The Bench Bay

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The Bench Bay

by hotpocketss

Summary

“You know,” Ilya adds, like he’s continuing a casual thought, “Hotel was good idea. It’s warm, no ice, no… audience.”

Shane’s grip tightens on the strap of his bag, but he still doesn’t respond. He keeps skating, eyes fixed ahead, pretending the words don’t land even as heat crawls back up his neck.

“But no,” he continues, clearly enjoying himself. “You choose rink, very bold.”

“Fuck off,” Shane exhales through his nose.

Ilya keeps talking as they slow near the boards, skating lazy circles around Shane like he has nowhere else to be. “Next time,” he says mildly, like he’s already planned it, “We use a hotel. I promise, much less… scandal.”

———

Shane and Ilya get freaky on the ice, LIKE LITERALLY on the ice during the All Star Game week.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

The Bench Bay

By day two of All-Star Weekend, Shane already feels like he's been wrung out. Too many cameras, too many smiles that don't quite land, too many conversations that ask for just a little more than he wants to give. The schedule is loose enough to be disorienting, the kind of unstructured time that leaves him restless instead of relaxed, so when Ilya suggests they go skate—*just skate*, no drills, no media—Shane agrees before he can think of a reason not to. The rink they end up in isn't one of the main ones. It's tucked off to the side, lights dimmed low, boards scuffed and familiar in a way that feels lived-in instead of polished. No banners, no crowd noise piped in, just the quiet hum beneath the ice and the echo of their skates when they step out onto it. Shane exhales the second his blades hit the surface, shoulders loosening like his body remembers this place even when his head forgets.

They're not in gear—just regular clothes and skates, hoodies pulled tight against the cold, gloves shoved into pockets. It feels almost private, like they've slipped out of the weekend without anyone noticing. Shane pushes off, carving a wide arc across the ice, testing his edges, letting the rhythm settle into his legs. He can feel Ilya watching him, amused and sharp in that way he always is, already itching to turn this into something competitive.

One-on-one is Ilya's idea, of course. He drags a net into place with his skate, nudges another down to the far end, grinning like this is inevitable. First to five, no rules they don't agree on, no stakes beyond pride. Shane laughs and lines up anyway, because this—this stripped-down version of hockey—still feels like home. When they start, it's easier than it's been in a while. Shane moves without thinking, instincts clean and responsive, the puck listening when it hits his stick. He scores first, then again, and the rush that follows is bright and uncomplicated, the kind of joy that makes his chest feel warm instead of tight. Ilya chirps at him, loud and delighted, and Shane grins wider, skating harder, faster, winning because he can.

For a little while, that's all there is. Ice and motion, laughter echoes off empty seats. Shane forgets what he's supposed to be, who's watching, what the weekend means. He's just playing—really playing—and the night opens up around them, quiet and full of possibility, like it's holding its breath for whatever comes next.

Ilya starts chirping halfway through the second round, voice carrying easily across the ice, playful enough that Shane doesn't bother bristling. It's the usual stuff—commentary on Shane's footwork, mock disbelief when he loses the puck, exaggerated praise that's clearly meant to be annoying. Shane fires back without thinking, sharp and precise, because winning gives him permission to be a little mean. "Maybe if you stopped talking, you'd skate faster," he calls out after slipping past him again, cutting clean toward the net and burying the puck with a flick of his wrist.

Ilya laughs, loud and genuine, shaking his head as they reset. "You get lucky once—"

"Four times," Shane corrects, skating backward just to watch him, a grin tugging at his mouth. He can feel it now, that loose, buoyant confidence that only shows up when things are going his way. His body's warm, timing sharp, everything clicking into place without effort.

They trade barbs as they skate, nothing sticking, nothing sharp enough to matter. Shane doesn't feel on edge, doesn't feel poked or provoked—if anything, he feels steadier, grounded in the simple rhythm of movement and sound. Even Ilya's presence feels uncomplicated, just another variable he's handling easily tonight. If something's off, Shane doesn't catch it. Ilya hides it too well. The smile never falters, the tone never sharpens enough to raise alarms, but there's a tightness there Shane doesn't recognize yet, something coiled under the laughter. All Shane knows is that he's winning, and for once, it feels good enough to just let that be true.

Ilya chirps from the other end of the ice, something about Shane telegraphing his plays, and Shane laughs under his breath as he cuts hard and proves him wrong anyway. He likes the sound of Ilya's voice in here, likes how it echoes and carries and follows him even when they're half a rink apart. It's easy to answer back, easier than it should be, words snapping into place without calculation because none of it feels like it matters beyond this moment.

"Keep watching my feet like that, and you're gonna trip," Shane calls, breath steady, confidence warm in his chest as he skates past him again. He scores, hears the puck hit the back of the net, and the grin that breaks across his face feels unguarded in a way he doesn't get to be often.

Ilya skates by close, shoulder brushing his arm, smile bright and unapologetic. "You like showing off," he says, like it's an observation, not an accusation.

"Fuck off," Shane fires back, already moving again, already chasing that light, buoyant feeling in his chest. Winning helps, sure, but it's more than that—it's how natural it feels to trade barbs like this, how nothing sticks or hurts or digs in deeper than it's meant to. The edge is there, but it's playful, threaded with something that makes Shane want to lean in instead of pulling away.

They skate tighter now, passes closer, voices dropping when they cross paths, and Shane becomes acutely aware of how much he likes this version of Ilya—laughing, competitive, focused on him in a way that feels earned instead of demanding. He catches himself wishing, stupidly, selfishly, that it could always be this easy. That it could just be hockey and motion and Ilya's attention without the weight that usually comes after. When Ilya mutters something about Shane getting cocky, Shane just smiles and skates faster, feeling loose and alive and unreasonably content. He knows better than to trust moments like this, knows they never last, but for now the ice holds steady under his blades and the night stays quiet around them. And for a little while, he lets himself believe that this—this ease, this fun—could be enough.

They drift to the boards for water, skates scraping lazily as the adrenaline ebbs into something warm and buzzing under Shane's skin. He grabs his water bottle and leans back against the glass, the cold seeping through his hoodie in a way that feels grounding, anchoring him to the moment. His legs hum with leftover adrenaline, muscles loose and satisfied, that deep, earned ache settling in. He drinks slowly, deliberately, giving himself something to focus on that isn't Ilya standing three feet away… it doesn't really work.

Shane keeps his gaze fixed ahead, jaw tight, pretending he isn't acutely aware of the way sweat clings to Ilya's skin, darkening fabric, catching in the hollow of his throat when he tilts his head back to drink. He tells himself not to look again, tells himself once was enough, but

the lie barely lasts a second. When he does glance over, it's quick and sharp, like touching a bruise just to see if it still hurts.

It does.

He swallows a grin he doesn't want Ilya to see, because the truth is he feels stupidly pleased with himself. He doesn't win like that often—not against Ilya, not clean, not repeatedly. It feels rare enough to savor, a quiet little victory he tucks away behind his ribs, warmth blooming in his chest at the memory of every goal, every clean steal, every moment Ilya swore under his breath. Even that satisfaction comes with an asterisk. Shane isn't blind, he knows Ilya wasn't fully there. He knows the difference between being outplayed and being distracted, and he's seen Ilya play distracted enough times to recognize the signs immediately. The extra chirping. The way his eyes linger a beat too long. The way his skating tightens instead of loosening, like he's trying to hold something in.

Shane knows those tells because he's been paying attention longer than he probably should have. Knows when Ilya's all instinct and speed and joy, and knows when something else is chewing at him under the surface. He knows how jealousy looks on him even when he pretends it doesn't exist. He knows how his voice changes when he's trying not to care. That realization lands heavier than Shane expects. He knows way too much about Ilya. Not facts—patterns and habits. The subtle shifts no one else seems to clock. It isn't something he set out to learn; it just… happened, knowledge accumulating quietly over time until it became impossible to ignore. Still, when he looks back over and catches Ilya watching him—eyes dark, unreadable, attention sharp and focused—Shane feels something shift, subtle but undeniable. The ease from earlier hasn't vanished, but it's changed shape, tightened into something with an edge. The night hasn't gone wrong yet.

He opens his mouth to say something—anything, really, something easy to bridge the space that's settled between them—but his phone starts ringing instead, loud and abrupt, the sound ricocheting off the empty seats and the high ceiling like it's doing it on purpose. Both of them snap their heads toward it at the same time, the moment breaking clean in half. Shane exhales hard through his nose, already annoyed. He wonders, not for the first time, why they hadn't just put the water bottles with the rest of their stuff like normal people, instead of leaving everything scattered along the boards. They're hockey players, not exactly known for foresight, and he pushes off toward the sound anyway, skates carving shallow lines as he reaches for his phone with fingers that feel a little too numb.

The screen lights up in his hand, and his stomach dips when he sees Rose's name. He glances back over his shoulder automatically, eyes flicking to Ilya, who's still watching him with that same unreadable focus. "Hey—just give me one second," Shane says, already lifting the phone, already committed, his voice pitched casual even as something tight pulls in his chest.

He answers before he's fully caught his breath, lungs still burning pleasantly from the game, and immediately feels stupid when he hears himself breathing too loudly into the receiver. He turns slightly away, shoulders angling toward the boards like that'll help, swallowing hard and forcing his breath to slow. "Hey," he says, voice rougher than he means it to be, trying to sound normal as the cold air fills his lungs. He drags a hand through his hair, presses the heel

of his palm briefly into his sternum like that'll steady his heart. He tells himself it's fine. It's just a phone call. It's just Rose.

Still, he's acutely aware of the space behind him, of Ilya somewhere across the ice, of how loud the rink feels now with the silence broken, every sound suddenly too sharp. Shane listens, nodding even though she can't see it, eyes fixed on the scuffed boards in front of him, doing his best to shake the lingering buzz from his hands as he breathes himself back into something like equilibrium. Rose sounds bright the second she starts talking, voice warm and familiar in a way that settles something in Shane's chest. She asks how he's holding up, if All-Star Weekend is treating him okay, and he smiles without thinking, the tension in his shoulders easing as he listens.

"Yeah," he says, breath finally steadying. "I'm good. Really good, actually." He means it, too, which surprises him a little. He tells her they snuck off to skate, nothing official, just killing time, and she laughs like that makes perfect sense, like of course that's what he'd do with a free rink and a few stolen hours. She chatters easily, filling the space with small stories and updates, and Shane hums along, responding where he can, nodding even though she can't see him. He's happy to hear her happy. There's something uncomplicated about it, something that doesn't ask anything from him beyond attention, and he lets himself sink into it, leaning back against the glass as the rink stretches quietly around them.

Then he feels Ilya move.

It's subtle at first—the shift of air, the soft scrape of skates drawing closer—but Shane clocks it immediately, heart ticking up just a notch. He keeps listening, keeps murmuring agreement as Rose talks about something that made her laugh earlier, but his focus fractures when Ilya stops just inside his space. Close enough that Shane can feel his warmth through layers of fabric, close enough that his body reacts before his brain has a chance to catch up.

"Mmm," Shane hums into the phone, half-distracted now. "That's good. I'm glad."

Ilya's hand settles at his inner elbow, light but deliberate, fingers pressing just enough to get his attention. Shane stiffens instinctively, then forces himself to relax, glancing sideways without turning his head. Ilya's expression is unreadable, mouth curved in something that might be amusement, might be impatience. He nudges Shane's arm gently, like he's testing the waters, like he's asking without words. Rose keeps talking, blissfully unaware, and Shane feels strangely caught—torn between the comfort of her voice and the pull of Ilya's presence. He shifts his weight, trying to keep both worlds balanced, phone still pressed to his ear even as Ilya's fingers slide lower, brushing his wrist, trying to coax the device down.

"Sorry," Shane says into the phone, a little breathless now, a little too aware of how close Ilya is. "I'm—uh—I'm still here."

Ilya leans in, mouth close to Shane's ear, not saying anything, just existing there, the quiet insistence of him louder than words. His hand curls more firmly around Shane's arm, tugging just slightly, enough to make the message clear. Shane swallows, heart racing, torn between laughing it off and telling him to knock it off, neither option landing clean. He wants to talk to Rose, he really does, but Ilya is right there, heat and pressure and intention, and the rink suddenly feels too open, too exposed, like every sound is carrying farther than it should.

Shane shifts again, phone still raised, breath hitching just a little as he tries to hold onto both conversations at once—one out loud, one unfolding silently against his skin.

As soon as Ilya's lips press to the side of his neck—warm, unmistakable, not an accident—Shane's thoughts scatter completely.

It's not even that the touch is heavy. It isn't. It's light, almost casual, like Ilya knows exactly how little it takes. The shock of it hits first, a sharp spark that jumps straight down Shane's spine, and then comes the awareness: the open rink, the phone still pressed to his ear, Rose mid-sentence on the other end. His heart kicks hard against his ribs, adrenaline flaring in a way that has nothing to do with skating anymore.

"Hey—sorry, Rose," he blurts, already pulling the phone closer, already scrambling for an excuse because the alternative—trying to pretend nothing just happened—feels impossible. Rose makes a small surprised sound, and immediately Shane feels guilty, because she hasn't done anything wrong. She never does. "Did I catch you at a bad time?"

"No—no, there's nothing to apologize for," Shane says quickly, words tumbling out as he angles his body away from Ilya without actually creating distance. He can still feel the echo of the touch, phantom-warm against his skin. "I'm just—working out a bit."

"Oh!" Rose says, bright and easy, like this explains everything. "Okay! I'll leave you to it!!!"

The enthusiasm in her voice twists something in Shane's chest, fond and sharp all at once. "Yeah," he says, forcing his breathing to steady. "I'll talk to you later."

She hangs up before he can overthink it, and the sudden silence is brutal. The rink feels too big, too empty, every sound magnified now that there's nothing buffering it. Shane lowers the phone slowly, stares at the blank screen for half a second too long, then turns on Ilya with all the pent-up tension snapping tight. He shoves him back a step on instinct, skates scraping loud against the ice. "What the fuck, Rozanov?" he snaps, pulse still racing, brain struggling to catch up with his body. "You can't just do some shit like that—"

Why did he do that? Why *there*, why *then*? Shane's thoughts trip over each other, half outrage, half something dangerously close to wanting more, and he hates that he can't tell where one ends and the other begins. "Why not?" Ilya says, calm as anything, like Shane hasn't just been jolted out of his skin.

Shane stares at him, breath uneven, hands flexing uselessly at his sides. His neck still feels warm, hypersensitive, like Ilya's mouth is still there if he concentrates hard enough. "The fuck do you mean, why not?" he fires back. "What's—what the fuck."

He can hear himself spiraling, words stacking on top of each other without resolution, but he can't stop. Part of him is furious—about the interruption, about Rose, about the way Ilya didn't ask—but another part of him is painfully aware of how fast he caved, how easily his focus shattered the second Ilya touched him. That scares him more than the jealousy ever could. Ilya just looks at him, head tilted slightly, eyes dark and unreadable, like he's genuinely weighing the question, like he doesn't see a problem worth naming. The hum beneath the ice fills the space between them, steady and low, and Shane realizes how close

they still are despite the shove, how thin the line is between anger and something else entirely. That, more than anything, makes his chest feel tight.

Shane *is* pissed. Properly, undeniably pissed—the kind that sits hot behind his sternum and makes his jaw ache from how hard he's clenching it. His heart is still racing, not just from the touch or the interruption but from the sheer audacity of it, from the way Ilya crossed a line without even pausing to check if it mattered.

And then Ilya laughs. It's quiet at first, a short breathy sound like he can't help it, shoulders shaking just slightly as he rocks back on his skates. The sound echoes too much in the empty rink, fills the space Shane was trying to hold together, and something in him snaps.

"Oh, fuck you," Shane says immediately, voice sharp enough to cut. His hands curl into fists at his sides, nails biting into his palms, grounding him in the only way that works right now. "You think that's funny?"

Ilya grins, wide and unapologetic, eyes bright in a way that makes Shane want to shove him again just to wipe it off his face. "A little," he says, like it's obvious, like Shane isn't standing there vibrating with restrained fury.

That does it. The anger spikes higher, faster, heat rushing up Shane's neck and into his face. "You don't get to just—" He cuts himself off, breath hitching as he searches for words that won't give too much away. "You don't get to do whatever the hell you want because you feel like it."

Ilya's smile doesn't fade. If anything, it sharpens, edges into something intent. He skates closer again, slow and deliberate, like Shane hasn't just pushed him away moments ago. "You didn't tell me to stop."

The words land more heavily than they should. Shane opens his mouth, then closes it, anger tangling with the uncomfortable truth lodged right under his ribs. He *hadn't*. He'd been distracted, flustered, too busy scrambling to end the call without hurting Rose's feelings, and Ilya had known it. Had taken advantage of it, maybe—or maybe he'd just acted on instinct, same as Shane always does.

"That's not the point," Shane snaps, even though he's no longer entirely sure what the point is. His pulse is still loud in his ears, skin buzzing where Ilya touched him, and he hates that the laughter didn't push Ilya away—it pulled him back in. "You don't do that shit when I'm on the phone."

Ilya tilts his head, studying him, amusement still flickering in his eyes. "You answered," he says lightly. Shane lets out a frustrated sound, running a hand through his hair, pacing a tight circle on the ice like he's trying to bleed off energy before it consumes him. He knows he should skate away, put distance between them, cool off. Instead, he stops right in front of Ilya again, close enough to feel his warmth, his presence pressing in like a challenge.

"I was talking to someone," Shane says, slower now, anger still there but edged with something raw and unsettled. "You don't get to decide when that ends."

For a moment—just one—something in Ilya's expression shifts, the laughter dimming as he takes that in. But then he smiles again, softer this time, like he's enjoying the fire he started. Shane hates that part of himself that responds to it. He hates how even now, furious and flustered and wound tight, he feels that familiar pull toward Ilya, toward the mess of him. He stands there, chest heaving slightly, knowing the argument isn't really about the phone call at all, and knowing, with a sinking certainty, that it's only just begun.

Ilya's smile fades just enough to feel deliberate. He watches Shane for a beat, eyes sharp now instead of amused, like he's finally decided to take him seriously. "What do you want me to do?" he asks.

The question hits Shane sideways. It's not mocking or defensive like he thought his response would be. It's almost… open, and that throws him completely. The anger he'd been gripping so tightly stutters, loses its shape, leaving him standing there with no clean answer ready. He opens his mouth, then closes it again, frustration flaring—not at Ilya this time, but at himself. What *does* he want him to do? His brain skids uselessly, searching for something solid to land on, and he ends up grasping at the first thing that feels even remotely appropriate. "Apologize," he says, voice rougher than he means it to be, like it costs him something to say it out loud.

Ilya doesn't hesitate. He steps in immediately, like he's been waiting for permission, hands warm and sure as they find Shane's skin—fingers brushing his jaw, his forearm, the bare strip of wrist where his sleeve's ridden up. It's not aggressive, not rushed. It's careful in a way that makes Shane's breath catch despite himself. "I'm sorry," Ilya murmurs, voice low, close enough that the words ghost across Shane's ear instead of landing cleanly.

It does *way* too much. Shane's knees go weak without warning, a traitorous wobble that makes him lean in before he can stop himself, heart slamming hard against his ribs like it's trying to get out. His anger dissolves into something hot and dizzy, replaced by that familiar, dangerous pull—by the way his body responds faster than his head ever does.

He hates how easy it is. He especially hates how the apology, quiet and compliant and paired with touch, slips straight under his defenses and presses every button he didn't mean to give Ilya access to. His pulse races, skin buzzing everywhere. Ilya's hands linger, and for a split second, the rink, the argument, the phone call—all of it fades into background noise. Shane swallows hard, fingers twitching at his sides, caught between stepping back and giving in completely. His heart won't slow down, his legs feel unreliable, and the worst, most telling part is that he doesn't pull away—not when Ilya's still close, not when the apology lingers in the air like a promise Shane isn't ready to unpack.

He exhales shakily, aware now of how precarious his footing is, and wonders dimly when exactly he stopped being in control of this conversation. Ilya's already close, already in Shane's space, and he takes the opening like he's always known it would be there. One hand slides up, firm at the back of Shane's neck, fingers threading into his hair just enough to anchor him, and then his mouth is there—decisive, unhesitating, cutting off whatever half-formed thought Shane was still clinging to. Shane makes a soft, involuntary sound into the kiss, surprise dissolving instantly into heat. He forgets, immediately and completely, where they are. The rink drops out from under him, the boards, the lights, the echoing quiet—all of

it blurs as he leans in without thinking, hands coming up on instinct to grip Ilya's jacket like it's the only solid thing left.

The kiss is hungry without being rushed, all pressure and intent, Ilya's mouth claiming space like he expects Shane to give it, and Shane does, he always does. His thoughts scatter, heartbeat roaring in his ears, knees threatening to give out again as he melts into it, lets himself be pulled closer until there's barely any space left between them. Shane breathes Ilya in like he needs it, loses himself in the easy slide of it, the way his body responds without permission or restraint. He kisses back harder, deeper, chasing that grounded, heady quiet that settles in when he stops thinking and starts *feeling* instead.

Ilya makes it worse by saying his name.It's a quiet, almost reverent *"Shane"* breathed against his lips. The sound of it hits harder than the kiss itself, cuts straight through the haze and yanks Shane back into his body all at once—back into memory, into context, into the sharp awareness of everything he's been trying not to think about. He pulls back just enough to break the kiss, breath coming hard and uneven, forehead nearly brushing Ilya's as he searches his face. For a second he doesn't know what he's looking for—permission, restraint, reassurance, maybe all of it tangled together. Ilya's eyes are dark, focused, unreadable in that way that always makes Shane feel like he's already halfway undone.

Shane swallows, chest heaving, the cold air finally making itself known again. He takes another step back, then another, just enough space to breathe, to remind himself where he is. The rink rushes back into focus all at once—the open ice, the boards, the echo that would carry anything too loud too far. "Not here," he says, voice shaking despite his best effort to steady it.

His eyes flick instinctively around the space, even though he knows better. He knows they're alone. He knows good and well nobody's coming this way at this hour, not to this rink, not without warning. The knowledge doesn't help. The vulnerability still sits heavy in his chest, pulse racing, nerves lit up and raw.

He looks back at Ilya, jaw tight, breath still uneven, caught between wanting to step closer again and needing the space he's just carved out. The want hasn't gone anywhere—if anything, it's sharper now—but reality has finally caught up with him, tugging insistently at his sleeve. "I can't," he adds quietly.

Ilya's mouth twists into something that might actually be a pout, exaggerated just enough to be infuriating, and Shane barely has time to clock it before Ilya is moving again. His skates scrape deliberately against the ice as he steps forward, pressure constant, unrelenting, herding Shane backward without ever touching him again until there's nowhere left to go. The boards meet Shane's back with a soft thud, cold seeping through his hoodie, the sound too loud in the open rink. His breath stutters, chest still heaving, every nerve lighting up as Ilya closes the distance, the space between them evaporating like it never existed at all.

"But I want you here, Hollander." The words are quiet, almost coaxing, but there's something possessive threaded through them that makes Shane's stomach flip unpleasantly—and pleasantly—in equal measure. Hearing his last name like that, drawn out and intentional, sends a sharp jolt through him, roots him in place even as his brain scrambles for a reason to push back. His eyes flick again, uselessly, over Ilya's shoulder, cataloging the empty seats,

the dim lights, the sheer openness of it all. He knows they're alone. He knows this is stupid. He also knows his hands have curled into the fabric of Ilya's sleeves without him consciously deciding to do it, knuckles tight like that's the only thing keeping him upright.

"Ilya," Shane says, breathless and strained, not quite a warning and not quite a plea. His pulse is racing again, knees unreliable, body leaning in despite every rational thought telling him this is a terrible idea. The rink feels too big, the moment too exposed, and yet Ilya's presence makes it feel smaller, contained, like the world has narrowed down to the space between their bodies. He swallows hard, eyes lifting back to Ilya's face, searching it for restraint he isn't sure he actually wants to find.

"Well," Ilya says, voice light but edged, close enough now that Shane can feel every word against his skin, "if Rose Landry can have you in public, why can't I?"

The question lands like a body check Shane never saw coming. There are a thousand answers stacked in his throat all at once. *Contracts. Optics. History. Fear.* The way being seen with Rose is easy and expected, and safe, the way being seen with Ilya is none of those things. The way one version of himself fits neatly into the world and the other one threatens to split it open. The implications spiral too fast for him to grab onto any single thread, and his brain shorts out under the weight of it. "Fuck you," is all that makes it out, flat and useless, more reflex than argument.

Ilya doesn't back off, of course, he doesn't. He noses at Shane's neck instead, slow and deliberate, breath warm against his skin, fingers digging into his waist like he's testing how solid Shane really is. "Tell me why," he murmurs, mouth tracing upward, pressing kisses along his throat that make Shane's knees threaten to fold all over again.

Shane can hardly breathe, his hands grip the boards behind him, fingers numb, chest tight as his heart slams against his ribs. *Where is this even coming from?* They both know the rules. They've always known them. This has never been a question before—so why now, why here, why like this? Unless…

"Are you jealous?" Shane asks, the words slipping out before he can stop them.

He tilts his head up without thinking, baring his neck completely, offering access in a way that feels both reckless and inevitable. His pulse jumps hard under Ilya's mouth, and the vulnerability of it makes his stomach twist. He watches Ilya from under his lashes, breath shaky, caught between bracing himself for denial and hoping—dangerously—that the answer is yes, because if Ilya is jealous… Then this isn't just about the rink, and that thought is terrifying in ways Shane doesn't quite have language for yet.

Ilya exhales like he's bored of the whole line of questioning, gaze drifting deliberately away as if that alone settles it. "No," he says, flat and disinterested, like the answer means nothing at all.

Shane almost laughs, almost. He knows Ilya too well for that—knows the cadence, the way the word lands wrong, too rehearsed, too quick. It's a lie, bold-faced and lazy, and something in Shane loosens just enough for irritation to curdle into something sharper, more playful.

“You’re a terrible liar,” Shane says, breath still uneven, but there’s an edge to it now, a challenge curling under the words.

“I’m not lying, Hollander,” Ilya snaps back immediately, eyes flashing as they cut back to him. “I don’t care who you fuck—”

“We only—” Shane cuts in, heat rushing to his face before he can stop it. “It’s not like that anymore. It wasn’t ever really like that, I—” He trails off, mortified despite himself, the memories flashing unhelpfully through his head. Two attempts, two disasters. Awkward, misaligned, nothing like it was supposed to be. The thought alone makes his ears burn.

“I don’t care,” Ilya says again, sharper now, impatience bleeding through. “You already say this. Boring speech about Rose Landry—”

“Don’t be a fucking asshole, Rozanov,” Shane snaps, anger flaring back to life as he shoves lightly at Ilya’s chest, more emphasis than force. His heart is still racing, but now it’s tangled with something else—vindication, maybe, or relief. “Just because you’re… jealous.”

The word hangs between them, dangerous and electric. Ilya stills, completely. His jaw tightens, fingers flexing once at Shane’s waist before he forces them to relax, and for the first time since this started, the amusement drains from his face. The rink hums around them, cold and open and suddenly very quiet. Shane watches him closely, pulse loud in his ears, knowing he hit something real this time. He doesn’t know what comes next—denial, deflection, escalation—but he knows one thing with aching certainty. He wasn’t wrong.

“Just say you’re jealous,” Shane says, and the words come out lighter than they should, reckless and warm and impossible to take back. “It’s okay if you are—”

He doesn’t mean to smile. It just happens, curling up at the corner of his mouth as if his face betrays him, like the intensity of the moment has tipped just far enough into absurdity that laughter is the only thing keeping it from swallowing him whole. The seriousness cracks, just a hairline fracture, and Shane sees it ripple straight through Ilya. Something in Ilya’s expression shifts—anger pulled short, deflected, reshaped into something closer to muted amusement. His mouth quirks, eyes narrowing, and before Shane can process it, Ilya shoves him again. Not hard, but enough that their skates scrape and they drift, momentum carrying them until Shane’s back hits the boards with a solid thump that knocks the air clean out of his lungs.

He barely has time to gasp before Ilya’s there, crowding in, hands firm and unyielding as his mouth crashes against Shane’s. The kiss is sharp and punishing, heat streaking straight down Shane’s spine, lighting him up so fast it’s dizzying. His hands jerk up on instinct, fingers clutching at Ilya like he needs the contact to stay upright and then it’s over.

Ilya pulls back just as quickly, leaving Shane chasing the absence without meaning to, leaning forward a fraction before his brain catches up and reminds him where they are. The rink snaps back into focus too late, cold and open and unforgiving, and Shane’s breath comes out shaky as Ilya catches his face in one hand, fingers firm against his jaw. “*Tsk*,” Ilya clicks softly, eyes bright and infuriating. “You should go kiss Rose Landry instead—”

“I—” Shane starts, still reeling, heart pounding so hard it feels like it’s rattling his ribs. “You kissed *me*—”

“Nooo,” Ilya says, dragging it out, already shaking his head, grin spreading slowly and wickedly. “I did not do this. *You* kissed *me*.”

“No, I—” Shane stops himself, words tangling uselessly as he realizes exactly what’s happening. He exhales a short, incredulous laugh, the fight draining out of him all at once. There’s no winning this argument, there never is. He just stares at Ilya instead, stunned and a little breathless, watching him rewrite the entire situation with a straight face. Ilya smirks then—just a little, just enough that Shane catches it—and something warm and unsteady blooms in his chest. He feels off-balance in a way that has nothing to do with the skates, caught between frustration and awe and a dangerous, creeping fondness he absolutely does not have time to unpack.

Shane glances at his phone, deliberately. He realizes a split second too late—just long enough to see the screen light up, just long enough to feel the shift beside him. He doesn’t even have to look to know. The air changes, the tension tightens. When he does look back, Ilya’s eyes have sharpened, all humor stripped away into something focused and intent, and Shane can’t help the smile that curves wider across his face. Warm, testing. Maybe he’s poking the bear a little. Maybe he wants to see what happens. Is that such a crime?

“Oh,” Ilya says lightly, but there’s nothing light about the way he’s watching him now. “Still thinking about Rose Landry?”

Shane hums, shoulders lifting in an exaggerated shrug. “I mean, yeah,” he says easily, feeling bold in a way he knows he shouldn’t. “She’s on my mind—”

He doesn’t get to finish the sentence.

One second, he’s standing there, smug and teasing, and the next, Ilya is on him, hands firm and uncompromising as he steers Shane toward the boards with startling efficiency. Shane barely has time to yelp before he’s bent forward over the dasher, not folded completely, not hurt—just *placed*—enough that heat floods his face instantly, embarrassment hitting him full-force at the sudden vulnerability of the position.

“Fuck—what are you—” Shane gasps, hands scrambling against the boards, heart hammering loud enough he’s sure the rink can hear it. Ilya crowds in behind him, close enough that Shane can feel the heat of him without needing to look, one hand braced at his hip, the other pressing him still like this is exactly where he’s supposed to be. His voice is low when he speaks, close to Shane’s ear, calm in a way that makes Shane’s pulse spike harder.

“I don’t want you thinking about Rose Landry,” Ilya says, each word deliberate. “Only *Ilya*, yes?”

The question isn’t loud. It isn’t shouted. It’s worse than that—quiet, certain, expectant. Shane swallows hard, chest tight, embarrassment burning hot under his skin as his brain short-circuits between indignation and something dangerously close to want. His knees feel weak

again, balance shot, the world narrowing down to the boards beneath his hands and the presence at his back that feels impossible to ignore.

He knows he should protest. He knows he should say something sharp, something defiant. Instead, his breath stutters, and all he can think is *when did teasing turn into this*—and why does part of him feel like he walked straight into it on purpose?

Shane's mind is going a mile a minute, spiraling in too many directions at once. He's acutely aware of how *open* the rink is—the wide stretch of ice, the empty seats, the way sound carries too far in places like this. Anyone could walk in. Anyone could see him like this, bent forward just enough to feel exposed, heart hammering so loud he's convinced it's echoing.

He tries to speak. Tries to grab onto *something*—anger, reason, a warning—but all that comes out is a breathless, useless, "I—" before his voice fizzles entirely, dissolving under the weight of everything pressing in on him.

Ilya notices, of course, he does. Shane hears it before he feels it—the low, rumbling laugh in Ilya's chest, soft but unmistakably amused, threaded with something darker, something pleased. It's not loud, it doesn't need to be. The sound alone sends another spike of heat racing through Shane, embarrassment and adrenaline tangling tight in his gut.

"Who are you thinking about now, Hollander?" Ilya asks, voice close and deliberate, like he already knows the answer and just wants to hear Shane try to say it. Shane swallows hard, fingers tightening against the boards, knuckles pale. His thoughts are a mess—Rose, the rink, Ilya's hands, the danger of it all—and he hates how obvious it feels, how utterly stuck he is between panic and want. His chest rises and falls too fast, breath shallow, and for a terrifying second, he realizes he doesn't know which answer would get him out of this, or if he even wants out at all.

Then Ilya shifts his weight, presses forward, and Shane feels the full line of him—solid and unrelenting and *there*—against his back, his hips, impossible to ignore. The pressure punches the air from Shane's lungs, making his eyes squeeze shut as his body responds without permission, heat flooding through him so fast it makes him dizzy. *Holy shit. What the fuck are they doing?* His hips twitch forward involuntarily, seeking friction against the boards before he can stop himself, and the small huff of air that escapes him echoes too loudly in the empty rink. It's mortifying.

"You," Shane manages finally, the word coming out rough and unsteady, barely more than a gasp. "Just—fuck—just you, okay?"

Ilya goes still behind him for a heartbeat, two, and Shane can feel the satisfaction radiating off him even before he moves. Then Ilya shifts closer—impossibly closer—and Shane becomes abruptly, viscerally aware of exactly how much this is affecting him too. The hard line of Ilya pressed against him sends a jolt straight through Shane's nervous system, and his next breath comes out shaky and too loud.

"Fuck," Shane whispers, because what else is there to say? His fingers curl tighter against the boards, looking for something solid to hold onto as the world tilts sideways. The pressure, the

heat, the knowledge of what this is becoming—it's too much and not nearly enough, and his brain is starting to fuzz at the edges, thoughts scattering like water on hot pavement.

Ilya makes a low, pleased sound against Shane's ear, rough and unmistakably satisfied, and it sends a shiver straight through him. "Do you feel what you do to me?"

Shane can't answer, the words don't come, they don't even line up in his head anymore. His thoughts feel slippery, hard to grasp, and instead of fighting it, he lets his head dip forward slightly, his neck baring without him consciously deciding to do so. He registers, distantly, that he should probably feel exposed like this—bent over, held in place, wide open in the middle of an empty rink—but the fear never quite lands. Instead, there's this spreading sense of *rightness*, warm and heavy, settling deep in his chest and down into his bones. It doesn't make sense, it doesn't follow any rules he understands, it just *is*.

"Shane." Ilya's voice changes when he says his name, quieter, almost careful. The difference cuts through the fog just enough to anchor him. One hand slides from Shane's hip up to his ribs, not restraining him now so much as steadying him, grounding pressure that makes his breath hitch. "You still with me?"

Shane blinks, the question taking a second to register. He nods first, then turns clumsily, movement driven more by need than intention. His balance is off, skates scraping as he faces Ilya, and when he speaks, the word falls out of him soft and wrecked. "Yeah."

Something in him surges at the same time, an impulse he doesn't stop to examine. He moves forward abruptly, hands catching at Ilya's jacket as he kisses him—hard, desperate, all momentum and want. The impact sends them drifting a little across the ice, skates sliding as they collide, and Shane clings without thinking, chasing the contact like it's the only solid thing left. For a moment, there's nothing else. No rink, no risk, no Rose, no rules, no consequences waiting just beyond the boards. Just the closeness, the heat, the way his world has narrowed down to Ilya's mouth and hands and voice. Shane lets himself stay there, pliant and needy and utterly unguarded, because for once his head is quiet—and that, more than anything, feels like relief.

Ilya makes a breathy sound against Shane's lips—surprise or satisfaction, Shane can't tell and doesn't care—before his hands find Shane's waist with purpose. He's moving them, guiding Shane backward with steady pressure, skates gliding across the ice until Shane's back hits the boards again, this time in the bench bay where the shadows are deeper, and the world feels even smaller.

The impact punches a gasp out of Shane, but Ilya's already kissing him again, harder this time, like the brief interruption was unbearable. It's consuming, the kind of kiss that makes Shane forget about the cold entirely, forget they're still in skates, forget everything except the heat of Ilya's mouth and the way his tongue sweeps over Shane's lips, demanding entry that Shane gives without hesitation. Ilya's teeth catch at Shane's bottom lip, a sharp edge of possession that makes Shane whimper into his mouth. and Shane's hands scramble again, fisting in Ilya's jacket, his sleeves, anything to keep him close. His knees feel unreliable again, only the boards behind him and Ilya in front keeping him upright, and even that might not be enough if this continues.

One of Ilya's hands slides up to cradle the back of Shane's head, angling him exactly where he wants him, and Shane goes willingly, pliant under the direction. The kiss deepens, turns hungrier, and Shane can feel Ilya pressed against him again, can feel how much they both want this, how far past the point of stopping they've already gone.

Shane's hands find their way to Ilya's wrist, his forearm, holding on like Ilya might disappear if he doesn't maintain contact. He doesn't have words for what he needs—can barely string together a coherent thought—but his body knows, seeking out touch and pressure and the solid reality of Ilya against him. When Ilya finally pulls back enough to breathe, Shane makes a small sound of protest, following him instinctively before Ilya's hand tightens slightly in his hair, holding him still.

"Look at you," Ilya murmurs, and there's something in his voice—wonder, maybe, or possession, or both. His thumb traces along Shane's jaw, and Shane leans into the touch without thinking, eyes heavy-lidded and unfocused. "So good for me."

The words wash over Shane like warm water, and he feels himself sink deeper into whatever this is, the quiet in his head expanding until there's nothing left but sensation and Ilya's voice and the feeling of being exactly where he's supposed to be. Ilya's hand slides from Shane's hair down to cup his face, tilting it up so their eyes meet. Shane blinks slowly, struggling to focus, and Ilya's expression shifts into something intense and dark that makes Shane's breath catch.

"Down," Ilya says quietly, the single word heavy with intent. His other hand guides Shane's shoulder with gentle pressure. "On your knees for me, no one will see you here."

The request, *more like the command*, should probably alarm him. They're still in a rink, still technically in public even if it's empty, still wearing their skates on solid rubber flooring in the bench bay, but Shane's brain doesn't process the logistics, doesn't catalogue the risks. Instead, something in him responds immediately to the sure tone in Ilya's voice, to the way his hands are guiding him down with careful certainty. Shane's knees bend without conscious decision, his hands sliding down from Ilya's jacket to his hips for balance as he sinks. The skate blades make it awkward—he has to adjust his weight, find his center—but Ilya steadies him with hands on his shoulders, patient and grounding.

Ilya’s breath catches, loud in the quiet, and one hand lifts to cup Shane’s jaw again, thumb brushing his cheekbone with a gentleness that feels almost reverent. “Look at you,” he murmurs, voice gone rough and low. “So pretty like this.”

The words sink into Shane slowly, thick and warm, settling over him like honey. He leans into Ilya’s palm without thinking, eyes fluttering half-closed as his body answers before his mind can catch up. *Pretty.* No one’s ever called him that before—not like this, not with this kind of certainty—but instead of feeling strange, it feels inevitable, like Ilya is naming something that’s always been there, just waiting to be seen.

“You have any idea,” Ilya continues softly, his other hand sliding into Shane’s hair, fingers threading through it with careful intent, “How beautiful you are, Shane?”

Shane makes a small sound in response—not words, not really, just acknowledgment—and his hands tighten at Ilya's hips, grounding himself in the solid warmth there. His thoughts are drifting now, slow and unfocused, each one passing by without sticking long enough to shape into anything meaningful. All that's left is the weight of Ilya's hands, the quiet praise, the steady reassurance of being held exactly where he belongs.

"Perfect," Ilya murmurs, almost to himself. His fingers curl slightly in Shane's hair—not pulling, not hurting, just there. "You're perfect like this. You know that?"

Shane's eyes slip fully closed, head tipping back into Ilya's touch as his breathing evens out, slow and deep. The word *perfect* echoes somewhere distant, folding into the rhythm of his heartbeat, the cadence of Ilya's voice. He feels loose, unmoored, floating in a way that should scare him, but it doesn't, not when Ilya is holding on, steady and sure, keeping him right there.

Ilya's hands leave Shane's hair, and for a moment Shane makes a soft sound of protest, following the touch instinctively before Ilya's thumb brushes over his cheekbone again, soothing.

"Just a second," Ilya murmurs, "Stay right there for me."

Shane watches through heavy-lidded eyes as Ilya's hands move to his waistband, the quiet sound of a zipper impossibly loud in the empty rink. He should probably… something, maybe think of something, but his brain won't cooperate, thoughts sliding away before they form, and all he can do is wait, patient and still, exactly where Ilya told him to be. When Ilya pushes his pants down, not stepping out of them completely to keep his balance on the skates, Shane's gaze follows the movement without really processing it. Everything feels distant and close at the same time, muffled and sharp, his entire world reduced to Ilya and the boards at his back and the spreading warmth in his chest.

Ilya looks down at him, and something in his expression softens, a smile tugging at the corner of his mouth like he didn't mean for it to show. "Look at you," he murmurs, voice threaded with fondness and heat. "Waiting so nice for me."

The comparison that follows should probably embarrass Shane. In any other moment, it would. But right now, nothing does. The thought barely registers before it drifts away again. He just blinks up at Ilya, slow and trusting, fingers tightening slightly around Ilya's wrist where he's still holding on—not pulling, not pushing, just keeping the contact he needs, like letting go would send him floating off again.

"So patient," Ilya continues, fingers sliding through Shane's hair, gentle and deliberate. Shane leans into the touch with a quiet sound, chest loosening as his body follows without hesitation. "So good."

The praise lands warm and steady, settles deep, and when Ilya asks, softer now, "You want to be good for me?" Shane nods immediately. The movement is small but sure, certainty coming easier than words ever could.

Yes.

The thought wraps around him like a blanket, heavy and comforting, and Shane stills completely, waiting. For direction or permission, for Ilya to tell him what comes next, content to stay exactly where he is until he does. Ilya lets out a quiet laugh then, low and warm, like the sound surprises even him. His fingers pause in Shane's hair just long enough to curl, thumb brushing idly at Shane's temple as he looks him over with something like wonder. "God," he murmurs, amused and affectionate all at once. "You really do look like a puppy like this."

The laugh doesn't sting. It doesn't jar Shane out of anything. It just settles around him, gentle, confirming something he already feels but hasn't put words to. He shifts closer without realizing he's doing it, shoulders soft, eyes lifting a fraction more like he's waiting to be told he's doing it right.

Ilya's hand resumes its slow path through his hair, a steady, grounding motion. "All quiet," he says, fondness threading through every word. "Just waiting."

Shane exhales, a small sound slipping out with the breath, and his grip tightens again at Ilya's wrist, not asking, just checking that he's still there. He feels loose, pliant, content to stay exactly like this—open, attentive, ready—his thoughts drifting lazily past without catching on anything sharp. Ilya's thumb traces a slow, idle path along Shane's temple, the fondness still there, softened by something heavier underneath. He looks at him for a long moment, like he's taking inventory of every small, telling detail—how still he is, how open, how easily he stays right where he's put. A faint, incredulous sound slips out of him, half laugh, half disbelief. "Rose Landry doesn't have you like this," he says quietly.

The words register slowly, drifting through Shane's mind before settling somewhere deep and certain. He doesn't hesitate, doesn't overthink it. His mouth opens, and the answer comes out soft and immediate, like it's the simplest truth he knows. "No," he says, voice low and steady despite the haze. Then, after a beat, quieter still, "Just you."

The words leave his mouth, and then they're just… there. Hanging in the space between them. *Just you.* Shane barely registers that he said them out loud. It feels more like something that slipped loose from inside him, something true enough that it didn't need permission to exist. His thoughts don't rush in afterward the way they usually do. There's no panic, no sudden backpedaling, no frantic urge to qualify or explain. The absence of all that feels strange at first, like stepping into a quiet room after years of noise. He lets himself sit in it, heavy and warm, the certainty settling deeper instead of fading.

Just you, echoes again, slower this time, less like words and more like a feeling in his chest.

He knows—somewhere distant, logical—that this should be complicated. That there are reasons to hesitate, reasons to be careful, reasons this should make his stomach twist with second thoughts. They all feel very far away. too far to reach, too far to matter. What's close is Ilya's presence, steady and solid, the way his hand keeps moving through Shane's hair like it knows exactly what it's doing. Ilya's hand tightens slightly in Shane's hair, guiding his head forward with careful pressure.

"Open," he says softly, and Shane's mouth parts without thought, pliant and willing, the command bypassing every logical part of his brain.

Shane moves forward, guided by Ilya's hand and his own need to please, to be good, to give Ilya what he wants. The first touch of his lips is tentative, exploratory, but there's something about it—the weight, the intimacy, the singular focus it demands—that makes everything else fade even further. Shane's always been like this, needing something to ground him, and this... this works in a way that quiets every anxious thought still rattling around his skull. He hears Ilya's breath hitch above him, feels the slight tremble in his thighs, and takes him properly into his mouth, slow and deliberate. The stretch of his jaw, the weight on his tongue, it centers him completely, gives him something concrete to focus on. Shane hums softly, already losing himself in it, and Ilya's answering groan, low and rough and utterly wrecked, sends a shiver through Shane's entire body. "*Bozhe moy*," Ilya mutters, fingers tightening in Shane's hair. "Perfect. You're perfect."

The Russian washes over Shane like music, words he doesn't fully understand but feels in his bones. He takes Ilya deeper, finding his rhythm, and it's meditative, almost, the repetition, the focus, the way his entire world narrows to this single point of contact. His mind goes blissfully, perfectly quiet.

Shane's always needed this, he realizes distantly. Not this specifically, maybe, but something to occupy his mouth, his attention, to give his racing thoughts somewhere to go. He's the guy who chews on pen caps or hoodie strings. He is the guy who works through an entire pack of gum on game days, who can't sit still without something to fidget with, but this is different. This is better, infinitely better. This fills that need completely, gives him purpose and praise, and the comforting weight of Ilya's hand in his hair, telling him he's doing well.

"So good for me," Ilya murmurs, voice strained, and Shane hums again, pleased, taking him deeper still. "You look so pretty like this. You have any idea? How you look?"

Shane doesn't answer, his mouth is too full, he just focuses on the slide and pull, on learning what makes Ilya's breathing hitch, what makes his grip tighten. Above him, Ilya is falling apart in the best way, his head is tipped back, breath coming in short gasps, that careful control from earlier crumbling with every movement Shane makes. "That's it," Ilya manages, looking down at him with eyes gone dark and hazy. "Just—*fuck*—just like that. You're doing so well."

The praise settles over Shane like a physical touch, and he loses himself completely in the rhythm, in the steady stream of Russian and English falling from Ilya's lips. All of it is just sound at this point, but all of it makes him feel floaty and warm and utterly safe despite the absurdity of where they are, what they're doing.

Shane's own arousal is a distant thing, present but not demanding attention. All his focus has narrowed to this: making Ilya feel good, following the gentle guidance of his hand, losing himself in the singular focus of it. His jaw aches, but it's that good ache, something to chase. He hollows his cheeks, experimenting, and Ilya's broken curse tells him he's done something right.

"*Shane*—" Ilya's voice cracks slightly, hips twitching forward before he catches himself, hand tightening in warning or apology, Shane wasn't sure.

Shane makes an encouraging sound, taking him deeper in response, and finds himself leaning into it even more. Ilya's curse is half-Russian, half-incoherent, and his free hand comes down to cup Shane's jaw, thumb brushing over his stretched lips with something like reverence. "Look at me," Ilya says roughly, and Shane's eyes flutter open, struggling to focus through the haze. When they do, the expression on Ilya's face steals what little breath Shane has left. *Beautiful* is the only word that rings in his head.

Shane holds his gaze as best he can, blinking slowly, and doesn't pull back when Ilya's thumb traces along his cheekbone, catching on the wetness gathered at the corner of his eye that Shane hadn't even noticed. Not tears, exactly, just the inevitable result of a blowjob, but Ilya's expression softens at the sight anyway.

"So perfect," Ilya murmurs again, almost to himself. "Taking me so well, yes? Like you were made for this."

The words send a full-body shudder through Shane because maybe, in some way, he was. He moans around Ilya without meaning to, the sound muffled and desperate, and Ilya's hips jerk forward in response, control slipping further. "That's it—*da, da*, just like that," Ilya's breathing is ragged, words tumbling out faster as his hand in Shane's hair guides him into a steadier rhythm now, more purposeful. "You like this? Having your mouth full?"

Shane hums affirmation, eyes sliding closed again as he gives himself over completely to the rhythm Ilya's setting. He does like it, loves it even, the way it shuts his brain off completely, the way every anxious thought dissolves under the singular focus of this. His jaw aches more now, his knees are definitely going to hurt later, but none of it registers as a problem. Ilya's thighs are trembling under Shane's hands now, tension building, and his words are coming faster, less coherent.

He takes Ilya deeper, relaxes his throat, focuses entirely on the feedback—the sounds Ilya makes, the way his breathing changes, the tension in his muscles. "*Shane*—" Ilya's voice is wrecked, desperate. "Close, I'm close—gonna—where do you, *oh fuck*—"

Shane hums in acknowledgment, but then Ilya's hand is guiding him back, pulling him off with a gentle but firm pressure that makes Shane whimper at the loss. His mouth feels suddenly, unbearably empty, and he chases forward instinctively before Ilya's hand on his jaw stops him. Shane barely processes the words before Ilya's stroking himself with his free hand, fast and desperate, and Shane just stays there, pliant and waiting, mouth still parted slightly because he doesn't know what else to do with it. His tongue darts out unconsciously, wetting his lips, and that's apparently all it takes.

Ilya cums with a broken curse, and Shane feels the heat of it streak across his face, his cheek, his lips, his jaw. He gasps softly at the sensation, eyes fluttering closed on instinct, and distantly registers the absolutely wrecked sound Ilya makes above him. "*Bozhe moy*," Ilya breathes, voice shattered. "Look at you, so pretty like this."

Shane's tongue darts out again, tasting salt at the corner of his mouth, and the action is pure instinct, that need to have something, to taste, to focus on. He hears Ilya's sharp inhale, feels his hand tighten in his hair. Shane hums softly, eyes still closed, and he's floating so deep now that nothing else exists, just the cooling wetness on his face, Ilya's hand in his hair, the praise

washing over him in waves. His mouth feels empty again, restless, and he makes a small, embarrassing, needy sound without meaning to.

"You need something, *hmm*? Need your mouth full?" Shane's eyes flutter open, hazy and unfocused, just in time to see Ilya swipe his thumb through the mess on Shane's cheek, gathering it. Then Ilya presses his thumb past Shane's lips, and Shane's mouth closes around it immediately, grateful and needy, sucking gently as the taste spreads across his tongue.

"That's it," Ilya murmurs, voice gone soft and awed. "There you go. Is that better?"

Shane hums affirmation, eyes sliding closed again as he focuses entirely on the weight of Ilya's thumb in his mouth, the taste, the way it fills that desperate need for something to ground him. His hands tighten on Ilya's thighs, holding on, and he sucks a little harder, chasing the sensation. Ilya's fingers slip from Shane's mouth, and the immediate loss makes Shane whine, an actual, needy sound that echoes in the empty rink. Instead of waiting patiently like before, his hands are suddenly moving, grabbing at the boards to pull himself up.

His legs shake as he stands, balance uncertain on the skates, but he manages it. Ilya's still catching his breath, looking thoroughly wrecked, and Shane watches him blow out a long breath as he takes in the sight, Shane's face still marked, lips swollen, eyes hazy. Shane doesn't care what he looks like; he doesn't care about the mess, the exposure, or any of it. He surges forward, catching Ilya's mouth in a kiss that's messy and desperate. His lips slide against Ilya's, slick and messy, and he tastes salt and something bitter-sweet, but it doesn't matter, nothing matters except this contact, this connection.

Ilya makes a surprised sound against his mouth but recovers instantly, hands coming up to grip Shane's hips, steadying him. Shane kisses him harder, deeper, one hand fisting in Ilya's shirt while the other cups the back of his neck, holding him there. When Shane finally pulls back just enough to speak, the words tumble out a rough, "I need you."

That's all it takes.

Ilya's hands tighten on Shane's hips, and suddenly they're moving—Ilya walking backward, pulling Shane with him, out of the bench bay and onto the open ice. Shane follows on unsteady legs, skates scraping, not caring about balance or grace or the fact that they're completely exposed now under the arena lights. The transition from rubber to ice is jarring—Shane can feel the difference immediately, the way his blades catch and glide, the way the temperature drops even further. The rink stretches out around them, vast and empty, seats rising in dark tiers on all sides. Anyone could walk in. Security, staff, or another player who couldn't sleep. The thought should terrify him, but it doesn't even register, not with the way Ilya's looking at him.

Ilya's hands go to Shane's waistband, and there's nothing gentle about it—he's shoving Shane's jeans down roughly, urgently, getting them over his hips. The denim catches on the skates, and Ilya curses, working them down further, and then he freezes. His fingers find the base of the plug, and the sound he makes is somewhere between a gasp and a groan. For a long moment, he just stares, fingers tracing around the flared base with something like disbelief.

"*Bozhe moy*," he finally breathes. His eyes snap up to Shane's face, searching. "You—Shane, you're—"

Shane just nods, the movement jerky and desperate. His hands fist in the fabric of Ilya's pants, holding on, and he can feel himself trembling—from cold or anticipation or the sheer overwhelming reality of what's happening. Ilya's hand presses against the plug experimentally, making it shift inside Shane, and the broken sound that escapes Shane's throat echoes in the empty space. Ilya does it again, watching Shane's face intently, cataloging every reaction.

"The whole game?" Ilya asks, voice rough and wondering. He presses harder, and Shane gasps, nearly losing his balance. "You were skating with me, chirping me about Rose, all while you had this—"

Shane nods again, more frantically, and Ilya makes a sound that's somewhere between a laugh and a groan. He stands, both hands going to Shane's hips now, and he grinds forward, his cock pressing against Shane's hip. His hand moves back to the plug, fingers curling around the base more firmly. "You came here ready for me," he continues, pulling slightly, and Shane's knees nearly buckle at the pressure. "Wanted me to fuck you. Is that right?"

"*Please*," Shane gasps, the word ripping out of him. "Ilya, please—"

The part of Shane that still cares about consequences flickers once, weak and distant, like a dying signal. He registers the openness of the rink, the bench bay that isn’t really hidden, the fact that anyone could walk in and see him like this. The thought barely stirs anything resembling alarm. Instead, it sends a slow, dark pulse of heat straight through him.

He’s so far past polite embarrassment it feels laughable. The awareness that he *could* get caught doesn’t scare him; it thrills him in a dull, buzzing way, like his body has decided it doesn’t need permission anymore. His mind feels hazy and loose, desire heavy and insistent, crowding out everything else until there’s no room left for shame. If someone walked in right now, if they saw him like this, pliant and wanting and openly undone, Shane knows, with a startling clarity, that he wouldn’t scramble to fix it. He probably wouldn’t even pull away, he might even lean into it harder, just to feel that heat spike again, just to prove to himself that he’s stopped pretending he cares.

The realization settles deep and steady, not frantic, not reckless, just *true*. He wants to have sex with Ilya; he wants it without apology, without restraint, without the constant self-monitoring that usually keeps him in line. The need hums through him, loud and unapologetic, and for once, he lets it.

Ilya pulls on the plug more deliberately now, working it out with gentle twisting motions. The drag is intense, the stretch as the widest part passes through, making Shane gasp and arch back into Ilya, and then it's out completely, and the empty feeling hits like a physical blow. Ilya sets the plug aside on the ice, and both hands return to Shane's hips, steadying him. "We don't have—" Ilya starts, looking around like he's just remembered where they are, what they're doing. "There's no lube, we can't—"

Shane's hand comes up to his own face without thinking. His fingers swipe through the mess still drying on his cheek, gathering it deliberately, and he holds Ilya's gaze as he reaches back. Ilya's eyes go absolutely black. "*Bozhe*," he breathes, watching as Shane's fingers disappear behind him, as Shane presses against himself.

The first finger slides in easily from all the prep, and Shane adds a second almost immediately, working himself open. His other hand stays fisted in Ilya's shirt for balance, and he's panting now, working his fingers deeper, searching for that spot.

"*Fuck*," Ilya mutters, transfixed. "Shane, you're—that's—"

Shane finds what he's looking for and moans, the sound loud and shameless in the empty arena. His fingers press harder, and his knees shake, nearly giving out, but Ilya's grip tightens, holding him upright. Shane's fingers slip free reluctantly, and he slumps forward, forehead pressing against the boards as he tries to catch his breath. His hand is trembling, slick, and he can feel how empty he is now, how desperately he needs to be filled.

"Okay." Ilya's thumb brushes over Shane's pulse point. "I need you to do something for me first."

Shane blinks, processing, then leans forward and does it—gathering what moisture he can from his dry mouth and letting it fall into Ilya's waiting hand. Shane watches through heavy-lidded eyes as Ilya uses Shane's spit to slick his cock with quick, efficient strokes. The sight makes something clench low in Shane's gut—Ilya's hand moving over himself, the way his jaw is clenched with restraint, the fact that they're really doing this.

Shane turns, hands bracing against the boards of the rink—not the bench bay anymore, but the actual boards at the edge of the ice. His palms press flat against the dasher, and he's shaking, the cold seeping into his bones but not mattering, nothing matters except—

Ilya's right there behind him, one hand steady on Shane's hip, the other guiding himself into position. There's no preamble, no teasing—they both know they can't draw this out, that every second they're here is a risk they're taking. Ilya pushes forward in one long, hard thrust, and they both moan—the sound echoing off the empty seats, bouncing back at them. Shane's arms nearly give out immediately at the stretch, at the overwhelming fullness, even with all the prep. Ilya's bigger than the plug, hotter, and Shane feels split open in the best way.

"*Fuck*," Ilya gasps against Shane's shoulder blade, and then he's moving—pulling back and slamming forward again, setting a brutal pace from the start.

Shane can't control the sounds spilling out of him, high, broken gasps and moans that get louder with each thrust. His fingers scramble against the boards, gripping the smooth surface with everything he has. Ilya's hand tightens on his hip, bruising, holding him in place as he fucks into him at a brutal pace. Their skates scrape against the ice, trying to find traction that doesn't exist. Ilya has to adjust his stance, spreading his legs wider for balance, and the angle change makes Shane cry out, louder than before, shameless, gone.

"*Shane*," Ilya mutters, rhythm faltering slightly as they slide forward a few inches. He has to pull Shane back, reset their position, one hand leaving Shane's hip to brace against the boards

beside Shane's. The leverage lets him thrust harder, deeper, and Shane's making constant noise now, a stream of gasps and whimpers and broken syllables that might be Ilya's name. They slide again, the combination of the ice and their movements making it impossible to stay still, and Ilya curses in Russian, having to stop and reposition them. The pause only lasts a second before he's driving forward again, relentless.

Shane's completely lost in it, floating so deep in that space where nothing exists except sensation. Every thrust pushes sounds out of him he can't control, his mouth falling open against his own arm where it's braced on the boards. He's loud, so loud, echoing in the empty arena, and somewhere distant, he knows he should be quieter, but he can't, he physically can't stop. "*Fuck*—" Shane gasps, and it comes out almost as a shout.

Ilya's hand leaves the boards and comes up to Shane's face, two fingers pressing past his lips and into his mouth. Shane's moan is muffled now as he closes around them automatically, sucking desperately, and the slight quieting seems to be what Ilya wanted. "That's it," Ilya pants, not slowing his pace at all. "So loud for me, *dorogoy*, need to keep you quiet—"

Shane's still making noise around Ilya's fingers, whimpering and moaning with each thrust, the sounds just muffled now instead of silenced. His tongue works against Ilya's fingers mindlessly, needing something to focus on, needing that fullness in his mouth to match the fullness inside him. They slide again, and Ilya has to adjust, pulling Shane back roughly, and the momentum, combined with a particularly hard thrust, makes Shane see stars. He cries out around Ilya's fingers, body going weak, and Ilya's rhythm stutters.

His fingers press deeper into Shane's mouth, and Shane just takes it, takes everything, his world narrowed to the points where Ilya's inside him, mouth and body both. The hand on his hip is iron, probably leaving bruises, and Shane hopes it does, hopes he'll feel this tomorrow, have proof this happened. Ilya's pace gets more erratic, thrusts harder and less controlled, and Shane can tell he's close, too. The fingers in his mouth press down on his tongue, and Shane moans, the sound vibrating around them, and that seems to break something in Ilya because suddenly he's slamming into Shane with abandon, the sound of skin on skin mixing with their harsh breathing and Shane's muffled cries.

Shane's right there with him, teetering on the edge, and when Ilya shifts angle slightly, hitting that spot dead on, everything whites out. Shane comes with a muffled shout that's almost a scream, his whole body going rigid as pleasure crashes through him in waves. He's spilling onto the ice below, but he's pressed so tight against the boards that some of it hits the dasher too, streaking down the surface.

His vision blurs, tears leaking from the corners of his eyes as his body shakes with the force of it. He's clenching rhythmically around Ilya, can't stop, can't control anything, just riding out the overwhelming sensation while those broken sounds keep spilling around Ilya's fingers.

"*Fuck—Shane*—" Ilya's voice is strangled, desperate, and suddenly he's pulling out. His hands grip Shane's shoulders, spinning him around roughly, and Shane goes easily, boneless and pliant. His knees hit the ice, and Ilya's hand is in his hair, guiding him forward. Shane's mouth opens automatically, still floating but climbing back towards the surface, and Ilya's pushing past his lips with a broken groan. Two, three strokes, and then he's cumming, filling

Shane's mouth with a curse that echoes through the arena. Shane swallows reflexively, but he doesn't stop, doesn't pull back, doesn't let up. His lips stay sealed tight around Ilya as he keeps sucking, working him through it, even as Ilya's hand in his hair tightens almost painfully.

"Shane, *fuck*, too much," Ilya gasps, hips trying to pull back, but Shane follows him, mouth still working, tongue still moving. He needs this, needs the weight, the fullness, needs something to ground him as he comes down from wherever he's been floating.

Shane just hums around him, the vibration making Ilya curse again, and keeps going. His own orgasm is still echoing through his system, aftershocks making him shiver, and having Ilya in his mouth is the only thing keeping him from completely falling apart. The taste, the weight, the way Ilya's shaking above him—it's grounding him, pulling him slowly back to reality. Ilya's trying to pull away again, oversensitive and twitching, but Shane's hands come up to grip his thighs, holding him in place. Not rough, just insistent. *Stay, I need this, please.*

"*Bozhe*," Ilya groans, and his head falls back, one hand braced against the boards behind Shane for support. His whole body is trembling now, caught between too much and Shane's desperate need, and he stops fighting it, lets Shane take what he needs.

Shane works him slowly now, gently, just enough pressure to keep him there without pushing too far. His eyes are closed, his breathing evening out, and gradually the frantic edge fades. The world starts coming back into focus—the cold ice beneath his knees, the bright lights overhead, the empty seats watching them. Ilya carefully pulls back, Shane making a soft protesting sound, mouth feeling empty again, but then Ilya's fingers are there, two of them pressing past Shane's lips immediately, replacing what was just taken away.

Shane’s awareness comes back in uneven waves, not all at once, like his body remembers the world before his mind does. The cold of the boards presses into his back, sharper now, and the open quiet of the rink rushes in around him, too wide, too exposed, the bench bay suddenly feeling far less hidden than it had a moment ago. His breath catches as the reality of it settles—where they are, how little separates this space from being seen—and his heart stutters hard in his chest, adrenaline bleeding back in around the warmth that hasn’t quite faded yet.

He swallows, throat tight, eyes lifting as he looks at Ilya again, really looks this time, and the contrast almost makes it worse. Ilya is close, steady, entirely unbothered, and Shane feels the full weight of what they just did land all at once, a dizzying mix of heat and disbelief that leaves him reeling. *Holy shit* barely scratches the surface, but it’s the only thought that sticks, echoing loud and stunned in his head as he stands there catching his breath, knowing with unsettling clarity that they crossed a line—and realizing, just as clearly, that he doesn’t wish they hadn’t.

Shane pushes himself upright too fast, and his legs slip out from under him for a second, balance shot, the cold seeping deep enough that it makes his knees feel unreliable. Ilya’s hands are there immediately, steady and sure, catching him by the arms before he can tip forward again. He’s already tugging his own clothes back into place, eyes flicking up and out, scanning the rink on instinct, sharp and alert in a way that makes Shane’s chest tighten.

Shane fumbles with his own clothes next, fingers clumsy and shaking, breath leaving him in a shaky huff as he tries to get himself sorted. His hands don't quite cooperate, cold and adrenaline and residual heat tangling together, and Ilya steps in without a word, helping him finish, movements efficient but careful. His gaze never leaves Shane's face, eyes tracking every twitch, every hitch of breath, reading him like a map Shane doesn't know how to hide.

His whole body is trembling now, not just his hands. From the cold biting through his clothes. From the way his knees still feel weak. From the sudden crash of awareness after being so deeply elsewhere a moment ago. He doesn't know where to look, doesn't know what expression he's supposed to have, and the intensity of Ilya's attention only makes it worse. Ilya's hands settle at his hips, grounding but insistent, thumbs pressing just enough to keep him upright. Shane swallows, heart hammering, then forces himself to look away, eyes sweeping the rink in a wide, frantic arc. Empty ice, empty seats, no footsteps, no voices, no movement anywhere along the bench walkway. The quiet stretches on, uninterrupted, the hum beneath the ice the only sound filling his ears.

Nothing.

No one.

The tension drains out of him all at once, his shoulders sagging as the realization lands properly this time. There isn't anybody here. What they did was reckless, stupid, even, and the thought still makes his stomach flip, but the rink remains unchanged, vast and empty and indifferent. Shane lets out a long breath he didn't realize he was holding, his body finally starting to settle as the panic loosens its grip. He leans back into the boards slightly, grounding himself in the cold and the quiet, and lets the certainty sink in.

They're alone.

To prove it to himself more than anything else, Shane reaches up and catches Ilya's face, hands still shaking just a little as his thumbs brush along his jaw. He doesn't rush it. He leans in slowly, deliberately, giving himself time to feel the decision settle, and when he kisses him, it's soft and unhurried, nothing like before. It's a question more than a demand.

Ilya answers immediately. He kisses Shane back without hesitation, just as slow, just as sure, their bodies sliding together naturally as if they were always meant to find this shape. His hands come up to cradle Shane's face, palms cold from the rink against Shane's flushed skin, and the contrast makes Shane breathe out quietly into the kiss. There's no urgency in it now, no edge of panic or loss of control—just closeness, steady and real, anchoring him where he stands.

Shane keeps his eyes closed, focusing on the simple things: the press of Ilya's mouth, the chill of his hands, the solid warmth of him right there. The rink stays silent around them, vast and empty, and for the first time since his awareness snapped back, Shane doesn't feel like he's bracing for anything. He just lets himself stay, kissing Ilya like this is something he chose on purpose, because it is.

Ilya laughs when Shane pulls back, the sound sudden and bright, cutting through the quiet like he can't help himself. It irritates Shane instantly, sharp and immediate, and before he can

think better of it, he shoves him in the chest. Not hard enough to hurt, just enough to make a point—and he feels a small, vicious spark of satisfaction when Ilya actually stumbles a step, skates scraping as he catches himself.

“Asshole,” Shane mutters, even though there’s no real heat in it anymore.

He still can’t quite look at him, not fully, so he turns away instead, bending to grab his things with movements that are a little too brisk. His heart’s still racing, hands not entirely steady, and the normalcy of tugging on gloves and shouldering his bag feels almost surreal after everything that just happened.

He bends to grab his things, movements a little too brisk, fingers fumbling briefly with his gloves before he forces them to cooperate. The normalcy of it feels wrong, like he’s trying to snap back into a version of himself that hasn’t quite caught up yet. His heart is still racing, breath not entirely steady, and he keeps his head down so he doesn’t have to deal with the look on Ilya’s face.

Of course, Ilya doesn’t let the silence sit. “That was very dramatic,” he says lightly, skating closer again, tone amused and unmistakably pleased. “You push me like angry little cat.”

Shane huffs, sharp and quiet, and shoulders his bag without answering. He pushes off toward the boards, blades carving a clean line across the ice, intent on putting distance between them without making a scene of it. Ilya follows immediately, matching his pace with irritating ease. “You know,” he adds, like he’s continuing a casual thought, “Hotel was good idea. It’s warm, no ice, no… audience.”

Shane’s grip tightens on the strap of his bag, but he still doesn’t respond. He keeps skating, eyes fixed ahead, pretending the words don’t land even as heat crawls back up his neck. Ilya skates a little closer, just enough that their shoulders almost brush. “But no,” he continues, clearly enjoying himself. “You choose rink, very bold.”

Shane finally shoves him again, sharper this time, enough to knock Ilya off his line for a second. Ilya laughs outright, delighted, skates scraping as he corrects himself. “You see?” he says. “You like chaos.” Shane doesn’t dignify that with a response. He angles toward the boards, slowing, ready to step off the ice, still not trusting himself to look at Ilya properly yet.

Ilya drifts alongside him anyway, grin softening just a fraction as he watches Shane refuse to engage. “You are very cute when you pretend nothing happened,” he adds, quieter now, still teasing.

“Fuck off,” Shane exhales through his nose, a single sharp breath, but he doesn’t argue. He just keeps moving, letting Ilya stay right there beside him on the ice, talking into the space Shane refuses to fill—like neither of them is ready to leave it behind yet.

Ilya keeps talking as they slow near the boards, skating lazy circles around Shane like he has nowhere else to be. “Next time,” he says mildly, like he’s already planned it, “We use a hotel. I promise, much less… scandal.”

Shane snorts despite himself. It slips out before he can stop it, short and sharp, and the sound surprises him enough that he actually laughs after, breathless and quiet and real. The absurdity of it all finally catches up—the rink, the risk, the way Ilya is still grinning like he won something—and he shakes his head, shoulders loosening at last. “You’re such a dick,” he mutters, but there’s no bite left in it. Ilya beams, clearly delighted, and Shane shoves him again, harder this time, just for the hell of it. Ilya stumbles, laughing as he catches the boards, skates scraping loudly against the ice.

Shane rolls his eyes and skates past him toward the exit, still smiling despite himself. When Ilya pushes off to follow, matching his pace easily, Shane doesn’t tell him to stop. They step off the ice together, blades clacking against rubber, the quiet of the rink settling back in behind them. For once, the weight of it all feels lighter, like whatever the hell line they just crossed can stay right there on the ice, humming quietly between them, unresolved but intact, as they disappear down the corridor side by side.

End Notes

FIRST HEATED RIVALRY FANFIC LETS GO?????? I hope you enjoy chat this one was a fun one. I literally did my best with the Russian ion speak that so yea.

I'm also down to write more Heated Rivalry if you want I have someee ideas maybe some angst so just lmk if yall would want that

_____

THIS IS LIKE DAYSSSSS LATER but thank you for all the support n shit yall are kind

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