

cant keep my eyes (hands) off you

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Category:	M/M
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Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot , Dirty Talk , Inspired by Heated Rivalry (TV) , Shane Hollander Loves Sucking Dick , Light Bondage , Sex Toys , Shane Hollanders a slut , Multiple Orgasms , Edging , Dom/sub , Established Relationship , Kinda , Dom Ilya Rozanov , Sub Shane Hollander , Semi-Public Sex , Sex Toys under Clothing , Shane Hollander Wears Panties , dubious consent but more like.... deep sub/dom thats been established
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cant keep my eyes (hands) off you

by [masturlate](#)

Summary

Sometimes they just can't keep their hands off each other.

Notes

leave it to gay canadian hockey porn to get me to crack the smut fingers again... 13 years in the making baby. this is very much just porn and i had so much fun writing this.. felt like i reached flow state at one point. hope yall enjoy, if something is not tagged correctly plsss let me know im a little rusty... viva ontario!!!

July 2010

1.

The first time (well publicly...) it happened it wasn't planned...it just kinda.... Went too far. Or maybe not far enough?

They had both just finished their commercial shoot and ofcourse, the director was doing all he could to lean into this over the top, quite frankly manufactured "rivalry". It was all Shane could do not to scoff whenever they asked them to growl or grimace or make faces.

When Ilya could no longer hold in his laughs, the commercial team decided they had all the material they could salvage from them.

Shane didn't think much about Ilya following him towards the bench and watching him as he swallowed the water from his bottle. It was all he could do not to blush, feeling something stirring deep in his stomach when he remembered Ilya and him competing in the gym together, the way he had made sure his hand brushed Shanes, the way that he whispered more and Shane could do nothing but obey.

Not even when Ilya told him to get on his knees and crawl to him, in the showers, the wet tile felt like cushions under his knees once he got to Ilya. He couldn't help but think about the weight of Ilya's cock in his mouth, the way it twitched when he looked up at him.

The echo of Ilya whispering more as he struggled to take him in his throat.

Needless to say he knew there was probably something planned for him tonight, and he could feel the shivers of nerves pinging up and down his spine.

"So," Ilya started, quirking an eyebrow, "You do it?"

Shane immediately flushed, he knew exactly what he was asking.

"Yes," He said quietly, looking towards the camera crew packing up, knowing they couldn't hear them but still, he couldn't tell if the nerves were from being overheard by anyone or if it was the intensity in Ilya's stare.

He knew he was not getting out of this.

“How long?” Ilya asked and Shane could feel him burning a hole into the side of his head.

“2 hours and 23 minutes” Shane whispered.

“Mm, didn’t hear you.”

“I said 2 hours and 23 minutes.”

Ilya chuckled lowly, and then leaned in closer, and whispered

“Always the good boy for me huh Hollander? Did it feel good? Knowing you're not allowed to come for me until I tell you? Playing with yourself for 2 hours just to let me tell you no? How would anyone feel knowing I get to have you on your knees begging?”

Shane felt like he was going to explode, to be teased like this in public was one thing but to instantly get hard and know he still wasn't allowed to come. It was damn near inhumane.

He could barely register Ilya getting up and sauntering, somehow in full hockey gear away.

“Ill be in washroom.” He says.

Oh fuck.

October 2010

2.

The second time it publicly happened, maybe Shane encouraged it a little... and maybe he enjoyed it a bit too much.

It was immediately after their game, sure they had been exchanging both chirps through texts but also enough commands and dirty promises that could fill book after book.

Ilya demanding Shane stroke his cock as slow as possible while he whimpered into the phone, his entire body straining to make sure he kept his promise, his cock leaking all over his chest as he worked a small dildo inside of him, Ilya coaching him, promising the next time he saw him he make sure he fucked him through the mattress, teasing him about tying him to the bed and standing over him, just out of reach, the tip of his cock dripping on him as Shane tried his best to swallow whatever Ilya allowed him to have.

That shit almost drove him over the edge, he had strained so hard to not come he damn near pulled a muscle.

Excited was an understatement.

“Well well well, that win felt good for you yes?” the thick accent was coming from right behind him, and seeing as he was in his teams locker room he felt like he should be panicking, but all Shane could do was slowly turn around, and think about feeling Ilya pin him to his bed and call him a pretty slut as he fucked him, gone were all rational thoughts.

Ilya smirked at him when he didn't answer, as if he knew exactly what he was thinking, as if it was already written on his damn face.

Before he could even consider an answer, Shane was being backed up into his locker, a thigh getting wedged between his legs, and he was becoming painfully aware of how he was only in his boxer briefs... and something even more embarrassing.

Not only could he feel his cock begin getting thicker, the head already making a damp spot that he was sure Ilya was moments away from discovering, but his entire body felt like it was on fire.

He didn't take out his buttplug.

And apparently Ilya made that discovery too as he made an incredulous sound when he grabbed his ass.

“Oh fuck Hollander” He panted.

And then he pressed 2 fingers to the base of it and Shane almost passed out.

“Goddamn, Im going to fuck you through this goddamn wall.” Ilya growled into his mouth. Shane was at a loss for words, he almost felt drunk, he had no fear of being caught, he just wanted Ilya to press on it again, to make him come without even touching him, to make him come over and over again, he was getting so delirious he wouldn't even care if anyone walked in, almost crazily enough he wanted someone to watch him become undone.

Have them see how much control he relinquishes when Ilya has his fingers rubbing his prostate.

“So wet for me, yes?” Rozanov panted, and Shane could feel him pulling down his boxers just enough to press his thumb in his slit and use his precum to rub up and down his shaft.

Shane whimpered and tried to bite his lip but Ilya grabbed his face so they were staring at each other.

“You beat me, I get to hear you okay?” he demanded, Shane could barely nod with how tight Ilya was holding him.

“Mmm good slut.” Ilya whispered and it was all Shane could do not to drop to the floor and beg.

Like he read his mind, he patted Shane's cheek, and pressed one more time on his buttpug, the one he told him to wear, he pressed so deep that Shane was breathless and almost didn't hear him say,

“Not here.”

January 2011 All-star Game

3.

He looked so fucking hot in the suit it almost didn't feel fair, Ilya was damn near scowling thinking about it, and he decided to get his own revenge even if it wasnt Shanes fault they were in a stuffy ass press conference, and he had to rely on him for some answers, and he knew it wasn't Shanes fault how pretty he is.

It was annoying though.

The night before, Shane was in his bed. Ilya couldn't help but make him come over and over, Shane's whimpering and begging just spurred him on, made him want to break him down and put him back together again and again and again.

He settled with bending Shane over the minute he came in pushing him on the bed and damn near ripping his perfect little boxers off of him.

He needed to taste him, he wanted to feel him tighten on his tongue, be his first for this too.

He had this crazy thought of tying Shane to his bed on his stomach, spreadeagle with a cock ring on him and overwhelming him with so much friction he'd come just on his tongue.

Ilya felt delirious as he fucked his tongue in and out of shane, listening to how high his moans were getting, the way he tries to run and ends up pushing deeper on his tongue.

The way that Ilya refused to let him escape, he can't handle how reactive he was to everything.

That's probably why they're at where they're at now, with Ilya and Shane at a celebratory dinner for their many accomplishments, surrounded by their peers, and with Shane directly

across the room from him, he makes sure he makes direct eye contact with him and then presses the button.

The minute they make eye contact Shane knows he's in trouble.

He couldn't stop thinking about the night before, and how he begged for so long he had tears in his eyes when he finally came it almost felt like he blacked out.

But now he's nervous because that look could truly only mean one thing and he was right...

Ilya had thrown him the box and smirked while telling him to open it when he left. He had obeyed but not without giving him a suspicious look at the matte black box that he had given him.

He should have fucking knew that it would be a goddamn vibrator sewn into panties, and a note saying "Put on."

And now he's milling around the room with vibrator in his ass as if the fucking cock ring Rozanov made him wear wasn't enough, he felt extra aware of how no matter what he did cause overstimulation he didn't know he could possibly take.

The silk panties were causing such delicious soft overstimulation while the vibrator pulsed inside him so slowly that if he closes his eyes he can somewhat forget it's there.

Rozanov must be the fucking devil because it felt like as soon as he did it he turned it up higher.

Shane couldn't take it anymore, there was no way he was gonna make it standing here just vibrating on the spot, he quickly exited the ballroom, his legs feeling like jello.

He barely got into the stall and was trying to keep his composure when he heard footsteps coming towards the door and he knew exactly who it was.

He was pushing his way into his stall, and Shane expected him to look triumphant but he just looked dishevelled and, to be frank, fucked out.

"Need to be inside you, take it off" Ilya could barely get out through gritted teeth, his dicks leaking since he saw the pink start to spread up Shane's neck to his beautiful freckles.

Shane could barely get the panties to his thigh, when Ilya swore and pushed in, he knew he was leaking everywhere, he probably truly looked like the 'pretty slut' that Ilya liked to call

him, but he could barely keep it together when Ilya swore and pushed in beside the small vibrator, while unhooking the cock ring.

Shane's whimpering could barely be held in and Ilya put his hands over his mouth and continued to drive into him, taking turns with the vibrator to assault his prostate over and over again.

“Beg.” Ilya could barely keep his composure, he knew he had his hands over Shane's mouth but he knew what he was asking for.

Shane squeezed himself around him over and over until he could barely hear Ilya telling him he could. Within seconds, Shane spilling everywhere, his chest about to beat out of his chest as Ilya came inside him, grinding him against the door until he was soft.

Shane was so full, he tried to pull the vibrator out of himself, and he felt Ilya make a tsking noise as he pulled it out softly, before Shane could say anything, he was about to say thank you, he felt Ilya push the buttplug he must have brought with him and slide it in just right, he was so sensitive it almost brought tears to his eyes,

Not to mention the amount of come sliding inside him, his knees almost buckled and he was trying to collect himself as Ilya, calm as ever, straightened himself up, opened the door and then paused.

He turned around and smiled,

“See you tonight Hollander.”

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