

so good for me, Hollander

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so good for me, Hollander

by [gimmekiss](#)

Summary

“You looked so fucking pretty tonight, Hollander. In that big jersey, with that backwards hat. Wanted to bend you over in front of all your friends and fuck you untill you cried.”

Shane whimpers, hands grasping at the car seat beneath him.

“Please, Ilya. Touch me. Need you.”

Ilya pulls his own shirt up over his head and then pauses. Has an idea.

“Get in the back seat, sweetheart.”

Notes

if you saw the pic of hudson williams with that damn backwards hat and nearly creamed your pants this is for you. MORE SHANE IN SUBSPACE!!!!!! thank you for all the love on “he’s so gone” i love you ALL

idk where in the timeline this takes place so just ignore that lmao and i also dk why all my fics start with texts but whatever

kudos and comments are my kink pls leave some and as always let me know if tags need updating or if you see any mistakes!! <3

Hayden: Hey man! Wanted to text and see if you would be interested in coming to the bar with the boys this weekend? I promise it's only the cool ones, no dickheads allowed. We miss you, bro!

Hayden: And I guess Rozanov can come too....if he must.

Shane stares down at the text on his phone, grimacing. He really misses Hayden, and JJ, and a couple of the other guys, but going out with the team? That might just be a step too far. He's not sure he's ready.

It's only been a few months since Shane had to transfer from Montreal to Ottawa because his old team's reaction to the fact that he had been fucking his arch-rival for the last 9 years had been...well, less than good. Shane had led that fucking team to 3 Stanley Cups, had poured his blood, sweat, and tears into that place and they had dropped him like he meant nothing. He still has his friends there, of course, guys who aren't homophobic assholes and who eventually got over the shock of the whole thing and reached out to make amends. But the vast majority of that team can eat shit, for all Shane cares.

He must really be frowning because next thing he knows he's being tackled back onto the couch, pinned down by the weight of his very sweaty fiancé.

"You look grumpy, Hollander," Ilya mumbles into Shane's neck. "Why? Who do I have to murder?"

Shane ignores the question and shoves at Ilya's chest, "You just went for a 5 mile run in the middle of July. You fucking reek, get off!"

Ilya pulls back, grinning, "I think you like my sweat," he says, shaking his head and splattering Shane with essence of Ilya. And Shane doesn't like it! He doesn't! He definitely 100% does not want to lick up that bead of sweat that's pooling in the hollow of Ilya's collarbone right now. Nope.

Ilya must catch him staring because he laughs and bops Shane on the nose with his pointer finger. "You're so cute, pretending you wouldn't lick the sweat off my balls if I asked," he grins.

"Fucking gross," Shane groans. "Fuck off."

Ilya finally sits back, sliding down into his own spot on the sofa and taking a long swig of the Gatorade he must have brought in from the kitchen. Shane is having a hard time remembering why he was so upset when Ilya looks so fucking delicious, sweat and condensation rolling down his neck.

"Seriously, Shane," Ilya rips Shane out of his thoughts. "Why were you staring at your phone like you saw a video of someone kicking a puppy?"

Shane moans dramatically and throws himself back on the couch, covering his eyes with his forearm.

“Hayden wants me - well, us - to come to the bar with him and some of the Metros this weekend,” he confesses. “I don’t know what the fuck to say.”

Ilya takes another sip from his drink and gives Shane a long look. Then he shrugs. “We should go. Might be fun.”

“Hayden says it’ll just be him and JJ and a couple of the others. No dickheads, he said.”

“You do not believe him?” Ilya asks.

“No,” Shane counters. “I do. But I’m still nervous. I mean, what if they don’t like me anymore. And we already know they don’t like you. It’s not like we’ve hung out with most of those guys since coming out. I don’t know, what if it’s awkward.”

“Then you get drunk. Boom. No more awkward,” Ilya shrugs again like it’s the easiest solution in the world.

Shane doesn’t answer, just sits there staring into space, contemplating how to let Hayden down gently.

“Stop fucking thinking so much, Hollander. Tell Pike we will be there and then come get in shower with me. I will let you suck my dick,” Ilya winks, pulling Shane by the hand and well, Shane can’t really argue with that.

Four Days Later - Downtown Montreal

“You look so fucking good, Hollander,” Ilya murmurs from behind Shane. They’re walking down the streets of Montreal keeping an eye out for the bar Hayden sent him yesterday.

Shane feels Ilya’s hands come up to grip his hips from behind and stop him walking. Ilya leans forward and presses his lips behind Shane’s ear. “Want to eat you. Fuck. Maybe we should just go back home, Da?”

Shane shivers and then shakes him off. “This was your fucking idea, Rozaonv. We are at least going to make an appearance.”

Shane really isn’t sure why Ilya’s so turned on by him right now. He feels really fucking stupid. Rose had insisted he wear something “sexy and douchey” because he “deserves to feel hot” so she put him in a slightly oversized Centaurs jersey, fitted black jeans, and a black ball cap. He definitely feels like a huge douche bag.

Ilya’s hands don’t leave Shane once for the rest of the walk.

When they get to the bar and push open the door, it’s packed. Loud music blaring through the speakers and men and women packed at the bar waiting to order a drink. In the very back, Shane can see JJ’s head peeking over the crowd. They make their way back to the group and find them gathered around the pool table.

“Hollander!” The boys shout, all at once, as they notice him. Most of them seem pretty drunk already, taking turns badly shooting pool and jabbing each other with their sticks. Hayden comes over and pulls Shane into a quick hug, shooting a glance at Ilya over Shane’s shoulder.

“Rozanov,” Hayden murmurs.

“Pike,” Ilya grins and then, because he’s a little shit, he winks. Hayden rolls his eyes.

The rest of the guys seem content to ignore Ilya’s presence. Ilya doesn’t seem to mind, though, standing close to Shane and rubbing his hand possessively up and down the length of his spine while Shane talks and tries to catch up with his old friends.

At some point, Ilya leans over and whispers in Shane’s ear, “is awkward, no?”

Shane nods because it is. The guys are nice and Hayden is great but Ilya’s looming presence is the proverbial elephant in the room, making the space grow tight and weird.

“I will fix it,” Ilya says and then disappears from Shane’s side. At first, Shane feels panicked thinking Ilya is just going to leave him here to fend for himself but then he sees him sidle up to the bar and remembers their conversation from the other day. “Get drunk. Boom. No more awkward.” Shane groans internally. He really doesn’t drink. Ever. But if it will help this feel any less painful, he’ll have to give it a try.

A few minutes later, Ilya returns holding two full trays of tequila shots. “Drink up, boys. On me and my fiance,” he drawls, earning groans and laughs from the group, but they all take two shots, even Shane.

They knock them back and the night quickly goes from awkward to fucking fun.

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Ilya always forgets what a fucking lightweight Shane is.

Two shots and he’s chatting with everyone like he does it all the time (he doesn’t) and he’s hanging all over Ilya and he’s asking to play pool.

Shane Hollander. Playing pool, drunk in a dive bar. Oh Ilya can’t wait to see this. He settles back onto his stool and watches Shane approach the table with Hayden, JJ, and one of the other guys whose name Ilya hadn’t cared to learn. Shane is laughing and talking animatedly with the boys, chalking up the end of the pool stick and then he fucking stops Ilya’s heart.

He flips his goddamn baseball cap backwards and bends over, lining up the shot.

All the blood in Ilya’s body goes straight to his fucking dick.

Ilya had already thought Shane looked downright edible in that big fucking jersey and those jeans that hug his tight little ass, but flipping that hat backwards? It’s the hottest thing Ilya has ever seen, and he’s had Shane on his knees for him.

Ilya watches, enraptured, as Shane shoots shot after shot, smiling and laughing at something Pike is saying. Ilya has to ignore the pang of jealousy that Shane is smiling at someone other than him. Shane is his, he reminds himself. The whole room knows it.

Shane misses most of the shots he attempts, drunkenly stumbling around the table, and then he turns and grins at Ilya and oh, Ilya fucking needs him. Now.

Ilya crooks his finger in a “come here” motion and Shane stumbles over, throwing his arms around Ilya’s neck and giggling.

“You look like you want to eat me,” Shane whispers.

Ilya’s hands come up to his waist and lock onto his hips, fingers digging into the soft fabric of the jersey. “I fucking do. You’re killing me, Hollander, with that hat flipped backwards and bending over the table. Need to fuck you so bad,” Ilya is murmuring into Shane’s ear and he’s close enough to see the goosebumps break out on his skin at the deep rumble of Ilya’s voice.

“C’mon guys, get a fucking room,” Hayden groans and Shane blushes bright red immediately, pulling away from Ilya and going back to the pool table.

“Sorry, Hayd,” he mumbles, shaking his head a little like he’s trying to physically clear the lust from his brain. Ilya watches him adjust himself in his pants when he thinks no one is looking.

Some of the guys look over at Ilya and grimace, clearly uncomfortable after watching their ex-captain get so visibly turned on by their ex-rival but Ilya just smirks and takes a long sip of his beer.

The night continues on as normal for a bit (well, as normal as watching a drunk Shane Hollander play pool can possibly be) and Ilya continues to sip lightly and just watch. He watches Shane laugh and smile and he watches him reach up to cup the back of his neck when he misses a shot and gets embarrassed and he watches him pull the bottom corner of that jersey up to scratch at the hard planes of his stomach and Ilya is fucking itching to get this man home and be inside of him. Immediately.

In fact, he isn’t sure he can wait until home.

They’ve been there nearly two hours when several of the guys start to say their goodbyes and call their Ubers, preparing to return home to their wives and children. Shane seems to have sobered up marginally and Ilya isn’t even tipsy so he decides he’s going to drive them.

He sidles up beside Shane, slipping a hand possessively over his ribs and says “C’mon, малыш,” he says. “Let’s go home.”

Shane waves and tells the boys bye, stopping to hug Hayden on the way out and thank him for inviting them.

“I had fun,” Shane says. “I do miss you guys.”

“We miss you, too, man. Let’s do it again soon!”

“Sure thing, Hayd. Bye!”

In the parking lot, Ilya opens the car door for Shane and then walks around, sliding into the driver’s seat. He starts the car and immediately puts his hand high up on Shane’s thigh.

Shane gives him a sleepy little smile and Ilya can’t fucking take it anymore. He grabs Shane by the back of the neck and pulls him in for a punishing kiss, licking into his mouth to taste the lingering taste of beer on his tongue. When they break apart to breathe, he starts kissing his way down Shane’s neck and palming him through his pants.

“I-Ilya,” Shane whimpers, “we’re still at the bar. Someone could see.”

“I don’t give a fuck,” Ilya growls into his ear. “I have been half-hard all fucking night watching you with that hat turned backwards, swallowed up by that big jersey. I need you. Now.”

Shane whimpers again, but stays strong. “Just get us somewhere private. Please. Then you can fuck me all you want.”

Ilya groans and, with much effort, pulls his mouth from Shane’s throat. He turns back to the wheel, throwing the car into reverse and backing out of the parking spot. He’s barely made it onto the road, both hands gripping the wheel to keep himself from touching Shane, when Shane starts moaning.

Ilya keeps his eyes firmly planted on the road (which is a fucking feat of willpower, by the way) and calmly asks, “what the fuck are you doing?” In reality, he can see Shane squirming in his peripheral vision, hand rubbing his cock through his jeans, but he wants to hear him say it.

“N-nothing,” Shane stutters.

“Doesn’t sound like nothing to me, Hollander. “

“It’s your fault!” Shane cries, removing his hand and fisting it in his jersey instead. Ilya knows it’s because he wants to be good. Hates when Ilya is mad at him. “You can’t just work me up like that and expect me not to do anything about it.”

“You’re the one who wanted somewhere private,” Ilya counters. “Now stop complaining. If I don’t get to touch your cock, then neither do you. Be a good boy and wait.”

“But home is another two fucking hours. I can’t wait that long, Rozanov.”

“I didn’t say we were going home,” Ilya says. “Now, be patient.”

The next thirty minutes are a mind-numbingly painful test of will and resistance for the both of them. They sit in silence, Shane’s knee bouncing uncontrollably and his fingers fisted into his own shirt. When Ilya glances over he can see Shane’s hard cock straining harshly against the denim of his jeans. Ilya isn’t faring much better. He’s white-knuckling the steering wheel and singing songs to himself in his head to keep him from reaching over to relieve his poor, needy boy. To prevent him from reaching down to relieve himself.

Eventually, finally, they reach the place Ilya had been waiting for. A path deep in the woods off a back road outside of Montreal. Ilya had found it years ago the morning after Boston had played the Metros and lost badly. He and Shane had hooked up after the game, Shane sending him on his way when they were done. Ilya had been left feeling hollow and depressed. The team's flight wasn't until late afternoon, so he had rented a car and gone for a drive. Eventually he found this place, somewhere he could be entirely alone. He might have cried. A little.

Ilya shakes his head to rid himself of the painful reminders of a time when Shane was his, but not. He's Ilya's now. Fully. Publicly. That's what matters. He's Ilya's and everybody knows it.

And he's fucking whimpering in the passenger seat.

"I know, moya lyubov. Just a little longer," Ilya consoles him, driving down the winding path to the opening in the woods he knows waits at the end.

When they reach the clearing, he turns the headlights off, unbuckles his seatbelt, and turns to look at Shane.

Shane has his eyes screwed shut, that knee still bouncing, and he gasps when Ilya gently rubs his fingers down his cheek.

"Are you okay, sweetheart?"

Shane nods. "Need you so bad it hurts."

Shane gets like this sometimes. Sinks down into this place where he is nothing but a ball of need. He always cries. Begs for Ilya. Ilya does his best to fuck him through it. Knows that's all that helps.

"I know, малыш. We are here now. I will take care of you, yes?"

Shane whimpers. "Please."

"Take off your clothes," Ilya commands, gently.

Shane scrambles to do as he's told, unbuttoning his pants and sliding them, along with his underwear, down in one smooth motion, leaving them pooled on the floor. He then reaches up to pull the jersey up and over his head, the backwards hat flying off with it.

When he's naked, flushed and panting, Ilya looks his fill. Shane is so beautiful. The light coming from the dashboard display is painting him in a faint blue glow and his skin is flushed and beaded with sweat. His hair has grown a bit in the past few months, curling softly at the nape of his neck, mussed slightly from wearing the hat. His cock is hard and leaking between his legs, dripping down to his balls and making Ilya's mouth water. Ilya still cannot believe this man is all his.

"You looked so fucking pretty tonight, Hollander. In that big jersey, with that backwards hat. Wanted to bend you over in front of all your friends and fuck you until you cried."

Shane whimpers, hands grasping at the car seat beneath him.

“Please, Ilya. Touch me. Need you.”

Ilya pulls his own shirt up over his head and then pauses. Has an idea.

“Get in the back seat, sweetheart.”

Shane opens his eyes and snaps them towards Ilya.

“How? I’m too tall to climb over.”

“Get out, walk to the back, and climb back in,” Ilya smirks. This is a test of Hollander’s obedience. Will Shane walk naked outside of this car just because Ilya ordered him to? Ilya thinks yes.

Shane nibbles his lip, clearly warring with himself inside of his head. And then, the slightest nod of his head.

Ilya watches as he opens the car door, slips out of the seat, and walks (quickly) to the back door, opening it and throwing himself in. He’s panting and even in the dark Ilya can see the fierce blush on his cheeks.

Ilya smiles to himself and does the same, getting into the backseat next to Shane.

As soon as he’s sitting, Shane is in his lap, hands coming up to cup Ilya’s jaw and connect their lips in a harsh kiss. Ilya moans and grabs at Shane’s hips so hard he thinks (hopes) there will be bruises in the morning. Shane is gasping into Ilya’s mouth and Ilya uses the opening to lick into his mouth, sucking on his tongue. He urges Shane to roll his hips down, grinding onto the hardness in Ilya’s jeans.

“Off, off,” Shane pleads against Ilya’s lips, reaching trembling hands down to undo the button on his jeans and slip them off. Ilya takes over, pushing his jeans and underwear only halfway down his thighs before Shane has his cock in his hand and Ilya is the one gasping.

Shane wraps his hand around both of their cocks, rubbing them together as they grind and moan, the sounds of their gasps and the lewd squelch of wet skin echoing in the small space of the car.

“God, Ilya, fuck me, please,” Shane babbles, jerking their cocks faster, using the precum pouring from the tip of his own dick as lube.

“Bend over next to me, Hollander.” Ilya urges Shane off of his lap and bends him over in the seat next to him so his ass is right in Ilya’s face. Ilya leans over and licks a hot stripe over his rim, earning a yelp from Shane and then a deep moan.

“M-more,” he begs.

Ilya grabs Shane’s ass cheeks and pulls them apart and then devours him. Shane tastes so sweet here. So good. It makes Ilya painfully hard. He knows Shane won’t last much longer so

he starts to add fingers alongside of his tongue, slowly working him open to prepare him for Ilya's cock. When Shane is taking three of his fingers easily and crying into the seat below him, Ilya knows he is ready.

"Come here and ride me, moya lyubov," he orders.

When Shane sits up, he looks wrecked. Tear tracks stain his cheeks, some still hanging from his lashes, his hair is mussed and sticking out at all angles, and he's panting like he's just run a marathon. Fuck, he's beautiful.

He climbs over Ilya and Ilya's dick prods gently at his hole. Shane lets out a small whimper and another fat tear streams down his cheek.

"Please."

Ilya couldn't deny him if he wanted to. He grabs Shane by the waist and pulls him slowly, deliciously, down onto his aching cock. He lets out a long stream of Russian curses mixed with groans as he bottoms out.

"Good boy, Shane. Take me so fucking well."

Shane starts to bounce at the praise, wrapping his arms around Ilya and threading his fingers into his hair. They are so close together, their chests gliding together, slick with sweat as they breathe into each other's open mouths. The windows of the car have fogged up and it feels like they are the only two people in the entire fucking world.

Ilya raises his hips to meet Shane's, fucking up into him, tip hitting Shane's prostate on every single thrust.

Shane is openly crying now, sobbing into Ilya's neck between kisses, a steady stream of "please, Ilya, please" falling from his lips.

Ilya knows he's close. Knows he's doing his best to hold on, to not disappoint Ilya by coming too fast. As if Ilya would ever be disappointed in him. His good boy.

He cups the back of Shane's neck, using the leverage to pull Shane down even harder onto his cock.

"Cum for me, малыш. Cum untouched on my fucking cock. Cover me in it. Come on, Hollander. Give it to me."

Shane comes with a scream, clamping down on Ilya's cock and spurting all over Ilya's chest. It just keeps coming and coming, dripping down to the place they are connected and slicking Ilya's thrusts.

Ilya's mind goes white with pleasure and he freezes, coming hard into Shane with a rough groan into his neck. He always comes so fucking quick when Shane manages to finish untouched. It turns him on so much to know that he can do that to him. Can make him come with just his cock.

It takes a moment for Ilya to regain his composure and when he does, Shane is trembling around him, still clenching on his softening dick. He slips out and pulls Shane closer, tucking him into his neck and kissing the top of his head.

“You did so good for me, Hollander. Letting me fuck you in the car, walking naked outside for me. So obedient. So pretty. I love you so much. Moy koroshiy mal’chik.” Shane nuzzles his cheek against him as he speaks, breathing slowly becoming calmer.

“Love you so much, Ilya,” he whispers. “Fuck me so good.”

Ilya chuckles. “I know, moy lyubov. Is what my good boy deserves, yes?”

Shane nods. And they settle into a pleasant silence as Ilya waits for Shane to come back fully to earth.

He knows he’s back when Shane hisses, “God, I came so fucking much. And I’m leaking. We’re ruining your car.”

Ilya laughs and kisses him between the eyebrows. “It’s okay, Hollander. Was hot. Worth it. I will have it cleaned.”

Shane hides his face with his hand. “Oh god, please don’t. Imagine what those poor cleaners would think.”

“They would know I fuck you good. Sounds like a win to me,” Ilya smirks. “Now put your clothes back on. We still have an hour and a half till we get home.”

“I’m seriously regretting this decision now,” Shane groans. “You mean I have to sit like this, covered in come, for that much longer?”

“You are the one who had to look so fucking sexy tonight,” Ilya shrugs.

Shane hums. “Guess I’ll just never wear a backwards hat again, then.”

Ilya gasps and grabs his chin roughly. “Oh yes the fuck you will, Hollander. Looks too fucking good on you. Now get dressed. I will make the drive worth it when we get home by covering you in more come, да?”

Shane flushes and nods frantically, already pulling on his underwear.

Ilya laughs. “Good boy.”

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