Shane opened his mouth to say that was understandable idiocy, and then remembered how he had literally spent twenty minutes talking about how maybe it wasn’t up to him to be so understanding about other people’s struggles to accept him, and shut his mouth again. He thought Ilya would probably be pleased with him.

JJ nodded at him, smiled wryly. “Yeah,” he said, “I’m glad you agree.”

“Do you?” Shane asked, clarified; “want kids. A wife.”

“Later,” JJ said easily. He waved at the girls who were waving at them now. “I don’t think I’ll be too bummed out if I don’t have kids, but, who knows. Maybe I’ll meet someone tomorrow and have kids next year, if it’s the right woman.”

Shane snorted, waving at the girls as well. “Yeah,” he said, “beat Hayden in turn around time, maybe.”

“He was very quick from meeting to producing children,” JJ agreed.

-

Dinner is a loud affair, and everyone is eating the same meal, which Shane is thankful for. He appreciates it when his hosts make him something special for him to eat so he can stick to his diet, but he hates being singled out, hates knowing how much extra effort they had to put it for him, feels judged even when he was sure he wasn’t.

They talk about the twins’ classes, and Jacki’s pregnancy (she’s nearly five months along now, her bump still so small that Shane wouldn’t have noticed without being told. He wasn’t sure if that was because she carried small, or because this time last pregnancy she was so much bigger with twins). They don’t talk about the rest of their team, or the not very funny jokes they were making, or the way Shane has been beginning to worry. They talk about tomorrow’s game, and Shane’s parents, and Jacki’s parents, and Jade asks if Shane is their uncle then are his parents their grandparents, and Ruby asks if JJ is their uncle too, then why are they all white, did something go wrong?

Shane and Hayden clean up after dinner, clearing and washing in a silence Shane very much appreciated. He had begun to develop a tension headache from the anticipation of telling his friends something which should objectively be less scary than coming out to them.

When they’re finished, Hayden grabs a couple of bottles of beer, and Shane grabs two ginger beers, because Jacki drinks them when she’s pregnant, and they go into the lounge. The girls have been put to bed, and JJ had commandeered the speaker system, playing a french artist he

always tried to play in the locker room and never got to. Shane was pretty sure his name was Stromae. Stormy? Stromae.

“Thanks,” Jacki said, accepting the pre opened ginger beer Shane handed her, and then patting the couch next to her until he sat down with her. “You look stressed.”

“Just a headache,” Shane said, opened his own can. Ignored how both JJ and Hayden had turned towards him with unsettling speed at Jacki’s statement.

“Just a headache?” Hayden asked. He sat down on Shane’s other side, and looked very much like he might lean over to put his hand on Shane’s forehead.

“I’m a little stressed,” Shane said, his eyes darting from Jacki, to Hayden, to JJ in slight alarm at how locked in they all suddenly seemed. “You all look like you think I’m, like, dying.”

“No we don’t,” JJ said, very quickly.

Jacki sighed.

“We know the week’s been kind of rough, buddy,” Hayden said, cajoling. His hand landed on Shane’s shoulder. “Just. Wondered if maybe you wanted to talk about it?”

Shane knew he should have been suspicious when Hayden had invited both him and JJ over for dinner. “Oh,” he said, glared at Hayden, and then at JJ. Not at Jacki, because he appreciated her. “So this was a trap, huh?”

“Yes,” Jacki said. She shrugged, smiled beatifically at Shane. “But a nice trap. In which we feed you and remind you we’re your friends who care about you.”

“Okay, fine,” Shane said. Closed his eyes briefly. Took a sip of his drink. “Well, fine, actually, because uno reverse. I wanted to talk to you all.”

“Oh!” Hayden sounded both surprised and pleased. He still looked a little like he might try and take Shane’s temperature by touching his forehead.

Shane didn’t wait to hear any more surprise. Tried to make himself sound casual about it, so that they could be casual about it too. “I’m not saying this to make any of you worried, I just want to, uh, let you know. Because I’m trying to be more open. About things. Myself. I’ve started, uh, going to therapy. Because my parents - not just my parents - because I think, that like, maybe. Because it turns out when you spend your whole life, like, hating part of yourself, it kind of messes with your head? And I want to not have a messed up head. So yeah.”

Hayden leaned in, not to put his hand on Shane’s forehead, thank god, wrapped his arm around Shane’s shoulders instead. Squeezed him just on the side of no longer a bro hug.

“That’s a good idea,” Jacki said, “I can only imagine how hard it must have been.”

“Um,” JJ said, “has it been helping?”

Shane shrugged, stared at his own knees. “I think? I mean. I only had my second session today. I guess I have to wait and see. It’s not. Um. As simple as, go for five sessions and you’re fine.”

Jacki nodded. She put her arm around him as well, her and Hayden’s arms overlapping.

“Is it depression?” JJ asked, Shane glanced up at him, and his face scrunched, “like, they, uh, they diagnose you, right?”

“No,” Shane made a face at his knees. “I mean. She hasn’t diagnosed me with anything. You don’t need to have, like, a specific wrong to go to therapy?”

“No, yeah,” JJ said, cleared his throat. “Just. Like, only person I know who’s gone to therapy was my cousin after she tried to kill herself? So, uh, I mean, I’m not saying you’re going to try and -”

“My parents were worried I was suicidal,” Shane said, a little louder than he intended. “I’m not. Like, I’m pretty sure I’m not. But, uh, I also wanted to - to - it’s fine, okay? I’m fine. And I’m not going to kill myself. I didn’t mean to tell you guys that bit. I’m sorry. It makes it sound a lot more dramatic than it actually is.”

“Calisse,” JJ hissed, and then turned fully away from the three of them on the couch, his hands going up to his face.

“Fuck,” Shane agreed, bending forwards over his knees, bringing his own hands to his face as well. “Fuck I was going to be so casual about this. Fuck.”

-

**TO
Lily**

*I think I should have spent more time planning
how I was going to tell them.-*

FROM Lily_____

-why? it did not go well?

*-you accidentally say you are training as
therapist not just going to one?*

**TO
Lily**

I made JJ cry.-

FROM Lily_____

-oh?

TO
Lily

*Well okay I didn't MAKE him cry. He cried when
I told them about why I was in therapy.-*

FROM Lily_____

-moya lyubov

TO
Lily

*I think I need like a few hours of alone cool down
time after a therapy appointment so I can get out
of saying everything mode.-*

It worries people when I say everything.-

FROM Lily_____

*-most people are not trained to hear things
without feeling them very hard, yes*

-are you feeling bad?

TO
Lily

A bit.-

*I didn't want it to be a big deal. And then I made
it a big deal. It makes me feel like I'm trying to be
the center of attention.-*

FROM Lily_____

*-i do not think anyone who knows you thinks
this is what you want*

-when it is not about hockey

-or sex

TO
Lily

:/-

FROM Lily_____

-and most people do not know the sex thing ;)

-unless you have been sex talk gossiping with them which i can not imagine you have done

-not with pike or bz

**TO
Lily**

Yeah I save that for you and Rose-

FROM Lily_____

-you think it turns rose on?

**TO
Lily**

Ew don't say that.-

Maybe.-

Do you want me to not talk to her about sex?-

FROM Lily_____

-nope

-i think is good for you

-talking about how horny and hot i make you

**TO
Lily**

Maybe I'm just complaining the whole time-

FROM Lily_____

-loooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

**TO
Lily**

Yeah yeah-

I'm not.-

FROM Lily_____

-i know this malysh ;)

**TO
Lily**

*Do you want to make a deal for tomorrow's
games?-*

FROM Lily_____

-yes :)

**TO
Lily**

*Kind of complicated because we both have
games, so we could both win.-*

*Maybe the win condition is dependent on
both of us winning?-*

Or the winner is the one with most points?-

FROM Lily_____

*-if we both win game we could both tie in
points too*

-could be winner is who gets first goal

**TO
Lily**

I like that.-

Makes us less reliant on our teams as well.-

*Okay. I was thinking, maybe, we could keep our
winnings until the weekend? When we'll be with
each other.-*

FROM Lily_____

-hmmm yes okay

-do we set rewards now or later?

**TO
Lily**

If I win I want to 69-

FROM Lily _____

-deal

**TO
Lily**

What do you want?-

FROM Lily _____

-to put vibrator in and on you.

**TO
Lily**

You've bought some?-

FROM Lily _____

-i will if you say yes

**TO
Lily**

Fuck okay-

Yes.-

FROM Lily _____

-okay good

-i will order tonight

**TO
Lily**

We could still have phone sex tomorrow btw-

I want to, I mean.-

I have a request for that as well.-

FROM Lily _____

-well yes of course

-what do you want malysh?

TO
Lily

Sounds kind of dumb-

I just want us to jerk off together.-

FROM Lily

-not dumb

-my favourite kind of boring

-i love to do this

-

The weirdness of the locker room thankfully didn't bleed onto the ice for the game. They still trusted him as their captain, still followed his lead. Still piled on him with shouts of joy when he scored thirty seconds into the game.

He was so ecstatic at his early goal, but also ecstatic at knowing that it wasn't an assured win. He would have to wait until after his game finished to find out if Ilya beat him. There was something so hot about knowing how good he was at hockey, and knowing that Ilya could still win against him. Something about it the same sort of hot as when he and Ilya wrestled, or chased, or when Ilya worked him open. Evenly matched. Able to fight back. Able to lose to each other.

His team won the game, and he tried to look as pleased about it as he was about his first goal. Sat through media with a silly smile. Was asked about his silly smile. Said he was just thinking about calling his baby when he got home. Flushed bright red, but he meant to say it. Had thought about saying it. Wanted Ilya to see it and feel loved.

The whole team teased him about it afterwards, but this was good natured ribbing. Teasing him in a fun, easy manner because they believed they were teasing him the same way they teased each other over girlfriends. Called him whipped, and love struck, soppy. And he nodded along to all of it, smiled about it. Hayden thumped him on the back as they left, gave him a quick hug. JJ gave him a hug as well. Shane bore both hugs with an expression of exasperated fondness, but really only feeling the fondness of it.

Didn't check the Bears' game until he was in his car. Ilya had scored at 29 seconds, the fucking asshole. Shane laughed, delighted.

-

**TO
Lily**

Show off-

*I should have said you weren't allowed to check my
game before yours started-*

FROM Lily_____

-but you didn't say ;)

-so you gave me a goal to beat ;)

-and I beat ;)

**TO
Lily**

I watched the goal as soon as I got home-

Really fucking sexy-

FROM Lily_____

-you liked my wink to camera?

-camera was you

**TO
Lily**

Yes-

FROM Lily_____

-your goal also very sexy

*-was even sexier when you call me your
baby on tv tho*

TO
Lily

:)-

FROM Lily_____

-i will be home soon

-and then we can call :)

TO
Lily

I'm looking forwards to it xxx-

FROM Lily_____

-xxx

-

FROM Lily_____

-[INCOMING VIDEO CALL]

-

“Eager, huh?” Shane asked, grinning at the view of Ilya literally still in the entry way of his house, kicking his shoes off. “Couldn’t even get to your room?”

“I was thinking of you all drive,” Ilya replied, didn’t sound at all embarrassed to be found wanting. “Thinking of first time. How you were sooo sneaky looking at me in shower.”

“Shut up,” Shane snorted, felt himself blushing. Could see it in the view of him as well. He was already shirtless on his bed, and he could see the flush travelling down his chest. “God I felt like such a creep until you started literally jacking off at me.”

“Mmm,” Ilya grinned at him, footsteps loud as he pounded up his staircase. “I was looking too, so much. Wanted to catch you looking at me.”

“Did you think I would start jerking off next to you?” Shane asked, interested in what Ilya’s thought process had actually been.

“I did not know what I thought,” Ilya replied, a door opening and closing loudly, and then the view of Ilya was bouncing as he dropped himself onto his bed. “I was hoping for yes, maybe. Or for you to touch me too. Or for you to ask for me to touch you. Was scared you would maybe get angry.”

“You were?” Shane frowned at him. Had thought Ilya had clocked him so early on that he just hadn’t ever been scared of how Shane would react.

“Mm, yes. I thought maybe, even if you wanted me too, you would still be angry. Or panicked. I am big fan of trouble though, I think I told you this, too. I wanted your trouble, even if it would end bad for me.”

“I could have ruined your life,” Shane said, then shook his head. “I mean, obviously I wouldn’t have. But if I’d been different - if I was someone else -”

“You weren’t,” Ilya said, tugged his shirt off over his head, his curls smushed and falling over his eyes in frizzy disarray. “We are only thinking of sexy part of this, okay?”

Shane took a breath. “Yeah,” he said. “Fuck. I thought - your *ass*, I kept thinking, until I saw you in the shower, that there was no way it was that good. And then it was.”

Ilya laughed. “Ah, so it was only my ass you were looking at? Maybe I should not have so quickly assumed which way around you would want us.”

Shane rolled his eyes. “Sure,” he said dryly. “Like there was nothing else giving it away.”

“Mm, nothing, no,” Ilya nodded thoughtfully. “Certainly nothing about how you were so wanting to be on your knees for me. Or how you always moaned loudest when I pushed you against walls. Or way you shivered so pretty whenever I touched your ass.”

“Okay,” Shane snorted. “I hadn’t had a preview of your cock, before the shower, okay?” he said. “I didn’t have expectations for it. If I had, they would have been exceeded too. Really fucking good cock.”

“Only good?”

“Fuck off,” Shane smirked, “you sound like Hayden.”

“Ugh, take it back!” Ilya demanded, his eyebrows high with mock horror. “Do not say this! Next you will say maybe Pike dildo is your favourite!”

“It isn’t,” Shane said. “And your cock is fucking amazing, okay?”

“Is not,” Ilya said, attempting to sound serious but grinning too wide to do so. “My cock is fucking Shanya.”

“Idiot.”

“Yes, maybe, but who is more idiot? Me for being one, or you for loving one?”

“That makes us both double idiots,” Shane pointed out, “if I’m an idiot for loving an idiot, then you’re also an idiot for loving an idiot.”

“Terrible,” Ilya announced. “Back to cock talk, yes? Pants are off?”

“Yes,” Shane said, panned his phone down a little to show his cock resting against his lower stomach, half hard already. “I’ve been waiting for you.”

“Oh,” Ilya smiled slow and greedy, then tilted his phone as well to show his hand around his cock. “Were you touching yourself while waiting?”

“No,” Shane said, truthfully. “I wanted you. Wanting is enough to get hard.”

“Yes,” Ilya said, “I remember in shower. Seeing you look at me, and want me, and then your cock getting hard. Was very hot then, is very hot still.”

“That hadn’t happened before,” Shane said, didn’t bother with sounding defensive, let his hand trail lazily down to wrap around himself. “I was - I was always careful before. I mean, I looked a little before. Hard to avoid. But I’d never gotten hard about it before.”

“I was just too sexy to resist,” Ilya teased.

“Yeah,” Shane agreed, “you were. I wanted you so badly I didn’t even know what it was.”

“Oh?” Ilya licked his lips, and then pulled his hand to his mouth, and spat into it, before reaching back down again. “You did not know what getting hard meant?”

“Asshole,” Shane grinned, his cock twitching in his hand when Ilya spat, pre-come smearing over his palm. “I knew I - I knew I sometimes found it easier to jerk off when I thought about guys. But I didn’t know it could feel like that, y’know? Being that horny so suddenly.”

“Ah,” Ilya nodded, “good thing neither of us chickened out, then, hm?”

“I was going to tell you we weren’t going to do anything,” Shane said, “when you came to my hotel room. I was going to say it’d be safer not to. But I wanted you too much. And you touched me and I couldn’t make myself want it less, not enough to stop.”

Ilya closed his eyes, groaned lowly. “I was surprised,” he admitted. “How much you wanted. How easy you were for it. I thought you would - would be maybe... less enthusiastic.”

“Nah,” Shane began to reach for his lube, and then changed his mind and followed Ilya’s lead. Worked his mouth to build up saliva, and then spat it into his palm, listened to Ilya’s growl of appreciation, and stroked himself smoothly through it. “I’ve just always been - fuck - a slut for you.”

“Coming in my mouth so quick,” Ilya said, Shane could hear the slick noise of his hand speeding up. “Making so many good noises, trying to be so polite even while I was giving you your best ever orgasm.”

“It was my best ever,” Shane panted. “I’d never - never felt that good. Never been in a mouth that good. Never wanted it so bad.”

“I was so - so in love with how much you wanted it,” Ilya said roughly. “So eager to get your mouth on me again. Staring when I finished in my hand like you were almost about to lick it off yourself.”

“I wanted to,” Shane groaned. “If you’d offered it to me, I would have.”

Ilya swore loudly, his face tensing, and Shane groaned again, sped his hand up, focused on Ilya’s breathing, Ilya’s mouth. Came into his own hand moments later, Ilya murmuring his name.

-

You rated Lily

-★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - **meh** - good - great - excellent

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

I love listening to you. Just your voice turns me on so much. I love hearing about us through your memories, even or maybe especially when it's the sex. You played so well tonight, baby, the way your smiled and winked at the camera after your goal was insane, I got hard watching the video. Congratulations on your win. I love you so much xxx

-

Lily rated you

-★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - **meh** - good - great - excellent

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

I love you i love you i love you i also love beating you ;)))))) was not sure i would make it but i thought of how sexy you would find it and found the will ;) you played so good still

though i think we can work in 69 just for you too hm? so hot when you admit you have always wanted me so bad and would have been so dirty with me from beginning. it makes me want to wrap you up in my arms and kiss you so many times. and also fuck you very hard. ya tebya lyublyu xxxx

Chapter 30: ILYA

By the time the all stars game weekend rolled around, Ilya felt like he had lived several long months of waiting within just the last few days. This was mostly Shane's fault. If Shane was perhaps a little less everything to Ilya, then maybe not getting to see or touch him would be easier. Also if Shane was a little more self absorbed then maybe he wouldn't have kept following up with Ilya about finding and making an appointment with a therapist. Ilya would still love him if Shane was (maybe 20%, probably even up to 60%) more selfish, and then they could both just focus on the more important issues, like how Shane was feeling, and how his therapy was going.

As it was, Shane had been gently nudging him every day, asking if he'd heard back from the therapists he'd emailed, and then encouraging Ilya to reply to the reply he'd gotten, and then sitting there on the phone with him while he actually wrote the email. As it was, Ilya felt more attached to and more resentful than ever of his phone, which he relied on to see Shane, which got to hold Shane inside it. It didn't make sense, but it was what it was.

He didn't bother with going to his own hotel room when he arrived. He'd texted his assigned roommate already to let him know that he'd have the room to himself for the weekend, because Ilya was staying with a friend, and Shane had checked in to the hotel about two hours ago, had already sent him his room number.

The hotel was big enough that even with all the hockey players, management, families, and sponsors booked in, he wasn't particularly worried about anyone taking note of where he was going, let alone whether or not it was to Shane's room. They were friends now, anyway, publicly, so he didn't even bother with checking his surroundings before knocking on Shane's door. Didn't bother tamping down his grin when Shane opened the door for him and invited him in. Did manage to wait for the door to close and lock behind him before he was wrapping his arms around Shane and pulling him close. Kissing him immediately, pressing one small close mouthed kiss to Shane's lips before needing more and opening his mouth so Shane could groan into it and kiss him back hard. He'd dropped his bags on the ground, ignored them for now.

"Fuck," Shane bit out, when Ilya made his way from Shane's mouth to his neck instead, mouth moving slower now he'd gotten to fill his senses with Shane's smell, his taste, his feel. "Hi."

“Hi,” Ilya replied, muffled against the hard stretch of muscle from Shane’s neck to his shoulder, which Ilya was currently attempting to fit in his mouth.

“Missed me?” Shane asked, one hand on the back of Ilya’s head, the other tight around his waist. He was letting Ilya move him backwards through the room, one shuffling step at a time towards the bed.

“Yes,” Ilya said, bit down, released, pushed Shane onto the crisply made bedcovers. “You already know this.”

“Yeah,” Shane agreed, had sprawled back on his elbows, head tilted back so he was looking at Ilya through his lashes. “But I like to hear it.”

“I missed you,” Ilya said, put his knee on the bed, between Shane’s thighs. “I need you.”

Shane dropped himself fully backwards, a smile on his face. “Have me,” he said. “But take your shoes off first, you animal.”

Rolling his eyes, Ilya grunted but obeyed, kicked his sneakers off with much less care than their price-tag probably deserved. Undid his jeans while he was at it, and then finally climbed onto the bed, crawling over Shane’s body, pressing kisses to his hip where his shirt had lifted and revealed a small stretch of skin, and then to his stomach over the shirt, to his chest, to his neck still damp with Ilya’s saliva. Kissed him properly, settling his weight against Shane’s hips and rocking into the solid heat of him.

“We need to mingle, before it gets too late,” Shane reminded him, clutching Ilya closer to him. “We can’t - can’t spend too long in here -”

“I know,” Ilya growled, bit at Shane’s chin, one hand reaching between them to press into the front of Shane’s shorts. “So let me touch you and we will be finished so quick, yes?”

“Fuck you,” Shane snorted, jerking up into Ilya’s touch, “like you’re not also going to come in your pants if you’re not careful.”

“Oh I am,” Ilya agreed, couldn’t bring himself to be even a little embarrassed about this. Where was the shame in being turned on by someone as sexy as Shane? “I have been thinking all day of things I will do to you tonight -”

Shane swore, higher pitched, Ilya finally having worked his hand into his clothing enough to have wrapped his hand around Shane’s hard cock, had begun to stroke it quick and hard the moment he had his grip. “Made myself so hard thinking about you,” Ilya continued, ground down against his own hand in Shane’s pants. “How I am going to make you come and then come again.”

“Jesus,” Ilya, Shane groaned, was shoving his hand into the open front of Ilya’s jeans now, twisting his wrist to press in under the waistband of his underwear. “Fuck, come on me,” he demanded, pulling Ilya’s cock free, and beginning to jerk it, a little too dry, but Ilya was already so close from anticipation he didn’t give a fuck.

He managed to hold off until Shane was twitching and gasping under him, Ilya’s hand coated in come, trapped in Shane’s pants, and then he came as well, further ruining Shane’s shorts.

They showered together afterwards, which was ostensibly for speed, and very, very much not actually for speed because it meant they spent a good ten minutes just kissing under the hot water, Ilya rubbing his thumbs against Shane’s nipples until he was hard again, hissing with oversensitivity even as he rutted against Ilya’s thigh. Dropped to his knees once he’d gotten his breath back after his second orgasm, and took Ilya’s cock into his mouth, sucking him fast and dirty, his hands moving to press Ilya against the shower wall to brace him when his knees buckled as he came in Shane’s mouth.

The actual washing part of the shower was much quicker than the rest of the shower, especially because Shane instituted a no touching rule after Ilya had slid his finger a little too close to Shane’s hole under the guise of washing his ass.

“I still think maybe I could have gotten you off so quick,” Ilya defended himself as they got dressed again, Ilya out of his bag on the floor, Shane from the hotel wardrobe he’d already

unpacked into. “A couple of fingers in you, my mouth on your cock, have you coming so quick we’d already be out door and downstairs talking hockey right now!”

“We wouldn’t have been,” Shane retorted, pulling on one of the shirts Ilya had picked out in their shopping trip, “because then I would have wanted to get you off again as well, and also I wouldn’t have come very quickly because I’d already come twice, and *then* we’d both be fucking exhausted when we get downstairs and everyone would wonder what the fuck we’d been up to.”

“And they would, of course,” Ilya agreed, solemnly, “immediately realise we had been having very hot gay sex with each other and that we would be going back to your room right after so I could show you new toys I bought just for you, yes?”

“Fuck,” Shane ground out, turned his whole body away from Ilya like he needed to stop himself from looking or else he’d lose control. “You brought them?”

“Of course I brought them,” Ilya snorted, “what would point be if I left them at home? I say I want to use vibrators on you for my win and then I do not even bring them? If I forgot them I would have already been on plane back to Boston to collect them. I would be going into town right now to buy new ones. I would be calling emergency phone number and they would be sending all emergency services to help because this would be such awful thing.”

Shane laughed, shaking his head, glanced back at Ilya over his shoulder, a wide grin on his face. “You’re ridiculous,” he said, and then, very quick, his cheeks pink, “I love you so much.”

“Fuck, Hollander,” Ilya grinned back, “you are stealing my captain line now? You will tell all of our team you love them? Or only ones who would steal helicopter just to go pick up vibrators to torture you with?”

“Fuck you, Rozanov,” Shane shot back, narrowing his eyes, “maybe I will say it to all our teammates. That way I could say it to you on ice, in front of everyone, and no one would know.”

Ilya immediately dropped the fake jealous act he had been about to pull, and crossed the room to Shane instead, wrapping his arms around Shane's waist, pressing his forehead to Shane's nape. "Will you?"

He felt Shane's body shudder against him, and then Shane was wrapping his arms around himself as well, so he was covering Ilya's arms with his, sliding his fingers around Ilya's elbows and holding on.

"I could," he said, "if you don't think it would be too much?"

"It will be," Ilya said, had never wanted anything more, he didn't think. "But I want it, Shanya, please."

"Okay," Shane said, tilted his head to the side, craning his neck back, waited until Ilya lifted his head and leaned in. Kissed him gentle. "Okay, baby."

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It was more fun than Ilya had expected. He'd come to enough of these ASG weekends that he thought he had it down to an art, really. The balance of actual conversational mingling, drinking, working. He'd hung out with Marly last time, the two of them getting tipsy together and making worse and worse bets on the outcome of a couple of a date at the bar (Marly had won, he'd bet there was going to be a shouting match AND a make out).

He and Shane did get some drinks, but Shane wasn't exactly going to drink a lot, and Ilya wanted to keep a clear enough head that he wouldn't accidentally call Shane sweetheart in public, or try to grab his ass. Shane was the only Metro here this year, but there were a couple of Bears other than Ilya, and they called Shane and Ilya over to hang out the moment they saw them.

Ilya made introductions - unnecessarily because everyone knew who Shane Hollander was, and Shane Hollander knew who everyone was - pulling Vic and then Sebbins both into a quick hug. They teased Shane for falling victim to Ilya's unfortunately charming wiles, and then teased Ilya for falling victim to Shane's unfailingly politeness, but they smiled the whole

time, and softened the chirps with real conversation. Vic pulling Shane into a conversation in French, when Shane mentioned a particular Montreal journalist, and Sebbins laughed at Ilya's disgruntled expression over not understanding the conversation.

Carter Vaughn came over to talk to them as well, already quite tipsy, and they chatted briefly about how weird and exciting it was to have both Shane and Ilya on the same line. He wasn't the only one bringing it up, it happened enough that Ilya was tempted to make a bet with Shane about how many more times their unlikely friendship would be talked about.

He tried to get Shane into the pool, but Shane had a book to read, and insisted he'd watch, so Ilya entertained what felt like a mini hockey team of children in the pool, keenly aware of Shane's eyes on him the whole time. Suspected Shane was not reading a single word in his book.

They had a team dinner, in which it was perfectly natural and normal for Ilya to sit next to Shane, for his knee to knock into Shane's knee, for their feet to press together as they both talked to different people on either side of them.

No one said anything to them like *so you know we can all see you're gay for each other, right?* The worst they got all night was the half disbelieving amazement that he and Shane could exist so close to each other without fighting (though they did spend a good chunk of their time having a very enjoyable argument about nothing at all), and one guy from Toronto saying he was surprised that he and Shane hadn't been both excommunicated from their teams for committing the cardinal sin of putting their rivalry behind them. Ilya made a note to self to ask Shane what half those words meant, and settled for just making an aggrieved grimacing face at the idiot who said it.

-

After dinner, they were invited out for a few drinks, and Shane told him he should go, that he was going to go back to the room to have a quick shower. They parted with an easy *see you tomorrow*, thrown over their shoulders, in a small nod to the act they were playing, and Ilya spent half an hour at the bar before he was excusing himself.

Shane had been so easy going and collected all evening, that Ilya had not expected it when the moment he'd closed the hotel door behind him, Shane had pinned him up against it and

smashed their mouths together, hair damp, towel around his waist. He tasted like ginger beer and desperation, and Ilya was pretty sure he was developing an addiction to both.

“So needy, kotik?” He asked, letting himself be pressed against the hard door, tilting his head back when Shane licked down his throat. “You are wanting something?”

“You,” Shane said, his hands on Ilya’s belt, undoing his trousers with frenetic movements. “Your plan. Seeing the vibrators. I keep trying to picture what you got. Are they the same colour as the other toys? I thought you’d just get one, but you said vibrators like plural earlier, and I’ve been going crazy in my head thinking about it.”

Ilya groaned, delighted, ducked down to kiss Shane hard, and then shoved him in the chest towards the bed, pushing himself away from the door. “Ah, malysh,” he said, laughing when Shane didn’t let go over Ilya’s trousers even as he allowed himself to be buffeted backwards. “Here I was thinking you were being so patient, not at all like the hungry fucking slut you actually are.”

Shane shook his head, then nodded his head, finally had Ilya’s trousers undone. Ilya pressed him down onto the bed before Shane could do anything more about it.

“Towel off,” he instructed, held his hand out. “Give, and I will get dry one for bed.”

“Uh, actually,” Shane said, untucking the front of the towel and then lifting his hips to pull it out from underneath him, “I, uh, brought the blanket. The waterproof one.”

“Ah, well prepared,” Ilya grinned, taking the towel, and looking down at the bed, actually taking in the fact that there was indeed a now familiar looking blanket over the hotel bedding. “So good, malysh, coming back and getting yourself and bed ready for me.”

He threw the towel in the direction of the bathroom, and grinned wider when Shane rolled his eyes about it. Ilya kicked his shoes off, and then pulled his trousers off as well, leaving him in his underwear and t-shirt.

“If you don’t want me to get up and put the towel away,” Shane said, “you better get those new toys out.”

“Ah, ah,” Ilya put his hand out, “stay. I will get. This is blackmail.”

“I don’t think it’s blackmail,” Shane replied, stretching out on the bed, his arms above his head. “Maybe extortion?”

“We will have to ask people tomorrow,” Ilya said, crouching down by his bag, which Shane had moved to sit next to the chest of drawers in the corner of the room. He opened it and began digging through the haphazardly packed clothing for the very, very carefully packed toys. “We will give them full context so they know exactly what we are trying to say.”

“Haha,” Shane said dryly. “Honestly, though,” he added, “I think a lot of people would probably take us being together a lot better if they thought there was some kind of extortion going on. Or blackmail.”

Ilya made a face at his bag, hands around the new purchases, and stood up so he could make the face at Shane instead. “Do not say this,” he complained, “unless we are playing a sex game. Otherwise is sad. No?”

Shane grimaced back at him, and then nodded. “Yeah,” he said. “Sorry. But also, what? How do you want to play it as a sex game?”

“Not right now,” Ilya said, “we have different sex game to pay attention to right now.” He held both his hands up, and Shane raised his eyebrows at him.

“Wow,” Shane said, “you did get them the same colour.”

“Of course,” Ilya shrugged, “we are building very nice collection, one day maybe we build sex toy cupboard, yes? Have everything in side looking all pretty.”

Shane's face did something a little odd, soft, but odd. He nodded, face smoothing back into a smile.

"Okay," Ilya said, approaching the bed. He'd spied the bottle of lube on the bedside table already, so hadn't bothered to get his own bottle from his bag. Liked how he and Shane had both brought an entire bottle of lube each. Thought about how ridiculous it would be if they were accidentally somehow outed because it was revealed they both bought the same expensive all natural lube. "Do not get hard yet, malysh, this one is like cock ring, and will be easier to get on before you get too excited."

"Don't tell me not to get hard while licking your lips at me," Shane shot back, shuffling backwards on the bed, his eyes on Ilya's mouth, "and then fucking smirking like that. Fuck off."

"Mm, I do not think you want me to fuck off," Ilya said, got onto the bed and shuffled on his knees towards Shane. "Unless? I suppose maybe I could go see if Wilson will let me back into room?"

"Shut up," Shane said, "I know there's no way you're leaving this room without getting your prize."

"Okay yes, you are right," Ilya said, dropped the toys onto the bed, and then himself against Shane, Shane widening the spread of his legs to accommodate him between them. "I am not leaving this room until I have you sweating and begging and crying. Until I have made you come at least three times. Until I have shown you all the settings I like most of these new toys."

"Jesus," Shane swore, "fuck. Put it on me quick, then, or else you won't be able to -"

"Such a needy fucking shlyukha," Ilya hissed, ducked down to kiss Shane quickly, and then sat up, his hands on Shane's hips, pushing him down against the mattress when Shane tried to grind against him. "Already getting so hard and I have not even touched you yet. What, two orgasms before did nothing? You are always desperate for it?"

“Yeah,” Shane said, “it’s never enough. I always want more of you.”

Ilya resisted the urge to kiss him again, bit down on a groan. If he got distracted now they were going to lose the window in which Shane was not too hard.

He fumbled with the cock ring, the material thicker than the plain one, and less flexible. Took Shane in hand and had to focus solely on putting it on him so he wouldn’t just start instinctively jerking him off instead.

“Da, good,” he said, once he had it in place, and had only had to tell Shane to keep his hands to himself once. “Looks good, nice colour on you.”

Shane rolled his eyes, but any chance he had of looking apathetic of anything close to it, had left the building with the way Shane’s chest was heaving, and his cock was fully hard now, flushed, wet at the tip.

“On your knees,” Ilya said then, had to stop looking. “I will be so very nice and not even turn vibrations on until after I have put toy in. We will start very slow.”

“Suspiciously nice,” Shane said, rolling over onto his stomach, gasping, and then pushing himself up on his knees.

“Fuck you look so good like this,” Ilya grunted, palmed himself roughly through his underwear. “So hot and good for me, Shanya.”

“Take a photo,” Shane said, dropping his chest down further, resting his head against his arms. “Um. If you want.”

Ilya swore again, and then got off the bed so he could strip entirely easier. He grabbed his phone, and the lube, and dropped them onto the blanket before grabbing Shane by his hips

and tugging him closer to the edge of the bed.

“Like this,” he said, put one knee on the edge of the bed, his other foot on the ground. “Of course I want,” he added, once he’d slicked his fingers with lube, pressed the tip of his middle finger in to Shane’s hole. “I am going to take photo of you around my fingers. Yes? Will add it with rating, after.”

“Yeah,” Shane nodded, “okay good - fuck -”

Pressing just one finger into Shane had let Ilya know that Shane had already taken the liberty of fingering himself before Ilya got here, so he had pressed his second finger in immediately, pushing in until he could rub firmly against Shane’s prostate. Watched Shane’s back tense and relax as he kept rubbing, still firm but slow, didn’t want to get Shane anywhere near an edge just yet.

He was a bit clumsy opening his phone one handed, navigating to the camera, and it took him a moment to position himself to get the best photo, especially as he kept rubbing against Shane as he did, beginning to pull noisy pants out of Shane.

He took the photo, locked his phone, and tossed it over to his bag, where it luckily landed perfectly instead of bouncing off and shattering against the drawers of something.

The other vibrator he’d bought had had a very long complicated name that was mostly just describing its functions, rather than some cute or sexy name he’d seen on other toys. The part of its name that had caught his eye had been the *tapping thruster* part. He should have gotten into more interesting sex toys sooner. Before Shane, the most he’d gotten to play with had been various dildos and very basic looking vibrators. Svetlana had told him about her favourite suction toys, but had not brought them and him over at the same time, so he hadn’t met with any of them. This one he thought was some hybrid of a plug, a dildo, and a vibrator, and he was eager to go back online and meet some of its cousins as well.

He squeezed a liberal amount of lube onto it, bent down to kiss at Shane’s back, squeezing one of his ass cheeks with lube sticky fingers. “Ready for toy?” He asked. “Is not very big, really, not next to what you usually take,” he added, gripping his cock loosely and slapping it against Shane’s thigh.

“Yeah I’m ready,” Shane replied, all tones of bravado. “You’re not that big.”

“Oh big words,” Ilya snorted, “I think maybe last time you took it you kept saying, *oh it’s sooo big, Ilyushenka, you’re so big*. One version of you was lying, and I think it was not when I was fucking you with my big cock.”

“Shut up,” Shane said, pushed his ass back against Ilya’s thighs, “I’m *ready*, come on.”

Ilya pressed the tip of the toy against him, silicone and flesh both slick already, gave him just that moment of warning, and then slid the toy all the way in, using his palm to push it that last notch to fully seat it. His skin felt tingly with lust as Shane moaned at the thrust, and then moaned again, much louder, when the toy was all the way in.

“Oh my god,” Shane grunted, “what the fuck.”

“Too much?” Ilya asked, already knowing perfectly well that Shane would say no to that, even as his thighs shook, and a bead of sweat began making its way down the side of his face, the small slice of ear and cheekbone Ilya could see from here. “You want me to take out?:”

“Don’t you fucking dare,” Shane bit out, “fuck - it’s just - fuck it’s a lot - it feels like it’s pushing on me.”

“Mm, well, it is pushing on you,” Ilya said, pressed his palm against the curved wide base of it where it angled to sit flush against Shane’s taint. “Is made to press exactly on your prostate. Like I am.”

“You’re made to press on my prostate?” Shane asked, voice breathy and amused. “Fuck, here I was thinking you were made to play hockey and insult people.”

“I was made with many uses,” Ilya said agreeably, patted Shane on the ass. “On your back again, malysh.”

“If you keep turning me ‘round I’ll get dizzy eventually,” Shane mumbled, moving obediently despite his words, letting Ilya direct him with his hands on his hips.

They settled him back against the pillows, head and shoulders propped up just enough to let him see better, his legs open around Ilya’s waist, ass almost in Ilya’s lap.

Ilya kissed him again now, one hand on Shane’s tit, the other going to wrap loose around Shane’s cock. Licked into his mouth greedily, like he could taste Shane’s moans if he tried hard enough. He had examined both vibrators very carefully before packing them, had wanted to know exactly how they worked so he could, with ease, while kissing Shane, turn the vibrating cock ring on, and notch it immediately up to it’s third intensity. It only went up to six, but he thought the first two intensities weren’t worth it.

Shane gasped against him, his stomach muscles jumping so hard Ilya could feel them against his own stomach. Felt Shane’s cock twitch in his hand even through the rumble of vibrations running through it.

“Good?” Ilya asked, stroked Shane’s cock slow and loose, pulling back so he could look at the way it was spilling more pre than ever, a steady stream wetting his hand, slicking his grip.

“Fuck,” Shane said, “yes - did you - *fuck* -” his hips jerked in Ilya’s lap, and Ilya pressed both palms of his hands against Shane’s hip bones, pushing down, watching the way Shane’s face was getting steadily more flushed, his mouth dropping further open. Watched as Shane visibly steadied himself, one arm coming up to bury his face in the crook of his elbow for a moment before dropping it and attempting the rest of his sentence. “‘S’just the ring? I can feel it - ah - in my ass as well.”

“Just the ring, moy lyubimy,” he said, all mock concern. “Is too much? Maybe we take off?”

“Fuck you,” Shane spat, “fuck - oh god - I’m gonna - this is gonna make me come already, Ilya,” he complained, his hips jerking again, to no avail.

“Mm, I do not think you will,” Ilya said, “I think you can hold it for me.”

“I can’t,” Shane said, eyes very wide, somehow going wider as Ilya took him in hand again, began stroking him. “Fuck, I can’t, I’ll come -”

“If you come, we are keeping ring going, yes?” Ilya asked, “is not even on top speed yet. We still have lots to try.”

“Fuckkk,” Shane groaned, his head tipping back, tendons in his neck sticking out as he pulled in deep breaths like he was trying to breathing exercise is way out of an orgasm. “Okay - fuck - okay, I’m okay - I won’t - I won’t come yet -”

“So good, malysh,” Ilya said, pressing himself forward to he could kiss Shane again, mouthing wetly at his chin and jaw until Shane dropped his head back down to be kissed properly. “Doing so good for me, trying so hard, yes?”

“Yeah, yes,” Shane whined, barely kissing Ilya back, seemingly content to leave his mouth open for Ilya to kiss into instead, his hands pushing into Ilya’s hair, clutching tight. “I’ll be so good for you-”

“You will, you do,” Ilya told him, switched the vibrations up to the next level and kissed Shane through the shuddering moans he let out, his whole body tensing and sweating as he did his best to keep his orgasm at bay. “See, malysh?” Ilya whispered, when the shaking had subsided to a shiver, “so good, so strong.” He kissed at Shane’s jaw, bit at his ear lobe, licked the sheen of sweat off his neck.

He gave Shane a short break from notching it up again, kissed him slow and gentle, his hand on Shane’s face. His cock was so hard now as well, pressed up against his stomach, vibrations from the ring conducted through his and Shane’s bodies pressed together, paired with how Shane looked and sounded were driving him crazy. His stomach felt like a well of molten lava. He couldn’t fuck wait to be inside Shane. To feel Shane shaking from inside of

him, to be so much closer. It was criminal he couldn't always be in Shane. Wanted to sleep pinned under Shane's weight, pressed inside him, or spooned up behind Shane, buried deep in his ass. Wanted Shane in him too. Wanted to be one of those trippy pictures where physics or logic or something didn't work properly and a roof was a wall or - *what he wanted* was to be so within Shane and Shane within him that at first glance it was hard to tell what was what.

He turned the ring up to six, clicking the button twice. Didn't think Shane would be able to last another ramping up, not right now, and didn't want him to feel like he'd failed. That was only fun when he had a plan for it.

"You can come," he told Shane, kissing his cheek, "and I will turn the ring off, but I will turn the plug on after."

"Jesus," Shane moaned, his thighs clamping so tightly around Ilya's waist that Ilya liked to imagine they'd bruise him. "Oh fuck - *fuck* - Ilya -"

He kept his hand on Shane's cock as Shane came, felt it pulse, kicking hard in his hand, coming like he hadn't already left a lake of pre all over Ilya's lap. Waited the orgasm out, thumb at the ready, until Shane's moaning became ragged, his face wet as he pressed it to Ilya's face, pleading wordlessly. He held the button down until the vibrations stopped, and then Shane's body slumped as the tension left it, his legs falling down from around Ilya's waist, splayed out, twitching.

"Lucky you brought blanket," Ilya told him. "So messy."

Shane made a noise that might have been *shut up* but extremely boneless, his eyes mostly closed, only the whites showing through his fluttering lashes. Ilya snorted, kissed his cheeks carefully, then his mouth, then licked at his wet temples until Shane groaned and batted at him.

"Awake?" Ilya asked, licked at Shane's batting hand.

"Yeah," Shane croaked, opened one eye to look warily up at Ilya. "Are you -"

Ilya's hand was already in place, he turned the plug on. Left it on level one. He liked to make Shane suffer, but only up to a point where he knew they could both look back on it and think it sexy. Shane groaned, and then relaxed. He'd squeezed his eye shut again, but opened it now, brow furrowed.

"I'm being very nice," Ilya explained, kissed Shane's cheek again. "Starting slow. Say how it feels."

Shane just breathed slowly for a moment. He was still sweating a lot, skin pink and blotchy in a way that made Ilya want to bite him and lick him all over like he was an icecream maybe.

"It's like," he said, took a couple more heaving breaths, had one hand curled around Ilya's nape. "It's like you have your - your fingers - two of them maybe - in me and you're just -" he lifted his fingers from Ilya's skin, and brought them back down firmly in a thu-thump, like a heart beat. "Right on my - my prostate, and it's - it's a lot, because it was already a lot, but it's not - it's gentle enough that it's not even oversensitive right now."

"Good," Ilya said, smiled when Shane ran his fingers up his neck and into his hair, scratched lightly at the back of his scalp. "You will forgive me when I make it more?"

Shane's fingers curled in his hair. Tugged hard. Ilya grinned. "Yes," Shane said, voice already shaking with just the anticipation of it. "But I can't promise to be nice about it."

Ilya grinned wider. "That is perfect," he said. "Make you come so hard you accidentally become mean?"

"It won't be an accident," Shane said.

"Or a becoming," Ilya replied, "you are already secretly very mean under polite Canadian costume, and I love it very much."

“Asshole.”

“Okay,” Ilya said happily, tapped the plug’s button, twice, up to the mode the little pamphlet had described as *pulsating thrusts*, “tell me how it feels now,” he instructed, Shane jerking hard underneath him. “Focus, malysh.”

“Fuck you,” Shane said, moaned lowly. Lifted his arm like he was going to hide in it again, but Ilya grabbed it with his free hand - the one not ready to increase vibrations at a whim - and held it back. Shane whined, but didn’t fight it, just dropped his arm back, his eyes screwed close. “Fuck - it’s - it’s like you’re - like you’re fucking me really shallowly - fucking teasing me - making it feel so - so fucking good and not enough - not how -” he broke off here to shudder, to moan again. His cock was getting hard again, so wet and sticky and hot where it was caught between his and Ilya’s stomachs. “Not how I like it best. When you fuck me hard.”

“Good boy,” Ilya told him, “paying attention so well. You want more, hm? You want to be fucked hard?”

Shane shook his head, nodded his head. “Yes,” he said, “please.”

“Soon,” Ilya told him. He moved his hand from the plug, back to Shane’s cock, and turned the ring back on, left it on the first setting, trusting Shane’s cock to feel it much more intensely this time around. “You will be patient, yes?”

Shane let out a wounded noise, his hips jerking up and then down, like he wasn’t sure if he was trying to press into a feeling or a away from one. Ilya let him, there was only so far Shane could even move his hips right now, caught in Ilya’s lap like this.

“Yes,” Shane breathed, “I’m - I’m trying -”

“You don’t try to be patient,” Ilya said, kept his voice gentle, “you just be patient.”

“Sorry, yes. I’ll be patient,” Shane corrected himself. His eyes flicked open, blurry for a few moments as he blinked hard, tears dripping down his lash-line as he focused on Ilya’s face. “Can you kiss me, though? Please, I need - I need you -”

Ilya kissed him. Kept it slow and shallow even when Shane moaned and tried to press forwards. Kissed him as he turned the ring up one more notch, and then trailed his hand down Shane’s twitching cock to the plug, and turned that up as well, and then up once more. This level had been described as *thumping*.

Shane was coming again before Ilya had even managed to return his hand to his cock, crying into Ilya’s mouth in short bitten off moans. His abs would be sore tomorrow, Ilya was sure.

He let both vibes keep going for a while after Shane had come, wanted to see how long it would take for Shane to try and turn them off himself. Held him and kissed him while Shane squirmed and sobbed against him, but didn’t make a move to push Ilya off or to turn off the toys himself.

“Please,” Shane moaned, “please, please, Ilya, please -” his hands were still knotted in Ilya’s hair, tugging with each word. “I need - it’s too much - make it stop - put your cock in me - take off the - please -”

Ilya’s cock heard the request and directed Ilya’s hand on the immediate turning off of the ring, and then the plug. He wanted to fuck into Shane’s hole with the plug in him as well, but thought maybe it would be best for all parties to try that at a later date, so he just took the plug out. Slicked his cock up with the copious amounts of come smeared over his and Shane’s stomachs, and slid into Shane like he was made just to take Ilya’s cock. Ilya made to fuck him, Shane made to be fucked by him.

He doubted Shane would tease him about the fact that he latest about one and a half thrusts, because Shane was still clutching his hair, his voice raw and aching in Ilya’s ear as he whispered; “thank you, thank you, fuck, thank you, baby, fuck you feel so good in me, fuck-”

You rated Jane

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - meh - good - great - **excellent**

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

baby i love reunion sex but i had being apart so maybe one day hopefully we could do reunion sex where we have only been apart for a few hours or maybe max one day and i promise i will still be as desperate to fuck you and take you apart as i am every time we see each other. xxxxxxxx i love you xxxxxxxx

-

You rated Jane

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - meh - good - great - **excellent**

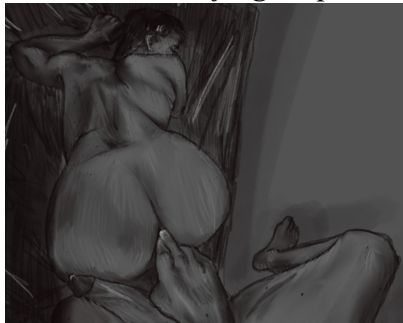
FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

you are already asleep even though your hair is still wet from shower, and i think you will be annoyed when you wake up and find i have wrapped towel badly around your head but i think if you sleep with wet hair you catch a cold, yes? you are so fucking sexy and good and i love your ass and your thighs and your cock and your tummy and your arms and your everything actually. if there is still cum in your ass when you wake up i am sorry but i will also find it very very hot as well, i like idea of being inside you for so long. i did do my best to help you clean up but you were very sleepy and grumpy and telling me i was not allowed to try and fuck you again but i promise was only my fingers trying to be helpful not horny even tho is true i am always horny immediate i see your hole i cannot help it it is such a sexy hole especially when is all puffy and dripping my cum out and you are making little sweet moans every time i touch like you will cum again. tomorrow we will do 69 and i will suck your cock or eat you out or finger fuck you or toy fuck you or whatever you want. ya tebya lyublyu i love you so much i want to eat you whole and eat your hole xxxx

[PHOTO ATTACHMENT]

(Image is a photo of Shane face down ass up on the edge of the bed, Ilya is half kneeling half standing behind him, one knee on the bed. His cock is hard against the side of Shane's ass, and he has two fingers pressed into his hole.)



Chapter 31: SHANE

Chapter Notes

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

You rated Lily

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - meh - good - great - **excellent**

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

I thought you were going to literally devour me when you came in and starting chewing on me and I would have let you. So very gross to cum in my pants but somehow still very hot with you especially when you also came on my pants.

-

You rated Lily

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - meh - good - great - **excellent**

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

Sorry I fell asleep so quick I was going to write these last night after I rested my eyes for two seconds, but apparently you really wore me out. Did you use our cum as lube? Because I think you did and it turned me on so much I thought I was going to die about it because I couldn't cum again. The vibe ring was insane. It felt like when you're deepthroating me and moaning at the same time, except turned up to 100 and unrelenting. I don't know how I held on for so long before cumming except I do think I pulled a muscle in my stomach or something. The - I think it's called a prostate massager, except it should be called like, attacker, or boxer, or something - was so good and so much and I really liked it because fuck it felt so good. But I think it's definitely a sometimes thing and not an often thing because it was so much. And I think probably by now I have to admit I like it when you over stimulate me, but this was so much more. Maybe because it wasn't as big as you, and I like it best when part of the too much is how full of you I am.

*Thank you for trying to dry my hair. My mum would be very pleased about that. I love you
xxx*

-

As fun as it was being at this event which was basically just like a massive play date with hockey games (as Jackie once put it when he was talking about how much he liked it a few years ago), and how much more fun it was getting to do it with Ilya, and with Ilya as his friend and teammate, Shane still felt...melancholy as they suited up for the first events of the day. A very ungrateful thing to be feeling when he was getting to spend a weekend in the sun, doing his favourite things, with his favourite person, but.

Every time he thought he understood exactly how not happy he had been - sad, how sad he had been - it kept climbing to new heights in such stupid ways. So far this morning, not even eleven yet, three separate players had remarked on how happy Shane looked, which. Well. He was happy, but he had also been feeling that melancholy since the moment he and Ilya had staggered their exits from the hotel room before breakfast. So how much less happy had he looked *before*, when he wasn't even aware he had anything dampening his mood. Just walking around looking like a drenched cat? Thinking he was normal? Thinking he was aping human experience adequately while everyone else was apparently seeing him and marking him down as something wrong.

He was sad because leaving the hotel room meant leaving behind the casual kisses and lingering touches, and leaving behind the sweeter versions of their names, and leaving behind the permission to just look and look and look at Ilya. It shouldn't effect him as much as it was, because now he still got to have Ilya by his side, talking and laughing with him, even

touching him still. Brushing shoulders, elbowing, knees and feet knocking under tables. Shane wanted to put his arm around Ilya's waist. He wanted to take his hand when they walked, maybe just linking pinkies, to keep a consistent touch between them.

It wasn't even necessarily that he wanted other people to see, he was quite honestly still terrified of other people seeing. He just wanted to be allowed. And maybe also he wanted people to know. Know that Ilya was his. He was Ilya's. That they could look, but that was it. That Ilya was the best fucking hockey player here - next to Shane - and he had chosen Shane just like Shane had chosen him, because who the fuck else deserved them?

Maybe he was a bit big headed about it.

-

"So frowny," Ilya said, quiet next to Shane's ear. They were squeezed in together on the bench, watching the goalie events. Mini was resembling a brick fucking wall, and Keiser was looking a little bit more like an open door. Why the fuck was Keiser here. "Is Keezy so awful to watch?"

"Yes," Shane replied, because, yes. "He's one of the fan picks, they didn't want to pick a goalie who could actually stop a goal?"

"He is apparently very funny dancer," Ilya said, elbowed Shane so Shane would look and see him rolling his eyes. "Does dumb dances in goal between shots. I do not think he is all that. Not enough sense of timing I think."

"Absolutely not enough," Shane agreed, raising his eyebrows as they watched Keiser swipe seconds too late to block a shot. "Disgusting."

Ilya laughed, sounding genuinely pleased with Shane's disapproval, but elbowed him again. "You were frowning before," he said. "What for?"

Shane frowned harder. Stared at the rink in front of them, scanned their surroundings in his peripherals. Packard was on his left, but he was talking to Shu on his left. No one else was nearby enough to be listening. There might be cameras pointed in their direction, but no mics over here.

“I prefer it like this,” he said, turned his head only slightly towards Ilya, kept his eyes on the ice. “Getting to be friends in front of everyone so that we can actually interact without it being a whole event. But I think parts of it were easier when we mostly avoided each other.”

Ilya didn't reply. Shane glanced at him, saw the flash of hurt before Ilya shifted his expression into neutrality.

“Easier because I couldn't fuck up and just touch you,” Shane added, quick. “Because the - the boundary lines were so much clearer. I keep worrying I'm going to slip up, and then I get... sad, because I *want* to slip up. Or, not to slip up, but to-”

“Me too,” Ilya said. “I understand.”

They watched Mini block the rest of the shots aimed at him, and then as he pulled his gloves off to pull two fingers at Keiser. Keiser responded by wiggling his body around in some kind of uncoordinated movement that Shane was pretty sure was supposed to be... what was it called. Something to do with dental care.

-

The events went by quickly, Shane and Ilya both signed up for a handful each, a couple of the same but mostly not. There was a panel interview with all the various captains attending this year, Ilya seated next to Shane so all the interviewers could ask their many, many questions about how they had gone from age old rivals to friends, and Shane and Ilya took turns giving the same answer in different outfits about mutual respect, and shared experiences. Shane and Renauds - the captain of the other All Stars team for the weekend - had another interview while everyone else was released for mingling. They had lunch. Shane let himself be persuaded into an impromptu autograph session, and Ilya appeared at his elbow and joined in, announcing loudly that Shane could leave if he wanted, he knew everyone really just wanted *his* autograph. Lots of photos. No time to sneak away to their room or anywhere else to make out, or even just kiss a little. Ilya standing in a beam of warm light pouring through a window, hair glinting gold, eyes shining. Ilya laughing at his jokes and then pointing at him and stage whispering to the people around him that Shane was actually very funny. Ilya leaving the hotel while Shane was in the interview with Renauds, and coming back with a

six pack of Canada Dry because the hotel didn't stock it and Shane had complained about it last night at dinner.

-

The actual match was never supposed to be taken that seriously, it was just for fun. An opportunity to stick everyone's favourites on the ice and watch them zip around together. Shane knew this, and every year he reminded himself it wasn't that serious, and every year he worked hard to hold himself back a little, to not be upset if he was on the losing team.

He didn't remind himself about any of that this year, because he was too busy having fun. Having Ilya on his wing? Incredible. His passes had never felt cleaner, his shots never so well set up for him.

He had never been so grateful for the physicality of the game, of the cellys. Of the way it was a normal thing for Ilya to skate right into him and kiss his helmet, congratulating each other on the goal and assist they'd just pulled off. Shane had done the same with so many players. Had never liked it so much.

They won the match by maybe a little too much, him and Ilya over eager from playing with each other to hold back, scoring as many goals together as they could. Luckily the losing team didn't seem to care, chirped them good naturedly at the handshake line.

Shane had warned his team before they'd hit the ice, said he was going to take a page out of Rozanov's captain play book for the game, but just one page, and the team had laughed and said they'd look out for it. He pulled the page out now. Standing by the gate as his team filed off the ice, patting each player on the shoulder and saying clearly, 'I love you', or, 'good game, I love you'. A few of the players had laughed, a few had said it back, the Bears on his team grinning wide about it. Ilya brought up the rear, came to a full stop on the ice next to Shane, his face expectant and excited.

"I love you," Shane said, couldn't keep the grin off his own face.

"Ya tebya lyublyu," Ilya replied, thumped his hand against Shane's shoulder, and then grasped the back of his neck, and they left the rink together.

-

“Did you mean it in your comment last night?” Shane asked, once they were finally back in their hotel room after dinner. They were already tumbled onto the bed together, Ilya sitting back against the pillows and the headboard, Shane in his lap.

“Yes,” Ilya replied, kept mouthing along Shane’s jaw. “Which bit?”

Shane snorted, then exhaled hard when Ilya’s hand pressed down the back of his trousers, cupping his ass roughly and squeezing. “About sixty-nining,” he clarified, “and how I could have whatever I want.”

“Ah yes,” Ilya said, used his grip on Shane’s ass to rock him forwards and down against him. “Yes and yes. Of course, malysh.”

“Okay,” Shane nodded, dropped his head forwards, resting his forehead against Ilya’s cheek, too into the grind of his erection against Ilya’s through both their trousers, fabric light and doing nothing to withhold the heat.

“Shanya,” Ilya groaned, directed him in a slower grind down, his fingers digging into Shane’s ass cheek, his other hand coming up to grip the back of Shane’s head, tugging at his hair. “What is it you want?”

Honestly Shane would be very happy with just this, but he would probably be a bit annoyed with himself afterwards if he let himself get lost in the friction and heat here instead of dragging it out into something else. There was no way he was going to last several rounds tonight, not after the day they’d had, and last night. Had to push his hand between them to press against Ilya’s chest to hold himself back so he could catch his breath and make himself actually take a moment to think.

“Uh,” Shane said, difficult to think while Ilya was still kneading at his ass, kissing at his face. “A shower. So we can - you should shower to, I want to eat you out. If you want. And - actually that’s - like, what I want is for you to do whatever you want, on your - my end? Like. We sixty-nine, and I’ll eat you out, unless you want me to do something else, and then I - I

want you to surprise me? Not necessarily with anything crazy, I just don't want to know beforehand?"

Ilya used his grip on Shane's hair to tug him up so he could look him in the face, and grinned with all his teeth, predatory and playful at the same time.

"Mmm, yes," he said, ducked in to kiss Shane very quickly, "I like this idea very much. You liked my ass so much, hm? You have been dreaming about getting to book in with me again?"

"Fuck off," Shane said, "I know it's a pretty exclusive place, I think anyone would want to book in again ASAP."

"I shower first," Ilya said, pulling his hand out of Shane's trousers and then slapping his ass. "So I can get secret things ready for you while you shower."

Shane shuddered, a warmth bubbling in his gut. "It doesn't need to be complicated," he said, couldn't keep himself from rocking down against Ilya's hard on again. Wished it was under him so he could feel it against his hole. Loved to feel it against his own cock, though, fucking hot.

"I never said complicated," Ilya teased, kissed Shane again, and then rolled them over to deposit Shane onto his back among the pillows. "I just said secret. Maybe you would like blindfold?"

Shane groaned, jerked his hips up against Ilya, too late because Ilya was already moving away, climbing off the bed. Palmed himself instead, pressing down hard and rough against himself. "Yeah," he said, "I'd like that."

"I will find good thing for blind fold," Ilya told him. "Stop touching yourself, malysh, you will be asleep if you come already."

“I won’t,” Shane whined, pulled his hand away from himself anyway. “Fuck. Okay. Hurry up.”

“I will take as much time as I need,” Ilya said, as if he wasn’t also sporting a hefty hard on. “You will be patient. Unpack your dildos for me, hm? So I can choose which ones I want, if I want them.”

“Fuck,” Shane grumbled, “fine.”

-

They couldn’t use the splash blanket again, because it had been, well. Splashed. Shane had rinsed it the best he could in the shower, and then squeezed it out and packed it away in a wet bag because the idea of a cleaner or someone coming in and seeing it hanging in the bathroom had been too embarrassing. He stripped the blankets off the bed, instead, removing everything except for the bottom sheet and pillows. Re-covered it with a spare sheet from the wardrobe. Would grab a towel from the bathroom as well, when Ilya came out.

He’d unpacked the toys from his bag. Had bought a special travel bag for them, not wanting them loose - albeit wrapped in clothing - in his bag when his bag wouldn’t be safely at Ilya’s house. Lay them out on top of the dresser. Considered the vibrators. Left them put away. Didn’t think he could handle them tonight. Wanted to use them again, yes, very much, but Jesus. He would probably die tonight. If it wasn’t for the fact that they were leaving tomorrow morning and wouldn’t see each other (probably) until the game in Montreal, he would probably have satisfied himself with grinding and frotting in Ilya’s lap until they both came. But he wanted more. He wanted as much of Ilya as he could have. And also he was very horny.

-

When he finished his own shower, still drying off in the bathroom, Ilya knocked on the bathroom door, and then came in. He was holding one of Shane’s ties - he’d packed it in case one of the team dinners was more formal, and he’d been glad the dress code had stayed reasonably relaxed.

“Blind fold,” Ilya said, holding the tie up and letting it dangle in front of Shane’s face. “Is a nice material, I do not think will be scratchy on your face.”

“Okay,” Shane said, happiness like bubbles in his lungs. “You’re going to blind fold me in here?”

“Yup,” Ilya said, popping the p hard, and grinning at Shane. “Maybe I have invited audience in to watch? I can think of a few players who would like very much to see you like this.”

“Shut up,” Shane snorted, adrenaline scoring into his stomach lining, not quite fear but something close. “As if.”

“No, malysh,” Ilya shook his head. “I have eyes, I watch, I see. Maybe these men are not even gay, but I think they would still fuck you if they could. Would still want you.”

“You’re biased,” Shane told him, scrubbing his towel over his hair, not even bothering to hide his growing erection because it wasn’t like he could hide what Ilya’s words were doing to him anyway. He could feel the flush on his chest, his cheeks. Knew Ilya could read the want in him like it was etched in Cyrillic on his skin.

“Yes, but does not change facts,” Ilya shrugged, a loose smirk on his face. “You like this idea, hm? How you are admired by other players for your hockey and your body?”

Shane motioned wordlessly to his cock.

“Say it,” Ilya told him.

“I guess,” Shane said, shrugged. “I - it’s kind of scary, though.”

“Being wanted?”

Shane shrugged again. Hung his towel up. “Being seen.”

“I am seeing you,” Ilya pointed out, head cocked to one side.

“Yeah,” Shane agreed, “that scares me too. It’s just that I want and love you more than it scares me.”

“Ah, malysh,” Ilya said, soft. He stepped close now. He’d put a pair of undies on, was otherwise still undressed. Pressed their bare chests together as he wrapped his arms around Shane, nudging his nose against Shane’s cheek before kissing him. “So brave.”

“Shut up,” Shane said again, tipped his head up for a kiss anyway.

When Ilya pulled back, he held the tie up again, and Shane nodded. Stood still, eyes closed while Ilya tied it around his head, tucking a finger up underneath it to check tightness, and then tightening the knot a little.

“Can you see?” Ilya asked, dropped his hands from Shane’s head and rested his fingertips against his shoulders. “Is it too tight?”

Shane attempted to open his eyes, could if he pushed through the feeling of his lashes getting squished. Couldn’t see out from underneath the tie, and no light made its way through the fabric. Closed his eyes again.

“No, and no,” he said. Forced his shoulders to relax. His hands were on Ilya’s hips, grounding and orienting. “I’m good.”

“Good,” Ilya said. Kissed him. “Take my hand. I will lead you out.”

He moved his hands from Shane's shoulders now, rated them over Shane's on his hips, and Shane let him take his hands, lift them up, together, and then hold them with just one of his hands. The door opened, and Ilya tugged on him gently, so Shane followed. Theoretically he knew the room wasn't very big. He knew it wasn't far to the bed. In practice his whole body felt like it was tingling in anticipation of a mis-step. Like he was going to bump into the bed, or a sudden wall, or he was going to think he still had steps and steps to go and he'd smack up against the bed too hard and bruise his shin.

Ilya didn't make him hurry, lead him in an almost shuffle from the bathroom, silent until he squeezed Shane's hands, and said; "You're going to get on to bed here," he patted the bed, loud enough for Shane to hear how close it was. "And get onto your back."

"Okay," Shane said. Nodded. Ilya let go of his hands, but moved one hand to Shane's elbow, a light touch to keep Shane tethered.

It took one slight shuffle forwards before his legs were pressing against the base of the bed, and he leaned down to put his palms on the mattress. Crawled on. Ilya's hand trailing from his elbow to his nape, dragging down his back, smacking his ass. He felt the mattress dip a little, Ilya getting onto the mattress as well, and then Ilya's hands on his skin, skating over his hips as Shane turned over, sitting down on his ass, and then lying back, Ilya making affirming hums.

"Good," Ilya told him, his hand on Shane's stomach, patted him twice. "Right in the middle."

Shane smiled, warm. Nervous. Wanted to be kissed. He said the last bit, and Ilya leaned in and kissed him, just a dry press of lips, before moving over him, the mattress shifting and dipping on one side of Shane, and then the other, like Ilya was leaned fully over him and bracing his hand on the bed while he reached for something. Shane was pretty sure that was what was happening, because he heard the soft scrape of plastic on wood, maybe the lube, and the quieter noise of something else shifting. One of the toys?

"Stop thinking so hard," Ilya told him, the weight coalescing back to one side of the bed, Shane's body tilting towards it. "Relax, malysh. You just have to lie here and do what I say, yes? Very easy for you."

"Yeah," Shane said, mouth feeling very dry. "Um," he said, "could I have some water?"

Ilya made a small noise, and then the mattress shifted again, and again, and then Ilya's hand was at the back of Shane's neck, lifting him up a little, plastic nudging against his mouth.

"Water bottle," Ilya said, "suck."

Shane felt his stomach flip at the order, wondered if Ilya could see how easily effected he already was. Drank from the bottle until Ilya pulled it away, spilling water down his chin. He swallowed. "Thank you."

"You're welcome," Ilya sounded amused, and close. Was kissing Shane again, then, mouth warm against Shane's water cool one. Licked at the water on Shane's chin, swapping the wet dribble out for wet spit instead.

Ilya put his head down, and Shane waited, lips parted, focusing on relaxing his shoulders, his back, his thighs. Feeling his cock heat and harden, flopped against his left thigh, already wet enough at the tip to be leaving a cooling trail whenever it twitched.

"I am going to sit over you," Ilya told him then, his words slow and clear. "And put my cock into your mouth. You will not suck yet, yes? Just hold."

Shane nodded, and then spoke as well, in case Ilya wasn't looking at him. "Yes."

"Good," Ilya said, and then he was moving.

Shane trusted him not to knee him in the face, but not being able to see or anticipate movement still made the adrenaline in Shane's body shrill, stinging through him as he lay as still as he could, feeling the heat of Ilya's body before the mattress pressed down around his ears, smelling him. Ilya's hand on his chest. Ilya hot and hard on his face. His cock. Shane opened his mouth, and Ilya made a pleased noise as he slid his cock inside. Shane imagined him holding himself, directing the angle, squeezing himself around the base. Maybe he would be wearing a cock ring. Shane would find out soon, when he could get his mouth further down (up) his cock, or when he was allowed to touch.

“Very good,” Ilya told him. He was hovering above Shane, hot air all around him, cock maybe less than half way in Shane’s mouth. “Just holding for now,” he said again, as if Shane might have forgotten the instructions already. Which was fair, because Shane had his cock in his mouth and his favourite thing to do at this point was to suck it.

Shane hummed his understanding, trying not to move too much, not even his lips, holding them tight around Ilya’s shaft.

Ilya’s hand moved slowly down Shane’s chest, the other hand coming to meet it at Shane’s waist. Squeezed him gently, thumbs rubbing in at his obliques. A sudden light touch, unrecognisable for an instant, against Shane’s stomach, before Ilya’s lips are kissing him just below the navel, and he realises it’s Ilya’s crucifix resting on his skin. Ilya’s lips drag wetly down, his hands staying where they are at Shane’s waist, holding him firmly, and then Ilya is mouthing at the base of Shane’s cock, licking at him through his pubes, sliding his tongue along the shaft before getting his lips around the head of it. One hand leaving Shane’s waist, fingers gripping Shane’s cock loosely, just directing it really, as he took it deeper into his mouth.

Shane moaned around his own mouthful. Wanted to know if he was allowed to touch. Wanted to touch so badly. Wanted to hold on. Ilya’s other hand left Shane’s waist as well, now, smoothed down his hip, onto his thigh, pressed his palm into his inner thigh, and pushed, Shane moving easily, spreading his legs for Ilya, his thigh bumping into something cool and rounded on the bed. One of the toys?

Ilya sucked him for only a few long seconds, stretching his lips around Shane’s cock, taking him not quite all the way into his mouth, but enough for Shane’s cock to twitch and drip, sensitive and needy in the hot hard wet of Ilya. When he pulled off, he let Shane’s cock fall wet against his hip, smearing saliva and pre over his skin, his loose grip on Shane’s shaft tightening briefly to give him the barest of strokes before he let go and moved to press against Shane’s other thigh, spreading him wider still.

“You can touch me,” he told Shane, voice low, “any way you like, except on my cock. You are to keep him in your mouth still, no sucking, no stroking. If I want more, I’ll fuck your mouth. Yes?”

Shane mumbled out a yes around Ilya's cock, hard to do without moving his tongue too much. Ilya's cock wasn't fully hard, but it was thick and heavy in his mouth, pressing against the back of Shane's throat every so often, making Shane pleased and pleased again that he'd worked so hard to suppress his gag reflex, liked the feeling of his throat beginning to constrict at the touch without going all the way.

He moved his hands immediately with permission now, sliding them up under Ilya's body, touching at his stomach, his waist, his hips, maneuvering his arms out and around Ilya's legs so he could grip at Ilya's ass a bit easier, squeezing a cheek in each hand and feeling Ilya's cock kick in his mouth, releasing bitter pre at the back of his throat, which he swallowed carefully so as not to choke.

Ilya had moved as well, ducking further down, his mouth on Shane's balls, his hands on his thighs. Yanking at Shane's legs until he'd pulled them up in a bend, his feet planted on the mattress, tilting his hips up until Ilya's tongue was sliding along his taint and then pressing into his hole, spit dripping into Shane's crack so wet like Ilya was drooling on purpose. Maybe he was. He fucking loved Ilya's tongue on him, in him. The wet pressure of it, the strength of it, the way Ilya made pleased noises whenever he tonguefucked Shane, like he liked it so much he couldn't keep it in. Sounded like he did when he ate a good meal. Like Shane was his favourite thing. Like he couldn't get enough.

Shane wanted to press his fingers into his mouth to get them wet, something to help ease the way when he pressed them against Ilya's hole. He wanted so badly to get to eat him out again, to learn more of Ilya's reactions, more of what he liked. Wanted Ilya to grind down on his face, to ride his tongue. Fuck. He pressed the pad of his thumb against Ilya's hole, rubbed firmly against it, feeling the slight give, the telltale feel Shane knew well from cleaning himself, of a recently fingered ass.

He reached down his own body with one hand, keeping his thumb of the other hand rubbing at Ilya's hole, tasting the way Ilya liked it in every flush of salt and bitter in his mouth. He tapped at Ilya's jaw, three fingers outstretched, and Ilya made a questioning noise, still licking in to Shane, and when Shane didn't do anything but wait, lifted his head from Shane's ass, turning his head against Shane's hand. Shane followed the angles of his face, pressed his fingers against the corner of Ilya's mouth, and Ilya understood the request. Turned his head more and sucked Shane's fingers for real, tongue hot and wet pushing between each finger, spit noisy.

When Shane took his fingers out, Ilya laughed a little, took Shane's hand by the wrist before he could pull fully away, and then spat in his palm.

“If you want lube,” he said, kissed one wet fingertip before releasing him, “pat my thigh and I will put some in your hand.”

Shane hummed in acknowledgement, holding his hand stiff and uncomfortable as he worked it back up between their bodies, trying to keep as much of the spit in his palm and on his fingers as possible.

Ilya’s mouth went back to Shane’s ass, and his hips jerked at the first push of tongue into him, before Ilya’s hands were holding him down, his tongue pushing in further, Shane opening so easily for him.

He pressed his wet fingers above Ilya’s hole, slicking the skin of the crack so it would drip down, and then replacing his dry thumb with the spit slick tip of his middle finger instead. Pressing in against muscle and rubbing gently, listening as Ilya’s huffed against him, his thighs on either side of Shane’s head, shaking just a little before becoming solid again. He had to keep swallowing, spit and pre pooling in his mouth and threatening to choke him with every moan he couldn’t keep in, and every time he swallowed, Ilya’s cock throbbed against his tongue at the change of pressure, and Ilya swore, hushed, between Shane’s legs.

He kept working his finger against Ilya. Not quite pushing in, but relaxing the muscle, feeling it grow softer against him. Ilya’s balls were resting on the bridge of his nose, and he was pretty sure if he hadn’t been wearing the blindfold, he would still be blinded right now. Wasn’t sure if he was just a freak, or if it was normal to like how balls smelled. Was pretty sure he was a freak.

Groaned loud, body tensing in surprise when Ilya was suddenly replacing the wet heat of his tongue with a slick, cool pressure. The blunt head of one of the dildos. The Ilya one, he was pretty sure, it felt big. But it could be the smaller one feeling bigger due to Shane’s lack of being properly fingered open, or due to the lack of sight. It wasn’t sliding into him, he was still too tense for that, despite the tonguing and the lube, but the pressure didn’t ease, like Ilya was just planning on pushing until Shane’s body gave in. The thought made him groan again, his hips jerking, only one of Ilya’s hands holding him down now.

“Shh, malysh,” Ilya said, voice calm and even, not at all like he had a finger in his butthole. “You have to relax, yes? Will be easier.”

If Shane's mouth was available for coherent words, he'd point out that he would have to relax a whole lot more before a dildo was fitting inside of him. Because he didn't have the ability to speak, he thought about it for a moment instead, his finger still moving against Ilya. If it was the smaller dildo he should be able to relax enough to take it. Ilya would have lubed it enough. He'd taken Ilya's cock with minimal fingering before, and it had hurt, but he'd liked it so much. He'd like this too, he knew that already. Liked the idea of Ilya bruteforcing it into him, trusted Ilya to not actually injure him.

Focused on relaxing. Loosening his thighs, breathing deep through his nose into his stomach, paying attention to his diaphragm. Ilya kissed at his thighs, murmured something too quiet to make out, but loud enough to hear the soothing cadence. So much pressure, a brighter, sharper sting, and then the tip was sliding in, Ilya keeping the pressure steady so it didn't stab in.

Shane moaned around Ilya's cock, his back arching as much as it could in his current position, wanting more and less at the same time. His rim hurt but the pain was already fading into heat. He knew already it would ache later, but he doubted it'd sting, and that was what he didn't like as much. Ilya was still murmuring soothingly to him, maybe in Russian, knowing Shane wouldn't be able to understand him anyway, so muffled by Shane's thighs and Ilya's own thighs on either side of Shane's head, close to his ears.

Ilya began to move the dildo again, slow, shallow movements, less of a fuck, more of a rock, stretching his rim further. Shane refocused on Ilya's ass, needed to make it wetter. Patted Ilya's thigh, and then held his hand out. Waited a few seconds, and then there was lube dripping into his hand. Easier to keep in his hand as he returned it to Ilya's hole, pressed two fingers at once against him, not pushing in yet, just adding pressure, pressing the lube into him, feeling it drip down. Was pretty sure he was getting some on his tie/blindfold.

He pushed his middle finger in deeper this time, moved it slowly in and out, his second finger continuing to rub at his rim, the way Shane liked, thought Ilya liked it too, if the way his cock was twitching was any indication. It was a whole new angle, but Shane pressed in until he was sure he had it, and then rubbed down firmly, knowing he'd gotten it right when Ilya's thighs jolted on either side of him, and then his hips ground down, his cock pushing hard against the back of Shane's throat, and then sliding down it, Shane unable to stop himself from gagging just a little at the suddenness of it, breathing in wetly as soon as Ilya pulled out again, grateful for the quick breath when Ilya fucked back into his throat. Kept himself pressed in deep for a few long beats, Shane holding still, as relaxed as he could make himself, except for the finger he kept rubbing inside Ilya, building a rhythm to match the thump of rushing blood in his ears.

Ilya pulled out before the panic could begin, much sooner than Shane needed, and then he was sitting up on his knees, lifting away from Shane's face, leaving it wet and cold suddenly, one hand still holding the dildo inside him, though, so not abandoned.

"Okay?" Shane asked, his finger was still against Ilya's hole, and he didn't pull away, just waited. His voice scratched against his throat.

"Yes," Ilya said, "Fuck, so good, Shanya. I did not want to come yet. You want to eat me out first, yes?"

"Yeah," Shane said, "please."

"If I am suffocating you," Ilya said, "pat my hip. Yes?"

"Yes," Shane said, had zero plans on patting Ilya's hip. He would happily suffocate under Ilya's ass.

Ilya lowered back against him, his cock hitting Shane's chin, and his knees shuffled forwards slightly before he was taking Shane's hand with one of his own, and moving it to cup his ass so Shane would know exactly where it was before Ilya sat back down on his knees. He wasn't putting his weight onto Shane's face, Shane could feel the tensing of Ilya's leg muscles, but it was still a heavy heat, Shane's face enveloped, his chin tilted up. Ilya waited until Shane had both his hands on his ass cheeks, had already licked up against him, before returning his own hand to the task of grinding the dildo into Shane. Continuing to open him up with the stretch of the toy's girth, rather than working up to it. A building heat, sweating pleasure and pain in turns, heavier on the pleasure.

Shane already knew he found it fucking hot to eat Ilya out, had been so turned on by it last time, but there was something even better about being pinned down for it. Ilya grinding his ass down against him every so often, whenever Shane got his tongue deeper inside him, or used both his thumbs to tug at his hole to lap at him better.

He was so sloppy, face wet and sticky, jaw aching. He could feel Ilya's cock dripping onto his chest every so often, loved to feel it hard and hot rubbing against him whenever Ilya ground

down on his mouth. Lube on his thighs, in his ass crack, cock hard and drooling against his hip. He'd need another shower after this or he'd go crazy, but right now the feel of it all was a building block in the roll of heat that kept crawling through him, pulsing deep in his gut, tugging at his spine, growing and growing, his mind hazing over with the heat of it at the top of the roll, his stomach flipping at the bottom. The effort to keep himself from fucking down against the dildo was getting to him, he felt like if he licked into Ilya harder, if he got Ilya wetter, if he made Ilya grind down again and again, it would all peak, Ilya's pleasure would become Shane's, the sensations crashing against each other and exploding. Dripping into each other.

Ilya had begun to fuck him for real now, the dildo pushing deeper and deeper with every thrust, his body tugged and pushed with the movement, his cock aching. He kept hearing wet whining noises and realising he was the one making them, desperate for more without fully knowing what exactly the more was.

Ilya took his cock into his mouth again, and that was the more, so much of the more that Shane's brain short circuited, fuzzy, pleasure, muscles straining, panting against Ilya's hole as he tried to keep eating him but couldn't control his mouth, not even to stop the shuddering moan from dragging out of his throat.

Ilya was swallowing around him, hard and fast, like he wanted every drop, like he loved it, he was grinding down against Shane still, even with Shane's mouth not working, his cock sliding in the mess of come and lube on Shane's chest, and if Shane had any working part of his brain left, he would try and press his pecs together like they were tits for Ilya to fuck. Something to think about later.

Didn't realise until Ilya was climbing off him, slow and careful, fingers working the blindfold off of Shane's face, that Ilya had come as well, Shane's skin so wet and hot he hadn't even noticed the addition of more come on his chest, shaking so much he hadn't felt Ilya's own tremors.

The room was dim, but Shane still had to squint for a few seconds to let himself get used to any light at all, Ilya kissed him through it. He'd left the dildo in Shane's ass, had just turned himself around on Shane and lain down chest to chest, his legs between Shane's. One hand holding Shane by the jaw to tilt his face down into the kisses, the other hand clinging tight to Shane's hand, both of their hands slippery. Gross and not gross at all.

“Fuck,” Shane finally said, once he could have his eyes open without stinging, once his breath was coming in more or less evenly. “Fuck, baby, so good.”

“Yeah?” Ilya asked, pressed a kiss to the corner of his mouth. “You liked that?”

“So much,” Shane said, angled for another kiss, got one. “Good for you?”

“Yes,” Ilya said, snorted. “Fuck,” he added, closing his eyes and pressing his forehead to Shane’s chin, “You got so into it,” he said, “moaning into my ass. So hot how hot you find it.”

“It’s really fucking hot,” Shane agreed, heard how dreamy he sounded, didn’t care. “I love eating you out. I love when you take what you want. I love being surrounded by you.”

“Such a slut,” Ilya said, very fond, lifted his head again and kissed Shane gently. “Love to be used, don’t you?”

“Yeah,” Shane admitted, could feel himself flushing about it but didn’t feel the sting of humiliation. He did. He loved it. He wanted Ilya to use him. To take him. “For you,” he added. “I don’t think - any of the... guys you think want me? I could never be a slut for them.”

Ilya looked at him for a long moment, then kissed him again, licking into Shane’s mouth like he hadn’t had his fill yet.

“We should shower again,” he said, when he pulled back, expression gentle. “We have early flights.”

Shane groaned, nodded, pulled Ilya back in for just one more kiss.

They showered together, mostly, Ilya coming in with him, rinsing off, and then getting out again before Shane was finished. Said he'd remake the bed, told Shane to take his time. Kissed him, sticking his head back into the shower until he shivered, and Shane told him to get dry and dressed.

The bed was made when Shane came back into the room, toweling at his hair again. Had tried to keep it dry, but the edges were wet. The toys were put away, and he assumed cleaned, because Ilya wasn't stupid. Ilya was already in the bed, typing on his phone, and he looked up and smiled when Shane came in.

"Leaving your review?" Shane asked, leaving the towel draped over a chair, and coming to join Ilya. "Or chatting with someone?"

"Review," Ilya said, leaning in to Shane for a kiss when Shane sat down, and then going back to his phone. "Do yours now too, I want to be kissing you until I fall asleep, will be easier if we are not on our phones then."

"Sure," Shane snorted, grabbed his phone off the bedside table.

-

You rated Lily

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - meh - good - great - **excellent**

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

I really liked being blindfolded, but I think I would prefer it next time if my role was a little more clear? This isn't to say that I didn't love eating you out, or everything else, I just want to be able to do a better job at eating you out, and it's hard to concentrate on that and on not knowing what's happening. Still so fucking hot, though, not a complaint. So hot when you cum on me, I know I probably don't seem like I like it that much because I always want to clean up so quick, but I fucking love it, love having it on me, in me. I really liked how you opened me up for the fuck. I was a bit apprehensive at first, but I trust you to not hurt me in a way I wouldn't like, and as soon as I let myself remember that it was just sexy feeling you push into me. I want you to take me. Make me yours. I love you. I don't want to say goodbye tomorrow. Wake me up before you leave anyway. Let me suck you off. I love you.

-

Lily rated you

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - meh - good - great - **excellent**

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

always so perfect for me shanya, like you are made for it, like we are in that movie where everything is computers and it has the hot actor who has to take a red or a blue pill and he wakes up to where he is and who he is and then when he is awake he can download skills into his brain? this is you with everything sex, like you have downloaded all information and knowledge and are just most skilled person ever. i love that you are mine, i love more than i am yours. i am worried sometimes maybe that i am limiting for you? you have been with only a couple of other men and they were not very skilled, so maybe actually you would like to be slutty for other men and just do not know it. if you wanted to try this out, sleep with other

men, maybe, i would not tell you no, and i would not sleep around, i would wait for you to decide if you wanted to be the two of us still, only. i love you very much. Xxx

-

“The Matrix,” Shane said, not quite halfway through Ilya’s comment, “the movie you’re talking about. And, uh, the actor is... Keanu Reef? Maybe? My mum thinks he’s hot, too.”

“Ah,” Ilya said. He was staring hard at his phone, probably reading Shane’s comment as well.

Shane kept reading, his eyes heavy with sleep. Read the rest of the comment with his eyes widening and his chest getting heavier. Sat up fully. Put his phone down on the bedside table. Looked at Ilya. Ilya was still staring determinedly at his phone. The phone screen was dark.

“Ilya.”

“Shanya,” Ilya murmured.

“Fuck, baby,” Shane groaned, leaned in against Ilya’s side, pushed his phone down. “Look at me.”

Ilya glanced at him, and then away again. Cleared his throat.

“You want me to sleep with other people?” Shane asked. “This is something you want?”

Ilya’s face twitched, his eyebrows pulling down hard over his eyes. “No,” he said, rough, “I don’t *want* you to, but I think if you want to, you should.”

“Why would I want to?” Shane asked, his voice raising more than he meant. Swallowed hard and reined himself in. “I don’t want to. I don’t - Ilya. I’m not with you because you’re the only guy I’ve ever felt horny for.”

Ilya blinked, glanced at Shane again. “I know,” he said.

“Do you?” Shane pressed, “Seriously? Because it didn’t feel like you knew that when I was reading what you just wrote. I’m not - I’m not like, some... some naive virgin you corrupted. I mean, yes, you were basically all of my firsts with a man, but you weren’t my *first*. You aren’t the only guy I’ve been with. You’re not the only person who’s made me come, or turned me on. I’m not - I had so many of my firsts with you because I liked you, Ilya,” he said, voice hard. “I didn’t keep - keep coming back to you this whole time just because the sex was good. I didn’t just start liking you after you gave me the app. I’ve liked you this whole time. You know that, right?”

“I,” Ilya said. Paused for a long moment. Let Shane take his hand in his, squeezed it back. “I think, maybe, maybe I was thinking you have liked me for less long than you have? I knew you *wanted* me from beginning, but -”

“I liked you that first fucking day we met,” Shane said, firm. “You were an asshole, and I liked you. I’ve told you that before, haven’t I? I wasn’t just drawn to you because I thought you were hot.”

Ilya shrugged, smiled crookedly at Shane. “Maybe sometimes my brain does not keep reassuring things in easy access for me,” he said. “I did not mean to make you angry with my suggestion.”

Shane grimaced. “You did,” he said. “But more hurt than angry. And mostly because I - I thought you knew how much I love you? I don’t want anyone else.”

“I know,” Ilya said, and then winced, shook his head. “Should have known better,” he adjusted. “Sometimes I say things which sound more right in my head, yes?”

“Yes,” Shane said. He kissed Ilya, “I don’t want to be with anyone else. I don’t think I ever will want to. If I ever do, I’ll tell you, but like, the only way I can see that happening is if there was someone I wanted us to have sex with together and at the moment I cannot even imagine anyone else I want touching you or me.”

“Even in your very good imagination?” Ilya asked, lightly teasing, his eyes all but begging Shane to take this detour so they could stop talking about the comment.

“Even then,” Shane said. “I thought about the clone thing a bit more, as well, and honestly? I don’t think it would work out at all because I would be jealous of clone me for getting to have you. I think it would have to be somehow some kind of sci-fi situation where my consciousness is in two different bodies so I know it’s me the whole way through.”

-

Shane woke up with Ilya’s alarm, set for half an hour before his taxi is due. Not really enough time, but trying for more would be losing too much sleep. He rolled over when Ilya sat up, turning the alarm off, and wrapped his arm over Ilya’s waist.

“Morning, malysh,” Ilya said, voice low and rough with sleep. He ran his hand over Shane’s bedhead. “You can keep sleeping if you want.”

“No,” Shane mumbled, blinked up at him. “Wanted to suck you off. Let me suck you off?”

Ilya swore quietly, laughed. Shane could already feel him chubbing up under his cheek. “Okay, okay,” Ilya said, “you have twisted my arm, you can suck me off, big treat for you, hm?”

“Yeah,” Shane agreed, turning his head so he could nuzzle sleepily against Ilya’s crotch, lifting his hand to hook his fingers over the waistband of Ilya’s pants, tugging them down with lifting his face.

“Fuck, Shanya,” Ilya breathed, his hand still in Shane’s hair. He lifted his hips to help get his undies down, and when Shane got his cock out, he pressed down on the back of Shane’s head until Shane took him into his mouth. “So good.”

It was easy work, even half asleep still, Ilya getting hard so quick in his mouth, his hips twitching under the weight of Shane’s head, his hand in Shane’s hair helping to guide Shane up and down on his cock, Shane happy to take direction. Swallowed hard around him, his throat still a little sore from last night, but not too sore to take it, felt muzzy and pleased about Ilya holding his head down, stayed put until Ilya was tugging on his hair to pull him up, and then held his mouth open for Ilya to jerk off the rest of the way against his lips and tongue.

“Gospodi,” Ilya grunted, gripping Shane’s face tightly, his cheeks squeezing together. “You are so hot. Fuck. Can I take photo? For app?”

“Yeah,” Shane said, the word coming out weird with the squish of his mouth. Let Ilya arrange him, his eyes still heavy with sleep, warm and happy.

Ilya kissed him afterwards, licked his own come from Shane’s lips and mouth, and Shane couldn’t say who ended up swallowing it, shared between them. He reached into Shane’s shorts to jerk him off, kissed him slow as he moved his hand hard and fast, Shane coming with a bitten off groan, body heavy and slow with pleasure. Lay there in the blankets when Ilya got up and then came back quickly with a warm wet cloth to wipe him down. Kissed him again, and again. Must have gone to the bathroom again to give himself a wipe down, because he was gone for a minute, and then Shane was opening his eyes again to Ilya coming back to kiss him goodbye. Hotel door opening and closing. Shane went back to sleep.

-

TO
Lily

Flight went okay?-

FROM Lily

-no we crashed :(

TO
Lily

Ilya.-

FROM Lily _____

-yes went well

*-i am home to unpack and will be going in
to rink soon*

-so rude we are not given recovery day

TO
Lily

*I think the official line is that ASG is meant to be
a friendly game so there's nothing to recover from.-*

*They're not expecting us to have as much sex as
possible.-*

FROM Lily _____

-silly not to expect this

-everyone is having very much sex at asg

TO
Lily

Not everyone-

FROM Lily _____

*-ok yes not boring players who do not have
fantastic hook up buddy or boyfriend*

-but everyone else

TO
Lily

*I think maybe you're just used to hanging out
with certain types of players-*

FROM Lily _____

-player players ;)

TO
Lily

Basically.-

FROM Lily_____

-you are at airport now?

TO
Lily

Yeah I'm waiting at the gate.-

*I wish our next game was bsn/mtl, then you could
have just come home with me.-*

FROM Lily_____

-would have been very nice

-i will be coming day early for game tho

-so we will get some more time together

*-even if some of it has to be spent with, ugh,
friends.*

TO
Lily

:-

It'll be good.-

We can't fuck the whole time, I think we'd die-

FROM Lily_____

-maybe

-maybe not

-you have skate today too?

TO
Lily

Yeah.-

Theriault has a new play he wants us to try.-

*If it's the same one I took into his office last
month and he told me he didn't see it working
I am going to be really mad.-*

FROM Lily_____

-ew he has done this before?

**TO
Lily**

Yes :-/

FROM Lily_____

*-want me to kill him for you? He sounds very
annoying*

**TO
Lily**

No. Mum also offered to kill him lol-

FROM Lily_____

-i think mama yuna and i share some hobbies

-you

**TO
Lily**

Cute-

FROM Lily_____

-also you :)

-

Shane had about forty minutes at home to put his stuff away and prep for work, and then he had to go in. Comforted himself with the reminder that at least Ilya was also at the rink right now, so it wasn't like he could be chatting with him instead. He was still a little sore, from fucking, not from hockey, but it wasn't anything he couldn't ignore. They'd agreed to keep the hickies to a minimum over the weekend, just because of how much time they were

spending together in public, and the lack of evidence of Shane or Ilya being seen with any women.

He had been expecting maybe a slightly dampened mood at practice today, his team tended to talk All Stars down all year as a waste of time, and then get hurt about not being invited, so he was used to them being slightly grumpy when he got home after a weekend. They usually warmed back up pretty quickly, though, once Shane had assured them how right they were about it being a waste of time, how the game didn't even count for anything, so what was the point? They all got to spend the weekend doing something else, and he knew a group of the team often went to Vegas for a boys trip, so they hadn't just been sitting around at home moping. Getting to spend more time with their family wasn't enough, obviously.

Whatever.

The mood was weird when he walked in to the locker room, but not in the damp way he'd been expecting. He figured out pretty quickly the cause of the mood. Well. He didn't figure it out, he was just told straight up what the issue was.

Anders crossing the room to stand in front of Shane at his stall, phone open to an article, eyebrows raised in disbelief.

The article boasted a photo of Shane and Ilya on the ice, Ilya pressing a kiss to Shane's helmet, Shane grinning so wide his eyes were closed with it. His mum always said he looked so cute when he smiled like that, but he'd never seen a photo of himself doing it. Before he could look further, read the headline or anything, Anders pulled the phone back.

"No one is going to fucking take us seriously when we play Boston now," Anders snapped. "It's bad enough you two are friends now, getting papped like you're some kind of celeb, but acting so buddy buddy on ice? Whose goal are you gonna shoot for when they come here?"

Shane scowled, immediately pissed the fuck off. "Our goal," he said stiffly. "Ilya - Rozanov and I were teammates in that game. There's nothing weird about how we acted."

Hayden had been in the bathroom when Anders had approached, but he'd come back into the locker room now, JJ on his heels like he'd gone to fetch him, and they both approached with raised eyebrows.

"It's weird because it's Rozanov," Anders said, waving one hand in the air like he couldn't believe Shane wasn't grasping a very simple concept. "You guys keep being fucking quoted everywhere saying how you're friends off ice, rivals on it, but this kind of paints a different story, huh?"

"Don't be stupid," Hayden said, moving to stand on Shane's left. "What kind of idiot would expect them to be rivals when they're on the same team? You're twisting an obvious message."

"An obvious message?" Anders shot back.

"It's not obvious," Comeau chimed in, pulling his shirt over his head. "They're saying one thing, and then going and doing the other."

"I think it's pretty clear," Shane said stiffly, "that when we say we're rivals on the ice we're talking about when we are on opposing teams. Like we usually are. I wouldn't pass to you if you weren't on my team, Comeau," he said, turning to look at him. "And you wouldn't pass to me. Because we're adults who understand that we're playing a different role for a different occasion. Right?"

"God you're so condescending," Anders snarled.

"Big word for you," JJ said, gave Anders a double thumbs up. "Very impressive, mon ami."

"Fuck off," Anders said, giving JJ the finger in return. "None of you are pissed about this?"

"I'm pissed," Comeau said, unnecessarily.

“It’s just a bit weird,” someone else chimed in, a couple more voices seconding, and thirthing this sentiment.

Shane rolled his eyes. “I guess you’ll all just have to wait until our game with Boston for me to prove your fears un-fucking-founded, then,” he said.

-

Theriaults’ new play was Shane’s play from last month wearing a hat, with the hat taken off midway through the explanation because it worked better without it. Shane seethed. Kept his mouth shut. He wouldn’t give a fuck if Theriault had just agreed in the first place, or at the very least, hadn’t fully shut the idea down. So stupid. Comeau and Drapeau kept calling Theriault a fucking beautician, patting his shoulder when he leaned over onto the ice to yell out instructions. Fuck.

At least Theriault didn’t join in on the popular activity of telling Shane that it was weird and bad press for the Metros to be friends with Rozanov, like somehow them playing on the same team and lit a fire under his teammates about Shane being a Bear, as if Shane hadn’t been drafted here and planned to stay here as long as he could. As if he hadn’t brought them cups and banners and accolades. Made them a team to be taken seriously again.

-

Changing out again after practice, he was disappointed to have no texts waiting from Ilya, and it was this - his want to hear from his boyfriend - that lead to him opening the app notification instead. He was sitting in his stall, no one else around him. Should have been fully safe.

-

Lily rated you

-★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - meh - good - great - **excellent**

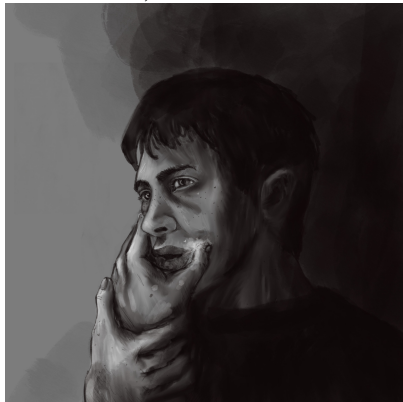
FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

so good at sucking my cock even when you are basically still asleep you are so beautiful and hot and i wanted to put you in my bag and take you home with me. wear you over my shoulders like beautiful scarf and then put you in my lap like blanket on plane. ya tabya lyublyu moy shaneshka xxx

[PHOTO ATTACHMENT]

(image is a photo of Shane's face being held by Ilya's hand - his cheeks squished. His hand is on Ilya's wrist. He looks a little grumpy, half asleep and attempting to focus on Ilya. He has a smear of come on the corner of his mouth and on Ilya's thumb. The photo is heavily shadowed.)



-

From across the room, Hayden tossed an object at him, calling his name as he did, and Shane caught it reflexively with both hands. Gatorade. His phone fell onto the floor, luckily only

from knee height, but landing face up, open to the photo.

He picked it up quickly, closing out of the app entirely before locking his phone again, tried to keep his face smooth and unawkward. Unscrewed the gatorade.

“Thanks, man,” he said.

“All good,” Hayden replied, eyebrows raised at Shane, face bemused. “A new ad shoot? Where do you find the time?”

“Uh,” Shane said.

“You might want to ask for some reshoots, bro,” Bouch called, he’d been walking through the room from the showers when Shane had dropped the phone, pausing to let the gatorade bottle fly through, and he was at his stall now, towel around his waist. “Looked a little gay?”

“A little,” Comeau snorted, “I’m across the room and I could still see that looked a lot more than a little gay. You looked like a whole faggot in that pic, Hollander. They couldn’t find a female model with skinnier arms?”

Jesus. “What -” Shane began, unsure where he was going with this. Possibly ‘what the fuck is wrong with you’.

“I mean, I get it,” Bouch added, shucking his towel, and then holding it at each end to dry between his ass cheeks like he was flossing himself (fucking flossing, that was that stupid dance move name). “Modeling is kind of inherently gay, like, get that fucking money, dude, but they shouldn’t make you do stuff like that.”

“Yeah, if I was as hot as you,” Marchy said, waved away the jeering, “I’d get in in my contract, right? Make sure I look hot as fuck, and always have a hot chick on my arm too, so no one gets the wrong idea.”

“Guys,” Hayden said, sounded very uneasy. “This is stupid.”

“There are a lot of male models,” JJ pointed out, “there is nothing gay about being a model. You have all heard your girls talk about how hot Shane’s ads are, I know I’ve heard your girls talk about it!”

“Fine, whatever,” Shane didn’t even know who was speaking now, everyone’s voices blurring in his head. “Sometimes it isn’t super gay, but fuck, I barely saw that photo and I thought it was gay porn! Not that I know what that looks like -”

“Shut the fuck up, man, that’s so gross, no one wants to fucking think about -”

“If you were a real model you’d probably end up being gay even if you were straight to begin with, like, it’s such a feminising job -”

“God I think I’d rather get another concussion than get a shoot so girly. I hear you have to wear make up-”

Shane should probably just finish packing up his gear and go home. He should probably let Hayden make eye contact with him so Hayden could nod at the door, and then he could follow Hayden home instead. He should probably be chill, and cool, and not fuck shit up. Farah had a plan she was building for him. His parents wanted him to be sensible. Ilya wanted him to be safe.

“Shut the fuck up,” Shane yelled, smacked the palm on his hand hard against the bench he was sitting on, the slap of it loud and stinging. The locker room fell silent around him, Hayden staring at him with a look of dread spilling across his face. “Modeling doesn’t fucking make you gay,” Shane snapped, had no idea what words were going to come out of his mouth next, except that he should keep them there behind his teeth. “I was gay way before I modeled anything, and I fucking hate modeling anyway. They’re two fucking separate things, and neither of them are things to fucking insult.”

Okay. Cool. Definitely should have shut his mouth after the first statement. Could have gotten away with the third one if he'd skipped the second.

-

**TO
Lily**

*I know you're probably still with your coach
I just wanted to give you a heads up that I
might get outed today. Everyone has been
told to keep it off social media but I don't trust
that'll happen.-*

This is my fault, I said something stupid.-

To my team.-

You're not implicated in anyway.-

Except for our friendship.-

I'm sorry.-

I'll make everything okay.-

I love you. Sorry.-

Chapter End Notes

not an app hack... :)

Chapter 32: ILYA

Chapter Notes

:))))

When Ilya got out of the shower, once he'd finished chatting with the coaches about some potential trades they were looking in to for the next season, Marly was standing in the shower room doorway, face weird, holding Ilya's phone.

"What?" Ilya asked, scrubbing at his face, and then his hair with his towel. "Why are you holding my phone like bomb?"

"Saw you were getting lots of texts," Marly said, tense, "from Jane. Uh, I was just gonna - well - prank you both, it doesn't matter. But I saw some of the texts."

Ilya's heart and lungs felt like they were attempting to tie themselves together, balloon animal style. For a half beat he forgot that Marly already knew who Jane was, and he felt like the walls of his and Shane's secrecy were crashing down, and then he remembered it was already fine, and felt a new fear instead.

"What?" Ilya demanded, stepping over to Marly quickly, his feet squelching in the puddle he'd left. "What is happening?"

Marly just held his phone out to him and Ilya grabbed it. Read the texts. Didn't comprehend them for a long, long moment. Felt Marly's eyes on him like a physical weight. What the fuck had happened in the last few hours? Had someone seen them over the weekend? No, Shane said he wasn't implicated (he was pretty sure he knew what implicated meant), that Shane had said something stupid to his team. That didn't make any sense. Shane was so careful. So protective. Not of himself, but of his team, of his secrets.

TO
Jane

shanya what is going on?-

are you safe?-

[OUTGOING CALL]-

[CALL ENDED 0 MINUTES 0 SECONDS]-

call me when you can-

-

“What’s going on?” Marly asked, when Ilya finally looked up from his phone, no sign of Shane seeing his texts, the phone call ringing out into Shane’s boring voicemail. “Is he okay?”

“I do not know, fuck, Marly,” Ilya snapped, “you saw me not get answer on phone!”

“Sorry,” Marly said, hands up appeasingly. “Fuck, okay, brother. Get dry and dressed. I’ll drive you back to yours?”

“I can drive myself,” Ilya said, had forgotten he was wet and naked, and returned to drying himself, dragging the towel roughly over his skin.

“Not if you’re staring at your phone waiting for a call,” Marly pointed out. “What would you do if he called while you were driving, huh? Fucking crash, probably.”

“I would answer very sensibly,” Ilya argued back, bending over to dry his legs perfunctorily before wrapping the towel around his waist and striding into the locker room, “and not crash, because I am amazing driver.”

He said this bit too loud, apparently, because a couple of the other players still in the room took this as an opportunity to chirp him over his speeding tickets. It was a reasonable distraction, and something he could just let wash over him while he got dressed, packed his shit haphazardly.

Shane did not call on the drive home. Ilya's messages to him had not even received the *seen* under them as proof of life. Ilya hated to do it, but he messaged Pike. Very simple. *What the fuck is going on is shane okay?*

When his phone finally did ring, at home, sitting stiffly on the couch with a death grip on the bottle of beer Marly had handed him, it wasn't Shane but Shane's agent Farah, calling him.

"What the fuck," he hissed. Pike still hadn't texted him back, Shane hadn't seen his texts, and now his first response was Farah? He answered the call. "Hello?"

"Ilya?" Farah's voice was smooth, unworried. That did not ease Ilya's stomach, which was knotted and writhing with unknowing. "This is Farah Jalali—"

"Yes," Ilya said, "yes, I have your number. Shane's ma- Yuna Hollander gave to me. What is going on? Is Shane okay?"

Marlow had been in the kitchen, crashing around doing god knows what, but he appeared in the doorway now, eyebrows raised.

"Shane is, yes, he is okay," Farah said carefully. "He is on the phone with Yuna currently. He asked me to touch base with you so we could go over contingency plans."

"Con-tinjy?" Ilya repeated, knew he was glaring, was glad this was a phone call because he couldn't make his face smooth out. "What is this?"

“Just in case plans,” Farah said, “for - are you aware of what happened? Sorry, I assumed Shane had told you.”

“He said he say something stupid to his team,” Ilya said, one of his hands was in his hair, gripping tight. “That he thinks maybe he will be outed online by them? I do not know what else. He is not replying to me.”

“Right, okay,” Farah still sounded calm. It was somehow equal parts soothing and irritating. “The way Shane and Hayden Pike explained it to me it sounds like there was a... photo on Shane’s phone that got glimpsed. He said it was nothing revealing, as in, no nudity or faces other than his shown, but that it was an intimate photo-”

Ilya’s stomach dropped, and then dropped further. He’d probably have to dig up the floorboards to get it back.

“-which started a... locker room wide discussion on how modeling is, uh,” she paused like she was checking something, “inherently gay. Shane apparently lost his temper and said something along the lines of how modeling wasn’t gay, and that he was gay before he started modeling? Ah, so. He told me his coach overheard, and told the entire team they weren’t to post anything online or talk about this to anyone. That is the situation in a nutshell.”

Why would they put the situation in a nut shell? Surely this shit would not fit in there.

“Okay,” Ilya grunted. Had no idea what any of this was going to mean. “Why are we making just in case plans for me, then?”

“Shane is worried your recent, public displays of your close friendship will be brought into scrutiny when the news breaks. I already know about the repercussions you might face with Russia, and of course, the League, if your relationship is uncovered, but Shane has also told me you might be risking flack from your family as well. We want to make sure you have statements you can give to protect yourself, if need be. Shane has asked me to assure you that he will not be... offended if we decide your best course of action to stay in Russia’s good books is to publicly end your friendship, but -”

“Fuck no,” Ilya snapped. Cleared his throat. Marly was moving over to him, face worried. Ilya looked away from him. “Sorry. No. I will not be doing this. I already knew risks. He was already planning on coming out when we decided to be friends in public. I am not taking this away from him. From us.”

“Okay,” Farah said, gentle, like Ilya was a barking dog. He felt like one. Feral. Marly sat down next to him. “I will say I am glad to hear it. Are you willing to talk about statements you might give?”

Ilya sighed. Marly put his hand on his shoulder, squeezed. “Yes.”

-

FROM Jane _____

-Sorry

-I was on the phone with Farah, and then mum, and then Farah again.

-Farah said she got in touch with you. You can change your mind about the friends thing if you want or need to.

TO Jane

*i do not want or need to-
you are trying to make yourself miserable?-*

FROM Jane _____

-No I'm trying to keep you safe.

TO Jane

*i will be fine.-
call me?-*

FROM Jane _____

-[INCOMING VIDEO CALL]

-

Shane looked stressed, but composed. Ilya still brought the phone closer to his face to examined his expression for fault lines.

“Marly is here,” he said, just in case Shane decided now would be the best time to start phone sex or something. He would throw Marly out in that case.

“Hi,” Marly said, sticking his head against Ilya’s shoulder. “Your boy has been stressing out.”

“Hi Marly,” Shane said, attempted a weak looking smile. “Yeah, I - yeah. Sorry, baby. Um.”

In the camera, Ilya saw Marly’s eyebrows raise at *baby*, and spoke before Marly could say anything stupid about it.

“No sorries,” he said, shook his head. “What happened, malysh? They were being shit holes?”

Shane sighed, head ducked. “Yes, but that’s no excuse. I lost my temper. It was stupid of me. I don’t know why I - it’s my fault. I dropped my phone. I think I was just... I was so angry they saw the photo, so angry I was so clumsy about it.”

“Everyone breaks about mean chirping, sometimes,” Marly chipped in here, “you’re not the first guy, let alone first captain, to snap at your team.”

Shane's lips pursed, Ilya could see in his expression how frustrated he was, how close he was to snapping again, pointing out that this wasn't the same thing.

"Maybe it was stupid," Ilya said, batted his hand at Marly's face when he opened his mouth. "But was understandable. You have been putting up with such stupid things from their stupid mouths for so long. Of course you would be upset for how they react seeing your beautiful face in photo. I am sorry, for sending photo while I knew you were at rink. I should have waited until after, so as not to tempt."

"Wait, what?" Marly looked from Ilya's phone to Ilya, "You sent a dirty photo while we were all at practice?"

"No," Ilya said automatically, and then groaned. "A little," he admitted. "But it was not very dirty. Was very artistic actually, I think, very pretty photo."

"Hayden thought it was for a modeling shoot," Shane said, a rueful smile on his face. "So, yeah. I guess it was kind of artsy. I think the low lighting helped with that."

"Jeeze," Marly snorted, "so you're a beauty on the rink and behind a camera, huh, Roz?"

"Shut the fuck up," Ilya replied. "I just pressed button, Shanya was one being beauty."

"You shut the fuck up," Shane echoed, eyes closed. "This is a fucking nightmare."

"Yes," Ilya agreed. "But is only a nightmare. You will wake up. It will be okay."

A long pause. Shane opened his eyes again, red rimmed, eyes shiny but no tears fallen. "Okay," he said. "Yeah. It'll be okay. This is - not what I wanted, not how I wanted it. But it's - I was going to come out."

“Yes, exactly,” Ilya said. Ridiculous he wasn’t able to reach through his screen and wipe at Shane’s eyes. Kiss him. “This is not best outcome, no, but will not be worst, either. Yes? You have Farah, and you have your mama, and you have your friends, and you have me.”

“Also me,” Marly said.

“You are included in friends,” Ilya snapped, “shut up.”

Shane snorted, shaking his head slightly. “Okay,” he said again. “I know. It’ll be okay. I - I’ve already made an extra appointment with Renee, so. I’m not - I don’t think I’m like, freaking out freaking out. Did that in Hayd’s car, so I’m good for now.”

Ilya wished he could have been there. Did Pike know that Shane needed to be held so tightly to feel better? Did Pike know to put his hand on Shane’s nape and squeeze.

“He was good?”

“Yeah,” Shane shrugged. “I mean. Yeah. I always feel a bit like one of his kids when he comforts me, but I think that’s just because he reverts to dad mode out of habit. Offered me a juice box, afterwards.”

“What flavour?” Marly asked.

“Blackcurrant and apple,” Shane replied, rolling his eyes, “and yes, I did drink it. And ate the baggie of banana chips.”

“Good,” Ilya said. “I was glad to hear he spoke to Farah with you.”

“She was too,” Shane said, “I was not very coherent. He had to do most of the talking. I’ve been very, uh, bad with words today.”

Unable to keep it in any longer, Ilya blurted out; “Want me to come?”

Shane blinked at him, Ilya watched his eyes dart to and fro, looking from Ilya to Marly and back again, saw the moment Shane decided to joke, to try and ease the stress levels.

“Maybe not with Marly right here, baby,” he said, “I don’t think he’d appreciate it.”

Ilya rolled his eyes.

“Wouldn’t be the first time I’ve been in hearing distance of you two,” Marly pointed out, also rolling his eyes, “although to be fair, I didn’t know it was you, at the time, Hollzy.”

“Yes, well,” Shane shrugged. “I think, don’t come to Montreal yet,” he added, quiet. “Keep the game schedule. Let’s not - let’s try not to make any other news, yeah? It would be news if you missed a game and then were seen here, or with me. Especially if I get outed.”

Ilya knew this would be Shane’s response, still had hoped it wouldn’t be. That Shane would want enough to be less sensible. Not that he wanted Shane to be... scared. Just. He wanted to help, he wanted to be needed. He wanted to be with Shane so he could see everything coming at the same time, so they could deal with it together.

“So, I had a thought, bro,” Marly said then, talking to Shane. “Just, like, as something to keep the heat off of you and Roz? I thought maybe you and me could like, go out together. Just the two of us.”

A beat of silence.

“Marlow what the fuck,” Ilya snapped, “are you trying to fucking ask my boyfriend out on a date in front of me?”

Shane was blushing.

“No, jeeze,” Marly gritted out, shaking his head. “I mean. Yes, kind of. But not really! Like, we’d just go and hang out somewhere. A coffee shop. A pub. So we’re seen, and it’s not so weird for Hollzy to be hanging out one on one with you if he also hangs out one on one with other Bears, right?”

“Right,” Shane said, was nodding slowly. “I can see how that would help. Are you sure? Because I think - when I come out, the media is going to look at every guy I’m seen with and gossip about it. You’d be facing a lot of questions, probably.”

Marly shrugged, “Yeah I know,” he said, seemed utterly unphased. “I don’t have a problem with it. If it keeps the heat off Roz, and helps you out at all Hollzy, I’m down.”

“Ilya?” Shane said, pulled his lower lip between his teeth.

“Yes, okay, yes,” Ilya agreed. “Is a good idea. I will be not even a little jealous.”

“Okay,” Shane said.

-

He had not told Shane about his appointment with Ivan. Didn’t want to say anything until he’d been to at least one session with the therapist and not died about it. Didn’t want to say anything until he could say he had actually gone, and sat, and talked, and booked a second appointment.

-

Ivan’s office was quite plain. A lot of wood and clean surfaces. Ilya thought Shane would probably like it, though he would have opinions about it. The chairs were comfortable

though. There had been the option of a small couch with cushions, and an armchair, and Ilya had taken the armchair and a cushion from the couch to hold on his knee. Ivan was in a straight backed dining chair opposite him, a notebook on his lap, a pen in hand. There was a low table between them holding two glasses and a carafe of water. Also a box of tissues. Ivan had poured them both a glass of water, taken a sip of his before putting it back down.

“So, Ilya,” Ivan said, “tell me what has brought you here.”

He hoped it would be easier, in Russian. Trying to spell out all the weirdness inside him. The thing that lived between his ribs most days, but sometimes tried to crawl inside his lungs.

“My boyfriend asked me to,” he said, a cop out and a test at once. Ivan had said he was LGBT+ friendly, but it might have just been a thing he had to say. He watched Ivan’s face as he spoke, didn’t see even a flicker of disgust.

“And why did your boyfriend ask you to come to therapy?”

“He is going to therapy as well, and he thinks maybe it will help me. And us.”

Ivan raised his eyebrow at Ilya, like he was allowing Ilya to deflect, but wasn’t impressed with it.

“He is the only one who thinks it will help? You do not have any reasons of your own for coming here?”

Ilya wondered if Shane also felt this on edge in his sessions. He was glad Ivan was younger. Still older than Ilya by at least a decade, but with a head of hair, and dark eyes. Knew he would have balked even further by now if he was being asked questions by anyone who looked like they could have power over him.

“My mama killed herself when I was twelve,” Ilya said, because it was the hardest and easiest starting point. *“Sometimes I find myself very sad in the same way she seemed very sad. I think*

about - about how it might be. To do it myself. Accidentally, maybe."

Ivan nodded. He didn't look very taken aback. Probably he heard worse sob stories daily. Ilya was most likely a speck of grief amongst a galaxy of it.

"And are you feeling this way currently? Do you have any plans to hurt yourself? Or to cause an...accident?"

Ilya shook his head, mulish with the regret and horror of saying words out loud. Ivan looked like he was waiting for more, needing a verbal response before he could keep going. Maybe if Ilya didn't give a real reply he would be parceled up and sent to some hospital ward or something because of a weird law or rule of therapists. Was that a thing? Could they make him do that? He didn't think so.

"No," he said. "I do not want to die. I have no plans for it. Or to hurt myself. Well. I am a hockey player, and we have a game tomorrow, so probably I will get bruises then, but they are not planned, exactly."

Ivan nodded again. *"Yes, I am aware you are a hockey player. Just so we are clear, I do not know much more than that you are the captain of the Boston Bears, and you play very well. I did not look into your family history, or anything else. All other knowledge I will have of you is only what you choose to share with me. I am sorry about your mama."*

"You would not find much of my family in American media," Ilya said with a shrug, "a little in Russia, but not much. I would not have cared so much if you had looked. It will probably be easier if I tell you about them now."

"Please do," Ivan waved at him invitingly. He had one leg crossed over the other. "Feel free to tell me anything you think is useful information, anything that you think might be relevant to you coming to see me."

Where to start? It would be easier not to start. To push himself up out of the chair, drop the cushion on the floor, walk out. He didn't like sitting here prising himself open for a stranger. Didn't like that there was this yearning stinging feeling sitting in his chest urging him to say

everything. To say all the things he kept under his tongue for years, and years, and years because it would be weak to complain, to cry, to not want.

“My father and my older brother are police. We are not on good terms. I send them money every month, and then also sometimes in between when I am asked for it. My brother - Alexei - he is... he has baby daughter, Raisa. He spends most of his paycheck on addictions. I am always scared if I do not send the money, Raisa will go hungry. My father is ill, he has dementia. I send money for his treatment, but I rely on Alexei to make sure he is being looked after, to make sure the nurses are good to him. The money goes missing often, and I have to send more, or my father is not looked after. His wife, Polina, is no help. She calls to complain Alexei is not helping, but then she is staying out of town with her sister, or with a friend, and is not helping either, and leaving him alone.

He calls me. Father. He calls me and asks after my dead mother. Asks where I am, how I am breaking curfew, to pick up bread on my way home. He calls me and he is alone even though I am bleeding money for nurses and around the clock care, and for Alexei to spend time there, and I cannot - I am here. In America. Making the money for them, and Alexei calls to tell me I am being a bad son, not being there, that money is not enough. But that is all they ever want from me. Really. Every Summer I go home to Moscow and I do everything, but it is never enough. It is all reliant on my wallet. And I know my brother hates me for it. For my money, my success, for the fact that even when father forgets Alexei, he remembers me. I do not know how to tell Alexei that he remembers me only because of the money I bring him, the money, the fame, the shame, as well. I do not have his love, no matter what Alexei thinks.”

Ilya paused, his throat feeling raw. Hadn't expected such a wave of words and grief to wash over him. Felt drenched in it. He reached for his glass of water and downed it in one go. Put it back down on the table, refilled it. Took another gulp, put it back down again.

“It sounds like you have a lot of responsibility put on you with very little thanks in return,” Ivan said, his voice low and kind. He still had a Russian accent, but it was thinned out slightly. Ilya wondered how long he had lived here. If Ilya's accent was also thinned out to the ears of people still living in Russia. *“Living away from family, especially family that is so demanding of you, is difficult for anyone. You are a public figure here, which makes it easier for them to keep an eye on you, I suppose, without offering any insight for you, but must keep you closer in their minds making your absence more noticeable.”*

“I am always aware of their eyes on me,” Ilya said grimly. Stared at the coffee table between them, at the slight tremor over the surface of the water, still settling from being picked up and put down again. *“They are watching for me to fuck up, so they can call and tell me off. My father does that less now he is less aware of what is happening around him, but I still wait for his call every time I lose a match.”*

“That sounds like a very upsetting way to have to live,” Ivan said, like he was just allowed to say things like that. “I am sorry, Ilya. This has always happened? Being told off after a loss?”

“Of course,” Ilya shrugged. “I am captain of my team. I have been captain of most of my teams. When they lose it is my fault. My father has put a lot of time and money into my career, and he has a stake in my reputation. When I fail he feels he has failed as well, and he hates to fail.”

“Do you hate to fail?”

“Not in the same way, I think. I want to win. I do not want to let people down. I like to be good at what I do, but part of the game is losing.”

-

**TO
Jane**

i saw therapist today-

FROM Jane _____

-Oh! Ivan Mastakovitch?

-How was it?

**TO
Jane**

how do you remember his last name?-

FROM Jane _____

-Because it was in the email?

-That you read to me.

TO
Jane

*yes just small detail i wasn't thinking you would
remember.-*

FROM Jane_____

-Okay. I remembered it.

-Do you want to to call?

TO
Jane

i dont know-

FROM Jane_____

-We can just text

-Did it go okay?

TO
Jane

he is nice man. maybe too nice?-

FROM Jane_____

-Nice is good, surely? How is he too nice?

TO
Jane

he is too soft? thinks i had bad childhood-

*is this just what all therapists says? you have bad
childhood you must stay in therapy and pay me
money for years and i will tell you uou have
things like daddy issues?-*

FROM Jane_____

-He said you have daddy issues??

TO
Jane

no-

just a thing i have hear on internet.-

FROM Jane _____

*-So he's too nice because he thinks you
had a tough time as a kid?*

**TO
Jane**

yes-

FROM Jane _____

*-Your childhood in which your mum died,
your father and brother were cruel to you,
and you began paying their bills while you
were still a minor?*

-That's the childhood we're talking about?

**TO
Jane**

[OUTGOING CALL]-

-

“You make it sound like I am abused orphan in story,” Ilya complained when Shane answered the phone. “I am not saying I had a good time as a child, but I did not have worst time. I know this.”

He listened to Shane breathing for a few seconds, waiting for the particular inhale that pre-empted speech.

“It doesn't have to be the worst to have been bad,” Shane said eventually, his voice slow in the way it got when he was thinking very hard about phrasing.

Sometimes Ilya felt like Shane was doing the same sort of translating in his head as Ilya had to do, just instead of English to Russian to English, Shane was translating Shane to English to Shane again.

“Mm, yes. But I do not think is... useful? I am not going to therapy to talk about problems from before, yes? I am going for problems now.”

“I think,” Shane said, still slow, “I mean. From what I - I mean.” He stopped with a huff, his translation obviously not yet complete. Ilya waited patiently. “It’s like if you train with the wrong skates as a kid,” Shane said. “And you don’t get the right skates until you’re an adult, but you’re used to the wrong ones so you’re not... not leaning in the right ways, or you’re relying on a pressure that isn’t there anymore, so it doesn’t work right. You have to learn the new skate, and like, separate in your head the old skate and the new?”

Ilya laughed, couldn’t help himself. Shane huffed again. “I love you,” Ilya said, chuckled again, pressed his phone hard against his ear like he could fuse it and Shane to his skin. “I do - I understand your story. Metaform?”

“Metaphor,” Shane said, soft. “I’m sorry I always make it about hockey.”

“Shanya,” Ilya said, “no. I love that you make it about hockey. I love how your brain works and sees things. I always want your hockey meat-fors.”

“You’re saying it wrong on purpose now,” Shane accused, and Ilya laughed again. “Asshole.”

“Yes,” Ilya agreed. “I will see him again. Even though he wants to talk about *little Ilya*, *Ilyushenka*. We did also talk a bit about, ah, you.”

Shane had made a soft noise when Ilya had said his name, and a softer noise when Ilya had said the sweeter form of it. Ilya wondered if Shane was trying to imagine him. Little Ilya, Ilyushenka. Wondered if he had any photos he could show Shane.

“Do you want to talk about it with me?” Shane asked, sounding cautious. “You don’t have to.”

“Was nothing bad,” Ilya said, because that was what he worried about the most. Shane telling other people how Ilya was awful but not telling Ilya how he was being awful so he couldn’t change it. “Just - just how you are having... having tough time right now. And you will be coming out, and how I am. Scared. For you, and for me.”

“Yeah,” Shane said, “I’m sorry I dropped this on you. I know you knew it would happen eventually, but I did want there to be a build up. To ease in to it. I’m sorry I ruined that for us.”

“You ruined nothing,” Ilya said. “You have game tonight?”

“Yes.”

“How is your team?”

Shane sighed heavily. “Not great,” he said. “I’m worried that Theriault is going to bench me, because I’m not being passed to as much as I should be. I’m hoping they’ll get it together enough for the game that it’ll be fine.”

Ilya hated the Metros. He didn’t know how it would go at the Bears, if Ilya came out in the locker room, but he didn’t think it would be bad in the way Pike had texted to tell Ilya about. He wished Shane had told him how one of his own teammates had shoved him. That there had been so much yelling. Pike had a split lip from a scuffle with another team mate. JJ had apparently punched another one, and they’d both been fined for fighting. Shane had been fined for inciting. He wondered if Shane knew Pike had told Ilya this, or if they were all pretending it was a secret.

“No one is...” Ilya paused, tried to figure out a way to word his questions without making Shane retreat. “No one is hurting you?”

Shane cleared his throat, a shallow rasp over the phone. “No,” he said. “There was - yesterday, I - there was a little spat. But in practice today it was fine. I mean. Physically.”

“Physically,” Ilya repeated. “So they are saying mean things to you?”

“Not a lot,” Shane said, which wasn’t a comforting answer at all. He continued to be uncomfortable. “Why - why didn’t you tell me you had a therapy appointment?”

Ilya squeezed his eyes shut, pinched at the bridge of his nose. He wanted to get into bed and burrow under the blankets, but he still needed to go for a run, and call Sveta, and make dinner, and eat. And watch Shane’s game.

“I was... unsure I would go,” he said. “I did not want to tell you and then let you down.”

“I could have helped,” Shane replied. “Like you helped me.”

“Yes,” Ilya said. “I know, you could have. You would have. I was feeling... uh, like pity. Too much for myself, feeling very much that.”

Shane paused for a long moment, and then suggested; “Pathetic?”

“Yes, yes this word,” Ilya said, hated how his internal dictionaries got so muddled sometimes. It had been easier doing therapy in Russian, but he still had to figure out what words to use, and every so often the right word would only appear in his head in English, which was so stupid and annoying.

“You’re not pathetic,” Shane said. “But I understand feeling that way about it. Do you still feel... pathetic?”

“Yes,” Ilya said, growled a little, frustrated with himself. “No. Probably a little still, yes, but not so much. Now I have done it. I did not - did not run away.”

“Even if you’d run away,” Shane said, “I still wouldn’t think you were pathetic.”

“Maybe,” Ilya said, then, “so, you will be seeing Marly before even me, hm?”

Shane laughed lightly, almost bitter sounding. “Yeah. He’s not playing in the game between tomorrow and Montreal, he said something to me about resting old bones for harder games. He’s not that much older than us, right? Like, he’s, hang on. I know this. Turning thirty this year?”

“Fuck I forget that,” Ilya snorted, “next year, I think. Maybe he is old, but at least he is not dinosaur like Hunter.”

“You’re so bizarre,” Shane said, laughing again, bitterness gone. “But yeah. He’s, um, he’s flying in the day before you, actually. He’s gonna get a rental and a hotel, and I’m going to meet him for coffee. Probably hang out, and then, meet Hayd and JJ for dinner and drinks.”

“Big busy day,” Ilya said, not jealous at all. “You did not offer him spare room?”

“No,” Shane said, “because the next day you’re coming, and I’m hoping to be coming as well, and according to you I make a bit of noise for that.”

Ilya laughed. “You are trying to start something now, moy lyubimyy?”

Shane let out a noise like a groan. “No,” he said, “I have to get back to the Bell Centre. Promise you’ll still love me if I play terribly tonight?”

“Yes I promise,” Ilya said, snorted, “so silly, Shanya. Always I will love you. Anyway, if you are playing terribly tonight will only be because your team is fucking up.”

Shane sighed. "Maybe," he said.

"You text me," Ilya said. "Or call. If they are bad. Please. I want you to tell me."

"I know," Shane said. "I'll try. I - I'll call you after the game?"

"Please."

"Okay," Shane sighed again. So full of sighs. "I love you."

-

Ilya watched the game with Sveta on speakerphone, her watching from her own bed, his phone balanced on his chest. Both of them wincing their way through the game, criticising the lack of coherency in the defence, the terrible follow through, the gaping gaps where players should be for Shane to pass to. Cheered together every time Shane made a goal. Seethed together every time the only team mates celebrating were Pike and Boiziau. Svetlana talked him down from buying a plane ticket to be at Shane's house tonight. Reminded him of all the things Shane had sensibly already told him about why it wouldn't be a good idea. Distracted him from his annoyance by telling him stories of her recent hook ups.

They said goodbye after the game, once media was wrapped up, so that Ilya's phone would be free for Shane's call. Her saying, *Ilyushka, ya tebya lyublyu*, and him replying in kind.

His phone rang again ten minutes after he and Svetlana had hung up, and he was surprised at first at how quickly Shane was calling, and then distressed instead to see it was a call from his father. He answered.

-

"Ilya, stupid boy. You have not cleaned up your mess!"

“Sorry sir, I will clean it up. Are you at home?”

“Of course I am at home, what a silly question. I am in the dining room right now looking at your smashed dishes. You have a terrible temper.”

“I am sorry, father. Is - is Polina there? Alexei?”

“Polina? Is this your girlfriend? No. No one is here. Where is your mother? Where is Irina, she should be making dinner for me now, but the room is empty.”

“She will come soon. Maybe if you go sit and wait on your arm chair? I will call and make sure someone will be there.”

“Pah, everyone here is useless. You cannot even clean up a mess and you think you will one day make a name for yourself. Lazy, lazy boy, like your mother.”

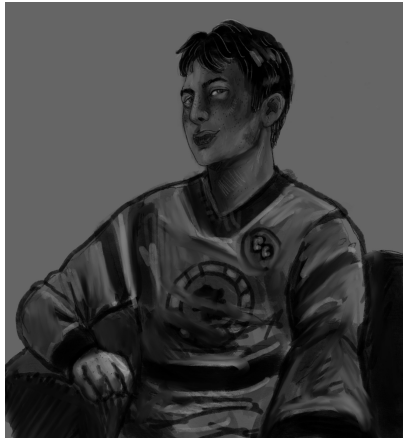
-

FROM Jane_____

-I'm wearing your jumper.

-[IMAGE ATTACHED](image is a selfie of Shane sitting on the couch, wearing a Bear's jumper. From waist to head shown.

There's a bruise on his jaw.)



TO
Jane

you look so good in it-

FROM Jane_____

-I almost sent the photo to the Metro groupchat. They're fucking convinced I'm gonna forget who I am and try to score for the Bears.

TO
Jane

you are so sexy when you are angry-

FROM Jane_____

-Good, because I think I'm going to be angry a lot for a while.

TO
Jane

what do you need, shanya?-

FROM Jane_____

-You. Always.

TO
Jane

tell me what you are wearing with jumper-

FROM Jane_____

-Nothing.

-Socks.

**TO
Jane**

have to keep your feet warm-

are you hard?-

FROM Jane _____

-Almost

**TO
Jane**

where are you?-

FROM Jane _____

-On my couch. There's a towel down.

-I had a shower, haven't dressed.

**TO
Jane**

got too needy-

thinking about me?-

FROM Jane _____

-Yes

-Thinking about you holding my head down
when I sucked you off the other day

-I really liked it

**TO
Jane**

your mouth was so hot and wet so open for me-

FROM Jane _____

-I felt like I was dreaming especially when
you jerked me off afterwards

-Like the best sex dream I've ever had

**TO
Jane**

*you are like a dream-
so beautiful to sleep with-
i love to reach out and touch you-
press against your back and feel you breathe-
hold your hips and feel them jerk back against
me, needy and wanting even in your sleep-*

FROM Jane

-Fuck

-Do I grind on you?

**TO
Jane**

*yes-
pushing your fat ass against my cock until i am so
hard and pressed in your crack tight even through
your little slutty shorts-
so hard decision to pull shorts down or rip them
open at your hole and fuck you through them-*

FROM Jane

-fuck don't rip them

-they're stretchy, just push them to the side

-Can you feel my hole through them?

-I'm fucking throbbing for you

**TO
Jane**

*bylat malysh you are such slut-
i will be so nice and not rip shorts-*

*rubbing my cock against your hole through fabric-
needing more so i push shorts up so i can see you-*

your fucking slutty hole so needy for me-

are you sleeping? are you waking up?-

FROM Jane_____

-Waking up, wanting you so bad

-First thought is you in me

*-imagine i'm already so wet for you so you
can just slide right in.*

-like a pussy.

**TO
Jane**

gospodi you will kill me-

fuck i love your ass so much-

takes me so good-

*so hot and wet and tight like you are sucking
me into you like you want me so deep-*

FROM Jane_____

-I do i do want you so deep

*-want you to push me onto my stomach
and pin me down and fuck me like that*

*-i'm still half asleep and relaxed all i am is
want for you in me deep*

**TO
Jane**

ok yes i am putting you over lying on you-

heavy weighing you down pushing my cock in and in-

so easy for me like hot knife in butter-

*sink into you so deep my hips are pressed into
your ass hard enough to bruise-*

my hands are pressing down on your lower back-
pushing you into mattress-
how is your poor cock? he is still trapped in shorts?-

FROM Jane _____

-So hard, so wet grinding against bed

-kisassing me?

**TO
Jane**

yes shanya kissing you kissing you so much-
biting your neck gonna leave marks-
tongue in your mouth like i am fucking you there
too , love how you moan for it-

FROM Jane _____

-i love it

-love you in me

**TO
Jane**

im so deep in you malysh grinding against you
making you mine-

FROM Jane _____

-fucksyeah say im yours

**TO
Jane**

You're mine Shanya-

FROM Jane _____

-im yours

-fuck

-ilyasdhenkja

**TO
Jane**

*shaneshka lyubimyy-
you are so fucking hot-
I want to stay in you-
on you-
sleep again like this-*

FROM Jane _____

*-I want that too
-Wake up again later with you still in me.*

**TO
Jane**

i'll fuck you again when you wake up properly-

FROM Jane _____

-I'll ride you ;)

**TO
Jane**

you had fun?-

FROM Jane _____

*-lol yes
-came so hard
-was that okay for you?*

**TO
Jane**

*yes lyubimyy-
i am washing my sticky hand now-*

FROM Jane _____

-I love you.

-The game was tough. Did you watch?

**TO
Jane**

ya tebya lyublyu-

yes i watched-

your team are all stupid fucks-

I have decided they are not even cursed babies-

babies would have been better-

*these fuckers are like weeevils made human
on accident-*

yucky-

FROM Jane

-Yeah. I'm not surprised we lost.

*-It did feel like none of them knew how their
limbs worked. And I know Anders isn't the
most elegant skater, but like, that was just
embarrassing in third.*

**TO
Jane**

we should have him put down-

FROM Jane

-I wish.

**TO
Jane**

and apart from match? how were they?-

FROM Jane

-Could've been worse.

**TO
Jane**

shanya-

FROM Jane _____

-It's the usual shit. Slurs. Dumb jokes that aren't jokes at all. Cold shoulder.

-Theriahult has told me the team has asked me to shower after them. So that's great.

-Being shoved in doorways. In gates.

-No one is saying anything fully outright.

-Theriahult says he's not going to fine anyone for being takenaback or feeling betrayed.

-We haven't had an official meeting about it yet because it needs to be done right apparently. So I haven't been benched.

**TO
Jane**

*I am sorry-
this is so much shit-*

FROM Jane _____

-Yeah

-but hey, according to Theri, at least no one has threatened to kill me or posted online.

**TO
Jane**

i am again asking to please let md kill him-

FROM Jane _____

-No

-My mum will kill me if I let someone else kill him when she's been wanting to for years.

-She hates he's still head coach.

-LeGardin is fine, but I don't think he's head coach material, so idk.

TO
Jane

*maybe metros need new team and new
coaches. -*

do big whole rebuild around you-

only player worth shit-

you could be coach too-

FROM Jane_____

-Sounds like a lot of pressure

TO
Jane

what if this is how we do the clones?-

*clone threesome, and then clone is sent to
rink and gets to do nothing but hockey all the time-*

FROM Jane_____

-hmmmm yeah no I'd be jealous of that

TO
Jane

always a bigger slut for the ice than me-

FROM Jane_____

-No

-If I had to choose I'd choose you

TO
Jane

i am not going to ask you to choose-

FROM Jane_____

-I know

-but just in case. Just so you know.

-

You rated Jane

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - **great** - excellent

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - **meh** - good - great - excellent

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

such sexy mind and thoughts and body shanya i think if you want this we could do this when i am in mtl with you. i was a little tired and sad maybe still from ivan the terrible and seeing your sad face in metro interview so i was maybe not as horny as i would have been otherwise but was still so hot and sexy and i came a lot was also just a bit sad wanting to be touching you for real and not getting to kiss you or hold you after. i love you many much i am giving you so many kisses and also so many kisses on your butt hole so nice xxxxxx

-

Jane has rated you

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - **meh** - good - great - excellent

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

After you left the hotel and I went back to sleep I dreamed you were fucking me, both of us on our sides just rocking in to me and I was falling asleep and waking up and you were still fucking me and when I woke up for real I was so hard. You're so good at sexting it always blows my mind and also makes me blow my load. We could do that if you want. If we used the sex blankets I think I could handle being messy for a while, especially if I was already sleepy. I've thought about it before, how i like it when you stay in me. I love you. I'm so proud of you for going to therapy. I love you. Xxx

Chapter 33: SHANE

Chapter Notes

:)

Shane sent out a heads up before he posted on his instagram, his twitter, and his public facebook. None of which he usually spent any time on, or posted much of anything that he hadn't been asked to post. Sponsorships, team photos, win celebrations. He put JJ, Hayden, Marly, Connors, Rose, and Ilya into one messenger group chat that felt like a terrible idea, and he hoped it wouldn't lead to...shenanigans. Hoped that Rose wouldn't mind being dumped in a group chat with a bunch of hockey players she didn't know. Hoped no one would be weird to her. He felt a bit bad about the fact there were more Bears than Metros in the chat. But. Well. Some of his team mates weren't treating him like he was the rat that had started the plague, but they weren't going a single extra step. He had hoped maybe Bouch, or Marchy, or Miitka would be willing to have his back, verbally at the really least. He had hoped -

Whatever.

-

TO
GC

Hi guys, sorry for the big group message. I just wanted to let you all know that I am about to post my coming out statement on my socials. I apologise in advance for any weird press/fan comments any of you might receive due to your friendships with me.-

FROM

Rose

-You go, babe!!! Love you xxx

FROM Ilya

-ya tebya lyublyu malysh

FROM Cliff_____

-HELL YEAH BROTHER!!!! Looking forward to seeing you tomorrow!!

**FROM
Hayden**_____

-You've got this, bud. I'm ready to hit like on all the posts, finger ready.

FROM Ilya_____

-finger ready sounds very sexual...

**FROM
Hayden**_____

-Shut the fuck up Rozanov Jesus

FROM JJ_____

-calisse mon ami, you are brave! I am also ready with my finger ;)

FROM Ilya_____

->:(

**FROM
Connors**_____

*-ooh I volunteer my finger as well
-for liking posts
-don't kill me roz ;)*

FROM Cliff _____

*-OBVIOUSLY I will also like the posts, but
I'm one upping ALL OF YOU by taking
Shane on a date tomorrow so boo ya*

FROM Rose _____

*-(@Shane is this GC just like, people who
have wanted/want to date you???)*

**FROM
Connors** _____

-that would be sooo funny

-wait are you Rose as in Rose Landry???

FROM Ilya _____

-it is not a fucking date cliff stop it

-

Immediate insanity. Shane didn't bother trying to wade in.

Farah had offered to update his socials for him, once they'd finished writing the statement together, but Shane had said he could do it himself. He could handle it. Maybe he'd ask her to take over in the aftermath. His parents had asked if he wanted them to come stay with him, to be there physically when he posted, and he had told them no as well. He'd managed, he was pretty sure, to convince them that he was not actually as close to the edge as they feared. Him slipping up and yelling at his team had undone some of his work of acting fully fine and normal, but not so badly that they had come to stay with him anyway.

He had strict instructions to direct any calls he might get from the League, or from the Metro's management to Farah. She had done her research, combed through Shane's contracts, found nothing that could dump Shane into any real legal hot water. She promised him she would keep him out of trouble from that - contracts, legalese, agreements - but that she couldn't promise him an overall good outcome.

They (he, Farah, his mum) had gone over and over what the fall out could be. How Shane might be snubbed for events, for opportunities. How his ice time might be cut. How when his contract ran out he might not be resigned. How the Metros might try to get him to waive his no trades condition. They didn't bother talking too much about any good results. His mum warned that he might lose a couple of his sponsorships, but not to worry, because most of them weren't even hockey related and would probably like that it would give them more representation.

Shane considered how upset everyone was already going to be with him, and if it would be worth it to ask to just drop all of his sponsors and never have another fucking photo taken of him that wasn't just for him and who he chose to share it with.

He posted.

-

There has been a lot of speculation recently surrounding my love life, due to my slip up in a post-match interview. I am usually a very private person outside of hockey, but after a lot of thought I have decided I wanted to share this publicly, partially to put a stop to the investigation into the lives of every woman I am ever seen with, but mostly because not saying it has been keeping me from living my life.

I am gay. I have a boyfriend. My close friends know this, already, know that I have been with my boyfriend for a long time now, in secret, using feminine pronouns and names to refer to each other with. That isn't how I want to live, or love, in secret only.

For those who are worried this will effect my hockey performance, I will say that I led my team through playoffs and to a Stanley cup, twice, while I was with my boyfriend, not to mention countless other wins, and awards.

I understand that many of you will want to know who my boyfriend is, and I ask that his privacy be respected. Coming out is a decision personal to each individual, and has

dangers attached to it; social and physical.

Below are links to YouCanPlay, and some other LGBTQ+ organisations involved in sport.

See you on the ice

Captain Shane Hollander

-

**TO
Lily**

Was this a mistake?-

I think i'm freaking out a bit-

*Each post I made felt like I was in literal
physical danger my body was insane-*

Full on adrenaline rush-

FROM Lily

-[INCOMING CALL]

-

“You are safe, lyubimyy,” Ilya said immediately, “You are in your nice safe home, and you have made very lovely, very scary post, yes, because you are so brave.”

“I don’t feel brave at all,” Shane said. He was sitting on the couch where he’d been posting from, felt frozen, or melted in to it. Wanted to go to his bed and hide under the covers. “I feel like - like - like this is all I could do. The only other option was waiting for someone to betray me.”

“Very Jesus,” Ilya said, confusingly. “Many people would be waiting. But this is also still not full truth, Shanya. This was still your plan, just quicker than you wanted. This is you standing up, yes? Not letting them steal it from you.”

Shane sighed, eyes closed. Held his breath and listened to Ilya’s breathing for a moment so he could cling on to the rhythm of it and began breathing again in sync with him.

“Was it okay?” he asked. “My post. I know it’s - it’s been through Farah and mum, but I - I don’t know. It all feels like too much and too little to have said.”

“I liked it,” Ilya said, “I liked especially how you make sure everyone knows you are not single and ready to mingle.”

Shane snorted. “Right,” he said, “yeah, because obviously me coming out is very, very attractive to all these make believe men in your head who want me carnally.”

“Carnally?” Ilya asked, “Is this like, uhhh, carnival? Clowns?”

“Uh,” Shane said, “I guess I actually don’t know the exact definition? But it means, like, sexually.”

“Ahhh, hm. Yes, exactly. All these very real men who want you carnally now know they have no chances with you, you have already been carnally claimed.”

“Ew,” Shane snorted, “that’s - don’t say that.”

He heard Ilya laugh lightly, could picture the smile on his face. “You still have therapy this evening? Maybe she will also let you know you are most wanted man in hockey. Carnally and otherwise. Besides me, of course.”

“Of course,” Shane said dryly. “Yes, I do, and no, Renee is not going to tell me any of that. Thank god. Hey.”

“Hey?”

“You’re not like, actually jealous or mad about me and Marly meeting up are you?”

A short pause, a sigh. “No,” Ilya said. “Of course not, malysh. I know is not a date.”

“It isn’t,” Shane agreed. “And he doesn’t like me like that. And I don’t like him like that.”

“Yes, yes,” Ilya said, in the tone that meant he was also waving one hand dismissively. “I know this. Why would you go for him when you could have me, anyway? Yes, maybe he is taller, bigger, but I am, uhhh, sexier.”

“You are,” Shane said, perfectly happy to appease Ilya in this. A good distraction from everything else, telling his boyfriend how hot he was. “You’re so fucking sexy. The sexiest. Sometimes when we watch Boston tape with the team I have to excuse myself because I get a hard on over your perfect fucking edges.”

Ilya laughed again, relaxed and warm. “You are such a hockey slut,” he said affectionately. “You find me hottest when I am at my most covered up?”

“I find you hottest when you’re impressing me,” Shane replied. “Like when you pick me up and carry me. I hate it but it’s so hot. Or when you get undressed in front of me and I see your body for the first time in a couple of weeks. When you hit my prostate first try, and we’re face to face so I can see that fucking smug pleased look you make about it.”

“Blyat, Shanya,” Ilya groaned, “get naked.”

Shane's body had managed to un-meld with the couch, loosened with Ilya's laughter, and he stood up, began heading to his bedroom. "Let me get to my room first," he said.

"No, no," Ilya said, and Shane stopped where he was in the middle of the room. "I had... idea."

"You have an idea," Shane repeated, narrowing his eyes at nothing. "So?"

"You are near couch?"

"Yeah," Shane glanced back at the couch he'd just stood up from. "Why?"

"You love to ride me," Ilya said, voice slow, "love to rub on my thighs, yes?"

Shane's lower stomach sparked with heat. "Yeah," he said.

"I think you could come in your pants just from humping me," Ilya continued, each word dropped hot and careless into the aching pit of want that Shane's brain had become. "Soo hungry and needy for it, hm? Desperate."

Shane was pretty sure he knew what Ilya wanted, but he stayed where he was, unwilling to move to it without clear instructions. "I am," he said. Ilya made him needy so easily. Tugged at any hint of arousal inside Shane and pulled it out like a magic trick, handful after handful of it until it was pooling on the floor.

"You are hard?"

"Yeah," Shane whispered. He was so glad he had told his parents to stay home. Standing in the middle of his living area, fully dressed, erection tenting his shorts.

“Good. Go to couch, malysh. Sit on the arm.”

“Okay,” Shane said, his fingertips felt like they were tingling.

He put Ilya on speaker phone now, put the phone down on the small side table by the arm of the couch. He straddled the arm of the couch, glad he’d opted for the comfy wide armed ones rather than the sleeker skinny couches his designer had suggested. He braced himself with one hand on the back of the couch, adjusted his cock in his shorts. Resisted the urge to grind down. He hadn’t been told to yet.

“I’m - I’m sitting on it,” he said, cleared his throat. “The arm of the chair.”

“How does it feel?” Ilya asked.

Shane considered, thighs twitching. “A bit uncomfortable,” he said. “But also really... really hot. I want to grind on it. It’s really, um, solid between my thighs, and I like that.”

Ilya laughed. “Yes, you do,” he said. “You love sitting on hard solid things. My thighs, my cock. You are on a, ahhhh, trigger hair? So easy to turn on. What are you wearing?”

Shane had his eyes shut, imagining Ilya here, behind him, maybe, telling him what to do. Watching him straddling the couch like a desperate, horny, slut.

“Your black shorts,” he said, “my green long sleeved t. Socks.”

“Underwear?”

“Yes. Ah, briefs.”

“Okay, good.”

“Do you want me to take anything off?” Shane asked. If he was going to take his pants and undies off he was going to need to put a towel down. Or do a very thorough deep clean. He was already going to need to do a clean anyway.

“No, I just wanted to picture you clearly,” Ilya said. “I am touching myself, too, my hand on my cock. I am only rubbing against him, not holding. Like how you might grind on him.”

Shane tried to shut his eyes further, difficult with eyes already shut. Wanted to somehow close his eyes enough that he was relegated into the depths of his mind, where maybe he could imagine things even clearer, see Ilya in full colour, grinding the heel of his hand against his hard cock.

“Please,” Shane requested.

“Please?” Ilya asked, tone light.

“Please can I ride it?”

“Yes, malysh,” Ilya said kindly. “Go on, hm? Be cowboy for me. Pretend you are giving me show, hm? Move your hips so slutty.”

“Fuck, okay,” Shane grunted, hips already working, trying to find the right movement against the couch.

He felt a bit unbalanced, one leg planted firmly in the couch, caught between cushion and arm, and the other leg half bent, foot on the floor. He rolled his hips in small tight movements first, navigating the shape of the arm, the press of himself against it. Gaspd when he got the grind just right - pressure against his cock in a roll from balls to shaft - gripped tighter to the back of the couch, replicated the move.

“Good?” Ilya asked, voice low, breathless. “Already feeling so good?”

“Yeah,” Shane panted, let his hips roll a little looser, now he knew he could get it right, wanted to see how else he could make it feel good. “My - my shorts are riding up, barely covering my thighs now -”

“Mm,” Ilya hummed, “so I can see your hugs sweaty thighs, flexing, shaking?”

“Yes - they’re - it’s - my ass is a little out, too -”

“Slutty,” Ilya murmured, “it’s like you want to be seen.”

“I do,” Shane said, “by you. Feels so good having you looking.”

“I won’t stop then,” Ilya said, short slick noises grew louder over the speakerphone, like Ilya had just added more lube to his hand, or spit, or precome, maybe. “I am looking at photo of you on my phone - so hot - takya krasivyy, malysh.”

“What - what photo?” Shane asked, had tightened the roll of his hips again, finding the sweet spot between a languid hump and a sharper grind, heat coiling in his lower back, his cock leaking in his pants.

“One of my favourites,” Ilya said, soft, “you are giving me kissy face.”

“Oh,” Shane said, felt like he’d lit a sparkler of pleasure in his groin, “fuck!”

“Big beautiful kissable lips,” Ilya continued as Shane kept swearing under his breath, “so sweet, so nice to look at, to imagine kissing, to imagine them wrapped around my cock, or sucking at my hole. Gorgeous -”

Shane was going to come, humping his fucking couch, because Ilya's voice and words did something to his very fucking core.

"Oh fuck," Shane repeated, found himself gasping for breath, orgasm rolling over him, his body shaking and tensing. "Fuck - Ilya - tell me - say you -"

"I love you, Shanya," Ilya said, "ya tebya lyublyu, fuck, malysh - you are - are you - fuuuuck _"

The front of Shane's shorts were shiny with come, his thighs sticky with sweat, the sudden build up of want and pleasure and release like a whole workout at once. He groaned, let himself flop forwards against the back of the couch, one hand grabbing for his phone, from which Ilya was still breathing harshly, grunting a little with his own orgasm.

Face smooshed against the back of the couch, Shane brought his phone close, eyes closed.

"I love you too," he said, exhausted. "Fuck, baby. Thank you."

Ilya groaned, then laughed. "Malysh," he said, "you do not need to thank me for sex, yes?"

"Thank you for distracting me," Shane said, "for taking me out of my head."

"Was easy," Ilya deflected, "all I do is mention sex, and here we are. I love it."

"It's only like this with you," Shane said, "so. It's all you."

"Okay, okay, I will accept this award," Ilya said, "I am only like this with you, too"

“Does it scare you?” Shane asked, didn’t mean to. Too loose with relief and compounding sleepiness.

“Yes,” Ilya said. “Not how it used to. You are scared?”

“Always, I think,” Shane admitted. “Less now. With you.”

-

You rated Lily

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - **meh** - good - great - excellent

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

Kind of humiliating to ride the couch, but also really hot. I had to clean it afterwards. I want to ride you. I want to hump you as well, which sounds kind of like juvenile, but I really like it when we’re just, like, making out and grinding. I want the rest too, always, it’s just nice. Staying in the touching and kissing space for a while. My thighs hurt a little where the arm pressed in to me, and I think I’m going to have this weird line of a bruise on the left thigh, which is kind of sexy to me. I want you to suck it and bruise it up more. I love you xxx

-

Lily has rated you

-★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - **meh** - good - great - excellent

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

just imagining you grinding and pawing at your couch is so hot i love it when you are desperate for it wanting to feel good but still waiting for me to tell you how to tell you to start. you are so good, and beautiful, and hot, and handsome, and brave. i love you so much shanya. when i see you so soon i am kissing you for so long, i want you in my lap making your needy noises x

-

When he had booked his extra session with Renee, there had been an option to write why he wanted the appointment, so he had filled that in. With what had happened, and with what he planned to do. Figured that if Renee thought it was a catastrophically bad idea to come out, she would have re-booked his appointment for sooner.

It made it easier, arriving at her comfortable office, sitting down in the spot he always sat, and knowing that she already knew what they would be talking about that evening.

He had said in his message that she was welcome to read the post he was going to make, but she didn't have to.

"I read your post," she said, once they'd said hello and he'd accepted a cup of peppermint tea. "I thought it was beautifully done."

Shane blushed into his cup. “Thank you,” he said. “It was mostly my mum, and my agent Farah. I just - I wrote it, and then they, like, made it work.”

“Sounds like it was mostly you, then, actually,” Renee shot back, giving him a small smile. “Team work is important to acknowledge, yes, but you’re allowed to admit you’re the captain.”

Shane laughed a little, shaking his head. “Well,” he said, “I did do that, in my post.”

“You did,” Renee nodded. “I thought that was brave, too. The way you kept it very clear who you were. How you’re the same man you were to the world yesterday as you are today.”

Shane nodded as well, ran his thumb along the bottom of the mug, where it was slightly grittier feeling, the smooth wash rubbed off over time. “In a way I kind of feel like I’m not,” he said. “I mean. I’m still - I’m still me, hockey is still one of the most important things in my life. But I - I don’t feel like I belong the way I did before.”

“Mm,” Renee grimaced with understanding. “Pulling yourself back before you can be pushed out?”

“Maybe, yeah,” Shane sighed. “Or maybe, I think I’ve always felt like I don’t belong. Because of who I am - the - the unchangeable parts. Being half Asian. Being gay. So I’ve always pretended to fit, and now that I’ve stopped pretending I’m - I’m not gay, it’s like I’ve stopped pretending it’s easy. Or like I was ever able to just... be.”

-

Marly says he's fine with it but is he really? I'm mostly staying offline, but I'm still seeing some of the reaction to my coming out and it isn't pretty.-

He's going to be directly in the firing range.-

I know it won't be the same for him because he isn't gay, but it's still a lot. -

FROM Lily_____

-i think there is good chance you try to stop him and he turns up outside your flat with roses and chocolates

-he is determined

-and also big boy. he knows what he is doing

-you do not have to do this if you do not want

-go out in public like this so soon

**TO
Lily**

What am I going to do? Just hide?-

That's the opposite of why I did this.-

FROM Lily_____

-i know

-there is some good reactions to your posts

-if you are only seeing bad things

-you have a lot of fans who love you

-maybe even more now they know this

**TO
Lily**

I honestly can't even think about how people might like me more now because of this.-

Like I'm a rolemodel for gay-

Mum keeps saying this and it is so insane to me.-

I'm terrified she'll sign me up to do some campaign about pride or something, and like, i get it, but I'm still not. Proud. I want to be. But I'm not there yet.-

FROM Lily_____

-one step per foot malysh

-one foot after another?

**TO
Lily**

One step at a time-

FROM Lily_____

-this yes

*-your brain is so good at inventing things
but sometimes it takes break from sexy
games and hockey and does only stress
inventions.*

*-you have to remember this is still just
stress invention*

**TO
Lily**

I don't only think about sex and hockey-

FROM Lily_____

-yes you also think about stress

**TO
Lily**

:/-

FROM Lily_____

-;)

-i have little gift for you

**TO
Lily**

?-

Another toy?-

FROM Lily_____

-hahah sex brain

-no. very not that.

-[IMAGE ATTACHED](image is a photo of three old photographs. Each photo is of a young Ilya. Top left is a close shaved, solemn faced Ilya, 10-12 yrs. Top right is a bruised but smiling, curly haired teenage Ilya. Bottom photo is a toddler Ilya with an older boy, neither smiling.)



**TO
Lily**

Oh.-

Ilyushenka :-)

Thank you-

I love them-

Ya tebya lyublyu xxx-

-

Marlow had suggested Shane pick him up from his hotel, so they could walk into the coffee shop together, rather than leaving Marlow potentially alone in the hands of Montreal Metros'

fans (Shane knew this was a clumsily hidden way to keep Shane from being the one left potentially alone, but he didn't bother pointing this out, because he didn't want to be alone). So Shane pulled up outside the hotel to find Marlow already waiting outside. Barely needed to park, Marlow installing himself into the passenger seat quickly, pulling Shane into a quick side hug in greeting, before they pulled back out onto the road.

They made very simple, small conversation while Shane drove, Shane at least very aware this was the first time they had been alone together without the buffer of Ilya or others. He felt awkward in the knowledge that this was a favour to him. To Ilya as well, but less obviously. Marlow probably wasn't risking his career with this, but he was risking public opinion, and perhaps even private opinion. Shane didn't know what Marlow's other friends were like, his family - apart from his gay sister, who Marlow had brought up multiple times. What was this going to cost him? Would he resent Shane for it? Would he resent Ilya for it? Would it get too much, and he'd end up wanting to take it back? Would Shane have to make a post or a statement declaring he and Marlow weren't dating, and that Marlow was the straightest man to ever exist, and was just being nice to Shane?

He managed to get a park right outside the coffee shop, which was such a nice bit of luck, that for the entirety of the parallel park, he forgot to be stressed out.

When he reached for his car door to get out, though, Marlow reached over, put his hand on Shane's knee to forestall him.

"Um?" Shane asked, hand jerking away from the door handle as he glanced from Marlow's hand to his face.

"You need to take a breather before we get out?" Marlow asked, face very serious. "You look like you're about to go over the trenches, brother."

"Uh," Shane said. He could feel the tension in his forehead now he thought about it, how furrowed his brows were. How tight his jaw was. He looked away from Marlow, out the window, the street full of people who probably wouldn't all notice who was getting out of the car, and probably wouldn't all jeer and yell and throw rotten tomatoes they were all carrying for no particular reason. "Sorry."

“It’s all good,” Marlow said. His hand patted Shane’s knee firmly, and then withdrew. “Hey. You know if like, if people are shitty, I will happily bulldoze them.”

Shane let out a quite strangled bark of laughter. Didn’t know how else to respond.

Marlow laughed as well, shaking his head. “I know,” he said, snorted. “I doubt you want me to, uh, resort to violence? Off ice. Or, I mean, we’re on different teams so I doubt you want me so violent on ice either. What I’m trying to say, is that. We’re mates, yeah?”

Shane cleared his throat. “Yeah.”

“So, I don’t let people fuck with my mates,” Marlow said. He shrugged. “I won’t bash anyone if you don’t want me to, but I won’t be all polite either.”

Shane considered this. He nodded. If he wasn’t worried he would go completely off the rails, and also lose his credibility in the eyes of the NHL, he would also not be polite. He cleared his throat again. “So,” he said. “Do you think they’re going to call us Marlander? Or like, Hollow? Shiff?”

“Clane?” Marlow suggested, “I like Marlander best, sounds a bit like salamander, and those little dudes are cool. Plus, I never get to have my name first in these fan names. You know the fan name for me and Roz is Rozlow?”

-

They didn’t get approached in the coffee shop. Shane couldn’t say if it was because Marlow’s body was mostly blocking him from view, or if Marlow was simply glaring at anyone who looked like they might approach. He did see several people take photos, though, both in and out of the cafe. Tried not to care about it. He and Marlow mostly talked about their childhood hockey teams, how they both enjoyed swimming, and Rose Landry movies.

When they went up to pay, Marlow blocked Shane, paid for them both, put his arm around Shane's shoulders as they walked out to the car. Tucked him in closer against the flash of cameras. Shane could already imagine the headlines. Didn't look around, tried to keep his face neutral. Hated driving with cameras pointed at him. That was dangerous. Didn't they know it was a hazard?

He started the car, couldn't bring himself to try and pull out. Flash going off in the rearview. Marlow sighed, heavy, shook his head.

"Give me a mo," he said, patted Shane's knee like he had when they arrived, and then got out of the car.

Shane watched as he circled back to the sidewalk, approached the closest camera man, and took the camera from him with one fast, rough movement. Threw it at the ground. He couldn't quite make out what Marlow was saying, but figured it was something like a promise to keep throwing cameras if they didn't back off, because the other three men with cameras were steadily moving away, not putting their cameras down, but getting out of range.

Marlow gave the man whose camera he'd broken a card, and then came back and got into the car again.

"What did you give him?" Shane asked, checking over his shoulder, and then pulling out onto the road into the first gap available. "The card?"

"My agent's card," Marlow said, chill as. "So he can contact her about payment for the camera. She's great."

"Wow," Shane said. "Do you carry her cards just for that?"

"Ehhh," Marlow shrugged, shot a grin at Shane. "Not just for cameras. I've also been known to, for real, accidentally knock over things in shops. I always forget I'm carrying a bag."

Shane snorted, kept glancing in the rearview for any sign of them being followed by one of the photographers. He was pretty sure they were fine.

“Anyway,” Marlow said, “it saves them from having to deal with me, and me from having to do any maths to figure out if I’m being scammed.”

“That happens much?”

“Ah, only a couple of times,” Marlow said, shook his head. “Maths isn’t my strong suit, especially after my third concussion.”

Shane winced. “Well,” he said. “Thank you for dealing with that guy. Uh, I never understand how they get away with it, using flash around cars like that. Do they want me to crash?”

“It’s like with Princess Diana,” Marlow said seriously. “It kind of would be, you’re like Canada’s people’s princess, aren’t you?”

“Jesus,” Shane snorted. “What the fuck, Marly.”

-

They met up with Hayden and JJ at JJ’s place, so they could park at JJ’s and walk to the pub for dinner. Went inside first so JJ could show Marlow his records collection. Shane knew Marlow was still feeling a little iffy about JJ, probably because Ilya was still kind of mad at him, so he appreciated the offer being accepted.

Hayden had suggested they could further diffuse the evening by having Jacki and the girls come for dinner too, but Shane had been worried about the twins being exposed to photographers, to homophobia. Much more likely to be insulted while at a bar than at a cafe, especially when Shane had chosen the cafe specifically because it was one of the ones his teammates always called ‘woke’. Nearly everyone he’d seen in there had either a facial piercing, a tattoo, or colourful hair. It had made him feel very aware of how un-gay he looked to actual gay people. Not that he wasn’t a gay person. Obviously he was a gay person. Just.

Whatever.

They went for dinner. Shane felt like he had three bodyguards, all of whom wanted to be head body guard. All of whom were far more touchy with him than they usually were.

He got the halloumi burger. Three men got punched. Photos were taken. They went back to JJ's and iced JJ's knuckles. Marlow turned down the ice until Hayden told him he'd call LeClaire (a fake threat because Hayden did not have LeClaire's number). They had beers. Shane had a ginger beer. And then a real beer. Ilya called.

-

"You three are on news," Ilya said.

Shane knew this already because he had seen and ignored the calls from Farah and his mother, and then seen the texts they sent when he didn't answer. They were mostly checking that he was fine, and police weren't involved, so he sent them both a text back to say yes and no and he'd call them tomorrow.

"Yeah," Shane said.

"You are safe? You are still with the three fools?"

Shane glanced up at the three friends all sitting around JJ's kitchen counter, beers in hand.

"Yeah."

"Put me on speaker," Ilya requested.

Shane did so. Put the phone down on the counter. “Okay,” he said, “you’re on speaker.”

“Are you fucking insane, Marly?” Ilya snapped, “No, wait, first, Boiziau, you are insane?”

“Roz,” Marlow groaned, leaning over so he was hovering over the phone. “They started it.”

“I saw video,” Ilya said, “I heard. I heard him say, ‘all of you are gays, huh?’ You think this will make people think - think - fuck, they did not even say word like ‘fag’,” Ilya cut himself off, swore viciously in Russian for a few long seconds. Everyone else stayed quiet. JJ had flinched visibly when Ilya said ‘fag’. “People will see this,” Ilya said, slow and clipped, “and they will see three men scared to be thought gay.”

“I’m not -” Marly began. JJ and Hayden also opening their mouths with various protest sounding noises coming out, but Ilya cut them off.

“What is point in being seen out with Shane if you cannot even handle most simple word? What, you can hear in locker rooms whole life, but moment it might be said with real intent you are throwing fists?”

“Ilya,” Shane sighed. He wished he’d gotten to finish his halloumi burger. “I don’t think the video you saw caught the whole interaction?”

“Bro,” Marly said, “like, fuck. I hadn’t thought about it like that, but also - yeah - uh - first punch got thrown because, uh, one of them said the N word.”

A pause. “Ah,” Ilya said.

“I was not expecting Marly to hit him about it,” JJ offered, “because Shane told us to be on our best behaviour about things. But, like, to be fair, eh, this was different situation, non?”

Another long pause. Then Ilya sighed, long and heavy. “Okay,” he said. “Bohze moy. Fuck. Yes. You all left before you finished dinner?”

“Yeah,” Marly said, sighed as well, “my pizza was so good, too. But like, we didn’t want to hang around for more people to take photos, or for another scene to be made.”]

“We’ve ordered takeout,” Hayden offered. “We’re feeding your boyfriend, don’t worry.”

“Hey,” Shane protested.

Ilya laughed. “Okay. Good. Fine. Fuck. Moy lyubimyy, ah, call me when you are home?”

-

**TO
Lily**

Home now-

Marly drove me-

Im a little tipsy-

Isit too late to call?-

Really good game bytway baby-

FROM Lily

-[INCOMING CALL]

-

“I wish I had skipped game as well and come with Marly to hang out with you,” Ilya said, “I did not like seeing all these photos of you two like this. I think I am maybe jealous. And

angry about how you were treated today. And sorry for being angry at our friends for reacting big.”

Shane took a few seconds to process all of that. He had made it to his bedroom, with a bottle of water even, but had slumped down on the end of the bed rather than the top where he could have gotten under the blankets and gotten snuggled down.

“I missed you,” he said. “Every time I felt like someone might have taken a photo that looked like me and Marly were like, romantic.”

“There were a lot,” Ilya said, voice strained. “Also with Boiziau and Pike. I think maybe even more players than I thought at first have big crushes on you. You are every straight man’s gay exception.”

Shane laughed. His eyes were wet for some reason. His sinuses stinging. “Please don’t be jealous,” he said. “It wasn’t - you *know* it wasn’t like that. And it - it was - they still want to touch me, Ilya.”

He couldn’t figure out the noise Ilya made in response to this. Something almost hurt, sounding. “Okay,” he said. “Okay. Shanya. I will not - malysh. Shaneshka - sh, is okay, my Shane, talk with me, hm?”

It took a few tries. Shane’s throat kept getting blocked with some salty painful lump, and when he tried to take a full breath it ached all the way to his toes. He had to sniffle and focus on Ilya’s voice saying his name in between soothing words, every repetition another tug closer to bringing Shane’s voice back to working. It had just disappeared so quickly, like a tidal wave of unforeseen emotion had wiped it out and he hadn’t even realised until it had been swept blocks away.

“Sorry,” he managed to squeeze out through the thin passage of his throat, swollen with shame and salt. “Sorry.”

“Nyet,” Ilya said, his voice sounding angry for a second until Shane recognised it as relief instead. “Shanya - you are with me? What is going on?”

“Nothing,” Shane rasped, rubbed at his eyes, and then fumbled for the water bottle he’d dropped on the bed beside him. Took a long pull of water. Words began pouring out of him, uncaring of his sore throat. “I just - I don’t know. I had a - a good day. I didn’t think I would. I thought I’d be too - too scared to have a good day. And parts of it really, really fucking sucked, but I still had a good time. Because of - because of Marly, and Hayd, and JJ, and - and they didn’t - they didn’t treat me differently. And some people were weird about it, like, especially at the - the bar - but most people didn’t even - some people asked for autographs? And I didn’t think - I was expecting to - to be fine with my friends keeping a - a bit of distance between us. But I didn’t have to be fine with it. Because they weren’t scared of it. And I know when you called earlier, that was - was what you were angry about, but they weren’t scared of it.”

He panted, tipped himself over so he was lying with his cheek pressed into his blankets, one arm wrapped around himself in a poor imitation of an embrace.

“I made bad assumption,” Ilya said, slow. “I should not have called angry. I was scared. For you. I am sorry I did not - did not think more of how scared you would have been.”

“No,” Shane said. Didn’t bother clearing his throat because he had been, and it hadn’t been working. “Probably shouldn’t, but I liked it. How - um - angry you were for me.”

Ilya laughed lightly. “Hm,” he said. “I will remember this. You are tired?”

“Yeah,” Shane admitted. Rubbed his cheek against his bed, wiping tears onto the blanket and regretting it when the tears wiped back wet on him.

“You want me to stay?” Ilya asked, “talk you through going to bed? Sleep on phone with you?”

“Yes,” Shane breathed. “Please.”

He woke up to the sound of his front door closing. Not a noise he was expecting, but he was still too muzzy with sleep and the after effects of (only) four bottles of beer and also a lot of emotions all piled on top of each other, to will up any panic about it. It was dark in his room still, only the faint haze of light around the edges of his window. It was more likely to be his mother than an intruder. And if it *was* an intruder, well, Shane sighed, threw his blanket back with one heavy arm, and began to sit up. If it was an intruder he didn't want to be lying down for it. He could hear footsteps approaching. Not cautiously, sure and even steps. Too heavy to be his mother. His phone was next to his pillow, screen dark. His call with Ilya must have dropped or been ended up some point while he slept.

He slung his legs over the side of the bed, feet touching the ground, and then Ilya appeared in his doorway.

“Ah,” Ilya said, “you are awake.”

Shane blinked at him. Not entirely sure he was awake. “Huh,” he said.

Ilya smiled. “Back into bed, malysh,” he said. “Is still early. I will join you.”

Shane obediently pulled his legs back up, slid them back under the blankets as he lay back down. Ilya crossed over the room to the side of the bed, pulled the blankets up over Shane's body before leaning in to press a soft kiss to Shane's lips.

Shane lifted his arm in a clumsy attempt to pull Ilya closer.

“One moment,” Ilya told him, evading his grasp easily by just stepping away, hands at the bottom of his over shirt. “I will take off airplane clothes first, yes?”

“Yeah,” Shane mumbled. Watched through half closed eyes as Ilya stripped down to his briefs, and then after a short hesitation, took those off too.

Ilya didn't walk around the bed, just climbed over the end of it and crawled over Shane's body. Tugged at the blankets, and then slotted himself behind Shane, molding himself around Shane's back, one arm going tight around Shane's waist, tugging them even closer. He pressed a kiss to Shane's nape. His face was cool against Shane's skin, hands too, but they were warming quickly.

"Sleep again," Ilya told him.

Shane slept again.

-

Woke up again to the familiar tug in his gut, his hips juddering backwards as if in reflex to the heat pooling inside him. Ilya's arm still tight around his waist, body still snug against his back, cock hard between his ass cheeks.

He groaned, eyes opening just enough to see his room was filled with diffuse light, morning, not too late morning. Ilya's lips on his skin, resting against the top of his spine.

His inner thighs were sticky, one of his legs pulled up almost to his chest, his cock caught against the crease of thigh and hip and leaking.

"Ilya," he said, voice cracking with morning roughness.

"Shanya," Ilya replied, warm and sleepy. "Mm, good dream?"

"I don't know," Shane mumbled, had no idea what if anything he'd dreamt. "Hot, hard cock on my ass," he said. "Feels good. You're here early."

“Changed my flight,” Ilya said, kissed the knob of Shane’s spine, then the curve of his shoulder. “This is chicken or egg question.”

“Hm?”

“Who got hard first?” Ilya asked, Shane could feel his grin against his shoulder, teeth catching on his skin. “Was it you? Grinding back on me and getting me hard? Or was it me, pressing against your ass, getting your hard?”

“Ah,” Shane said, awake enough - barely - for this to make sense, “ahhh,” he added, when Ilya ground with purpose against him, the arm around Shane’s waist, tugging him back into the grind. “Fuck, Ilya,” he moaned. “Keep doing that.”

Ilya did it again, a slow, tight grind, and then he was using the hand not around Shane’s waist to tug Shane’s sleep shorts down, Shane lifting his hips just a little in an attempt to help, but mostly just trying to rub against Ilya’s cock more.

Ilya laughed, a hot puff of air against Shane’s jaw, bit at his ear. “Needy,” he said, “what do you want?”

To not have to think, or decide, or even really do. To stay how he was, half asleep and easy. “Just you,” he said, “just want you to take me. Please.”

Ilya huffed out a growling groan, bit at Shane’s jaw, and then at his shoulder, succeeded in pulling his shorts down under his ass cheek, took his cock in hand and pressed it against Shane’s bare cheeks, rubbing the wet tip down his crack, against his hole.

“Fuck,” Shane moaned, hips jolting back, heat spiraling up his spine. “Yeah, yes -”

“So easy for me,” Ilya said against Shane’s shoulder, bit it again, muscle tensing and then relaxing under his teeth. “I could have arrived and fucked you right away, hm?”

“Yeah,” Shane agreed, warm all over. Ilya’s hand was flat on his stomach, directing his core, forcing his movements smaller.

Ilya swore, rubbed his cock-head with more purpose against Shane’s hole, pulsing heat, the mildest of stretch. Not pushing in, just against him, precome spilling and slicking the movement, dripping in and out of Shane’s twitching hole.

“You can,” Shane offered, felt wild with it. As wild as he could while still heavy with the sleep he was letting keep him. Couldn’t tell now how much was sleep and how much was the fuzzed out bliss Ilya sometimes tipped him in to. He didn’t care if it would be too much, really, for Ilya to just fuck right into him right now. Wanted whatever Ilya wanted. Wanted.

“Very tempting, moy shlyukha, you are so hot here,” Ilya said, pressed in with more pressure, the tip of his cock pushing in enough for Shane’s breath to catch, his cock to jerk. “I could, couldn’t I? You’d let me, lie here panting and moaning for it, hm?”

“I would,” Shane said, arching into the heat so close to being inside of him. “I want it -”

“Mm, you said you want me to take you, you want me to do what I want, yes?”

Groaning, Shane nodded, kept trying to hitch his hips down enough to notch Ilya further in to him, could feel Ilya’s cock hard and hot and wanting as well.

“So I will take what I want,” Ilya said, rocked back and forwards again, not fucking in, still just pushing in against Shane, not enough, despite the sparks of pleasure the movement lit up. “And you will let me, yes?”

“Yes,” Shane agreed.

He moaned again when Ilya dragged his cock down away from his hole, a wet trail from hole to taint, to bulls, immediately smudged out by Ilya's hand as he directed his cock into the space beneath Shane's balls.

"Legs together," Ilya instructed, lifting his hand from Shane's stomach to press against his pulled up leg, and Shane straightened it out and down, pressing his thighs together with Ilya's cock snug in between, bumping up against Shane's balls. "Yes, good, like this, Shanya. I fuck you like this, for now, yes?"

Part of Shane wanted to disagree, to throw a tantrum about needing to get fucked, but every other part of him felt alight with desire, could feel Ilya pulsing between his thigh muscles. Thought about the way he would fuck his cock up under Shane's cock, how they were fitting together so easily like this, Ilya's hand back to his stomach again, pressing him back.

"Yeah," Shane said, "fuck me." He hooked his ankles together to tighten his legs further, heard Ilya groan with it, smiled into his pillow.

Ilya moved slow at first, testing the drag, spitting into his hand and then transferring the spit to his cock, his cock transferring it to Shane's thighs. The feel of it making Shane's cock leak, making it easy for Shane, with barely a thought at all, to reach down to take himself in hand so he could smear his palm with his own pre, and then to reach further down, palm open under his balls so Ilya would fuck forwards against his hand, collecting Shane's pre and smearing it back between his thighs. Something so deliciously dirty about their come mixing like this, wet on wet.

The wetter it got, the sweeter the drag was. Ilya's cock hard and hot, sliding along the slick of Shane's taint, nudging against his balls, an odd sensation that kept building in pleasure with every stroke, going from just a sensation to a desire.

The faster Ilya fucked in between Shane's thighs, the sloppier he got, his cock pulling back enough to drag up between his ass cheeks, to catch on Shane's hole. Hot, burn, want, pleasure. Shane aware he was whining, not caring. Ilya's hand on his cock now, jerking him off as he fucked his thighs. Bit at his neck and shoulder, interspersing hard bites with sloppy kisses, tongue lathing over skin, dipping into tooth indents.

Shane's stomach felt fizzy when he came, Ilya still jerking him off through it, pressing Shane's cock to his stomach and grinding his palm up and down his shaft until Shane's stomach was sticky and shaking, and Ilya was coming as well, hot and wet against Shane's hole. Made him greedy for more. Wanting more. Needing needing.

"Please," he gasped out, grasping behind himself for any part of Ilya, "finger it in me. Put in in me."

Ilya kissed him, pushing up on his elbow so he could lean over and around to get their lips together. Took his hand from Shane's cock, pressed his fingers - coated with Shane's come - through the mess of Ilya's come on Shane's hole. Rubbed circles against him, like he was mixing the two, and then, his tongue in Shane's mouth, pushed two fingers in. Shallow, more of a scoop than a thrust. Repeated it, pushing the come in, again, and again while Shane shook in his arms, mouth open and lax for Ilya's.

"Better?" Ilya asked eventually, his fingers stilled, but staying pressed just in to Shane's hole, plugging him. "You are feeling good?"

"Yeah," Shane said, felt drunk with it. "You'll fuck me for real later?"

Ilya laughed. "Insatiable," he said, kissed Shane again, tender. "Yes," he said. "Of course. I think you would be mad in maybe, hmm, ten minutes if I had fucked you for real right now, no?"

Shane thought about it, his brain very slowly coming back online, common sense only just beginning to settle down to start its day. "Maybe," he allowed. "What time did you get in?"

"Five," Ilya said, "Marly picked me up from airport."

"Wow," Shane mumbled, let Ilya move the both of them around until they were pressed stomach to stomach. Shane's ass leaking come with every movement. They were going to need to change the bed. Very gross. Very hot. "When did you - did you guys plan this?"

“After you went to sleep,” Ilya said, kissed Shane again, hand on his cheek. Probably also gross, it was sticky, Shane didn’t care, wanted it there. “I also said sorry to him for being angry. See how mature I am? I get up early, I apologise to my friends, I make my beautiful boyfriend come so hard he shakes like earthquake.”

“Shut up,” Shane snorted. “I love you. Thank you for this.”

-

The relaxation lasted until after they’ve showered, kissed against the shower wall until Ilya’s stomach began a rock band of hunger grumbles. Ate breakfast. Shane’s smoothie, peanut butter toast with banana. Ilya in Shane’s clothing, sweats tight on his ass.

Shane fetched their phones from the bedroom. They took in the headlines together.

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METROS’ PIKE, BOIZIAU, AND HOLLANDER BENCHED FOR FIGHTING

-

METROS’ METROSEXUALS MAKING MERRY GONE MAD!

-

HOCKEY LEADS TO POLYAMORY???

-

**BEARS MANAGEMENT SAYS MARLOW NOT BENCHED, DENIES
INSTIGATION ACCUSATIONS**

-

**METROS VS BEARS TODAY AND TOMORROW! HOCKEY POLITICS PRE
GAME**

-

**HOLLALOW? MARLANDER? IS THIS HOCKEY'S FIRST MALE GAY POWER
COUPLE?**

-

**BEARS MANAGEMENT SAY NO COMMENT ABOUT SPECULATION
SURROUNDING CLIFF MARLOW'S SEXUALITY AND RELATIONSHIP WITH
SHANE HOLLANDER**

-

**FANS ONLINE GOING WILD, WHO KNOWS WHAT SHAYDEN IS, AND WHO
THINKS MARLOW IS RUINING IT?**

-

“Jesus,” Shane groaned, his thumb still scrolling the news notifications. He didn’t click into any of them. This was the extent of how much news he was allowing himself to see, for now.

Trusted Farah and his mum to let him know if he needed to look at something in more detail. “Wait, benched?”

“That is fucking stupid,” Ilya growled. He was not held back by Shane’s self imposed rules, and was staring down at an article on his phone, eyes narrowed. “Suspended for fighting in bar. Say you all instigated fight. This article is pointing out how Bears say fight was forced on you. And about how fight was started by racist fuckwits. I do not understand.”

Shane’s phone notifications were also already full with missed calls from Farah, from Theriault, from his mum, from Metro’s management. He sighed. He would really love to go back to bed with Ilya and make out, maybe.

“I should call mum and Farah,” he said.

-

In the end, Farah persuaded him that being benched for this game wasn’t the worst thing. It was stupid, especially seeing as The Bears’ management was happy to hear the reasoning behind the fight, and decide it was justified. Especially because Shane hadn’t even been involved, neither had Hayden. Hayden having literally yanked Shane back into his seat when he’d gone to stand up. Only JJ and Marly, out of the four of them, had thrown any punches, and Marly had been the first of them. No police reports had been made, no hospital appearances. A second video, showing the full incident, in which the N word was perfectly clear, had appeared online as well, and ought to have cleared up the reasoning behind the fight. It was obvious the Metros were using this as an excuse to bench him for coming out, or for just being gay, Shane wasn’t sure which yet. And Farah wanted to use this obvious homophobic retribution against the Metros.

She promised him she would have him back on the ice for the next game, if he wanted, and she’d handle the rest. Reminded him not to answer any calls from management. And maybe stay off twitter, instagram, social media in general. Don’t read the tweets your teammates are making. She’s already handling the defamatory ones. Maybe stay inside today? Let’s not add more Bear fuel to the fire?

-

“We can cancel dinner,” Ilya told him.

They were on the bed again, Ilya spooned up behind Shane. Much less sexy right now. Both fully dressed, on top of the covers. Shane too overwhelmed to even fully appreciate the firm press of Ilya’s pecs against his back, the warm musky smell of him.

“No,” Shane sighed. Eyes closed. He was so tired. All the time right now.

“I know we told your mama and papa we would do dinner next I am in Montreal, but we did not know it would be during big events like this.”

“I don’t want to put it off,” Shane mumbled, rubbed his face against his pillow. Freshly made bed, his pillowcases still smelled of the vanilla and jasmine scent tile he kept in his linen cupboard. “I don’t - I don’t know when we’ll have another good chance. I just feel - feel stupid that I won’t even be playing tomorrow. I know it’ll be worth it, for them, coming to meet you, but it’s - it’s a long drive. I don’t like letting them down.”

“Therriault is one letting them down,” Ilya said, pressed his nose into Shane’s hair, like he was snuffling at him. “NHL is one letting them down. You are perfect.”

“You know I’m not,” Shane shot back. “You literally changed your flight to one during hours of the morning you call inhumane, because I was such a mess last night.”

“My perfect mess,” Ilya said, unphased, continued to nuzzle. “I did not just change flight for this. I wanted to see you. To be with you. Wanted to come in and get into bed with you.”

“I know,” Shane said. Rocked back against Ilya, and then wedged himself onto his back, arm coming up to pull Ilya’s body over on top of his. “I’m glad you did.”

“Mm,” Ilya hummed, letting himself be rearranged as a weighted blanket, tucking his head in against Shane’s, lips to cheek. “You need quiet time?”

“Yeah,” Shane nodded. His lungs protested the sudden squashing weight, but were slowly getting used to the pressure as Ilya’s body settled on his. He closed his eyes again. Focused on Ilya’s lips on his cheek, not moving, just there. Focused on Ilya’s chest pushing against his own chest, their diaphragms molding around each other, and then working out how to work in tandem. The heat.

He hadn’t meant to fall asleep. Woke up to Ilya mostly still on top of him, more of his weight pressed into the mattress instead of Shane now. Probably a good idea for Shane’s lungs. Ilya was awake, had his phone in hand, reading something Shane probably didn’t want to know about. He put down his phone when Shane wiggled underneath him, turned his attention solely back to Shane, kissed him slow and deep.

“I, uh, texted your mama,” Ilya told him.

“Oh?” Shane asked, eyebrows raised, brain blessedly blank. “About what?”

“I asked her to bring Shane photo album so I can see his little baby face.”

Shane snorted, and then laughed for real. Ilya grinned down at him, kissed at his cheeks until Shane stopped laughing. “Okay,” he said. “Why?”

“So I could see,” Ilya said, “exactly what I said to your mama. I want to see moy malysh. Is only fair, no?”

“Yeah,” Shane said, “fuck, I’m glad mum said they were going to get a hotel so I didn’t have to ask them to. That would have been very awkward.”

“Mm,” Ilya nodded, looked very amused. “So is better for her to *know* we are going to fuck loud tonight so she books hotel, than for her to have to be told?”

“Ew,” Shane protested, “no. I don’t know. Yes. This way nothing needs to be said, and I don’t need to know what she’s thinking. Maybe she thinks you’re in the guest room.”

“Malysh,” Ilya said, reached up to tweak Shane’s cheek. “No one is thinking I am in guest room. Everyone knows only guest room I am in is one I book in your ass.”

“Oh my god,” Shane complained, “get off, you’re terrible.” He didn’t let go of Ilya. Ilya grinned at him, kissed him again.

-

His parents arrived in the later afternoon, which was about two hours earlier than Shane had expected. Luckily he and Ilya had already worked out, jerked each other of in the showers, and dried, so at least he wasn’t giving up another orgasm for their early arrival. Probably there would have been another orgasm if they had the extra two hours. Never mind.

Shane had offered to cook, but his dad had firmly told him he would be bringing and making dinner, and Shane had given in without a fight, because there was no way to win that.

Ilya made them all coffee when they arrived, Shane helping out in the kitchen by grabbing mugs and delivering the coffee to his parents as Ilya made them. Just hadn’t wanted to sit down and leave Ilya alone. Didn’t want to be alone. Wouldn’t have been alone, he would have been with his parents, just - didn’t want to be apart from Ilya.

“So,” Yuna started them off once they were finally all seated, coffees in hand. “It’s nice to officially meet you in person, Rozano- Ilya.”

“You too,” Ilya replied. He looked nervous, but still relaxed enough. He’d spent enough time with Shane’s parents in his phone now, they weren’t just distant parental figures. “You brought photo album?”

David and Yuna laughed at this. “Yes,” Yuna said, smiling.

“Three of them,” David added. “Watch out.”

“I am looking forward to seeing every single photo,” Ilya said, dead serious expression and tone. “I will maybe need to take photos on my phone.”

“Jesus,” Shane said, kept his hand tight in Ilya’s hand, resting in his lap. “You’re obsessed with me.”

“Maybe I am,” Ilya said, winked at Shane, “who could blame me, hm? You two made perfect man,” he added to Shane’s parents, “first time I ever see him I am, ahh, blown.”

“Blown away,” Shane said quickly, cheeks pink. “Blown away, right Ilya?”

“Right, yes,” Ilya’s cheeks betrayed him as well, turning a softer pink than Shane’s, but still pink. “Blown away. Ah. Yes. Sorry.”

Shane’s father was laughing, and his mother’s lips were suspiciously thin. He suspected she would be laughing as well if she wasn’t worried Shane would need extinguishing afterwards.

“Didn’t stop him from being an asshole, though,” Shane said, fighting through the embarrassment. “When we first met. But I kind of liked that. So.”

“Kind of?” Ilya shot back, eyebrows raised, “I saw how you smiled at me.”

Shane shrugged, slowly easing back into comfort.

“I’ll admit it’s very nice seeing you two physically together,” his mum said, then. “Seeing photos of the two of you being friendly is one thing, this is, well,” she waved at them. Shane blinked. “I just didn’t think two fully grown hockey players could fit into a single armchair like that,” Yuna continued, still smiling almost serenely.

“I -” Shane began. Hadn’t even thought about it, because why would he sit apart from Ilya?
“I - we just wanted to let you guys have the couch.”

David cleared his throat, and then nodded significantly to the second armchair, on the other side of the coffee table. Shane considered pointing out how far apart the two chairs were, and then decided it was a moot point.

“Well,” he said. Stalled.

Ilya started it back up. “We don’t get to do this often,” he said, his shrug rocking Shane slightly. “We take every opportunity, ah, very seriously.”

Shane wasn’t sure that being basically half sat in his boyfriend’s lap was something to be taken very seriously, except that it was. And he wasn’t moving.

“Understandable,” Yuna said, sounded sad. “I know this has been tough for the both of you.”

“That’s why we have our own hotel room tonight,” David added, winked at them both.

Shane groaned. Had to hand his coffee to Ilya so he could bury his face in his hands instead. “Please,” he said, “please can we not -”

“There’s nothing to be ashamed about, Shane,” his mum began, far too earnest. He suspected she had been mainlining books about parenting queer children. “We understand that -”

“Please,” Shane repeated. “I really don’t want - cannot handle - talking about my sex life with my parents.”

“Okay,” David said, easy as, hands up. “But, just so you know, I’m aware I got our sex talk wrong the first time, and I am willing to give it another go!”

“Oh my god,” Shane whined, twisting his torso so he could hide further, hands still over his face as he tucked his head against Ilya’s neck. “Ilya do not reply to that.”

Ilya had inhaled like he had been about to say something, and Shane could imagine a number of insanely provocative things Ilya might let slip, or awkward things. He wouldn’t say anything awful on purpose, but, god. Blown.

Ilya shifted underneath him, putting the coffee down on the side table, and then he patted Shane’s back, thrice, left his hand heavy and soothing on the curve of his spine.

“We’ll stop teasing, now,” his mum said, sounding at once amused and worried. “We know you’re very stressed right now.”

Shane supposed that was fair. She was used to seeing him trying to hide from words and emotions, but not so much by hiding in someone else.

“Sorry,” Shane mumbled, “I’m fine. I just - just needed a minute.”

Ilya’s thumb rubbed a slow circle over his shirt, he didn’t say anything. Shane hoped he wasn’t feeling too... exposed, Shane literally hiding against him, from his own parents. It was probably too revealing of their relationship, of how comfortable they were with each others’ bodies. Fuck.

“I don’t think I’ve seen our little Shaney so Shanebuggy since he was a teeny bopper,” Shane’s dad said, sounding fond and a little soppy. “He used to huddle in my shoulder like that all the time.”

“Oh my god,” Shane said again.

Ilya laughed, his hand slid up to Shane’s nape, squeezed gently. “I like Shane bug,” he said slowly, “he is, ah, like little lady bug? Freckles.”

David and Yuna laughed, and Shane managed to extricate himself from Ilya’s shoulder, untwisting, lowered his hands. His face was still pink, but whatever.

“I don’t think you can still call me Shanebug when I’m a fully grown adult,” he pointed out, “you only called me that because I was small.”

“And cute,” David added, Yuna nodding.

“Ah, well he is still so cute,” Ilya agreed.

-

Shane helped his dad with dinner rather than sitting through the event that was his mother pulling out his childhood photo albums, Ilya nearly rabid with excitement. He thought he would probably be safer the further away from *that* he got.

Of course, helping his dad meant he was with his dad, who while not as voluble as his wife, was still as curious as her. Plus he asked his questions in a much sneakier way, burying them in easy chit chat and tricking Shane’s brain into handing out an answer.

“A little more salt than that, Shaney, thank you. Ilya still feeding you properly?”

“He mostly sticks to my diet, yeah, he makes sure he’s not like, pushing it too much with anything too fatty or sugary. We made a frittata for lunch today,” Shane replied, adding the

more salt his father requested, despite the fact that he'd already put in plenty.

"Yum, love a good frittata," his dad said, chopping away happily, his gaze firmly on the board. "But he does push, huh?"

"Yeah," Shane snorted, stirred the salt in to the pot. "He says his goal is to make me enjoy food. Which is kind of silly, because, like, we're athletes. Food is literally fuel."

"Doesn't mean the fuel can't be tasty. I'm pretty sure I've read articles on how nutrient absorption is more effective if you're enjoying what you're eating. Something about your body being more open to it?"

Shane winced. "Was that a scientific article?"

"I don't remember," his dad laughed, "but it makes sense to me. Bodies are fickle things. Anyway. Are you? Enjoying the food Ilya makes you?"

Shane took a moment to answer, washing his hands even though they didn't need re-washing already. It wasn't a difficult question, and it didn't have a difficult answer, it was just that he'd realised his dad was leading them down a conversational path they'd trodden many times before.

"Dad," he said, "my diet is literally designed for me, by a food and health specialist. It's all calculated."

"I know," David turned, then, bowl of chopped onion in hand. He passed it to Shane. "Put those in, please." Shane did so. "I know your diet is physical good," he said, while Shane used a wooden spoon to nudge the last bits of onion from the bottom of the bowl. "But I was thinking more about the mental effects."

Shane frowned at the pot. Stirred the contents. Hated how his fingers smelled oniony now even though he hadn't even touched them with his hands.

“I’m not trying to nag you,” David added, was rinsing the board and knife in the sink. “I just wanted to... to check in with you that you’re thinking about this kind of thing. And that you’re... enjoying yourself.”

“I try not to think about this kind of thing,” Shane said, “that’s why I went with the nutritionist. I do. Though. Uh. Enjoy the food Ilya makes me. Or gets me. But it’s not about, like - it’s still just.”

He didn’t know what it was ‘still just’. Didn’t need to figure it out, because Ilya was suddenly crowding into the space, holding his phone out towards Shane, grin wide.

“Shanya,” he said, “I have taken so many photos of photos, I am about to be needing bigger phone, I think. Look at your face, your little face! You make this expression at me so much still!”

-

(Some little Shanes)



-

It’s a relief when Shane’s parents leave for their hotel. Not because it wasn’t nice to spend time with them, and for them to meet Ilya. That had been nice. And good. And Ilya had

relaxed into it as well, enough that when they left, David had given him a hug goodbye, and Ilya had shot Shane an eyebrows up expression of surprise and happiness.

But it was also overwhelming. It was a distraction from some things, and a hyper focus on other things. His mum's disappointment and annoyance with the league felt like it was at a constant simmer under the surface, and his own disappointment and annoyance fed off it. Ilya was uneasy about being accepted, and it made Shane uneasy about his own acceptance. He had been *so gay* in front of his parents today. Touching Ilya so much, being in his space. They hadn't kissed in front of his parents, but - Shane hadn't even thought about it when they sat for coffees, he'd just put himself in with Ilya because he wanted to. Would it be too much? Was it better, or easier for them when his being gay and having a boyfriend was just a concept, a message on a screen?

He wanted, so badly, for Ilya to fuck him, had wanted it for hours by the time his parents left, which also made him feel guilty, because why the fuck was he sitting through dinner and conversations with his parents while longing to be railed? What was wrong with him?

He'd eaten most of his dinner, had picked at it enough that he became aware of all three of his dinner companions watching him almost warily, and the shame of that had been enough to make him attempt to eat normally. It wasn't even that bad. He liked it. It just wasn't - his brain was just - every time his parents tried to talk to him about food they always had this weird pinched expression and a strange tone, and it mixed shit up in Shane's stomach.

-

"I'm going to shower," Shane said, once the door closed behind his parents. "Um. See you soon."

He got halfway to the bathroom before Ilya stopped him. He had followed Shane, slower, staying a step behind.

"Shane," he said, sounded confused. "That went well, yes? Why are you -" he paused, and then just gestured at Shane.

Shane glanced down at himself, looked up at Ilya. “Why am I?”

“I do not know,” Ilya said, grimaced. “Anxious loudly.”

“I’m not,” Shane said. “That did go well. I think they like you, or like, they definitely like you, they’re just still a bit wary about you being who they thought you were? I don’t know. It’s good. It was good.”

“Which is why you are sounding like glitch, yes?” Ilya asked, hands on his hips. “And running away?”

“I want to fuck,” Shane said, hoped this would get Ilya to drop it. “I’m not running away, I’m just - I’m just getting ready.”

“We can fuck,” Ilya said, didn’t drop it. “After you say why you are suddenly little rodent creature trying to hide acorn.”

“What?” Shane scrunched his face at Ilya, trying to make sense of the comparison, it rung a bell, but of what? “No - I - I’m not. Hiding acorns?”

“Malysh,” Ilya sighed, took a step forwards, arms out, and when Shane didn’t move, closed the distance between them anyway, and too Shane’s shoulders in his hands, squeezing them gently. “You are having panic attack?”

“No,” Shane said. He didn’t think he was. “I’m just. I don’t feel real. Right now.”

Ilya frowned, didn’t let go of Shane, just leaned back a little, like he needed to see more of Shane to make sense of him.

“You feel real to me,” he said, squeezing Shane’s shoulders again. “What does this mean?”

“I don’t know,” Shane said, let himself droop forwards in Ilya’s grip, head dropping down. “Like - I’m. Like I’m watching. Not in myself.”

Ilya reeled him in now Shane was actively leaning to him, pulling him against his chest until Shane’s forehead was pressed against the side of Ilya’s neck, his hands tucked up between their shoulders.

“You, ah,” Ilya began, slow like he was working out what he wanted to say still, but hadn’t wanted to leave silence between them. “You want to be back in yourself?”

Shane nodded.

“And you think fuck will help?” Ilya asked, he was rubbing one hand firmly up and down Shane’s back, which was also helping. Pressure. Warmth.

“Yeah,” Shane said. “You put me back.” Nonsensical.

“Okay,” Ilya said. Pressed a kiss to Shane’s forehead. “You want, mm, help? In shower?”

“No,” Shane said. Cleared his throat. “Just hold me a bit longer?”

“Okay,” Ilya said again. Kept rubbing Shane’s back.

-

Shane felt more or less back in his body by the time he got into the shower, shower head attachment attached. Less jittery. He wasn’t sure still if it had been a reaction to two worlds colliding. His parents and Ilya together for real in his flat. Or if it had just been the build up of everything happening right now, bubbling out of him in random moments. Little eruptions.

He hoped they would stay little eruptions, like a constant release valve, rather than being a warning signal or a much larger eruption.

He thought about how things would look right now if he had come out, like he had, and the world had responded how it had, but Shane didn't have Ilya. And if he didn't have Ilya, he wouldn't have Marly either. He would have Hayd, and JJ. Would they have gone out last night to prove to the world that they didn't care that Shane was gay? Would they have gotten into a fight and been benched. Would Shane be dreading watching a home game against Boston from his couch, not knowing what his life would look like in hockey afterwards. Would it feel worth it if he didn't have Ilya here? If all he got was the onscreen version of Ilya on Shane's ice, without Shane there.

What if they had been hooking up, just hadn't made it to this stage. Maybe Ilya would have reached out and called it off. The thing between him and Shane, because without the love, Shane was just a liability to Ilya. Would Ilya miss Shane on the ice tomorrow? Imaginary Ilya and real Ilya.

-

"I'm sad I won't get to play against you tomorrow," Shane announced, when he came back into the bedroom. Ilya had pulled out one of the waterproof blankets and laid it over the bed. Shane sat down on it, still a little damp because he had gotten impatient in the middle of drying off. "I hate that I'm missing out on it."

Ilya reached for him, Shane leaned forwards, and Ilya's hand cupped his face. "Game will be boring without you," he said. "Boston is going to destroy the rest of the Metros. You know this, yes? This is why you are sad? Finally world will see clearly only reason Metros make play offs and win games is because of you?"

Shane rolled his eyes, moved closer, pushing at Ilya's arm, and then his chest, until Ilya moved from his upright sprawl and lay back, pulling Shane with him into the crook of his arm. Ilya had gotten undressed, fully naked on the bed. He'd looked so beautiful. Still looked so beautiful. Shane wanted to look at him all the time.

"They are going to get destroyed," he agreed, despite the gut urge to defend them. "They're all acting like headless chickens right now. Plus we're down three of our best players, and

you guys aren't down any. Marlow could sit out and we'd still be toast."

"Not you," Ilya said, reached over himself to run his hand down Shane's side, ribs, waist, hip, ass. Squeezed his ass. "Their loss tomorrow will not be your loss. Will just show everyone how all their wins are your wins."

"I don't think that's logical," Shane said, narrowing his eyes, but Ilya shook his head, and forestalled any further arguments by kissing him hard.

Shane no longer cared about the argument. He still cared a bit about the game, but not enough to choose to talk about it right now while Ilya's mouth was sliding off his to kiss at his neck instead, tongue flat against his pulse.

"Fuck, yes," Shane moaned, shifting up against Ilya's body to press himself harder against Ilya's mouth. "I said I'd ride you, right? The other day - d'you want -?"

"Yes," Ilya snorted, bit at Shane's clavicle, then lifted his head to kiss his mouth again, slower and softer. "Of course I want this, best view of life? Would I like big juicy steak too? Expensive vodka? Fast car?"

"Okay, okay," Shane rolled his eyes, and then also rolled his hips against Ilya's thigh, his cock not hard yet, but very interested. "Seeing as I'm not playing tomorrow," he added, trying not to sound bitter about it, "I don't need to save my legs. I can play as hard as I want tonight."

Ilya groaned through a wide grin, his hands sliding down Shane's body until they reached his hips, and then he hauled Shane further on to him, Shane having to help, getting his legs over Ilya's, his knees finding purchase against the bed.

They kissed more, chest to chest, Ilya with one hand on Shane's lower back, the other on his ass, grinding up against him until Shane was pulling away from the kiss to get a full breath. Ilya's hand slid around his ass while Shane gasped in air, fingers running over Shane's hole, testing, teasing.

“I, uh,” Shane said, still felt breathless. Pressed his nose in against Ilya’s cheek, rubbing their faces together. “I want to, to - I fingered myself a little in the shower. I want to just take you. Without anymore prep.”

Ilya groaned underneath him, eyes squeezed shut like he was in pain, and Shane could feel his dick twitch hard against Shane’s dick, pulsing heat through both of them.

“I want to feel it all tomorrow,” Shane added, ground down against Ilya, felt almost depraved with how much he wanted it. Ilya’s fingers were still touching him, pressing against his hole, and it felt hot and tender, needed more. “I want - I want it to hurt. Not bad. Just - I like when it’s - when there’s - I like working for it.”

“Shanya,” Ilya groaned, lifted his head and bit at Shane’s lips, a snap of a kiss. Kissed him properly after. “Grab lube. You will - you will control pace, yes? Fucking yourself on my cock? I lie here and watch you take me?”

“Yeah,” Shane nodded, frantic with it. He sat up, hands on Ilya’s chest for leverage. Leaned over to the bedside table where Ilya had already set out the lube, a bottle of water, and a bottle of gatorade. He grabbed the lube.

He sat up on his knees, braced on either side of Ilya’s hips, Ilya’s hands moved to sit flat against the front of Shane’s thighs, fingers hooking up at the bone and muscle of hip and abs, thumbs rubbing hard circles into the tendon of inner thigh, sore and aching and so good.

Shane reached beneath himself first, lube wet and thick in the palm of his hand, took Ilya’s cock, gripped it firmly and gave it a few perfunctory strokes to coat in tip to shaft, feeling it kick against his palm. Paused to slide his thumb against foreskin, dipping his short, blunt thumbnail into the head of the cock, a small bite. Ilya moaning

He added a little more lube to his finger tips, reached around himself to press it against himself, more cursory than anything. Fuck. He wanted so bad.

He straightened his legs, his back, lifting himself just that little bit higher. Ilya stayed where he was, hands on Shane, gaze on Shane. Watched as Shane reached behind himself again,

both hands. One to brace himself on Ilya's thigh, the other to grip Ilya's cock by the base to hold it steady as he lowered himself down on it.

They both groaned when Ilya's cock-head bruised against him. A little misaligned, sliding over his taint, bumping against the underside of his balls. Shane correcting the angle. Slick noises. Ilya's cock a blunt hot pressure against Shane, bearing down, the burn and relief of the first push inside. Both of them panting with it already.

Ilya rubbed his palms up and down Shane's shaking thighs, mouth open as he watched, heavy lidded.

Shane kept himself from pushing too quick, let himself rock against the stretch inside him, tensing and relaxing around it until his body recognised it as part of itself. He wanted, so badly, to just drop fully down. To take Ilya all at once, lube slick, it could work. He thought it might be more of an immediate pain, less of a pleasurable burn and more of a distracting sting.

He let go of Ilya's cock, confident in keeping it upright, and took himself in hand instead, gave himself a few quick strokes, spreading lube over it as well.

"More?" Shane asked. He knew he was technically in control here. Ilya had said so before, but. "Can I have more?"

"Da, da, yes, malysh," Ilya said, blinked hard at Shane, "Blyat, take it, sweetheart. Show me how much you want."

Shane wanted too much to say. Tensed his legs and dropped his ass lower, dropping his head back at the way the position and angle made Ilya's cock almost prod directly at his prostate, fat head pressed hard inside him, coring him. Breathing into his stomach made it easier to relax, to keep taking more. He moved slow, kept the burn even, no flicker of flame. Didn't give in to the allure of gravity, the desire to drop onto it.

Ilya's palm left his leg momentarily, reaching out to the lube, and then circling the base of his own cock, the stretched skin of Shane's ass around it, spread more lube over both, finger tips petting at Shane's rim, relaxing and aggravatingly hot.

By the time Shane was fully seated, he and Ilya were both red faced, sweaty, panting. Like they'd already fucked once, rather than Shane taking forever to lower himself down onto Ilya. His thighs burned with satisfaction, his stomach was a riot of need. Loved the way it feel more all consuming from this angle. Like Ilya was all the way inside him. Like if you sliced Shane open, anywhere, you'd see Ilya under his skin.

"Moy lyubimyy," Ilya said, staring up at him, palms on his thighs again, one wet and sticky. "So good. You did so good taking all of him. So beautiful, malysh, so hot."

"Feel really good," Shane replied, gave in to the urge to roll his hips forwards, and huffed back a moan at the feeling, watching Ilya doing the same, his hands tensing against Shane's thighs. "Love feeling like this. Love you in me. Love you."

"Love you," Ilya repeated, "you want more? Take what you want, Shaneska."

He didn't need to consider what it was he wanted. He wanted to ride Ilya, wanted to use all the energy he would have spent in game tomorrow. Wanted Ilya's hip bones to bruise his ass cheeks. He lifted himself half off of Ilya's cock, dropped himself back down the way he'd been resisting. Ilya's cock fucking back into him like a punch, sparking all the way up Shane's spine and leaving his mouth as a grunt.

"Oh god," Shane moaned, Ilya's hands so tight on his thighs now. "Fuck, yes?"

"Yes," Ilya agreed.

It took a few tries to get the rhythm right, to get the angle. Shane ending up with both his arms behind him, gripping Ilya's thighs, holding tight as he fucked himself on Ilya's cock, hips moving hard and fast, his cock bouncing against his stomach and thighs until Ilya reached up and took it in hand, jerking it off in time to Shane's movements.

If it didn't feel as fucking insanely good as it did, Shane would remember he wanted to ride Ilya until his legs gave out. It did feel fucking insanely good, however, and the only thing

Shane's brain was able to coherently focus on was the friction building up, the coiling pull of tension, the need that Shane could feel even in his toes, tucked under his feet, tangled in the blanket. Ilya's hand was so good, tight and sure, callused and hot.

When he came, Ilya kept his hand on Shane's cock, jerking him off still the way he liked to keep going until Shane couldn't take it anymore, his other hand moving to slide up from Shane's thigh to curl around his hip, holding him in place as he planted his feet against the bed, and fucked up into him, fucking through the spasm of Shane's orgasm until he was coming as well, and Shane's was still shuddering through the end of itself, fucked into near painful longevity.

He would have just tipped backwards now, letting himself lay back against Ilya's legs, but Ilya was already catching at his waist, hauling him forwards, then at his arms, pulling Shane up and over until he was slumped in against Ilya's chest, faces cheek to cheek, sweaty, bodies heaving out of sync. Ilya's cock still in him.

"Fuck," Ilya said, turned his face so he could grossly lick Shane's cheek. "You are secret cowboy, hm?"

Shane's ears received the words, handed them slowly over to his brain, his brain read the words out a few times, and then Shane laughed. "Shut up," he mumbled. "Fuck. We're doing that again."

"Right now?" Ilya asked, one hand moving to cup Shane's asscheek, the tug of it pulling pleasantly at his rim still stretched around Ilya's cock. "I think maybe cowboy's horsey might need a little rest first."

Shane snorted again, his brain working well enough again now that there was no break from speech to understanding. Maybe Ilya's cock had been so deep inside him it had poked his brain. Scrambled it. Fucked it. "Not right now," he said, squeezed himself around his 'horse', relishing in Ilya's sharp in-draw of breath. "Some other time. Really good angle. And I want to - to figure out like, the best optimisation -"

"Shanya, Shaneshka," Ilya said, huffing out a laugh, "moy malysh, nyet. Shh. We are not talking about sex-er-cise now. We are in after light, hm? Enjoying?"

“After glow,” Shane said, kissed Ilya’s cheek, and when Ilya moved, his lips as well. Tasted his own salty sweat on Ilya’s tongue. Loved how gross it was. How Ilya wanted him so bodily. “I can multi-task, you could keep basking, and -”

Ilya interrupted him with another kiss, one hand coming up to stroke Shane’s face, pushed his hair out of his face, ran his nails down light over his skull, over his nape, goosebumps following in their wake.

“”M’sorry I went weird,” Shane said, pressed their foreheads together. “When my parents left. I don’t know what it was.”

“S’okay,” Ilya said, kept trailing his hand down Shane’s body, tracing his spine with his nails, just firm enough to not be ticklish. “Is - you want to talk about what was wrong?”

“I don’t think anything was wrong, exactly,” Shane sighed.

“Just a lot?” Ilya suggested.

He shifted a little underneath - and inside - Shane, his cock still more hard than flaccid, slipping out in this angle. Shane tensed, wanted to keep the fullness for as long as possible, and Ilya groaned as his cock twitched inside Shane, as if it could go another round right now if Shane kept squeezing it.

“Sorry,” Shane mumbled, snorted, “just - don’t pull out yet?”

“You can keep him as long as you want,” Ilya said, very generous of him. “But I think maybe I will die if we try to have him fully awake again yet. I think maybe I am getting old?”

“Fuck off,” Shane said. “You’re not.”

“He has only been up and in Shane four times today,” Ilya said, adopting a tone of grief, “where is my vital, my strong cock? Where is he?”

-

You rated Lily

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - meh - good - great - **excellent**

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

First person awake tomorrow gives blow job to wake up second person?

I fucking love riding you, and not, as you suggested in the shower, because I love exercise. I do love exercise, but I love you more. I love sex with you. I love how you make me feel so good, physically, mentally. IDK probably spiritually as well? You make me feel like I'm in my body, even when I go all spacy during, I'm still there, in me. Exercise sometimes does that, but not all the way. You make me feel like I'm doing okay. I don't know how to say it exactly, except, I love you. Ya tebya lyublyu. I'll miss playing you tomorrow. I'll miss having you here. I'll miss you. I'm so fucking grateful I'm yours. x

-

Lily has rated you

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - meh - good - great - **excellent**

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

now this was real rozanov RIDES. beautiful cowboy on my cock, you ride soooo good. i am imagining you on mechanic bull and you would be so good but i would not be able to watch if in public i would come in my pants about it. i love how you like me in you for as long as possible, how you like to be full of me. i love how you let me finger my cum out of you in shower, is so hot i cannot believe how hot it is, cannot believe how i can make you come again by fingesring you and feeding you my cum from your ass. world thinks they know all your secrets but they know nothing about you malysh, you are always so much more than anything they say about you. ya tebya lyublyu i love you so much it makes me want to eat you all up chomp chomp munch much slurp slurp xxx

Chapter 34: ILYA

Chapter Notes

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

(Shane woke Ilya up that morning, mouth on his cock, hand on his tit, Ilya barely waking up before coming, reaching down to push his fingers into Shane's hair, opening his eyes, bleary from sleep and an orgasm, to see Shane's pink face, licking come off his lips.)

-

Usually Ilya was excited when they got to the Bell Centre. It had a terrible guest locker room, and his team always ragged on about it, but as a whole it had never put any of them off before, because playing in Montreal was always fun. The team rivalry, older than the Rozanov/Hollander rivalry, fed into the normal pre-game excitement in an explosive way, building up the want to win into a need.

It was all different today. Ilya had spent the morning with Shane, lunch with Shane and his parents, and then had to say goodbye to go meet up with his team. A weird goodbye when he knew he wasn't going to see Shane on the ice in a few hours. He would come back after the game, stay the night, but he had to leave tomorrow morning to travel with his team. LeClaire had given him a lot of leeway with travel and curfew, but he'd said he wanted Ilya with the team for team morale.

Ilya hadn't understood until he'd met up with his team that afternoon. Their rookies, Riley and Jonesy, started it, the both of them always loud by themselves, and chaotically so together.

"Cap, did you see this shit?" Riley demanded, when Ilya stepped on to the team bus. He'd arrived at the hotel in time for the bus, knew it was always better to arrive as a team. Riley was holding his phone up over the back of the seat he was leaning on. "This is bullshit!"

"I mean, fuck boys," Jonesy added on, holding his own phone to his face, "are they trying to handicap themselves? They don't even want us to have to try?"

“Not to sound like, big headed, or whatever,” Riley said, tossing his head, his expression one of someone who was indeed very big headed, and sounded it constantly, “but there’s no way they think they can beat us without Hollzy, let alone without Pike and Boiz!”

“Buzzy Boiz!” Jonesy chipped in.

Ilya, still in the aisle of the bus, having been accosted with the one two punch of rookie enthusiasm immediately, rolled his eyes at the onslaught, but wholeheartedly agreed.

“Yes,” he said, “is very stupid decision. They have shot selves in face with this, and will be sorry.”

“Why the hell did they do it?” Someone else asked, closer to the back. Casey. “They’re seriously so - what - homophobic they don’t even want to win?”

Ilya’s face molded into a snarl without his permission, the expression constantly creeping onto his face whenever he thought too hard about the Montreal Metros’ management, and how he would like to strangle them.

“Okay,” he said. He looked around him, at his team on the bus, at his coach next to the driver, the driver - Billy Beef -, at Marly who was sitting next to the empty seat Ilya was going to drop himself down on, his shoulders tense like he wasn’t sure if he should be getting up to do something or not. “Okay,” Ilya said again, shouted it. There were a few players right in the back of the bus who were still talking to each other, and he wanted all eyes on him. Wanted to say this before they got to the Bell Centre. The bus quieted.

“You all know I am friends with Hollander,” Ilya said, voice still loud. “With Shane.” Several heads nodded. Ilya continued.

“Some of you know I have been in Montreal last few days, visiting him. I wanted him to have more support. You know Marly here was doing same thing. Is simple thing, yes? Easy thing. Standing by your friend. He is not our teammate, but he is, in many ways, ahh, our workmate?” He paused here to glance first to Marly, and then back at LeClaire, and when neither of them shook their heads at him, or tried to rein him in, he carried on. Hoped Shane wouldn’t be pissed off at him for this.

“And if he was teammate, we would all be in support, yes? Out on street with him to show we are not, ah, bigot? Yes?” He demanded of the bus, and was relieved and vindicated as the bus nodded in near concert, a few replying *yesses* ringing out. He nodded as well, chest tight.

“Shane Hollander,” Ilya said, “is best thing ever to happen to Metros. Only two of them have given him support. Pike and Boiziau. Both benched. Shane benched too. This means, every other Metros player tonight? I do not respect a single one of them.”

“So we’re killing men, tonight, cap?” Sebbins called. A few other guys cheered.

“Tonight,” Ilya said, voice rough, “we go on ice, we fucking kill them. We score goals, yes, we will win. No question. Biggest win will be taking them out.”

The bus cheered again. Ilya sat down heavily next to Marly, who thumped his back. LeClaire stood up now, clearing his throat, his expression wry.

“Just to be clear,” he said, “our official goal is, as always, to play a good clean game, and to win. Try not to run penalty points up too high, Rozanov, Marlow.”

“Coach,” Marly said, nodding, whipping off a sloppy little salute.

“Roz,” LeClaire tried, rolling his eyes.

“I will not be actual murderer on ice,” Ilya offered. “Or even off ice.”

“That’ll do,” LeClaire said.

-

So it wasn’t excitement, in the guest locker, the Bears barely even complaining about the slanted benches, or the half ply toilet paper. It was a thrumming resentment, a rage Ilya was stoking on purpose. He wasn’t stupid, he knew some of the men in the room with him right now would not actually support Shane. Were maybe homophobic in the same way it sounded like Shane’s room was. But they were also not stupid, willing to go with the rest of the room, and if they were willing to follow the room now, maybe they would be able to change their

minds. Maybe Ilya would tell his room everything about who he was, and they would keep this fever pitch of determination for him. They would continue to follow him onto the ice using his rage as their fuel. Would protect him on the streets, and online, and on the ice.

-

FROM Jane_____

-Good luck xxx

**TO
Jane**

*i will not need-
will wipe ice with these cowards-*

FROM Jane_____

-.:/

-Miitka is pretty good

**TO
Jane**

*they are nothing without you-
and i will prove to them this-*

FROM Jane_____

-Be safe. Please.

**TO
Jane**

tell me who was who hit you when you came out-

FROM Jane_____

*-That does not sound like you saying you'll
be safe.*

TO
Jane

will give me better aim make me safer -

FROM Jane _____

-Sure :/

-Anders

TO
Jane

ya tebya lyublyu moy lyubimyy-

FROM Jane _____

-ya tohze tebya lyublyu x

-

The game was a blur. Every time Ilya hit the ice his heart was beating blood on his tongue, his focus so sharp he kept cutting himself on it. He tried to keep LeClaire in mind. Didn't drop gloves until a Metro did for him. Did taunt every single oppositional player relentlessly, teasing with words and puck steals, and circles skated around them. Waited for the gloves to drop, waited for the first punch to be wound up, and then he would jab in first.

Anders was easy to bait. Easy to slam into the ice after.

The rage wasn't just for Shane. It was for himself too. He didn't think any of these mediocre Metros thought there was any truth in it, but they were still spitting out slurs at him, calling him faggot for being friends with Shane. He knew they were hitting Marly with it too. Connors as well, he was sure. Maybe they had decided to lump all the Bears in as one. That was what Ilya had asked them to do tonight, asked his team to be a team honed specifically as a weapon for him to wield.

No one needed to be taken off ice on a gurney, everyone left on their own skates. That was good. They were making a point, not a reason to be fined to hell and back for violence.

They won easily. Miitka was good, but he wasn't good enough to stop Ilya's goals even when Shane was on the ice as well. Montreal scored no goals.

-

Ilya had declined media before the game, LeClaire letting him, maybe because he was worried Ilya would take his spitting mad bus speech and smash it all over the reporters. Now, after the game, and their crushing victory, LeClaire sent him to the media with raised eyebrows and Marly, along with the request to *swear less*.

“Question for alternate captain Marlow, first,” a reporter asked, “why do you think you were not benched for the public fight, but the Metros were? Do you think your management aren’t taking it seriously enough?”

Weird question, weird phrasing. Ilya was glad this wasn’t directed at him. Marly blinked at the reporter, like he too was thinking about how weird it was, and wishing he wasn’t being asked it, but then he straightened up from the half ducked posture he had assumed to listen to the question, clearing his throat, shaking his head.

“I stand by my managements’ decision on the matter,” he said, “because I also stand by my reaction on the night. Maybe I should not have resorted to fighting, but I’m not going to stand by while my, uh, workmates have racial slurs thrown at them. That’s not the kind of guy I am. Uh, as for the fact that they got benched? I think that’s stupid, man, I don’t know what else to say, like. The only one who threw a punch apart from me was JJ, and he had the most right to. Hollzy and Pike were sitting on the other side of the table and it was over before they could even get up, so, like, yeah. Stupid for them not to be here.”

Ilya could see their social media manager, Julee, attempting to get Marly’s attention to tell him to shut up, but she was also rolling her eyes at the fact that she was being ignored, so she wasn’t actually very pissed about it. Marly stopped here anyway, shrugging massively.

“Okayyy, a follow up question to Marlow’s answer, for both of you this time; both of you publicly liked Hollander’s social media posts of his coming out statement, Marlow, you obviously have been seen out with him since, and Rozanov, there have been rumours you came to Montreal early also to see Hollander. Do you think Hollander was benched for the game due to his recent admission of being gay?”

Julee was shaking her head hard at both of them, eyebrows down flat. Ilya looked away.

“Personal opinion only,” Ilya said, “I speak as Ilya now, not Bear,” he hoped that would be enough to vaguely appease Julee and management. “I think yes. I think this is punishment. Not only for Hollander, but for his friends who have given him open support.” He shrugged, knew his expression was bitter and hard. “Good news for everyone else, yes? They take away best player, Bears will not be only team to shut them out.”

Marly leaned in here, hand on Ilya’s shoulder. “Obviously we can’t speak to why decisions were made,” he said, “especially in someone else’s management. But I would like to confirm here, that yes, we support Hollander. Like Rozy said, he’s the fucking best. Not that he has to be the best for us to support him being gay, or whatever, uh -”

Julee had her face in her hands. Ilya vowed to send her an apology gift. Basket of vodka?

Another brave reporter took the opportunity of Marly’s awkward trail off, and jumped in with a question Ilya was willing to beat all the little creeps here wanted to be asking.

“There are rumours that you and Hollander were spotted on a date yesterday, Marlow, care to speak on this?”

“Uh,” Marly said, then grinned, apparently relieved no one was pressing him on sounding like he only supported talented gay people. “Hollzy is a great friend, uh, but he’s already a taken man, and not by me. We were just hanging out yesterday.”

Ilya wondered if he was wording it like this specifically to keep everyone guessing about his sexuality now, or if Marly had literally not even considered how he sounded. Could be either.

Several more questions were thrust towards them, and Julee stepped in to announce they would only be answering questions directly about the game just played, now. They answered three more questions.

-

FROM Jane _____

-Okay wow you took anders out

-Broken nose?

-Holy fuck did connors just trip marchy on purpose?

-What is going on here?

-Bears are on a rampage. My mum is mad that she's cheering for you guys.

-She's literally on her feet in front of the tv

-fuck are you okay?

-okay you're back on the ice

-I said BE SAFE you fuck

-This is really hot though

-Which is not a reason to go this feral again

-fuck they are playing so badly

-I honestly don't know how I feel about that.

-I've gotta stop live texting this is a lot.

-

FROM Jane _____

-Are you guys in trouble for your media statements?

-Is this going to make things harder with Russia?

-Are you coming back here?

**TO
Jane**

sorry for worries moy lyubimyy-

yes i am coming home very soon-

in a little trouble but only for being too talking-

*julee prefers when we let her know before we
say things that blow up internet-*

FROM Jane

-I bet she does

-My mum also wants to give you a lecture

-Or a hug, I haven't worked it out yet

**TO
Jane**

i will accept either-

-

“That was reckless,” Yuna greeted him, opening the door of Shane’s flat to him. “You could have been benched, or injured. Do you not get media training in Boston?”

He didn’t get a chance to answer, because the moment the door was closed behind him, she had pulled him in to a tight hug. She was a much different shape to her son, but she hugged with the same firmness, holding him tight to her for a long moment before releasing him and holding him back at arms’ length, looking him up and down with narrowed eyes.

“You look okay,” she said with a nod. “Split lip is nothing compared to what you handed out. Good game tonight. I will never root for your team over Shane’s team again, but I am pleased you won tonight. Thank you.”

“Ah,” Ilya said, felt all sorts of overwhelmed. He’d barely managed to lift his arms to return the hug before she had pulled back again, his body seemingly forgetting how to respond when being given a hug like that. Yuna’s voice had been tight with truth, and he was still getting used to the way she was letting him in to her family. “Spasibo. Thank you. Um. I know, was reckless. I was, ahh, angry.”

“I was angry too,” Yuna said, and he thought she would say here that she *could control herself*, or something else like that. “I would have done the same thing, if I was on the ice tonight.”

Ilya laughed, one shocked ha, and she smiled at him. Squeezed his biceps once before fully releasing him and stepping away.

“Shane is on the phone with Farah, and the boys,” she said, as she walked further inside, Ilya following her after shuffling his shoes off. “Management already reached out to her about needing Shane, and the others of course, for the next game, and after tonight’s game, they’re desperate. You and your Bears took out a handful of players.”

Ilya grinned, pleased with himself. It hadn’t been his goal to short the Metros enough to need to call Shane, Pike, and Boiziau back, but it was a pleasing side effect.

“She’s planning on wrangling a public apology from them,” David called. He was setting the dining table, and now Ilya was closer, he could smell something warm and meaty. “An admission that the benching was baseless.”

“Will she get this?” Ilya asked, looking from Yuna to David. Yuna had sat down at one of the chairs at the dining table without a plate, her laptop in front of her instead. “Shane has said she is, hmm, formidable. Formidable.”

“Formidable,” Yuna offered easily, not looking up from her laptop that she had started almost immediately tapping away at. “And yes, she is. I think she’ll get it. Especially after yours and Marlow’s statements, to tell the truth. The fact that an opposing team is so clearly against players being benched even when it gets them a win?”

“We would have won anyway,” Ilya said, and Yuna snorted.

“Sure.”

Shane appeared then, before Ilya could dig in his heels and try to convince Yuna that his team was better than her son’s team (objectively true), and that he was better than her son at hockey (subjectively true). His hair looked damp, like he’d had a shower recently.

“Farah says she’ll know tomorrow if we’re playing in the Toronto away game,” Shane said, sounded tired. “And continues to advise I stay off social media, like I was planning on going and reading or posting some random shit.” He sighed, and then his eyes flicked to where Ilya was standing just to the left of Yuna, and smiled. “Hi, you fucking menace.”

“Malysh,” Ilya said, coating his tone in fake hurt, “me? I just played beautiful high scoring game, and you call me menace? I did not start a single fight, you did not see? Always I am simply finishing them.”

“You might not have dropped your gloves first,” Shane said, stalking forwards, his eyes on Ilya so intently that it looked like he had fully forgotten they weren’t alone. “But I saw your mouth moving. I know you. You were chirping them to filth.”

Ilya shrugged, held his hands out wide with it, invitation. “If they did not want to be chirped for filth, maybe they should be less filthy.”

Shane stepped into his arms, and Ilya realised he had also stepped forwards to him, both of them drawing closer together instinctively. Gravity.

Shane kissed him - a small light kiss, so he was still aware his parents were here - and then pulled Ilya in closer for the hug, Ilya’s arms knowing exactly what to do here, wrapping around Shane and clinging without hesitation.

“I asked you to be safe,” Shane reminded him again, face pressed to his neck.

“And here I am,” Ilya replied, “safe. Is all okay. I am - I am in no trouble with Bears. Russia is far away for now. Everything is fine.”

Shane sighed, but didn't reply with further argument, or questions about the *for now* of Russia. Just held Ilya for a few breaths more, until David cleared his throat, and he flinched back.

“Sorry,” David said, sounding very sorry. “I didn't mean to startle you, Shaney? Uh, just wanted to say dinner's ready.”

“Sorry,” Shane replied, eyes downcast. He still had his hands on Ilya even though he'd stepped back so quickly it had been like he'd been shoved. “All good.” He looked up at Ilya, “You hungry?”

“I could eat,” Ilya nodded. Wanted to rub his hand up and down Shane's back, squeeze his nape until he settled again. Shane looked like he was actively stopping himself from running. Ilya gave in to the want, pulled Shane a half step closer, shot David a quick look to see for himself that David wasn't looking at them with any type of disgust that could result in Shane's bolt of fear. Nothing. Ran his hands over Shane's back, both of them in concert until one of them reached his nape, and then gripped him firmly while one hand continued to smooth down tense muscles. “Rasslab'sya, moy mal'chik, relax, hm? You are okay here.”

Shane nodded, head still down. Ilya was all too aware of Shane's parents' eyes on them. Knew Shane was as well. Needed Shane to know this was okay.

“You are good here,” he said, firm, rubbed his thumb against the side of Shane's neck, pressed his forehead to Shane's. “Is just us. Your mama, your papa, your boyfriend. We love you, yes? You are good here.”

Shane nodded again, slow movement, his hair pushing up his forehead against Ilya's. Didn't resist when Ilya moved his hand from Shane's back to his chin, tilted his face up. Paused just a moment to broadcast his intentions, and then kissed him. As chaste as the kiss Shane had given him before.

Shane smiled weakly at him when they pulled back from the kiss.

“You are good?” Ilya prompted.

“Yeah,” Shane said, “I’m good.” He glanced over at his parents, cheeks pink. “Sorry,” he said again, “I’m good. I just - I still - I think I’m having trouble remembering that - that it’s not a secret. It’s allowed?”

“It’s allowed,” Ilya repeated.

Yuna looked very much like she might cry, holding her mouth in the same way Shane often did when he was overwhelmed and on the verge of tears. Ilya tried to help by not looking at her, looking to David instead, who was giving them a small smile.

“It’s allowed,” David echoed. “Tough trying to learn new routines,” he added, turning away to walk over to the oven. Spoke over his shoulder. “You’ll get it, Shaney, it’s okay. Give it time, bud.”

“Very embarrassing,” Shane mumbled to Ilya, and then rolled his eyes when Ilya scoffed at him, ruffling his hair. “Fuck, stop. You should have been put in the box for that snag in third, by the way.”

“If Montreal ref didn’t call it, it didn’t happen,” Ilya replied, “they are always catching even tiniest oopsies by Bears, soooo, I am obviously innocent.”

“They were distracted by Connors and Sebbins tripping Bouch,” Shane replied dryly, “very dramatically.”

“Ah, they were both - what do they call it? Ah, dramatic class kids? No -”

“Drama class kids,” Shane said, rolled his eyes again. “Yeah, I can see it.”

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After dinner, Shane's parents stayed for clean up, coffee and more talking, and then they left. Both David and Yuna gave him quick hugs goodbye, and he managed to mostly return them. His shoulder hurt a little. He'd hit it hard against Comeau at some point, possibly at multiple points. Pike might have texted him a little bit about who was the worst in the room, and Comeau might have been number one. Yuna had pointed out he'd been holding it stiffly over dinner, which had Shane looking at him sternly, and him promising he'd have a hot shower and then tape it before bed.

Shane had not forgotten this promise, and his parents had barely left when Shane pointed at the bathroom. "My showerhead has a massage setting," he said, his cheeks very pink suddenly for some reason. "It'll be good on your shoulder. We can set it up so you can sit in the ledge and have the spray directly on the muscle."

That did sound very good. Ilya had some other plans he wanted to incorporate, however. He had also just realised why Shane's cheeks were so pink.

"Ah," he said, very pleased. "And you got this, mmm, massage feature because you are athlete, yes? For strained muscles?"

"Yep," Shane said. Whole body stiff. Definitely needing a... massage.

"Hmm," Ilya smiled at him, all teeth. "I think maybe you are lying to me, malysh?"

"Nope," Shane said, shook his head just once.

"Ah, being sneaky with words, maybe," Ilya said, tilting his head back and looking at Shane through his lashes, "so you can lie while still clinging to a truth, even if truth isn't fully real truth."

“I am an athlete,” Shane said staunchly, “and I do use it for strained muscles. Like how I am telling you you should use it for your strained muscles. Which you should come do now.”

“I think maybe I want to hear what else you use it for,” Ilya said, not moving. He folded his arms. Licked his lips, watched Shane’s eyes follow the movements. “Tell me, Shanya. I want to hear.”

“It’s not-” Shane began, huffed. Folded his arms as well. “I have an attachment for douching,” he mumbled, “it’s not for that.”

“No, I know,” Ilya said, pleased to have gotten even this, but still wanting more. “Shaneshka.”

“Okay, fine,” Shane grumbled, “I use it like - I don’t know. I hold it against myself sometimes. Against my taint, or my cock, and sometimes my ass. It’s like a - a vibrator and dildo at once. Just different. Feels good.”

“Yeah,” Ilya said, stomach warm, pants tight. “It sounds very nice, malysh. It makes you come?”

Shane shrugged, one shoulder and then the other. “Yes,” he said. “Sometimes.”

“Hm,” Ilya said. “I would like to see.”

Shane opened his mouth, and then closed it. Honest to god pouted.

“Not yet, malysh,” Ilya said. “We will massage my shoulder first, yes? You can come with me to see I am doing it right. Being good athlete, good captain. Maybe you can help me with relaxing even more.”

Shane nodded. “Okay,” he said. “Yeah. I can - I want to.”

“Good,” Ilya said. He finally closed the distance between them. Used his un-twined arm to wind tight around Shane’s waist. Kissed him firmly. “Get vibrating ring.”

“Huh?” Shane blinked up at him. “Am I not coming with you?”

“Oh,” Ilya laughed, loved it when Shane gave him openings like this (or any opening at all mmmm-mm). “You will be coming with me, yes, and probably before me, and after me, and on me, and in front of me, and -”

“Okay, okay, jesus,” Shane interrupted. “It’s waterproof?”

“Da, yes, of course is waterproof, malysh. I would not buy toy for you which could be ruined with wet, what would the point of this be? You are always so wet for me.”

“Shut up,” Shane said. “Fine. I’ll get it.”

-

Despite Shane’s initial show of annoyance, he followed Ilya’s instructions with quick ease, dropping the brat act the moment Ilya had them both naked.

He settled on the ledge in the shower, massage setting directed on his shoulder, like Shane had suggested. It did feel very good. The hot water pounding his muscle, soothing and heating the tense sinews of it.

Shane was boxed in between Ilya’s thighs and the wall of the shower, he was sitting cross legged, though Shane had said it was *lotus pose*, thighs spread wide against the base of the ledge Ilya was seated on. His shoulders were tucked under Ilya’s thighs, hands hooked under and then over the outsides, fingers resting against Ilya’s hips. His head tucked forward to hold Ilya’s cock in his mouth. He had to keep his head up more than he might usually,

focused on taking all of Ilya in at once, to keep the water from pooling and drowning him. That would be a not great look for either of them. Shane Hollander drowned in Ilya Rozanov's lap. More at Seven.

It was a very good view, Shane's face soft, eyes closed so water wouldn't get in them, lips spread wide. His whole body had relaxed so soon after they'd got into position. He'd taken Ilya's soft cock in his mouth, and exhaled hard through his nose, slumped forwards. Ilya had had to push him upright again a little, and Shane had made a small grumpy noise about not being allowed to press his nose against Ilya so he could suffocate instead of drown, but other than that noise, he had been calm and loose.

It was a pity Ilya couldn't also see the way Shane's cock was certainly leaking, cock ring on, still on low, so Shane could stay in this softer space for long enough that he would agree that Ilya's shoulder had been massaged for long enough.

He had his hand in Shane's hair, running slowly through the damp strands, scratching the back of his scalp gently, stroking his forehead. Kept one hand under Shane's chin, cupping his face, holding the weight of his head so Shane's neck wasn't tensed. He was hard in Shane's mouth - not fully - but he couldn't help but get turned on with Shane's mouth around him, Shane's face so carefree in his hands, Shane's body tucked as close as it could be. The knowledge of the ring on Shane's cock, that when Ilya chose to pull Shane off him, he would find Shane hard and needy, so easy to wind up further.

He wanted to wind Shane right up. He'd gotten him so loose and relaxed now, sitting on the shower floor with Ilya in his mouth like a security blanket, and he wanted to take this loose Shane and get him shaking with tension again before fucking it back out of him. Wanted to take Shane from peak to peak, until he was forced to just *be*. Until his brain couldn't keep scaring him. Until he lost that lingering edge of sadness in his eyes, in the corner of his mouth. He wanted to lick into Shane's mouth until he'd cleaned it out of him. Bite at Shane's lips, drag his teeth into the tuck of the corner and scrape it off. Replace it with Ilya's want, Ilya's need. So every time Shane's mouth quirked into that dimple of a corner, everyone would see Ilya in it. Or at the very least, see that Shane was fucking loved, was protected.

"Did you get hard?" He asked, and Shane twitched in his hands, surprised at the sudden question. He blinked his eyes open carefully, water dripping off his eyelashes. Ilya clarified. "Watching game tonight. Seeing me fighting."

Shane's eyes on him are heavy, and with them open it was like he'd forgotten for a moment what he was doing, mouth tightening around Ilya's cock, hot suction for a half beat, Ilya

letting out a tight moan before pressing his thumb against the hinge of Shane's jaw. The suctioned loosened, spit sliding out around Ilya's cock as Shane opened his mouth a little, like taking in a breath, before closing them back around Ilya's shaft. He nodded, tiny movement. Ilya smiled down at him, rubbed along his jaw with his thumb.

"I thought you might," he said, "I thought about it, while I was in box, got hard in my cup. I was hard for you when I stole puck from right beneath Comeau's ugly nose."

Shane made a muffled grunt of a noise, his eyes closing briefly, and Ilya could imagine him getting harder, trying to grind against something, finding no friction in his pretzeled position.

"You like, hm?" Ilya teased, "try so hard to be good and sensible, but you get hard for me fighting? You like my split lip?"

Shane nodded again, eyes closed, hiding and not hiding at the same time.

"Bruise on my thigh," Ilya said, nudging Shane's face sideways towards said thigh, and not continuing until Shane opened his eyes to look at the still darkening, puck shaped bruise there. "From catching puck off your shitty third line centre, trying to make shot for goal too far back like idiot."

Shane's eyes flicked back up at him, dark.

"You love how good I am," Ilya said, knew it to be true. "You love how hard I play. You love knowing I love playing you best. You are my favourite to play with."

Shane nodded, moaning as he did, and Ilya could feel his hips moving, legs brushing against Ilya's in the cramped space of the floor. He doubted Shane was getting much more than minor relief. He could feel his own cock getting harder in Shane's mouth at his own words, and the thought of Shane being turned on, now and during the game. He moved his hips forwards, fucking shallowly into Shane's throat, and Shane groaned for real now, his hands gripping tight to Ilya's thighs, mouth opening wider, ready to be fucked, wanting to be fucked.

Ilya took himself by the base and pulled out of Shane's hot waiting mouth, and Shane moaned with disappointment now, glaring up at Ilya.

"Stand up, malysh," Ilya directed, one hand staying on his cock, stroking himself with slow, languid movements, the other hand reaching to pat Shane's cheek, condescending and affectionate at the same time. "Show me your cock."

Shane glared at him for a moment more, and then moved slowly, twisting his torso to slide his shoulders one at a time out from under Ilya's legs, and then bracing himself on Ilya's thighs, one hand pressing purposefully into the puck bruise so that Ilya hissed, and un-lotused his legs. Shane hissed now, Ilya imagined blood rushing in pins and needles to Shane's feet, maybe, and gave him a few extra seconds of patience, before he patted his cheek again.

"Up," he said, "I want to see him. See how needy and wet he is. See how cute he is looking for me with his nice ring on."

"God," Shane mumbled, but stood up anyway, knees wobbling for a moment before he was fully straightened up (as much as someone as super gay as Shane could, anyway), and he stepped back against the shower wall to give Ilya a better view.

His cock was very hard, bobbing with his movement, and the vibrations of the cock ring. Shiny smears of translucent white all over his thighs, his lower stomach. He must have been hard for a while, precome still beading at the tip, dripping down his hard shaft, standing out stark against the dark purple of the ring stretched and vibrating around him.

"Bohze moy," Ilya breathed, "fuck, Shanya, so desperate. Look at him, he must hurt, hm? Looks so good, juicy."

"Fuck," Shane moaned, his head falling back against the wall with a dull thud, one hand moving to his cock, not quite touching, pausing to rest against his hip.

“Good boy,” Ilya said, his own cock jerking at Shane’s restraint, his desire to be good for Ilya, to do as he was told. “Fuck, you are so good. So beautiful for me, malysh. You should have reward, I think.”

“Please,” Shane said, looked down at Ilya, head still tilted back, eyes half closed, lips wet and swollen. He looked so fucking debauched already, his hair wet and ruffled, pink high up his cheeks.

“You should have reward,” Ilya repeated, then pouted, “but,ah, my shoulder. I think maybe I will have to tell you how to give reward to yourself, so I do not pull muscle more, hm?”

Shane stared at him, expression torn between betrayal and lust. The lust won out pretty quickly, Ilya watched the way Shane’s cock twitched at his words.

“I want to see you use shower head,” Ilya said, “on your hole. I want to see how you make yourself feel good with it.”

“Ilya,” Shane complained, eyes flicking from the shower head, to Ilya, to his own twitching cock, like he couldn’t decide which was betraying him the most right now.

“I think,” Ilya said when Shane didn’t have anything further to say, “that if your hole was already so open and ready for me, I could fuck you against wall without hurting my shoulder, hm?”

“Fuck,” Shane said. “Fine.”

Ilya raised his eyebrows at him, and Shane flushed, impressive considering he was already pink.

“Okay,” Shane said, swallowed hard. “Fuck. Yes. I want.”

“Go on then,” Ilya instructed, settling back in the spacious ledge, making an act of getting comfortable.

It was surprisingly comfortable. More of a seat than a ledge, especially when Shane had removed his shampoo, conditioner, and bodywash. He had left the bottle of lube, nestled innocuous among the other bottles, now the only thing sharing the ledge with Ilya.

Shane stepped closer so he could reach for the shower head, stepping between Ilya’s thighs again, and Ilya took the opportunity to wrap his arms around him, to cup his ass, squeezing and kneading at the muscle as he leaned in to press kisses to Shane’s stomach, keeping his eye on his straining cock. He should turn the vibrator up one, but he would be very nice and wait until after Shane had finished fiddling with the plumbing.

“Fuck, Ilyushka,” Shane moaned, no complaint in his voice now, his hips jerking forwards in Ilya’s grip, the head of his cock bumping the underside of Ilya’s chin. “Fuck.”

“So needy,” Ilya said, not at all a reprimand.

He kissed Shane’s stomach again, made his way up to his tits, kissed at his nipples. Sucked one into his mouth, gripping the tight bud of it between his teeth as he worked his tongue against it. Shane cursing and shaking, but not pulling away. They both knew Shane could have gotten the shower head down by now, he was lingering on purpose, drawing out the opportunity for Ilya to touch and kiss him. Ilya rewarded him for this because he couldn’t help himself. Swapped to the other nipple, ran the flat of his tongue over it before biting it, just hard enough for Shane to squeak about it. He ran his hand up from Shane’s ass, over his hip, up his chest, tweaked the first nipple again.

“Better hurry,” he said, kissed just below Shane’s clavicle. “I have time for when vibrator turns up, it does not have to wait until after you have shower head down.”

Shane swore under his breath, his stomach tensing, and then the heavy spray of water pouring over Ilya’s shoulder disappeared, the jet of it hitting the wall, Shane directing it away from both of them as he brought it down to waist level. He turned it to the floor then, like he wasn’t sure what to do next. Stared down at Ilya.

“Go on,” Ilya said, patted Shane’s ass. “Have you forgotten how you do this?”

“No.”

“You have forgotten where your hole is?” Ilya asked now, “You need help finding it?”

Shane huffed out a noise. “It’s just embarrassing,” he said.

“That you have forgotten where hole is,” Ilya said, nodding in understanding. “Ah, my poor baby. Do not worry, I am not judging. I will help, yes?”

Shane hesitated a moment more, and then he nodded. Ilya patted his ass again, and then moved his hand to Shane’s hip instead, patted that instead.

“Turn around,” he instructed, “Stay close so I can help, yes? You can lean against wall so you are bent over a little, this will be useful for me showing you where your pretty hole is. Good boy,” he crooned, running his hand along the expanse of Shane’s back as he followed Ilya’s instructions. The shower head still in his hands, directed at the shower floor. “When you do this,” Ilya asked, “do you reach around, or through your legs?”

“Um,” Shane said, his forehead against the shower wall. “Either. Usually, uh, usually I have one foot on the ledge, um, and I guess if I was using it on my cock first I would end up with it between my legs, but if I was just - just using my hand to jerk off, I would probably reach around.”

“Hm,” Ilya said, “very good.” His cock twitched hopefully as his mind flashed several idea of how Shane might look in the shower, one leg up, shaking under the assault of the steady pound of hot water. “Reach around is probably best today, yes?”

“Okay,” Shane said, the water stream wavered a moment, like he was unsure if Ilya was telling him to reach around now. “Um. Now?”

“Not yet,” Ilya assured him, kissed the bottom of Shane’s spine, ran his hands over his ass. “I have to show you where to point first, hm?”

“Fuck,” Shane grumbled.

“Yes, for fuck,” Ilya agreed. “Now, pay attention, yes? Very important you know where this is.”

Shane groaned again, but Ilya could hear right through the thin veneer of irritation into the heat underneath it, the need coursing through it. Loved when Shane pretended like this, like playfighting, loved when Shane rolled over as well, surrendered to himself as well as Ilya.

He took Shane’s ass with both hands, gripping his cheeks tightly, squeezing them until Shane groaned again, this one much less complaint and more need.

“Your butt is just so good,” Ilya said, pulled his cheeks apart, spreading his hole. Shane had showered after the game, and it was easy to see that it hadn’t been a casual shower. “So good even you cannot resist, hm? You came here after getting hard and hot watching me play and you played with yourself?”

“I wanted you,” Shane said, not a denial.

“Hmm,” Ilya grinned. Let go of one cheek so he could run his forefinger down from the cleft of Shane’s ass right up to the loosened pucker of his hole. “Must have been hard,” he said, circling the tip of his finger around, but not touching or pressing in, “without knowing where this was.”

“Fuck you,” Shane said, hitched his hips back a little, and Ilya laughed. “Show me. Please,” Shane demanded. “Touch me.”

“Okay, okay,” Ilya said, “I will show, I will touch.” He withdrew his hand now, then, before Shane could complain again, spat into his fingers, immediately returned to Shane’s ass, spit covered fingers sliding into Shane’s hole, two of them, easy. “Slut,” he said, voice low, “already so open for me? Here is your slutty hole, malysh, you feel it?”

Shane pushed back against him again, pressing him in deeper, sliding in to the second knuckle. He groaned, nodding. “Yeah,” he said, “yes.”

Ilya pulled his fingers out, wiped them against the side of Shane’s hip, only because he knew it made Shane pull a face, everything was wet anyway, they were in the shower.

“Now you know where to point,” Ilya said, when Shane turned to look at him over his shoulder. “You can use shower instead of sending all this water down drain.”

Shane grimaced slightly, as if only just realising he was very much wasting water, and then grimaced again as he reached around himself, turning the shower head in his hand to keep the spray lowered as he moved it. Ilya waited, one hand on Shane’s hip, the other resting on his own cock, who was still interested, but needed a little attention. He stroked himself back to full hardness easily as Shane maneuvered. Shane’s movements were slow, fluid, until he must have hit the right spot, and his back arched, his whole body twitching with it, and his hand holding the shower shook.

“Fuck,” Ilya said. It was rude that Shane’s hand and the shower head hid the full view from him, but it was still so hot seeing Shane rim himself. He reached the hand on Shane’s hip around him further, dipping down until he could grab his cock, felt it twitch at his touch, gripped it tight, Shane’s hips already moving like he was trying to grind back on the water, fucking his cock in Ilya’s hand.

Shane swore as well, rushed and low, his hips jerking, stuttering, something obviously feeling too good for a second, because his hand twitched out of place, and he wasn’t hitting it right anymore. Kept swearing as he redirected the spray.

“My turn,” Ilya announced. Took his hand from Shane’s cock to take the shower head, batted Shane’s hand away from it. “I will make you feel good now.”

“You’re jealous of me?” Shane asked, sounding amused and smug, “Or the shower?”

Neither. Obviously. Because Ilya was going to show him how much better it could be with Ilya doing it. He put one hand to Shane’s lower back, pressing him down further, then slid his hand down to hold Shane open a little more, thumb and fingers spreading his cheeks before he lifted the shower from where it was pouring down the back of Shane’s thigh and Ilya’s knee. A dial on the shower head let you narrow the stream, and he did so, just slightly, still wanted a thick hot course of water for Shane, never let it be said he was a selfish lover. Jealous, maybe.

“Hurry up,” Shane directed, “it’s cold.”

It was not cold. Shane had the heating on, and despite both of them being wet, the air was not cool enough to make them chilly, especially with the hot water running into the shower and steaming around them.

He directed the spray to Shane’s hole, and was immediately gut punched with desire as Shane moaned immediately, pressing back against the spray, and his hole fucking opened for the water, like Ilya was fucking him with a see through dildo. Not opening wide, not fully gaping, but open enough he could see the twitch of his inner rim, fuck.

“Fuck, Shanya,” Ilya groaned, wanted to be closer, wanted to see more, “fuck, you look - I cannot - I need to be in you, malysh -”

“So get the fuck in me,” Shane replied, his arms were folded against the wall, his head pressed against them, hips jerking back, “fuck - it feels so good, though - Ilya -”

“I have you, Shaneshka,” Ilya gritted out, kept the pressure steady against Shane as he reached for the lube, slicking himself up, and then adding more, because he knew the water would be drying Shane out, which seemed stupid, but he had it on good advice. “Here you go, malysh,” he added, fumbling on the wall behind him until he found the shower dial, and turned it off before dropping the shower head to the floor, and using both hands to tug Shane backwards and onto his lap, because it seemed the quickest way to get as deep into Shane as he needed.

“Fuck,” Shane half twisted, one hand finding Ilya’s shoulder to brace against, the other pressing to Ilya’s thigh and his bruise again. “Oh fuck, Ilya, that’s - fuck you’re so -”

“Yes,” Ilya agreed, wrapped his arms tight and low around Shane’s stomach, pressed kisses to every wet inch of Shane’s skin his lips could reach. Throat, shoulder, nape, chin, jaw - He fucked up into Shane, a shallow grind of a fuck, already deep in Shane, seated, but still. Shane moaning and pressing back against him. “You want more?”

“Yes,” Shane panted.

Ilya planted his feet, thanked his years and years of weight training, hip thrusts in particular, and fucked up into Shane for real, lifting his ass fully off the ledge, pushing Shane’s torso forwards so he was on tiptoes, hands reaching out to brace on the wall again rather than on Ilya. Without Shane’s full body weight on him, it was an easier job to fuck him properly, bouncing him in his lap, loosening his grip around Shane’s stomach only to grab him by the hips so he could end each up movement with a sharp tug down, driving as deep in as he could with every thrust, Shane meeting each tug with vigor, slamming himself down in Ilya’s lap like if they tried hard enough maybe they could get deeper, still, could become part of each other, all their molecules aligning in the right way so Shane could fuck down onto Ilya and Ilya would fuck up into him and they would slot together atom by atom.

It was probably very academic that this was the thought he came to, holding Shane down hard in his lap as he ground up in him, wanting all of himself in Shane.

He pulled out of Shane, turned him around, wobbly kneed, sat him back down on Ilya’s still hard cock, turned the cock ring up to its highest setting, and kissed Shane through his moaning as he came hard, full of, surrounded by Ilya. His lip had resplit at some point, he wasn’t sure when. Blood in his mouth, barely registering. Kept kissing him, kept rolling his hips to grind his slow softening cock inside Shane, didn’t turn the cock ring down or off. Let it roll Shane, sobbing and clutching, grinding down, panting, into a second orgasm, his teeth in Ilya’s shoulder.

He turned the vibrator off after that, and Shane’s body went from bowstring tight to a puddle of muscle and skin in Ilya’s lap. Heavy and wet and shaking.

Being very careful to not dislodge Shane, Ilya pulled the shower head to himself by the cord, turned the dial until he was pretty sure he had it back to normal shower setting, and turned the water back on. Held it at the floor until he was sure it was running warm, held it up over Shane's back.

-

You rated Jane

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - meh - good - great - **excellent**

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

i love thinking of you touching yourself and thinking about me. i am maybe a little stupidly jealous of not getting to be there for every one of your orgasms but this is only because i love them so much and if world were fair we would be always together so if you wanted you would never need to cum without me. i want always to be giving you orgasms and making them better and better. you are so sexy and hot and also cute and fun when we play a little, it is something that makes me feel very much. i am so big in love with you, moy shaneshka, ya tebya lyublyu xxx

-

Jane has rated you

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - meh - good - great - **excellent**

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

Fuck you for being better at my jerk off techniques than I am, I'm going to want you so much anytime I try it now. If we're going to have shower sex more often we should probably install hand rails or something, which I know is not very sexy, but what is even less sexy is getting a stupid injury from shower sex. That is not how I am leaving hockey, tbi from shower sex??? Anyway. That was so fucking hot. The whole thing. Being between your legs and holding you in my mouth. You teasing me. You fucking me. You making me cum again so hard I felt like I was inside out and also dead. You looking after me afterwards. Kissing me. Drying me. Taking me to bed and giving me water and a cookie that I KNOW I did not buy, don't try and gaslight me into thinking I just happened to have a packet of my favourite cookies. I love you. I miss you already. I wismmmllove you xxxxxxxx

-

He had been avoiding look at social media while he had been with Shane. Didn't want to see something he wouldn't be able to stop himself from reacting to, wanted to let Shane stay apart from any online shit for as long as possible. He had his parents and Farah to let him know if there was anything he needed to know, Ilya didn't want to be in that role. Breaking bad news to Shane.

It wasn't all bad. Scott Hunter had shared Shane's posts, adding his support, and so had a good handful of his team. The Centaurs had shared it as well, many of their players commenting on the post positively. Rose Landry had shared it, and all her fanatics were being useful with their support. There was good stuff. But it felt pale next to the bad stuff.

Like the fact that two of his teammates had posted online about starting a petition to ban gay men from team locker rooms. Or that another handful of them were trying, and failing, to get the hashtag *NotOurCaptain* trending. Or that Anders had gone on a dude bro youtube show right after the game and talked about how the Bears were all obviously fucking Shane, and

that Shane was a whore who had been throwing games for the Bears this whole time. There was more. A lot more. But Marly confiscated his phone before he could keep looking.

“Fuck you Marlow,” Ilya spat, not trying to wrestle his phone back, jaw clenched as he leaned in hard against the window of the bus.

They were headed to Ottawa for their next game, which was fine, just irritating that he had to be a good captain and travel with the team instead of driving with Yuna or David tomorrow.

“Sure,” Marly said, not offended. He tucked Ilya’s phone into his jacket pocket, and elbowed Ilya. “How’s our boy holding up? He’s not played me back on words yet.”

“He’s not *our* boy,” Ilya retorted, glared at Marly so Marly would get the unspoken but very heavily meant *he’s mine*. “And he’s staying off internet for now. So he is doing better in brain than I am.”

“His teammates are fucked,” Marly said flatly. “The things they were saying last night? What the fuck.”

Ilya never had any illusion of privacy while traveling on the team bus, and if he had, it would have been broken now as Sebbins turned around in the seat in front of Marly and chipped in.

“You see that post where they’re saying we like, gang bang him?”

Ilya swore loudly. Across the aisle, Jonesy leaned over, Riley leaning with him. “It doesn’t even make sense, like timing wise,” he said, “Like, boys, c’mon, right? How’d he be getting to Boston and sleeping with all of us and then getting home again without everyone wondering where the fuck Shane Hollander is for like weeks at a time instead of playing games? It’s not like the Metros only play us.”

“Oh bro,” Riley said, “I don’t think they’re saying Hollzy is like, spending a night with each of us, like, romance style? Pretty sure it was more, uh, *implying* we were all going at him at once?”

“Fuck,” Jonesy frowned, stared into the middle distance, “I really don’t think we’d all fit, boys.”

“Shut the fuck up,” Marly said, Ilya’s saviour. He reached over the aisle to shove Jonesy back into his seat. “They don’t really fucking believe that, you idiots, they’re just trying to like, discredit him or something. Make him sound... I dunno. Like being gay turns him into a huge, uh, slut?”

A part of Ilya did very much want to tell them that Shane was in fact a huge slut, but it was only for Ilya, thank you very fucking much. He bit his tongue, hard.

“I’m honestly surprised, man,” Sebbins said, still leaning over the back of his seat. “I mean, I heard that the Montreal room wasn’t like, the greatest? But definitely not the worst. And his team always talked him up in interviews, said he was a great captain and all. Like, worst things I ever heard any of them - even former teammates - say about him were like, kind of racist shit they didn’t seem to realise was racist shit?”

Ilya forced himself to stop grinding his teeth. He didn’t want to have to get his fake ones fixed, or wear down his real ones enough to need more fakies, because he couldn’t even control his own jaw.

“Yeah, well,” Marly shrugged, the movement bumping into Ilya and knocking him into the window again. “I kinda feel like if you’re happy to be racist to your asian captain you’re gonna be happy to be homophobic to your gay one.”

“He’s half,” Ilya muttered. “Half Japanese.”

“Yeah,” Marly shrugged again. “His mum, yeah? His dad is Canadian?”

“He’s white, yeah,” Ilya snapped, his stomach roiling, “Yuna is also a fucking Canadian, Marlow.”

He wasn't really mad at Marly. He was mad at himself. He kept fucking... not forgetting, never forgetting who Shane was. Just forgetting that Shane had been dealing with this sort of thing his entire career. His entire life. He wondered how often he had blundered, not just with the sex things, around race. Had he said offensive things to Shane without realising, hurt Shane in this way, and Shane had just accepted it? Taken it inside himself and told himself he deserved it?

"Fuck," Marly said, grimacing, "I mean. Yeah. Sorry. Of course, bro. I didn't mean to like, yeah."

"You'd think they be able to suck it up though," someone else called from further up the bus. Casey? "It's fucking Shane Hollander, guys, like? Generational talent? Only reason the Metros got good again? Fuck, if it got him on our team, I'd suck his dick."

Marly put his hand on Ilya's shoulder and pushed him back down into his seat.

-

FROM Jane

-I'm playing in Toronto day after tomorrow.

-Metros agreed to put out a statement saying 'upon further revision they have retracted their earlier judgement of the events, and extend their apologies to the players unfairly benched.'

-A bit more stuffing to it after that, but yeah.

-They're also posting a racism is bad post

-So like. That's something, I guess.

**TO
Jane**

ah, racism is bad. very intelligent-

you are happy with this?-

FROM Jane _____

- I mean. Not happy. But okay.

**TO
Jane**

happy to be playing again?-

FROM Jane _____

-Yes.

**TO
Jane**

but also?-

FROM Jane _____

-But also really scared.

-I don't know everything they've been saying

-My team

-But I've seen the run down of it.

**TO
Jane**

scared they will hurt you?-

FROM Jane _____

-No.

*-Scared that I've spent my entire fucking
professional career with people who will
treat me like fucking trash for something
that is as much my choice as my eye colour.*

*-Scared that they hate me so much they'll
purposefully tank our game to make me
look bad.*

-Scared they're right.

TO
Jane

right about what, malysh?-

i think there is nothing they are right about-

FROM Jane

-That I'm not cut out for it. Inherently.

*-Because I'm gay. Or maybe because I'm
gay and half asian. IDK.*

*-That because I'm scared it's proof I can't
take this. That I should be able to take it.*

TO
Jane

no.-

fuck this.-

Fuck!-

[OUTGOING CALL]

-

“One of Bears today, I will not say who so you will not see him and feel awkward, he said today that he would suck your dick if it would mean you would play for us. He said you are generational talent. You know what other Bears said to this?” Ilya demanded, hadn’t wanted to give Shane any chance to say anything else self-deprecating before Ilya could tell him what he thought about that deprecation.

He was in his hotel room, Marly sprawled on the bed next to him with his eyebrows raised high in shock and amusement.

“What?” Shane asked, sounded confused.

“Nearly all my Bears say they will suck your cock,” Ilya said, couldn’t help himself, laughed. “Fuck, Shanya. You are such good hockey player, so fucking good at hockey, you have whole

bus of I think mostly straight men willing to learn to deepthroat just for a chance at having you on their side for once. Problem is not you, never has been. Problem is Metros.”

Silence. From the bed Marly was giving him a thumbs up, nodding approvingly. Jesus. He should have kicked him out. Marly caught his eye again, began to mouth something. *Words - With - Friends* - for FUCKS’ SAKE. He turned away.

“It can’t just be with them,” Shane said, voice very small. Ilya imagined him so tiny on the other end of the phone. Shrunk down on himself. Shane bug like his papa said. Maybe Ilya could shrink down too, and be a little Ilya bug, and they could live a bug life together. “I am the problem, Ilya, I know I am, because the problem has followed me everywhere I’ve been.”

“Shanya -”

“Ilya,” Shane cut him off. “You say that - that your team are so... they’re saying they’d do it. Suck me. Whatever. They don’t mean it. It’s still a joke to them. A thing they can just say because no one is going to force them to prove it. It doesn’t mean they would actually want me in their locker room. It definitely doesn’t mean they would even, I don’t know, kiss me, if that’s what it would take to get me on the Bears. It’s just bravado. Because it’s not their room, so they can look good next to it without actually doing anything.”

Ilya listened. Hated it. Took it in anyway and tried to digest it. “I could test them,” he offered. “Take them all out to, I do not know, there is probably some gay strip bar somewhere here we could go and find man willing to kiss whole team of hockey players who want to prove they are allies?”

Marly had just taken a drink from his bottle of water, and now spat it out all over his legs, bottle crinkling in his hand. Ilya ignored him.

“Ilya,” Shane said.

“I know, I know, malysh. Sorry. I - I am thinking of being out to them. My Bears.”

Marly made a wild noise behind him, and Ilya steadfastly ignored him, or else he'd have to have two potentially emotional conversations at once, and he wasn't even equipped for one.

"Oh," Shane said, "really?"

"Da," Ilya said. Sniffed hard. "It - I want. I want to know. Now. Who I am letting be my back up. I think I know, I think I trust, but I want to know for sure."

"So you don't get fucking shafted like I did," Shane said, more than a little bitter. "Yeah."

Ilya winced. The bed behind him shifted, Marly climbing onto the other side, crawling over the mattress to him, no longer content to try and get his attention from less than an inch away. Marly put his arm around Ilya's shoulders. Didn't say anything.

"Yeah," Ilya said. Cleared his throat.

"What if they out you?" Shane asked, quiet.

"I do not know," Ilya admitted. "I - I will not go back to Russia. I will find way to get to stay. I do not think I will be kicked out. I have money, connections, job. Maybe, ah, if worst becomes worser, you marry me for visa?"

"Not how it works in Canada," Shane said, "it's a different process. Would probably help, but not quickly. And also not the way I want to marry you."

Marly was looking at him liked he'd grown an extra head. Ilya wished he had so he could ignore him with one and glare at him with the other. He leaned into Marly's chest. Appreciated how solid he was.

“You have thought about this?”

“Yeah,” Shane said. “Um. Yes. I looked up the, um, the visa thing. How it would work. It’s a sponsorship. It’s a lot of details. We don’t need to get into that. But, like, yeah. I’ve told you before. You’re it for me.”

“Fuck, Shaneshka,” Ilya groaned, “you are giving me heart boner so hard.”

“Jesus, dude,” Marly complained.

“Is that Marlow?” Shane asked, “And also, don’t say shit like that because I like it and I shouldn’t.”

-

The Ottawa game the next day went how most if not all games against Ottawa go. Ottawa lost. The Bears piled back into their bus the same evening, piled off the bus at the airport, piled onto a plane, flew to Boston. Ilya slept in his own bed, uncomfortable and alone. Woke up hard and alone. Took a photo for Shane even though he knew Shane would already be busy.

-

Jane **TO**

[PHOTO ATTACHMENT](image is of Ilya, one hand down the front of his shorts, chest to socked feet, visible.)



-

Jerked off, alone. Went in to morning skate.

-

**TO
Jane**

how is team being?-

FROM Jane

-We're still on the bus.

-I'm sitting with Hayd.

-No one else but JJ has said anything to me.

*-Literally the seats around us are empty,
except for JJ. Like I'm a disease.*

-Hayd and JJ say hi.

-(Also I couldn't reply before because I was in public public but HOT)

**TO
Jane**

do not tell them i say hi back-

(hot for you ;-)-

FROM Jane

-I said you said hi back

**TO
Jane**

*terrible and bad for my image-
fuck your team. they are bad people and players-
saying nothing is better or worse?-*

FROM Jane

-IDK

*-Might have been better, except I can still
see them talking about me. And I know it's
me they're talking about because they raise
their voice when they say CAPTAIN FAG*

**TO
Jane**

i see bears did not kill them hard enough-

FROM Jane

-At least they're still calling me captain?

**TO
Jane**

anders and comeau are still out on ir?-

FROM Jane

*-Anders, yes, Comeau no. Gagnon, Bouch,
Patty, yes.*

**TO
Jane**

i am a little proud of my bears-

FROM Jane

-I'm a little thankful.

-don't do it again.

**TO
Jane**

no promises-

FROM Jane _____

-:/

-I think Theriault talked to the team. Told them to stop acting up because they were making the whole organisation look bad.

**TO
Jane**

whole organisation is bad-

FROM Jane _____

-Have you thought more about telling your team? About being bi.

**TO
Jane**

yes-

thought more. decided nthing-

marly is still saying he thinks is good idea-

that everyone will be good-

and i think i hope so-

but i am also scared-

very big cowardness of me i like being liked by my team, and i am not sure i will handle losing them-

and if it goes wrong and i am outed fully and can not go back to russia, i will not see my father again before he dies and this is scary too-

FROM Jane _____

-Maybe you should wait until you can talk to Ivan about it?

-There's a lot to think about x

TO
Jane

ugh-

ivan the terrible will probably say nice things-

and also say it is up to me only-

FROM Jane _____

-Well I mean, it is up to you only.

-This is your decision.

-Unless we get outed as a couple I guess

TO
Jane

you and ivan the terrible are conspiring-

ah, no you are not, this is shane sentiment-

*i think i would almost prefer being outed as
couple. terrifying yes but then it would just be
how it is. and i would get to be with you-*

FROM Jane _____

-I mean, we still work in different countries

-But yes. I do get it.

-Let's still try not to get you outed?

*-Like, at least until you have a solid plan to
keep yourself out of Russia safely?*

TO
Jane

i could marry svetlana-

she would say yes i think.-

for visa.-

FROM Jane _____

-Right.

TO
Jane

*just as friends. we would get divorce when i get
official belonging papers-*

FROM Jane_____

-Is that what you want?

TO
Jane

official papers?-

FROM Jane_____

-To marry Svetlana.

TO
Jane

shanya. no-

it would be only on paper-

i would still be only yours-

FROM Jane_____

-Sure.

TO
Jane

you are upset-

i did not say this to upset you-

was only an idea-

will not happen-

shane. malysh.-

FROM Jane_____

-Sorry. It's okay. I was just breathing.

TO
Jane

you were just breathing-

FROM Jane _____

-Yes. Deeply. It's fine.

**TO
Jane**

*i am sorry for upsetting you. for saying
stupid suggestion. i do not want to marry
svetlana, sweetheart, i want only you-*

FROM Jane _____

*-We'll work something else out, okay? To
make sure you can stay safe.*

**TO
Jane**

okay-

FROM Jane _____

-Thank you

**TO
Jane**

i love you-

FROM Jane _____

-Ya tohze lyublyu tebya

-

The Toronto/Montreal game began half an hour before the Bears' game, and once they'd finished their ice time, Ilya sat down to watch the highlights so far on his phone, Marly squishing in on one side of him, Connors on the other. Vic and a few others came to stand over them, bending down to look at the phone, like somehow Ilya was the only one with a working phone or internet.

LeClaire looked at them, sighed long sufferingly, and turned on the TV in the corner of the room, channel already switched to the right one. It was a bit jarring, seeing as Ilya had been watching from the beginning of the game, and the TV was broadcasting live. It took a few moments for Ilya's brain to take in the new information on screen. He already knew about the one point scored for Montreal - he'd seen the highlight of Shane making the goal with barely a flick of his wrist, then bumping helmets with Pike. No other points made so far.

Shane was on the ice. He'd been on the ice in all the highlights Ilya had managed to watch in the three minutes before LeClaire had turned the TV on.

The Metros were playing in a slapdash manner - some tight, fluid work, and then absolute mishandling of ice, stick, and puck. To probably no one's surprise, the mishandling only occurred around Shane. Not by Shane.

The whole room was watching now, no one having anything more pressing to do, and fuck, they all liked hockey, what better thing to do while waiting to go play hockey than to watch hockey be played?

The discontent began when a Toronto player slammed hard into Shane, an easy foul call, the ref already calling it. Gloves ought to be on the ice. Shane had been knocked down. He was getting up again, he was fine, but this was an insult.

Pike was on the bench, he looked like he was being told to stay put, and JJ was the one helping Shane to his feet. No one else made a move towards their captain, or against the other team.

Shane was sent off ice. A check up. Good. JJ sent off ice. The remaining team tightening again, but not enough. Two goals let in while their captain was off ice. Ilya would find it funny if he wasn't so mad.

Shane back, nodding at his coach, listening to someone talk to him, nodding more. Getting back on the ice. Oil in water among his team. JJ and Pike still on the bench. No one flanking Shane.

LeClaire in the doorway letting them know they were on ice in five. Last chance for a piss, boys.

Shane on a breakaway. No one guarding him. Toronto on him like a pack of dogs on a rabbit. Shane keeping ahead, just, ducking, weaving, making it out of the crowd. Slammed into the barriers by the same player from before, fresh from the sin bin.

The TV was down low, too low to hear most of the narration happening, but they all heard the pitch of the crowd in response to the hit, and a moment later saw the blood on the ice.

Ilya wasn't the only one to stand up, but he was sure he was the only one whose heart had left the fucking room. Left the country. Get up Shane. Refs on the ice. Toronto players backing off. No fight breaking out. Pike and JJ trying to get on the ice. Med team taking precedence.

Shane on the ice.

Marly's hand tugging at Ilya's elbow, tugging him around, turning him away from the TV, face taut.

"Roz," he said, "Roz. Hey. Big breath, yeah?"

He knew how to breathe. He'd done it his whole life. He took a big breath. Held it. Marly nudged him until he released it. He tried to turn to look at the TV again but Marly was gripping him too tightly, and Ilya's body was numb, he couldn't make his muscles work properly to force his way around. He breathed. He breathed.

"Is he up?" He asked.

Marly shook his head, his eyes darting from Ilya to the screen and back again. "Medics have him," he said. "It always looks like more blood than it really is on the ice," he added, "you know that."

Ilya shook his head as well. Couldn't process things like that. Not when Shane might be bleeding out on the screen behind him.

“I need my phone,” Ilya said. “I need to call.”

“Bro,” Marly said, far too kindly, “he can’t - I don’t think he’s got his phone on him.”

“His mama,” Ilya said, was scared his voice had cracked as he said it, but couldn’t tell, his ears were ringing. “Or papa. I need - they will be watching too -”

“If they’re not there they probably don’t know anything more, either,” Marly said, then, “oh - I think - they have him on a stretcher, taking him off the ice now, but I think he moved -”

On a stretcher. Blood. Ilya shook his head.

“I have to go,” he said.

Distantly he heard LeClaire, swearing first, maybe taking in the carnage on ice on TV that Ilya couldn’t see. Then closer. “Go where, Roz?”

Ilya didn’t turn to look at him, Marly was still gripping him too tightly. “Toronto,” he said, “I need to go - I have to -”

“Okay, okay, calm down, son,” LeClair said, one of his hands replacing Marly’s on Ilya’s shoulder, coming into view and solidifying in front of Ilya. “What - look, Hollander took a bad hit, I know he’s your friend, I know you care about him, but there’s -”

“No,” Ilya bit out, shook his head wildly, “no, I need to be with him. If he is - I have to.”

A pause. Marly had begun to drag him and LeClaire both out of the room, towards the hall, maybe, Ilya had lost sense of space except for the fact that the TV with news of Shane was still behind him, he could feel it like it was emitting heat.

“He is not my friend,” Ilya said, needing to explain, needing LeClaire to understand that of course Ilya had to go, had to go now, needed to be where Shane was. “I love him. He is my -” *boyfriend* suddenly seemed too little for how much Ilya felt, how much he wanted to convey. “-partner.”

Marly paused. LeClaire paused. Ilya stumbled a little, and Marly caught him.

“Please,” Ilya said, because he could be polite. He could beg. “Please, coach. I am sorry, for game, I cannot - I cannot play like this even if I stay here. Please say I can go.”

“Jesus,” LeClaire said. “Fuck. This is - okay. Yup. Okay. We need - fuck. Look. Go to Julee in her office. It’s not her job but she’ll help you get a flight. Marlow, we need you on ice now.”

“Fuck,” Marly said. “Roz, bro-”

“Go,” Ilya nodded, raised one hand to pat awkwardly at Marly’s shoulder. “I will text. After. Later.”

Marly nodded. Moved past him. Ilya turned. The TV had been turned off, the black screen mocking him. The room was emptying, players looking over their shoulders at him.

“The onscreen banner said he was conscious before he was put in the ambulance,” LeClaire told him, lingering enough to say this, to squeeze Ilya’s arm again. “Go to Julee’s office.”

-

Ilya must have done this. He remembered sitting in the office, Julee on the phone. Shane on the ice. He remembered someone helping him take off his skates that he’d somehow worn to the office. Blood on the ice. His bag appeared in front of him at some point, and then he was

in his casual clothes, not his gear. Shane not moving. Julee told him things. Not moving. She might have been the one to say his phone was ringing. Taken off on a stretcher. Yuna was the one to talk to him over the phone. To say she hadn't expected to be able to reach him, but she wanted to let him know they were going to the hospital. Shane at the hospital. They were going to drive because the way flights worked out it would be quicker. No one had dropped gloves. Ilya was pretty sure he spoke back. No one had protected him. Said he was coming. Not on ice tonight. He had seen it happen. He was in a car. One of the junior assistant coaches was with him. Ilya wasn't sure how that had happened. Blood on the ice. He was a nice guy. Oh, he was driving Ilya. Shane oh god. Not a taxi.

His brain let him have control again when the plane landed, and the first thing he did was open his phone to find it already open to the sports news update page. No new updates on Shane. He had a text from Yuna, saying the hospital had called, and Shane wasn't going to need surgery. She had sent a second text to say she'd asked them to let Ilya up to see him if Ilya arrived first.

He replied to say thank you. That he had landed. Didn't tell her he had his brain back because he didn't want her to know he'd lost it for a moment there. That he had imagined a future without Shane in it and been so terrified he couldn't remember how to move. That her son was now such an integral part of him he'd seen him go down and forgotten how to breathe.

He caught a taxi from the rank outside the airport, didn't care that it was insanely expensive. He'd pay it a thousand times over if they would just drive faster.

He had a shoulder bag that didn't belong to him with him. He thought maybe it was Julee's. It had his passport, his wallet, a granola bar, his phone charger, and a pack of gum in it. Add in lube and it was all his essentials. He had a text from Julee asking if he had made it off his flight safe. A text from Greg the junior assistant coach asking the same thing. He had a text from LeClaire saying he'd said Ilya had a family emergency, and he was on leave for as long as needed. He replied with a thumbs up to all of them.

-

Shane was unconscious when Ilya entered the room. Not unconscious. Just asleep. That was what the nurse told him. Said he was on a high dose of painkillers. Said he had concussion, and a fractured collarbone. Said he would be fine, just out for the rest of the season. Ilya

didn't think Shane would class that as fine, exactly, but Ilya thanked the nurse as if she had just told Ilya he had won his dream car. Maybe not quite that enthusiastic, but he meant it.

He sat on the side of the bed without Shane's arm in a sling. Took his hand carefully in his. Warm. Looked at his bruised face, the pink swelling lighting up his freckles in a way that was unfairly beautiful for an injury. Ilya should be shot just for thinking about it. He texted Yuna that he was with Shane. The injury update. That Shane was asleep. That he would stay the whole time, and keep them updated.

Not much to update, until Yuna sent a text that they were twenty minutes away, fingers crossed for easy traffic, and Shane stirred in the bed, face creasing for a moment before his eyes twitched and opened.

Ilya watched, waited for Shane to blink a little at his surroundings, eyes glazed as they traveled across the room, and then widening when they reached Ilya.

"Ilyaaa," Shane rasped, sounded delighted despite the crackle of his voice. He coughed. "Fuck," he said, "thirsty."

"Shh," Ilya instructed. The nurse had brought the jug of water and cups over to place on the table beside Ilya's chair about an hour ago now, saying Shane would be thirsty when he woke up, and to have him use the straw. He'd poured the cup of water then, to be prepared, and was pleased he had so he could just grab it now, and bring the straw to Shane's lips. "Drink."

Shane drank, eyes on Ilya. When he paused, Ilya raised his eyebrows, mouthed *more*, and Shane smiled at him, crooked and warm, drank more.

"How're you here?" Shane slurred, when Ilya put the water down again, his hand twitched in Ilya's, fingers trying to wiggle their way between Ilya's fingers. "Not innnnn, mmmm, Boston?"

"I flew," Ilya said, and when Shane's brows creased, and he glanced behind Ilya like he might be expecting to see...wings, Ilya added. "In a plane, *malysh*. I saw you go down, I had to come."

Shane smiled, and then frowned, his reactions slow, his thought process open and obvious on his face. "You'd'a game?"

"I could not play," Ilya said plainly. "I could not - could not think until I could see you."

Shane blinked at him, wide eyed. Blinked again, and frowned. "I'd'a game?"

Ilya sighed. "Yes," he said.

"Got hit?"

"Yes. You have concussion. And fractured collarbone."

"Oh," Shane said. Looked like he was thinking very hard, and that doing so also hurt, according to his wince. "I won't -" he said, slowly, "fuck -"

"Yes," Ilya said, sighed. "You will be out rest of season, nurse said to me."

"Thank god," Shane groaned, so opposite to what Ilya had expected from him that he had to fully squeeze his eyes shut and look at Shane again like he might have been somehow at the wrong bed. "I couldn't -" Shane said, voice heavy and slow, "I didn't want to - to do it for them. Not again. Not now."

"No," Ilya agreed, catching up. "No, malysh. You are right. They do not deserve you. Do not deserve you helping them win."

Shane nodded, his mouth curving up into a soft smile even as a tear dripped down the side of his face. Ilya reached out to catch it with the side of his finger.

“Sore?”

“Yeah,” Shane said, “it’s fine.”

“You are crying, lyubimyy,” Ilya pointed out, in case Shane hadn’t realised that.

“Yeah,” Shane said again, kept smiling at Ilya, his eyes drooping. “I’m real sad.”

“Oh,” Ilya said.

“S’okay,” Shane mumbled, eyes fully closing again now. “Got you.”

He was asleep again. Ilya gave himself two minutes to have his own quick little cry into the sleeve of his hoodie, and then he texted Yuna that Shane had woken up, had some water, seemed like he knew who and where he was, and that he was asleep again. He probably should have pressed the call button when Shane had woken up, but, he’d seemed fine, and the nurse hadn’t told him to when she’d dropped off the water and instructions, so it was probably fine.

-

Yuna and David arrived in a stifled hustle, Yuna looking very much like she wanted to be talking loudly and demanding answers from everyone and everything, but knew she needed to stay calm. David holding her hand like a tether for them both.

Ilya didn’t stand when they came in, though his instincts nudged him to. Shane was holding his hand, and sleeping, and he didn’t want to disturb him. Maybe he was supposed to give up his seat, though. Maybe he needed to let Yuna sit here.

“He has not woken again,” Ilya said, “nurse came in maybe ten minutes ago. She said is fine and normal. He will wake again soon, probably.”

“Okay,” Yuna said, nodding tightly, one hand resting lightly against her neck. “He - and he was lucid when he spoke with you?”

Ilya couldn't remember if he knew *lucid*, knew and had forgotten, or if he had never known. “Loosered?”

“Lucid,” Yuna repeated, shook her head, “sorry. Clear, understanding what was being said to him.”

“Ah,” Ilya said. Knew it was not their fault he was feeling small and stupid. He nodded. “Yes. He - he was confused a little, but not - he knew who he is, and who I am, and that we were both meant to be at games.”

“Sounds like a pretty thorough checklist,” David said, smiling far too kindly at Ilya. “Thank you for getting here so quickly, son. We really appreciate it. Nice for Shaney to get to wake up to you rather than alone.”

Ilya swallowed, attempted to smile back. “Thank you for putting me on guest list,” he mumbled, “would have been, uh, bad press to fight my way in to room. Shane would have been mad.”

David laughed obligingly. Yuna was moving the chair on the other side of Shane's bed closer to the bed, and sitting down. Reaching out to brush her fingers across the bruising. Ilya looked away.

David stood at the foot of the bed, looking down at his son, reached out to straighten the blanket over Shane's feet.

Ilya's phone rang, and when he pulled it out of his pocket to silence it, he saw it was his brother. Wanted so badly to not answer. Was so terrified now every time he called that it would be about his father dying, and Ilya still didn't know how to feel about it.

"Sorry," he said to the room, couldn't bring himself to look at Shane's parents. "Is my brother," he added as he stood up.

He left the room before answering the call, moving down the hallway until he found a window he could lean against, pressing his face to the glass and staring sightlessly through it.

"*What?*" he asked, kept his voice terse to stop it from coming out worried.

"That's what I'm fucking asking you," Alexei retorted, his voice not bothering to hide his anger and disgust. "I get to papa's and he's watching a fucking Boston game that you're not even in. It says you have a fucking family emergency? Okay, faggot, here's your fucking family emergency! Your fucking father can't even tell you're not playing, that's how fucking useless you are as a son!"

"I am useless? I am the one paying for his entire treatment, paying for your life as well! Just because I am-"

"No, fuck off, shut up. Your money is the only good fucking thing about you. We are the ones here, on the ground, doing the hard work. I'm the one here telling papa that mama is just in the other room, and then having to tell Polina he doesn't mean to fucking forget who he's married to. You're off, fucking skipping work? Making up stories?"

"My partner is in hospital," Ilya spat, furious and miserable and guilty. "It is a real emergency. My coach knows what happened, and he let me go."

A short, bitter pause, and then Alexei laughed. Not nicely.

“Partner,” he said, slow. “I have heard you speaking about your lover in your stupid interviews. You think I have not noticed the way you dance around your English words? You think I can’t tell when my stupid, whining younger brother is making mistakes again? Is he worth it? Your whole career, your life, your family.”

“You don’t know anything,” Ilya said, jaw clenching, temples burning with the pressure. “I am not making a mistake.”

“You are trying to break papa’s heart,” Alexei said blithely, “maybe I will tell him you are back to your faggotting ways and he will die from shock and horror and heartbreak.”

He didn’t give Ilya a chance to form a rebuttal, or to bed Alexei to hold his tongue. Hung up. Almost a surprise, really, that he didn’t take the opportunity to try and scrounge more money out of Ilya. Blackmail him for it. Ilya would have sent it.

He put his phone back in his pocket. His face still pressed to the window glass, damp with tears both angry and sad, squeezing out of his closed eyes.

Wasn’t expecting David’s voice. Hadn’t heard his approach. Jumped like a badly startled cat, hands coming up to wipe at his face.

“Hey - oh, sorry,” David said, palms held towards Ilya in apology, “I didn’t mean to startle you, son. I just thought I’d see if you wanted to come on a coffee run with me?”

“Oh,” Ilya said. Cleared his throat. Lifted his arm to wipe his face again against his sleeve. Tried to look composed. “Yes. I can do this.”

“You don’t have to,” David offered, calmly placating, his hands had dropped, thumbs caught in his belt loops, casual. “You can head on back with Shane and Yuna, if you like. I’ll get you a coffee, or any other drink you want.”

Ilya considered going back in. He wanted to. He wanted to be holding Shane's hand again. But he also felt like he would go insane if he had to make himself be still. He needed to walk. To move. He shook his shoulders out, squeezed his hands open and shut a few times.

"I will come with," he said. "Thank you."

"Okay," David said, "c'mon, then."

They walked in easy silence down the hall, got into a lift that had just arrived at their floor and deposited three people. Down two floors. David seemed to know his way around, so Ilya followed, glad for the opportunity to not have to think.

They ordered three coffees, and Ilya pointed out the ginger ale as well, so they got a can of it in case Shane felt like something nice when he was awake again. Sat at the counter to wait for the coffees, and also the toasties David had added on to the order right at the end, checking Ilya was good with the fillings, and then waving away Ilya's attempt to pay.

"Not a good call with your brother, then?" David asked.

Ilya looked up from where he had been staring blankly at the fake marble of the counter.

"No."

"I realise we don't know much about your family," David said, apparently not put off by Ilya's short answer. "Except that you lost your mother, I'm sorry about that."

Sometimes Ilya wanted to point out that he hadn't lost her, he knew exactly where she was. He didn't do this now. He just nodded.

"And your father is... not in good health?"

“He is dying,” Ilya said bluntly. “And my brother is calling to remind me he is dying, like I do not remember this every day.”

“Ah,” David said. “That sounds tough. A cruel reminder.”

“I would be there if I thought it would help,” Ilya said. What he had wanted to say to Alexei. “I go back to Russia every summer and do everything I can to make sure he is comfortable, and getting the care he needs, and most of the time he does not know me. It is dementia, he has. When he does know me, he does not always even want to be seeing me. My brother is always reminding me that my worth to them is the money I provide, so why he calls to - to rage at me for not being at home with them is... senseless to me. How can I provide him the money if I am not here making it?”

Absolutely too much to have just spilled out in front of his boyfriend’s father. Especially while in the hospital because his boyfriend was injured. Especially with tears dripping out of his eyes again. So stupid. So weak. So -

David’s arm moved slow, telegraphing, and then wrapped around Ilya’s shoulders firmly. Tugged him a little closer, not too much so he wouldn’t be dragged off his stool. Ilya pressed his forehead to David’s shoulder. Accepted the hug.

“That’s a lot on your plate,” David said. “A lot of hurt.”

-

When they returned to Shane’s room, Shane was awake again, propped vaguely upright on his pillows, talking with Yuna, but he paused mid-word when Ilya walked in after David.

“Ilyaaaa!” Shane said, drawling out Ilya’s name like he had last time he’d woken up, seeming just as delighted to see him again as before. He lifted his hand from his lap, where Yuna had been holding it, and held it out to Ilya.

David snorted, stepped aside, and Ilya beelined directly back to his chair by Shane. Dropped back down in it and let Shane take his hand.

“Hi Shanya,” he murmured, leaning in to press a quick kiss to his forehead.

“Yes. Bett-ter,” Shane said, then tilted his head back, and smiling, said; “you came back.” His eyes following Ilya’s every movement. “S’good.”

“Yes, yes of course I come back,” Ilya replied, lifted his other hand to brush gently at Shane’s cheek, heart in his mouth when Shane pressed into his touch contentedly like a cat looking for more affection. “Always I will be coming back. You would need, ah, guard to keep me out. Bouncer. I would still sneak in, of course.”

“Wouldn’t bother with guards,” Shane said, his eyes flicking back and forth between Ilya’s now, like he couldn’t figure out which to look into. “Would have a - a castle with a moat and fill it with my green smoothie ‘cause you’d never be able to get past that.”

Ilya snorted. “Ah, moya lyubov,” he said, “for you I would drink the smoothie moat.”

“You would?” Shane’s whole face so earnest.

“Yes, yes of course,” Ilya said, couldn’t help but to meet Shane at the same level of earnest. He rubbed his thumb slowly over the jut of Shane’s cheekbone, watching as Shane’s eyes closed briefly at the feeling.

-

[TWITTER SCREENSHOT] *(Image is of a photo tweet and replies. Photo 1 of Ilya sitting with David, photo 2 of Ilya being hugged by David while sitting at the hospital cafe. There is a leafy plant blocking parts of both photos. Caption on the photo reads; ‘Saw @I.Rozanov*

and was gonna say hi but he was with his dad(?) Crazy he's in Toronto!' A reply to this tweet says; 'bro if he's in hospital he doesn't want to say (hi) to fans'. A reply beneath that says; 'lol that's not his dad, that's hollander's dad. Cute he came to see his bff in hospital!'



deke-lan
@declandeker

...

Saw @I.Rozanov and was going to say hi but he was with his dad(?) Crazy he's in Toronto!



9:24 PM

Twitter for iPhone

908 Retweets 201 Quote Tweets 12.2K Likes



BRATZ @thesportyone

...

Replying to @declandeker

bro if he's in hospital he doesn't want to say to fans.

40

19

42



CREASE @hollanderhoe

Replying to @declandeker

lol that's not his dad. that's hollander's dad

Cute he came to see his bff in hospital!!

💬 190

↕ 50

♡ 69



Chapter End Notes

I spent waaaay too long on the fake twitter screenshot for how wibbly wobbly it is lol
(deke-lan's pfp is my cat Muna, and BRATZ pfp is a pic of me hehe)

Chapter 35: SHANE

Chapter Notes

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

Shane's parents and Ilya did not fill him in on everything that was happening until a few hours before Shane was finally getting discharged, late afternoon the day after the game. He got it. Mostly. He'd been hopped up on painkillers, sleepy, sad, and they were waiting for the news to settle a little anyway so they would know what to even say.

Still. He couldn't help but feel like if he'd just... been stronger since he posted his coming out statements, gone on his social media more, properly looked to see what people were saying, they wouldn't be holding back from telling him things. Like he'd shown himself to need protecting from reality.

-

"I was not thinking," Ilya said, sounding far too guilty for something that was in no way his fault. "I did not even, um, consider maybe I would be seen."

Shane hadn't seen the photos or the tweets that were now apparently circulating the internet and the news cycles, everyone else had decided they were not worth breaking concussion protocol over, so Shane only had the description, and a run down on the general contents of tweets and messaging.

He blinked at Ilya, and then over at his parents. His parents were both sitting one one side of the narrow hospital bed, Ilya on the other, and Shane knew this was not at all the intent behind it, but it looked very much like at the very least Ilya felt like he was alone in this. His fault and no one else's.

"Ilyushka," Shane said, wincing a little as he tried to shift closer, tugging at his collarbone as he did. "Okay. It's all gossip. It sounds like most of the tweets have it wrong. It's fine."

Ilya shook his head. "Maybe won't stay fine," he said, directing this to their clasped hands. "I - when I left game in Boston - I told coach LeClaire you are my partner. I said in front of I do not know how many of my team. Group chat is saying everything is fine, and everyone is promising to keep quiet. But, I - I can not make promise for them this will not be, uh, spilled."

(His mum murmured; "Leaked.")

"Okay, so we - so we start looking in to getting you a non Russian passport a bit faster, yeah?" Shane asked, confused as to why Ilya was saying this like it was something Shane might be angry about rather than worried for Ilya about. "And we - we get you a new agent, one who won't drop you if or when you confirm your sexuality?" His head hurt.

Ilya was nodding. "Yes," he said. "I will do these things. This is not - not problem -"

"I know," Shane sighed, squeezed Ilya's hand. "Your dad. I guess it's - it's not gonna be safe to travel to Russia now, even if nothing's confirmed, in case something leaks?"

Ilya's face crumpled, and he lifted his free hand to press over it quickly. Exhaled hard. Removed his hand, expression smoother but still crinkled around the edges, eyes damp.

"Shanya," he said, "problem now is I have taken away chance for you to have - to not be tied to me like this."

Understanding dawned slowly, and then smacked him around the head. He turned to look at his parents, who looked confused.

"Could you guys give us a moment," Shane asked.

Waited silently, unable to turn to look back at Ilya, as his parents stood up and left. Both of them patting his knee as they went, and then also, awkwardly, Ilya's shoulder. Waited for the door to close behind them.

“What the fuck,” Shane asked, squeezed his eyes shut, head throbbing.

Ilya’s hand tugged a little in his, but Shane didn’t let go. Heard Ilya sigh shakily. “I am not saying you do not love me,” he whispered. “Just that - that I still - I still know your life will be easier if you were maybe to be with someone else. Less trouble than me.”

Shane’s heart throbbed along with his head, and he turned towards Ilya, peeling his eyes open despite his headache just so he could glare at the idiot man he was in love with.

“I don’t want anyone else,” he gritted out. “Fuck, Ilya! You’re not a - a brand deal, I’m not swapping you out for a different model. I want you. I want your fucking trouble. If it’s - fuck - if you don’t want me? If you don’t want to deal with - with -” he couldn’t gesture with one hand caught in Ilya’s, and the other immobilised, so he settled for rolling his eyes. “-With all my shit, fine. You - you - I’m not holding you c-captive. I’m not breaking up with you. I don’t want to. I want you and all your fucking shit, and it’s - it’s fucking *mean* of you to-
fuck!”

He wanted so badly to bury his face in his hands, but they were still unavailable. Had to deal with knowing his tears were rolling unchecked down his face, his jaw trembling in full display.

“Shaneshka, blyat, moy lyubimyy,” Ilya said, speaking quick and low,. His free hand came to up Shane’s face, and Shane dropped his weight into the warm, large palm, relieved to have somewhere to hide and be held. “I do not want either,” Ilya said, still speaking quickly, leaning in closer over the bed until his forehead was pressed to Shane’s, and then closer still until their cheeks were smushed together, wet and sticky. “I am just so scared I will make this worse for you. You are having hard time and I am feeling like I am ball that wrecks, smashing in and making things more bad.”

“You’re making things more good,” Shane mumbled back, wriggled his hand out of Ilya’s grip only to wrap his arm around Ilya’s waist instead, needing to hold more of him. “I feel better when you’re here. You make this easier. Fuck, Ilya, I thought you knew? You know I love you, you know I want to marry you, how do I make you know I want to fucking keep you forever?”

He could feel Ilya's chest shake against his as Ilya choked on a breath that might have been a sob. Ilya's hand, no longer holding Shane's, sliding under the back of Shane's shoulder, fingers gripping hard.

"My brain is not - does not hold long term like this," Ilya said eventually, voice raspy. "I am - I *know*, lyubimyy, what you have said, but there is like a - a - an extra memory in my head which is saying that I do not get kept. I do not get forever. Sometimes is difficult to see which memory is real memory."

Shane held Ilya tight to him while he pored over his words. Put them into the file of things Ilya had said to him that made Shane feel so terrified and so sad for baby Ilyushenka, for child, teenager, now Ilyushenka.

"Well I'll keep telling you," he said firmly, turned his head against Ilya's so he could press his lips to Ilya's damp cheek, and then his lips. "I'll keep fucking making newer, fresher memories in your head, of me saying I'm keeping you. Okay? I'm keeping you. I want you forever. Fuck. Please? Can I keep you?"

"Yes," Ilya said, kissed him back, lips clumsy, pressed kissed up Shane's cheeks, over the bruised bridge of his nose, to his forehead. "Please. Please keep me."

"Okay, okay, I will," Shane said, let out a huge gust of a sigh, relief refilling his lungs as he breathed in again, Ilya still kissing at his face. "Fuck, you scared me."

"You scared me," Ilya countered, "being here. I think made my brain go stupid."

"Your brain is always going at least a bit stupid," Shane whispered. "The other day you said you had a heart boner."

"That was not stupid," Ilya said, "was just a fact of love."

After that, when his parents came back in, half an hour later with drinks and crackers, their news felt less scary even though it was obvious they were expecting it to be the harder to hear. They probably should have gone over it all with Ilya first, to make sure Ilya wasn't going to say something ridiculous rather than just explaining the twitter situation, if they wanted to be sure they were leading with the easy ball.

Metros management wanted to know if perhaps, maybe, there was any chance that Shane would be willing to waive his no trades clause, because, while of course he had done nothing wrong, and they weren't saying he had done anything wrong, but some of his teammates might have expressed certain concerns of discomfort around him, and wouldn't it be easier, in the long run if -

They also wanted to know if and when he would be able to post a statement saying he didn't blame his team, or Metros' management for the chaos of yesterday's game, it was just a matter of misunderstandings, and players in the wrong places, of course he hadn't been hung out to dry.

Farah had not replied to either of these requests, so far. Had advised Yuna to advise Shane, that they should take at least a few days to make the Metros sweat, and also so that Farah didn't accidentally call management and curse them the fuck out.

Shane cared about this, obviously, was hurt by it. But also. He hadn't been lying when he'd told Ilya he hadn't wanted to win for them again. He wouldn't have lost for them if he had to keep playing, but now he was given an opportunity to never have to give them another win?

-

His parents had booked an entire hotel suite in a hotel a few blocks away from the one the Metros always booked, and it was nice to see different decor. JJ and Hayden had arranged with his parents to get his gear and belongings dropped off before the team left Toronto. Had sent several messages care of Ilya to say sorry they couldn't come see him, and sorry they hadn't been more use on ice, and fucking sorry their teammates were all fucking sacks of shit. Shane wasn't sure how much of the last one had been a true reading of the text and how much had been Ilya saying how he felt.

There were two bedrooms in the suite, and Shane was thankful no one had bothered with pretending like Shane and Ilya weren't going to be sleeping together, his gear already in the room with Ilya's weirdly small bag. Not that he thought his parents would be weird about it, they'd already proven they didn't care about the fact that they obviously knew he and Ilya were having sex. It was more he was worried someone would be too worried about Shane's injuries being bumped, or, somehow worse, the two bedroom situation being leaked and adding to the gossip.

He was a lot more clear headed today, still on painkillers, but not as all consuming. Which did mean he was in more pain, but it felt like a good trade. Even though it meant that now they were at the hotel he was already lying down on the hotel bed, eyes closed, exhausted. Good trade. Ilya on the bed with him, arm slung low over his hips, face tucked in against Shane's good shoulder.

Shane's parents were in the living area of the suite, had said they would order dinner in, and Shane should have a nap. Ilya had said he would have a nap as well and/or supervise Shane's nap. Shane had napped, he was pretty sure. Had opened his eyes just now feeling a little less tired. He didn't think Ilya had napped at all, could feel his breathing pressed against Shane's side, not slow or even enough to be asleep.

"Can I come home with you?" Shane asked quietly. Watched as Ilya twitched, and then tilted his head up to look at Shane, eyebrows raised. "To Boston," Shane clarified. "I don't - don't want to go back to Montreal right now."

"I think your parents are wanting you with them in Ottawa," Ilya replied, just as quiet. He lifted his arm carefully from Shane's waist, trailed his hand up over Shane's stomach, his chest, brushed his knuckles along Shane's jaw. "You do not want to go to Ottawa?"

"I wouldn't mind going to Ottawa," Shane said. Would shrug if it wouldn't be very painful. "But I'd prefer to go with you."

Ilya looked at him for a long moment, stroking his jaw with knuckles and thumb. "I want you with me," he said eventually, "but I do not think we would be able to keep secret that you are with me. Not for very long."

“Okay,” Shane nodded, a tiny movement so as not to tug at any pain waiting to be reminded to hurt. “So is that a no?”

“No,” Ilya said, then groaned slightly, frowning. “Is not a no. Is a - a - yes you can come stay with me, malysh. I want this. In separate fact, this will mean maybe leak will spring quicker. Maybe statement would need to be made. I do not know.”

“And would that be okay with you?” Shane asked, then, “Before you answer - just - you can say no, baby. I can go to Ottawa with my parents. Just because I’ve ... stopped giving a fuck doesn’t mean you have to. We can slow down.”

Ilya kept frowning, but he also hesitated, like he was doing his best to do as Shane was asking, and giving it a second thought. “Come to Boston with me,” he said, after what couldn’t have been more than a half thought. “Maybe we invite your parents as well. I think maybe I will need help with unruly patient. And also maybe in finding new agent who will have nice and useful things to say when I say I want to tell world I am in bisexual gay love relationship with Shane Hollander and he says he is going to keep me.”

-

Shane knew his parents would have preferred they went back to Ottawa, that Shane would come home with them, and had expected to have to argue about it. Was pleasantly surprised when they agreed to come without putting up a fight at all about how it made less sense. Ilya had a couple of guest rooms, and Shane was grateful they chose the one furthest from Ilya’s bedroom. It wouldn’t be for long. He didn’t expect anyone to put their lives on hold just because his life had been paused. Not his life. His work. Which was part of his life. That was something Renee had been asking him to remember. Probably his own fault for describing himself to her once as ‘basically only useful for hockey’.

Whatever. His parents were staying with him at his boyfriend’s house in Boston, just for a few days while they worked out next steps for Shane’s life - *career* -, and worked on getting Ilya’s career and life protected.

Farah ended up taking Ilya on as a client, which both Ilya and Yuna spent a few minutes questioning whether it would be wise, would it be detrimental to Shane, until Shane and Farah both told them basically to shut up, and that Farah was a professional.

The firing of the original agent was the bit that was harder. Ilya explained to Yuna and David that it was due to family connections, and then explained only to Shane that it was yes, family connections, but mostly the fact that Ilya knew the agent was taking extra money for himself, and also for Ilya's father. So Ilya wanted to call his father to say he would still get the money, just straight from Ilya himself. Except that he doubted his father would be himself enough to understand and remember, or perhaps worse, that he would be so much himself that he would be angry at Ilya for even mentioning it.

He let Shane be in the room while he made the phone calls. Shane knew he had been waiting for Yuna and David to go out to make the calls, even though there were plenty of places in the house he could have privacy. He understood the desire to hide, knew Ilya had too many knotted up messes of guilt and fear around his responsibilities to his family.

The first call Ilya made was to his father, who he spoke slow Russian to, voice taut and kind. Then to his agent. Fast and unkind Russian. Finished that call, and then was immediately answering another call, looking at his phone, turning to Shane, and then saying, "Alexei," before answering in a dull tone.

They were in Ilya's bedroom, Ilya sitting on the edge of the bed, Shane sitting up against the headboard of Ilya's bed. He was spending more time upright now, but he got tired easily, especially with bright lights. Ilya's bedroom had heavy blinds that he was keeping down for Shane, and the room was dim, lit only by the diffuse light making its way from the rest of the house, through the open door of the ensuite, around and through the tiny cracks in the blinds.

In Ilya's other phone calls so far, he had been mostly speaking, pausing only briefly to listen. This phone call was mostly listening, jaw clenched. Shane reached out with his leg, poked Ilya in the thigh with one socked foot, and when Ilya looked up at him, Shane held his good arm out. Ilya accepted the invitation easily, crawling onto the bed properly, moving slow and careful on the mattress so as not to jostle Shane's arm, and then tucking himself in against Shane's side, phone still clamped to his ear.

He lay with his head on Shane's chest, eyes closed. Shane listened to him, understood very little, except for the occasional 'nyet's and 'da's, that Ilya interjected after long pauses. Shane waited. Wondered if Ilya would help him learn Russian. If that would be useful for Ilya.

He didn't realise immediately when the phone call ended. Ilya unmoving, unspeaking. It might have been several long minutes since, before Ilya lifted his head, moved to drop his

phone behind himself, and then tucked back against Shane's chest.

"I am heartless monster who does not care for his own people," Ilya said, "firing our good friend Danya is like denying my heritage, and do I not care that Danya has a family of his own?"

Ilya didn't seem to expect an answer to this, which was good because Shane had no idea what to say. Settled for just squeezing his arm tighter around him.

"Funny how Alexei suddenly forgot about Danya when I said I would still be sending money they sneak from me, even without Danya to sneak it."

"Fuck," Shane offered.

"I am still traitor to Russia," Ilya said, "Is almost funny. He does not even know yet how I am traitor."

"You're not a traitor," Shane said. "You just want a safer passport. Plenty of people leave their home country."

Ilya said nothing for a long moment, then; "your mama and papa will be out a few hours still?"

"Yeah, probably," Shane replied. "Um, I don't remember what museum it was but mum sounded like she wanted to spend a good amount of time in it."

"Okay, good," Ilya said. Sniffed hard, and then began shifting down Shane's body. "I will suck you off now."

Shane's body thrummed with excitement, cock twitching, and he had to grit his teeth against it as he reached for Ilya. "Wait," he said.

Ilya, already shuffled down far enough that his face was level with Shane's crotch, paused, his fingers curled over the waistband of Shane's sweatpants. Looked up at Shane. "You do not want?" He asked, then looked pointedly down at Shane's cock already visibly hard through the pants. "You look like you want."

"Of course I want," Shane groaned, couldn't deny that right now. "But you're - you just - you're upset."

"Yes," Ilya nodded, "and sucking your cock will help me feel less upset."

Shane's cock twitched again in a bid for Shane to give in right the fuck now please. Shane held out. "Do you actually want to?" he asked, "or do you just want - uh - closeness?"

Ilya stared at him, unimpressed. "Shanya," he said. "Point of therapy is to feel better, not to speak like therapist."

"Fuck you," Shane said, rolling his eyes. Tangled his fingers in Ilya's hair and tugged at it gently. "Just. Fucking answer me."

"I want," Ilya said, saying it slow, moving his mouth exaggeratedly, raised his eyebrows. "I want," he repeated, "and I also want closeness. So both. Yes? You want?"

"Fuck, yes," Shane said, "stop laughing at me," he added, when Ilya smirked up at him. "I'm fucking trying to - fuck - I don't know. Be a good boyfriend."

"You are very good boyfriend," Ilya said, tugging Shane's waistband down, dragging it over his hips, Shane lifting his ass to assist. He took Shane's cock in one hand, kissed the tip of it. "With very good cock. Good cock that I have not had in my mouth or hand for several days which is so silly, because we have been in same bed."

“You’re the one who said no sex until my headache stopped,” Shane complained, then groaned when Ilya took the head of his cock into his mouth, all tight wet heat. “Fuck, baby, so good.”

He started to push himself up on his good arm, to get a better look, but it pulled at his collarbone, and Ilya was already pushing him back down, hand sliding up under his shirt to grab his pec, squeezing the muscle hard before pressing him back against the bed. Squeezed his pec again when Shane moaned at the feeling, and then swiped his thumb over his nipple as he took more of Shane’s cock into his mouth.

Overwhelmingly good, Ilya’s tongue flattened and sucking, pressing the head of Shane’s cock into Ilya’s palate. Shane’s body had been a mix of ache and sharp pain since the hit, and the contrast of easy pleasure was intense. He couldn’t push up against it, the growing tide of warmth in his gut, couldn’t tense for it or his bruised muscles and strained tendons would complain, which would unsettle his shoulder. He just had to lie there, head dropped back into the pillows, and take it.

Ilya pulled off, one hand coming to lie against Shane’s hip bone, palm curved around it, fingers cool.

“You are not in pain?” he asked.

“I’m good,” Shane replied, “it’s so good - I just have to - gotta keep my muscles relaxed so I don’t pull anything.”

He could hear the grin in Ilya’s voice. “Very good, malysh,” he said lowly. “You relax, moy Shanya, I will make you feel so good, da?”

“Da,” Shane echoed, “please.”

“Pozhaluysta,” Ilya said, offering the word up slow, enunciating carefully. “Say for me.”

“Pozhaluysta,” Shane tried, Ilya made an encouraging noise, so Shane tried again.
“Pozhaluysta, Ilyushka,” he said.

“Fuck, malysh,” Ilya groaned. “Yes, you are so good, we work on pronunciation later but you did so good. Say this now, yes? When you are begging for me to make you come? I will not let you finish if you can not say for me.”

Shane smiled into the pillows. Rolled the word, the concept, Ilya, around his mind, his mouth. “Da,” he said, “pozhaluysta, Ilya, get your mouth back on my cock.”

Ilya huffed out a noise, sounded amused, and then his mouth was back on Shane, swallowing him down all at once, the press of Shane’s cock-head against the soft give of the back of Ilya’s mouth, and then in the tight press of his throat, Ilya’s tongue somehow still lapping at the Shane’s shaft, nose in Shane’s pubes.

Moaning, Shane focused on staying as relaxed as possible, difficult to do with all the pleasure centres in his brain directing him to push into Ilya’s mouth, to grip at his hair, to tense his abdomens to help build the pressure. Focused on Ilya’s hand still on his chest, thumb rubbing tight circles around his nipple. He covered Ilya’s hand with his own, over the fabric of his shirt, pressed down. Ilya responded by pinching his nipple, and Shane groaned again.

Ilya pulled off until he had only the head of Shane’s cock in his mouth, angling himself, he bobbed his head up and down, fucking Shane’s cock into the roof of his mouth.

“Pozhaluysta,” Shane breathed, “fuck, fuck, Ilya, more, pozhaluysta.” Hoped he wasn’t mangling the word too badly, didn’t think he was, judging by the way Ilya took him deeper into his mouth again, hand moving from Shane’s hip to grip him around his shaft, began to jerk him off along with his mouth. “Fuck,” Shane bit out. “Fuck, I’m gonna come-” he warned.

Ilya didn’t pull off, Shane hadn’t expected him to. Stroked Shane roughly through his orgasm, kept his mouth on Shane’s cock head, tongue flicking over the tip, dipping in. Swallowed, swallowed again. Stayed there, mouth on Shane’s cock, not sucking or stroking anymore, just holding him, eyes closed, until Shane reached down to run his fingers through Ilya’s hair.

“Come here?” he asked, still felt breathless from coming, limbs so loose they felt almost disconnected from him. “Kiss me.”

Ilya came easily, letting Shane’s cock slide wetly from his mouth. A little gross, but Shane didn’t really care, he liked Ilya’s spit on him more than was probably normal. He moved up Shane’s body slowly, pausing to kiss at his bared hip, pushing up his shirt more so he could kiss the nipple he’d pinched. Arrived at Shane’s face, and kissed him slow and soft.

Shane kissed him back, wrapping his good arm around Ilya’s back, slipping his hand under his shirt so he could run his palm against the hard warmth of his back muscles.

He could feel Ilya’s erection pressed against his thigh, and he wanted so bad to have it in his mouth. Didn’t think he would be able to give a very satisfactory blow job without being able to move his head a huge amount.

“Jerk off into my mouth?” He suggested, when Ilya’s mouth left his to take a deeper breath. “Please?”

“Oh, fuck, Shane,” Ilya groaned, brow furrowed, “we do not have to -”

“I want it so bad,” Shane cut in, “I know I can’t do much with my collarbone like this, but if I kneel between your legs, you sit on the bed, me on the floor, and then you could just jerk off and then put it in my mouth when you come, and that won’t aggravate the injury. Pozhaluysta.”

“I should have taught you to say something else,” Ilya complained, his hips rocking against Shane’s thigh, “I have given you very horny tool of making me too turned on.”

Shane snorted, “Spasibo is thank you, yes?” He asked, “I could say that, too, when you’ve come in my mouth.”

“Blyat, okay,” Ilya spat out, kissed Shane again hard, and then extricated himself from Shane’s grip. “You win, or, I win. I think we both win. Get on knees, malysh.”

So fucking gladly. He had to be slow in the getting himself upright bit, but then he could scramble, his arm held tight to himself in his sling and out of the way as he scooted off the bed, and then turned around, waiting for Ilya to position himself on the edge of the bed, legs on either side of Shane. Braced himself one handed on Ilya’s knee to lower himself slowly to the ground, see, he was being careful. Ilya rolled his eyes at Shane’s pointed look, but smiled at him as well.

“Take it out,” Shane said, once he was on his knees, cocksucking level. “C’mon.”

Ilya laughed, cupped Shane’s face with one hand and squeezed his cheeks. “You are so greedy, malysh,” he teased, his other hand dipping under his waistband, stroking himself in his pants. “Such a slut for my cock, hm? You need it so bad?”

“Yeah,” Shane said, turning his face in Ilya’s hand until he could mouth at Ilya’s thumb, licked the tip of it. Ilya groaned, slid his thumb into Shane’s mouth, and Shane sucked it.

“You must use magic word, I think,” Ilya told him, rubbed his thumb in and out of Shane’s mouth, sliding over his lower lip, and then pulling out entirely and regripping Shane’s jaw, firmer. “Ask again.”

“Take it out,” Shane repeated, licked at his wet lip, “pozhaluysta.”

Ilya pulled his cock up out the top of his pants, groaning with relief as he did. One handed he tugged the waistband further down, tucking it snug under his balls. Clumsy with it, using his non-dominant hand, his hand on Shane’s face too important to let go apparently. He began to stroke himself, slow, a loose, dry grip.

“Spit,” he instructed, letting go of Shane’s jaw so he could cup his hand under Shane’s mouth instead. Shane spat. “More,” Ilya said, and then; “da, so good malysh,” when Shane spat again after working more saliva up in his mouth.

He watched with maybe too much longing as Ilya brought his now wet hand to his cock, smearing Shane's spit all over the hard length of himself, gripped himself tighter, and began to jerk off for real. Quick, tight movements, not needing much more to get him off, after building up the heat for so long between Shane's legs, and then rubbing against him. Shane waited, impatient, but attempting to appear patient, mouth open.

When Ilya grunted, short and sudden, Shane tried to lean forwards, but Ilya put his hand to Shane's chin again, other hand this time, sliding his thumb into Shane's mouth, hooking over his teeth. Stood up still jerking himself off, holding Shane in place, muscles in his arms standing out starkly, tense, close.

He fed his cock into Shane's mouth so nice, so careful, even as Ilya's body shook with the tension of it, his thumb leaving Shane's mouth as his cock slid in, and his hand moving to cup the back of Shane's head.

Coming already the moment Ilya's cock-head brushed against Shane's tongue, coming still as Shane's mouth opened more, taken his whole cock in his mouth, wanting it down his throat.

"Fuck," Ilya gritted out, Shane swallowing around his cock, doing his best to milk the orgasm fully out of him. "Oh, god, malysh, you will kill me with your mouth."

Shane couldn't grin with a cock down his throat, but he was grinning mentally, swallowed again.

-

You rated Lily

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - meh - good - great - **excellent**

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

shane this is very weird to be writing rating for me even when you are one saying what to say ;p

ohhh ilya you have been cock in whole world in existance i want to only have it in my mouth for rest of my li

[PHOTO ATTACHMENT]

(Image is bathroom mirror selfie shot of Shane and Ilya. Ilya is kissing Shane's cheek, Shane is making a silly face)



-

Lily rated you

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - meh - good - great - **excellent**

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

you are soooo mad i said you have to wait until you are allowed to look at screens to read this and it is so funny and so cute i love your little angry face. i love you so much and i love to make you feel good and i love to watch you cum and also to see you so desperate for my cock. when you are less hurt i will fuck you so good sweetheart i promise xxx

[PHOTO ATTACHMENT]

(image is a mirror selfie shot of Shane and Ilya. They're kissing.)



-

Officially Shane was on long term injury recovery, and still a Montreal Metro, healing up to be ready for next season. Unofficially, he had approved his no trade clause to be waived, for only a few trade options, and was waiting for Farah to get back to him with the best offers from the teams he had asked her to quietly reach out to.

Officially Shane was not at all worried about this, was not making statements about the rumours he would leave Montreal, not making statements about why Ilya Rozanov was in Toronto visiting him in hospital and hugging his father. Was not responding to journalists reaching out about possible mistreatment in Montreal Metros' management. Unofficially, Shane was freaking the fuck out.

Shane was not a fan of therapy over phone call. It might have been better if it was a video call, but everyone - including Shane - had agreed that forty five minutes of screen time was still unadvisable. He wasn't even allowed to play Words with friends right now, and he was missing out on a short term event. He was limited to short bouts of texting, and phone calls.

"It's not even that I want to keep playing with them," Shane said, feeling stupid to be speaking at his phone on the desk in front of him. He was in Ilya's 'office' downstairs, phone on speakerphone so he would still have a hand free to fiddle with things, or to drink his water, or whatever. "It's more that I - I never imagined not playing with them. I kind of thought, like, even if coming out went badly, I'd still stay. They'd get over it eventually, once they saw I still played the way I've always played. I know I'm a - I'm an impressive player. I think I never even suspected that they would ask me to leave. I didn't know if they would fight to keep me, but to - to *want* me to leave?"

He wanted to shrug, to finish this thought off, couldn't figure out how to do so verbally. Just left it hanging in the air for Renee to eventually pick up.

"Bigots often don't make the most sensible decisions," Renee said, catching on reasonably quickly that Shane had finished speaking. "What they're doing right now is both malicious and cowardly."

Shane sighed, rubbed at his face. He was keenly aware of the fact that his parents were only a few rooms away, in the lounge. He knew there was little to no chance of them overhearing, but it still made him feel...vulnerable. Also vulnerable because Ilya had gone in for his first practice since Toronto, and therefore was not here with Shane. They'd not left Ilya's house at all since they'd been in Boston, only three day so far, but still. He'd known it wasn't feasible to be constantly in the same place the entire time, but the furthest they'd been from each other this entire time was when Shane was in Ilya's bed, and Ilya was getting the mail.

"You're keeping up with it online?" Shane asked. He'd told her in their first session that he didn't care if she kept up with him in the news. It was public information. Plus, it would probably help.

"I'm still not a hockey fan," she replied, "but it has broken hockey containment, articles about you coming out, and the rumours around Ilya, as well as the speculative pieces on the treatment you've received since coming out. I'm not reading everything, but I have seen a lot of things. Enough to be certain about calling the management malicious and cowardly. And

bigots. Tell me more about what you were saying before? How you never imagined anything else but the Metros?”

“What about it?” Shane asked, fiddled with the small knob of one of the desk drawers.

“I’m curious about whether or not you’ve always imagined just the Metros for yourself. Before you were drafted, what were you hoping for?”

“If I was drafted first I would have been a Bear,” Shane said. Opened and shut the drawer, slowly so as not to make too much noise over the phone. “I thought about that a lot before the draft. There were a few other options for a while, for who might have first pick at draft, but in my head it was always going to be either Boston or Montreal. Mum’s always been a big Metros’ fan, so I - it felt safer to hope for that.”

“Safer? So hoping for Boston felt, what, dangerous?”

“I mean. I guess? Or disloyal. But I - it was kind of like a guilty pleasure fantasy, right? One which I’d tell myself I didn’t really want, it was just a - a fantasy. But if I’d been drafted to Boston I’d be - it’s not -” he paused to take a steadying breath, tried again. “It felt like I would get to be more me. Um. Further away from my parents. And. I love Canada, but it’s - it’s a lot. I’m always recognised. I mean, not always, I’m not trying to be, like bigheaded, just - fuck. I thought if I was in Boston, I would get to be just Shane Hollander, and I could be famous for how good I am, and not like, held up as a trophy for Canada. I don’t know what I thought it could be, realistically. What would be different. If I was in Boston. Um. But I mean, if I was in Boston, Ilya wouldn’t be. And he loves the Bears. He wouldn’t have loved the Metros.”

Renee made a soft noise that might have been a chuckle. “Were you thinking about Ilya, in your thoughts about where you wanted to go? Back before the draft.”

Shane paused. Opened and shut another drawer. The previous one had been empty, this one had clearfiles in it. Some official looking papers. The photos of baby Ilya, Ilya had sent pictures of to Shane. He stared at the small child.

“Yeah,” he said. “We weren’t - I mean, we’d only met once before that. Briefly. But I’d thought about how I wished we could have been drafted to the same team. I knew it wouldn’t happen, we were both going to be first picks. But I liked the idea. Hated it at the same time. I don’t know. I think - I think it’s weird to try and think about it. To try and make sense of how things could have been if they were different. They’re not different.”

“No,” Renee agreed. “Alright, sorry. Have you allowed yourself any new fantasies, since Toronto? Of a new team? Or even, outside of your career, a new life?”

Shane knew the boy in the photo with Ilya was his older brother, Alexei. Tried to imagine him yelling at his tiny baby brother.

“Yes,” he said. “But I can’t work out if it’s... if it’s just a fantasy. Or something I can have.”

“Tell me the fantasy,” Renee said, “and we’ll work on whether it can be real.”

-

**TO
Lily**

Therapy is exhausting.-

How is practice going?-

Is everyone being okay?-

FROM Lily

*-they have all signed big ugly get well card
for you. I think these fucking traitors like you
more than they like me wtf*

-they want you in wag chat

*-i gave big speech to team about how i am
bi and how it is big secret because of russia*

*but after you came out i wanted to be brave
etc and these fucking assholes are all like*

*-yeah we know what bi is cap we fucking
looked shit up after you announced your
marriage to hollzy and then dipped, and we
looked up russia shit too, is that why you
married hollzy so quick?*

*-and I had to tell them we are not fucking
married and now they're mad at me for not
fully locking you down.*

**TO
Lily**

Oh wow-

[JANE IS TYPING]

[JANE IS TYPING]

[JANE IS TYPING]

[JANE IS TYPING]

FROM Lily

-[INCOMING CALL]

-

“You shouldn’t be making calls at practice,” Shane said, answering the phone call with a frown. He felt weirdly off balance.

“You were taking so long typing,” Ilya said, like this was any reason to call while he should be paying attention to his coach, or skating, or something. “I knew something was going weird in your head. What is happening? Too much how my team is talking about marriage?”

“No, I don’t - that is kind of crazy,” Shane allowed, “but it’s fine. There’s nothing wrong. I’m really - I’m really happy everyone is being good about it. Your coach too?”

“I mean,” Ilya huffed out a laugh. “I think maybe Marly has been holding scary team meetings in which he is telling everyone to be good allies, is not all just natural reaction. I think all coaches are okay? LeClaire was, ah, surprised I think, but he also said to me today that he has gay aunt, so I think he was saying he is ally, too?”

“Wow,” Shane said. “I mean, that’s really cool. And, and even if Marly had to like, uh, coach some of the team, it sounds like they were coachable.”

“Shanya,” Ilya said, “your voice is sounding like rubber band stretched so tight it is about to go snap.”

“No it isn’t,” Shane snapped.

A pause. Shane could hear some yelling in the background of the call. Ilya sighed.

“I have to go,” Ilya said. “I will be home in, ah, four hours. And then you tell me why you are mad?”

“I’m not mad,” Shane said. “I love you. Bye.”

He hung up before Ilya could reply, and then felt very bad about that.

-

FROM Lily_____

-ya tohze lyublyu tebya shaneshka

-i am sorry therapy was exhausting

-

His parents sat him down for lunch when he reappeared, and they let him eat in peace while they talked around him, until he'd mostly finished eating, which was kind of them.

"Shaney," his dad said, which meant he was feeling very...soft about something. "You know we're very proud of you, right?"

Shane chewed his mouthful very slowly in an attempt to stall enough that maybe they would give up and talk to each other again. This did not happen. He swallowed.

"Yes," he said.

"Not just for your hockey career," his mum said now, very firmly. "Which I am sure will continue to be very impressive."

"Okay," Shane said.

"But for coming out to us," his dad said, slotting right back in like maybe they had practiced this conversation. "And building such a good relationship, even though it's been hard."

"You're such a good son," his mum said, cleared her throat, "we just wanted to make sure you knew that. That we're proud of you. And we love you."

Shane wondered if they had been doing a lot of reading on being parents of gay, possibly depressed, hockey obsessed sons. He nodded, tight lipped, blinked hard.

"And that we support you," his dad added, a little sudden, like they'd both forgotten that part of the script. Shane closed his eyes. "Whatever you choose to do next."

He thought about everything Renee had said about his fantasy life. He thought about how stupid he'd been in reaction to Ilya's real life.

"Even if I chose to stay here?" Shane asked, kept his eyes closed because that was easiest. "Even if - if somehow I - *somehow* - Boston wants me, and I play for the Bears?"

"Of course," his mum said, sounding a little surprised, like she hadn't painted his face for a Metros's game for the first time when he was two, like she hadn't spent his whole life talking about her favourite team like it was a part of the family. "We're already learning to love the Bears, just for Ilya, of course we'll -"

"My team has spent months now calling me a traitor for just being friends with Bears," Shane interrupted. "Probably all of Montreal will think I am, if I do become a Bear. I'd be defecting to the enemy. Turning my back on your team, mum."

His mum stared at him for a moment, her mouth ajar, and then abruptly she closed it, and blinked hard, her eyes wet. She stood up, pushing her chair back gently.

"Sorry," she said. "I just need a minute. But I - baby. You're my team."

She moved swiftly away before Shane could say anything else, and he and his dad sat there and listened as she walked through the hall, the door opening, closing.

"I didn't mean to upset her," Shane said, felt very blank. Stared down at the last few bites of the falafel salad in his bowl. Had no appetite to finish it.

"I don't think it's you, exactly, that upset her," his dad said.

Shane disagreed. He stood up as well, his chair skidding back with a lot less grace than his mum had managed. He winced at the noise.

“Sorry,” he said, his dad waved his sorry away. “I’m just gonna - gonna talk to her.” -

-

His mum was sitting on a little fold out stool in entrance to Ilya’s small terrace. She was turning a pack of cigarettes over and over in her hand, staring out at the fencing, or the sky beyond.

“Um,” Shane said, the door closing behind him. “He’s cutting down.”

“Hm?” she looked up at him, and then at the pack in her hand. “Oh, yes. It’s an old pack, it’s mostly full. Good on him.”

Shane nodded. There was a still folded stool leaning against the side of the house, and he grabbed it, shook it open, and sat down next to her. Leaned over his knees. Swallowed.

“I really tried,” he said, to the ground. “To make it okay with them. Before I came out, and after. I thought if I just - I know I lost my temper when I came out, and that was - wasn’t very professional of me. But I have been trying to patch it up with the team. I just can’t.”

“Shane,” his mum said, heavy and hurt. “Baby. I don’t want you to have to try and patch it up. I don’t want you to - I don’t want you thinking I’d choose a team over you. If you’d told me before, years ago, that you wanted to leave them - I - well I know I would have been me about it. I know I can be - demanding. Bossy. But if you said you weren’t happy with them? I want you to be happy.”

“I know.”

“Do you?” She asked, cleared her throat, bent down to put the pack of cigarettes on the ground, and then covered them up with the small ceramic bowl on the ground where they

must have been hiding before she found them. She leaned in closer to Shane, took his hand in both of hers. "I know I'm sometimes too much your manager instead of your mother," she said, "and I know I push you. But I've always thought that you'd - you'd say no, or push back if you really didn't want to do something. Was I wrong about that? Have I been making you unhappy?"

Shane's gut instinct was to deny it all. Was to pull away and shake his head and then go hide somewhere.

"I let you," he said eventually. "I don't think that you made me unhappy, mum, I just think that. That I didn't think there was an option in which I was happy, so I just did the things that made me unhappy."

"I'm sorry," his mum said, very soft. "I'm so sorry, baby. For that. For not making sure you knew you and your happiness are my number one priority, my number one loyalty. The moment you were benched for no reason at all, the Metros lost me. You don't need to keep trying anymore, Shaney."

"Fuck," Shane mumbled, because it was swear or cry, and he wanted to not cry. His eyes began to leak anyway. "It's okay, mum. It's - I forgive you."

"Thank you," she whispered back, let go of his hand to wrap her arms around him instead.

-

**TO
Lily**

Sorry I was weird.-

I'll talk to you about it when you're home.-

I am really happy your room is good.-

I love you. I'm sorry I hung up so quick.-

FROM Lily _____

-malysh you are always weird ;)

-i love you too

-

By evening, Shane had spent the majority of his day on the phone, longing for the morning when he thought it was exhausting doing therapy by phone. At least he hadn't been alone in it for the afternoon of meetings. Him and his mum here, Farah there. Occasionally his dad would wander in with a suggestion or a cup of tea, a slice of cake. Where did the cake come from? Nothing was fully sorted, set in stone, but they'd managed to chip the shape out. Were beginning to make it look a little like the ideal Shane had told Renee. Not exactly like, because one was a fantasy, and the other was reality, but if all went well. Close enough.

About half an hour before Ilya was due home, his parents announced that they were going to go out for dinner, and there was lasagne in the oven, just turn the oven on for another half hour cook when you're hungry. Shane knew they were going out so Shane could talk to Ilya about his plans in peace, so Ilya wouldn't feel pressured to say anything because he wanted to be polite, but also still couldn't help himself from thinking that his dad fucking winking as they closed the door meant that he at least knew what Shane was hoping would also happen while they were out. Embarrassing.

He turned the oven on when he heard Ilya's car pull up the drive, felt a bit like a house husband, except that he hadn't actually made the food. Still. Nice to meet Ilya at the door, nicer to push him up against it to kiss him.

Ilya kissed back, returning the same level of enthusiasm with speed. Letting Shane pin him against the door with his one working arm and his hips, then wrapping his arm tight around Shane's waist and spinning them around. Pressing himself up hard against Shane's front so Shane was the one pinned, bit down his neck, one hand on Shane's nape, the other sliding up under Shane's shirt. Shane moaned, and Ilya bit harder, and then paused, hand frozen on Shane's chest, lifted his head from Shane's neck, eyes darting side to side.

"Ah," he said, "your parents are, um, out? Yes?"

“Yes,” Shane snorted, rolled his hips forwards against Ilya’s, still heavy against him. “I wouldn’t have jumped you like that if they were just around the corner.”

“Mm, yes, see I thought probably not,” Ilya said, grinning wide at Shane, and leaning in to press a kiss to the corner of Shane’s mouth, “but then I remember that you are horny fucking slut, maybe you could just not help yourself?” He kissed Shane’s jaw, bit at the hinge, mouthed at his ear.

Shane shivered, dragged his arm out from between their chests, and wrapped it around Ilya’s shoulders, pulling him closer, tipping his head back against the door with a slight thud.

“They’re out for dinner,” Shane panted, his breath escaping him as Ilya’s hand slid down his stomach and began undoing the button of his trousers. “We - ah - we have time -”

“Time for two rounds, maybe,” Ilya said, “maybe three if I work fast?”

“Fuck,” Shane groaned, Ilya’s hand already pressing into his pants. “I think I would somehow get a second concussion if we try for that.”

“Okay, okay,” Ilya conceded, hand wrapping around Shane’s hardening cock, “just two rounds, malysh, mm, already wet? You were wanting this already?”

Shane swore, his hips jerking up, rutting his cock into Ilya’s grip. “Yes,” he breathed, “fuck, yeah, I - I was thinking about it. Thinking about last time I was waiting for you to come home.”

Ilya growled, bit at Shane’s neck again, and then kissed him hard. “Thinking about waiting with plug in?”

“Mhm,” Shane nuzzled forwards, chasing Ilya’s mouth with his, kissed him again, and then whined when Ilya’s hand pulled out of his pants. “Hey,”

“Shh,” Ilya said, laughed slightly, his fingers pressed against Shane’s lips, and he took them into his mouth almost on instinct. “Make them very wet,” he told Shane, scissoring his fingers in Shane’s mouth, sliding under his tongue, “you are so good at getting wet, but still is not enough for fucking into you very easy.”

Shane swore incoherently around his mouthful, and then again as Ilya wedged his thigh between Shane’s legs, pressing up. He rocked forwards, grinding against hard muscle. Hoped his parents didn’t somehow choose to come back early to walk in on him drooling on Ilya’s fingers and trying to hump his leg. He was pretty sure they would have no choice but to become homophobic if they walked in on him like that, no matter how many parenting LGBTQ+ books they read.

He whined again when Ilya took his fingers from Shane’s mouth, which, well, he liked his mouth full. Ilya laughed at him, soft, licked into his wet mouth, fucking in with his tongue, not leaving Shane empty. Good. His hand was back in Shane’s pants, leaving wet smears on his lower stomach, and then wrapping wet and warm around his cock, gripping tightly, and then stroking in a twisting motion that made Shane feel insane, his hips jerking with it, already being drawn so close to the edge, so easy for it when it was Ilya giving it to him, Ilya holding him against the door, Ilya’s tongue in his mouth. Building in his stomach, warm and tight, and then Ilya was letting go, groping further down, squeezing Shane’s balls gently, damp fabric sticking against Shane’s hard, leaking cock, Ilya’s fingers sliding over his taint, sweat, precome, spit all slicking his way. Pads of his fingers pressed against Shane’s hole, rubbed over it, slow and firm, a tease of nerve endings firing off wildly after being jerked off so close to coming, all of his skin feeling prickly with need, but his ass so needy for it always, throbbing.

Ilya pressed in, just one finger, enough of a stretch since Shane hadn’t had anything in him for a few days, and he loved how big Ilya’s fingers felt when he was tight like this. They always felt big, but like this always made them feel insane, and he ground down on the finger as much as he could with Ilya’s thigh propped between his legs still, Ilya’s body holding him against the door. Ilya was rubbing his cock against Shane’s hip, as well, the hard heat of it just another source of pleasure he wanted more of. Wanted to feel it bare against his skin, fucking in to him.

“Fuck,” Shane moaned, dropping his head back, breaking his kiss with Ilya so he could gasp, felt like he couldn’t get enough air into his lungs, felt like maybe he didn’t need air if he

could get more of Ilya in him. “Yes - please - pozhalyusta - Ilya, fuck me-”

It barely took more than that, Ilya pressing his finger in just enough more to press up against his prostate, his mouth on Shane’s neck, his arm between Shane’s leg rubbing against his cock, and Shane was coming, rocking against Ilya and the door, his hand opening and closing against Ilya so he could grab him and grab him again. Wanting him closer and closer even as he gasped and jerked.

“Fuck you are so hot,” Ilya groaned, pressed his forehead against Shane’s sweat damp throat. “Oh god, malysh, you will kill me. Is like - *fuck* - like sexy dream.”

Breathless and lax, Shane laughed, tried to co-ordinate his limbs enough to unhook his arm from around Ilya’s shoulders without losing his balance. “Will the dream be better if I blow you or jerk you off?”

Ilya laughed as well, lifted his head to kiss Shane, and then shook his head. “Dream was already so sexy I came in my pants, rubbing off on you like I am bad dog.”

Shane swore, and Ilya laughed again, began to slowly draw his finger out from inside Shane, his hand from Shane’s pants.

“Let’s shower,” Shane said, still clutching Ilya tight to him, wincing a little at the discomfort of the now slightly too dry drag over sensitive skin. “There’s lasagne in the oven. My dad made it, so it’s really good. It’ll be ready in like twenty minutes, so we’ve got time to clean up, um, and maybe talk?”

Ilya had been mouthing at Shane’s jaw while Shane talked, but stopped and pulled back at the last. Looked oddly nervous. “Good talk?”

“I think so?” Shane hedged, still holding Ilya tight to him, not wanting to let him try to pull away out of hopefully misplaced fear. “It’s - I mean, some of it is dumb, but I think the rest is - is good?”

“Okay?” Ilya nodded. His stickily damp hand was resting against Shane’s lower stomach, and Shane had only the clue of Ilya’s face sliding slightly from cautious to sneaky as warning before Ilya pinched him - not hard, far more ticklish than anything - making Shane squeak and jump, releasing Ilya.

Ilya already on his way to the stairs, shot a wide grin back at Shane. “Catch me if you can,” Ilya taunted.

Fucking asshole. Shane snorted with laughter, pushed off the door with his good arm, and took off after him. They thundered up the stairs, Ilya a few steps ahead, careened around the corners of the house, Shane using his useless arm to his advantage by overtaking Ilya on his sling side, knowing Ilya wouldn’t crash into him. Ilya yelling and laughing at him that he was cheating, was sneaky, Shane in the lead. Both of them skidding into the bathroom, Ilya’s hands in Shane’s shirt, Shane calling out that he’d won, neither of them knowing who stepped in first.

Stripped still panting from the sudden exertion so soon after the previous sexier sudden exertion. Ilya helped Shane undress, stealing kisses between articles of clothing. They showered briskly, just a quick rinse, keeping their hair out from the spray. Dressed again. Went back downstairs to sit in the kitchen with the warm smell of meat and pasta.

Sat next to each other at the kitchen counter, a can of ginger beer for Shane, a coke for Ilya. A beat of awkwardness between the both of them.

“I was jealous,” Shane said, breaking the moment. Wanted this to be said and done as quickly as possible. “About how good your team was being. Especially because I’d - I’d planned to come out, and I’d - I’d *hoped* - I know it was. Unfair of me. And I am, really truly, happy that the Bears are being good to you. I don’t want you to go through anything like the Metros. It just. Hurt.”

Ilya nodded. Paused. Nodded again. They both took a drink from their cans. Ilya reached along the countertop and wiggled his fingers, Shane took his hand.

“I hoped, maybe, with how Bears were including you in their support, maybe it would not hurt so bad. I know it does not work like this.”

“It -” Shane paused, tried to think about it a bit more. “It did help,” he said. “Not at first. At first it just felt like more salt in the wound. How they were so good about it it even extended to other players, while my team couldn’t even accept their captain? But I - it helped me make my mind up about some things.”

“Yes?” Ilya asked, his face carefully creased in the way it got when he was trying not to be too hopeful about something.

“In therapy today,” Shane began, had to pause to push down the kernel of shame that always tried to pop up in his throat whenever he spoke about it. Swallowed hard. “Renee was asking about what my - my fantasy way.”

“Sex fantasy?” Ilya asked, eyes narrowing.

“No,” Shane rolled his eyes, squeezed Ilya’s hand in his. “Like, my ideal - my dream for my future. Not about sex.”

“Okay.”

“And I guess I didn’t really know what to say, at first? Like. I said my dream was to keep playing hockey, and I’m pretty sure she rolled her eyes because she thought I wouldn’t be able to tell over the phone. Um. But that’s just - hockey is just what I’m used to my dream being? Which isn’t to say that it isn’t my dream anymore. I think I - I think I want to play hockey for the rest of my life, it just isn’t. Isn’t the only thing. And I hadn’t really tried to envision anything else much around it for so long. Because it was already set out for me, my life, right? I would stay with the Metros, I’d win more cups, I’d - I’d get married to some woman and maybe we’d have kids. That was the extent of what I could imagine, the extent of what I thought I could have.”

He paused to take another sip of ginger beer. To take a steadying breath. Continued.

“But that’s not been my dream for years now. Not what I’d actually find myself... wanting. When I let myself want. And I didn’t let myself, like, piece together the wants? Because there was no point. But - there is a point now. Right? I can - I can - I’m making way too big a deal of this. Sorry. I just. It felt like a big deal, like a break through. Which is stupid, I just -”

“Shanya,” Ilya interrupted, leaning over to knock his forehead gently against Shane’s. “Oops,” he added immediately. “Sorry concussion brain.”

“That was barely anything,” Shane said, pressed his forehead against Ilya’s, closed his eyes.

“Tell me what you want, malysh,” Ilya told him.

“I want to play with you,” Shane whispered. “You can say no. I asked Farah to see if she can talk to the Bears’ management about taking me, but even if they can, it’s up to you.”

“Up to-” Ilya began, then stopped, drawing back and sitting up straight, just staring at Shane. “You want to be Bear?”

Biting his lip, Shane shrugged his good shoulder, not quite carefully enough, it tugged at his collarbone. He kept the wince out of his expression. “I think i would be happy being a Bear,” he said. “But that’s not - I want to play with you. I want to get to be on your team.”

Ilya continued to stare at him as if he didn’t think he was hearing Shane correctly. “What if I was on terrible team?” Ilya asked.

Ridiculous. “First of all,” Shane said, cleared his throat. “If you were on a terrible team it wouldn’t stay terrible for long, because it would have you. Secondly, yes. Even if you were on a terrible team. Even if it was Toronto. Thirdly, are you planning on leaving Boston?”

“No,” Ilya said.

“Okay,” Shane shook his head, not trusting himself to shrug again. “So it’s a moot point. If you hate it, Ilya, please just say that, okay? I’m not - this isn’t something that’s going to -”

“Of course I want you on my team,” Ilya interrupted. “Blyat, Shane, are you serious with me right now? You want this for real? We could for real be on team together all the time? Like All Stars?”

Shane’s cheeks twinged with the sudden width of his smile, could feel the tops of them squishing his lower eye, and had to blink quickly to make his eyes feel normal again even while unable to dim his smile. “Yes,” he said. “Yes, that’s what I want. I want to. I want to show the fucking world that we were so good as rivals, and we’d be un-fucking-stoppanle as allies.”

“Oh my god,” Ilya said, “we are going to kill the Metros. They thought they were killed in last game, but now, this was just mild smack. You and me together we will do to them what happened to dinosaurs.”

Giddy with it, Shane laughed, then forced his face into a serious expression and asked; “What happened to Scott Hunter?”

Ilya stared at him a moment longer, then burst out laughing, moving to grip Shane’s shoulder, tugging him closer, Shane holding on to him, both of them howling, unable to stop hooting and giggling, relief and amusement fizzing through them both.

-

You rated Lily

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - meh - good - great - **excellent**

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

I'm never letting you write your own rating again you're so silly. I fucking love you. It was so hot how quick you got into it when I kissed you against the door. I wish I'd had more time knowing we'd be alone because I would have prepped more so you could literally fuck me against the door, press my face into the wood. Couldn't believe you came in your pants, that was so hot when you said you had I felt like I was going to cum again. Also I cannot believe I have to say this but my dick does NOT taste like lasagne, your MOUTH tasted like lasagne when you sucked me off. If my dick tasted like lasagne we would have talked about this a long time ago. As it is, you have told me TWICE now that my dick tastes like fresh puck which is also a lie, so i think you should stop making up what it tastes like when it's obvious you fucking love it. I also fucking love your cock. Love when you hold my head and fuck into my throat. I love you.

-

Lily rated you

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - meh - good - great - **excellent**

FOREPLAY - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

today was you chasing me and catching me, setting sex trap by front door very fucking sexy we should do this more often and now maybe we can because it would be ridiculous and

*stupid of management to not do everything they can to get you when you are asking to be got.
this is why i always fuck you when you ask to be fucked because who could say no when is
shane fucking hollander asking? tooooo sexy and talented. i love you and your cock even
when it tastes of lasagne and i love how mad you get when i say silly things to make you mad
with your big furious eyes and pink cheeks and hard cock is so funny and so hot and i fucking
love you and love fucking you.*

-

FROM Lily_____

-reward now?

**TO
Lily**

Stop texting me from across the room-

FROM Lily_____

-you texted back

-and didnt even answer question!

**TO
Lily**

We've got to stay a little longer.-

First game and first win!-

FROM Lily_____

-yes but we all knew we would win

-no big surprise

-you knew i would win deal too, hm?

-i know you are gagging for my prize

**TO
Lily**

I am TRYING to talk to out teammates-

FROM Lily_____

-so stop looking at phone ;)

-wait don't for real stop looking

-malysh

-shanya

-take phone out of pocket

-take me hooooome

-i want to fuck youuuuuu

**TO
Lily**

Oh my god you are incorrigible-

Five minutes-

FROM Lily_____

-.:))))))))))))))))))

-

Shane always loved pre-season games. He knew a lot of players who thought they were a waste of time if they weren't going towards play offs, but Shane liked every opportunity to just play. Pre-season games were also great for trying out new techniques, for running new plays, for kissing his boyfriend on the ice during the cellys when they won their first game 8-1, their friends and teammates yelling and whooping around them, pulling both Shane and Ilya into hugs after they'd separated.

While they'd made their own deal, pre game, for who scored the most points, and who scored first, they had made a separate deal with management. Not even really a deal, because everyone knew they were going to win this game. They'd already seen and approved their prize for winning before the game.

The deal was, the Bears win their first game and management posted about how excited they were to be beginning the new season with Rozanov and Hollander, team mates, partners, and co-captains.

By itself, it would have been easy enough for the people who wanted to deny it to deny it, paired with the kiss on the ice, Shand and Ilya were treating it as their official 'we're together' statement.

They had sat together for media and watched Julee thoroughly vet all questions, answered several questions about the game, and their new powerplay, and then Julee allowed just the one question about their relationship.

A journalist in the front row, looking a little shell shocked to be chosen after Julee's fine toothed selecting.

"Was your decision to come out as a couple, um, with your kiss after the game, influenced by Scott Hunter's choice to come out on live TV by kissing his boyfriend after winning the Stanley cup?"

Shane was pretty sure Julee had chosen this journalist specifically to mess with Ilya, and he grinned at her, while nudging Ilya to answer.

Ilya scowled, huffed, folded his arms. Replied through gritted teeth. "Hunter is inspiration for many, I am sure. For this, no, I kiss Shane on ice because he is very hot and my boyfriend, not for taking after old man with boyfriend too young for him."

"We chose to come out as a couple, and Ilya as bisexual, today," Shane jumped in, elbowing Ilya again, and grinning when Ilya elbowed him back. "Because we've spent the summer with our friends knowing about us, and training with our team knowing about us, and we didn't want to have to hide it for another season."

There was a party at Marly's, which they obviously had (and wanted (mostly)) to attend, to celebrate the first game with their team. They had tomorrow off, could afford to stay up late for a reward. Ilya had scored one more point than Shane, which was rude, but Shane would get him back next game.

-

When they got home, dropping their gear bags in the laundry, climbing the stairs next to each other, shoulders and hips bumping, they kissed in the bedroom, and then separated. Shane to the bathroom, Ilya to prep the bed.

They'd added to their toy collection, over the remainder of last season and the summer. When Shane had moved in, they'd had to do a wardrobe rework anyway, to figure out how to fit both of their clothes, and they'd opted to simply get a whole new wardrobe built into the room, one section specifically for toy storage, although Shane had told the builders it was for trophies. Ilya had teased him for it later, bending him over the new shelving in the wardrobe, fucking him with one of the new 'trophies' and telling Shane he was taking it like 'a champ'.

When he came out of the bathroom, Ilya met him at the ensuite door with a kiss, and the new blindfold. Softer and plusher than a tie, easier to put on. He slid it over Shane's head while he kissed him, tightened it carefully.

"Good?"

Shane checked his vision, found it entirely lacking. "Yes," he said, "hurry up."

Ilya snorted, stepping back from Shane as he did, leaving his hands on Shane's face for a moment, and then dragging them down Shane's chest, his touch leaving a wake of goosebumps, Shane's skin already sensitised from being unable to see.

"Such a brat," Ilya said, "acting like this is your prize when I am one who won deal."

“Oh?” Shane asked, took a half step forwards, chasing after Ilya’s touch as his hands left him. “You don’t want me begging for it?”

“Difference between demand and begging,” Ilya pointed out, his hands on Shane again, grabbing him by his waist, and then leading him forwards, Shane following easily. “Sit here,” he directed.

Shane sat, and then at a small push on his chest, shuffled back on the bed until Ilya’s hands settled around his ankles, and he stopped. Lay back, arms spread over his head, breath catching as Ilya dropped one of his ankles, and then began looping the soft material of the cuff around the ankle still held. He stayed still and loose muscled, his skin pricking at each slide of Ilya’s fingers of his ankle bone, the slope of his foot. The cuff tightened, his foot put down on the bed. His other foot picked up again, cuffed, Ilya’s thumb pressing in hard against his arch, pushing out tension. Foot back on the bed. Both Ilya’s hands on him again, curled loose around his legs just over where the cuffs sat.

“Go on,” he said, and Shane hooked his fingers under the headboard, pulled at the bindings, legs straining, muscles already aching from the game. “Good,” Ilya said, when neither of the cuffs appeared to budge at all. He reached out and patted Shane’s stomach, “keep your hands there,” he added.

Shane waited, fingers still pressed under the lip of the headboard, his stomach tingling. Ilya’s hand on his wrist, thumb sliding over veins and tendons, pressing into his pulse. Ilya’s mouth on Shane’s mouth. A slow soft kiss. Cuff around his wrist, material pulled tight. His other wrist caught in Ilya’s hand, cuffed. Hands drawn together so the cuffs could be hooked together.

Shane waited until Ilya’s hands withdrew, and then yanked. Tried to pull his arms down, his legs up. Pulled his stomach taut, his muscles bulging, useless, lungs straining.

Ilya laughed, somewhere above him, and then the mattress was dipping heavily, Ilya finally climbing onto the bed with him, heat and weight approaching, and then he was straddling Shane’s hips, sitting heavily on him.

“You are stuck?” He asked. “Cannot get out?”

Shane gave it another go, tugged until he felt sweat dripping down his forehead, damp and prickling in his underarms. Relaxed, shook his head. “No,” he panted. “Fuck, I can’t.”

“Good?”

“Good,” Shane confirmed, grinning, “now will you fucking -”

Ilya cut him off with another kiss, leaning over him so their chests pressed together, Shane’s sweaty skin sticking to Ilya. Ilya licked into his mouth, sloppy and heated, and Shane let his jaw drop open further for Ilya to fuck his tongue into his mouth, to bite at Shane’s lower lip, dragging it out. For Ilya to press two fingers in against the inside of Shane’s cheek, holding his mouth open wider, making spit drool out the corner of his mouth, down his chin and neck. Wasn’t ready for Ilya to pull back again, leaving only his fingers in Shane’s mouth, hooked in against his cheek so he couldn’t even suck on them.

Shane could arch his back, could try to push up to get closer to Ilya, but it was a pathetic range of motion, and all it achieved was Ilya grinding his hips down hard against him, pinning him to the bed, letting out a breathless laugh.

“So impatient,” Ilya said, when Shane licked at the fingers in his mouth. “Do you need something, hm?”

“Yeah,” Shane said, as clear as he could. “Pozhaluysta, Ilya.”

“I will give,” Ilya said, “and you will take, yes?”

“Yes.”

“Good,” Ilya said, slid his fingers from Shane’s mouth, and then himself down Shane’s legs, lifting up onto his knees so he was straddling Shane’s lower thighs when he took Shane’s

cock in hand. “Always such an easy whore for me,” he said, conversationally, “already beginning to drip, hm?”

There was no real response to give here, so Shane whined instead, tried to lift his hips to get some friction from Ilya’s loose grip on him, but Ilya was already leaning down, using the forearm to press hard across Shane’s lower stomach and hips, holding him down.

“Not very polite,” Ilya said. He let go of Shane’s cock, letting it bob back heavily, slapping against his thigh. Let it settle, and then smacked just the head of it, a sharp sting that had Shane gasping out a huff of noise. “We try again,” Ilya said sweetly, ran one finger up the underside of Shane’s twitching cock. “I will make it easier. You are my slut, yes?”

“Yes,” Shane replied immediately, abs clenching, heat pulsing through him from the adrenaline of pain, the tease of sensations.

Ilya leaned in closer, enough for Shane to feel his breath against him, then kissed the tip of his cock, almost chaste. “Good,” he said, mouth and breath gone again too quickly, but his hand was moving again, trailing back down Shane’s cock, tracing over his balls, and moving back until he was rubbing against the smooth base of the massager plug Shane had worked into himself in the bathroom. Turned it on.

Shane groaned at the immediate jump on pressure inside him, the toy no longer just sitting heavy against his prostate, but pulsing hard against it, slick and smooth beat. His hips tried to jump again, pushing up into the strong hold of Ilya’s arm, and he groaned again, disappointment and delight, loving the restraint, needing more touch, more something.

Ilya moved, his weight shifting from one side of Shane to the other, and then disappearing, leaving just Shane straining against the cuffs, cock leaking onto his thighs. He exhaled loud, shifting his hips now he wasn’t being restricted, trying to push the toy harder against him, or to piss Ilya off enough to touch him again, to stop him from moving.

Nothing.

“Fuck,” Shane bit out, the not knowing making his skin nearly sting with anticipation, his stomach rolling, his cock jumping. He could picture Ilya, standing at the foot of the bed maybe, hand on his cock, watching the way Shane was already desperate to be touched again, needed him back. “Ilyashenka,” he tried, wet his lips with his tongue, letting the lick linger.

Nothing.

His lungs prickled, and he drew in a raspy breath, couldn't tell if the tightness was due to the persisting curl of pleasure building and tightening from the thud of the toy in him, or the intense need for Ilya's touch, or still just the suspense. He drew his arms tight against the cuffs again, testing the hold, could tug himself around enough to get his elbows up over his face, the rest of his body pulled taut, no useful reason to do it. Except for the sudden tug at the cuff of one ankle, yanking him back down the bed, then the other ankle, straightening him back out, before Ilya's hands were back, warm and solid around his ankles, thumb rubbing circles against his skin, before he was tugging again, dragging Shane just the few inches further down the bed that the straps allowed for, his arms going taut above him.

He'd cried out at the sudden tug, and he moaned now, Ilya's hands on him, Ilya.

“So needy,” Ilya admonished, his hands moving from Shane's ankles, smoothing up the insides of his calves, and then pausing in the inner curve of his knee. “Spread,” he said, and Shane did his best to move his legs apart, moving into a sort of butterfly pose. “Good,” Ilya said again, sounding pleased enough that Shane felt his cock twitch again with it.

Pressure on the plug, Ilya turning it up again, and Shane jolted, knees twitching. Would have tried to bring his legs together, but Ilya's hands were still in the way.

Ilya tsked, sounded pleased about it, smacked the tip of Shane's cock again. “Stay where I put you, malysh,” he said lightly, while Shane tried to ignore the growing pool of prec-ome in the crook of his thigh, the head of his cock stinging and throbbing. He didn't get much chance to do as he was told, because Ilya turned the plug up again, and Shane's thighs once again tried to twitch closed.

He listened to Ilya tsk again, panting against the steadily building drum inside him, thought he probably moaned when Ilya slapped his cock a third time.

“Sorry,” he blurted out, “sorry, fuck, sorry-”

“Okay, malysh,” Ilya said, his hand rubbing open palmed against his inner thigh was soothing and arousing at once. “You are taking so good, hm? I know you are trying to be good for me. Is a lot, yes?”

“Yes,” Shane agreed, throat tight, “yes, I’m trying, I am, I promise -”

“You’re doing so good,” Ilya assured him, his hand was around Shane’s cock again, stroking him with short, steady strokes, “I know you will do even better for me, yes?”

“Yes,” Shane promised, “anything.”

Ilya stopped stroking him, dropping his cock again even as it had begun to kick in near release, and Shane groaned loudly.

“Shh,” Ilya hushed, “you are being better for me now, I thought?”

Shane nodded, dragged his mind off the dragging assault against his prostate, his throbbing cock, fingers flexing to keep blood pooling. “Yes,” he said, “I am, I am.”

Ilya moved up his body slowly, up on his knees so his inner thighs brushed against Shane’s sides, but he kept his hands to himself, all the way up to Shane’s armpits, knees nudging against them as he settled over Shane’s chest, fingers brushing over Shane’s lips, Shane’s mouth opening immediately.

“Keep open,” Ilya told him, and Shane nodded, opening his mouth wider, sticking his tongue out. Groaned when Ilya spat, and he felt the spit land on his tongue, and then groaned again when Ilya rubbed the head of his cock into the spit on Shane’s tongue, rubbing salty pre

against his taste buds, dripping the musk and drool back into Shane's throat. "Deep breath, lyubimyy," Ilya said.

Shane took a deep breath in, let Ilya tip his head back, and swallowed around the cock Ilya pushed in one thrust down his throat. Felt himself come like an after thought, throat so full of Ilya, smell, taste, all Ilya. Ilya's hand in his hair, holding his head tipped back, his throat open. Felt his own chest rumbling with a half suffocated moan, his hips twitching, the pulse of the massager so much, too much, agonising and incredible. Tears leaking out of his eyes. Ilya's other hand stroking his cheek, swiping tears away on his thumb, tracing the stretch of his lips. Pulling out only to thrust in again, grinding his cock in Shane's throat while Shane's body bucked, and his mind blissed. Wanted Ilya to come down his throat, but also to pull out and push into his ass, with or without the toy, come in him there. Wanted to be so used by Ilya, so full of Ilya.

Breathing again, a hand rubbing steady, warm circles in against his sternum. Ilya warm against his side. Ilya's cock still hard.

"Can you take more?" Ilya asked, his words almost fuzzy in Shane's ears.

Shane nodded, clinging to the steady rub on his chest, the heat of Ilya's cock against his thigh, the painful pleasure pulse still rattling in his ass, his cock still stinging, sensitive and hot still.

"You did so good," Ilya said, slow and warm, another thing for Shane to cling to, to drag himself back up into semi-awareness. "So hot, coming like that, you love to be fucked, hm?"

"Yeah," Shane said, his voice was wrecked. "Fuck me more."

Ilya swore, and then laughed. Dropped down to press a light kiss to Shane's cheek, then tweaked one of his nipples.

"You ask," he said, shifting back down the bed, "I give."

“Please,” Shane added, “pozhaluysta, I need you in me.”

“Need me in you,” Ilya repeated, “so fucking hungry for my cock even with all this in you?” he tapped the base of the plug, and Shane jerked hard, then nodded. “Blyat,” Ilya groaned, “fuck, you are perfect prize, Shanya. Such a slut, all for me.”

There was the slick sound of lube on skin, and then Ilya’s fingers were slipping around the base of the plug, not turned off still, probing at his rim, rubbing at the tight muscle, Shane unconsciously clenching down against the pulse of it.

“Let go for me, malysh,” Ilya said, low, free hand rubbing against Shane’s hip. He’d stepped onto the mattress between Shane’s legs, kneeling down in the diamond of spread knees. “Be good for me.”

He let his mind drift back again, heavy and overwhelmed and good, focused on the rub against his hip, the taste of Ilya in his mouth. The plug coming out like a bundle of frayed nerves, sparking and pulsing, Shane’s stomach lighting up in a million different points, his breath coming out in rushes, and then Ilya’s hand flat on his stomach. Shane’s hips hitched up, a pillow underneath him from somewhere, Ilya pressing in to him, an easy slide, heat and fullness, and then Ilya’s body pressed against him, lips on his lips, kissing him awake again.

Shane moaned, pressed down against the fullness, so pinned down with the cuffs and with Ilya he felt like he could barely move. Still wanted more.

“Thought you were gonna fuck me?” he asked, voice slurred with the full, aching, pleasure of being so thoroughly Ilya’s.

Ilya laughed lightly, breathless, groaned, kissed Shane again. Stayed half bent over him for easy kissing access, fucked Shane hard and fast, a quick build of pressure, and then a break, hot flood, grasping at each other. Ilya’s mouth on his again. Ilya saying his name. Shane sure he was saying Ilya’s name back.

You rated Lily

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - N/A - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - N/A - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - N/A - meh - good - great - **excellent**

FOREPLAY - N/A - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

Tie me up face down next time for better access. Or maybe bent over something? Except next time we're tying you up and then I'm going to ride you. Fuck that was so hot. We should do it again when we're not half dead from a game. I knew we should have bought the cuffs over summer. My brain is so scattered right now i think you fucked it out of me. I love you. You're so sexy. Cuffs are 5/5, I think we should get a massager in a bigger size. I'm so tired. I love scoring goals with you. Thank you for cleaning up. I love you. Xxx

-

Lily has rated you

- ★★★★★

ORGASM - N/A - meh - good - great - **excellent**

TECHNIQUE - N/A - meh - good - great - **excellent**

KISSING - N/A - meh - good - great - **excellent**

FOREPLAY - N/A - meh - good - great - **excellent**

COMMENT

you get so needy so quick malysh, i stop touching you for five seconds and you start wriggling like youve been abandoned for hours it is somehow very very very hot and then extremely hot how pleased you are when i touch you again fuckkkkkk. what if i tie you up next time with plug in and on and maybe ring on too and then i just go downstairs for a bit? i think maybe you would cum when i come back upstairs and touch even your elbow. i love how you are my slut. i love you. when you scored off crazy wrist shot in second i wanted to pin you down on ice and fuck you right then and there i think this would have been just as appropriate coming out for me as kiss was. you make hockey more fun than i thought it could be, sex too, which is insane because sex is very fun by itself. ya tebya lyublyu moy shanya x

Chapter End Notes

thank you so much to everyone who has been reading along as I post! And thank you everyone who read this whole mammoth silly turned serious fic in one go. I've had so much fun writing it and drawing it, and I've appreciated everyone's comments even if I didn't get around to replying to all of them <3 <3 <3 <3 <3 <3

End Notes

You can also find me on tumblr at Etoilegarden

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!