

Safe With Me

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Safe With Me

by Anonymous

Summary

The cocky curl of his lips was all the confirmation Shane needed.

You really did time it, you fucker.

Ilya's decisive goal came *two point six seconds* before the end of the game.

Not accidentally. He did it to spite the Montreal Metros. Shane most of all.

It was cruel. Ilya Rozanov, with his Russian pride and mannerisms was cruel.

Except for the times when he came to Shane's hotel room. Or when Shane went to his. It was insane how Ilya always changed behind closed doors. How his smile turned genuine, how the weight of expectations lifted from his shoulders, and only the sweet lust remained, cradling Shane in its attentive arms.

Ilya on the ice, wearing the colours of his team, and Ilya in the bedroom, wearing nothing, were two different people.

TL;DR: Fuck toxic masculinity, everyone is allowed to cry!

Notes

Welcome! This is just a little something I HAD to write after watching IIHF World Junior Championship.

Congratulations to Sweden - what an awesome team, honestly! - but have you guys seen the way some of the Czech players comforted one another after the game?! That was absolutely beautiful and it lives rent-free in my head now.

Heads-up: English isn't my first language and I might have unintentionally mixed British and American slang, for which I sincerely apologize!

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

Shane couldn't believe it.

A part of him outright refused to accept what had just happened.

He squinted at the centre-hung scoreboard, wishing it was just a technical fault.

But the numbers were there even after he blinked.

They were there when he rubbed his eyes.

3-2.

Fuck.

They gave it their all tonight. Did everything in their power to win.

And yet, it still wasn't enough.

Shane tore his gaze away, only to meet the devastated expression of J.J.

Next to him stood Hayd, gripping his stick as if it was a lifeline and looking equally gutted.

3-2.

Because of Ilya fucking Rozanov.

The Ilya Rozanov. Smugness personified, staring at Shane from across the ice, chewing on his mouthguard, looking almost bored while the rest of his team celebrated. When Shane tipped his head in recognition—a gesture that took all his willpower—that asshole winked at him. Winked!

Insufferable, unapologetic jerk.

“Fuck you,” Shane mouthed.

Rozanov smiled.

The cocky curl of his lips was all the confirmation Shane needed.

You really did time it, you fucker.

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weight of expectations lifted from his shoulders, and only the sweet lust remained, cradling Shane in its attentive arms.

Ilya on the ice, wearing the colours of his team, and Ilya in the bedroom, wearing nothing, were two different people.

But right now, Shane didn't want to see either of them.

Hiding his own dejection behind gritted teeth, he glanced at the score one more time, then skated over to where Hayden was holding back tears.

"Hayd, buddy," he murmured, "C'mon, it's fine. We'll get them next time."

Hayden smiled, though his bottom lip quivered and he didn't look the least bit convinced. Shane pulled him into a brotherly hug, listening to quiet sniffles.

Soon after, Hayden started crying in earnest, hiding his face in the crook of Shane's neck. The shift from his happy-go-lucky attitude made Shane tighten his hold.

"Hey, hey. It's alright. I've got you, yeah? I'm here."

They could have won. Nearly did. And next time, they would wipe the floor with those uncouth behemoths.

"You did well, Hayd. Let it out. No shame in this."

The ice under their skates was ruined—a canvas of scratches and grooves, a crudely painted battlefield that spoke of savage body checks and wasted power plays. Of a ruthless pace that was slowly catching up to them.

It reminded Shane of sex with Rozanov.

The intensity of it. The precision. Their sex was a duel in every sense of the word, filled with need and eagerness, softened by kisses and Rozanov's breathy mixture of Russian and English. Their release was always brutal, and it left them gasping for breath in crumpled sheets, satisfied for the time being but already looking forward to the next round.

They were tiptoeing on the line between lovers and friends, unaware that with every drop of sweat, said line corroded.

But right now, with his cheek resting on the cold blue plastic of Hayden's helmet, Shane drew it anew. Sharp, distinct.

He loved submitting to Ilya, loved being good for him, and would hand him his subservience on a silver platter. But he hated losing to him.

His throat tightened, frustration making it difficult to speak without letting Hayden know he was also on the verge of crying.

Hellbent on not letting it show, Shane started stroking Hayden's back. That was easier than talking.

Out of the corner of his eye, he noticed Rozanov looking at them.

A scowl distorted that stupidly pretty Russian face. Yet Shane knew—just *knew*—that Rozanov's expression was not meant to rub salt into their wounds.

If anything, Ilya seemed conflicted.

"Fuck," Hayden gasped between quiet snuffles, "Fuck."

"Well said."

They spent a few more seconds like that, during which Shane reined his own emotions in. Eventually, Hayden raised his head. His cheeks were damp and eyes red-rimmed, but crying did him good.

He patted Shane's shoulder in gratitude, and together, they skated over to the blue line.

Shane felt a pair of hazel eyes on him but told himself that he would rather tear his jersey to pieces than meet Ilya's gaze right now.

The tape on his stick was far more intriguing to look at.

But the rest of his team was bound to notice. Sure enough, Hayden nudged him, his voice hoarse, but with a hint of curiosity seeping through the layers of disappointment:

"Rozanov is staring at you."

"Is he now?"

"I swear he's a fucking menace."

Tell me about it, Shane thought, heat pooling low in his guts at a memory of Ilya railing him from behind.

Oh, the sounds Shane had been making that night...! Obscene, desperate, falling from his parted lips with each of Ilya's thrusts. Muffled by a pillow, yet still so damn loud to his ears.

Stop thinking about it.

But it was too late.

The picture of Ilya's body flashed through Shane's mind, unbidden, making Shane forget all else. For a brief moment, he wasn't on the ice anymore; he was in his hotel room, on the king-sized bed, with Ilya's golden cross brushing against his sweat-slick skin whenever his arch-rival leaned down to place a gentle kiss between his shoulder blades.

Rozanov *was* a fucking menace. Unashamed, possessive, and so strangely sweet in his own addictive way. It was infuriating.

Hayden's sigh brought Shane back.

"Fuck Boston Raiders, right?"

Shane nodded, biting the inside of his cheek: "Yeah. And fuck Rozanov."

Except, he reminded himself a second later, *Rozanov will fuck me. Tonight.*

Shane finally locked eyes with him, and a small frown creased his forehead when Ilya licked his lips—like some goddamned predator that had just moved to the very top of the food chain.

He even had the audacity to pat Shane's cheek at the final handshake.

The gesture was clear: *I'll come to collect.*

Shane left the ice rink with his head held high, his heart not exactly broken by the loss but definitely cracked, and his guts flooded with expectations.

—

Later, in the privacy of his hotel room, under the warm spray of water, he allowed a few tears to slip. He had hoped to wash away the sadness too, much the same as sweat, but it seemed permanently etched into his skin. The more he scrubbed, the more stubbornly it held.

In the end, he gave up and only stood there with his eyes closed for what seemed like hours, letting hot droplets cascade down his body.

What a disastrous game, honestly.

The hopes of his whole team? Shattered.

Shane's regret? Immense and gnawing at him.

2.6 seconds.

3-2.

That sound of the buzzer, signalling the end of the game, still cut into him. Deep. Deeper than Ilya Rozanov's stupid cock had ever been.

That fucking menace.

At last, Shane turned the water off, searching blindly for a towel.

Be that as it may, he can't let it affect him.

He also can't let Rozanov see how much the despair had been weighing on him since he had left the locker rooms.

Easier said than done, but not impossible.

Later, when Ilya knocked on the door, Shane let him in with an expression as blank as a sphinx's.

Neither spoke at first. Shane was greeted by the faint, ever-lingering smell of cigarettes that clung to Ilya's clothes. Besides that, he could smell mouthwash and cologne. Mint and juniper.

He swallowed, suddenly feeling like a cornered prey in his own hotel room. Yet it wasn't fear rushing through his veins, but adrenaline. Pure, all-consuming, intoxicating.

Ilya leaned against the wall slowly, as if afraid any sudden move could lead to Shane changing his mind and kicking him out. He took in Shane's clenched jaw and hunched shoulders and nodded to himself, as if he had expected to find his arch-rival in this exact state.

"I didn't think you would answer the door," he admitted.

Shane was silent. He *had* been tempted to let Ilya stand in the hallway, to text him that he wasn't in the mood. But the prospect of spending the night alone had caused him to shudder with dread.

As annoying as it was to admit it, Shane needed Ilya. Only Ilya could soothe the soreness in his muscles and the ache in his heart, despite being the one who had caused both in the first place.

Knowing that, Shane took a step closer, his trembling fingers skimming the hem of Ilya's sweatpants. He refused to meet the gaze of his lover, much to Ilya's irritation.

"Hollander."

Shane answered with a kiss to Ilya's collarbone.

"Look at me, Hollander."

Still, those brown eyes remained stubbornly trained on the golden cross around Ilya's neck.

Ilya sighed, hooking a finger under Shane's chin and tilting it up.

"What?" Shane whispered, his hands stilling where they were.

Ilya brushed a thumb over Shane's lips, the hunger in his gaze temporarily dulled.

"Today on ice, when Pike started crying... What did you tell him?"

Huh?

That was unexpected. Shane's face, impassive until now, scrunched up in confusion.

"What?"

"Pike. What did you tell him?"

"... I just tried to comfort him."

Honestly, Shane hadn't thought twice about it back then. While not exactly sociable, he was always there when his friends needed a shoulder to cry on—both figuratively and literally.

"Comfort him how?" Ilya's thumb dug into Shane's cheek.

"By telling him jokes."

The deadly dose of sarcasm seemed to be lost on Ilya.

"How do you know jokes? You are boring."

"Fuck off. How do you *not* know how to comfort someone?"

Ilya shrugged: "Russians do not cry."

The way he said it—offhandedly, like stating a fact—made Shane's heart clench. He suddenly felt smaller, like a coddled, sheltered child.

Ilya's forefinger was still curled under his chin, his thumb pressing into the soft flesh under the cheekbone. He sighed.

"I'm only gonna tell you once. And then, I want you to fuck me."

"We want same things."

"Awesome. Wanna take notes?"

"I have good memory."

Ilya's eyes bore into his, patient, expectant. Shane took a deep breath.

Here goes.

"I told him, 'It's okay. I'm proud of you because you were fucking amazing. There's no shame in crying, so just let it out. And fuck Rozanov'."

Amusement flashed across Ilya's face.

"You told him that?"

"Yes."

"Is what you want to hear? When you cry?"

“... Maybe.”

Except I don't cry in front of other people.

Shane's words seemed to have given Ilya something to ponder. They both fell silent, Ilya stroking Shane's jawbone with his thumb, scrutinizing him. Shane felt his skin tingle.

At long last, Ilya nodded, his expression changing from thoughtful to determined.

“Okay. You want to suck my cock now?”

“Kinda.”

“I need yes or no, Hollander. I will not be mad if you say no.”

“Yes, then. But I'm still mad at you, so I might bite.”

Ilya snorted, his absurdly handsome face nearly *glowing* with victory, full of that boyish charm, rarely shown and thus half-forgotten.

“I will, ah, take chance? Is how you say, no?”

“Not me. I don't say that.”

“Get on your knees, Hollander.”

The command seized Shane by the throat.

Dazed, he sank to the floor, pulling Ilya's sweatpants down as he went. The familiarity of it should have soothed his nerves, but his heart was still beating too fast.

He darted out with his tongue, teasing skin and tasting salt.

Pleasure. That was all he wanted to focus on. No games, no losses or wins. Just Ilya's hand cupping the back of his head, guiding him. Just breathless moans and desperate pleas. Just the two of them.

He took Ilya deeper into his mouth, locking his lips around him and picking up a rhythm.

“Да, Hollander. Good.”

Soon, spit dribbled down the corners of Shane's mouth, making his chin all wet and shiny. He didn't try to bite. In fact, he didn't even remember threatening Ilya with it.

Instead, he dipped the tip of his tongue into the slit of Ilya's cock, catching the drops of precome, making Ilya curse.

“Fuck, Hollander...”

Shane started sucking again. Hard. With his cheeks hollowed and his eyes closed, he almost made Ilya come.

Almost.

“Stop, stop!”

Shane did. Ilya’s cock slipped out of his mouth, and Ilya gripped himself tightly at the base, grunting.

“Fuck. I forgot how good your mouth is.”

The praise made Shane’s own cock twitch. He placed a timid kiss on Ilya’s thigh, feeling a tingling warmth spreading through him. His body would soon be screaming for relief.

Attuned to his needs, Ilya already knew that.

“Eyes up, Hollander. Look at me.”

Shane complied, meeting Ilya’s softened gaze.

“We go on bed, yes?”

Shane blinked up at him, his lips parted, his mind busy savouring the sweet praise.

Ilya’s thumb traced the wetness on Shane’s chin, wiping it away, stroking the slack jaw.

“Come on. Up,” he prompted Shane gently.

Shane’s legs wobbled. He felt clumsy, like a new-born foal.

“Боже мой, Hollander...”

Ilya chuckled, breathless and ecstatic. He picked Shane up and carried him over to the freshly made bed, crooning something in Russian into Shane’s ear. Whether it was meant affectionately or teasingly, Shane couldn’t tell. He had his nose buried into the crook of Ilya’s neck, where the scent of juniper was more intense, grounding, his legs wrapped around Ilya’s waist like a vice.

For once, he didn’t mind looking weak.

Ilya sat him down, undressing him in haste and kissing him on the newly-exposed skin. Shane ended up having only his white socks on; the rest of his and Ilya’s clothes became a crumpled heap, tossed to the floor and ignored.

“Lube and condoms,” Ilya growled.

Shane reached under his pillow, retrieving both items and handing them over.

The sheets felt wrong at first; coarse, foreign. They rustled against the bare skin of Shane’s back when Ilya pushed him down, reminding him of pebble beaches. Shane squirmed, trying to ease the friction.

Ilya’s hand slapped against his belly, fingers splaying across it.

“Relax.”

He nudged Shane’s legs further apart, ready to devour his reward.

With every kiss and bite, the fire in Shane’s abdomen licked lower. It didn’t take long for him to start moaning, his composure slipping through his fingers.

Ilya mouthed at the crease between Shane’s thigh and groin, nose pressed into the soft skin, inching ever closer to Shane’s dick, until finally, *finally* tapping the prominent vein on the side of Shane’s length with the tip of his tongue.

“Fuck, Rozanov.”

When Ilya swallowed him to the hilt, Shane jolted, screwing his eyes shut, gasping for breath that seemed to have been punched out of his lungs by Ilya’s action.

That fucking menace.

Ilya was pinning him to the mattress, keeping him spread open. Some of his spit trickled down to Shane’s balls. Shane tried to arch his back, biting his lip hard to stifle another loud moan.

The onslaught of sensations was borderline torturing, but Ilya didn’t let Shane suffer for long. He moved higher, settling over Shane as if he wanted to shield him from the world and keep him all to himself. With his thumb, he caressed Shane’s hipbone, drawing small circles into the heated skin.

“Relax, Hollander.”

His mouth closed around Shane’s right nipple; his teeth nipping at the soft flesh.

It felt good—it always did. But try as he might, Shane just couldn’t enjoy it *properly*.

“Hollander?”

Something was missing. Or maybe there was too much of everything; Shane couldn’t tell.

He squinted at Ilya: “Can we, uh... reposition?”

They did.

Once on his hands and knees, with his face buried into the pillow, Shane felt instantly better.

Ilya took his time preparing him. He fucked him with his tongue first, and when the time came to use fingers, he did so slowly, circling around the entrance before pushing in, using his free hand to stroke Shane’s tailbone.

Little by little, he opened Shane up, rewarding each gasp and whimper with a kiss.

“Good fucking boy, Hollander. So good for me.”

When Ilya nudged the loosened entrance with his cock, Shane tensed. Just a little. Briefly.

“Sh, sh, sh. Shhh.”

A hand on his hip. A kiss to his nape.

Shane exhaled and gave a small nod.

Not wasting another second, Ilya breached him, burying himself inside the delicious heat, halting halfway to let Shane adjust.

Once he bottomed out, Shane threw his head back, the fullness just short of bearable at first, making that fire inside him roar.

“Roz...”

“Is okay?”

“... Fucking yeah.”

Ilya squeezed his hip and started moving, his cock dragging along Shane’s tightness.

Slow, slow, *slow*. Ilya’s hipbones were kissing Shane’s backside with each roll of his hips.

Clasping Shane’s nape, Ilya started showering him with praises, mixing Russian and English, the words rich as honey as they fell from his lips.

Shane whined; the urge to have Ilya whisper those things directly against his lips was now so strong that it almost made him choke.

“Очень хорошо.”

He had no idea what it meant, but it sounded nice and he wanted to breathe those words in, to drown in them.

“You want more?” Ilya’s teeth scraped the skin of his shoulder.

“Yes! Christ, yes!”

The pace quickened, gradually growing frantic, less and less restrained as hunger overtook them both.

Shane felt warmth spreading through him—an unmistakable sign of his release building up.

Ilya slammed into him, making him cry out with pleasure.

Again.

And again.

And *again*.

Shane was close. Too close.

And Ilya knew it.

“Let go, Hollander.”

It was an order. Ilya all but barked it as he himself came, his body jerking.

The force of it tore through him, making him grit his teeth and grunt low in his chest.

Underneath him, Shane trembled, spent and breathless, his chest and belly hovering directly over the damp puddle of his release.

“Fuck, Rozy...”

“Stay here. Is okay.”

“Wait! Where are you—”

“Just bathroom. Stay. Rest.”

Ilya’s hand was on his back again, soothing him with slow strokes until Shane’s breathing evened. Shane closed his eyes, letting himself be guided onto his side.

Ever the attentive lover, Ilya took proper care of him; he disappeared into the bathroom, emerging with a package of wet wipes and a bottle of water, coaxing Shane into drinking while cleaning him.

It felt almost domestic. The simplicity of it, the ease with which Ilya held him afterwards, the *rightness*... It all made Shane’s throat tight.

He needed to think of something else. Tomorrow’s practice, maybe. Or his to-do list; there were always so many things on it, and they all needed doing, preferably now.

Suddenly, Ilya spoke, his lips caressing the shell of Shane’s ear:

“Is okay to cry.”

The words were soft, warming the air between them. They also sent a shockwave through Shane’s body. Shane tensed, unable to process what had he just heard, refusing to believe Rozanov would ever say something so scandalous.

“... What?”

“You can cry,” Ilya repeated, “Is okay.”

Oh, no. No.

This wasn’t fair. What was Rozanov thinking? He couldn’t just start talking like that out of nowhere. Certainly not when they had just fucked.

Had they *fucked*, though? Ilya had treated him even nicer than usual; had spoilt him rotten. Shane wouldn't shy away from calling it lovemaking, even though they absolutely weren't in love with each other.

Rozanov just struck when Shane least expected it; when he was at his most vulnerable.

You bastard.

"Fuck off, Rozy."

Shane made to roll over, but Ilya's hand on his hip pressed him back into the mattress.

"Hollander..."

"I'm not gonna cry."

Definitely not in front of you.

"But you can. Here, with me. Is safe."

Ilya snuggled closer, pressing a tentative kiss to Shane's shoulder.

"You did not cry on ice today. So, cry now."

Cold, terrifying dismay swirled in Shane's stomach, curdling the bliss that had flooded him moments ago. The sudden shift from laid-back aftercare to this—whatever *this* was—made him shiver.

It was hard to come up with a response. Shane's tongue felt glued to his hard palate.

"I don't—no. Just no, okay?"

But Ilya only scooted closer, lips ghosting over Shane's ribcage, hazel eyes sincere and almost pleading.

"Shane."

"Goodnight, Rozanov." Shane closed his eyes, knowing all damn well it was too late. Tears had already welled up despite his best effort to keep them at bay, and one of them was now sliding down his cheek.

Ilya's voice cut through the fog of horror:

"Good. This is good, Shane. Come here."

Shane let himself be pulled into Ilya's arms, his chin trembling. He didn't understand it. It had been so easy to suppress his feelings in the ice rink. But here, all it took was a few words to make him break down.

Before he knew it, a sob tore through him, raw and urgent.

Then another one, clawing its way out of his throat, scraping his windpipe, making it difficult to breathe.

The sheets rustled softly underneath them as Ilya settled against the headboard with Shane in his lap. He kissed the crown of Shane's head, rubbing his cheek against Shane's hair.

"Just let it out. Oh, and fuck Rozanov."

Against his will, Shane let out a wet chuckle. Ilya wasn't lying about his memory.

"You're such an asshole." Shane's fist connected with Ilya's chest, but there was no strength behind the blow.

"Я знаю. But you need this."

Ilya held him the whole time, stroking his hair, hushing him. They sat there with their legs tangled, both of them still stark naked, and yet it wasn't nudity that made Shane so vulnerable.

Gradually, his sobs turned into quiet sniffles.

Ilya wiped under Shane's eyes with his knuckles, then planted a few kisses alongside Shane's jaw.

"Felt good, no? To cry."

It did. But Shane wasn't ready to admit it just yet. He hummed noncommittally, resting his cheek on Ilya's chest and letting the slow thrum of Ilya's heart soothe him further.

Fatigue crept into the bed, unseen but insistent. Shane felt himself dozing off, lulled to sleep by Ilya's warmth.

With a faint smile, he noted that Ilya wasn't leaving.

In fact, his arch-rival hadn't moved an inch this whole time.

Shane yawned.

"Next time, you'll be the one crying," he murmured.

Ilya scoffed, tightening his hold.

"I told you, Russians do not cry."

"But you will. I'll make you."

Shane dipped his head, placing a gentle kiss to the golden cross that was nestled in the hollow between Ilya's collarbones.

A promise sealed.

A wordless thanks.

End Notes

It was supposed to be shorter, but... never mind.

Thank you for reading! 😊 Feedback is welcome. (If you did happen to enjoy the story, would like to let me know but are anxious - I feel you! - feel free to leave a 🐰 emoji.)

Take care of yourself and have a great day!

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