

good boy

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Summary

“You said I was your first time with man, yes?” Ilya asks carefully. He makes a mental note of the subtle hesitation before Shane’s nod. “How much experience you have with submission?”

Shane’s eyebrows furrow slightly. “What do you mean?”

“Submission- in bed,” Ilya explains. *Oh*, he realizes after a minute, *he has no idea what I’m talking about*.

or

The one where Ilya has some realizations about Shane’s past experiences, and conversation ensues.

Notes

uhhh, baby's first hollanov fic? heated rivalry has bewitched me and I'm obsessed, so I had to write this bc the idea popped into my head

pls be gentle

hope you enjoy

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

It's a topic Ilya thinks about often- when he has Shane pinned down underneath him, when Shane is on his knees, when he wraps his hand around Shane's throat and presses a thumb into his jaw. He thinks about the way Shane's eyes glaze over. The way he lets out a small whine as his lips part.

Shane is submissive.

Ilya is Shane's first with a man, they've had that discussion, but Ilya cannot stop thinking about who could've possibly taught Shane to be so *good*. Who taught him to trust without question, to listen without talking back? Ilya can't decide if he wants to thank them or strangle them.

Ilya says *get on your knees* and Shane drops down so quickly, his knees crack against the linoleum. *Tell me how good it feels* and Shane is babbling like a cock-drunk fool.

Ilya is thinking about it now, post-sex sweat still glowing on Shane's temple as they face each other in the hotel bed. He knows he should plan the conversation more, knows this is going to be a difficult conversation for him to hear, but he's going insane-

"I can hear you thinking from here," Shane mumbles. "What's going on?"

"You said I was your first time with man, yes?" Ilya asks carefully. He makes a mental note of the subtle hesitation before Shane's nod. "How much experience you have with submission?"

Shane's eyebrows furrow slightly. "What do you mean?"

"Submission- in bed," Ilya explains. "Listening and such." *Oh*, he realizes after a minute, *he has no idea what I'm talking about*. "You do not have experience as submissive?"

"I don't- wait, you mean like BDSM? Kinky shit?" Shane's cheeks look like they're about to burst into flames. "No, Ilya, I don't have any experience like that- I haven't done anything- no!"

Ilya holds his hands up slightly. "Just asking. You listen very well. Figured ex girlfriend teach you."

"Oh my god." Shane rolls onto his stomach and presses his face into the pillow.

"Tell me what's wrong."

"You're gonna make fun of me." Shane's voice is muffled in the sheets. He whimpers as Ilya gently pulls him up by his hair.

"I cannot hear when you do that," he murmurs. "Say again."

"You're going to make fun of me."

“Possibly, but is okay. Tell me anyway.”

“You’re such a fucking asshole.”

Ilya laughs, leaning forward to press their lips together. “Tell me, Shane.”

Shane. Saying his first name still sends a shiver through Shane’s body- Ilya hopes it never stops.

“You weren’t my first time with a man,” Shane mumbles. He immediately starts back pedaling when he sees the shock and hurt flash across Ilya’s face. “Wait, that’s not what I meant-”

“Why would you lie to me, Hollander?”

“I didn’t lie, I just-” Shane lets out a frustrated groan. “I mean to say you weren’t my first time with a *man*, you were *just my first*.”

Ilya’s brain short circuits. “You were... virgin?”

“I mean- I guess, yeah. I’ve done... other things, gotten blow jobs, used t-” he snaps his mouth shut.

“Used what?” Ilya grabs the underside of Shane’s jaw in the way that makes him melt. “Tell me.”

“Toys,” Shane finally blurts out. “I’ve used toys. Well, a toy- I have a dildo. When I realized I was possibly into guys, I bought it.”

Ilya is quiet for a few minutes. “When did you buy it?” He presses his thumb against Shane’s pulse.

“After our first hookup,” he answers easily. He braces himself for the laughter.

“That is hottest fucking thing I’ve heard, Hollander.”

“Oh-” Shane barely has time to process what Ilya said before he’s pinned to the bed, Ilya’s mouth on his in a rough kiss. “Wait wait wait-”

“No wait, want you now,” Ilya mumbles against Shane’s lips.

“We need to talk about what you said about me being submissive, I’m not-”

“You are.”

“Ilya.” Shane uses all his strength to push Ilya back by his shoulders. “I’m serious. If that- this is the kind of stuff that has to be talked about, Ilya. That’s like, serious sex.”

“Serious sex,” Ilya muses, the corner of his lips twitching up, “not silly sex, like we do.” He sighs and sits up against the headboard. “It’s not a big deal. You are very good at listening, I

thought someone teach you. You just natural.”

“It’s not- is it a bad thing?” Shane’s voice cracks. When Ilya looks at him, he finally sees the fear etched into Shane’s features. “If you don’t like it, I can try to stop-”

“No, no, not bad thing,” Ilya promises. He pulls Shane over to straddle his lap. “Never stop. I like it very much, Shane. Promise. Makes me so hard when you listen. You get this look on your face, like...” He trails off, his English failing him. “Like all you want is me.”

“You are all I want, Ilya, only you,” Shane whispers. “I- You make me feel insane sometimes- in a good way. When you put your hands on me, it’s like everything else in the world fades away. You’ve always known just how to take care of me. Even when I’m spiraling.”

“You are spiraling now, moya lyubov.” Ilya runs his hands down Shane’s back. “Relax, Shane. You are good here.”

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They don’t get to see each other for two months. They spend the entire time texting back and forth- witty banter, late night sexting, talking Shane down after a hard loss. Ilya used to like the anticipation. He used to love never knowing when their next hook up would be, or where they would see each other next. But now? Now the in-between is *torture*. He’d never admit it, of course not, but the closer the start of the new season gets, the more anxious he gets. They haven’t spoken more about Shane being submissive. He speaks to Svetlana about it, being careful to keep Shane’s name out of it. She gives him advice and resources to research.

He texts Shane his hotel room number as soon as he checks in. He gets a thumbs up in response, which is more than Ilya is expecting with how close it is to game time. Shane plays an amazing game, as usual, and Ilya can practically see the adrenaline pumping through his veins on screen. It’s an amazing win for Montreal. Shane skates up to Scott Hunter in the middle of the ice. He says something that Ilya can’t make out, but whatever Hunter says in return makes the smile drop off Shane’s face. Ilya sits up. They both say a few more things before Shane is shoving Hunter back. It turns into a fight quickly- nobody is expecting this after the final whistle, and *nobody* is expecting something like this from Shane of all people. Pike is there in thirty seconds to pull Shane back as the rest of the team tries to break it up. It makes Ilya’s blood boil.

Half an hour later, there’s a frantic knock on the door. “I need you to fuck me,” Shane is saying before the door is even shut. “Please, right now. I need it.”

“Hey, hey, breathe,” Ilya whispers. “Tell me what happened. You never fight.”

“Hunter was talking shit, I just- I snapped,” Shane mumbles. “Ilya, please. I feel like a fucking live wire right now and I need to focus on something else.”

“Look at me, Shane.” Ilya grabs Shane by the neck, thumb digging into the sensitive spot under his jaw. “I will not fuck you when you’re like this. Need to calm down first.” He

presses his thumb in harder when Shane tries to protest. “Be a good boy. On your knees, Hollander.”

Shane slips down to his knees easily. He eagerly starts mouthing at Ilya’s cock through his sweats. “Please, Ilya. Please, j’ai besoin de toi,” he mumbles, slipping into French the way Ilya often does with Russian.

“*Yebat*, Shane, so eager.” Ilya lets Shane take what he needs, lets him mouth at the soft fabric until it’s damp and that beautiful glaze returns to Shane’s eyes. “Look at you, my beautiful boy. So good for me, on your knees like this. Like beautiful slut.” The word makes a loud whine leave Shane’s lips. He mumbles something against Ilya’s pants. He whimpers when he’s pulled back by his hair. “Say it louder, *moya lyubov*, I can’t hear you.”

“Want you to fuck my mouth,” Shane whines. “Please, Ilya. Need it.”

“Sometimes you just need cock in your mouth, yes?” Ilya pushes his sweats down just enough for Shane to get what he wants. He pays close attention to Shane’s face as he begins moving his hips. It’s pleasurable, yes, it always is with Shane, but his main focus is the man on his knees for him. By the time Ilya comes down Shane’s throat, all traces of stress are gone from the man’s face.

“In bed, *moya lyubov*, come,” Ilya whispers.

Shane is wobbly as he stands, clinging to Ilya as they make their way to the bed. His eyes are distant, shining with unshed tears, blinking slowly. “Thank you, Ilya.”

“Always.” He climbs into bed next to Shane and wraps his arms around him. “I am here. You are okay.” He doesn’t push Shane to talk about what Hunter said on the ice. He lets Shane decompress in his arms as long as he needs. They fall asleep like that, but Shane is back to himself when they wake up in the morning.

“Thank you for last night,” Shane says quietly. “I needed that, a lot.”

“I know. My submissive little whore,” Ilya smirks.

Shane shoves Ilya back. “Oh, fuck you-”

“We don’t have time.” Ilya pulls Shane close again. “You know I do not mind, yes? Promise. I like submissive.”

“I know,” Shane murmurs, smiling softly. “I just- it’s new to me. Last night felt so good- it always feels good with you. I always feel so... floaty, if that makes sense. Like I’m not really here but you’re holding me still.”

Ilya traces over Shane’s freckles with a feather-light touch. “Will always hold you. *Navsegda*.”

“*Pour toujours*,” Shane agrees.

End Notes

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