don't blink, cucky!

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by angeluvxx

Summary

Shane and Luke were highschool sweethearts, they had plans to go into the NHL together, play alongside each other, start to really plan their future as a couple.

But when an injury crushes Shane's only dream, he's forced to sit back and watch as his boyfriend goes onto do everything that should've been his.

Everything except beating the best player in the entire NHL league.

Or,

Shane had grown tired of his boyfriend, Ilya Rozanov is more than happy to give him an upgrade.

Notes

she's here! i'm so excited to share!!

first i must thank berey (evaesheim twt) for the prompt, i want to kiss your beautiful brain!

secondly, thank you to my baby kae (rozykae twt) for the beta read!

as always feel free to follow my twt: angeluvxxxx

daddy kink. you have been warned. enjoy <3

Shane Hollander was in his final year at college, top of his class and on his way to obtaining a sports therapy degree. Like most things, he excelled in his studies, popular amongst both lecturers and students.

Lecturers liked him due to his strong work ethic, students liked him because he had a famous boyfriend.

Shane and Luke had been together since they were teenagers, your typical stereotype of high school sweethearts. Shane remembered how *smitten* he used to be with the other, constantly wanting to be around him, constantly doting on him.

Luke was a little shorter than Shane, back then he used to be a little stocky but over time he grew into himself more. He was handsome, dark brown hair, green eyes and a bit of stubble.

A lot of girls found him *very* appealing.

They had so many plans when they were younger, both set their sights on the NHL at an early age. Shane surpassed Luke in every aspect of the sport, at one point, it was *him* that coaches were interested in.

But Shane got injured far too early on, a torn ACL that crushed his only dream. Shane was out, people were no longer interested in him, no longer had his name on their tongue.

He lost track of how many people dropped him, and Shane withdrew completely. Hockey was his life and if he couldn't do that, it felt as though he had no purpose.

All of a sudden, all eyes were on Luke and although it stung, Shane fell into the role of the supportive boyfriend.

Luke was drafted early last year, suddenly thrusted into fame and money. He changed, the amount of attention that quickly would change anyone, but it was getting to a point where Shane barely recognised his own partner.

He'd be abrasive and loud, constantly trying to make a joke when there was nothing to laugh at. He'd stay up until stupid o'clock partying in towns that Shane had never even heard of without as much of a text.

And he *loved* the attention he got whenever he would visit Shane on campus, basked in it even.

It was nothing like the sweet, almost shy boy that Shane fell in love with all those years ago.

But Shane was comfortable, he had never known love before Luke, never experienced anything or anyone else.

He was committed, but he was growing tired.

Shane did everything he could to go to every home game, supported him endlessly with social media posts and kind messages.

He couldn't remember the last time Luke posted him on his.

He couldn't remember the last time Luke did *anything* to support him back.

'Shane, have you seen my deodorant?' Luke's voice shouted out from their bathroom.

The two of them lived together in a flat uptown, it was fine, not Shane's style, but fine. It was the first thing Luke bought when he got his paycheck.

Shane protested at first, there was no way he could afford living in a place like this as a student. But Luke was adamant, he was the impulsive type that wouldn't change their mind once something had been decided.

Luke covered the cost of the place, which often made Shane feel a little useless. It wasn't like he didn't want to contribute, the last thing he wanted to do was leech off his boyfriend.

But he just didn't have the money.

'Just use mine.' Shane replied, head in his studies.

'You buy the cheap stuff.' Luke walked out, towel around his waist that showed his sculpted body.

Shane didn't even glance up.

'It's just deodorant.' He countered, jotting something down in his notes as he heard Luke let out a long-winded sigh.

The next thing he knew, there was a dip in the mattress and a body right beside him.

'Put that down for just a second.' Luke hummed, pressing his lips to the side of Shane's head as he closed his laptop. 'I don't get to see you for long.'

'I need to work.' Shane conceded and turned his head back to his partner. 'I've got so much to do, I have two essays due next week, a presentation the wee—'

He was dismissed by a kiss to his lips.

There used to be a time where Shane would melt into it, but that spark had dwindled into nothingness.

‘I’m serious.’ Luke never seemed to understand why he put so much time into his studies. He didn’t seem to get that it was all Shane had now. ‘Plus, I have work later.’

Shane worked nights at a bar, he used that money so at least he could contribute something to the cost of bills and food.

Luke always said it was a waste of time, but Shane couldn’t have disagreed more. He’d be damned if all he had to his name was his boyfriend’s money.

‘Come onnn.’ His fingers playful teased Shane’s bare chest. ‘Let’s have fun for a little bit.’

Shane leaned in closer, tempted, maybe a distraction is what he needed right now, and it sounded awful, but sex was one of the only times he found Luke tolerable recently.

Shane thought maybe the reason he was so ill tempered was because of the stress, and that wasn’t Luke’s fault. Whilst it would be nice to hear some words of encouragement, he knew that his boyfriend had more important things going on.

Better things going on.

‘Fine.’ He sighed, setting his laptop to the side to let his boyfriend crawl on top.

Luke dove into his neck, peppering kisses down the tanned skin with a light hum.

And Shane, well, he just stared ahead at the wall blankly.

‘You wanna fuck me?’ Luke grinned against his skin, taking Shane’s earlobe in his mouth and suckling down.

Shane’s hands grabbed his waist, rubbing soothing circles into the bare skin. ‘Why don’t you fuck me for once?’

At the start of their relationship, they switched often. Honestly, Shane always had a preference for bottoming but Luke, like most things, had it his way.

Over time, it became less and less that they switched in the bedroom. Shane could count on one hand how many times Luke had fucked him this year.

It was September.

‘Because it’s such a waste of a big cock.’ Luke replied, hand reaching down to grab a handful of Shane’s soft cock. ‘Please?’

Shane relented, like he always did.

‘Alright.’ He swallowed, pushing Luke down onto the bed. ‘On your stomach.’

They fucked, Shane pressed Luke’s head deep into the pillows as he took him from behind. It felt soulless, distant. The excitement that was once between them had fizzled out into complacency.

He wondered if Luke felt it too, maybe he was also scared shitless that they weren't right together anymore. Maybe he was also terrified that maybe they weren't each other's futures like they promised.

Shane almost hoped so, it would make the pill easier to swallow.

He came with a soft moa and for a fleeting second, he felt good again, in a mere post orgasmic bliss. But the feeling dissipated just as quickly as it was there.

Still, he placed a tender kiss to Luke's shoulder blade, trying to pretend it felt like it used to. 'I'll clean you up.' He said quietly, just staring at the man beneath him for a moment.

Shane knew he harboured resentment towards the other, in a weird way, he felt as though Luke had everything that should've been his. But he knew that feeling wasn't fair, it was cruel and ugly. He had pressed it down for years now.

He loved Luke, he *did.* But he had changed so much.

Shane knew he had too, after his injury, he became bitter. He didn't like the person he had become, almost a shell of a person. Hockey was his life, and sometimes he thought that he clung onto Luke because it was all he had left of his former self.

They used to have so much chemistry. They used to be so in *love.* Before the fame and attention, they just had each other and it was perfect.

Now, he was watching with sadness as Luke reached to the side to grab his phone without a word.

He got up from the bed, threw his boxers back on and trailed into the bathroom.

Luke was still on his stomach when he returned, texting God knows who as Shane silently cleaned him up.

It felt almost clinical at this point, there were no teasing words or playful exchanges. Just an unbearable silence that left Shane feeling numb.

Shane went to get up again since it seemed that Luke had preoccupied his space on the bed, bare feet hitting the wooden floor, making his way back towards the living room.

'I love you.' Luke said from the bed, head deep in his phone screen.

It didn't sound the same as it used to.

Shane's smile didn't quite meet his eyes, stalling at the doorway with his back turned from his boyfriend.

'I love you too.'

He meant it, he *swore* he did.

Luke had a home game this weekend, and unfortunately for him, it was against Boston.

Boston sat comfortably at the top of the league, captained by a man whose name wasn't allowed to be spoken under their roof.

Luke hated him, *despised* him even.

They had yet to win against them, more often than not, the games weren't even close. But Shane was going to go and show his support, for Luke's sake, even if it meant sitting through yet another painful loss.

The days went by as they usually did, slow and gruelling.

Shane kept himself busy, in a constant cycle of gym, studies and work. Keeping busy is all that kept him going recently.

'You're looking big.' Luke observed from the couch as Shane walked in from another gym session. 'Your arms are huge.'

Shane smiled, it was a rarity that Luke gave him a compliment nowadays.

After the injury, he completely lost himself. He had no ambition, no drive. Hockey was his life, and that was stripped from him.

It felt like he lost his identity. So, he stopped working out, lost a bunch of muscle mass, ate like shit constantly.

But he had turned things around, built himself back into a body that he loved, a body that was stronger than before. He *was* big, and he was fucking proud of it. He lifted heavy, ate well, and started to really take care of himself again.

He looked good and for the first time in a while, he *felt* good too.

'I don't like that you're bigger than me.' Shane's smile dropped as quickly as it was there. 'It doesn't look good for me in photos.'

'I'll keep that in mind.' Shane swallowed back what he really wanted to say and trailed off into the kitchen.

It was game day and Shane sat in the stands, looking out across the packed arena. He always did love the atmosphere of game day, he had done since he was a child.

Boston fans were rowdy, Shane had to appreciate their loyalty to the team because they always travelled far to watch the games. They always brought such a unique energy with them, chants rolling out, much louder than the home side of the team that were waiting in anticipation.

Everyone knew how this was about to go.

The players came out one by one out onto the ice, the crowd just seemed to get louder and louder.

But it came to a peak when *he* came out.

Ilya Rozanov, captain of the Boston Raiders.

Shane's eyes, like everyone else's, trailed after him. Rozanov was an enigma, the type of player you get once in a generation if you're lucky.

He was like marmite, those who loved him, loved him fiercely. Those that hated despised him with deep rooted passion. But no matter what side of the coin you were on, nobody could deny that Rozanov was the best player in the entire league.

Rozanov was only two years older than Shane and had already led his team to two Stanley cups.

He was incredible to watch, his playstyle wasn't like anything Shane had ever seen. It was so aggressive yet beautifully tactful. Every play was reckless, intense but somehow always so thought out.

Shane's eyes were *always* drawn to him.

It wasn't just Rozanov's technique that drew him in, it was his character. How he spoke to people on the ice, how *easily* he could get under people's skin, how his interviews were full of a sort of charming cockiness that sometimes teetered on arrogance.

Shane could tell why Rozanov had such a reputation as a womanizer in the press, he had just had that draw, that *pull.*

It was magnetic.

The whistle blew, Luke wasn't even playing yet, casted away to sit on the bench and *watch* as Rozanov tore his team apart singlehandedly.

He was just so fast, how he worked himself around the puck was mesmerising. They had scored their first goal within the first ten minutes, one of many.

Shane followed Rozanov as he did a victory lap around the rink, watching closely as he skated up to the plastic screen, right in front of Luke and puckered his lips twice.

He could see his partner seething in his seat, always being the type to show his emotions and unfortunately for him, Rozanov was the type of person to play on that.

To *push.*

Shane couldn't make out what they were saying but he looked heated if Luke's face was anything to go by. Rozanov on the other hand *smiled,* a shit eating grin that spread across his face so cruelly.

It was a smile that spoke so many words, it communicated that Rozanov wasn't even *trying.*

He blew him one final kiss and skated away.

Boston *destroyed* them.

A complete massacre, headed by Rozanov. The team looked defeated, the fans looked solemn, and Luke looked pissed.

The Boston crowd were going wild, shouting, chanting, doing *anything* to get a rise out of the other side of the arena.

Shane wasn't shocked that they lost, he never was. Boston bested them in every way possible. *Rozanov* bested them in every way possible, from the way he commanded his players to how he played on the ice.

He was just better.

Losing stung, and Shane took the brunt of his as Luke sulked his way back home.

'He's such a fucking *asshole.'* This one-sided conversation had been going on for twenty minutes too long.

'You've said that.' Shane replied, aimlessly scrolling through his phone.

This happened every time, with every loss. Luke could never seem to acknowledge that there was just simply a skill difference between himself and Rozanov.

'I mean—' he scoffed, hand coming up to frustratedly rub his face. 'Half of those checks weren't even *legal.'*

'Yes, they were.' Shane's tone was bored and distant, he had heard this speech a million times over. He could probably recite it word for word and this point.

'Whose side are you fuckin' on?' Somehow this always ended up in an argument for the two of them.

Shane shrugged, finally glancing up to look at his boyfriend. 'He's very good.'

The best. He thought. *Better than you will ever be.*

'Don't, Shane.' Luke's voice was a tired warning to stop pushing, Shane conceded and looked back towards his phone without another word.

Silence that used to be filled with warm conversations took over, a stark reminder as to how much things have changed between the two.

'Whatever—' Luke shook his head like he was trying to rid away a bad dream. 'We're all going out tonight.'

This happened every time, the team would lose, Luke would get so drunk that he could barely stand, and it would be Shane that had to deal with the mess.

‘I’m working.’ Shane replied.

‘I know. We’re coming to your place.’ Luke’s response made Shane sigh, shooting his boyfriend a look that screamed, *please don’t.* ‘What?’

Nobody that Shane worked with liked it when the team came in, and it always left him with a pit of embarrassment in his stomach. They were loud and obnoxious, and they always thought that just because Shane worked there that they could get discounted drinks.

Like they weren’t on an eight-figure fucking salary.

‘Can’t you go somewhere else?’ Shane replied. He was tired. *So* tired.

‘Is it so bad that I want to see my boyfriend?’ Luke’s attention was finally on him, eyes trailing over Shane’s face curiously. ‘Is there someone at work I should be worried about?’

Shane didn’t entertain his ridiculous comment. He knew that Luke thought far too highly of himself to truly think that Shane would have a wandering eye for even a second.

‘You don’t even speak to me when you come.’ His final response. Cold, firm and so fucking over it.

Luke dismissed him with a shake of his head. ‘Whatever.’

The team ended up at the bar, Shane watched with disdain as they drank themselves stupid. He thought to himself that maybe if they won more, they wouldn’t have to drink to forget such an embarrassing loss.

As expected, Luke barely took a glance at him all night.

Surrounded by his team and pretty girls, his boyfriend was far too busy drinking in the attention.

Shane just resisted the urge to roll his eyes and it was moments like these where he wondered *why.*

Why was he still with him? Why was he so hellbent in his complacency that he couldn’t leave?

There was a point in time where he thought things would change, they would get better and work through the rough patch like couples do.

But that never happened. So, it left the question, why was he doing it to himself?

Maybe it was self-resentment. A tactic to punish himself, having to watch as Luke achieved all the accolades that should’ve been his.

Or maybe it *was* love, maybe there was something still there buried so deep that Shane couldn't quite feel it anymore.

He wasn't sure.

'I'm taking a break.' He said to his friend Rose, who just shot him a look of quiet understanding.

She wasn't Luke's biggest fan either.

The cool air hit him as he stepped outside, somewhat easing the tightness he was feeling in his chest. It was a little easier to think without the heavy thrum of bass blasting in his ears.

He took a breath, closed his eyes and resisted the urge to ball his fists. '*Fuck.'*

Everything felt tired, his body, his mind, his heart. Shane had never felt so lost, completely stagnant in both his career and relationship. He just wasn't sure how much more he could tak —

'Are you okay?'

Shane's startled eyes shot open at the sound of another voice, their tone wrapped in a deliciously rich accent that sounded almost—

He hoped that his face wouldn't show his surprise. Because slightly casted to the side with a cigarette pursed between his lips, was Ilya Rozanov.

'Uh.' Shane swallowed, forcing a small smile. 'Yeah, thanks.'

Heat rushed to his cheeks, embarrassed that he'd been caught off guard whilst so vulnerable.

Rozanov, somehow, looked bigger now they were face to face. Shane didn't think they were that dissimilar in height, but the other dwarfed him in size. He was wearing white vest and trousers, big arms that bulged with hard earnt muscle on display, eyes looking straight at Shane.

His face lay stoic, but his eyes held an almost curious look.

Shane tried not to wince as he glanced down at his boring uniform. His hair was probably a mess from how much he had been running around, forehead coated in a thin layer of sweat from the heat of bodies inside.

He had looked better, that much he knew.

'Rough night?' Rozanov finally released his gaze to light the end of his cigarette.

Shane eased, only a little. 'You could say that.'

Rozanov looked even more handsome than he did in his interviews, big, masculine, and rugged in a way that had Shane's eyes trailing back for another glance.

‘You work here?’ Rozanov took a short drag before extending his arm out, offering the cigarette to Shane.

Shane didn’t smoke, never had done. But for some reason he took a step forward and took the cigarette from between Rozanov’s fingers.

He couldn’t help but notice that even his hands were big, they looked *strong*, so large.

‘Is it that obvious?’ He lightly teased back, missing the way Rozanov’s eyes shone with interest, too busy placing the cigarette between his lips and inhaling.

Inhaling was a strong word, the smoke more sat in his mouth, hitting the back of his throat with a bitter, ashy taste as his eyebrows pinched together.

He didn’t understand why anyone enjoyed the taste of it.

‘Blow it out.’ Rozanov’s lips were curled in silent amusement.

Shane conceded, blowing out the smoke with an exhale. Smacking his lips together with distaste and trying to will away the bitter sensation that stuck on his tongue, he held the cigarette back out for Rozanov to take.

‘You don’t smoke.’ Rozanov’s voice was laced with mirth as he took a step closer into Shane’s space to take his cigarette back.

‘No.’ Shane glanced down at the floor with a small, almost embarrassed smile. ‘I don’t.’

Rozanov wasn’t like what Shane expected, he had a serene sense of calm about him that was a complete juxtaposition to his character on the ice.

‘I’m Ilya.’ He spoke from back around the cigarette.

‘I know.’ Shane replied, leaning against the opposite wall so they were face to face. He saw no reason to lie, eyes watching as Ilya took another short drag.

‘Ah.’ Ilya hummed, blowing out the smoke as he pinched the cigarettes between his fingers, Shane was surprised he was even allowed to smoke. ‘Hockey fan?’

‘Somewhat.’ Shrugging back, Shane’s eyes flicked between the floor and Ilya, whose gaze was intense, filled with unspoken curiosity.

Shane watched as he flicked the ash away and held the cigarette to his lips again. ‘I can give you an autograph, if you like.’ His voice was a gentle tease and Shane couldn’t help the way he was smiling towards the floor.

‘I think my boyfriend would kill me.’ Eyes trailed up to Ilya, his lips curling into a small challenging grin.

The air was thick between them, but Ilya’s gaze didn’t waver, he didn’t even look *bothered.*

‘Boyfriend?’ His voice curled around the word in amusement.

It was like he could see right through Shane.

‘Yeah.’ The energy between them was nothing like Shane had ever experienced, consuming and intense in the best possible way. ‘Boyfriend.’

‘I’m guessing he’s not a Boston fan.’ He took a step closer, taking one final drag before he stamped the half smoked cigarette out under his feet.

Shaking his head slowly from side to side, Shane couldn’t help the way his eyes dragged up Ilya’s built body. It started from the bud on the floor, travelling higher and higher across his legs, his chest and finally his smirking face.

‘No.’ His reply was quiet, they were still a good few steps apart but Shane still felt frozen to the spot.

‘And what about you?’ Ilya asked with a slight tilt to the head, big arms crossed over his broad chest which seemed to make them bulge out even more.

Their eyes met, and Shane couldn’t help but feel a deep-rooted pull.

‘I think you’re the best team in the league.’ His response was honest, brutally so.

Ilya didn’t move, standing stationary like a predator waiting to pounce on prey. His eyes held this almost darkness, Shane could feel it too, this desire to *want.*

‘Tell me your name.’ There were rumours that Ilya had a preference for both men and women, but Shane hadn’t believed it until this moment.

The low, seductive tone, the glint in his eyes that screamed how less of a fuck he could give that Shane was in a relationship.

It was maddening.

And Shane, who had been attention starved for so long now, was *basking* in it.

‘I have a boyfriend.’ He replied with a knowing smile, maybe he was being tempting on purpose. It seemed to be working, Rozanov shamelessly trailed his eyes down Shane’s body before he playfully looked around.

‘I don’t see him.’

Shane knew he shouldn’t be entertaining this but, in a way, that is what was spurring him on, the *wrongness* of it all. He held back a laugh but his face gave him away, etched with amusement.

‘I should go back inside.’ He didn’t want to, the thought of having to sit behind a bar in his dead-end job whilst watching his boyfriend live the life of his dreams made him feel sick.

‘Please.’ Ilya jutted his bottom lip forward. ‘I just want to know your name.’

‘I don’t give my name out to strangers.’ Shane wasn’t quite sure where this boldness had come from, he’d been out of the flirting game for a long time.

It felt nice.

‘But, I’m not a stranger.’ Ilya’s voice was a low purr, Shane wanted to step closer into his space. The man was magnetising, even more so in person. ‘You said you knew who I was.’

They looked at each other for a moment, sizing the other up.

Shane had never felt tension like it before. With Luke it was sweet, they were so young when they got together that the foundation of their relationship was built on innocence.

This felt anything but. This felt *dirty.*

‘You’re still a stranger.’ Shane shrugged back with a teasing, tight-lipped smile.

Ilya took a step closer, and Shane felt his belly do a flip. It wasn’t like him to feel this way, almost out of control. He thought maybe he had grown so used to the numbness of being with Luke that maybe this was his body calling out.

‘So, get to know me.’ Ilya tempted, they were still steps apart but it didn’t mean it felt any less intense. ‘Please?’

‘Why should I?’ Shane couldn’t stop staring at those arms that seemed to flex with every small movement.

He didn’t want to give in, not because of Luke who was the last thought in his mind right now but because he was sure Ilya was so used to getting what he wants.

And Shane wasn’t easy.

‘Because I think you’re very pretty.’ Ilya didn’t move again, he stayed still and *waited.* ‘Such a *pretty* boy.’

The blunt compliment caught him off guard, causing him to swallow back a smile. Shane could feel his cheeks heating, stomach curling in a feeling close to anticipation.

‘Yeah?’ Shane asked quietly. Nobody had ever called him pretty before.

Ilya didn’t waver. ‘Yeah.’

‘*Shane!’* A drunken voice cut through the thick tension like a hot knife, the two of them parted instantly.

Shane knew that voice without even looking, his eyes went straight to the floor as Luke wrapped an arm around his waist, an embarrassing display of protectiveness.

‘What’s this?’ Luke had his chest puffed out, grip so tight it almost hurt.

There was silence, and then, Ilya *laughed.*

It wasn’t fake or sarcastic, it was a genuine exhale of a laugh that sounded almost like disbelief.

‘*This* is your boyfriend?’ His eyes were bright with amusement.

Shane just stared at the floor with a wince, it was probably the time where he should’ve jumped in to defend Luke, but he just couldn’t find the words.

‘Fuck off, Rozanov.’ Luke practically spat, pulling Shane impossibly closer.

It was the most physical contact the two of them had outside of sex in *months.*

‘Sorry.’ He wasn’t, Ilya was still laughing in his boyfriend's face. ‘Fuck, Hart, I *really* wasn’t expecting this—’ Ilya’s eyes found Shane’s again. ‘You know you’re dating a loser, yes?’

Luke surged forwards but Shane held him back in a tired grip.

Ilya’s eyes didn’t leave Shane as he threw his hands up in mock surrender. ‘Feisty.’ He held back another laugh and sucked his teeth, clearly biting back another chuckle.

‘Goodnight, *Shane.’* He said teasingly before walking back inside.

Luke waited. Waited to hear the door behind Ilya close so he was gone for good.

‘Are you fucking serious?’ The body beside him was gone in an instant, Shane could *smell* the alcohol on him. ‘Are you actually serious, Shane?’

‘What?’ Shane bit back. The warmth he had felt not long ago had gone. ‘He spoke to *me.*’

Luke looked enraged, but his anger was more akin to a toddler throwing a tantrum.

‘Don’t give me that.’ He scoffed, fists balled as he turned his back. ‘What did he say to you?’

If it was anyone but Luke, Shane would’ve felt on edge by the dark tone of his voice.

‘Nothing.’

Luke turned around in an instant, crowding Shane against the wall with his body as a tactic to intimidate. His eyes were like steel.

‘Get out of my face.’ Shane bit, he didn’t push, he didn’t move. He just stared. ‘Now.’

‘Have you been smoking?’ Shane almost forgot that he had a cigarette. ‘Is that what you’ve been doing? Fuckin’ *smoking* with Rozanov?’

‘Why does it matter?’

It wouldn't take much strength to push Luke away, Shane knew he could take him. Which is why he stood and silently stared.

'You *know* how I feel about him.' His boyfriend scoffed.

'Jesus Christ, we were *talking.'* Shane said with exasperation.

'Did he say anything about me?' Luke cut back in, still holding Shane to the wall.

Shane rolled his eyes. 'Not everything is about you.'

Luke shook his head in disbelief, pausing for a moment as though his sluggish brain couldn't keep up right now.

'Do you think he's better than me, is that it?' Luke asked quietly, silent rage on his face that was inches apart from Shane's. 'Do you think he's better at hockey than me?'

Shane wasn't thinking as he spoke, to caught up with his own simmering anger. '*Yes.* Of *course* he is.'

'Yeah?' Luke repeated back cruelly. 'What would you fucking know, hm?'

'I know hockey.' Shane snapped back.

'You *knew* hockey.' Shane almost flinched as Luke's finger hooked under his chin. 'You've been out for what? Two years now?'

Luke was being mean, and Shane hated how his stomach plummeted. 'That wasn't my fault.' Even his voice was starting to sound weaker.

'Oh, don't I fucking know it.' Luke silently snarled. 'It's *all* I hear from you. At what point do you get over yourself and move on?'

Shane lightly pushed him but Luke didn't move.

'Get out of my face.' It was a warning to stop.

'Or what, *Shane?'* He mimicked the same tone Ilya used only moments ago. 'You live in a flat that I pay for, you have no savings, you live off *me.* My. Fucking. legacy.'

His fingers held Shane's head in place in a firm grip, his other hand pointed into his chest. Luke had a temper when he got drunk, a mean, cruel side that Shane had seen far too often.

'I didn't ask for any of that.' Shane clenched his jaw, body hot with unbridled anger. 'None of it.'

'But you take it, don't you?' His voice was a sickly coo. 'You take, take, take and have the *audacity* to moan about how awful your life is. Then, you go and talk to *Rozanov* of all people? After everything I have done for you.'

Shane shook his head. ‘I was always better than you. Always. You just can’t stand that.’

He expected Luke to grow even more agitated. Instead, he *smiled.*

‘Not anymore.’

‘Get. Off. Me.’ Shane gritted, the stench of alcohol hitting his face every time Luke spoke.

‘You’re pathetic.’ He pulled off at the final blow, spitting down at the floor. ‘*Pathetic*, Shane.’

There was a time where Shane would’ve cried over his words, but not anymore. Luke was drunk, Shane was far too angry.

They needed to have a sober conversation.

‘I’m going back inside.’ Shane replied numbly, shaking off the ghost touches of Luke’s hands.

Luke didn’t move from his spot. ‘You speak to him again and we’re done.’

Good. Shane thought to himself.

‘Whatever.’ Was his response as he trailed back inside.

Shane didn’t speak to Rozanov or Luke the entire night, he kept his head down and got on with his shift. When it was time to clock out, he left without a word and trailed back to their desolate flat.

Which is maybe why he was so surprised that come morning he was woken up to the smell of bacon and Luke stood at the end of his bed with a sheepish smile.

‘Hi.’ He said gently from the foot of the mattress.

Shane just rolled his eyes and pulled the covers over his head.

‘I know. I know, baby.’ He heard the clink of a plate setting down before there was a dip in the mattress. ‘Please look at me.’

‘Fuck off.’ Shane tiredly shot back, he tried to close his eyes again, but the covers were softly pulled down from his face.

Begrudgingly, he looked at Luke. ‘*What?’*

‘I’m sorry.’ He could tell his boyfriend didn’t get back until the early hours of this morning. ‘I wanted to apologise as soon as I got home. But you were asleep.’ His hand gently brushed against Shane’s cheek. ‘I’m *so* sorry, Shane.’

Shane dismissed him and turned onto his side, back away from Luke. ‘You don’t just get to apologise.’

Luke's body moved in closer, so his chest was pressed against Shane's back. 'I know.' He swallowed, pressing his lips to Shane's shoulder. 'I was just so drunk—and then I saw *him* and I just—'

'I don't fucking care.' His voice was muffled from being stuffed into the pillow. He was tired. He just wanted to sleep.

'*Baby.'* He felt kisses trail along his bare shoulder so sweetly. 'Please.'

'Leave me alone.' Shane wanted to shove him off, but he just couldn't find the energy.

The presence behind him didn't shift. 'I'm going to be better.' Arms wrapped around his waist, forehead resting on Shane's back. 'I know I've not been good recently—I've just been so *stressed* with hockey and—'

'Nothing ever changes.'

Shane's words were solemn as he closed his eyes again. He had lost track of how many times they have had this conversation, it was like a vicious never-ending cycle.

'But we can change it.' The optimistic tone in Luke's voice made him want to scoff. 'Please, turn around.'

He did. Begrudgingly.

Met with a sympathetic look, Shane did everything in his power not to roll his eyes.

'I'm so fucking sorry.' Luke moved a little closer. 'I wasn't thinking—I didn't mean any of it.'

Shane hated the way his body felt warm at his tone, just how he used to speak to him when they were younger.

'Then why did you say it?' He asked quietly.

Pressing a kiss to Shane's forehead, Luke shrugged. 'I don't know.' He replied honestly. 'I saw Rozanov and—I don't know, I just saw red.'

'I can't keep doing this.' Shane's response sounded defeated and for a moment, he saw a glint of devastation in Luke's eyes too.

'I know.' He swallowed. 'Please, just let me prove it to you.'

Shane should've said no. Ended things right there whilst there was an opening.

But he wasn't as strong as he used to be.

'Okay.' His gaze was tired. Maybe Luke was right, he *didn't* have anything else.

'Yeah?' Luke said with a small, hopeful smile.

‘Yes.’ His stomach was curling, like his body was rejecting the idea. ‘One more chance.’

Even the kiss on the lips didn’t feel rewarding.

‘I’ll make it up to you.’ It sounded like a promise. ‘I swear, baby.’

Somehow, Shane mustered a smile. ‘Okay.’

He was pulled into a long embrace, gentle dotes being murmured into his hair. If he closed his eyes and thought hard enough, it almost felt like how it used to.

‘He’s an asshole, right?’ Luke teased lightly as he pulled back.

Shane thought Ilya was anything but.

He shook his head softly. ‘He was kind—’

‘Just say he’s an asshole, Shane.’ Luke cut in, eyes flicking from playfulness to seriousness.

Ilya wasn’t an asshole, he had this gentle, calming nature to him.

‘He’s an asshole.’ Shane didn’t mean it in the slightest.

‘Good.’ Luke visibly relaxed, rewarding him with another kiss to his lips. ‘We’re going to be fine.’

Things got better for a bit, Luke was attentive, even when he was away travelling, he would send Shane texts sporadically throughout the day. He’d ask him about school and work, for once, it felt like he was genuinely interested and not just asking as a necessity.

It felt better. Not perfect, the spark that was once there hadn’t fully re-ignited. But it was better.

Shane couldn’t ask for more than that.

He had been invited as a plus one to the annual awards ceremony, Luke wasn’t up for any nominations, but it was still nice to have an evening where he could dress up and spend time together.

Shane usually passed on anything hockey related that wasn’t Luke’s games, it still made him feel uncomfortable being so close to a sport that should’ve been his life.

The awards were a clean sweep to Boston. Ilya just looked like he belonged up there, stage lighting hitting his skin, dressed in an expensive suit that probably cost Shane’s entire wardrobe and his arms bejewelled with trophies.

He looked effortless.

‘So smug.’ Luke muttered bitterly under his breath.

Shane just kept his eyes on Ilya with a small smile.

The after drinks were surprisingly nice. Luke was behaving, Shane got to speak to a few players that he used to train with.

It was a good catch up.

Luke had disappeared with a few of his team, most likely at the bar. So, Shane was left to make small talk here and there.

Thankfully, from his experience working at the bar, Shane knew small talk.

'How's the knee?' Hayden used to train with Shane back when he was still playing, they lost contact after the injury though, like most of Shane's friends.

Nobody really took an interest in him once he was damaged goods.

'Better.' Shane took a sip of his drink with a small smile.

Hayden nodded along. 'Would you ever get back into it?'

That was a question Shane asked himself most nights, even if he *did* get medically cleared, he feared he wouldn't have the talent after so many years off the ice.

So, he answered with a shrug. 'Probably not, no.'

There was a sad look in Hayden's eyes. 'But you were so good, dude.' Shane *knew* he was good, but his opportunity had long closed. 'You could've given Rozanov a run for his money.'

'Who could?' It was his voice again, the one that left Shane feeling warm.

Hayden looked towards Ilya before nodding in Shane's direction. 'Him.'

Ilya stood right behind him, eyes curious. 'You play?'

The sudden attention on him was a little overwhelming so he brushed it off with a soft shrug. 'I used to.'

It used to be my life. He thought.

'He was the *best.*' Hayden added.

Stepping a little closer, Ilya spoke around his glass. 'Why did you stop?'

Shane didn't like talking about hockey, not because he fell out of love with it but because how much it still hurt that he loved it that much.

'I got injured.' He said a little sheepishly, this was usually the part where people lost interest. 'ACL.'

'How long ago?' Shane wasn't used to people asking genuine questions, but Ilya seemed interested.

‘A little over two years.’ It didn’t feel that long, the day that it happened was still as fresh in his head as though it took place last week.

‘So, it’s healed?’ Ilya’s face often laid stoic, but he’d give himself away through small quirks like raising his eyebrows. It was as though he was figuring something out.

‘Yeah.’ He nodded.

‘But you don’t play?’ Ilya questioned.

When Shane got injured, everyone dropped him. Friends, coaches, scouts. If he were to get back into it, he’d have to start everything from scratch.

In a way, he lost track of time. He always said he was going to heal and get better but then studies got on top of him, school took over and once Luke got drafted, that was it.

It felt like he lost. So, he gave it up.

‘No.’ He said a little sadly. ‘Not anymore.’

Ilya stayed silent for a moment. ‘Well, we should do it sometime.’

It was the first time Shane properly looked at him. He looked so handsome in his suit, curls neatly styled.

‘What?’ He wasn’t expecting Ilya to say that. He didn’t even think Ilya *remembered* him.

Ilya shrugged. ‘We should play.’ He repeated, taking another sip of his drink. ‘You can give me a run for my money.’ His teasing tone made Shane smile a little.

‘I’d be rusty.’ He almost wondered if his technical skill of hockey was even embedded in him anymore.

Ilya shrugged again. ‘I’ll go easy on you.’

‘I don’t want you to go easy on me.’ Their eyes locked and Ilya just smiled, a challenging grin filled with competition.

‘Okay. Fine. Deal?’

Shane was so close to accepting his offer, but Luke interrupted with another drink in hand.

‘Who’s making a deal?’ he asked curiously, eyes flickering between the two men.

Ilya always had amusement etched on his face whenever Luke was around, like he saw him as less than. ‘Shane and I are going to play hockey.’

Shane bit back a small smile, not realising Ilya had remembered his name.

But it was wiped off just as quick as Luke let out a snort. ‘Shane’s not played in *years.’* He took a chug of his drink as Ilya’s gaze went hard. ‘He probably doesn’t remember how to

play.'

Luke stopped laughing when he realised nobody was laughing with him.

Ilya turned his attention back to Shane. 'I don't mind.'

Luke noticed Ilya's gaze was lingering far too long on his boyfriend to be considered friendly and tensed. 'Come on.' He took Shane's hand with the intention to pull him away. 'Let's go.'

But Shane stalled and turned back to Ilya.

'Can I get your number?' Even Ilya looked slightly surprised at his boldness. 'For hockey.' He felt the need to clarify with Luke's eyes burning into his head.

'Put your number in, I'll text you when I'm next around.' He didn't notice that Ilya glanced at Luke and winked as he pulled out his phone and handed it to Shane.

So, Shane did. He typed in his number, handed it back to Ilya and then grabbed Luke's hand in his without as much of a glance to his boyfriend. 'See you later.' His eyes only met Ilya's. 'Congratulations, on all the awards, by the way.'

'Bye, Shane.' He said teasingly, flicking his attention down to where Shane was holding Luke's hand with a brief look of amusement. 'Have a good night.'

There was a triumphant smile on his face as Luke practically dragged them to the other side of the room. 'You're going to play hockey with him?' It was as though he was searching for real confirmation.

'Yes.' Shane replied simply.

Luke had a small frown on his face. 'I didn't even know you wanted—' he stopped talking when he saw Shane's deadpan face. 'I would've played with you.'

'You never asked me.'

Luke didn't have much to say after that, he just watched as throughout the night Shane and Ilya would cast subtle glances towards one another.

Shane didn't hear much from Ilya, not that he expected to with the man's busy schedule.

It got to a point where he thought a text would never come, and although it was disappointing, Shane wasn't that surprised. Ilya's schedule was hectic, constantly traveling, always in a different city.

He'd probably been forgotten about, and Shane wasn't quite sure why he was so bothered.

Until, one night, lying in bed with Luke away with work, his phone buzzed.

Saturday, 1pm?

He knew who it was instantly.

I don't know if I'm interested anymore.

Shane smiled down at his phone as he saw the text bubbles appear.

:(

I'm sorry, I've been busy.

There was a giddy feeling in his chest, a rush of excitement that he hadn't felt in a long time.

It's been months.

Not that Shane was counting.

Let me make it up to you.

Please?

He wasn't quite sure how he currently had Ilya Rozanov begging to see him, but it was giving him a rush.

I'll think about it :)

Ilya was already typing again.

I've missed you.

You don't know me.

I want to know you.

I want to know you so badly, Shane.

Shane knew this was wrong, but he just couldn't *stop.*

Don't be late on Saturday.

:)

I won't.

Shane smiled at his phone.

Goodnight, Ilya.

Goodnight, pretty.

Shane slept the best he had in a long time that night.

He didn't tell Luke about his planned meeting with Ilya, it wasn't like he was due to be in town anyway. He knew what he was doing was sneaky and he wasn't innocent in this. But, he knew if he were to tell Luke that it would just end in an argument.

So, he kept it a secret.

Him and Ilya didn't text much but whenever they did, Shane felt that fuzzy feeling in his chest.

It was exciting, the wrongness of it all. Whilst Shane knew what he was doing was bad, he couldn't bring himself to care, not when Ilya made him feel so good about himself.

He even tried to convince himself that what they were doing was platonic but from all the pet names Ilya liked to use, mixed with the teasing that they both wanted to take further, deep down Shane knew that wasn't the case.

He wanted Ilya. He wanted Ilya so badly it fucking hurt.

Maybe it was just lust, a primal pull towards the man that beat his boyfriend in everything. Even if it was just that, it didn't make Shane want him any less.

The day they were due to meet, Shane was filled with nerves. Not that he had ever experienced it, but he pinned it down to how people must feel on a first date.

He spent far too long deciding on what to wear, fixing his hair, making sure he smelt good. He should've felt ridiculous, but he wanted to look perfect.

He wanted to look perfect for Ilya.

Even the drive there was nerve-wracking, the closer he got, the more the anxiousness inside grew. He started to second guess himself, he thought of Luke who was hours away with his team and what he would think.

How upset he'd be.

But it wasn't like Shane was doing anything wrong, right? They were just playing hockey.

At least that's what he told himself over and over like a mantra in his head. Just hockey, nothing else.

Ilya had texted him to say that he was already inside, and Shane felt his stomach curl in anticipation as he walked through the door.

It had been so long since he put on a pair of skates, and truly he thought it was something he would never do again.

Ilya was waiting for him at the front, drenched in a Boston hoodie and sweats. 'Hi.' He said, eyes not so subtly trailing down Shane.

‘Hi.’ Shane bit back a smile as he walked past Ilya who swiftly trailed behind.

‘You brought your own.’ He acknowledged the bag of skates in Shane’s hand.

‘Yeah, I kept them from when I used to play.’ There were many times he thought he should’ve just sold them, it’s not like he had use for them anymore. But he was thankful that he didn’t.

They walked into the locker room together, and Shane could feel that warmness in his chest again.

‘How long has it been?’ Ilya asked curiously, throwing his hoodie carelessly over his head. ‘– since you played, I mean.’

Shane tried not to stare at Ilya who was in a tight-fitting sports top that hugged every inch of his chiselled body, the material stretched around his big arms.

‘Haven’t played since I was injured.’ He swallowed and removed his own jacket.

Ilya gave him another glance, Shane couldn’t quite get a read on him.

‘So, it will be easy?’ he asked curiously.

‘Easy?’ Shane questioned, pulling out his skates.

‘To beat you.’ Ilya teased, lips curling into that smile that Shane was so endeared by.

‘Fuck off.’ Shane bit back, hiding his small smile towards the floor.

‘You said not to go easy on you.’ Ilya shrugged.

‘I don’t want you to go easy on me.’ He looked towards Ilya. ‘I want to see if I’ve still got it.’

Ilya had a look of amusement in his eyes. ‘Okay, fine. Your funeral.’

Shane held his feelings internally as he stepped onto the ice, memories of what used to be flooding back to him as Ilya followed closely behind.

He used to be here all the time, even when they weren’t training Shane would still be practicing, putting every drop of his blood, sweat and tears to be better.

His dream was to be the best.

But the best stood behind him with a curious glint in his eyes.

‘Do you need me to hold your hand?’ Ilya asked with a grin, watching as Shane started to skate further ahead, eyes towards the ice like he was remembering something.

It felt good, that was the first feeling that hit Shane as blades scraped across the ice. It was like this heavy rock on his shoulders had lifted, the fear of not thinking he’d be good enough

to ever skate again had dissipated.

‘Drop the puck.’ Shane moved to centre, holding his arm out for Ilya to pass him a stick.

Ilya moved closer, passing the stick to Shane. ‘Yeah? You don’t fancy running some drills first?’

There was this determined look in Shane’s eyes that had Ilya’s head reeling. Maybe he had come here today and undermined Shane, maybe he just wanted to spend one on one time with the boy who had the pretty freckles.

It wouldn’t be the first time somebody had said they were good at hockey as an attempt to flirt.

Ilya never usually bit, but something about Shane drew him in.

‘No.’ The weight of the stick in his hands was familiar, it was like he had never put it down. ‘Drop it.’

‘Whatever you say.’ There was a cockiness to Ilya’s tone that Shane wanted to wipe away.

The puck dropped centre, they positioned themselves as though it was a face-off and Shane felt this *rush*, this adrenaline spike that used to course through him whenever he used to play.

He pictured a packed arena, cheering for him, he pictured winning the cup. He pictured himself being called the best in the league.

‘You call it.’ Shane’s eyes didn’t leave Ilya’s.

Ilya looked back, honestly turned on by the look on Shane’s face, like he had something to prove. He thought it was cute, not like Shane would beat him but still endearing. He purposefully paused, lips opening and closing with a small smirk.

Shane shot him a glare and Ilya conceded.

‘*Go.’*

Sticks flew out, the sound of them hitting each other seemed to sound out around the empty rink.

Ilya didn’t lose face-offs. It was his thing.

Which is why he was watching in astonishment as Shane reclaimed the puck and made a b-line towards the net.

Shane could hear the skid of skates gaining on him and he couldn’t help the grin on his face as Ilya caught up and checked him into the boards.

‘Beginners' luck.’ He teased into Shane’s ear as he moved fast to the other side of the rink.

But Shane was *quick*, Ilya heard him gaining. The next thing he knew his body was slammed into the boards with a resounding thud.

‘I thought you weren’t going to go easy on me, Ilya?’ Shane quipped back with a grin, Ilya tried to close the distance, but it was too late, Shane had already moved and swung the puck into his net.

When he looked back at Ilya and winked, Ilya almost dropped to his knees there and then.

Ilya had this spark in his eyes, like he had finally met a worthy opponent.

‘Who the fuck are you?’ He asked in disbelief.

Shane met his gaze, his lips curled. ‘Someone whose beating you.’

It had been years since Ilya had truly had to try when playing.

‘Go again.’ Ilya demanded, skating back into the centre.

Shane just grinned.

They went back and forth for hours, if Ilya scored, Shane scored seconds later, when Ilya gave Shane a check, Shane would give him one right back.

They lost track of who was winning and who was losing, both hellbent on just being *better* than the other.

Their bodies were sweaty, both panting heavy as they stood in the centre again.

‘You’re good.’ Ilya breathed, face a little red. ‘You’re so good. Why did you ever stop?’

Shane was fairing much better as he tried to get his breathing under control. ‘I told you, injury.’

‘Your healed’ Ilya shook his head in protest, like he couldn’t believe Shane wasn’t a professional. ‘Hart never told you to get back into it?’

Shane shrugged. ‘He never liked that I was better.’

Ilya bit back a scoff. ‘What about you?’

Shane inched a little closer, resting his body on his stick. ‘What do you mean?’

‘Would you like to play?’ Ilya had never seen anyone play like Shane, even after all these years out his technicality was incredible.

‘—It’s been years.’

‘That isn’t what I asked you.’ Their eyes met, both men leaning closer. ‘Would you like to play again?’

This time, he nodded in a crushing admission. ‘Of course, I would.’

Ilya stared at him silently.

‘What?’ Shane asked, it looked like Ilya was contemplating something.

‘Nothing.’ Ilya shook his head, focusing back on Shane. ‘I’ve never seen anyone play like you.’

‘I feel the same way about you.’

Something shifted in the air, a deep pull that had both men moving closer.

‘Your league's better than your boyfriend.’ Ilya wasn’t shy in the way he was looking at Shane’s lips.

‘I know.’ Shane replied, inching closer.

‘Where is he right now?’ Ilya questioned, daring Shane to move further in. ‘Lower bracket?’

‘You know he’s in the lower bracket. You put him there.’ Shane shot back.

Ilya just grinned in amusement. ‘Right where he fucking belongs.’

Something in Shane snapped, whether it was the arrogance of Ilya’s words or his handsome face, Shane needed him. He surged forwards, pressing a rough, desperate kiss to Ilya’s lips.

It was demanding in the best possible way, Ilya caught his body in a possessive hold. There was nothing cute about the way they kissed, it was rough, dirty, both mouths clawing for dominance.

Ilya won.

Just like how they played, their kiss was just as aggressive. Their bodies were hot, coated in sweat after hours of competing against each other, their hands were rough, clawing at the other for closeness.

Shane felt alight, Ilya wasn’t a gentle kisser, he wasn’t cautious or hesitant. The way he kissed was consuming, like he was trying to lay claim.

He found himself moaning into it, desperately holding onto Ilya’s shirt. His cock started to stir as his hips pushed forwards for friction, relishing in the feeling of strong hands gripping his ass.

Shane knew that this was bad, his head was screaming at him to stop but he just couldn’t, his heart was guiding him through it and right now, it wanted Ilya more than anything in the world.

Ilya was so big, so fucking *strong*. Shane wasn’t a small man by any means, he could lift Luke up with ease. But he felt tiny in comparison to Ilya, and whilst usually it would be a

feeling of inadequacy, right now it was turning him the fuck on.

‘Pretty fucking boy.’ Ilya purred and went straight for Shane’s neck who obediently tilted his head to the side. ‘I think you’re so beautiful, Shane.’

The admission caught him off guard, it caused a warmth that spread in with the pleasure of Ilya kissing his sensitive neck to pool in his gut.

‘Shut up.’ Shane deflected, trying to push down how much Ilya’s words meant to him.

He couldn’t remember the last time Luke called him beautiful. He couldn’t remember the last time Luke doted on him like this. So, to have Ilya Rozanov say those words like he meant them was overwhelming.

It was scary.

Ilya continued to kiss his neck, and Shane almost thought he was going to leave a mark. Instead, Ilya took his tongue and licked a stripe against the sweaty skin, all the way up towards his ear lobe.

Shane’s knees almost buckled. ‘*Oh.’*

Ilya took his earlobe into his mouth with a low hum and suckled down, big hands giving Shane’s ass another squeeze to encourage him to push forwards again.

A seed of doubt started to trickle into Shane’s mind, cruelly disrupting the pleasure. Was Ilya just doing this to get at Luke? Something he could use as ammunition whenever they next played?

He didn’t think Ilya was that unkind but then again, Shane didn’t really *know* Ilya.

Panic settled in, constricting his chest. What if this was a game for him? Shane could almost picture the devastated look in Luke’s eyes if he were to ever find out about this.

Shane didn’t picture the Luke he knew now. He pictured the soft, gentle teenager he fell in love with. He thought of his kind eyes and soft smile that would light up whenever Shane walked into a room.

And Shane, he started to feel sick.

‘*Stop.’* He choked out. ‘We need to stop.’

He put his hand on Ilya’s chest to create distance. The other man drew back with a small pinch to his eyebrows.

‘Shane—’

‘No.’ Shane had to clear his throat as he moved further back, he felt as though he needed to be as far away from Ilya as possible, he was too tempting. ‘I’m sorry, I need to go.’

‘This is because of Hart?’ Ilya tried not to say his name with too much disgust.

Shane wiped his mouth, desperately trying to rid himself of the sensation of Ilya’s lips. ‘He’s my *boyfriend.’*

‘He’s an asshole.’ Ilya corrected with a scoff.

Shane shook his head. ‘I’m being the asshole, I’ve *cheated*—’

‘Should’ve cheated years ago.’ Ilya bit back with aggravating nonchalance causing Shane’s eyes to harden.

‘Is this some sort of joke to you?’

‘That you’re upset about cheating on Luke Hart? Yes.’

Shane stared with a cold look in his eyes. ‘You don’t know him.’

Ilya, finally, looked somewhat serious. ‘Neither do you.’

Shane didn’t know what the fuck that was supposed to mean. ‘I’m sorry?’

But Ilya was quick to dismiss, like he had accidentally misspoken. ‘Nothing.’

Anger had already bled into the shame. ‘No. What did that mean?’

‘Nothing.’ Ilya repeated, his face stoic and unreadable. ‘Go back to your shitty boyfriend, Shane.’

‘Fuck you.’ Adrenaline was coursing through Shane’s body. ‘You don’t know anything about me, or my relationship.’

Ilya didn’t fight. ‘I guess not.’

Shane gave him one final look and turned his back. ‘I’m sorry.’ Is all he managed to muster before leaving.

Guilt ate him alive the next few days, Luke came home after a streak of losing and Shane couldn’t bring himself to look at him most of the time.

He felt disgusted with himself.

He was cooking when arms wrapped around his waist, causing him to jump.

‘Are you okay?’ Luke asked, pressing a kiss to the back of Shane’s head.

Shane managed a small nod. ‘Yeah.’ He kept his eyes mindlessly on the food in the pan.

‘You sure?’ Luke questioned. ‘You seem—I don’t know, jumpy?’

Jumpy was an understatement, Shane felt sick.

He knew he should own up, accept his fate. But the longer he sat on the lie, the harder he found it to come clean.

Shane turned, with a fake, reassuring smile. ‘I’m fine. Promise.’

He wasn’t sure what was worse, the feeling of guilt or the realisation that every night since that day, he had laid awake and thought about Ilya’s lips on his.

It just wasn’t the same when Luke gave him a soft peck. ‘Okay, if you’re sure.’

Shane just faked another smile and turned back around.

The feeling didn’t go away, months passed, and Shane knew he was purposefully creating distance.

He’d pull away whenever Luke got close, turned him down whenever he tried to initiate sex. He was being a bad boyfriend, he knew it. It was especially apparent when he would check his phone silently pleading to see a text from the man that had turned his life upside down.

But it never came, Ilya didn’t message him once. Not that he needed to, his team had just won the Stanley cup, he was travelling the world, probably surrounded with beautiful women.

He didn’t need Shane, he never did.

So he decided that he was going to do it today. He was going to tell Luke the truth.

After the friendly against Boston.

He knew telling him before the game would be a bad idea, not only did Shane have genuine concerns that Luke would go for Ilya on the ice, he also knew that telling him beforehand would be a sure fire way to throw the game for his boyfriend, Luke had never been the best and setting his emotions aside.

There were mixed feelings about seeing Ilya again. On one hand, his face still brought shame, a constant reminder of what he had done to his boyfriend. But the other, there was anticipation, a deep yearning inside that craved closeness to Ilya, even if it was only going to be a glance from the bleachers.

Perhaps seeing Ilya again would be a good thing, a final chance to move on and put the past behind him. What happened was a lapse in his judgment, he was lonely, attention starved, and Ilya gave him all of that and more.

It was a mistake, nothing more. In the end, he made his choice. He was staying with Luke.

‘Good luck tonight.’ Shane said from the couch as Luke finished packing his bag for the arena. ‘I’ll be cheering for you.’

Luke smiled, making his way over to the back of where Shane was sitting. ‘Thank you.’

A kiss was placed on the top of his head. ‘Maybe tonight’s the night I finally beat him.’ Luke added, Shane almost wanted to snort but he knew his boyfriend was being completely serious.

Shane turned his head to the side so Luke could place a kiss to his lips. ‘Yeah. Maybe.’

He knew there wasn’t a chance in hell their team would beat Boston tonight.

Luke started to move towards the door and Shane built up the courage to speak up. ‘Luke?’

‘Yeah?’ His boyfriend hummed mindlessly.

Anxiousness was swirling in his chest. ‘Could we go out tonight? Just the two of us?’

Shane figured it would be better to break the news in public to avoid an overreaction.

Luke nodded. ‘Sure. Book that pasta place downtown.’

It wasn’t Shane’s favourite place to go, but it was Luke’s. So, he nodded. ‘Okay. Like eight?’

‘Sounds good.’ The sound of a bag being picked up could be heard along with the soft click of their door opening. ‘Love you.’

Shane smiled sadly towards the floor. ‘Love you too.’

He meant it, he *swore* he did.

The arena wasn’t as packed as it usually was as it was only a friendly, although the loyal Boston supporters were still sitting in the bleachers carrying the energy of the room as usual.

Shane couldn’t concentrate, not with knowing what he was about to tell Luke later on.

It made it worse when *he* came out, the Boston fans went wild, the hometown crowd started to boo.

Ilya just looked so natural under the attention, like he basked in the reception whether it was good or bad.

Shane just watched him silently, ignoring the tug on his heartstrings as Ilya skated a lap around the rink, his eyes on the audience like he was looking for something. Or maybe someone.

He knew he had no right to feel jealous, but he couldn’t suppress the ugly feeling as it curled around his chest.

Maybe Ilya had someone special here tonight.

The match started and as expected, Ilya tore through the opposition. He just made everything look so easy, his team worked with perfect fluidity that Shane couldn’t help but watch in amazement.

When Ilya scored, the stadium was alight. Shane watched with a soft smile on his face as Ilya did a gloating victory lap, he didn't glance at Luke who was most likely sulking in a corner.

Ilya came over to the hometown side of the stadium, drinking in the jeers and boos that were hurled his way with a grin.

Shane just watched quietly, his eyes soft. Ilya wasn't the villain that they painted him to be, he was nothing like the character that he played.

Ilya was kind, and whilst his behaviour sometimes came across as blunt, he had a gentle nature to him that nobody seemed to see.

He just wanted to be the best, and he worked fucking hard for it.

Ilya continued to skim through the crowd, eyes searching across different faces that started to blend into one.

But then, he stopped. Dead on the ice.

Shane swallowed, suddenly eye to eye with Ilya again.

He felt that urge to reach out and touch him, that want, the *need* to be close.

Ilya's lips curled smugly, as though he could read Shane's thoughts. Then, shouting over the crowd, he laid out one simple command.

'Clap for me. I just scored.'

It was a test of his obedience, to see if Shane would debase himself sat amongst a crowd of people that hated him.

Ilya wanted Shane to break, right in front of his hometown and right in front of his stupid fucking boyfriend.

Shane's gaze was unwavering, locked onto Ilya's.

And then, mindlessly, he brought his hands together and started to clap. It felt wrong, the people sat around him scoffed in disgust.

But Shane continued to clap in time with the Boston crowd, focused on Ilya's pleased face.

Triumphantly, Ilya shot him a wink and skated off. Leaving Shane with a brisk feeling of embarrassment and heated cheeks as he quickly put his hands back down.

It was safe to say Luke wasn't best pleased with him after the game.

'Are we still on for dinner tonight?' Shane broke the thick tension in their flat, Luke wasn't getting ready, and they were due to leave soon.

'I'm not feeling it.' Luke replied sourly. 'Gonna go out with some of the team.'

Shane had a whole plan mapped out in his head, he wanted to tell Luke about Ilya tonight, finally clear his conscience.

‘I booked that place you like.’ Shane replied in a feeble attempt to get Luke to come around.

There was a pause, the room felt thick, uneasy.

‘Why are you always trying to embarrass me?’

Shane glanced up with a small frown. ‘I’m sorry?’

It was the first time Luke finally looked at him all night. ‘Why are you always trying to embarrass me. What is it?’

Words got caught in Shane’s throat as he looked towards his boyfriend. ‘I don’t know what you mean.’

‘—Yes, you do.’ Luke said sharply, his eyes were like steel. ‘You’re purposefully getting bigger than me even though I told you it looks bad for me.’

‘That’s not fair—’ Shane cut in firmly.

‘Shut up, for once.’ Luke snapped back, his body was tense. ‘You’re always trying to outsmart me, do something to prove that you’re better than me and then—’ he took a deep breath, jaw clenched. ‘You go sit in the stands at *my* game and clap for Boston, for fucking *Ilya* Rozanov.’

He practically spat the name out. ‘So, what is it, Shane? Do you have a thing for him?’

Shane was caught completely off guard. ‘*No.’* he lied. ‘Fuck—Luke, do you even hear yourself?’

He was dismissed with a shake of the head. ‘I told you I was going to try and I have, I *really* have, Shane.’ He was pacing now, he looked so angry. ‘It seems the more I try the more you resent me.’

His words lingered, echoing truth.

‘I don’t—’

‘—Yes, you do.’

Shane stood, attempting to move closer but Luke backed away.

‘You’ve resented me ever since you got injured, you resented me for getting into the NHL, you resented me for still playing even when you couldn’t. I know it. I fucking *feel* it, Shane.’ For the first time, Shane noticed the sadness alongside the anger in Luke’s eyes.

‘I mean, *fuck,* you won’t even touch me anymore.’ Luke said quietly to himself and for the first time, instead of feeling numbness, Shane felt an ache in his heart.

He had been a bad boyfriend, the worst.

‘*Baby.’* He said gently, moving closer again. He didn’t use pet names often, they didn’t roll off his tongue. Luke stayed still. His eyes were glassy, and he looked almost scared. ‘Come here.’

Luke didn’t move but he didn’t pull away either as Shane wrapped his arms around him and pulled him close. ‘I’m *so* sorry.’ Shane pressed a kiss to the side of his head. ‘You’re right, I haven’t been good to you.’

He frowned as soft sniffles could be heard. He was about to tell him about Ilya, but Luke already seemed distraught, so he held it back.

‘I’ll work on it, okay?’ Shane’s voice was gentle as he held Luke close, just like how he used to. ‘I have been jealous, you’re not wrong. But that isn’t fair on you.’

Luke didn’t say much, but Shane could feel a wetness on his shoulder. ‘I just don’t want to lose you.’ His boyfriend said quietly. ‘I’m so scared, Shane.’

It was the first time Luke had been so raw with how he was feeling and in a strange sense, it was soothing to know that he wasn’t the only one feeling fucking terrified for their future.

‘I know.’ He replied softly. ‘Me too.’

Luke pulled back and wiped his eyes. ‘Sorry.’ He sniffed, looking down to the floor in embarrassment. ‘I don’t know why I’m crying.’

Shane just placed a kiss on his lips. ‘It’s okay.’ He soothed, hands still on Luke’s waist. ‘I’m really sorry.’

He meant it, he really did.

Luke nodded and managed a small smile. ‘We’re okay, right?’

There was an ugly silence that Shane quickly filled. ‘Yeah. We’re okay.’ His voice didn’t sound as confident as he wanted it to. ‘Would you like to go for dinner?’

It was a small olive branch, maybe he wouldn’t tell Luke about Ilya tonight, but he could still make it up to him in other ways.

But Luke shook his head. ‘No.’ Shane tried not to feel dejected. ‘I think I'll still go out with the team.’

Shane nodded and pulled away. ‘Sure. Have a nice time.’ His voice sounded a little distant, Luke just clung onto his hand.

‘I love you.’ Luke said, chasing Shane’s dwindling gaze.

Shane was sick of lying. ‘I love you too.’

Luke shot him one final smile and disappeared into the bedroom, leaving Shane with that hollow feeling in his chest once more.

Things would get better, they had to.

Shane was alone in their bedroom, Luke had gone out about two hours ago, leaving Shane alone with his thoughts.

He couldn't help the way Ilya consumed his mind now that he was alone, with Luke around, it was easy to push it down. But under the dim lights and silence in the bedroom that never quite felt like his, he only thought of one man.

Ilya brought him a warmth that he had been missing for so long, perhaps it was just the excitement of the chase, it was always Luke that got the attention from others so maybe Shane was just starved of closeness.

And Ilya just gave him so much of it so willingly.

But he had to let go, he needed to move on and forget. For Luke's sake—

His phone started to ring. He went to grab it, thinking it would just be Luke asking for a lift although it was quite early for him to be coming home.

Then, to his surprise, he saw it was Rose.

He had a mind to ignore it, wondering if someone had called in sick and she was asking him to come in for a shift.

But he knew that wouldn't be fair, so he clicked accept and brought his phone to his ear.

'Hello?'

'Shane, thank god.' She sounded a little panicked. 'Are you okay?'

Shane frowned to himself. 'Yes?' he answered back, confused.

There was a pause, Shane could faintly hear the thrum of music which indicated she had stepped outside of work to take a call.

'I'm so sorry about—well, you know.' Rose replied.

Shane sat up a little straighter, there was a gut feeling that something was very, *very* wrong. 'What are you talking about?'

There was a pause. It felt like it went on forever.

'Have you not seen?' Her voice then filled his ears again.

Was Luke okay? Did something happen? Panic started to fill his body.

'Seen what?' He didn't mean to sound snappy, but he couldn't help it.

‘*Shit,* okay.’ Her voice got a little quieter. It sounded like she was suddenly typing on her phone. ‘I’m sending this to you, okay? I’m really, *really* sorry, Shane.’

‘You’re scaring me.’ He tried to make a joke, but he couldn’t, his hands were shaking.

Then, the notification came through.

Luke Hart pictured with mystery blonde.

Followed by a picture that was ever so clearly his boyfriend, sat at a fancy restaurant, holding hands from across the table with possibly one of the most beautiful men Shane had ever seen.

The picture was grainy, clearly taken in secret. But the boy was blonde and skinny, certainly smaller than Luke.

Everything that Shane wasn’t.

Shane felt his blood go cold, mind turning into numb static as he stared blankly at the picture.

There were more pictures to follow, each more incriminating than the last. One of them leaving, stood far too close to be considered friendly, another with Luke’s hand resting playfully on his ass and then the final blow, a picture of them kissing.

It’s like they weren’t even *trying* to keep it a secret.

‘Shane?’ Rose said gently after minutes of silence.

‘I’m here.’ He said quietly, his gaze was blank, burning into his phone screen.

A wave of anger suddenly coursed through his body, especially after Luke’s big speech only hours ago.

The couple in the pictures looked far too close for this to have been a first date, and Shane was suddenly compelled with the urge to know just how long this has been going on for.

Then it hit him, Ilya’s words from the rink.

‘*You don’t know him.’*

‘Neither do you.’

His entire body tensed as he finally found the true meaning behind Ilya’s words that day, having the desire to get up and break something.

‘I have to go.’

‘Shane, please—'

The line went dead. Shane looked at the pictures for a bit longer and then went to his texts.

Ilya

Did you know?

Shane felt a lifetime had passed before Ilya started typing.

Yes.

He stared coldly at his screen, rage seeping into his body..

Who else knows?

Ilya was typing again.

A lot of people. He brings him to the away games.

Shane resisted the urge to hurl his phone across the room. Instead, he clicked call. Ilya answered almost immediately.

‘You *asshole*.’ Shane almost snarled, it wasn’t fair to project his anger onto Ilya, but he was the only one in the direct line of fire right now.

‘How am I the asshole in this situation?’ Ilya smartly retorted. Shane hated how just hearing his voice again gave him a sense of calm.

‘You knew.’ He bit back. ‘You knew this entire time.’

‘Yes.’ Ilya casually admitted. ‘But, like you said, I don’t know anything about you. So, is none of my business.’

‘Fuck you.’ Shane scoffed, throwing himself out of bed. ‘Are you still in town?’

There was a short pause, Shane envisioned Ilya grinning to himself. ‘Yes. Until tomorrow afternoon.’

‘Send me your hotel.’ Shane was still seething with rage as he opened his wardrobe to pull out a shirt.

‘Why would I do that?’ Ilya was playing coy on purpose which only infuriated Shane further, this entire time he could’ve had his hands on Ilya and not felt gut wrenching guilt.

Tonight, he was going to indulge without shame.

‘Because you’re going to make it up to me.’ Shane switched ears as he threw on a shirt. ‘Text it to me, now.’

He knew he sounded demanding, but he couldn’t bring himself to care about his sharp tone right now.

‘So impatient.’ Ilya cooed down the phone, which only caused Shane to clench his jaw. He wasn’t in the mood for games tonight. ‘I prefer to wine and dine my dates first.’

‘Shut up.’ Shane gritted bitterly back. ‘If you don’t fuck me tonight, I’m going to go out and find someone that will.’

There was a short pause.

‘Okay. Fine. I text it to you.’ Ilya conceded, Shane could faintly hear shifting as though he was standing up. ‘Can we be friends again?’

Whatever they were, they were certainly never friends.

‘Fuck off, I’m still mad at you.’ Shane sniped back.

‘See you soon, pretty.’ Ilya purred back before the line went dead.

Moments later, a text came through detailing Ilya’s hotel. Shane just took a glance in the mirror, fixed his hair and walked out.

If Luke thought Shane was embarrassing him before, it was nothing compared to what he was about to do.

The anger didn’t dissipate if anything, it grew the closer he got to Ilya. He just kept thinking about how much time he had wasted, for so long he had clung onto his relationship because he thought they both wanted to try.

Shane knew he wasn’t exactly an innocent party either but at least he pulled out before things went further with Ilya.

At least he wasn’t out on romantic fucking dates right in front of TMZ.

He shook his head, left the cab and walked into the lobby of the hotel that looked like it cost his yearly salary.

In the lift, he bit down on the inside of his cheek to calm himself down. This wasn’t Ilya’s fault, although a heads up would’ve been appreciated. But he needed to release his anger somehow.

And what better way than fucking the man that his boyfriend hated the most.

He knocked on the door of the hotel room Ilya was staying in, once, and then again when there was no answer.

‘Asshole.’ He muttered to himself angrily, just as he went in for a third knock, the door swung open. Revealing Ilya, shirtless, with nothing but a pair of low hanging sweatpants on.

Ilya was beautiful. His body was built to take hits, carved with muscle, and his *arms,* so big that they bulged out. Shane tried not to let his mind wander as his eyes skulked down his strong looking body, right down to where a small patch of hair trailed into his sweats.

Shane almost sank to his knees right there. Ilya seemed to notice, if his lazy grin was anything to go by.

‘What took you so long?’ Right, he was supposed to be angry.

Ilya shrugged and opened the door further for Shane to step inside. ‘Busy.’

With a scoff, Shane slipped past him. He heard the soft click of the door closing, trapping the two men inside together.

‘So…’ Ilya rested his back against the door. ‘Are you here to shout at me?’

‘You know I’m not here to shout at you.’ Shane’s face was deadpan as he stepped further into Ilya’s room.

‘I don’t know, you seem very angry.’ Ilya teased, purposefully adjusting his sweatpants so they reached a little lower. ‘Very scary when you’re mad, I am scared.’

Shane rolled his eyes, keeping his distance. ‘Shut up.’

Ilya wasn’t shy in the way his eyes trailed down Shane’s body. ‘So, what are you here for?’

Moving an inch closer, Shane undid the top two buttons of his shirt impatiently. ‘You already know.’

‘I know nothing.’ Ilya’s bottom lip jutted forward as Shane fell perfectly into his game, his eyes were tracked on the buttons that slowly revealed more of the tanned skin. ‘Tell me.’

‘I’m not saying it.’ Shane said stubbornly, annoyed that Ilya was standing stationary. ‘Come here.’

Ilya slowly shook his head from side to side. ‘No.’

‘*Ilya.’* He gritted.

‘Shane.’ Ilya teased back.

‘I’m not fucking saying it.’ He snapped, it wasn’t that he was a prude, he just found it embarrassing.

‘But you said it on the phone—’

‘Exactly. I’ve already said it.’

Ilya tutted, resting the back of his head leisurely against the door. ‘Say it to my face.’

‘Why?’ Shane took another step, not quite closing the distance.

Ilya’s eyes locked onto his, the teasing glimmer was still there but coated with something a little darker. ‘Because you have invited yourself to *my* hotel room and been nothing but a whiny brat.’

Shane fell into a stunned silence as Ilya suddenly pushed his body from the door and stepped into Shane’s space. Then, a strong hand gripped his jaw, forcing his head upwards.

‘Say it or you get nothing.’

The stubbornness was slowly dissipating.

‘Ilya—’ His voice wasn’t quite pleading, not yet. But it was dangerously dancing on the verge.

‘Ilya, what?’ Ilya bit back, his grip was relentless. ‘You’ll go and fuck someone else, right?’ He taunted, thumb gently caressing his cheek, a stark contrast to the iron grip on his jaw. ‘Go then.’

Shane dumbly shook his head. Or at least tried to in the hold.

‘No?’ Ilya was being cruel, slowly breaking Shane down little by little. ‘That’s what you said to me on the phone though, isn’t it?’

Clearing his throat, Shane tried to move closer for a kiss, but Ilya held him in place.

‘Come on.’ He said quietly, the bite in his tone was failing.

Ilya’s eyes darkened with amusement, lips curled into a mean smile. ‘Go on, Shane. Go find somebody else to fuck, just like you said.’

There was a pinch to his eyebrows as Shane tried to shake his head again, he felt so small in Ilya’s grasp, so fucking helpless.

He loved it. He loved being at Ilya Rozanov’s mercy.

Under his bravado that he arrived with, this is what he wanted. He wanted—*needed* to be put in his place, to obey.

‘I don’t want to.’ He murmured under his breath, still trying to protect his pride as his gaze dropped to Ilya’s lips but he was slipping. Ilya smelt so good, freshly showered, a tinge of sandalwood cologne.

Shane wanted to consume himself in the smell, his cock started to stir in interest from the manhandling as his face was playfully moved side to side.

‘What was that?’ Ilya taunted, pulling Shane’s face closer so their lips brushed. ‘I didn’t catch what you said.’

He did. Both men knew that he did.

Shane needed to kiss him, he wanted to be consumed until all he could think about was Ilya.

He somehow managed to meet the others' gaze again.

‘I don’t want to.’ Shane said a little clearer, hazy eyes locked onto Ilya’s. ‘I only want you.’

Ilya’s lips curled slowly. ‘Say it.’ He dared.

Shane was tired of fighting. He needed him, he needed Ilya like he needed air to breathe.

‘Fuck me.’ He was practically lax in Ilya’s hold, putty in his hands. ‘Fuck me, *please.’*

He gave up the fight, body thrumming with anticipation. Ilya patted his cheek in approval, causing Shane’s body to go warm with praise.

‘Was that so hard, pretty?’

Shane didn’t have time to reply, Ilya had crashed his lips onto his in a searing kiss. It was more controlled than the first, led by Ilya as hands dropped to grab a handful of Shane’s ass.

He couldn’t help the gentle moan that escaped him as their cocks brushed together. His knees felt weak, hands desperately pawing at Ilya’s bare torso to hold himself up.

There was desperation thrumming through Shane’s veins, he had never felt this needy for sex, he wanted Ilya to take him apart, ruin him forever.

Ilya was happy to oblige as he led them towards the bed without breaking the kiss.

‘Want you.’ Shane said breathlessly as Ilya switched his attention to unbuttoning the buttons on the linen shirt. Their lips met again with ferocity, his shirt was discarded and thrown carelessly down to the floor. ‘Want you so badly, Ilya.’

He was so hard, cock straining against the material of his trousers. When Ilya's large hand came down to cup his bulge, Shane let out a strange sound that sounded dangerously close to a whimper which was swallowed up against their mouths.

‘You have me.’ Ilya assured as he drew his lips down to Shane’s neck.

Craning his neck to the side, Shane just drew Ilya impossibly closer. ‘Make me forget.’ He said quietly, falling into a warm lull as kisses were pressed scarily lovingly down his neck. ‘About him, about everything. I just want to forget.’

Ilya pulled back, resting his forehead on Shane’s in understanding. There was a flash of sincerity in his eyes, so unlike his usual teasing glimmer.

‘He never deserved you.’

Shane smiled small, shrinking under the attention. ‘He doesn’t see it that way.’

He looked sad, as though the reality of what happened had finally caught up to him. Ilya knew that Shane was only here for a distraction, running solely on lust.

And whilst Ilya wished he had a proper chance with the man that had consumed his every thought since they first met, he’d accept being Shane’s distraction. At least he could have him, even if it was only for a night.

‘Come here.’ Ilya sighed out, pulling back an inch so he could meet Shane’s lips again.

It was slower than the first. Ilya kept his hands firmly on Shane's ass whilst curious touches littered his torso.

Shane was tracing every inch of Ilya's body with his fingers like he was committing it to memory.

The next thing he knew, he was gently being laid down onto the king-sized bed. Ilya crawled on top, the kiss growing deeper as he slipped his tongue inside.

Kissing Ilya didn't feel like a chore, it wasn't something he had to force or fight to find a spark. It felt so natural, Shane didn't think he had ever felt such a pull towards somebody before.

The mattress was soft and Ilya's lips were just as heavenly, guiding him under into a serene sense of bliss.

'Off.' Ilya murmured impatiently, hands tugging on Shane's trousers.

Grinning against Ilya's lips, Shane unbuttoned the top of his pants. 'Please.' He replied back teasingly.

Ilya was still pulling at the fabric. 'No. No time for please. I need to fuck you.'

With a roll of his eyes and another kiss to Ilya's lips, he undid the zipper and lifted his hips so Ilya could tug them off which he did with vigour.

'So needy, Rozanov.'

'I'll show you fucking needy, sweetheart.'

Ilya sank to his knees on the floor, right between Shane's parted legs. In one swift movement, he started to plant wet, open mouth kisses against the bulge that was straining against boxer briefs.

'*Oh.'* The sensitivity hit him in an instant as Shane sat up a little more.

Ilya looked up with a playful glint. 'I don't think I'm going to be the needy one.'

Shane was focused on resisting the urge to buck his hips up.

'You so are.' He challenged.

Ilya simply grinned to himself and placed another delicate kiss on Shane's clothed cock.

'We'll see.'

The attention to his cock was maddening, tortuous teasing that wasn't quite enough. But that's exactly where Ilya wanted him, writhing, whimpering, and fucking desperate.

‘You’re so hard.’ Ilya dug his fingers under the elastic of Shane’s boxers and smacked them back down against his skin. ‘Do I turn you on, Shane?’

Shane bit the inside of his cheek to contain himself. ‘Obviously.’

Pleased with the answer, Ilya rewarded him with a few more soft kisses to his length that was begging to be released. ‘What do you like about me?’ Ilya was dragging this out on purpose, he wanted to watch Shane squirm. ‘My charming personality....or, my good looks?’

‘Am I here to stroke your ego or are you going to suck my dick?’ Shane fisted the sheets so hard that his knuckles were turning white.

Ilya shrugged. ‘Both.’ His tongue flicked playfully against the material. ‘Tell me.’

‘You’re such an asshole.’ Shane gritted back, not being able to do anything but watch as Ilya teased his dick knowing full well that things wouldn’t progress further if Shane didn’t obey.

‘I think…’ Another kiss was pressed to his cock that left him squirming. ‘I think that you’re kind.’

Ilya looked beyond amused. ‘Kind?’ he snorted to himself, nose brushing against the sensitive length. ‘You are hard as a rock because I am kind?’

With a scoff, Shane threw his head back in frustration. ‘*Yes.*’ He said in exasperation. ‘And you’re hot too, obviously.’ He said the second part a little quieter, not wanting to inflate Ilya’s ego any further tonight.

Grinning in amusement, Ilya managed to catch Shane’s gaze again. ‘I will take kind and hot.’

‘Good.’ Shane replied, tone on the verge of impatience. ‘Now, get on with it.’

‘So bossy.’ Ilya tutted, he loved it though. He couldn’t wait to fuck it out of Shane later, slowly break him down piece by piece. ‘I’ll give you whatever you want.’

He kept his promise, Shane lifted his hips and Ilya pulled down his boxers in one swift movement.

His cock was a good size, hard, tip red and shining with a small bit of precum which Ilya eagerly surged forwards to suck on.

Shane had to hold back from making a strangled moaning sound, it more came out as a squeak as Ilya suckled around his tip as though it was a piece of hard candy.

‘Ilya.’ He breathed out, hands going straight for the pretty curls that Shane had wanted to grab hold of all evening.

Eyes shining with mirth, Ilya popped off and rubbed his lips together to savour the taste of Shane on his tongue.

‘You’re impressive.’ He purred, not being able to resist as his tongue came out to lick a stripe on the underside of Shane’s cock. ‘Hart is a lucky man.’

‘Don’t mention him.’ Shane breathed out, his phone had been silently vibrating ever since he arrived and he already knew it would be his grovelling boyfriend. ‘Just, *fuck.* Suck my dick? Please?’

The bite was leaving him, quicker than he would like to acknowledge.

‘Since you asked so nicely.’ Ilya grabbed the base of Shane’s cock with his hand and guided it towards his lips. He obscenely let a dribble of spit drop down against the tip, drinking in the way Shane looked as though he was holding on by a thread.

Shane met his eyes. This time, instead of impatience, his gaze was filled with desperation. Big, brown, pleading eyes that Ilya would love to see glassed over. *Later,* he thought to himself.

‘*Please.’*

Ilya couldn’t ask for much more than that as he sank his mouth around Shane’s cock.

He whimpered, soft and quietly with a short tug to Ilya’s hair. His mouth felt incredible around him, so warm and wet. Ilya took him so well, contently bobbing his head, each time welcoming Shane further and further down his throat.

‘Oh my god.’ He whispered to himself as Ilya came to a hilt and glanced up cheekily.

Shane wasn’t sure how Ilya was the one on his knees yet still looked so in control, truthfully, he was, Shane felt that fucking delirious with lust that he couldn’t think straight.

Ilya started to move, eyes trained onto Shane with his cheeks hollow. His movements were slow, skilful tongue held against the underside of Shane’s cock as he worked his mouth down.

They held eyes for a moment, until Shane rolled his back with another curse under his breath. The sound of Ilya’s wet mouth seemed to sound out from the room, gradually building a steady pace as he sucked him off.

Then, his hand came up to playfully fondle Shane’s balls.

‘*Ilya.’* Shane keened, dropping his body so his back was flat to the bed. Ilya continued to tease his balls, gently rolling them against his hand as he bobbed his head around him.

Shane felt warmth consume him embarrassingly quickly.

Ilya’s mouth felt heavenly, taking him in full. Shane’s muscles flexed as his back arched up from the bed, pleasure shooting across his cock and into his stomach with every movement.

With a pop, Ilya resurfaced with kisses to the inside of Shane’s thighs, causing him to sit back up.

‘Fuck my mouth.’ His voice was a little hoarse as he went lower to suck lightly on Shane’s balls.

Ilya was so confident with his actions, clearly experienced, much more than Shane who had only ever bedded one man before this.

He knew exactly how Luke liked it, studied his body and perfected everything that made him tick. Sex for them had become clinical, Shane knew exactly how to touch him, how to fuck him, how to make him cum.

Being with Ilya was new and exciting, he wanted to learn everything about his body, and craved to know his likes and dislikes in bed.

He wanted to be good. He wanted to be the best.

One thing he was learning was that Ilya quite enjoyed sucking dick. His eyes were a little glassy from the pressure on his throat, hair messy from Shane’s tugging. Under the dim lighting of the hotel room, he looked like a fucking *god.*

And Shane couldn’t believe he was the chosen one.

‘Yeah.’ His own voice was a little strained. ‘Shit, *yeah,* okay.’

He grabbed Ilya’s hair with more gentleness than the last, guiding his lips back towards his cock.

Ilya’s lips curled upwards at the hesitant movement. ‘Don’t go easy on me, Shane.’ He teased as he pressed a soft kiss to the tip of his cock.

Meeting his challenging gaze, Shane managed a playful smile back.

‘Never, Rozanov.’

He guided Ilya back onto his cock, sinking his mouth back down. They held eyes as Shane stilled him at about halfway.

Then, slowly, he raised his hips in an experimental thrust upwards. His eyes flickered closed for a brief moment and then focused back onto Ilya who was staring right back at him from between his legs.

When he realised Ilya was daring him for more, Shane took it further..

With a grip to Ilya’s curls, he started to fuck the other’s mouth down onto his cock, inching him further and further down each time.

Ilya let out a low hum of content, pretty blue eyes closing as he welcomed the intrusion, letting Shane use him for satisfaction.

It would probably be the only time tonight that Shane would have the upper hand if Ilya had anything to say about it, so he let him indulge on the power trip for now.

‘Fuck.’ Shane whined, he didn’t exactly sound as though he was taking the lead as he kept raising his hips with shallow thrusts into Ilya’s mouth. ‘That feels so good.’

Ilya swallowed around him, hands coming to rest on Shane’s bare thighs. His nose was pressed against the small patch of trimmed hair beneath Shane’s pelvis.

Shane couldn’t help but grin a little as he heard the other gag slightly at one particularly hard thrust.

‘Fucking take it.’ Shane breathed airly. Ilya did, he relaxed his throat again and let Shane move his head. ‘Just like that—*god.’*

Pleasure shot up his spine every time he thrusted up into Ilya’s mouth, his body felt as though it was thrumming with sheer arousal as he neared the edge.

‘Mhm.’ Shane took his lip between his teeth as his hips started to stutter. ‘Okay. *Okay.* Stop-*ah,* Stop.’

He pulled Ilya’s mouth off with a soft curse under his breath, he could’ve came right there but it was too much too soon.

‘Close?’ Ilya teased with kisses to Shane’s thighs as he slowly raised himself from the floor with his lips glistening with spit.

‘Fuck off.’ Shane said breathlessly with a beaming smile that matched Ilya’s as he laid his back on the mattress again. ‘Come here.’

Ilya crawled on top, strong body holding Shane in place who wasted no time in connecting their lips in a deep, heated kiss.

His hands gripped and clawed at Ilya’s back like he was trying to devour the man on top of him, only settling as he reached further down to tug on Ilya’s sweatpants that were still on.

‘Take these off.’ Shane demanded, he was already successful in tugging them just below Ilya’s hips.

Ilya was more than happy to adhere to Shane’s snappy tone, turned on by his assertiveness.

‘Whose needy now?’

‘Shut up. Off.’

Ilya, amused, smiled to himself and slipped off the bed. It was only then something caught his eye from the corner of the room, grabbing his attention.

‘What are you doing?’ Shane asked impatiently as Ilya walked over to his suitcase.

Ilya didn’t say anything, he just threw over a piece of material that landed on Shane’s chest.

Watching in amusement, Ilya finally walked back to the bed as Shane's curious eyes looked at the shirt with both confusion and lust.

Because it was Ilya's jersey, black and yellow, embroidered with a small captain emblem and eight-one sprawled on the back.

'Why have you given me this?' Shane asked as he sat up with the jersey in hand.

'People would pay a lot of money for it.' Ilya teased back, hand reaching down to squeeze his still clothed cock for some relief, not missing the way Shane's eyes tracked his movement. 'Put it on.'

Shane's lips curled upwards. Just holding the fabric that carried the weight of his boyfriend's enemy team felt wrong and he *loved* it.

'Why?' He played coy.

'I think it'll suit you much better than Hart's.' Ilya replied as he stood at the edge of the bed. 'You can finally wear the jersey of a winner. Like you deserve.'

Shane felt a buzz across his body, he felt drunk as he willingly slipped the jersey over his head, suddenly surrounded by the masculine scent of Ilya.

Ilya was broader than Shane, the jersey ate him up just a little around the collarbones.

When he met Ilya's gaze again, his eyes were darker, filled with unbridled lust. He looked on the verge of snapping, Shane knew he just needed another small push.

'How do I look?' He asked teasingly, repositioning himself so his knees were on the mattress.

He looked a fucking vision, hair messy, eyes needy and drenched in *Ilya's* clothes that just looked so right against his strong body.

Ilya swallowed, stepping forward with a low hum of satisfaction at the sight. 'I'm going to ruin you.'

His voice was a deep thrum that had Shane's stomach curling with want.

'Yeah?'

'Yeah.'

They were inches apart, Shane had pushed himself up on his heels, thighs parted. The outside world seemed to evaporate around them, the only thing the two men could concentrate on were each other.

The atmosphere was so intense, the room thick with tension that left both of their heads spinning.

Shane had never felt anything like it and honestly, Ilya hadn't either.

'Fuckin' do it then, Rozanov.'

The final push. Ilya pounced, crashing his lips onto Shane's desperately. They didn't part as Ilya finally started to tug down his sweatpants, it was a little clunky since neither man wanted to break the kiss but he eventually had them pooled around his ankles, kicking them off frantically.

'These too.' Shane said breathlessly against him with a grabby hand towards the boxers before he dove back into Ilya's mouth.

'Greedy.' Ilya teased. His kisses were messy, going to Shane's lips, then his neck and cheek and then back to his mouth again as his hands flew down upon Shane's request.

Shane's hands met his at the elastic. 'I wanna do it.'

'All yours, sweetheart.' Ilya instead went and cupped Shane's cheeks in his hand in a firm grip to deepen the kiss further, biting back a smile as Shane eagerly started pulling on his boxers.

The angle was awkward, Shane couldn't quite pull them down from the way Ilya was standing, bent over at the edge of the bed. He probably could've done it if he had let up the kiss but he was far too consumed with Ilya's mouth.

Ilya seemed to notice and decided to help. He pulled back from the kiss, watching with adoration as Shane seemed to chase his lips. Then, with his eyes trained on the other, Ilya slid his boxers down.

And Shane's eyes visibly lit up.

His jaw went a little slack as he stared longingly at Ilya's cock, if he had to guess it was around nine-inches and *thick.* Uncut, unbearably hard with a small, trimmed patch of hair above.

'Fuck.' He said in amazement as he crawled onto his stomach, Ilya stood over him, watching everything as Shane inched closer.

He had never seen a cock so perfect before, it was the type you saw in porn.

And it was all his. Even if it was just for tonight, it belonged to *him.*

'I see why you're so popular now.' Shane couldn't resist as he planted a kiss to the tip of Ilya's cock.

'Wait until you see what I can do with it.' Ilya retorted with a hand through Shane's hair. 'I have very good reviews.'

'Oh really?' Shane for some reason decided to play along, lightly suckling around the top of Ilya's cock.

‘*Mhm.’* Ilya pursed his lips as Shane took him in. ‘Really.’

‘Maybe I should try it for myself then.’ He felt a giddiness run through his body, being with Ilya reminded him how *fun* sex could be.

He flicked his tongue across his bottom lip to savour the taste of Ilya’s pre-cum and then greedily surged forwards to wrap his lips early around Ilya’s cock.

Hands gripped his hair as he sank down, relishing the feeling of the weight on his tongue. Ilya filled his mouth, the thickness of his length perfectly stretched Shane’s lips who was more than happy to welcome the intrusion.

‘Good boy.’ Ilya spoke through gritted teeth as he watched the other hungrily, Shane was sprawled on his stomach, the eighty-one etched across his back like a brand. Ilya was losing his fucking mind. ‘Such a *good* boy.’

Shane moaned around him as he sank lower and lower onto Ilya’s cock, savouring every last inch. He never considered himself one for praise until now, but the words sounded so syrupy sweet from Ilya’s lips.

He wanted to be good. He wanted *Ilya* to think he was good.

He tried to relax his throat but he only managed to take just over half before he let out a soft gag. Ilya was a lot bigger than Luke, his throat wasn’t trained for this sort of size and that in itself was turning him on.

It was a challenge for him, he wanted to perfect sucking Ilya’s cock until he could take the whole thing with ease.

‘Easy.’ Ilya cooed, stilling Shane’s head with a gentle grip to his hair. ‘Take what you can.’

He relaxed his throat as much as he could, guided by the soft touches to his hair. Ilya started to scratch his scalp in encouragement, causing goosebumps to raise on Shane’s arms as he was lulled further.

It felt addictive, holding Ilya in his mouth like this. He felt as though he could’ve easily slipped his eyes shut and laid like this for hours with his lips stretched around Ilya’s cock.

But he stored that thought away because that wasn’t what he was here for tonight.

Curious hands rested on the back of strong thighs as Shane started to bob his head with his tongue laying flat on the underside of Ilya’s cock. He heard a low rumble of pleasure as the grip in his hair started to tighten.

‘Such a perfect mouth, sweetheart.’ Ilya’s praise left Shane feeling warm as he slipped his eyes shut with a content hum. ‘You take me so well.’

Shane had almost forgotten what it was like to be doted on during sex, blowjobs were never his favourite with Luke, he was too rough, there were no gentle praises or soft coaxing. It was

always quick and meaningless that always left him feeling unfulfilled and truthfully, a little used.

This felt so different. He wanted to pleasure Ilya, he wanted the praise and the endearing comments.

It felt *good.* Being with Ilya felt so fucking good.

He could feel his eyes sting when he opened them again as he sunk down another inch, head moving with a steady rhythm down onto Ilya's cock.

'Fuck.' Ilya cursed under his breath, voice slightly strained. 'Look at me, pretty.'

Shane's glassy, big eyes gazed up at him and Ilya almost came right there. He looked sinful sprawled out on the bed, freckles that drove Ilya fucking crazy littered across his nose and cheeks, holding back tears and mouth stuffed with cock

'So beautiful.' Ilya sounded so sincere. 'You are so beautiful, baby.'

A thumb ever so gently traced the line of freckles on Shane's cheek as he felt them heat under the attention.

'I don't know what you were ever doing with him.'

Shane let out a muffled moan as he bobbed his head. He didn't have a comeback for Ilya's remark because in all honesty, he didn't know himself. It was as though his eyes had been opened to an entirely different world, there were so many things he could've done with his life had he not been so tied down to Luke.

He was thankful to Ilya for finally opening them.

Ilya let out a sigh as Shane worked his lips around his cock, watching him with fond eyes as arousal coursed through his body like a wildfire.

'Are you going to cry for me?' He teased, Shane's eyes were shimmering with tears from the pressure on his throat, the light would catch them every now and then, making them sparkle. 'Go on. Cry with my cock in your mouth.'

Shane blinked, and the tears spilled so beautifully down his cheeks that Ilya couldn't help but give a thrust forwards to force more out.

'That's it.' He spoke low, attention solely on Shane who was moaning around his dick. He gave another thrust forwards, hand resting on the top of Shane's head. 'So good for me.'

Shane felt a little fuzzy, relishing in the way Ilya was using his mouth to get himself off. His cheeks felt wet, mixing in with the drool that was already against his chin.

Ilya gave him a few more shallow thrusts before he forced himself to pull out before he got too close.

‘Lie down. On your back.’

In a daze, Shane wiped his mouth against the back of his hand as his brain finally caught up to Ilya’s request, already missing the heaviness against his tongue.

He repositioned himself so he was on his back, thighs parted as Ilya crawled onto the bed, bracketing Shane’s body down against the mattress.

‘Fuck me.’ Shane pleaded, head on the soft pillows as Ilya peppered kisses across his chest. ‘Please, Ilya, fuck me.’

Ilya smiled against his skin, allured by the neediness in Shane’s tone. ‘Need to open you up first, baby.’ He countered.

‘No. I don’t care. Just put it in, now.’ He clearly wasn’t in the right mind, but Ilya seemed to bring that weird side out of him. There was no way he could take Ilya’s cock right now, not with how long it had been since he last bottomed.

He was craving the feeling of fullness, especially when Ilya’s cock dwarfed his boyfriends.

‘Needy thing.’ Ilya pouted tauntingly at the demanding brat beneath him. ‘I don’t think you are in any position to tell me what to do.’

Making a point, Shane hooked his leg underneath Ilya’s and forcibly flipped them so he had Ilya pinned to the bed, hands holding the broader man down in a strong grip.

‘What was that, Rozanov?’

Ilya had never been so turned on, eyes ablaze with lust after being overpowered. Shane was *strong*, more so than Ilya had maybe first estimated.

He debated flipping Shane, exhibiting his own strength right back but the look in the other’s eyes was far too adorable to ruin. Ilya would let him have this, for now.

His eyes flicked to Shane’s bulging arms, happy to be held in place by such a beautiful man.

‘Very impressive.’ He feigned disinterest, like it wasn’t the hottest thing that had ever happened to him. Shane just smirked in triumph like he could see right through him. ‘Let me take care of you.’

Shane relented his grip, satisfied. ‘Get on with it. I need you in me.’

‘So demanding.’ Ilya teased back. ‘Go into my suitcase, there’s lube.’

Shane huffed, not wanting to leave his spot on top of Ilya but he conceded and got up from the bed towards the suitcase on the floor.

‘Turn your phone off whilst you’re there.’ Ilya said in annoyance to the constant humming sound.

Shane grabbed his phone from his trouser pocket on the way, taking a glance at the influx of missed calls and texts that he had from Luke, for a moment, he thought he should answer. His boyfriend was probably worried sick.

But then he glanced back towards Ilya. The man who had somehow managed to forefill him more in one night than his boyfriend had done in five years, the one who was there to pick him right back up when he needed it the most.

‘Just let it ring.’ Shane said coldly as he grabbed the bottle of lube and walked towards the bed again, making a point to set his phone on the nightstand. ‘Want to hear how long it takes him to give up.’

‘Cruel.’ Ilya grinned back as Shane's knees hit the mattress again, tossing the bottle of lube on the sheets.

‘Whatever.’ Shane met his smile with one of his own. Maybe he was being cruel and maybe, a small dark part of himself hidden away enjoyed it.

He laid himself back down on the bed, feeling the mattress dip as Ilya moved back into the space between his legs, where he belonged.

‘So pretty.’ Ilya took yet another moment to admire the man beneath him before he snapped open the cap, his other hand slightly hiking up the jersey against Shane’s skin so his torso was exposed.

‘So are you.’ Shane replied, eyes longingly focused on Ilya.

Ilya’s lips curled to himself as he squirted lube against his fingers. A warmth that he never usually got with hookups was prominent against his chest, he knew, for whatever reason, that Shane was different from the rest.

But he kept that thought to himself as he slicked up a finger and bent Shane’s knee in place.

‘Not like you are.’ Ilya responded as he inched he finger towards where Shane wanted him, the poor boy was practically squirming in anticipation with his cock hard against his stomach. ‘I love your freckles.’

Shane swallowed down whatever emotion was currently tugging at his heart. ‘Come on, hurry up.’ He sounded demanding, but his eyes were soft.

Ilya knew he was silently communicating understanding, this felt different for both of them.

‘What’s the magic word?’’ Ilya smiled back, circling a finger teasingly around Shane’s rim.

With a roll of his eyes, Shane parted his thighs a little more. Ilya kept teasing him, finger pressed against him but not quite pushing. *‘Please*.’ He said reluctantly.

Ilya was clearly pleased. ‘Better.’ He teased back.

Slowly, his finger eased in and Shane let out a soft sigh of content. It had been a long time since he was touched here by another, too long. He let his head relax against the pillow, placing his full trust in Ilya to take care of him.

‘This okay?’ Ilya asked as he carefully thrusted his digit a few times into Shane, he couldn’t help but notice how tight he was which he found slightly strange.

‘I’m not a virgin, Rozanov.’ Shane grinned back, letting his eyes close blissfully. It felt so nice, but Shane didn’t need nice right now. ‘I can take it.’

‘Yes, but you feel like one.’ Ilya remarked, eyes trained on the boy beneath him as he worked a finger inside. ‘Has he not been fucking you, baby? Is that why you came to me?’

‘Shut up.’ Shane replied as he wrapped a hand around himself, lazily stroking his cock as Ilya played with him.

‘When was the last time?’ Ilya’s tone was playful but he was genuinely curious.

Shane shook his head, as though the last thing he wanted to talk about right now was his cheating boyfriend.

‘I don’t know. May? My birthday.’

‘*What?’* Ilya stilled in astonishment. ‘Fucking May?’

‘Don’t stop, come on.’ Shane opened his eyes with a pout, carefully rolling his hips to get Ilya moving again. ‘It’s not a big deal.’

‘Oh, it’s a big deal.’ Ilya shook his head, mentally cursing Shane’s loser of a boyfriend. ‘You haven’t had sex in like what? Five months?’

‘We have sex.’ Shane interjected with his hand loosely toying with his cock. ‘I top, idiot.’

Ilya paused for a moment before letting out a soft snort to himself, eyes glistening with entertainment.

‘What?’ Shane fired back. ‘What’s so funny about that?’

‘Nothing…nothing.’ Ilya tried to focus back on working his finger inside but his smile of amusement was giving him away. ‘It’s just…you’re so…you.’

‘I’m so me?’ Shane responded with mock offense.

‘Yes.’ Ilya hummed back in confirmation. ‘You’re so you–so, uh, fuckable.’

‘Fuck off.’ Shane grinned back as Ilya started to move again.

‘It’s true.’ Ilya couldn’t stop smiling either. ‘You were practically begging me to put you in your place before. Is very hot.’

‘You’re such an asshole.’ Shane bit back as a let out sigh of content, Ilya’s finger felt nice but he was in the mood for something bigger. ‘Another.’

‘Yeah?’ Ilya had a fond look on his face as he eased in a second upon request. ‘Like this?’ He was taking his time on purpose, wanting to watch Shane break down again.

‘Yeah, feels nice.’ Shane swallowed as Ilya started to stretch him out with his fingers, slow, languid thrust like he had all the time in the world.

Ilya watched closely. ‘I can’t believe he wasn’t fucking this ass.’ He said it more to himself as he curled his fingers and drank in the sharp moan that got caught in Shane’s throat as his prostate was stroked.

‘Oh–’ His voice was almost a whimper as Ilya continued to thrust his fingers into the spot that had him writhing. ‘*Fuck*, there.’

Prep hadn’t been this special in a long time, it was usually rushed. Luke didn’t even like to prep him, he always called it boring which is a large reason Shane thought he preferred to bottom so he didn’t have to do it. But Ilya was taking so much time, carefully pulling him apart just on two fingers.

‘Is that good, baby?’ His words sounded like honey as Shane managed a nod, pleasure shooting up his spine. ‘You’re doing so well, so good for me.’

Shane wanted to bite back and protest that he wasn’t doing anything but lay on his back but the words died on his tongue, he liked the praise, he loved hearing how Ilya thought he was doing well.

He wanted to hear more of it.

‘Want you.’ Shane breathed out, back arching as Ilya continued to stroke his prostate. He had to still the hand on his cock, not wanting an early finish without having Ilya inside him first. ‘Need you, please.’

‘I know.’ Ilya pressed a promising kiss to the side of his leg. ‘Just a little more, I don’t want to hurt you.’

‘I like when it hurts a bit.’ Shane replied and Ilya just stared at him in absolute awe.

‘You do?’

Shane met his eyes with a playful curl of his lips. ‘Yeah. I do.’

Ilya couldn’t help but feel like he had met his match when it came to Shane, everything about him just seemed so perfect.

‘You’re going to fucking kill me.’ Ilya replied as he drew back his fingers and reached for the lube, then, he stilled at the sudden realisation. –I didn’t pack any condoms.’

‘So?’ Shane said impatiently. ‘I didn’t want you to wear one anyway. Wanna feel you.’

‘Hart’s going to kill me.’ Ilya mused, the thought of getting to fuck Shane raw had his head slightly reeling.

‘When you ever cared about that?’ Shane shot back as he grabbed the bottle of lube from Ilya’s hands and undid the cap.

He lathered a generous amount onto his hand and then wrapped it around Ilya’s cock, causing the other to buck forwards.

Ilya let out a low moan as Shane coated his cock in lube with slow, teasing strokes.

‘You gonna fuck me, Rozanov?’

‘Fuck. Yes.’

Shane grinned and passed the bottle back to him as he relaxed against the bed. Ilya thought he looked so beautiful, so fucking *strong*.

‘Get to it, then.’ Shane’s playful dominance was fucking hot, mostly because Ilya could tell it was just a facade. Both men knew that Shane wasn’t here tonight to take charge, he needed to be put in his place.

‘Say please fuck me.’ Ilya replied as he took a little more lube to Shane’s rim who shivered at the touch.

He rolled his eyes, but obeyed. ‘Please, fuck me.’

Ilya let out a hum of approval as he lined himself up, not pushing just yet. Shane swallowed, Ilya felt just as big against him as he teasingly rubbed the tip of his cock around Shane’s rim.

He had never wanted something so much before, his entire body was at Ilya’s mercy. He’d do anything to have him inside.

‘Now say, please fuck me, daddy.’

‘*What?’* Shane sputtered, for a second he didn’t think he heard him right but the amused glint in Ilya’s eyes said otherwise. ‘Fuck no. Come on.’

His cheeks were a little heated, having never really explored any kinks with Luke before. His boyfriend liked safe, plain sex. They had never called each other names, especially not fucking *daddy*.

Shane ignored the heat that was pooling in his stomach, focusing on his pride.

‘Come on, Shane.’ Ilya taunted, purposefully pushing just a little as Shane grew more eager, it wasn’t enough to be inside. ‘Don’t you want me to fuck you, baby?’

‘I’m not saying that shit, it’s weird.’ Shane shot back, but his body was calling out, cock painfully hard against his stomach. He wanted Ilya so badly it fucking hurt. ‘Please.’

‘Why’s it weird?’ Ilya disregarded the plea. ‘Have you tried it before?’

‘Well, no but–’

‘So how do you know you don’t like it?’ Ilya cut him off, eyes flickering down to where his cock was pressed against Shane’s ass. Shane watched as he jutted his bottom lip forward with a shrug. ‘But…if you prefer boring, vanilla sex, that’s fine.’

‘Fuck you.’ Shane snapped, taking the bait so perfectly. ‘I’m not vanilla.’

‘Oh. So, just boring then?’ Ilya had that infuriating smile on his face which Shane wanted to kiss off.

‘I’m *neither*.’ Shane said firmly. ‘Just fuck me.’

Ilya wasn’t budging, it was far too fun. ‘You know what I want to hear.’

Shane was getting desperate, as he threw his head back onto the pillows with a frustrated sigh. Ilya was right there, cock pressed against him like it was his reward.

He wanted to be rewarded. He wanted to be good.

‘Please.’ He closed his eyes shut to ignore the humiliation. ‘Please fuck me…’ he swallowed, hands holding onto the sheets. ‘...daddy.’

The word sounded foreign on his tongue, but not in a way that was unpleasant. If anything, it was quite the opposite.

‘Good boy.’ Ilya cooed but he still wasn’t moving, why wasn’t he fucking moving? Shane had already debased himself for him. ‘Now, look at me and say it.’

‘Ilya.’ Shane said impatiently as he opened his eyes again.

Shane had this pretty blush littered across his cheeks that Ilya was endeared by, it was cute how flustered he currently was and Ilya was going to make sure he was rewarded by stepping so far out of his comfort zone.

‘What, baby?’ Ilya feigned confusion with a sickeningly sweet smile. ‘You need daddy to fuck you?’

Growing redder, Shane shyly nodded, completely stripped back from his usual character. He couldn’t quite bring himself to say it again.

‘Then use your words, pretty. Don’t hide from me.’ It was a little mean as Ilya wrapped his hand around Shane’s cock, causing the other to jolt.

His eyes were wide as they stared up longingly at Ilya, a soft moan tumbling from his lips at the attention to his cock.

‘Please.’ He sounded desperate, voice devoid of any usual bite. ‘Please, I need you.’

‘I’m waiting.’ Ilya replied, slowly stroking Shane’s cock leisurely. ‘I have all night.’

‘Ilya.’ He borderline whined back, he hated to admit just how turned on he was right now. It was so exciting, he liked being able to explore something new even if it did embarrass him.

In all honesty, Shane thought that it was the embarrassment that was getting him off the most.

‘Come on. Be a good boy and you can have my cock.’ The glint in Ilya’s eyes showed that he *knew* that Shane was seconds away from breaking.

And Shane just couldn’t take it anymore, with Ilya’s hands on his cock, his own pressed right up against him, Shane was losing his fucking mind.

He felt drunk, head slightly fuzzy and words heavy on his tongue. But he indulged in the feeling, letting it consume him.

For the first time in a long time, he let go. Eyes focused on Ilya.

‘Please fuck me.’ Shane felt an exciting rush of adrenaline as Ilya’s eyes grew a little darker. ‘Daddy.’

‘Good fucking boy.’ Ilya placed their lips together in a deep kiss as he finally pushed himself inside, easing his tip into the tight ring of muscle.

Shane’s hands gripped the sheets, struggling to keep up with the kiss as he felt himself stretch around Ilya’s cock.

‘Oh my god.’ He whimpered against Ilya, there was a light sting that accompanied the feeling of fullness which he loved. ‘You’re so–*fuck.’*

‘So what?’ Ilya’s jaw was tight as he resisted the urge to thrust all the way inside. Shane felt so good, he gripped his cock so fucking perfectly.

‘*Big.’* He managed to reply as Ilya just kept going, sinking inch after inch so slowly. His eyes didn’t leave Shane, carefully watching for any signs of discomfort but the man beneath him just felt blissed out. ‘You’re so big–I love it, love how big you are.’

‘Am I bigger than him?’ Ilya couldn’t resist. He was a little over halfway in as he drew back a little, only to rock himself forward again with slow thrusts.

‘Yes.’ Shane replied with a breathy moan as Ilya started to move. ‘So much bigger. So good.’

He didn’t even care that he was inflating Ilya’s ego further, if anything he encouraged it. He wanted the entire world to know that he was being fucked by a king.

‘Was he not satisfying you, baby?’ Ilya taunted as Shane’s body opened up so well for him as though Ilya belonged in between his legs. ‘You needed a proper man to fuck you, is that it?’

Shane nodded, head tilting towards the pillows. ‘More, give me more.’ He didn’t want Ilya to hold back, he needed to feel the full thing.

‘So greedy.’ Ilya teased back, pressing his lips to the slither of Shane’s neck that was now exposed. ‘My greedy, slutty boy.’

Shane tried to not get caught up on the prospect of being Ilya’s, it sounded too good to ever be true.

He didn’t have to dwell on it for too long as Ilya pushed again, sinking into the tight heat until he was fully seated.

Shane felt like he couldn’t breathe, overwhelmed by the feeling of fullness in the best way.

‘Oh, fuck.’ He murmured towards the pillow as Ilya gave him a moment to adjust.

‘You take it so well, sweetheart.’ Ilya’s praise made Shane feel dizzy, he could feel the man everywhere. ‘Such a good boy for me.’

Shane’s lips were parted as Ilya planted wet kisses along his neck, in the background the faint buzz of his phone was still prominent but both men ignored.

‘Move.’ He said after gathering himself together. Then, unprompted. ‘Move, daddy. Please.’

Ilya almost lost it right there.

‘Yeah? Is that what you need?’ He smirked as Shane desperately nodded his head. ‘Alright, baby.’

He gave an experimental thrust forwards and the soft gasp that left Shane’s lips just sounded fucking sinful.

‘You feel so fucking good.’ Ilya spoke as he rocked himself forwards. Shane felt large hands grip the underside of his legs as Ilya drove his cock into him with slow, calculated thrusts. ‘It’s like you were made to take my dick.’

Shane was in heaven, all he could think about was how good it felt to have Ilya inside.

‘Fuckin’ harder, Rozanov.’ He said with the last ounce of bite in his system before he melted back into the mattress.

‘Yeah?’ Ilya pressed Shane further into the mattress as he towered over him, his pace becoming increasingly relentless. ‘You’re giving commands now, are you?’

‘Oh. *Oh.*’ Shane moaned out as Ilya took him, cock dragging against that spot that had pleasure zapping through his body. ‘There, please.’

‘Is that better, *Shane*?’ Ilya taunted, dragging his cock backwards only to sink it back in with a rough thrust forward.

Shane opened his mouth to retort but the only sound that came out of his mouth was a broken moan as Ilya fucked him. He felt so good, his body was simmering with pleasure as the wet sound of lube and skin sounded around the room.

‘Such pretty noises.’ Ilya kissed the side of his head as he drove his hips forward. ‘I could listen to them all day.’

Face towards the pillows, Shane’s eyes fluttered closed in bliss. ‘Feels so good.’ Ilya nailed his prostate with every thrust, causing his body to jolt against the mattress.

He had never felt less in control in his life and he loved it.

He almost whined when Ilya pulled out.

‘On your stomach.’

‘Put it back in–’ Shane started to complain.

Ilya’s patience clearly wasn’t as lenient as before as Shane’s body was manhandled until his knees hit the mattress with his ass in the air, the roughness of it had him going crazy, letting his body be manipulated with strong hands as Ilya forced his thighs further apart.

‘No more bratting.’ Ilya warned with a firm hand to Shane’s shoulder blades to hold him down as he lined himself back up. ‘Only good boys get my cock, yes?’

Shane was writhing with want, feeling slightly delirious with lust. ‘Yes, please. I’ll be good– I’m sorry, I’ll be good.’

He couldn’t see the way Ilya was smiling so fondly. ‘I know you will, sweetheart.’

Shane’s back arched as Ilya pushed in again, this time there was no adjusting. One hand was firmly holding him down whilst the other gripped his ass in a possessive hold as he drove his hips forward at a relentless pace.

‘*Ilya.’* Shane moaned, muffled with his head in the pillow. ‘Oh my god. Yeah.’

Ilya’s eyes were trained on the shirt Shane was wearing, right where *his* number was proudly on display. He felt a swirl of possessiveness rush through him, igniting his lust and causing him to fuck Shane harder.

And the man beneath him took it so fucking well.

‘I’m going to break your phone in a second.’ Ilya sidetracked, getting irritated by the constant vibration.

‘Just ignore it.’ Shane practically slurred as his body rocked in time with Ilya’s thrusts. ‘Or, pick it up.’

There was a pause. Ilya stilled.

‘What?’ He asked carefully. His eyes were full of hope that Shane truly meant what he just said.

‘Don’t–’ Shane started to protest but Ilya started to move again at his wish. ‘Just pick it up, I don’t care.’

‘Really?’ Ilya’s eyes were filled with wickedness as he reached to turn over the phone. ‘It's a facetime.’

He didn’t see Shane smiling into the pillow, a sick part of him was craving for Luke to see him like this.

‘Even better.’’ Shane responded, pushing greedily back against Ilya’s cock. ‘Pick it up and fuck me properly.’

Ilya didn’t have to be told twice. He picked up, face purposefully away from the camera as he slowly thrusted his cock into Shane. They were both grinning like idiots.

‘Shane? Oh thank god–you had me so fucking worried.’ Luke’s panicked voice came through and Ilya resisted the urge to roll his eyes. ‘I know you’re mad, baby. But I *swear* it wasn’t anything like that.’

‘Hi, Hart.’ Ilya said with great delight as he brought the phone to his face.

There was a beat of silence. *‘Rozanov*?’ his voice sounded uneasy already.

‘That’s me.’ Ilya replied, pinching Shane’s ass playfully as he rocked himself forwards with steady movements.

‘What are you–’ Luke swallowed, his eyes looking cautious. ‘Where’s Shane?’

Ilya looked smug as he glanced towards Shane from behind the phone desperately pushing back onto his cock with pathetic little whimpers into the pillow.

‘Oh, he’s fine.’

‘That’s not what I asked you.’ Luke snapped back. ‘Where the fuck is he?’

Focusing back onto the camera, Ilya gazed at Luke with mirth. ‘I don’t think you want to know.’

‘Ilya.’ Shane pleaded, wanting the attention back on him.

‘I know, baby.’ Ilya replied gently, a stark contrast to the cocky tone he was using with Luke, rewarding him with steady thrusts. ‘Just give me a second, yes?’

‘Was that Shane?’ Luke cut back in, Ilya could see he was pacing around his room. ‘Put me on with him, now.’

Ilya snorted. ‘I don’t think Shane is in a position to speak to you right now.’

Shane rocked himself back, head pressed into the pillows with a soft moan as Ilya met his movements leisurely. He knew that hearing his boyfriend on the phone should've made him feel bad, but he couldn't bring himself to care, in fact, in a sick way, he was getting off on this.

'I don't care, Rozanov.' He sneered the name. 'Put me on with *my* fucking boyfriend.'

Ilya's eyes darkened into something cruel. 'Okay.'

He took great pleasure in flipping the camera, other hand carefully riding up the jersey Shane had on to expose his perky ass.

Luke went silent but Ilya made sure to capture everything, focusing the lens to where his cock was sliding into Shane's ass, he pulled out, making sure Luke saw every fucking inch that he would never have before he slid back in with a content moan.

'Your boyfriend feels good, Hart.'

There was a long pause and both Ilya and Shane basked in it.

'Shane.' Luke said quietly after a moment.

Ilya couldn't imagine what it would be like to be Luke right now, seeing his partner dressed in another man's jersey, ass up on the bed. But Ilya very much enjoyed being on the other side.

'I told you, he's busy.' Ilya grinned from behind the camera as he started to increase the pace, enjoying the way Shane's ass would bounce each time he pushed in with force.

'Get the fuck off him.' The shock had clearly moved to anger but Ilya only laughed.

'I don't think he wants that–'

'–You don't know what he fucking wants.' Luke snarled back.

Smugly, Ilya turned the camera again. 'Let's see, shall we?'

In a rough motion, Ilya hooked his arm under Shane's stomach and hurled him up so his back was pressed to Ilya's chest.

It was the first time Shane caught a glimpse of himself and he looked *gone*, messy hair, swollen lips and a desperate glint in his eyes.

He had never seen himself like this before, so vulnerable. But he liked that feeling, he had never felt safer.

'Don't be rude, sweetheart. Say hi to your boyfriend.' Ilya teased lightly into his ear, peeking over Shane's shoulder at the camera.

The two of them looked so good together, like they belonged.

Shane briefly acknowledged Luke with a glance before he tilted his head to the side to look at Ilya with big, shimmering eyes.

Ilya knew what he wanted as he steadily rocked his hips forward.

‘Don’t look at me, baby. Look at him.’ The two were entranced with each other, Shane just let out a soft gasp as Ilya brushed against his prostate.

‘Want to look at you.’ Shane protested quietly, tilting his head towards Ilya’s exposed neck.

Ilya’s strong arm held him up, the other holding the phone as Luke could only watch as Shane looked at another as though he could move heaven and earth.

‘You hear that, Hart?’ Ilya mocked, pressing a sweet kiss to the top of Shane’s head. ‘Your boy wants to look at me.’

Luke looked irate, completely helpless. ‘I’ll fucking kill you.’

‘I’m sure you will.’ Ilya replied sarcastically. ‘He looks good in my shirt, don’t you think?’

Shane grinned against Ilya’s skin, body wrapped in pleasure from the slow drags of Ilya’s cock.

Ilya was good at many things, but getting under people’s skin seemed to be a speciality.

‘Shane, come on.’ Luke pleaded. ‘Come home.’

But Shane was far too wrapped up in the strong body holding him to pay attention, all he mustered was a defiant shake off his head.

‘You know, I was pretty annoyed when he told me that you haven’t fucked him in a while–’

‘–That’s *private*.’ Luke snapped back furiously.

Ilya ignored his comment. ‘But I should be thanking you, really.’ He smirked, driving his cock forwards. ‘He is So. Fucking. Tight.’ With every emphasis he thrusted, hard. Shane moaned into his skin, eyes rolling back.

‘Daddy.’ He whimpered.

Luke’s face paled, not that Shane saw. ‘Are you fucking *drunk?’*

‘I’m offended that you think he wouldn’t sleep with me sober.’ Ilya scoffed, attitude changing the second Shane pulled back from his neck to glance up at him, eyes quickly filling with adoration. ‘He just wants to be a good boy for his daddy, don’t you?’

Shane nodded and melted into the kiss that Ilya pressed to his lips sweetly.

Then, his body was pushed forwards again, hands hitting the mattress as Ilya started to really fuck him.

‘He finally decided he wanted to be with a winner.’ Ilya sneered, Shane’s body was jolting forward with each rough thrust and Ilya made sure to flip the camera so his sorry excuse for a boyfriend to watch. ‘I bet he’s sick of watching you sit on the bench all the fucking time.’

Shane was a wreck as fingers dug into the sheets, reduced to pathetic sounding whimpers. ‘*Ilya.’*

For the first time that night, Ilya ignored him. Instead, his eyes were locked onto Luke.

‘It’s kinda like you’re sitting on the bench right now, isn’t it?’ Ilya felt like a fucking God inside of Shane, and Luke’s widened eyes only spurred him on further to be cruel. ‘Instead of watching me destroy your team, you get to watch me destroy your boyfriend’s ass.’

‘Fuck you, Rozanov.’ Luke tried to bite but it sounded defeated.

His tone only spurred Ilya on further as he draped himself across Shane’s back, forcing the phone into his face.

‘Tell your boyfriend how good my cock feels.’ His pace was relentless, and Shane felt pleasure seep into his body as he clenched around the length greedily.

‘So *good.’* Shane didn’t hesitate, through his lidded eyes he could just make out Luke’s pained face. ‘So–*oh my god,* so good. He’s so, *mhm* big.’

‘That’s my boy.’ Ilya praised, and Shane felt giddy as Ilya brought the phone back towards his face. ‘*Fuck,* it feels like he’s trying to milk my cock.’

Shane pushed back, frantically chasing the growing warmth that was in his stomach.

‘Just look at him.’ Ilya was on a power rush and Shane just looked so beautiful beneath him. He forced Luke to watch as he slid almost all the way out, to then push right back in with a grunt. ‘Can’t believe you weren’t fucking this ass.’

‘Fuck, *Daddy*.’ Shane reached down to grab his cock as Ilya kept going, sinking his cock into the tight heat of Shane’s ass.

‘Oh, I know, pretty. You’re being such a good boy for me.’ The contrast to how Ilya was speaking to him compared to Luke was making Shane’s head spin with lust. ‘Always so good, baby. You take it so well.’

Shane whimpered. ‘Oh–’ he was getting so close. ‘Thank you, thank you so much.’

Ilya glanced at the camera and winked at Luke who had gone quiet.

‘It’s funny…’ Ilya drawled, pinching Shane’s ass as he drove his hips forward. ‘I take your trophies, I take your boyfriend…what shall I take from you next?’

‘Shane isn’t yours, you asshole.’ Luke clearly didn’t know when to back down because the glint in Ilya’s eyes was downright mean.

‘No?’ He said curiously. Focusing the camera back onto Shane who looked completely blissed out, Ilya smirked.

‘Baby?’ He said gently.

‘Mhm.’ Shane made a noise that sounded more like a moan but Ilya knew it was an acknowledgment.

‘Who does this ass belong to?’ He gave it another squeeze playfully, making sure to capture his number on Shane’s back as a reminder.

Shane smiled into the pillows, mouth parted as he felt the drag of Ilya’s cock which was bringing him closer and closer to the edge with each thrust.

He almost forgot about his boyfriend, nothing seemed to matter when Ilya was taking him so passionately from behind.

‘*You.’* He breathed out, forehead a little sweaty as he worked himself back to meet Ilya’s thrusts. ‘You, Ilya, only you, daddy.’ he continued to babble on.

Ilya had won a lot of championships, had many accolades in his career. But all of them seemed to pale in comparison to this moment.

‘I have your boyfriend calling me daddy, Hart.’ He mocked, he could see Shane was close from how he was writhing. ‘My boy, aren’t you?’

Shane nodded furiously as he desperately tried to will away his impending release. ‘Yes–Shit, *yeah*. I’m yours.’ He replied as he rocked himself back, he liked pretending that he was Ilya’s even if it was for the night.

A wave of possessiveness coursed through Ilya’s body. ‘He makes the prettiest noises for me.’ Ilya glanced at Luke who looked nothing short of defeated. ‘You should be thankful I’m even sharing him with you right now– it’s not like you deserve to see him like this.’

Luke’s shoulders were slumped as he gazed ahead at the screen. ‘Shane.’ He said quietly, just loud enough for the two men to hear. ‘I’m *so* sorry but please–*please*, stop this.’

It was an admission to his guilt which only fueled Shane on further.

Ilya brought the phone to his face and for the first time that night, Shane *really* acknowledged his boyfriend.

‘Are you upset I’m cheating or are you upset that you’re losing to Rozanov again?’ Shane caught a glimpse of himself in the camera, and he had never seen himself look so dishevelled. He liked it, he liked how Ilya could pull him apart like this.

‘*Baby–’*

‘No.’ Shane cut him off before he let out a soft sigh of content as Ilya angled his hips up. ‘Ilya’s right, it’s nice being with someone who wins for once.’

‘First name basis now are we?’ Luke shot back, his eyes were ablaze.

Shane just grinned lazily. ‘Ilya…daddy…I quite like both.’

Luke grimaced in disgust. ‘He’s just using you, you know that right? To get at me.’

Ilya went to interject but Shane spoke before he could. ‘It’s always about you, isn’t it?’ he sneered, other hand fisting the sheet as adrenaline, lust and anger ran through his body all in one. ‘You know he was trying to fuck me when we first met, right? Before he knew I was with you.’

Ilya nodded in shameless confirmation. ‘Is true. I was.’

Shane smiled at the memory as Ilya placed a kiss on his back.

‘He’s so good, Luke.’ Shane said cruelly. ‘His mouth, his cock, his fucking body. He’s so fucking *good.’*

Ilya felt his ego swell just a touch but Shane wasn’t done.

‘You know what I’d do if he was using me?’ Shane pushed back with a light, airy moan but his eyes were mean, holding power. ‘I’d *thank* him for fucking me. I’d thank him for using me. He’s fucked me better in one night that you have our entire relationship.’

Luke stayed silent, eyes glued onto the phone.

Shane swatted the phone away and put his forehead against the pillows again, dismissing his boyfriend. ‘Make me cum Ilya, I’m so fucking close.’

Ilya winked again at the camera as he brought it towards his face again. ‘I just do what the boss says.’

With a large hand gliding up his back, Shane had his cheek pressed down onto the mattress as Ilya took him.

‘I’ll even let you watch whilst I cum in him, aren’t I nice?’ Ilya had turned the camera around so Luke had a good view of the cock going into his boyfriend's ass. ‘Maybe I’ll knock him up for you.’

The moan that left Shane’s mouth was obscene. Ilya picked up on it immediately.

‘You like that, pretty? Shall I get you pregnant?’ He teased.

With heat prickling under his skin, Shane nodded, allowing himself to be pulled into this strange fantasy that had his cock throbbing.

‘*Please.’* He begged. ‘Fuckin’ please, put a baby in me.’ Shane’s pleading only riled Ilya up more as he slammed his cock into Shane.

Ilya was losing his composure, movements borderline erratic as he watched as Shane desperately tried to work back to meet his thrusts.

Luke had gone silent again, but what Ilya couldn't shake was why he was even still here watching.

'You're getting off on this aren't you? Fucking freak.' He spoke through gritted teeth, the camera shaking with his harsh movements.

Shane felt fucking alight, the power that was radiating off of Ilya was intoxicating, thrumming throughout the entire room.

'Shut the fuck up, Rozanov.' Luke tried to snap but it lacked bite, it lacked *denial.*

Ilya's lips twitched from behind the camera. 'Is your little cock hard from watching me fuck your boyfriend?' he continued, heat rising in his stomach as Shane moaned his name against the pillows. 'Nothing but a pathetic cuck.'

'Shut *up*.' Luke repeated. But, he didn't move.

'*Mhm,* god you feel fucking good.' Ilya grunted to Shane before he switched his attention back to the other. 'You sit there and watch like a good boy whilst I put a baby in your boyfriend.'

'Ilya.' Shane borderline sobbed as he reached down between his legs to grab the base of his cock. His head felt fuzzy with his entire body screaming for release.

It was only then that Ilya realised that he was waiting for permission.

'You need to cum, sweetheart?' Even Ilya's voice which had held so much authority was straining, which turned Shane on even more.

'Yes, fuck, *yes.* Please, can I?'

'No.'

Shane almost cried. 'Daddy.' He protested, eyebrows scrunched together in concentration as Ilya kept up the relentless pace, forcing Shane closer and closer with every drag of his cock.

'No. Hold it.' Shane didn't think he *could* hold it but for some reason he was nodding with a sniffle, he'd do whatever Ilya told him, he'd walk to the end of the earth for him.

Squeezing his ass in encouragement, Ilya felt himself getting close.

But there was no way he was about to make Shane cum face down on the bed, not with a face as pretty as his.

The camera jolted as Ilya carefully pulled out and patted Shane's leg. 'On your back again.'

The man beneath looked a little bewildered, almost as though he couldn't think for himself right now so Ilya took charge, with one hand he flipped Shane onto his back, hooking his leg over his shoulder as he lined himself back up again.

Ilya had decided that sinking into Shane was one of the best feelings he had ever experienced.

They both moaned as Ilya pushed in again, this time, eye to eye.

Shane finally saw that Ilya looked just as rough, curls messy, face a little red and his strong chest accentuated by a thin layer of sweat.

He looked beautiful.

Ilya pulled up the jersey a little so Shane's stomach was exposed, showing the camera his defined abs.

'So perfect.' Ilya murmured to himself in Russian. 'So pretty.'

'Please.' Shane had no idea that Ilya was doting on him. 'Please Ilya–I need.'

'I know. I know.' He soothed, Luke hadn't said a word but Ilya could see he was still there. 'I'm just looking at how strong you look. So beautiful.'

Shane smiled, basking in the attention that he had been starving for. Ilya started to move again, camera focused on Shane's face as he relaxed against the mattress.

'Jesus christ.' He breathed airily, hand firmly on the base of his cock to stop himself from finishing without permission.

Something had shifted, the tone had moved from fire and adrenaline. Now face to face, eyes soft and stupid smiles on their lips, it felt like something more than just lust. Something greater that truthfully scared both of them to death.

'Touch yourself, sweetheart.' Ilya relented softly as he took Shane apart with steady thrusts.

So, he did. He finally started to move his hand, the heat already there to bubble over. With gentle moans and pinched brows, Shane kept his eyes on Ilya.

'I can't hold it.' He admitted, the friction on his cock with the feeling of Ilya's cock was too much. 'I can't–I can't hold it.'

Shane's eyes were shining like he was about to cry. For a moment, he wanted to end the call right there, wanting to be the only one to get to see such a beautiful sight.

But he didn't, Ilya kept the camera pointed down so Luke could see just how much he had thrown away.

'You don't need to. You've been so good, Shane. My good boy.' Ilya was right there himself, it was hard not to be with Shane gazing at him the way he was.

Shane felt his entire body come undone, back arching as the steady strokes turned into desperate flicks of his wrist. Letting the pleasure consume him, Shane's eyes rolled back.

'Oh–' he whimpered, stomach tightening. 'Oh my god, Ilya. *Ilya.'*

Ilya watched in awe as Shane came against his stomach with soft mewls of *his* name on his lips.

It didn't take much longer after that.

'So *good.'* Ilya praised as he drove his cock forwards. 'So perfect, baby.' Ilya's accent got thicker as arousal took over, English heavy on his tongue.

'Fuck–' Shane whined in overstimulation, Ilya's thrusts leaning to borderline erratic as he opened his eyes to watch him. 'Fucking cum for me, Rozanov. Get me pregnant.'

Shane's words pushed him over the edge, Ilya came with a low moan as his hips stuttered forwards, filling Shane as his body twitched.

Ilya's head slumped lazily into Shane's shoulder as they both breathed heavy. It was only then there was a faint noise from the phone that reminded them of the third party.

After a moment of silence, they both started to laugh. Equally amused with what had just transpired.

Managing to push himself up with his last ounce of energy, Ilya sat up, camera pointed down as he slowly pulled out, catching the moment his cum trickled out of Shane with a grin.

'I'll plug it in him next time, make sure it catches.' Ilya used the pad of his thumb to push it back inside lewdly. Shane just watched with a lazy smile, giddy from the mention of a next time.

'Put the phone down now.' He said to Ilya, wanting to hold the other.

'Wait–Shane.' Luke cut in hoarsely.

Ilya switched the camera to his face. 'Sorry, Hart. He makes the rules.' His tone was teasing. 'Don't wait up for him tonight, he'll be with me.' With that, he ended the call and put the phone back down on the bed.

'Come here.' Shane insisted and Ilya was happy to oblige as he slumped forwards again.

Shane wrapped his arms around Ilya, welcoming him in with a kiss to the top of his head.

'I like you.' Ilya admitted after a few moments.

'I like you too.' Shane replied, gently inhaling the citrusy scent of Ilya's shampoo. 'But I need time.'

There was a brief nod of understanding. 'I know.'

Shane knew that despite his obvious attraction towards Ilya that it wouldn't be the smartest decision to throw himself straight into a relationship again.

'Maybe when I'm back in town, we can play some hockey again?' Ilya added.

With a smile, Shane pressed another kiss to Ilya's head. 'I'd like that.'

It was hard to say goodbye when morning came, knowing it would be a long time until they could see each other again. Both men were insistent that what they had was casual but it was hard to believe that when they both felt a dull ache once they had to part.

Shane moved out the next day, his savings were drained and he didn't have much to his name but thankfully Rose took him in until he could afford to get back on his feet.

It was hard, but the multitude of texts a day that he got from Ilya kept him going.

Four months, that's how long it was until they saw each other again.

The distance only seemed to make Shane want him more, he always had his concerns that once Ilya started to travel again that he would become distant but it was the opposite.

Ilya called him every chance he could, texted him in the mornings and at night with silly messages that had him beaming.

Shane felt his feelings grow stronger with every passing day.

When Shane saw him again after all that time, stood in the reception of the hockey rink with skates in hand, he felt like he could've cried with happiness.

Ilya had the same expression on his face. 'Ready to get beat again?' Shane knew it was his own way of saying 'I missed you.'

He grinned back, playfully shoving the other with his elbow as he walked past. 'You didn't beat me last time.'

When they stepped onto the ice, Shane noticed a couple guys in suits sitting in the bleachers.

'Who are they?' He asked curiously, they looked wealthy, certainly not the usual crowd Shane saw here.

Ilya glanced at them for a brief second but then shrugged. 'No idea.' He brushed off as he skated into the middle.

Shane glanced at them for another second before trailing after Ilya. 'It ruins my plans to blow you on the ice.'

Ilya didn't laugh like he usually would. In fact, he looked far too serious. 'Just concentrate for me. Alright, pretty?' He said quietly.

With a frown, Shane skated into centre. ‘Why?’ He wasn’t sure why Ilya was being so uptight.

‘Just…because.’ Ilya’s vague answer didn’t help Shane at all. ‘Just play like you did last time.’

He huffed in irritation, he thought after so long of not seeing each other that Ilya would be in a more cheerful mood.

‘Whatever.’ He dismissed and placed his stick to the ground. ‘Drop it.’

There was a flash of apologeticness in Ilya’s eyes but he didn’t say anything further as he dropped the puck down.

Carried by a thin layer of annoyance, Shane won the face off and barreled ahead to the goal.

It felt as though eyes were watching him but he didn’t have time to think about that, not when he could hear Ilya closing the distance with profound speed.

He managed to steer him off track, Ilya missed a tackle which gave Shane the opportunity to accelerate forwards to shoot the puck into the goal.

When he glanced up, he noticed the two men in seats were looking directly at them.

‘Ignore them.’ Ilya said as he caught back up. ‘Come on, let's go again.’

Shane won by one goal, and once they got back into the changing rooms Ilya seemed like his normal self again.

‘What was all that about?’ Shane couldn’t help but ask.

As expected, Ilya played coy. ‘What was what about?’

‘Just concentrate.’ He did his best attempt at a Russian accent which had Ilya grinning. ‘I don’t know, you were being weird.’

Ilya shrugged. ‘It worked though. You beat me.’

Shane knew he wasn’t being told the entire story but he decided to drop it. ‘Whatever. You owe me dinner.’

Ilya smiled smugly. ‘Of course I do.’

It wasn’t just that one session that was weird, Ilya and Shane played as much as they could over the passing months and every time there would be fancy people sitting in seats and Ilya would act more strange than usual.

Except this time was a little different, because Ilya had brought along a few members of his team to play.

‘I thought it would be just us.’ Shane wasn’t exactly pleased that his rare one on one time with Ilya was being spoiled, not that his team weren’t nice.

‘It will be. Later.’ Ilya promised as he threw his jersey over his head. ‘We can do whatever you want.’

With a roll of his eyes, Shane stubbornly put on his skates but Ilya crouched down in front of him.

‘What?’ Shane huffed.

Soothing hands were pressed against his knees. ‘Just play like you always do, yes?’

‘I don’t see why it *matters–’*

‘–Do you trust me?’

Shane finally met his eyes. ‘Yes.’ He replied after a moment of bitter silence.

‘Then you will play like you usually do.’ Ilya responded with a reassuring squeeze to his knee before he stood back up.

Shane opened his mouth to interject again but Ilya was already walking away again.

It was him versus Ilya, but now they had two players on each side and in goal. It was nerve-wracking playing with others again. With Ilya, it was always different. There was no pressure to perform but now, uncertainty creeped into Shane’s mind for just a fleeting second.

They met face to face, sticks placed to the floor.

‘Breathe, Shane.’ Ilya said gently, picking up on his darting eyes. ‘Is no big deal.’

‘I don’t know why I’m so nervous.’ He admitted.

Ilya smiled, something that always seemed to soothe him. ‘Probably because I’m about to beat you, reallyyy badly.’

‘Fuck off.’ Shane grinned towards the floor, his body easing. ‘If I win, you fuck me tonight.’

Ilya’s eyes lit up with challenge. ‘If I win?’

Shane caught his eyes with the same look. ‘Same thing.’

The puck hit the floor and they were both off, Ilya moved a little too quick and won the face off, sliding the puck over to one of his teammates.

Shane didn’t think it was particularly the fairest considering Ilya has had years of playing alongside these guys but he did everything he could to concentrate.

The feeling of the ice under his skates mixed with the adrenaline was addictive, he let that feeling push him ahead.

He caught up, checking Ilya's teammate into the boards with a slam as he got hold of the puck and passed it to one of his team.

With a glance to Ilya who looked adorably concentrated, he followed after.

'Open.' He called, just before Ilya could block him. The puck was in his possession as he drove forwards, drawing back his stick and slamming it past the keeper and into the goal.

Ilya's team looked surprised to say the least but Ilya just looked on proudly.

It was a close game, but in the end Ilya took the lead by one. Shane tried to not feel too dejected at the loss considering it was only a friendly game but he couldn't help but feel a wave of disappointment.

'Nice try.' Ilya said a little breathlessly. 'You're too quick.'

'Not quick enough.' Shane replied with slumped shoulders.

'Shane Hollander?' A voice suddenly called out, one he didn't recognise. As he turned, he saw the two men in suits standing by the bench.

Removing his helmet, he cautiously moved over. 'Uh, yes?'

He felt remarkably underdressed, hair pressed down from the sweat and a red face.

'Mark Kramer.' The man held out his hand which Shane reached out to shake. 'We're with the CSS.'

Shane paused for a split second, words suddenly stuck in his throat. These men were *scouts*.

'Right.' Was all he managed to muster, his brain screaming at him to say something productive but he felt frozen to the spot.

Thankfully, Mark seemed to notice. 'We've been watching you play for a bit now and we have to say, you're incredible to watch.'

Internally, Shane was freaking the fuck out. 'Thank you.'

He could feel Ilya's eyes burning into the back of his head as he stood a little straighter.

'Look, I'll be blunt with you.' Mark hummed, causing Shane's nerves to grow. 'It's not how we usually do things, I know you were injured a few years ago and we'd still have to do some medical checks on that but, we'd really love to get you down for some try outs.'

Shane's eyes almost bulged out of his head. '*What?*'

Mark laughed and reached out of his pocket to pull out a card. 'There's time to think about it, no pressure.' He passed it over to Shane who took it in his shaky hands. 'But, we really think there's some serious potential here. Just, give us a call and we can talk about it more.'

He swallowed, eyes flicking down to the card and then back to the two men. ‘Yeah. Yeah, of course.’

They shook hands again and Shane watched silently as they walked off, his heart in his throat.

So many emotions flooded through him, overwhelming every sense. It wasn’t until a strong body came behind and pulled him in that he finally let out a breath.

‘How was that?’ Ilya said teasingly.

‘Holy shit.’ Shane breathed, turning in Ilya’s hold. ‘Holy fucking shit.’

Ilya smiled down at him. ‘I take it that went well?’

Shane couldn’t think straight, hands still shaking as he rested them on Ilya’s chest. It was only then that it caught up to him that this was *Ilya’s* doing. The strangeness every time they played, the concentration, it was all because Ilya wanted him to show off.

‘You’re insane.’ Shane replied before smashing his lips onto Ilya’s. ‘You are so insane.’ he said in between kisses.

‘In a good way?’ Ilya playfully replied but Shane still couldn’t get over it.

‘Thank you.’ He was holding back tears. ‘Thank you, I owe you so–’

‘No.’ Ilya cut him off with a firm head shake. ‘You don’t owe me anything. You are one of the best, you deserve this chance.’

He couldn’t hold it anymore, his bottom lip trembled as relieved tears finally fell down his cheeks. Slumping forwards into Ilya’s chest, Shane allowed himself to just *feel*.

‘Thank you.’ He said again through sniffles. ‘Thank you. I lov–’ He caught himself just as Ilya froze.

Ilya pulled back and for a second, Shane thought he had messed everything up but instead hands cupped his cheeks, carefully wiping away the tears.

‘I love you.’ Ilya replied. ‘I love you so much.’ Like everything, Ilya was there to jump in when Shane hesitated.

More tears fell. ‘I love you too.’ It felt like an admission that the two of them had known for a long time.

They spent a moment just holding each other on the ice as Shane calmed himself down. He already wanted to call the number but he didn’t want to come across as too eager so he let himself bask in the moment.

‘Do I still get to fuck you tonight?’ Ilya asked playfully which made Shane laugh.

‘You can do whatever you want to me tonight.’ Shane replied, wiping his own face clean from tears as he looked at Ilya who was staring down in adoration.

‘Deal.’

They left the rink hand in hand and a number for Shane to call slipped safely in his wallet. He still had a lot to prove, Ilya may have given him the opening but there was still a lot of work he needed to do.

And Ilya was more than happy to be right behind him with unwavering encouragement every single time.

Three years later….

The arena was packed, their chants could be heard even inside the locker rooms. It was a big game tonight, whoever won proceeded to the finals for the cup. When the crowd got louder, everyone knew who had stepped out, with the shouts of adoration mixed in with the boo’s from the at home crowd, it could’ve only been Ilya Rozanov.

Ilya had continued his reign of domination, winning the cup last year, player of the year again the season before that.

He was at his peak physical form, even better than he was when he was only considered a trash talking rookie.

But it was time for the home-town team to come out, one by one they entered the ice with welcoming cheers from their side.

Then, Shane stepped out and the crowd went wild like they always did for the golden boy of hockey. Whistling, chanting, screaming his name so loud that he got goosebumps.

He was the only one strong enough to take down Rozanov, at least that was the narrative the media loved to paint.

The fans had so much hope in him to lead Montreal to a victory and he wasn’t going to disappoint, not tonight.

The two of them met for the face off, heads huddled down towards the ice as the crowd seemed to dim behind them.

‘What shall we have for dinner tonight?’ Ilya asked.

‘Stop trying to get into my head.’ Shane grumbled back as he stood in front of his infuriatingly handsome boyfriend.

Shane wanted nothing more than to be in his arms but it wasn’t time for that now, he needed to *win.*

‘It’s a simple question.’ Ilya bit back with a knowing grin on his face. He was obviously trying to wind Shane up on purpose. ‘I missed you.’

With them both travelling, their alone time had become sparse.

‘I missed you too.’ Shane replied with his eyes on Ilya’s. ‘Will you still miss me when I knock you out tonight?’

Ilya’s eyebrows raised in mock surprise. ‘Wow.’ he tutted. ‘You are such an asshole.’

‘Learnt it from the best.’ Shane responded with a playful curl of his lips. ‘Good luck tonight.’

Ilya gazed at him with adoration. ‘Good luck, baby.’

The game was tense, neck and neck. Everyone seemed to love when Shane and Ilya played against each other since it always meant a good fucking game.

Shane and Ilya loved it too. They loved pushing each other, the constant back and forth, the drive to be *better* than the other.

It made for great foreplay too.

But in the end, with a shattering final goal by Shane, Montreal knocked out Boston.

The crowd *roared*, Shane was surrounded by a huddle of his teammates who were cheering for him as they celebrated.

It was a power rush like no other, drinking in the cheers as he waved towards the home town crowd.

When he saw Ilya that evening, he tried not to rub it in *too* much. Ilya didn’t like losing just as much as Shane, and he could see how the other was trying to put on a brave face just for him.

‘Congratulations.’ Ilya said at the door, Shane was already wrapping himself around his boyfriend, inhaling the scent of his cologne.

‘I’m sorry.’ Shane replied, he knew well how much it stung when he was that close to the cup and although the two of them always promised to not let their relationship get in the way of their work, they still had each other’s back.

‘Maybe next year.’ Ilya responded with a kiss to the top of his head. ‘You played amazing.’

‘So did you.’ Shane answered with a smile, his body tired as Ilya pulled them inside.

It was to nobody’s surprise that Shane won player of the year, not after his performance in the playoffs which won them the Stanley Cup for that season.

It was the second time winning it in his career.

He stood on stage, surrounded by his peers with the Stanley Cup proudly on display next to him.

For a second, he just basked in the feeling. It felt like he had *finally* done it.

‘Thank you for this, it means a lot.’ He spoke into the microphone. He had grown confident with public speaking, a perfect front man for his team. ‘I wouldn’t be standing here without the support from my coaches and the team so I share this award with all of you.’

He paused for another quick round of applause before he moved towards the microphone again.

‘Holding the cup doesn’t mean we’re done, we still have a lot of work to do and I will do everything I can to make sure we are holding the cup again next year and the year after that.’

Ilya was watching from the audience with a smile on his face. Shane looked like he belonged up there.

‘Thank you to friends, family, everyone that has supported me.’ His eyes searched the crowd, but he couldn’t quite make out where Ilya was sitting. ‘Thank you to my partner, you will never understand how grateful I am to have you. Thank you for pushing me, bettering me, loving me. You make me a better player and I love you.’

Shane hoped he was looking towards the direction of Ilya.

‘Thank you again. Goodnight.’

He stepped off the stage with another applause, possibly loudest of all was Ilya who was doing everything in his power not to stand up for an ovation.

They found their way back to each other during the after drinks, side by side.

‘I’m tired.’ Shane sighed around his glass, he had lost track of the amount of hands he had shook tonight.

‘I know. Just a little longer.’ Ilya reassured with a soothing hand placed on his lower back. ‘It’s all about you tonight.’

‘Shane?’ Another voice approached.

To both of their surprise, it was Luke.

They hadn’t had any communication since the incident, not after Shane blocked him on quite literally everything.

‘Hi.’ He said cautiously.

‘Congratulations on tonight.’ His ex said with a small smile, missing how Ilya rolled his eyes.

‘Thank you.’ He politely responded, the air thick with a slight awkward tension that he so wished he could escape.

‘You look good–’

‘–We are not doing this.’ Ilya cut in boredly. ‘Just say congratulations and go away.’

‘Fuck off, Rozanov’ Luke replied with a glare. ‘I’ve known Shane longer than you have.’

It was clear there was still animosity there, choking the room.

‘Poor Shane.’ Ilya responded as he sipped his drink, causing Luke to visibly seethe with rage.

‘That’s enough.’ Shane cut in, shifting closer towards Ilya. ‘We’re just about to head out.’

‘You know–I really don’t get it.’ It was clear Luke had something to get off his chest. ‘You got him scouted for what? To have someone beat you all the time? Damage your reputation? That’s got to hurt, Rozanov.’

Ilya didn’t flinch. ‘No. Not really.’ He replied as though he wished he could be talking to anybody else right now. ‘You should see how he rides me when he wins.’

Shane bit back a smile, staring down towards the floor.

‘Maybe we can call you again. You seemed to like it last time.’ Ilya couldn’t help but add. Luke seemed to snap, surging forwards as though he was about to go in for a punch.

But that’s when Shane stepped in, blocking Ilya’s body.

‘Touch him and we will have a serious fucking problem.’ He warned, he dwarfed Luke in size now.

‘You cannot be serious.’ Luke scoffed in disbelief.

‘Deadly.’ Shane replied, feet planted firmly in the ground with Ilya draped over his back with a shit eating grin. ‘Have a good night, Luke.’

Luke glanced between the two, mouth open as though he had more to say. But then, he hung his head, face solemn and walked away without a glance back.

‘That was hot.’ Ilya murmured into his ear. ‘So protective, Hollander.’

‘Shut up.’ He grinned as Ilya’s lips pressed to the side of his head. ‘I’ll let you get punched next time.’

‘So mean.’ Ilya pouted, knowing damn well Shane would cause an uproar if someone ever laid a hand on him. ‘The cup has gotten to your head. You’re so mean and scary now.’

‘I’ll show you mean and scary.’ Shane teased back.

Ilya hummed, clearly allured. ‘Don’t get me hard in public.’

‘Come on, let’s go home.’ Shane smiled, that giddy feeling he always got with Ilya curling in his stomach even after all these years as he turned in his boyfriend’s hold to grab his hand in his.

Ilya pulled their hands up to his lips, planting a soft kiss to Shane’s knuckles.

‘Whatever you say, boss.’

End.

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