

My love is priceless

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My love is priceless

by [The_WriterWoman](#)

Summary

Shane sat at the Montreal Metros table, his dress shoes polished to a mirror shine, his tuxedo tailored perfectly across his shoulders, his hair styled for once. He was trying to pay attention to the auctioneer's rapid fire chatter. He didn't even want to be here. It was just another thing his Mom made him do for his image. But here he was, waiting for his turn for someone to bid on an evening with him.

His eyes kept drifting across the ballroom to where Ilya Rozanov sat with the Boston Raiders.

Or

An evening with Shane is being auctioned off for charity, and a certain Russian is going to make sure no one else gets it.

Notes

Heeeeeeey, so I didn't sleep last night and instead wrote two fics. Crazy right? I've spent all day editing this so I hope it's somewhat legible. I haven't written smut since October, so we'll see how this goes.

Also, this is only my second Heated Rivalry fic! I'm still getting used to Shane's and Ilya's characters and voices so please be patient with me if they seem a little ooc c:

Let's just pretend they're ok with using each other's names.

Hope you enjoy!

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

The league's annual charity gala glittered with the kind of money that just seemed obnoxious. Crystal chandeliers cast warm light over tables draped in white linen, where players, executives, and celebrities sipped champagne and pretended they weren't all here for the hot athletes.

Shane sat at the Montreal Metros table, his dress shoes polished to a mirror shine, his tuxedo tailored perfectly across his shoulders, his hair styled for once. He was trying to pay attention to the auctioneer's rapid fire chatter. He didn't even want to be here. It was just another thing his Mom made him do for his image. But here he was, waiting for his turn for someone to bid on an evening with him.

His eyes kept drifting across the ballroom to where Ilya Rozanov sat with the Boston Raiders.

Ilya looked unfairly good in black tie, his curls swept back from his forehead and styled, his smile fake and practised. Until his eyes met Shane's, where it took on a sharper quality.

Four years of secret hookups had honed Shane's ability to read his face. The slight tilt of Ilya's head meant he was amused, the way his thumb stroked the stem of his wine glass meant he was thinking about something filthy.

"Next up," the auctioneer announced, "we have an evening with Tim Miller!"

Tim, sitting right beside Shane, grinned and gave a little wave. The Canadian winger was a fan favourite in Montreal, known for his flashy plays and bigger personality. He got up and walked on stage, and they started bidding.

"Five thousand!" someone called from a corporate table.

"Six!"

"Seven-five!"

It ended at fifteen thousand dollars, bought by a local children's hospital Chief who wanted Tim to visit patients. Polite applause rippled through the room.

Then it was Jamie's turn. Jamie played wing for Boston, young, grinning, and perpetually sun-tanned even in February. His turn sparked a bidding war between two tech gurus, clearly trying to one up each other. It climbed to twenty five thousand before one finally conceded, and the other looked smug.

Shane felt a prickle of unease crawling up his spine. This was kind of intense for him. Being bid on like a prize bull at a county fair. He kept repeating in his head what his Mom said about this being good, for the charity. For his image.

His own teammate, Hugo, went next. Hugo was the Metro's veteran goalie. A well-known sports broadcaster started the bidding at eight thousand, and it quickly became clear she was a serious fan. The bids climbed. Twelve, sixteen, twenty, until Hugo's own wife, sitting at the

family table, shouted "Twenty eight thousand!" just to end the spectacle and save her husband. The room erupted in laughter and warm applause as Hugo blew his wife a kiss.

Through it all, Shane could feel Ilya's gaze burning into his skull. When he dared another glance, Ilya was leaning back in his chair, not looking at him, and watching the proceedings with a lazy, predatory calm that made Shane's pulse jump.

"And now," the auctioneer said, his voice taking on a special note of reverence, "Our special offer of the night! An evening with Montreal's Captain, and Stanley Cup champion, Shane Hollander!"

A round of applause started, along with a few whistles from the Metros table. Shane forced a smile, standing briefly to acknowledge the room before walking up to the stage, his palms suddenly damp as the lights blinded him slightly so he couldn't see the crowd very well until his eyes adjusted. He wanted to close them.

"Do I hear five thousand to start?" the auctioneer asked.

"Five!" came a shout from a woman in a stunning emerald gown.

"Six!"

"Seven-five!"

The bids climbed steadily, professionally. A car dealership owner. A charity foundation director from Toronto. A former prime minister who was a noted hockey fan. Shane kept his expression neutral, the perfect picture of graciousness, even as his gut tightened with each raise of a paddle.

At eighteen thousand, there was a pause.

"Eighteen thousand going once—"

"Twenty-two."

The voice came from the left, smooth and confident. All heads turned toward a handsome man in his thirties. Lucas Thorne, some new business guru, who'd been photographed with half the models in New York. He smiled at Shane, a slow, appreciative curve of his lips.

Shane's stomach sank, his face working overtime to stay neutral.

"Twenty two thousand! Do I hear twenty-five?"

"Twenty five!" The movie producer again, shooting a competitive look at Thorne.

"Twenty eight." Thorne didn't even blink.

A murmur went through the crowd.

"Thirty!" the producer countered, her jaw set.

"Thirty two." Thorne's gaze never left Shane.

The producer hesitated, then shook her head, conceding.

Shane's heart hammered against his ribs. Someone just paid thirty two dollars for an evening with him. Thorne, who was looking at him like he was already planning what was going to go down.

"Thirty-two thousand going once—"

From across the room, a paddle lifted in a lazy, casual motion.

The auctioneer squinted. "I'm sorry, number seventeen, was that a bid?"

Every head in the room swivelled.

Ilya Rozanov lowered his champagne flute, his expression deceptively mild. "Yes. Forty thousand."

A collective gasp sucked the air from the ballroom. Players stared. Executives whispered behind their hands. A camera flash went off. *A Raider* was bidding on the Metros' Captain. Not just any Raider, but Shane's so called arch rival on the ice.

Thorne's charming smile faltered. He looked from Ilya to Shane in confusion and dawning irritation on his face as he lifted his paddle again. "Forty two," he said tightly, the bid sounding more like a challenge.

"Fifty," Ilya replied immediately, his voice carrying easily in the stunned silence, his face still collected like he was watching paint dry.

The number hung in the air. Thorne's face flushed. He opened his mouth, closed it, then gave a sharp, frustrated shake of his head. He was rich, but not enough to keep bidding higher than forty two.

The auctioneer was practically vibrating, eyes flicking between the two of them. "Fifty thousand! Going once... going twice..." Shane couldn't breathe. His eyes were locked with Ilya's across the sea of tables. In Ilya's gaze, there was no smug victory, no gloating. There was only a deep, possessive certainty, and a promise that burned right through Shane's carefully constructed composure.

"Sold! To Ilya Rozanov!"

The applause was thunderous, laced with shock and bewilderment. The press were already chomping at the bit to get a flash of everyone's favourite rivals, no doubt. Shane barely heard it. All he felt was the heat of Ilya's stare, even if he couldn't see it quite well behind the flashes of cameras, he could feel it like fingers trailing over his skin.

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The next day, Shane had spent the day worrying about that night, about what would happen. In the evening, Shane didn't even make it fully inside Ilya's hotel suite before strong hands turned him around, pressing him gently against the door. Ilya's mouth found his, the kiss slow and deep and claiming, before Shane pulled back.

"Fifty thousand fucking dollars," Shane breathed against Ilya's lips, as his hands fisted in Ilya's expensive shirt. "You're insane."

"Is for charity." Ilya's lips curved against Shane's jaw, trailing kisses down his neck. "And now no one else gets you tonight. Only me."

"Possessive ass—" Shane's protest dissolved into a soft gasp as Ilya's hand cupped him through his pants, palming the growing hard on straining against the fabric.

"Already so hard," Ilya teased, making Shane shiver. "Let me take care of you. You looked so tense on stage."

He wasn't wrong. Shane had been wound tight watching other people bid on him, wondering who was going to win the bid and who would be winning an evening with him.

Ilya's fingers worked Shane's belt buckle with practised ease, "So beautiful like this," he said softly, finally freeing Shane's cock from his boxer briefs. "So needy."

"Shut up, asshole," Shane grumbled, but his breath hitched as Ilya wrapped one large hand around him, stroking slowly, like he had all the time in the world.

"Bedroom," Ilya murmured, pressing a kiss to the side of Shane's head.

He led Shane through the suite, undressing Shane piece by piece, until he was bare and vulnerable under Ilya's intense gaze.

"Lie down," Ilya said, his voice warm. "Let me make you feel good."

Shane stretched out on the massive bed, watching as Ilya stripped off his own tuxedo with unhurried grace. When he was finally naked, he crawled up Shane's body, settling between his spread legs. "So perfect," Ilya murmured, pressing kisses down Shane's chest, his stomach, the sharp cut of his hip. "Been thinking about this all night. About getting you alone."

"Ilya—" Shane's hips lifted involuntarily as Ilya's breath ghosted over his cock.

"Shh, I have you." Ilya's hand was gentle on Shane's hip, holding him steady. "Going to take good care of you."

Then that perfect mouth closed around Shane's cock, and Shane's head fell back against the pillows with a groan. Ilya took him deep, slow and thorough, his tongue working magic along the sensitive underside.

"Fuck, yes—" Shane's fingers tangled in Ilya's curls, needing something to ground himself. Ilya hummed around him, the vibration making Shane's thighs tremble. He worked Shane

over with devastating patience, alternating between deep swallows and teasing licks to the tip, catching the precum beading at the slit.

"So good," Ilya pulled off to murmur, his hand still stroking Shane. "Love having you like this. Making you fall apart."

"Please," Shane breathed, the word breaking apart on his lips as Ilya settled between his spread thighs again, all that warm weight and muscle caging him in. "Need you."

"I know you do." Ilya's voice was a low rumble, affectionate and commanding all at once. He reached for the lube on the bedside table, popping the cap with his thumb and drizzling it over his fingers. He took his time warming it, rubbing his fingers together slowly, deliberately, eyes never leaving Shane's flushed face. "I'm going to give you what you need."

The first finger breached him slowly, and Shane's breath hitched. "Breathe," Ilya murmured, his free hand stroking Shane's trembling thigh. "That's it. Open up for me."

Shane forced himself to relax, to let the digits sink deeper, and Ilya rewarded him with a kiss pressed to the inside of his knee. "So good for me," Ilya praised, crooking his finger just enough to make Shane's hips jerk. "Always so fucking good."

He worked Shane open with maddening patience. One finger became two, scissoring and stretching, the wet squelch of lube obscene in the quiet room. Shane whimpered when Ilya added a third, the burn edging into pleasure as Ilya twisted his wrist, pressing deep.

"*Fuck*," Shane gasped, his cock twitching against his stomach, leaking precome in a slick trail.

Ilya hummed, pressing kisses to Shane's hip, his thigh, the sensitive crease where leg met groin. "You ready for me?" he asked, fingers crooking to brush Shane's prostate dead on, making him cry out and arch off the bed.

"*Yes*—please, Ilya, please—"

Ilya withdrew his fingers slowly, and Shane felt the loss like an ache. He watched through half lidded eyes as Ilya slicked himself up, fisting his cock with slow, deliberate strokes, spreading lube along every thick inch. The sight alone made Shane's mouth water.

"Look at me," Ilya said softly, positioning himself at Shane's entrance, the blunt head of his cock pressing insistently. Shane's eyes locked with his, and Ilya pushed in, slow, relentless, inch by inch.

The stretch was perfect, that edge of too much that Shane craved, that made his toes curl, and his nails dig into Ilya's shoulders. "*Shit*—oh god—" Shane's voice broke on a moan as Ilya sank deeper, splitting him open.

Ilya groaned, low and guttural, his jaw clenched tight. "Fuck, Shane. So tight, so perfect—" He pushed in until he was fully seated, hips flush against Shane's ass, and stilled. His hands framed Shane's face, thumbs stroking his flushed cheeks. "Breathe. You okay?"

Shane panted and nodded, adjusting to the fullness, the way Ilya filled every inch of him. "Move," he demanded. "Please."

Ilya pressed their foreheads together and started to move, slow, deep rolls of his hips that dragged his cock along Shane's inner walls, lighting up every nerve ending. Shane gasped with each thrust, his hands scrambling for purchase on Ilya's sweat-slicked back.

"That's it," Ilya murmured, one hand sliding down to grip Shane's hip, holding him steady. "Take what you need."

He angled his hips just right, and the next thrust nailed Shane's prostate dead on. Shane keened, his whole body jerking. "*There*—fuck, right there—"

"Yeah?" Ilya's voice was rough, teasing. "Right here?" He did it again, and again, each thrust precise and devastating. "So beautiful, falling apart on my cock. Look at you."

Shane was trembling, his cock leaking steadily between them, smearing precome across his stomach. "Harder," he begged, voice wrecked. "Please—"

Ilya's control snapped at Shane's begging. His pace increased, hips snapping forward with more force, the wet slap of skin on skin filling the room. He fucked into Shane with that same devastating precision, hitting his prostate with every other stroke, making Shane see stars.

"Touch yourself for me," Ilya commanded, voice rough with need.

Shane wrapped a shaking hand around his own cock, stroking in time with Ilya's thrusts. The dual sensations dragged him closer to the edge, his whole body coiling tight.

"*Fuck*—I'm close—" Shane gasped, his thighs shaking where they were hooked over Ilya's hips. "Ilya, I'm gonna—"

"Come for me," Ilya murmured, leaning down to capture Shane's lips in a tender, filthy kiss. "Let go. I have you."

Shane shattered, coming hard with a broken cry, ropes of come painting his stomach and chest. His body clenched down, and Ilya groaned, hips stuttering as his own orgasm slammed into him. He buried himself deep, Shane's name a reverent curse on his lips.

They stayed like that, trembling and tangled together, Ilya's weight a comforting press as they both came down.

They stayed connected, Ilya peppering Shane's face with gentle kisses as they caught their breath.

"Worth fifty thousand?" Shane panted.

Ilya huffed a laugh, brushing sweaty hair from Shane's forehead. "Worth every penny," he promised and kissed him softly.

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In the locker room just before the next game, all of Shane's teammates were curious.

"So what was an evening alone with your greatest rival like?" Hugo asked. The other players were listening intently. Everyone wanted to know. Shane shrugged, focusing on tying his skates.

"Don't know. He never showed."

The locker room erupted with noise and speculation as to what happened, and why Ilya would bid if he were only going to stand Shane up.

"At least he donated to charity before being an asshole," Tim provided with sympathy.

Shane had to duck his head to hide his smile.

End Notes

Comments and kudos are my bread and butter that keep me fed to keep writing. Don't be afraid to let me know you like it!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!