we just kissed once, but our hearts are already like scott and zelda

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by pucktopivot

Summary

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He thrust up to meet Shane's next downward stroke, emphasizing his point, drawing a broken cry from them both. "This," Ilya gasped, his composure shredding. "This is what it is. A knight, worshipping his king. And you, ty moy korol… You are my king."

or the one where ilya is a menace, shane is a "mouse," and things get a lot less clinical very quickly

Notes

thank you my beautiful sister for proofreading

and in recent hrtwt events; my fanfics are not ai and will never be! it will always be authentically written by an unemployed, mentally ill author

The room was a monument to anonymous living. Harsh, clinical light from a single overhead fixture bleached everything of color-the beige walls, the grey patterned carpet, the stark white duvet on the king-sized bed. Outside the window, the city was a grid of distant, twinkling lights, indifferent.

Shane sat on the very edge of the mattress, spine rigid. A heavy hardcover book on the history of hockey was open on his lap, but his eyes hadn't moved from the same paragraph in five minutes. He adjusted his glasses, a nervous habit.

Ilya watched him from where he was sprawled across the bed, head propped on a fist. He'd been watching for a while, tracing the line of Shane's neck, the tight set of his shoulders under his worn t-shirt. The quiet in the room was a thick, tangible thing, broken only by the faint hum of the HVAC.

"You read same page whole night," Ilya whined, his voice a low rumble that seemed too big for the sterile space.

Shane jumped, a slight tremor running through him. "It's a complex chapter," he mumbled, not looking up.

"Is *boring* chapter." Ilya shifted, the mattress dipping. "You are *boring*, Hollander. Sitting there like scared mouse."

That got a reaction. Shane's head snapped up, a flash of irritation behind his lenses. "I'm not a mouse."

"*Da*, you are. You squeak when annoyed. Is cute." Ilya's smirk was a slow, predatory thing. He let his gaze travel, deliberate, down Shane's body and back up. The silence stretched again, Ilya broke it, his tone dropping, conversational yet edged with something darker. "You know, I have always wondered what it would be like to fuck a nerd."

The air left the room. Shane's mouth opened, then closed. A violent flush spread from his neck to his hairline. "What—why are you—?"

Ilya was already moving. One moment he was on his side, the next he was over Shane, pressing him down into the mattress with the full, solid weight of his body. The book thudded to the floor. Shane's glasses went askew.

"*Why*?" Ilya breathed the word into the space below Shane's ear, his hands pinning Shane's wrists to the bed. His skin smelled of soap, and something colder, like adrenaline. "Because you think too much. You are all *here*," he nosed at Shane's temple, "in your head. I want you *here*." He ground his hips down, a firm, undeniable pressure, and Shane made a choked, gasping sound.

It was pure, undiluted shock.

Ilya's hands were demanding, shoving fabric out of the way. He didn't undress Shane so much as uncover him, the movements efficient, and devoid of ceremony. His own clothes followed,

a messy heap on the grey carpet. The contrast was brutal. Ilya was all carved muscle, and old scars, a map of violence lived on the ice. Shane was paler, leaner, tensed like a bowstring. But he did have muscles of his own, lean, strong lines honed on the ice, which Ilya found insanely attractive.

The definition in Shane's forearms, the subtle curve of his biceps, it was all a kind of quiet strength that made Ilya's own muscles hum in appreciation. *I could bite them*, he thinks, a primal urge flashing hot, and possessive. A clean, hard bite on that shoulder, leaving an imprint, a signature. But he won't. He knows how Shane feels about marking, about ownership, about not wanting the evidence of Ilya’s claim following him onto the ice the next day. It was a stupid concession, but one he made. *Maybe next time*, he considered, the thought a slow, predatory promise he filed away for future negotiations. Maybe he can convince him to leave a few hickeys.

Ilya looked at him, this man pinned beneath him, breath coming in short pants, and something possessive clenched in his chest. "See?" Ilya murmured, a calloused thumb stroking over Shane's hip bone. "Not so much thinking now."

But Ilya waited, needing a clear signal, actual permission. "Da?" he prompted gently, his gaze fixed on Shane's flushed face.

Shane hesitated for one last second, then gave a small, jerky nod. The clear consent Ilya needed. Only then did Ilya reached for the nightstand, fumbled a bottle open, and prepared Shane with a ruthless, focused practicality that made Shane shudder and clamp his eyes shut. The first push was a blinding stripe of fire. Shane cried out, a sharp, broken noise, and his body arched, trying to recoil.

Ilya held him down gently, his own breath hissing through his teeth. "*Breathe*," he whispered, his voice rough. "Breathe, or it will hurt more."

But he gave no quarter, setting a deep, punishing rhythm from the outset. The bedframe knocked a dull, repetitive beat against the wall. Shane's initial pain melted, transformed under the relentless friction into something else, something molten and terrifying. Pleasure, sharp, and unwanted, began to coil hot in his gut. A whimper escaped.

Ilya heard it. He bent his head, his lips brushing the shell of Shane's ear. His words came in pants, heat and accent mixing. "There. You feel it. Good. You take it so *good*."

Shame, and sensation warred in Shane's throat, coming out as a sob. He turned his face into the pillow, away from Ilya's burning dark eyes. Ilya wouldn't allow it. He caught Shane's chin, forcing his head back, making him meet that gaze. "Look at me."

The command splintered something inside Shane. He was fractured, unmade. The careful identity he carried was being pounded into dust by this beautiful, brutal machine above him. His glasses were gone; the world was a blur of harsh light, and Ilya's intense, focused expression.

Ilya's pace increased, each thrust driving a punch of air from Shane's lungs. The sounds in the room were obscene; skin on skin, the wet slap of connection, ragged breathing, and Shane's

increasingly ragged cries. He was unspooling, losing all control, and Ilya was watching every second of it with avid, hungry eyes.

"You moan so good for me," Ilya growled, his own control fraying. Sweat dripped from his brow onto Shane's chest. "I want to make you scream my name. Scream it."

Shane shook his head, a desperate, tiny motion. He was close, teetering on a cliff edge he didn't want to fall from. Ilya leaned all his weight into him, one arm hooking under Shane's knee, bending him impossibly deeper, changing the angle. The new point of contact was electric, catastrophic.

Shane screamed.

It was a raw, torn-open sound. His back bowed off the bed, every muscle seizing as the world dissolved into white-hot static. Ilya followed him over with a choked, guttural noise, driving into him through the convulsions, his own release of a shuddering, endless wave that left him collapsed, his face buried in the sweat-damp hollow of Shane's throat.

The silence that followed was absolute, ringing. The only sound was the ragged concert of their breathing. The city lights still blinked, unchanged, beyond the window. Ilya, spent, did not move for a long time. Then, slowly, he pressed his lips once, almost reverently, to the frantic pulse beating at the base of Shane's throat. He whispered something in Russian, the words too soft and slurred to decipher. Shane wouldn't have understood it anyway.

He rolled off, his back hitting the cool sheets, and stared up at the blank, featureless ceiling. The room still smelled of them, of salt and heat. The bed was a wreck. Shane lay utterly still, arm thrown over his eyes. He was trembling, small aftershocks running through his limbs. A single, silent tear tracked from beneath his arm, disappearing into his hairline.

Ilya turned his head on the pillow, and looked at the blurred outline of him. He just looked, his dark eyes unreadable in the dim light, the ghost of his command still hanging in the air between them. The silence stretched, thin, and brittle as old ice. Ilya's breathing evened out first, the heavy rise and fall of his chest slowing against the static charge in the air. Shane's arm remained pressed over his eyes, a frail barricade. The tremors in his limbs had subsided to an occasional, almost imperceptible shiver.

Ilya shifted. The sheets were damp and tangled, a ruin of what they'd done. He pushed himself up on one elbow, the muscles in his arm flexing. He looked at the blurred shape of Shane beside him, at the sharp line of his shoulder, the vulnerable column of his throat.

"Hollander."

His name, in that accent, sounded different now. Shane didn't move. A wet, hitching breath gave him away.

"*Hey*." Ilya's voice was lower, stripped of its earlier razor edge. He reached out, his fingers hovering just above Shane's wrist before making contact. The skin was warm. “Look at me.”

Slowly, Shane lowered his arm. His eyes were red-rimmed, swimming. He blinked, unfocused.

"Here." Ilya leaned over, fumbling on the floor. He found the glasses, folded them, and placed them carefully on the nightstand. "You do not need them to see me."

Shane's gaze found Ilya's face. There was no anger there. Just a deep, bewildered shock, and underneath it, a raw honesty that made Ilya's stomach clench.

"You are okay?" Ilya asked. The question was gruff, but the intent was clear. His thumb traced a slow arc over Shane's wristbone. "I was... much. I am sorry."

Shane swallowed. He gave a tiny, jerky nod, then shook his head, then let out a breath that was almost a laugh. "I don't know what I am."

"Good." Ilya's mouth quirked. “Is better than thinking."

He let his eyes travel over Shane's face, down his body, which was already marking in faint, promising blooms of color. A strange, protective tenderness wound itself around the fierce possessiveness still simmering in his blood. He wanted to ruin him all over again. He wanted to put him back together.

"Hollander," he said again, and this time his voice was a soft rumble. "I want you to ride me."

Shane's eyes widened. His lips parted.

“But only if you want,” Ilya continued, his gaze holding Shane's, unwavering. The Russian’s request felt more intimate than any command. “Are you okay? For another round?" He watched the emotions flit across Shane's face; fear, a flicker of residual pain, then a dawning, incredulous curiosity. A spark of something hotter. Shane's tongue darted out to wet his bottom lip.

"Yes," Shane whispered. The word was barely audible. Then, stronger, finding a spine Ilya hadn't seen before, "*Yes*."

A slow, genuine smile spread across Ilya's face. It transformed him, softening the hard lines. "Good."

He moved, lying back against the pillows, pulling Shane with him. He guided him, hands more patient now, settling him over his hips. The position was open, vulnerable for llya, a deliberate surrender of control. He watched Shane's face, the concentration there, the faint wince as he took him in, the breathtaking slackening of awe as he sheathed himself fully.

"Now," Ilya breathed, his hands coming to rest on Shane's thighs. "You move. You are in charge."

Shane began to move, hesitant at first, awkward. Ilya let him find his rhythm, his own breath catching as Shane's head fell back, his throat a long, exquisite line. The light from the window caught the sweat on his chest. He was a silhouette of need against the city's indifferent glow.

Then Shane found it. A smoother, deeper roll of his hips, a gasp tumbling from his lips. His hands came to brace themselves on Ilya's broad chest, fingers splaying over the scars, tattoos, and the pounding heart beneath.

Ilya watched, utterly captivated. The power dynamic had inverted, and it was more intoxicating than any domination. Shane above him, lost in the feeling, driving them both toward the edge, was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. It was bestowal.

"*Bozhe moi*," Ilya muttered, his grip tightening on Shane's thighs. The words spilled out, unfiltered, a raw observation torn from somewhere deep behind his ribs. "Look at you. You are like... like a king. *No*," He shook his head, his eyes dark with reverence. "A knight does not fuck his king. He worships."

He thrust up to meet Shane's next downward stroke, emphasizing his point, drawing a broken cry from them both. "This," Ilya gasped, his composure shredding. "This is what it is. A knight, worshipping his king. And you, *ty moy korol… You* are my king."

The thought took root in his mind, sparking a sudden, arrogant heat. He imagined them in some other universe, one where he wasn't a hockey player with a bad reputation, but a mercenary in heavy armor, and Shane was the untouchable, golden king he'd been hired to protect. In that life, Ilya would have probably started a war just to see Shane's crown tilt, just to be the only man allowed to see the king fall apart like this. He'd be the knight who knelt in public, and took whatever he wanted in private.

He filed the image away with a smirk, a mental trophy he intended to take out, and smirk over later when he was alone and missing the weight of Shane against him. He could almost see himself polishing that silver armor, knowing exactly who was waiting for him behind the heavy velvet curtains of the royal chambers.

But those words hung between them, an absurd, sacred vow in the sterile air. Shane stared down, his movements faltering for a second, his breath catching. Ilya's face was naked, stripped of all its usual cocky armor. The raw reverence in his dark eyes was more disorienting than anything.

Then Ilya's hands slid from Shane's thighs to his hips, his grip firm, guiding. "Do not stop," he breathed, his voice ragged. "My king must ride."

Shane obeyed. The earlier awkwardness melted under the heat of that gaze. He found a new rhythm, deeper, more confident, each roll of his hips a deliberate claiming. The angle was different like this, the pleasure a continuous, building coil low in his spine. He braced his hands on llya's chest, feeling the pound of his heart, the flex of hard muscle. Power, heady, and terrifying, flooded his veins.

"Yes," Ilya hissed, his head tipping back into the pillow. A tendon stood out in his neck. "Just like this. *Ty potryasayushchiy*."

Shane moved faster, driven by the sounds Ilya was making-low, gut-deep grunts of encouragement that dissolved into Russian murmurs. The words were a senseless, beautiful torrent against the slap of skin and the creak of the bedframe. Shane's world narrowed to the

points of contact. The slick, burning stretch inside him, the rough palms anchoring his hips, the blinding focus of Ilya's eyes when they flicked open to watch him.

"Look at you," Ilya gasped, his English fractured. "All mine. Taking what you need. Fucking yourself on me. Beautiful."

The filthy praise, wrapped in that aching reverence, tipped Shane closer to the edge. His control began to splinter. His moans came freely now, high and desperate. He was sweating, a bead tracing down his sternum to where their bodies joined. Ilya saw it. He tracked its path with a hunter's intensity. "Close?" he demanded.

Shane could only nod, his movements becoming frantic, less precise.

"No." Ilya's hands clamped down, stilling him, holding him deep. "Not yet. You wait for me. Together?"

The denial was a sweet agony. Shane shuddered, hovering on the precipice, whining in the back of his throat. Ilya soothed him with a touch, one hand drifting up to Shane's chest, thumb brushing a nipple, then down his quivering stomach.

"Shh. I have you. We go soon." Ilya began to move again, not just letting Shane ride, but meeting his thrusts with sharp, upward drives of his own. He shifted subtly, and the new angle made Shane see stars.

"Ilya—"

"Say it again."

"*Ilya*!"

It was somewhat of a scream, a prayer, and a surrender altogether. Shane's orgasm ripped through him, violent and consuming, blurring the room into a smear of light and shadow. He convulsed, his back arching, a broken litany of Ilya's name spilling from his lips.

Through the blinding white haze, he felt Ilya's hips stutter, then piston up once, twice, three more times, relentlessly. Ilya's grip became bruising, his whole body going taut as a wire. A ragged, choked shout was torn from his throat, a raw, Russian word that sounded like both a curse and a benediction.

Shane felt it then. The hot, pulsing rush deep inside as Ilya finally, completely, lost his grip. He held Shane down through every shuddering wave, his release seemingly endless, a possession that went beyond skin, marking him from the inside out. For a long minute, there was only the sound of their shattered breathing.

Ilya's hands, still trembling, moved from Shane's hips to his back, drawing him down slowly, carefully, until Shane collapsed onto his chest. They were a sticky, exhausted mess. Shane's ear was pressed against Ilya's sternum, the frantic drumbeat of his heart a wild counter-rhythm to his own.

llya's hand came up, fingers carding slowly, almost absently, through Shane's damp hair. His other arm was a heavy, solid band across Shane's back, holding him there. Outside, a siren wailed in the city, fading into the distance. The HVAC hummed its constant, indifferent tune.

Ilya finally spoke, his voice a wrecked rumble against Shane's cheek. "*So*," he said. "Now I know."

Time stretched, thin and syrupy. Shane became aware of individual sensations again. The cool draft from the air vent against his sweat-damp skin, the heavy, spent weight of Ilya beneath him, the slow, steadying thud of Ilya's heart against his ear. The smell of sex, salt, and expensive linen was a thick, particular fog in the room. Ilya's hand was still in his hair, the touch idle, possessive. His other hand began to move, a slow sweep up and down the knobs of Shane's spine.

Then Ilya shifted, tilting his head to look down at the man collapsed on his chest. His gaze traveled over the curve of Shane's shoulder, now close enough in the dim light to see the details. A dusting of pale, countless freckles scattered across his skin like the Milky Way, a constellation mapped over his shoulders, down the backs of his arms. To Ilya Rozanov, Shane Hollander was a universe. His universe.

As a lonely child in Russia, Ilya had spent countless nights staring out of frost-edged windows at the cold, distant stars, fascinated by the way they remained constant while everything else changed. He had found comfort in their silent, unreachable beauty. But now, the stars weren't millions of miles away; they were right here, very warm, and breathing beneath his fingertips.

Ilya's thumb stroked over a cluster of them near Shane's shoulder blade. A low, appreciative noise rumbled in his chest. The contrast was devastating. The brutal evidence of his own passion-red marks, the hint of bruising-on this canvas of subtle, starry points. The visual, the memory of how Shane had come apart, the feeling of him still sheathed within him, coalesced into a hot, sudden pulse of renewed interest. His body, ever predictable, began to stir.

Shane felt it. A slight, hardening change beneath him. He went perfectly still.

"Ilya." His voice was hoarse, wrecked.

"Mm?"

"No."

Ilya chuckled, the sound vibrating through both of them. "I say nothing."

"You don't have to." Shane pushed himself up, wincing at the ache, the overwhelming wetness, the general state of profound physical disarray. He was sticky everywhere. The sheets were a damp, tangled disaster beneath them. A profound, itching discomfort that had nothing to do with shame began crawling up his spine. His skin felt two sizes too small. "We need to shower… *now*. And these sheets need to be stripped. They're unclean."

Ilya blinked up at him, amusement and arousal warring in his dark eyes. Shane was already scrambling off the bed, his movements jerky with a sudden, focused urgency. He stood, refusing to look back at the ruin of the bed or the breathtaking man still lying in the center of it. The mess was all he could see, the disruption to order.

"It is just sweat, *Zolotse*," Ilya murmured, propping himself up on his elbows to watch the show. Shane was a frantic, lovely vision, padding naked, and determined toward the bathroom. "Relax."

"I am relaxed," Shane shot back, his tone tight, "Relaxed people shower after engaging in strenuous athletic activity. And they change sweaty linens. It's basic hygiene, Ilya." He disappeared into the bathroom, and the harsh fluorescent light blazed to life, spilling a slab of white into the dim room. The sound of the shower spray hitting the tile followed a second later.

Ilya sighed, the ache of his unsated interest dulling to a background throb. He sighed, a fond, exasperated sound. He'd seen Shane get like this after messy team meals, meticulously wiping down his space at the table long after everyone else had left. He'd just never had it directed at the aftermath of his own bed, or maybe he did, just when Ilya wasn't looking.

But Ilya remembered every single detail about his Shane; he was a self-appointed expert on the man, a scholar, if you will, of every twitch, and sigh. It was oddly charming, though. And a little intimidating. It was actually the most incredible thing Ilya had ever seen, but then again, in Ilya's eyes, Shane Hollander didn't know how to be anything less than a god.

By the time Ilya hauled himself off the bed and into the bathroom, Shane was already under the spray, scrubbing at his skin with a washcloth. The water sluiced through his hair, plastering it to his forehead.

"Move over," Ilya grunted, sliding the glass door open, and stepping into the steam.

Shane shifted automatically, making room in the cramped stall. He didn't look at Ilya, as his focus was on the task at hand, himself. Shoulders first, then arms, chest. The water ran in rivulets through the freckles Ilya had just been admiring.

Ilya watched for a moment, then reached for the shampoo. "Here," he said, his voice softer now. "Turn around."

Shane hesitated, then complied, presenting his back. Ilya's big hands were surprisingly gentle as he worked the shampoo into his scalp. The sensation was direct, purposeful, and Shane felt the knotted wire of anxiety in his chest begin to loosen slightly. The water was hot. Clean the body, clean the hair, and proceed to the next task.

"You are very serious about shower," Ilya observed, his fingers massaging.

"It's a shower. It's function is to get clean."

Ilya smiled against the wet skin of Shane's shoulder. "Next time, I buy you rubber duck of me. For morale."

Shane made a non-committal sound, but he leaned back slightly into the touch. The rhythmic pressure was grounding, and the steam helped. The overwhelming storm of sensation was being washed down the drain, order slowly being restored.

When they stepped out, Shane was moving, a towel wrapped around his hips. He marched back into the room, went straight to the bed, and started yanking the fitted sheet off the corners with violent efficiency.

Ilya leaned against the bathroom doorframe, a towel slung low on his hips, watching. The freckles were gone again, hidden under the flushed, clean skin. The frantic energy had returned. Ilya felt that twinge again, not just of desire, but of something deeper. A fierce need to protect this strange, meticulous, *devastating* man who had screamed his name, and was now fighting a war against *untidiness*.

"I can help," Ilya said.

"The pillows," Shane commanded, not looking up as he balled the soiled linens into a tight, contained bundle. "Strip the pillows. I'll call for a new set."

Ilya picked up a pillow, pulling the case off. "Yes, *moya lyubov*," he said, a slow grin spreading across his face.

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