

jealousy, jealousy

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by [flzzypup](#)

Summary

Shane gets jealous that Ilya fucks other people and goes on a rampage. Ilya has to gently reel him back in.

Or

Shane experiences subdrop for the first time and Ilya helps him through it.

Notes

just a casual one shot :p hope you enjoy

“So how was Russia?” Shane asks, cutting through the afterglow. It was their first meeting of the season, they were both laying naked in Ilya’s hotel room in Montreal with at least half a foot in between them. The Metro’s had won 2-1 but Shane can’t find it in himself to tease him about it.

The first time of the season always feels so surprisingly fulfilling. Shane rarely goes looking for men during the off season. He either gets too nervous or they aren’t what he’s looking for. So the first contact he had today, even on the ice, was absolutely electric. He wants to chase that feeling, wants to close the gap between them and cuddle up into him. He is way too shy to do that though, no matter how much he wants it.

Ilya gave him a strange look, “What? Russia good like always.”

Shane hummed noncommittally, even though he really wanted to ask if he had seen anyone else in the almost 6 months since they’d last been together. The question ate him away this summer in a way that had never bothered him before. It’s none of his business, but he wants Ilya to tell him that he’s the only one he wants, to disprove all the ESPN headlines that flood the hockey page offseason when they don’t have better stories to run. Honestly he’s not even sure the confirmation would sedate the anxiety he feels in his chest.

He sees the headlines sometimes, where the paparazzi take pictures of mildly famous people seen with other people in public and slap it on some blog with a clickbait title. He gets them written about him sometimes, but not as much as Ilya. As much as he knows it’s almost all clickbait, he can’t help but think about one of them being true.

What if he did get a partner? Or a new hook-up buddy, would he warn Shane or would he be blindsided by a headline and a blocked number. Would he still be willing to meet up if he fell for a girl? Or if he dated one just so the tabloids would get off his back about his dating life?

Their situation was already so fragile, any little adjustments or changes in either of their personal lives could make the whole thing crumble. Does Rozanov think about this? Does he worry about Shane getting a partner or moving on from this weird relationship? Shane’s hands start to itch, he opens and closes his fists in a nervous twitch.

Ilya stares at him while the thoughts flood Shane’s brain. His questioning eyes dart across his face trying to pick up on what is wrong. He picks up his pack of Lucky Strikes, pulling out his lighter and a single cigarette. His eyes don’t leave Shane’s face as he strikes the tip with practiced hands. He takes a drag, blowing the smoke away from Shane before he speaks again.

“Something is wrong?”

Damn Rozanov, he always reads Shane like a book. He scoffs mostly to make a show in front of Ilya. He blushes, he blames it on the sex. “No, nothing is wrong.”

“But something is obviously wrong.”

“Nothing is wrong!” Shane almost yells, the sudden burn of rage that he normally only feels on the ice starts to leak into his brain. He feels like he’s on fire, like flames are whipping up and burning the edges of his judgment. He doesn’t understand what he feels, he’s never felt like this before and Ilya had done nothing wrong. Nothing to deserve the rage that swarms around his head.

When Shane finally looks at him again Ilya has that stupid smug grin on his face, cigarette tucked neatly into the corner of his mouth. Shane furrows his eyebrows, only getting more upset with how confident he is in every situation. How Rozanov always knows what to say next, or where to touch Shane or how to egg someone on either on the ice or in their meets. Rozanov takes a short puff of the cigarette, holding it between his pointer and middle finger as he turns on his side facing the fuming boy. Shane knows the look, knows he’s going to press Shane until he tells him what’s wrong. Shane huffs again.

“Did you fuck anyone else?” The words leave his mouth in a rush, like if he doesn’t say it right away he will lose the confidence to do it. He instantly regrets it, he already feels awkward enough sitting naked in Ilya’s hotel room and now he’s only made it feel worse.

Ilya’s face drops the smirk, he reaches behind himself to put the cigarette out on the nightstand. His eyes are intense, staring sharply into Shane’s mind trying to decode all the words he’s not saying. The rage in him only seems to boil up more as the silence stretches on. He shouldn’t have said anything, he shouldn’t have messed with their delicate balance.

“You are jealous.” Rozanov states, it is not a question at all. Ilya can see right through him, and can feel everything Shane feels before he recognizes the emotion himself. It’s infuriating, he wants to punch him or maybe pin him down.

“Fuck you Rozanov, I’m not jealous. Forget I said anything.” Shane looks away but can’t help but glance back at him. An unreadable expression passes over Rozanov’s face. Shane stares at it, trying to decode the half amused half something that washes over his face. He doesn’t know if it would be better or worse if he actually amused Shane and answered his question. The anger doesn’t calm at all. He glares at him from the corner of his eye.

“Couple of girls, all boring.” He waves his hand dismissively, he turns back to stare at the ceiling. He doesn’t push for more, just gives him exactly the information he wanted. They were boring apparently, but that’s also how he describes Shane too.

The burning question of ‘why’ burns the back of Shane’s throat. There’s no reason for the question, he knows why. They’re not together. There’s no reason for a hot single man like Ilya to abstain.

But it still fans the flames under his skin. That someone else got to touch and be fucked by Rozanov. Were they as good as Shane? Were they better?

Shane sits himself up on his side, determination drips its way into the swirling anger he feels.

“Aren’t you going to ask me?” Shane finally spits out. It’s like venom, much different than the normal banter they have. Ilya looks at him again, almost amused.

That stupid lopsided smirk comes back before he annoyingly responds, “You have not.”

“You don’t know that.”

The smile that continues to spread across Rozanov's face only adds fuel to the fire, “I do, I can tell you have not.”

“How?”

Ilya waves his hands around, searching for words he does not have in English. “You are like puppet, wait for me.”

“I’m not a puppet.”

“You are my puppet. It’s cute.”

My puppet. His skin crawls and burns. Does Ilya really think that about him? That he sits on his hands and waits until the next time they can meet up? It’s partially true but the accusation makes Shane crazy. The tips of his ears burn, partially with embarrassment and partially with rage.

Shane gets up from the bed, pulling his clothes back on frantically, “Fuck you.”

“Maybe later.”

He buttons his pants as he stares daggers at the other man. He kind of wanted to punch him, knock that smug charming smirk off his face and tell him that he’s not his puppet.

“Fuck, you, Rozanov.” Shane stomps to the door, haphazardly slipping his shirt over his head and sliding into his sneakers. And just as his hand touches the doorknob he hears that smug voice say.

“See you in two weeks.”

The cab back home only made the rage stack on top of itself. Shane almost doesn’t know what he’s angry about anymore. His head feels like radio static, like he’s trying desperately to tune into just one station.

When he finally got back to his apartment he didn’t feel any better. His head felt clouded, like the rage was just a filler to keep his brain functioning until he could fix what was wrong.

He didn’t know what was wrong, all he knew it’s that Rozanov had mildly irritated him and it felt like a bomb had gone off in his chest.

The static and the rage only got worse over the next two weeks, and they were hell for anyone within a 20 mile radius. His head was foggy still and was angry all the time, on and off the ice. Picking fights and brooding in the penalty box, lots of shouting in the locker

rooms, snarky comments to reporters when his coach didn't pull him from press, obsessively going to the gym and going way too hard for the state of his body.

It's not that Shane was a baby, he's a professional hockey player for gods sake. Normally he followed the flow of the aggression levels instead of setting it. Checks to get the puck away from the other team and fighting in pre-established fights were normal. Shane dropping his own gloves first almost every game was not.

He was surprised he didn't break anything or concust himself in the process. His ribs ached, his knuckles were swollen, and his ankles and thighs burned with every step and every skate. He threw himself into every game and every training in a sort of manic haze.

Everyone noticed, it was hard to not notice your captain crashing out. A rookie tried to make a joke about it and Shane ended up pitching a fit and throwing his gloves across the locker room before storming out.

The Boston Montreal game is the worst of them all. Shane, a man who normally only has light hearted comments to say is full blown chirping at every Boston player he can get within ear shot of.

Including Ilya Rozanov.

Ilya watches him skate, watches him face off and chirp and check with a different intensity than he's ever seen. He watches Shane as closely as he can while still paying attention to the game, trying to decode the behavior. And when he finally gets to face off with the man he realizes why.

The sharp and intense brown eyes he normally has are glazed over. A look he has only seen in the bedroom. A sadistic smile paints his face as Ilya skates towards him. Ilya recognizes this look, from the first night they hooked up, from the bathroom at the NHL Awards, from his Las Vegas hotel room.

Ilya can't help but feel this is his fault (not that he tracks Shane's ESPN highlights or anything), but Shane only started acting like this after he ran out of Ilya's hotel room a couple of weeks ago.

"I thought you guys would put up a fight tonight, disappointing." Shane chirps as Ilya lowers his stick to get ready for the face off.

"Your mouth is not meant for trash talk, I will fix this later." He chirps back instinctively.

Shane opens his mouth as he lowers his head waiting for the puck, but he realizes he has nothing to say. He grinds his teeth into his mouth guard, staring at the ice at Ilya's feet.

Ilya smirks, "Cat got your tongue, Hollander?"

He growls, actually growls. The puck is dropped and Shane slaps it to his teammate behind Ilya.

Boston wins, Shane scored both of Montreal's goals for the night but their defense couldn't hold the line. Shane is pissed. He's normally not an angry captain, focusing on what they need to improve versus poking at every single mistake on the ice. But tonight is different, the fire in his veins seems to only spiral more in the face of losing to Ilya Rozanov.

He throws some unnecessary comments at his teammates who were just not having a good game. Hayden wanted to tell him that it was hard to play as a team when the captain couldn't get his head in the game. But he also didn't feel like getting screamed at either.

Shane's phone buzzed as he packed up the last of his gear. It was Ilya, of course it was. He was on his home turf, of course he wanted to meet.

Lily: Where are you tonight?

Shane stared at the text, typing out some profanities before deleting them all and pushing his phone back into his pocket. It buzzes again and he pulls it out once more.

Lily: You will answer me.

The rage boils in the back of his throat again. Why does he need to respond? Obviously he can get as many people in his bed as he wants, he doesn't need Shane. Shane's fingers twitch as he tries and fails to tell Ilya off.

Jane: The Liberty, 1427.

He stares at his own message, waiting for Rozanov to respond to the number but nothing comes. He scoffs at his phone, putting it away before gathering the last of his stuff to join the team on the way back to the hotel.

He showers absentmindedly, letting autopilot clean himself as he thought about Ilya. He knew he had a bit of a temper as of recently. He felt out of his own head, like he was just a character that someone else was controlling, or in a virtual reality world that was distant from his real life.

He lays flat on his hotel bed, staring at the nothingness on his ceiling. It was hard to focus, to remember his schedule or who played well tonight or where he has to be tomorrow. He was scrambled, unable to hold onto one thought for long before it faded back into the unrelenting noise of his head.

At 9pm sharp a knock rang through his hotel. He doesn't know how long he sat staring at the ceiling trying to jumpstart his brain into functioning properly again. Shane turns his head towards the sound but makes no effort to get up and answer it. What was Shane to Ilya anyways, just a convenient hole to fuck. Well Ilya would have to find another hole tonight, Shane was not in the mood.

Another knock comes from the door. Rougher, more purposeful than the first. It makes Shane sit up and stare at the door. His feet hit the floor without another thought. Rozanov pushes into his room the second the knob turns.

The door clicks quietly behind him, leaving them in complete silence. Ilya doesn't say anything, just studies Shane's face with a blank expression. He makes no effort to step forward and close the gap between them. His face burns with embarrassment at the attention.

"What the fuck do you want, Rozanov?" He finally spits out, coming out stammered and unsure. Ilya tilts his head at the other boy.

"What do I want?" Ilya's voice is low and calm, it makes Shane shiver involuntarily, "What do you want. You want to be tough boy, eh? Big strong hockey player?"

Shane is able to focus on Ilya now that he's here, the anger is still there but so is he. The static pressure that filled his head seems less intense with the presence of the other man. He tried not to let that thought scare him. He swallows roughly, ignoring the fog in his head that is now yearning for Ilya to touch him, to grab him and hold him or hold him down. He huffs annoyed, trying to keep his head above the fog.

"What does it matter to you?" He finally squeezed out of his tight throat. He doesn't sound confident. He wants to scream at Ilya, tell him he doesn't know Shane at all and they he should either fuck him or get out of his hotel room.

"Be quiet."

"Don't y--"

"Be quiet." Ilya says roughly.

And he does, Shane's jaw snaps shut. His hazy eyes are staring only at him. Ilya steps towards him, crowding his space until Shane backs up into a wall. He looks into Ilya's eyes with little concentration. He can smell and feel him now, warmth blooms under the hand he has pressed to his chest.

He makes no attempt to push the blond away from him. It feels like he finally has a breath of fresh air after breathing in nothing but smoke for weeks. And when Ilya pressed his thigh into Shane's crotch he moaned out loud, high pitched and needy. It was hard to focus on anything other than the pressure on his chest and the tiny bit of friction he's getting between his legs.

It sounds like Ilya says something to him, but he can't hear it. He's staring blankly at the blonds lips. He grabs Shane by the chin, gently lifting his head up to force eye contact.

"Hmm? You want this? Or you need a hug." Ilya repeats himself. "You may answer"

What does Shane need? He wished Ilya could unhinge his jaw and swallow him whole and he could live in his intestines. But that seems crazy to think nevermind say out loud to his situationship. The pressure on his chest tethers him to reality. He feels like a bobble head, like his brain is not attached to the rest of his body and Ilya is keeping it from completely floating away.

"Both." Shane whispers softly. His eyes aren't as sharp now. The anger has dissipated completely and is just replaced with a gaping need, maybe that's what it was the whole time.

A need to feel closeness that his brain was trying to cope with by being angry all the time.

He doesn't want to be angry. He wants the hole in him filled. He wants to be enveloped by Ilya.

He doesn't say anymore, just lets go of his chin and wraps him into a hug. The reaction was instant, it felt like all of Shane's muscles relaxed and the world stopped spinning so fast.

He can smell Ilya better now tucked into his neck. He smells like cigarettes and that fresh cologne that he was in an ad for (not that Shane went out of his way to smell the cologne after he was in the ad).

"I'm sorry." Shane squeaked out, mumbling the words into the skin of his neck. He hopes Ilya can read his mind. He's sorry he was such a jerk, sorry for giving him such an attitude.

Ilya hums, "No sorry, I'm going to take care of you."

Ilya lets them sit like that for a moment. He wraps his arms protectively around the broad back of the other man. He rests a hand on the back of his head letting him nuzzle into Ilya's neck.

"I do-don't know what's wrong with me."

"Shh." Ilya rocks them side to side, attempting to sooth him, "It's okay, head has felt bad since Montreal, right?"

Shane nods yes into his neck, unwilling to pull himself away from the comfort to look at Ilya. Deep down he feels a little embarrassed about it. He's literally falling apart in his fuck buddies arms. He's just glad Ilya is not making fun of him.

"I'm gonna fix it, okay? Do you trust me, Hollander?" He nods yes again. Maybe he knows what's happening, maybe he can help Shane. The closeness is already cooling his anger.

Ilya knows he should feel wrong. He should not allow himself to be this close to Shane, it's not safe. 'Playing with fire' was one of the very first English sayings he ever learned. And here he is, cuddling the fire.

And what the fuck is he doing? He was in too deep now, because he made Shane feel like this it's only right that he helps him back up. And if they get caught because Shane needs him, maybe Ilya could be okay with that.

They revel in each others bodies for what feels like a long time but is probably only a couple of minutes. Shane's head no longer feels like it's underwater but floating. No more mean angry static but just Ilya. He's here and he said he's going to take care of him.

He can feel how close their bodies are, he feels the soft skin of his neck and the sturdy muscles under the cloth. He lets out a shaky sigh, grinding his hips toward the thigh in between his legs.

“Good?” Ilya questions, Shane gives a little hum of confirmation, “Good. Clothes off, just your underwear on the bed now.”

Ilya moved just enough so Shane was not caged against the wall anymore. He hazily drags his feet towards the bed, taking his shirt off in the process. Ilya can tell how far gone he is because he doesn't bother folding the shirt, it falls to the ground in a crumpled pile.

He follows closely behind, trying to keep himself close to Shane so he doesn't freak out. He has to be careful about him in this headspace. It's obviously new to him and Ilya has never seen him this deep before. Sure he's seen him get subby during sex but it's never leaked into his everyday life before.

Shane seats himself in the middle of the bed, laying like gelatine in the middle of the bed with just his underwear on like Ilya had requested. He's hard as a rock, his dick strains the fabric of his underwear in a way that's hard to ignore.

He wants to do so much for Shane. Wants to suck his dick and eat him out and cum on his chest and make him lick it off himself.

He strips himself of his clothes quickly, piling on the floor next to the pile Shane had made. His own head spins and his heart flutters, hookups with other people never feel like this. He needs it, craves the specific attention and the boring conversation and the mind blowing sex.

He can't focus on that right now, Shane needs him.

“You hurt yourself, throw tantrum like a baby. Why sweetheart, all to get my attention?”

Shane opens his mouth to respond but he realizes that's probably a bad idea. He can see how intense Ilya is staring at him. The word 'sweetheart' rings in his ears like a bell.

He strips his underwear off, getting on the bed and straddling the man's face. He doesn't fully sit down yet, just hovers over him with his dick out of reach.

“You have my attention.” Ilya purrs, “You always do. I watch your highlights, watch you pout in the penalty box.”

He grabs Shane's peck, squeezing and massaging the muscle there. He whines, trying to lift his head to get his dick into his mouth but Ilya keeps him on the bed with a firm hand.

“You're jealous, you whine and be brat for what? This is what you want?” It was a rhetorical question but Shane nods, he can hear his head moving up and down on the comforter. Ilya smiles, something soft and possessive floods his body.

He moves his hips, resting the tip of his cock against his lips. Shane opens his lips immediately, wrapping them around his teeth as he lets Ilya push into his mouth. He mumbles something in Russian when he feels the soft wet tongue against his dick.

He drags the head around his mouth, letting Shane suck idly on his cock. He can see how Shane's body physically relaxes once he finds purpose.

Ilya stands up abruptly, pulling his dick out of his mouth and dragging Shane's body to the end of the bed. He makes a small noise at the disruption but does not make any attempts to stop him.

His head hangs off the end of the bed, mouth hanging open, lust blown eyes staring back at him with want.

"You are to stop me whenever you want, pinch me, push me, punch me, yell, however you want to communicate." He nods as if he understands, but that's not good enough for Ilya.

He crouches down, forcing Shane to look him in the eyes. "I need a yes, sweetheart. I need to know you're okay."

"Yes, please." Shane manages to squeak out. Everything feels so overwhelming and he feels dizzy without the touch of the other man.

Ilya does not make him wait. He gently grabs one of Shane's cheeks so his mouth falls open and pushes the head of his cock past his lips. Both of them groan for different reasons, Shane's oral fixation is finally being satisfied and the wet heat of his mouth makes Ilya feel feral.

"дорогой, you are so good. Show me how much better you are than those girls." He pushes in and out of the plush lips. Spit dribbles down the side of his mouth. His cock meets the resistance of his throat, Ilya taps against it and he gags.

He pulls out of his mouth, Shane gasps for air. Ilya taps his cheek gently, "Open your throat, sweetheart."

He nods dumbly, taking another big breath before opening his mouth again. This time when Ilya pushes in he meets very little resistance. He groans, leaning over his body to get a better angle.

Ilya mutters in Russian under his breath. He feels his throat constricting at the intrusion, feels his balls nestled on his face. It truly feels like heaven, all the angry feelings from earlier are completely gone and just replaced with the feeling of Ilya.

Ilya and his smart tongue and his big dick and his broad shoulders. The attention lights his whole body on fire, a need for more. More of whatever Ilya is willing to give.

He abruptly pulls out, a stark contrast from the fast pace he had sliding in and out of Shane's throat. He puts all his effort into looking at Ilya. He is all sweaty and staring intently at Shane while he holds the base of his cock.

Neither of them move for a short moment, catching their breath and just staring. Ilya's eyes drag from his body all the way down to Shane's face where he's still laying with his head off the side of the bed.

Ilya seems to snap back into the moment, gently cradling Shane's neck and his lower back to lift him up enough to slide him back into the bed fully.

Ilya disappears from his eyeline, crouching down to get something off the floor. Shane whines at the loss of contact, at the loss of the attention, at the loss of Ilya no matter how brief. He comes back into view, shushing him gently.

“It’s okay, I’m here, I’m not leaving.” Ilya says as he crawls up the bed. Shane tries to say something but his mouth feels thick. He swallows the spit that’s pooled in his mouth and just stares up at Ilya.

His hands are on either side of Shane’s head, boxing him in and hovering over him like a shield. His mouth moves, probably speaking but Shane isn’t paying attention to that.

He’s staring at his curly hair and the sweat on his face and his piercing eyes and his soft mouth. Ilya grabs his face again, his eyes instinctively lock onto him.

“You still feel good?” He repeats.

Shane swallows thickly again, nodding a confident yes. And when he remembers what Ilya said earlier about needing a verbal answer he forces his mouth open to respond.

“Yes.”

A smile blooms across his face, like he’s amazed and delighted by the one word Shane managed to pry from his throat. He releases his chin and taps his cheek lightly.

“You listen so well, such a good boy.”

Shane whines and turns his head away. His eyes are closed, letting himself enjoy the feeling of being caged against the bed and Ilya.

“I’m gonna stretch you now.” He says, though Shane is too far gone to really notice any words that aren’t a command or praise.

He throws the bottle of lube onto the bed with the condom he pulled from his pants and slides down Shane’s body, leaving soft kisses and promises. And when he finally gets to his black boxers he leaves soft kisses all around the prominent bulge.

Shane whines again louder, grabbing Ilya by his hair, not to demand more but to keep him close. Ilya hums softly and pulls the boxers off. Shane’s cock springs free, completely hard and leaking.

Ilya groans at the sight, “God, you are so beautiful.”

Shane shies his head away again, covering his face with the hand that’s not grabbing onto Ilya’s hair. He sticks his tongue out and licks across the top of Shane’s dick, tasting the precum. His hips buck off the bed chasing his mouth. He pins him to the bed with a strong hand on his thigh and the other on his hip. He licks the head a couple more times before he takes it in his mouth.

Ilya loves sucking dick, and he especially likes sucking Shane’s dick. He’s always so loud and reactive when he gets his mouth on him. He rolls his head back, attempting to push his hips

up again despite the hands holding him down. He bobs his head up and down, letting the head tickle the back of his throat.

Ilya hums again, pulling his mouth off his cock with a wet pop. He stares up at him hungrily, slowly dragging his eyes from his wet cock to his hard abs and his soft pecks and his sweaty neck and then his face.

His soft wet lips. His cute freckles. His kind eyes that never know where to look.

He shakes the sickly sweet thoughts from his head.

“You ready for my fingers?”

He momentarily takes his hands off of Shane to pop the bottle of lube and drizzle it over his dominant hand. Shane hasn't responded yet, he rubs the slick fingers around his hole. His whole body twitches at the contact.

“Words, Hollander.”

“Yes! Yes, please. Fuck, Rozanov, please.”

He pushes the tip of his finger into Shane, slowly pushing it in until his knuckle is at the rim. He squirms around impatiently, trying to fuck himself down onto his finger. He gently tries to shush him, working him open as fast as he can. He adds a second finger earlier than he prefers, but both of them need to keep this moving along.

Normally Ilya is under control with his emotions when they're together but he feels like he's going crazy. He almost feels like he's going to cry, all his emotions are out of whack and he feels oddly vulnerable even though Shane is the one with fingers in his ass. If this were any other day, and he hadn't seen how emotionally tethered Shane had been to their hookups he could ignore the feeling like he normally does.

But he needs Ilya, or he needs Ilya to leave him alone in an emotionally responsible way. And Ilya is not sure he can do that at this point either. He can't let his emotions get all sticky right now, not when Shane needs him.

“Shush, need to make sure you get opened up.”

Shane doesn't respond to the words, just continues to wither around on the bed trying to get more. The normally very emotional Shane isn't responding to his uncharacteristically emotional words. He opts for a different direction, one he's much more familiar and comfortable for him.

“Be patient. need to get you ready for my dick, huh? Ready to be fucked?”

That approach gets a much better response. He moans, letting his hand fall from his face and his lips fall open.

“Yes, please.”

Another finger, "You look so pretty like this, such a good boy."

Shane shakes his head in disagreement, trying to hide his embarrassment. Ilya scissors his fingers, testing if he's ready. Shane whines, whole body twitches in a very bad and violent way. His chest starts to rise and fall much more rapidly than it should be. He's losing him, Shane is about to freak out.

"It's okay sweetheart, I've got you." He slowly removes his fingers, crawling up Shane's body until they are chest to chest. Shane's hands instantly grab onto his back to bring him closer. He kisses him gently, licking into his mouth and grounding him. He melts into it, they mesh together so easily. Shane moves his hips up again, grinding up into the other man's abdomen.

Ilya chuckles, "Okay, I get it, I'm going."

He manages to get Shane to release the death grip keeping them pressed skin to skin. He works quickly, unwrapping and rolling the condom on. He opens the lube one last time, drizzling it directly onto his dick before giving himself a couple of strokes. He grabs the back of Shane's thighs, pushing his legs back until his knees hit his chest. He plants one of his hands next to Shane's head and uses his other one to line himself up and push into Shane..

The reaction it pulls from Shane is addicting. His mouth is dropped open and his chest heaves in a dramatic moan. It always feels this electric with Shane. "You feel so good, so good."

Ilya drapes himself over him, slowly pushing in. He grabs Shane's peck and uses it as leverage to continue to push in. He sighs in relief, letting his ankles rest on his shoulders so he can bury his head in his neck. He feels like he needs to shy away, like Shane is going to see right through him and see the vulnerability written all over his face.

He leaves a kiss on his neck before he pulls back. Shane's eyes are completely glossed over in a more intense version of what he saw on the ice earlier. But this time he is safe, there are no cameras broadcasting them across the nation, no shitty reporters asking bait questions to piss them off and get a reaction. It's just them, Shane and Ilya.

"I've got you, you're okay now." He bottoms out, feeling the tight heat wrap all the way around his cock. He's pushed so deep into Shane he feels like he can barely breathe. It's too vulnerable, Ilya bottomed out staring down at a blissed out Shane. If he wasn't so deep down he wouldn't be allowing him to stare at him like this.

"So beautiful." Ilya whispers as he starts to move. Shane shakes his head in disagreement again. He tucks his head in the crook of his elbow, hiding himself away and exposing the sharp edge of his jawline and neck.

Ilya licks a stripe up his neck, savoring the salty musk before trailing kisses from the crook of his neck. "No hiding, I want to see your pretty face."

Shane shook his head in disobedience again, soft noises being punched out of his lips as Ilya fucks into him.

“Hollander,” Ilya growls in a darker tone, “Eyes on me.”

Shane listens to the commanding tone, pulling his forehead from his arm to make brief eye contact with Ilya. He moans quietly, aroused at how obedient Shane was when he’s like this. He knows he doesn’t like eye contact so he is proud of him for doing it even if it was just for a couple of seconds.

“You feel so good, such a good boy when you listen.” He was starting to lose his composure. He could feel the tightness in his core, chasing the pleasure he feels as he rams into Shane.

He is no better, grabbing at the bedsheets or Ilya’s back to bring him closer. He is fucked out in a way he’s never seen before. If he wasn’t so desperate for his own orgasm he would take more time to play with Shane and test his limits. Maybe another day.

He sees Shane throw his head back again, lifting himself off the bed as he moans.

“Right there, fuck, Rozy.” He says breathlessly. Ilya knows what that means. He grabs Shane’s cock, gently stroking the base as he continues to fuck into him.

“Good boy, cum for me.”

The permission seems to be all Shane needs to let go. His hips buck up into his hand, shooting his load all over himself and Ilya.

It’s a sight to behold, Shane always looks so pretty when he cums. His eyes close and his already tight abs look more defined and his hole clenches around Ilya just a little tighter. It’s all he needs to cum as well. He bottoms out into Shane as the euphoria washes over him.

He is shaking with relief, groans slipping mindlessly from his mouth as he fills up the condom. Shane’s own orgasm has stopped, he breathes hard with his eyes still shut.

Ilya just can’t help himself. He pushes Shane’s ankles off his shoulders so they fall to his side and he can be closer. He doesn’t even care about the cum that’s sandwiched between them both, he needs to be close to Shane.

He tucks his head into his neck again, breathing in the scent of sex in the afterglow. If his dick didn’t start to get overstimulated he would have stayed there forever, make them build a coffin around the two of them so they could be like this forever.

But Shane needs water, needs the cum wiped off his stomach and a nap and maybe a snack. And it was his job to make sure he had all those things. Shane whines as he pulls out, making grabby hands for him like a toddler.

“Okay, okay you’re okay. He’s okay.” Ilya speaks mostly to himself, knowing Shane probably doesn’t have the capacity to listen and be reasonable. He shushes him lightly as he removes the condom from his softening dick.

He grabs Shane from under his armpits and drags him up the bed so his head is on the pillows. He makes another displeased noise at being moved around but doesn’t argue.

He stares at Shane's naked body, admiring the defined muscle as he tries to catch his breath. Ilya's skin screams with need, needing to be closer to Shane. For the second time tonight Ilya feels like he's going mad, overwhelmed with a domestic need he's never felt with another person before. Or maybe he has, and he's pushed it down because he doesn't feel like he deserves that comfort of another person like that. But it's too much tonight, Shane's brain chemicals are out of balance and Ilya is to blame.

He tried not to let guilt eat at his brain, Ilya had no idea their last interaction had dropped Shane. Hell, Shane probably didn't even know what had happened to him. He deserves someone better than Ilya, and until he finds that he will fill the position if he will have him.

He shakily leans down and presses a kiss to Shane's thigh before quickly getting up to pee and grab a wash cloth to wipe up their cum. He's back as fast as he can be, standing over the sleeping boy. He gently wipes the cum off of his stomach, trying to pick up as much as he can before he haphazardly before throwing the towel on the ground.

He picked up Shane's clothes that had been thrown to the floor, folding them as he'd seen Shane himself do many times and placing them on the end of the bed.

Finally, Ilya crawls into bed and tucks Shane's sweaty body into his own, sighing at the comfort that filled his head instantly. Shane reached a hand across his waist instinctively as he played with his hair.

"You did so well, I'm sorry." Ilya whispered, even though he knew Shane was asleep from the soft snores that came from his mouth.

When Shane finally awoke Ilya was still in bed. His hotel bed, scrolling through his phone like nothing had happened. He puts it down when he sees that he is awake.

"Good morning." He says casually, like they hadn't been fucking not long ago. Shane sits up and tries to act just as casual, wiping his eyes and blinking around the room trying to put the pieces of the last couple of hours together.

"How long have I been asleep?" His voice is grainy, more so than normal.

Ilya hums, "Not long, maybe 20 minutes? But you should go back to sleep after your shower."

Shane nods, looking at the towel on the ground and the blanket over his naked body and the clothes folded at his feet. He feels drunk, or maybe hungover. Sure sex has always felt good but it has never felt like that before, not even their other hookups.

He gets handed a water bottle from the bedside, he wants to decline it but he realizes how thirsty he is and decides to drink it. His whole body feels like it's vibrating, but emotionally he feels much more regulated than earlier. He remembers it in flashes, Ilya folding him in

half, getting his throat fucked over the side of the bed, the hug they shared before all the freaky sex.

Ilya had noticed the freak out, known exactly how to untangle him and put him back together. It was almost dizzying, and it didn't help that his head was still sizzling from the sex. He looks up at Ilya, who is staring at him with an unreadable expression.

Shane clears his throat, "Um, thank you by the way. I don't know what happened, I'm sorry."

Ilya scrunches his eyebrows together, "No, you don't have to be sorry it was my fault."

"What? How could that have possibly been your fault."

Ilya shrugs nonchalantly, fiddling with the edge of the blanket as he talks, "I should not have teased you like that, I know you are emotional."

"Emotional?" The word digs into Shane's heart. Ilya thinks he's emotional and weak because of this. It stung more than it probably should've.

The panic on Ilya's face is apparent now, it goes from his neutral resting face to his eyes going wide and his head shaking slightly. It's something he's never explicitly seen out of him before, something he's never let himself show in front of him.

"I don't think I have the right word. It's not bad thing, hold on." He closes his eyes briefly, mumbling under his breath to get the English words together, "You had lots of good feeling after sex last time in Montreal, yes? I gave no comfort after and your brain could not keep up with the feelings. Lack of good feeling, like roller coaster, the drop."

Oh, that actually makes a lot of sense. The chemistry and the endorphins of sex were very complicated. A sudden lack of good chemicals without and a way to be lifted back to normalcy would make the bad feel so much worse.

"Do you feel better?" Ilya asks in a small voice, Shane looks back up at him nodding softly, "Well good, you can always text me if you feel like that again."

The flush of red envelopes his face as he thinks about the idea of asking for that. "What, that's embarrassing, I'm not gonna do that."

Ilya looks at him with a puzzled smile, "Why not? I can help."

"You would do that?"

"I literally just did, Hollander."

Shane huffs at him, "But, like, you would do it again?"

"If that's what you need, besides it was hot."

Shane considered it for a moment. It was nice to be with someone who didn't judge him, who would give him what he needed even if apparently he didn't know what that was in the first

place. He swallowed harshly, watching Ilya redress from under his bedsheets.

“It... did feel nice.”

Ilya nodded in agreement, “Then we do again.”

“Okay, um, thank you again.” He realizes he’s been apologizing a lot. He wishes he wasn’t so awkward, was more confident and casual like Ilya was about it.

He watches Ilya pull his shoes on, wishing he had something more grand to say. Or maybe something to make him stay.

Once his shoes slip on he turns back to Shane. He walks back to the bed with purpose, he grabs Shane’s face gently and kisses him. Just like that the overthinking in his head stopped. He kisses him back, enjoying his final taste of Ilya for a while. When he pulls away he looks Shane right in the eyes.

“You’re going to take a shower, eat a snack and go to bed.” He uses the same commanding voice that he has used just an hour ago to have his way with him. It almost sends a shutter down his spine but he keeps it in.

“That won't work on me right now.” Shane smiles, and so does Ilya.

“Wanna bet?”

“No I don’t.” He said way too fast, “Goodnight, Rozanov.”

“Goodnight, Hollander.”

His hotel room door opens and closes and he’s alone again, wishing he wasn’t.

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