

Uncoachable

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Uncoachable

by [MinaLogan](#)

Summary

Ilya Rozanov sucked cock the way he played hockey.

Fast and dirty, absolutely ruthless, and most infuriatingly — really fucking good.

An angsty blowjob where Ilya and Shane both want the same things.

Notes

This is probably a better testament than any for just how down bad I am for Hollanov as my secret WIP graveyard is decades long and this is the first to ever see the light of day.

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

Ilya Rozanov sucked cock the way he played hockey.

Fast and dirty, absolutely ruthless, and most infuriatingly — really fucking good.

He didn't tease the tip with soft kitten licks or suck with gentle hums and Shane flushed with embarrassment when he considered how confident and assured Rozanov's technique was compared to his own naive hesitance. Rozanov would trail a few soft kisses down Shane's body, maybe give his thigh a gentle squeeze in warning, but then he always took Shane fully to the root in one go, smooth and practiced and very unlike Shane's cautious sucks and soft gags as he struggled. Rozanov never seemed to mind when Shane returned the favor but the nagging voice of perfection was a constant reminder to Shane that Rozanov *was* better at something and he wanted desperately to fix that, spending half of the time analyzing his moves as if he were reviewing game footage and not getting his dick sucked. Probably for the better or else he would cum within the first minute. The fucker was just that good.

And Shane was jealous.

Jealous that Rozanov was so skilled here too and not just on the ice but even more so of what that *expertise* had to mean. Shane himself was quite literally in his rookie season of cock sucking comparatively and tried to ignore the way the thought of Rozanov with anyone else filled him with a twisted desire to win here too. Everything was about practice and Rozanov had participated in so many "practices" with loads of people that were all probably much cooler and better and hotter than Shane. He wanted to be better than them, do *better* for Rozanov so at least when he was out doing whatever he might think of Shane instead.

Stupid.

Shane saw the photos and news articles, (not that he was looking they were just everywhere) of Rozanov out with women and Rozanov *himself* had readily told him about his fling with the coach's son. Shane wasn't innocent enough to think he was the only one but sometimes he wondered if he was at least marginally special to Rozanov. Did he crave these brief meetings too? Count down the days despite his endless string of options like Shane did? Why do it at all otherwise? But Shane knew that these were dumb, sentimental questions and none of it was his business anyway. Who cared what or who Rozanov put in his mouth when it was his dick now?

Definitely not Shane.

Which was convenient because he couldn't think much more anyway. Rozanov had given Shane very little time to adjust this visit, pouncing on him from the moment he had crossed the threshold into Shane's secret Montreal apartment. The time allotted from Lily's "here" text, to the doorway, and then to bed was likely a new record even for them, all muscle and frantic clashing, teeth knocking as they kissed and bounced off the door jamb to Shane's pseudo-master bedroom. Rozanov seemed distant or maybe just annoyed that his team had lost—Shane wasn't sure but his sweatpants had been shucked quickly, and Rozanov had swallowed him down with a pressure nearly so overstimulating that Shane found himself almost crawling away from the shock of it.

Rozanov's strong hands held him with a solid grounding pressure, an unspoken *you can take it* as he bracketed an arm across Shane's hips to hold him in place. He must have been squirming too much because Rozanov had snaked his arms around Shane's thighs and pulled him firmly down the bed. His legs were tossed over Rozanov's shoulders and he felt caught and open. It was all too much and if it continued Shane was going to cum very, very soon.

Maybe he should start jerking off more before they met so he wouldn't cum as soon as Rozanov got near him, Shane thought. *He was probably pent up, that was all.*

Rozanov hummed around him. Shane wasn't sure if it was a sound of contentment, agreement, or if Rozanov was laughing at him. Maybe it was all three. It didn't matter which, the vibration of it still felt insane, and the intensity of it licked up his spine. "Fuck Rozanov, slow down, I can't, fuck—," Shane was torn between panting and gasping his hair mussed, sticking in all directions as he thrashed his head across the ridiculous number of pillows. *What was the point of the cylinder ones anyway?* He felt absolutely destroyed.

He is beautiful like this, thought Ilya as he tongued Hollander's slit the way he knew he liked. *Head empty and pretty, no overthinking, hopefully only thoughts of this.* Ilya truthfully thought everything about Hollander was pretty though, especially the way his cock weeped before Ilya had even gotten him into his mouth, a damp eager spot seeping through the sweats in the short time it took them between the door and here.

Blissfully empty and all for Ilya. He pulled back some and flicked his tongue back and forth across the sensitive spot under the head of Hollander's cock. A dirty trick but an effective one.

"Rozanov, ah, *fuck*, god you're such a dick," Hollander moaned.

Head not empty enough maybe, Ilya thought to himself, teasing out another drop of precum. He lapped it up. Hollander always tasted good— clean and familiar, a bit like the cologne he used and the standard issue soap from the team shower rooms. Ilya let himself enjoy it. Because that was the point right? Some reckless fun. He ignored how it sounded like he was convincing himself and sped back up.

Hollander gave a punched out sound from his chest, throwing both arms over his eyes in surrender. Ilya knew he could be a bit *unforgiving* in the pleasure he gave and took but he also knew that Shane Hollander could take it all so, very well. Ilya would be lying if he said he didn't find some twisted enjoyment in the panicked look Hollander was now giving him of an orgasm coming on too fast, too soon. He craved those sounds of desperation, swallowed whole the *whines* he could pull from this big strong man as Hollander's usually skilled hands lost any sense, switching frantically from clutching the bedsheets to slaps on the shoulder. His heels dug into Ilya's back and Ilya grunted with the pain but made no moves to lessen the onslaught.

Maybe it would bruise and he could blame it on the boards if anyone saw. A physical ache to go with the emotional one, he thought bitterly. *Something he could keep.*

No, that wasn't right. This was fun. Ilya was having fun and so was Hollander. He was just moody from the game and that was it.

Sometimes when he got close Hollander would pull Ilya's hair and push his forehead away at the same time as if his body was confused about whether it wanted more or not. Ilya coveted the way he could take the great Shane Hollander and reduce him from exacting perfectionist to mindless need—looked forward to it even, lying to himself that obsessively checking the game schedule was his “duty as captain” and nothing more. He also loved the blush that crept up Hollander's chest and neck as he got closer to cumming, settling in a blooming, rosy pink under the smattering of freckles. It was similar to the flush from the exertion of an intense game but different because it belonged only to him. Or at least he thought it did. Ilya hoped no one else got to see him like that.

Hollander made another choked gasp above him and his cock twitched in Ilya's mouth, a taste of salt on his tongue, Hollander's balls drawn tight. He was *so* close. Ilya made sure to look up so that he wouldn't miss it.

If he were a better man he would have slowed down like Hollander asked, drawn this out some for him but Ilya needed it like this too. He would never admit to the fact that the faster he could unravel Shane Hollander the faster he could gain control over the pounding of his own pulse in his ears and the incessant ache of want in his chest that he attempted to soothe with anyone else when they were apart. Not that it ever helped. Many dates had been cut short lately with a text from *Jane*. Nights out and hookups wasted as he laid awake at night mindlessly scrolling their text threads and sat through video ads for Rolex without skipping. Someone had posted a link to “Shane Hollander's alleged training playlist” and what started as curiosity now became more and more a part of his regular workout rotation.

When had it become like this?

Ilya knew he wasn't allowed to have Hollander and he wasn't too deluded to think that this fact would ever change but this *claiming* of him was as close as he could get and so he selfishly took it. He could have this all to himself, and Hollander would not be able to control him in these moments, not with his cock down his throat and his hips pinned to the sheets as Ilya's head bobbed and sucked at the speed that he knew would have him spilling into his mouth any second. A sick voice whispered: *And you were here first. No other man can change that.*

What he needed was for Hollander to cum now so he didn't have to think confusing things like this any longer. The motions drowned out the mental noise of it all, at least a little, and he needed this victory more than any of his others on the ice. Ilya didn't want to think about how time spent with Hollander felt better than any other win.

It meant nothing.

“Seriously Rozanov, *shit shit shit*, fuck!” Shane felt like he was dying. Or maybe having a stroke. Perhaps he was both having a stroke *and* dying. His body certainly felt like it. His muscles were overworked and sore from the game and now trembling from the effort not to finish too soon and give Rozanov the satisfaction. Unfortunately Rozanov was now doing this bullshit tongue thing where he went even deeper and then swiped across Shane's balls with each pass. Shane refused to imagine who might have taught him that.

It was filthy. It was wet. It sounded obscene.

Shane sounded obscene.

He was whining now, each pass pulling involuntary, humiliating sounds and it felt like Rozanov was sucking his soul out. Shane was being entirely too loud. Not that it really mattered as they were truly alone in this apartment but he sounded pathetic to his own ears. Rozanov probably thought he sounded desperate.

Was he?

Anyone from the outside looking in would probably think so. Shane knew his teammates thought he was boring. Glued to his phone, cancelling dinners and cutting nights short after a win. He had gotten into the habit of leaving his notifications off so that the absence of a ping didn't necessarily signal no response. It allowed him to keep his hopes up for a fraction of a second longer that something new from *Lily* was there waiting for him even when he knew there probably wasn't.

Yes he was desperate.

Desperate to cum too, fuck.

Shane clumsily grabbed one of the many decorative pillows around him and pulled it close. He needed something to muffle, something to ground him and he arched his neck, turning to the side and moaning into it as Rozanov brought him to the edge. It was quieter to his own ears at least. That was better.

Fuck he was really close.

"I'mgonnacum."

The broken voice coming from the head of the bed sounded muted. Hollander was turned away, nearly covering his head entirely and hiding those freckles that Ilya wanted to see in that pile of ridiculous pillows. This would not do. Ilya would not have his favorite moment ruined by some bullshit home designer. He needed this.

Ilya released Hollander's cock with an audible pop and Hollander actually whimpered, his hips bucking subconsciously into the air, leaving the mattress some as they chased the loss of his mouth. Ilya considered briefly the idea of edging and if Hollander had ever heard of it. He was boring, so perhaps no. He filed it away for further thought—a completely broken Hollander would be an even greater prize and perhaps that would finally be enough.

"Hollander, I will burn fancy pillows, I swear it."

Ilya slid his fist up and down Hollander's cock lazily as he spoke. He gazed up at the mess he had made, committing it to memory just in case they finally got wise enough to stop this before resting his head on the soft expanse of Hollander's thigh for just a moment. Hollander had jumped at the question, clearly too far gone and Ilya kissed the soft skin there so that he knew he wasn't actually displeased. Ilya found Hollander far too anxious, always trying too hard in everything.

Nothing you could do would upset me, Ilya wanted to say but that wasn't allowed of course so he chose something expected of him and safe:

"Is rude not to look at the person treating you so nicely, yes?"

Ilya wondered if just the notion of rudeness had activated something in Hollander because he didn't hesitate in removing himself from the mass of fluff and fabric to meet Ilya's eyes. His freckles were blushed pink like Ilya had hoped. He was too sweet.

The thought hit Ilya all at once before he could stop it:

What do those look like in the morning?

This thing between them was dangerous and long past out of control. He knew that for Hollander this was probably just an experience, something exciting because it was so forbidden but for Ilya it was becoming more and more frequent daydreams of late nights with even later mornings where no one had to leave. It left him frustrated and confused, sloppy when he played against him. It wasn't the first time Ilya had toyed with the fantasy of something more and he was a fool for even letting it get that far.

He already knew this about himself though. His father had made sure he *always* knew from a young age what a failure he was and wanting Shane Hollander was just another massive, devastating failure, perhaps his worst yet.

"*Uncoachable, untrainable*," his father's words rang in his ears now. He had told everyone who would listen, a warning to his coaches and teachers as if he were a dog to handle and not a boy.

Undisciplined, foolish, lazy.

Ilya thought maybe his father was right because in this moment between Hollander's thighs Ilya knew he looked every bit the part of a loyal dog. He tried to relax and hoped that the ugly truth of it wasn't visible. Hopefully, Hollander only saw the "asshole" who wouldn't let him cum and nothing that hinted that Ilya would likely sign away his life's work in an instant for something more with a silly Canadian hockey player who had just wanted some fun.

Foolish.

He coached his features into something cocky and smooth.

"Look here." The words came out far too softly. He tried again.

"Remember who does this to you."

That was more convincing — better.

To Hollander's credit he didn't look away although the effort of it appeared to be causing him some great distress. With one arm still holding him tightly, Ilya extracted his other from where it was gripping Hollander's leg and reached up, pressing the two fingers of his right hand to Hollander's lips. He pushed against the softness there and Hollander opened them

readily, swallowing and drooling over them in a fair mimicry of sucking Ilya's cock— his throat made the same familiar little noises. A new bead of pre-cum pooled at the tip of his cock and Ilya became very aware of just how hard he was himself, so lost in pleasing Hollander and in his thoughts until now.

Enough teasing him.

“Da Hollander, suck on my fingers if your mouth is so needy.”

Perhaps one more tease because this was fun right?

“Gonna make you cum all over pretty pillows now. ”

Ilya swallowed him down without further warning, his throat working over Hollander's length. He could feel Hollander's hot breath against his fingers, dutifully attempting to suck still, each pant and moan something tangible to be held in Ilya's hand if only for a moment. He only made it through one more pass before Hollander was cumming with a strangled cry and Ilya sank even further, nose pressed to his skin. He allowed it to take him under too, his head swimming with satisfaction, enjoying the lack of oxygen and pleasant nothingness he felt in the moment. There was only Hollander, and his cock, and the pulsing in his throat—the taste of him briefly before it was over and gone.

Hollander pulled at Ilya's hair, and tugged at his jaw. When that didn't work he grabbed Ilya by the back of his shirt, collar stretching until Ilya finally let go and allowed Hollander's softening cock to slip free. He hoisted Ilya toward himself where he rested atop the mass of pillows like some prince on a throne of poor decisions and Ilya went willingly. His fingers were still in Hollander's mouth and Hollander gave them a parting suck before kissing the tips, catching Ilya's hand in his own and turning it over to press another to his palm. Ilya laid there chest to chest with him, curled under Hollander's arm and it was too intimate but he allowed it, letting Hollander kiss him lazily with soft open mouthed kisses that almost let him pretend it was something else.

They broke apart and Hollander spoke first between labored breaths.

“...Holy...Shit.”

Ilya's mask of superiority slid into place. It was far easier to be the asshole right now and so he was.

“Mmm, yes,” he drawled. “I know I'm the best. No need to tell me. Only say thank you Rozanov: MVP, best at cock sucking—”

“Fuck off,” Shane replied but he was smiling, a small huff of laughter escaping between pants — muscles loose and completely relaxed. He traced little subconscious circles and nothing shapes onto Ilya's shoulder and it was all Ilya could focus on. He would get a tattoo of it if he could, the little spirals on his shoulder that proved Shane Hollander had been there.

“Would rather fuck *you* I think,” Ilya gestured vaguely at his gym shorts and the very obvious evidence that he had not had any relief yet. Not that he minded. Not really. Ilya was perfectly

content to lie here but knew that wasn't the point of any of this.

Shane wanted to return the favor. He was pliant with pleasure and wanted so badly to be able to affect Rozanov even fractionally in the same way—to be better for him.

To be good enough for him.

The solution came to him and slipped out before he was able to fully think about it, still drunk in an orgasmic haze and comforted by a nest of pillows.

“Can you teach me how you do that?”

Rozanov stiffened beside him and Shane cringed internally. He apparently had gotten the sense sucked out of him as well. *Thanks a lot*, Shane thought not meeting Rozanov's eyes, *for making me act like an idiot: “Rozanov: MVP best dick sucking asshole there ever was—”*

“Teach you?” Rozanov gave him a look and Shane sat up a little. He tried his best to appear cool and collected. Rozanov waited.

“Don't make it weird. It was just a question.” He was picking at an invisible string in the bedding which probably looked ridiculous to Rozanov considering what they had just done together and would probably still do. Shane made his hand lie flat on the bed and the one on Rozanov's shoulder hovered there awkwardly.

“I just mean I don't know what I'm doing. You clearly do. It's... factual.”

Show me how to make you feel good. Shane wanted to say. *Help me be good for you so you won't want anybody else.*

“Hollander I cum every time, yes? What is this worry?” Ilya couldn't understand how they had gone from cuddling to this. He just wanted that moment back but it was gone.

“I just want it to be, uh, good you know? I don't know. Just tell me what to do. You normally love to hear yourself talk.” If anyone was making it weird it was definitely, certainly Shane.

Ilya saw the appeal, gave himself over to the image of it, a needy Shane Hollander on his knees, ready to listen, it sounded perfect in theory—but Ilya didn't much like the idea of teaching Hollander how to suck cock better just so he could go and do it for someone else. Not at all.

“We don't have time if you want to fuck.” Ilya tilted his head and kissed Hollander's neck in a way he hoped would distract him. It was a lame excuse, Ilya knew that. His flight wasn't until late the next morning. There was plenty of time and Hollander knew better as well but Ilya refused to be the reason some other man got to see him like this.

“Oh yeah totally. Next time then. Whatever.” It was impossible to miss the dejected tone in Hollander's voice.

Shane tried very hard to just enjoy the feeling of Rozanov sucking on his neck and not read into his rejection. He really did. But it was impossible and his thoughts went into overdrive.

Why did he think Rozanov would want to anyway? Was he actually a moron? Rozanov probably got off on being better than Shane. He definitely did any other time. And now Shane probably just ruined tonight too. It was awkward now. Shane was awkward. The silence was stretching longer and longer and—

Hollander was spiraling. Ilya could see it all over his face, feel the tension in his neck against his lips.

“Why me, Hollander?”

Shane looked at the ceiling. He couldn’t bear to look at Rozanov. This was humiliating. Rozanov scraped his teeth against his skin slightly as if to say “Hurry up,” a consolation kiss to soothe it. Shane was pathetic.

Hollander’s voice was quiet. “Who else am I going to ask?”

Ilya knew he should say no. He should say no to many things in his life if he were being honest— his leech brother for one, cigarettes, Hollander for sure, and himself before he ever made the stupid decision to insert himself in Hollander’s dumb photoshoot that set them on this path to nowhere. He should fuck Hollander tonight, fly back to Boston with his team, and let it be the last time. He should delete *Jane* from his phone. He didn’t need to be Hollander’s test dummy or teacher. He didn’t need to be his anything.

But Ilya was *foolish*, and *undisciplined*. And his heart as it turned out was very, very, *uncoachable*. Hollander looked disappointed in him and he hated that he cared.

“Fine.” Ilya kissed along his jaw. “Maybe.”

He pressed his lips to Hollander’s once and then twice before slowly deepening the kiss, licking gently into his mouth, coaxing it open. He felt the tension ease out of Hollander—swallowed that for him too.

One more thing of his that can be all yours.

“Really?” Hollander met his gaze again finally, his eyes bright—wide, wet and hopeful when they broke apart.

But not really yours.

“Sure, Hollander.”

End Notes

Anyway the art was better.

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