

you'll be mine (and I'll be yours)

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by [theprinceandagcd](#)

Summary

Ilya hums, playing the card he's been considering for this entire conversation. "We could make more interesting, yes? A bet."

"A bet," Shane repeats, eyes flashing. "Like what?"

The reporter cuts in. "What about wearing the other player's jersey?"

They both turn to her, and Shane says, "Like, the loser wears the winner's jersey?"

"Maybe at the next game in a couple of months?"

"Is a good idea," Ilya muses, nudging Shane's elbow. "You will look better in my jersey than in Montreal jersey."

Shane makes a low noise, his eyes holding a bit of a spark when he looks back to Ilya. It's what Ilya was hoping for—the tiniest crack in the mask. He can see a hint of exasperated affection around the corners of Shane's eyes, a little bit of fire burning just beneath the surface. It sends a thrill down Ilya's spine, and he wonders if Shane will be snarky when Ilya gets him naked tonight.

"That's not happening," Shane replies, shaking his head. "Because you're not winning."

Ilya should have known better.

Notes

Me, less than a month ago: maybe i'll just write one hollanov fic

Me, now: in my defense, I was left unsupervised

i got this idea in my head a few weeks ago and started playing with it, and it winded up being such a fun thing to write. I hope you get even a fraction of the joy reading it that I got while putting it together.

Also, hopefully the coding for the texts and tweets work on this and remain working indefinitely.
crosses fingers

ALSO ALSO, please make sure creator's style is turned on for those aforementioned texts and tweets!

thank you [ExitAriel](#) for the beta. DREAM TEAM, you and me. I love you! <3

title is from everything has changed because i might be writing a new ship but i am not changing my ways with taylor swift titles thank you love you bye!!

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

- Translation into Русский available: [you'll be mine \(and I'll be yours\)](#) by [smalltowngirl \(Bowtie\)](#).

Ilya loves pre-game interviews.

He thrives on the energy and excitement, the buzzing anticipation that races in his blood as he gets closer and closer to being back on the ice. Earlier in his career, the struggle to understand the conversations around him made him anxious, but now he rarely finds himself lost or confused. It lets him focus on how he wants the camera to see him, what he wants the world to perceive.

Some players are all business and terse responses when they talk to reporters, but Ilya enjoys a bit of a performance—quick winks, sly smirks, bold claims. He likes the way the room smiles and chuckles when he says something ballsy, the entertainment that others get out of his antics. They see the confidence and arrogance and gravitate toward him, as if that's exactly what they want to see.

It's put on, for the most part.

Like a costume. He thinks it's a fun one to wear, most of the time.

It certainly fits him.

Today, Ilya isn't in front of the press alone.

He was also told he needed to behave. He hasn't decided yet if he'll listen.

Shane stands next to him in front of a microphone, wearing an obnoxious two-piece Montreal jumpsuit. His eyes are serious, his expression carefully controlled, as the person in front of them asks if they're excited to play each other in this "new era" of their rivalry.

"Well," Shane says, one corner of his mouth twitching as he glances at Ilya. "Ottawa is a team like any other, at the end of the day. We're just excited for the opportunity to get on the ice and try to win a game."

It's a perfect, polished answer. Of course it is.

Ilya has always been impressed with how level Shane manages to be during interviews. He used to think that Shane was a shapeshifter when those lights were focused on him, possessing some unnatural ability to make every answer sound rehearsed and natural at the same time.

Now, he's stood behind Shane at a bathroom mirror and listened while his boyfriend goes over possible questions and how to respond to them. He's made a game of trying to distract Shane while he practices, kissing his neck and sliding a hand down the front of his shorts and murmuring filthy things against the shell of his ear until Shane surrenders.

Ilya enjoys that game more than he's ever enjoyed a single game of hockey.

"What about you, Ilya?" The microphone is moved a little closer to him. "How does it feel going up against Shane now that you two are working together on your new charity off the ice?"

"It feels the same," Ilya says, shrugging one shoulder and winking at the camera. "Only I look even better scoring goals now."

The reporter laughs, and Ilya grins.

Shane narrows his eyes, and Ilya wonders how far he could push before that careful facade would crack. “Well, while Rozanov is worried about how he looks, Montreal is focusing on playing hockey and winning the game.”

“Ah, very cocky,” Ilya reprimands, wrapping an arm around Shane’s shoulder and reaching up to ruffle his dark hair.

“Just confident in my team’s preparation and ability to kick your ass.”

Ilya lets his mouth fall open, glancing at the reporter to emphasize his shock. “You know, I am hurt by this. I thought we are friends now. You should be nice to me. Have good sportsmanship, buddy.”

“I show fantastic sportsmanship, *buddy*,” Shane says, almost grumbling even as his press smile stays pinned in place. “You should follow my example.”

For a moment, Shane struggles against Ilya’s hold while the people around them snicker. Ilya searches his boyfriend’s face, but he doesn’t see any genuine anger or discomfort, so he squeezes tighter and shoots a grin at the crowd. To them, it looks like camaraderie, like Ilya is simply trying to get under his rival’s skin before a game.

But Ilya can smell Shane’s shampoo as Shane squirms against him, feel the tight flex of Shane’s muscles beneath his fingertips. He’s thinking about how it’s been a few weeks since they’ve seen each other and how much he’s missed him. He’s imagining getting Shane back to his place after the game and sinking to his knees and—

“A lot of fans are concerned that your friendship off the ice has weakened your rivalry on it. Any comments to those individuals?”

“Where they complain from? The couch?” Ilya scoffs, keeping his arm around Shane’s shoulders. “They should not worry so much.”

“I think what Rozanov means to say...” Shane shoots him an admonishing glare. “... is that we are completely capable of separating the game from what we do within our charity, and the rivalry on the ice isn’t going anywhere just because we’re doing something positive as friends in our spare time.”

Ilya makes a noncommittal sound, annoyed at the idea of people who have no idea what they’re talking about spouting nonsense about his and Shane’s relationship. They don’t know fucking *anything*.

The irritation makes Ilya want to be a little reckless. It makes him wish that he could pull Shane closer and kiss him, to really give those shitheads something to gossip about. Let them talk about how dead the rivalry must be if Ilya is comfortable shoving his tongue down Shane’s throat.

That isn’t the plan, though.

Ilya takes a breath, forcing his facial muscles to shift back into something recognizable, something expected.

The reporter glances between them. “So the on-ice rivalry is here to stay?”

“Please,” Ilya says, quirked an eyebrow. “I will still crush Hollander on ice. Like tiny ant.”

Shane huffs, finally dislodging Ilya's arm from his shoulders. His cheeks are a little flushed, but otherwise there's no sign of him being frazzled by Ilya's touch.

"Is that so?" Shane asks, still calm and composed.

Ilya smirks. "Will be easy."

"I doubt it'll be *easy*."

"You don't think we can do it?" Ilya challenges, angling his head to the side. "You think my team is not skilled?"

Shane's eyes widen, a fraction of a difference that most people probably wouldn't notice. "I didn't say that. Hockey is a complex and nuanced game, and Ottawa's team is talented and perfectly capable of winning games if the pieces fall into place for it."

They're facing each other now, like they've both forgotten that the rest of the room exists. Ilya tries to control his features, aiming for a taunting expression and not an infatuated one as he meets Shane's eyes.

"What are you saying, Hollander?"

"Odds are against you. That's all," Shane replies, still maintaining his congenial smile. "I'd wish you luck if you were playing anyone else."

Ilya hums, playing the card he's been considering for this entire conversation. "We could make more interesting, yes? A bet."

"A bet," Shane repeats, eyes flashing. "Like what?"

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"That's not happening," Shane replies, shaking his head. "Because you're not winning."

"So you will not have any problem making bet," Ilya tells him with a grin before turning to the small crowd. "You guys want, right?"

There's some light applause and a few enthusiastic shouts, and Ilya faces Shane again, eyebrows raised high on his forehead.

"So? What do you say, Hollander?"

For a moment, Ilya thinks Shane will say no. There's a pause as they stare at each other where so many people can see, which feels like the most dangerous thing they've ever done. Ilya fights not to look at Shane's mouth as they face off in this tiny room, hoping the tension breaks before he does something stupid.

Like grab his boyfriend by the throat and kiss him.

The moment breaks, and Shane shrugs before holding out his hand.

In a flash, Ilya remembers a moment from years ago, the same hand reaching for him on a cold morning. The moment that had created a spark, the start of something that would change Ilya's life forever.

He takes Shane's hand and grips it tight. Cameras click and flash like crazy, capturing what they think is antagonistic sportsmanship. They don't see Ilya brush his thumb against Shane's wrist or the tiny twitch at the corner of Shane's mouth that makes the freckles on his cheek dance.

Fuck, Ilya loves him.

"You're on, Rozanov."



By some miracle, Ottawa wins.

Shane is shaking his head when Ilya passes him on the ice, his jaw clenched when his teammates thump him on the back.

Ilya yells, "Hollander, what size of my jersey should I order for you? Extra small, yes?"

The real miracle is that Shane doesn't attack him while they're still on the ice. Somehow, he waits until Ilya has him at home.

"You're such a fucking asshole," Shane tells Ilya as soon as they're inside, shoving him against his front door. "I don't know if I want to hit you or kiss you."

Ilya wraps his hands around Shane's wrists, leaning close enough that he can feel Shane's breath on his lips. Their noses brush, and Shane tightens his grip on Ilya's shirt as the tension seeps from his muscles.

"Do you know now?"

"Do I know what?"

"If you want to hit me or kiss me."

Instead of answering, Shane sighs and presses their mouths together. Ilya smiles into the touch of Shane's lips, moving his hands to Shane's face as he kisses him and kisses him and kisses him. It feels like coming home, like everything he's ever wanted exists in the press of Shane's soft mouth. Ilya doesn't think there will ever be enough—he'll always want more.

"You are going to look so good in my jersey, Shane Hollander," Ilya whispers, tugging Shane's bottom lip between his teeth. "Like winner."

“Shut up,” Shane mutters, hitching his hips forward so that Ilya can feel how hard he already is. “It’s ridiculous that we got roped into that stupid bet.”

“But is perfect for our new friendly rivalry.”

“You would not be this fucking cocky if you'd lost.”

Ilya smiles against Shane’s mouth. “But I didn't lose. You did.”

“Barely,” Shane grumbles again when he pulls away, grabbing a fistful of Ilya’s curls and tugging hard. “Asshole.”

Ilya pauses, searching Shane’s expression. “Is... okay, yes? You are not actually angry.”

Shane exhales a slow breath, his fingertips trailing over Ilya’s jaw. “I’m annoyed that we lost and that you’re going to be obnoxious about this, but...” Shane shrugs, smiling softly. “It’s okay. It’s kind of funny, actually.”

“The press will love it.”

“They will,” Shane agrees, leaning in to touch a kiss to Ilya’s chin, to the corner of his mouth. “It’s okay. You didn’t do anything wrong. I’m just pissed I lost.”

“Okay,” Ilya says, licking his lips. “And now everyone will see you in my number and realize it only looks good on me.”

“Fuck you, I bet I pull it off.”

“Do you *want* to pull off Ottawa jersey?”

“Well, no,” Shane says, and there’s a slight whine in his voice when he adds, “Shut the fuck up, Rozanov.”

Ilya grins wide, pushing his forehead against Shane's. “Make me, Hollander.”

Shane kisses him, his lips hard and greedy and unrelenting. It steals the breath from Ilya’s lungs and lights a fuse in the room, taking them from heated words and kisses to desperate hands and bodies in no time at all.

Ilya groans against Shane’s mouth, hitching one of Shane's thighs around his hip and flipping them until he's pinning Shane against the wall. He rolls his body, giving them both delicious friction where they're craving it.

“Ilya,” Shane whimpers, his fingertips digging into Ilya's hips.

God, what a wonderful sound. Ilya seals their mouths together again, licking the taste of his name off Shane's tongue. He wishes he could fuse them together everywhere, absorb Shane into his skin somehow so that they never have to be apart ever again.

Tomorrow morning will come too soon.

“I love you,” Ilya says, starting to tug Shane toward his bedroom.

“I love you, too,” Shane says, smiling. “But I’m going to keep complaining about having to wear your jersey for a bullshit bet.”

Ilya smiles back, grabbing Shane’s chin in his hand. “You think you can keep complaining while I fuck you?”

Shane’s eyes shift into that hazy, blissful expression that Ilya adores so much. “Probably not.”

Ilya laughs, smacking Shane’s cheek. “Let’s go find out, hm?”

Shane nods, letting Ilya pull him along. “Please.”



Shane Hollander

Today, 1:57 PM

Shane

Your stupid jersey showed up today

Ilya

how does it look on you

Shane

It fits. That's all that matters

Ilya

I want to see. send picture.
or video. do a little spin for me

Shane

No.

Ilya

please

Shane

Still no.

Ilya

i will send picture back

Shane

So what?

Ilya

a naked picture

Shane

You'll see it when everyone else does. Not before or after.

Ilya

you took too long to reply
you almost did it for a picture of my dick didn't you

Shane

No

Ilya

ok liar



Ilya should have known better.

He has never considered himself particularly possessive with lovers in the past, but it *has* grabbed him by the throat a few times with Shane. Maybe it's how easy it seems for Shane to submit to that impulse, to agree without hesitation when Ilya does anything to claim him. Something about Shane—with his doe-like eyes and his crooked smile and his willing disposition—just brings out that side of Ilya with a vengeance.

So Ilya should have guessed that the sight of Shane Hollander in *his* fucking jersey, with *his* name on the back, would drive him out of his fucking mind.

“I fucking hate this,” Shane mumbles, frowning down at the material. “There are going to be photos all over the internet for the rest of my life.”

Ilya has to reign in the urge to grab Shane in the middle of the hallway. It's empty at the moment, but there are locker rooms and half a dozen other doors that someone could walk through at any second. He puts his hands on his hips and squeezes, fighting the twitch of his fingertips as he plasters on a disinterested face.

“That is how internet works, yes.”

“Well?” Shane says with a frown, doing a slow, tempting spin on his heels before looking at Ilya again. “What? No snarky comment about how it looks?”

Ilya clears his throat. “Looks better on me, like I said.”

Shane scoffs, brushing his hands over the front of the jersey as if he's smoothing out invisible wrinkles. His fingertips glide over Ilya's number on his chest.

His boyfriend is wearing his jersey, and he feels like he's going to explode.

A weird noise escapes Ilya's throat, half of the moan that he tried to bite back. Shane tilts his head at the sound, his eyes searching Ilya's face.

“Are you...” Shane shakes his head, like he can't believe what's about to come out of his mouth. “Are you *blushing*?”

Ilya snorts, but his heartbeat stutters. “No, I am not.”

“You are!” Shane's mouth is hanging open, surprise dancing over his features. He lowers his voice to whisper, “Oh my God. Is this turning you on?”

Ilya turns, holding onto a shred of self-control as he starts to walk down the hallway. “We should go. They are expecting us for interview.”

“Wait.” Shane's steps follow him. “Why won't you admit it?”

Because the dam will break if I do. Because everyone will see.

Because that's not what we want.

“Drop it, Hollander.”

Shane makes a frustrated sound. “I don't see why you're being so—”

Ilya doesn't think it through. He yanks open the door closest to them—a small, single occupancy bathroom—and shoves Shane inside.

The door clicks shut, and Ilya has just enough sense to flick the lock before he's crowding Shane against the sink. He wedges a knee between Shane's thighs and presses in, desperate for some sense of control. Shane starts to protest, but Ilya crushes their mouths together before he can speak.

Shane fists his hands in Ilya's shirt as Ilya kisses him, tugging hard on the fabric. He's pliant beneath Ilya's hands even with that tight grip, his lips parting and his tongue meeting Ilya's in the

space between them. Ilya shudders a bit at the easy compliance, at how Shane has turned into putty in his hands and is letting Ilya devour him without question.

He wonders if Shane knows that Ilya would do anything he asked. That no matter how eager Shane is to please Ilya at any given moment, Ilya's entire universe centers around the place where Shane's feet touch the ground. That even being in the same room with Shane makes Ilya feel like he might lose every shred of his control.

That Shane is the only person on the planet capable of bringing Ilya to his knees.

Shane shoves at his chest, breaking them apart, but he's smiling.

"Admit it, Ilya," Shane says, sliding one of his hands to Ilya's hip.

"There is nothing to admit," Ilya argues, but the impact is diluted by the way he drifts back into Shane's space and touches their foreheads together.

"Bullshit. I want you to admit that seeing me in your jersey is making you all..." Shane gives him a once-over, and his tongue pokes out to wet his bottom lip, to taste Ilya there. "Hot and bothered."

Ilya groans. "Yes, okay? Yes. You look like... like..."

"Like what?"

"*Mine*," Ilya growls, watching Shane's eyes widen at the sound. He buries his face in Shane's throat and bares his teeth against the skin, pulling a gasp from Shane's lips. "It makes me wish I could bend you over bathroom sink and fuck you until you scream my name loud enough for everyone to hear."

Shane makes a choked noise. "Oh. F-fuck."

Ilya picks up his head, grabbing Shane's chin and holding it in a tight grip. "I want to come inside you and not let you clean up after, so that while we talk to press and pretend to not be stupidly in love, you still feel me there."

"Jesus," Shane breathes, his eyes turning hazy and submissive. Ilya forces back a moan at the sight. "I am yours, Ilya. You could—"

"Shane." Ilya's voice sounds like a warning, but he isn't sure which one of them the warning is for. "We have to go. There's no time. They are waiting for us."

Shane blinks, as if he's just remembered where they are. "Shit, right. We can't... Uh. I'm—"

They both take a step in opposite directions. Ilya tries not to look at where Shane's cock is struggling against the fabric of his pants, willing his own blood to return to a normal temperature.

Shane shakes out his arms after a long pause. "So, uh, I'll go first and then you can wait thirty seconds before you follow me."

"Exactly thirty seconds? Should I get stopwatch?"

"You can set one on your phone," Shane replies, wiping his palms on his thighs. "Thirty should be fine. Maybe a little more."

“I...” Ilya laughs a little. “I don’t have my phone, Shane. Is in locker room.”

“Oh.” Shane rocks his head back and forth. “Just count, I guess. Make sure you do full seconds, though. Count slow.”

“Okay,” Ilya says, letting himself look at Shane with all the fondness he feels before he has to tuck it back inside his heart. Where it’s safe. “I will wait and follow you.”

“Yeah. Cool.”

Shane glances at himself in the mirror, tidying a few strands of hair that were mussed during their kisses. Ilya watches him collect himself, take a deep breath, and then walk a few steps toward the door before he stops.

“I’ll put it back on for you,” Shane says, not meeting Ilya’s eyes. His throat bobs. “Once we’re back at my place tonight. If you want.”

Ilya nods, already missing Shane’s touch. “I want.”

The barest hint of a smile lifts Shane’s features before he purses his lips and it disappears. “Okay. I’ll see you out there.”

“See you.”

The last thing Ilya sees before the door closes again is his name, his number.

Still on Shane’s back.

This is going to be the longest game of his fucking life.



Shane is already at his place when Ilya gets there.

There’s a text on his phone: **Door’s open for you.**

So Ilya walks in and closes the door behind him, clicking the lock into place. The sound seems to echo through the tiny apartment as Ilya leaves his shoes in the entryway and walks inside.

Shane is standing in the living room, wearing Ilya’s jersey and his tight black briefs, the material stretched across his thick thighs. His hands are tucked behind his back, and there’s no real heat in the glare he shoots Ilya.

When Ilya raises an eyebrow, Shane holds his arms out wide. “Are you happy now?”

“Eh.” Ilya takes a step closer, his hands itching to feel Shane’s skin. “You could have been wearing *only* my jersey.”

Shane rolls his eyes but slides his underwear off without another word, holding them at eye level before dramatically dropping them on the floor. The jersey is a little long on him, but Ilya can see that Shane’s dick is already half-hard, the tip peeking out from underneath the edge of the material.

It makes Ilya’s mouth water as he takes a slow step closer.

“Are you happy *now*?”

Ilya grins, reaching out to grab Shane by the waist. “Yes, very. I am always happy when I’m with you.”

Shane’s hands find the sides of Ilya’s neck. “This is stupid. I can’t believe I put this thing back on.”

“Ah, come on,” Ilya tells him, licking his lips. “Everyone loved it. It was good.”

“It was a little humiliating.” Shane scrunches his nose. “But I think it helped with the whole ‘making everyone think we’re friends’ thing.”

“All according to plan,” Ilya muses, kissing Shane’s forehead. “Plus, you look good in it. Maybe you could ask for trade and get Ottawa jersey for yourself.”

“Shut the fuck up.”

Ilya laughs. “You won tonight and you are still so crabby.”

“I can take this off.”

“No,” Ilya whines, rucking up the fabric until he can press his palms to the curve of Shane’s waist. “Not before I fuck you in it.”

Shane sighs, seeming a little dazed when his gaze flicks to Ilya’s mouth. “Fine.”

Ilya kisses Shane, his tongue sliding over Shane’s top lip with languid strokes before he pulls away. “You know I love you, yes?”

“Yes.” Shane smiles, his eyes still closed. “I know you love me.”

“Good.” Ilya kisses him again before taking a step back. “Now let me look at you.”

“What?”

“Hold up the bottom and turn for me. Let me see everything that belongs to me.”

Shane blinks, looking a bit shell-shocked as his hands find the bottom of the jersey and pull it up, revealing his hardening cock. By the time Shane turns in a circle and gives Ilya a look at his name, his number, and Shane’s ass all at once, Ilya’s own dick is pressing against the fabric of his jeans.

“One more time,” Ilya asks once Shane is facing him again, twirling one of his fingers in the air. “I wasn’t done looking.”

Ilya watches as Shane obeys, clearly fighting the twist of his mouth. He’s acting irritated, but he has Ilya’s full attention and is trying to pretend he doesn’t love it. Ilya sees right through him, though.

Ilya always sees right through him.

“Very good,” Ilya says as Shane finishes his rotation, blowing out a heavy breath. “You are beautiful, Shane. It is... impossible that you are mine.”

Shane drops to his knees at Ilya's feet, nuzzling against Ilya's thigh and then drifting toward Ilya's cock, mouthing at him through the material of his pants. Ilya sighs at the touch, tracing his thumb down Shane's cheek.

"I am yours," Shane says, his hands moving up and down Ilya's calves. "Completely yours."

"Yes." Ilya runs his fingers through Shane's hair. "So get my cock out and suck it, hm?"

Shane is smiling as he tugs the waistband of Ilya's pants and underwear down, eager when he wraps his lips around the tip of Ilya's dick and hollows his cheeks. Ilya hums and palms the back of Shane's head as it bobs, losing himself in the heat of Shane's stupidly perfect mouth. Shane's tongue teases his slit before he slides further down Ilya's length, moaning and closing his eyes as though *he's* the one getting his dick sucked.

God, Ilya is so fucking gone for him.

He allows himself a few more moments of indulgence, one more tiny thrust of his hips between Shane's lips, before he grabs beneath Shane's armpits and hauls him up. Shane kisses him hard, and the combination of tasting himself on Shane's tongue and the feeling of his number against his palms when he runs them over Shane's back is—

"*Fuck*, Hollander," Ilya mutters, smacking his palm against Shane's ass. "Walk to your bedroom. I want to watch."

Shane shakes his head, his eyes sparkling like the brightest star—the one that always guides Ilya home. "You're enjoying this way too much."

Ilya drops another kiss on Shane's lips. "Less talking, more walking."

For a second, Ilya thinks Shane might argue, but then he sighs and starts to walk toward his bedroom. He even reaches behind him to tug up the bottom of the shirt enough that Ilya can see his ass with every step he takes. Ilya can do nothing but follow, eyes drinking in the sight as he discards his clothing along the way.

He grins to himself thinking of Shane pouting as he picks them up later, complaining about how messy Ilya is.

Shane turns around once he's in his bedroom, waiting for Ilya to close the space between them. Ilya presses a quick kiss to Shane's lips before trailing kisses down his jaw and throat, stopping just above where the collar of the jersey sits.

He smiles against Shane's skin. "Mine."

"Yours," Shane confirms, one of his hands in Ilya's hair.

"Are you going to let me have whatever I want tonight?"

A pause, and then Shane whispers, "Tell me how you want me, Ilya."

Ilya's body trembles at the words, soft and sweet and more than he deserves.

"Hands and knees," Ilya tells him, scraping his teeth across the pulse in Shane's throat before standing back up straight. "So I can see my name on your back while I fuck you."

Shane shivers, a tiny gasp escaping his mouth. “Okay.”

Ilya watches as Shane moves, crawling onto the bed and bending at the waist. He stretches his arms out in front of him in a way that makes his back arch, and Ilya groans low in his throat at the sight of him. His boyfriend, on perfect display and looking over his shoulder with desire like molten lava in his eyes.

His to kiss. His to fuck. His to love.

It doesn’t make sense.

Ilya wants to bury himself inside of Shane’s body until they’re both sweaty messes. He wants to press his lips to the divot between Shane’s shoulder blades and leave his fingerprints in the dimples of his back. He wants to hear Shane whine as he takes Ilya’s cock, begging for more, more, *more*.

Somehow, these are things he gets to have.

He never wants to take it for granted.

So he takes his time while he opens Shane up with slick fingers. He kisses the ridges of Shane’s spine and presses deep and commits every sound that comes out of Shane’s mouth to memory.

When Ilya is satisfied with Shane’s prep, he asks, “Condom?”

“No,” Shane tells him, his voice muffled by the pillow. “Just you.”

Ilya shuffles closer, nudging Shane’s knees a little wider apart. He pauses with the head of his cock at Shane’s rim, squeezing his hip.

He waits until Shane whines before he says, “Tell me what you want, Hollander.”

“What?”

“What do you want?”

“I—” Shane rocks back, searching for Ilya. “I want you to f-fuck me.”

“How do you want me to fuck you?”

Shane makes a frustrated noise. “Hard.”

“And?”

“I don’t know, I just—*please*.”

Ilya flattens his hand on Shane’s back, over the number in block font that is scrunched into the material of the jersey as it falls toward Shane’s shoulders. “Tell me... that you want me to fuck you while you wear my jersey.”

“I want you to fuck me while I’m wearing your jersey,” Shane recites, sounding wrecked and breathless.

“Because you’re mine.”

“Because I’m yours,” Shane pants, his expression twisted in blissful agony. “Ilya, please.”

“Well. Since you asked so nicely,” Ilya replies, finally pressing forward.

Shane groans as Ilya fills him. “Oh, fuck. Jesus.”

Ilya grins, finding a steady rhythm with his hips. “You look good like this. Bent over. My name on you. I like it.”

“Yeah, no shit,” Shane rasps, propping himself on his elbows so he can glance at Ilya over his shoulder. “It’s not happening again.”

“I think it will,” Ilya tells him, glancing back and forth between where his cock is disappearing into Shane’s body and where his name is displayed on Shane’s back. “I think you will wear it whenever I want.”

“N-no.” Shane’s mouth drops open on a silent gasp, his eyelids fluttering closed. “One-time thing.”

“I don’t think so.” Ilya leans forward and grabs a handful of Shane’s hair, his lips brushing the shell of Shane’s ear. “When you retire and I am still playing and winning cups, you will wear my jersey to my games.”

“I’m not retiring before you,” Shane says, gritting his teeth as Ilya snaps his hips harder. “And I’m not going to be your fucking WAG.”

Ilya chuckles, sinking his teeth into the juncture between Shane’s neck and shoulder. He slows the roll of his hips, pushing Shane’s shoulders lower until they touch the mattress again. Shane trembles as Ilya’s cock drags along his inner walls, his body constricting so tight around Ilya that he nearly comes on the spot.

“What was that you said?” Ilya asks, grinning into Shane’s skin.

“I’m not—when—retiring is…” Shane moans, his back arching as Ilya keeps fucking him in unhurried, careful thrusts. “Jesus fucking Christ. Ilya. God.”

“You’ll make good WAG, I think.”

“Shut… up,” Shane moans, grabbing a fistful of the sheets. “And fuck me harder.”

Ilya does, if only because he’s so close to exploding. For a long moment, the only sounds are their heavy breathing and the smack of skin on skin. Ilya angles his hips and finds that sweet spot that turns Shane into a blubbery mess, the one that makes him come untouched when Ilya fucks him fast and hard like this.

“Oh my God, Ilya. Right there. Jesus fucking Christ.”

“Yes, sweetheart,” Ilya whispers, his nose trailing over the back of Shane’s neck. “So perfect for me, hm?”

“For you,” Shane cries, his face scrunching up. “Oh God. I love you.”

Ilya forgets about the jersey or anything else as he slams into Shane’s body, desperate to make him come first. His own body is vibrating with the need for release, with the need to feel Shane clench

around him as he comes undone.

He doesn't understand how it can feel this good every time.

It's incredible to Ilya that even after years of sex with Shane, it's still like this. It's still exciting and hot, and Shane still drives him out of his mind with lust and desire that burns like wildfire in his veins. Ilya loves him and wants him so much that it feels ridiculous, and with how Shane is whining Ilya's name and jumbled *I love yous* as he fucks him, he must feel the same way. Somehow.

Truly ridiculous.

Ilya is the luckiest man alive.

"Mine," Ilya grits out, his chest tight. "My number. My jersey. My lover."

"Fuck," Shane groans, his eyelashes fluttering. "Yeah. Yours. Forever, Ilya."

"That's it, Shane," Ilya murmurs, feeling like his body might turn inside-out. "You will come for me. Just like this."

Shane makes a jumbled noise that sounds like affirmation, his body coiling tight. Ilya presses his forehead into the back of Shane's neck, nearly sobbing with relief when Shane cries out and comes, Ilya's name a repeated prayer on his lips.

As if his body was only waiting for Shane to allow it, Ilya comes with a rough curse, burying himself as deep as he can in Shane's body as he falls apart.

They both collapse on the bed, clinging to each other despite their sweaty skin. As they catch their breath, Ilya presses a lazy kiss to Shane's forehead, the apple of his cheek, the curve of his jaw, every inch of skin he can reach. Ilya thinks Shane whispers something, affection warm in his tone, but his eyes are half-closed and his lips barely move.

"I love you," Ilya says in response. "But I have no idea what you just said."

Shane makes a noise that could be a scoff. "Love you."

Ilya laughs, getting up to grab a cloth while Shane lies boneless on the mattress. He looks so soft like this, his limbs heavy as Ilya moves them around to clean him up. It makes Ilya feel a little smug, knowing that he's the one responsible for this fucked out and satisfied man.

When he's done, Ilya tosses the cloth in the direction of the laundry and crawls back into bed, nestling himself as close to Shane's body as he can. Shane's eyes are still closed as Ilya brushes a thumb down the bridge of his nose, over the freckles under his eyes, down the column of his throat.

A happy sound rumbles in Shane's chest, and Ilya smiles.

"You are okay? I did not hurt you?"

Shane's eyes open, and Ilya's breath catches. There he is—Ilya's entire fucking heart.

"You didn't hurt me," Shane confirms, his cheeks warming under Ilya's touch. "It was hot."

Ilya gives him a quick kiss. “Good.”

“So.” Shane stretches a little, hooking his thigh over Ilya’s hip. “Are you going to wear my jersey next time? Since Montreal won tonight?”

Ilya rolls his eyes. “No.”

Shane spends a few seconds chewing on the inside of his cheek before he asks, “Aren’t you mine, too?”

Oh.

Ilya searches Shane’s expression—soft eyes, pursed lips, the tiny piece of his soul laid bare for Ilya to see—and knows the question is genuine.

As if Shane doesn’t know that Ilya’s heart beats only for him.

Ilya sighs, brushing some of Shane’s sweaty hair off his forehead. “Yes. I am yours, too. More than you even know.”

Shane smiles as if Ilya has given him the world. “So you’ll do it?”

“If is what you want,” Ilya says, his thumb trailing over Shane’s freckles. “But I will hate it.”

Shane smirks. “Great.”

The room falls quiet, and Ilya savors the peace that surrounds them. In the morning, he’ll sneak back into the hotel before the sun is up and make sure he’s on the bus back to Ottawa, the drive that will carry him away from the world his world revolves around.

Ilya kisses Shane’s hair and closes his eyes. For a little while longer, they can stay here. Where Shane is his, and he is Shane’s, and everything that exists outside of this space doesn’t matter.

As much as Shane complained about wearing Ilya’s jersey, he drifts to sleep with it still on his body.

Ilya can’t wait to tease him about that when he wakes up.





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Making good on a bet made earlier in the season, Shane Hollander wore Ilya Rozanov's jersey during today's pre-game interview. When asked if Rozanov will return the favor if Montreal wins tonight, Rozanov only said, "I would look terrible in Hollander's jersey. We will hope it does not happen."

8:13 PM · Mar 2, 2020

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I would still look terrible in Hollander's jersey



Shane Hollander @ShaneHollander
Replying to @IlyaRozanov

I've already ordered the jersey for you. See you next season, buddy.



87



524



1.8K

End Notes

if you need to scream about heated rivalry, the recently announced third book, or just life in general, you can find me here (and i love friends, come say hi!) [Twitter](#), [Tumblr](#), [BlueSky](#) <3

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