To Fight Aloud is Very Brave

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To Fight Aloud is Very Brave

by gigglesbatch

Summary

Shane could count on one hand the number of times he had been distracted during a game. First, when Hayden took an awkward hit and went down (turned out to be a minor injury, he was able to play in the next game). The second time he had a terrible cold and was so sleep deprived and exhausted that he couldn't keep his mind and body focused. And the third time, was when Ilya fucking Rozanov slammed him into the boards and growled, low enough for only him to hear:

"A preview for tonight."

Before winking and skating away.

It looked like distraction number four was going to be Rozanov's fault as well, and they weren't even playing each other.

Or

Shane watches Ilya fight and gets hard in the middle of a game.

Notes

I can be found on Tumblr

The title is the title of one of my favorite poems by Emily Dickinson.

This is my first Heated Rivalry fic, and it wasn't beta'd so if there are any Russian errors or weird hockey stuff that I got wrong, just move along. Nothing to see here.

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Shane stared up at the jumbotron during a commercial game break to watch a highlight reel of the afternoon game between Ottawa and Boston. He knew Ilya had been looking forward to the game, he loved playing his former team, and loved even more when he beat them. Ilya had just scored his second goal, putting Ottawa up 4-1, and was smirking and saying something to the Boston goalie. Two other Boston players skated up and one shoved Ilya while the other yelled at him.

Ugh, oh no.

The Ottawa crowd roared as Ilya fought both men, throwing punches at one and then the other so quickly Shane could barely keep up. It took three referees and a couple players from both teams to separate the men, but when they finally broke apart it was clear that Ilya had gotten in several good hits and had emerged unscathed. Well, mostly unscathed. He was sweating heavily, breathing hard, and flushed. He looked…fuck. Shane looked away, took a deep breath, and started to count to 10 in Russian, then French, then English, and then started again in Russian, in an attempt to distract himself from his stupid sexy boyfriend grinning on the screen.

"Hollander!" his coach barked.

Shit.

Shane jumped up and skated out to center ice for the face off. Still half hard and thinking of sweat soaked curls, strong hands, bright blue eyes, and a cocky grin.

He lost the face-off, and at the end of the period skated miserably off the ice and back to the bench.

"Hey, everything all right buddy?" Hayden asked as Shane sat next to him.

"Yeah, just a bit distracted tonight. I'll shake it off." He responded, and then started again at Один.

—

As he finished getting dressed in the locker room after the game, Shane's phone vibrated against the bench.

Lily: You looked terrible tonight. Everything ok?

Jane: Fuck off. It's your fault.

Lily: How? I was not there!

Jane: I saw your fight, are you hurt?

Lily: Aww, you were worried. Is no problem, knuckles are a little sore but that is all. I will get into more fights now that I know it makes you lose games.

Jane: I'm never paying attention to your games again, so you can do whatever you want.

Lily: Liar. You can't get enough of watching me ;)

Shane knew that was the truth. He could watch Ilya play for hours. He had watched Ilya play for hours. Strictly for studying purposes before their games against each other, of course. But this was not quite the same. Watching Ilya play, while very enjoyable, hadn't ever affected him like this. He wasn't distracted, he didn't get hard in the middle of a fucking sold out game, until Ilya started fighting. Until his face was screwed up in anger, determination, and solitary focus on his goal. Until his fists were balled up, every vien visible, and swinging wildly. Until Ilya lost control and let his body do the trash talking for him. Until…

Oh god I need to get out of here now.

Shane hastily said his goodbyes to his teammates and practically ran out of the dressing room, to his car, and flew home as fast as the speed limit would allow. By the time he slammed his front door behind him he was fully hard and breathing heavily. Ilya was still in Ottawa at a team function that he couldn't skip, so he wouldn't be coming over until tomorrow. Shane couldn't wait until then. Not now. Not after he discovered that watching Ilya fight was getting him harder than he had been since…well since the last time he saw Ilya, which had been too fucking long ago. Nearly two weeks. He made his way to his living room, grabbing his laptop off the console table on the way, and sat on his sofa. He opened it with one hand and pulled up a search page, while awkwardly yanking his sweatpants down with the other hand.

He typed "Ilya Rozanov fight compilation" into the search bar. There were numerous results. Shane chuckled. He knew Ilya loved to fight, but he didn't realize there would be this much footage to sift through. He scrolled for a few minutes with his left hand, right hand firmly gripping the base of his leaking cock, before finding a video that had just what he needed. No commentary, no ridiculous filler music, just clip after clip of Ilya running his perfect, beautiful mouth and swinging his perfect, sexy hands.

Shane sat the laptop on the coffee table and slid to the floor so he was eye level with the screen. He slid his hand up his cock and smeared the copious precum that had accumulated around the head with his thumb.

“Fuck” he gasped out loud.

It had been several days since he last did this, and even then it had been quick and perfunctory. Just a way to clear his head and relieve some tension. Not this time though. Tonight, he was going to take his time and enjoy it, even if he was alone. If he couldn’t have Ilya here, in front of (or behind) him, he could at least have these videos of him. Not nearly as good as the real thing, but still really, absurdly, embarrassingly, fucking hot. He turned the volume down so he could focus and not get distracted by the screaming crowd in the background of the clips.

Shane blindly reached behind his head and dug in between the couch cushions for the emergency bottle of lube that Ilya had stuck there as a joke. Well he said it was a joke, but they had made good use of it and the bottle was nearly empty. It didn’t matter. Shane was so wet he didn’t need much. He squirted the cold liquid onto his hand, and slid his palm down his aching cock. He established a slow, punishing pace, the kind that Ilya would have set if he were doing this to Shane, and focused on Ilya’s sweaty, flushed face on screen.

Punch. Stroke up. Punch. Stroke down. Kick. Tugged on his balls. Knocked someone to the ground and straddled him, swinging wildly. Shane threw his head back and sped his hand up, panting and gripping the couch cushion for support. He wasn’t going to make it to the end of the video. He was going to…

“Hollander, are you here?” Ilya’s voice rang out.

Shane’s hand stopped immediately. So did his breath. He hadn’t heard the front door open, he had been so lost in the moment.

“Shane?” Ilya asked again, closer, and sounding concerned.

Fuck! Shit!

“Um, I’m uh, give me just a minute please, I didn’t think you would be here tonight. Are you ok?” Shane called out, desperately trying to stall Ilya and keep him out of the living room long enough for him to tuck himself away.

“Team party was cancelled, so I decided to surprise you, moya lyubov.” Ilya’s voice was closer, too close.

Shane yanked his pants up and stood just as Ilya stepped into the living room.

“Hey, hi, this is definitely a surprise! A great surprise of course, I’m so happy to see you. How was the drive? Everything ok with the team? Would you like something to drink?” Shane choked out.

Ilya stopped just behind the couch and narrowed his eyes. Shane knew he was was flushed, sweating, and nervously rambling, but he hoped the low light in the living room would help hide the worst of it. Ilya’s eyes trailed down and rested on Shane’s crotch. Shane looked down and groaned. His gray sweatpants had a huge wet spot, and were doing absolutely

nothing to hide his still rock hard dick. He looked back up and met Ilya's eyes. They were full of heat, and he was grinning.

"Well well, I can't leave you on your own for one night, can I? So insatiable." He murmured as he started to walk around the couch. "Let me help?"

Shane smiled and reached for Ilya, his hands skirted along his hard chest and came to rest firmly in his soft curly hair. Ilya's hands wrapped around Shane and gripped his ass, pulling him closer until they were flush against each other.

Ilya leaned down slightly and whispered against Shane's ear. "So what were you watching that got you so hard? Was it very kinky, or your usual boring porn?"

Shane froze and stared at Ilya, eyes wide in panic. He had forgotten to close his laptop, and the video compilation was still playing.

He tried to pull back, to turn around and close the laptop, to throw the laptop into his fireplace and burn all the evidence. If he could just turn it off, he could make something up. Yes Ilya, I was watching boring porn. Missionary, soft music, low lights. Just your run of the mill every day normal porn. Nothing weird here. But Ilya was faster, not frozen by humilation and fear and shame. He held Shane firmly against him and turned them slowly so he could see the screen. Shane lowered his eyes and thumped his head against Ilya's chest. He heard a sharp intake of breath, and felt Ilya's heartbeat speed up against his forehead.

"Bozhe moy, were you watching game footage of me?" He asked, sounding slightly out of breath.

Shane couldn't speak. Panic flooded his every sense. This was too weird. Ilya would know it was too weird and judge him and run screaming from the room, from his house, from this fragile thing they've worked so hard to build together. But Iyla wasn't running, and had moved his hands up and was rubbing gentle, soothing lines against Shane's spine.

"Breathe Shane, is ok. You're ok. Do not be embarrassed." Ilya whispered against his hair.

"I'm not embarrassed." Shane mumbled unconvincingly against Ilya's chest. He sensed Ilya had raised an eyebrow, but the other man did not say anything. Shane sighed. No point in trying to hide now. "It's not just game footage. It's clips of you getting into fights. It…um…I mean, you just…"

Ilya's chest shook with laughter. He leaned back and stared at Shane. Shane looked into his eyes, worried he would see disgust, pity, or worse, that Ilya was laughing at him. Instead, Ilya was looking at him with, as Hayden liked to say, heart eyes. And something deeper, something hotter that had Shane's dick showing more interest in the conversation.

"Ah I see, so you were not worried about me today. You were too horny to play good hockey. You were hard, yes? For how long? Whole game?" Ilya was really laughing now, likely remembering a similar conversation they had years ago.

"Fuck you." Shane said with a smile.

He pushed Ilya down to sit on the couch, and then climbed on his lap.

“You have no idea how fucking hot you look on the ice when you’re angry. I can usually ignore it, or at least I don’t let it get to me, but fuck Ilya, it’s been so long.” Shane said against Ilya’s lips. He crashed their mouths together, sighing as Ilya immediately sought entrance with his tongue.

“Yes, too long.” Ilya breathed when they broke apart. He pressed their foreheads together and smiled. “But we have all night.”

Ilya leaned forward, holding Shane tight with one hand so he wouldn’t slip off his lap, and reached for the laptop. Shane thought he was turning it off, but instead Ilya turned the volume up, so they heard the crowd roaring.

“Oh, fuck you.” Shane said without any heat.

“Yes, that is plan.” Ilya responded, and pressed their lips together again.

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