

I always want to win with you.

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I always want to win with you.

by [Blombus](#)

Summary

For the first time on the Olympic ice rink, we have a married couple sharing the ice. Well, hopefully. Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov, both wearing the Maple Leaf for Team Canada. Hollander just signed with Ottawa after ending his long-standing career in Montreal. The world is yet to see them on the same team, playing together. Like you said, hopefully tonight is the night!

or - Shane and Ilya play their first Olympic games for Team Canada. *Kinky* celebrations ensue.

Notes

This one I started writing after episode two, and finally had the inspiration to finish it off.

Canon Divergence Explanation - I wanted to have like an epic first game when world sees them on ice together for the first time playing for the same side. This AU ignores the All-Stars game and is set before Shane begins with Ottawa (but is already signed with them).

If you want to skip the game and move straight to the smut, just scroll past the picture. Could not help myself, I think that's one of my fav scenes from the show.

Very much self-indulgent, especially the RWRB mention 😊😊

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

Commentator 1 (Jim) - Welcome, ladies and gentlemen, to the 2022 Olympic men's ice hockey semi-final, coming to you live from Beijing. It's been a wild ride this year, and the fans are fully aware of the energy around us. They are already on their feet, screaming for their favourite hockey teams to enter the ice. This is the game everyone has been waiting for: *Canada versus the United States*.

Commentator 2 (Bob) - Jim, this place is vibrating. It's tonight when we see the biggest NHL teams fighting for the slot for a chance at the gold, in four days, at the grand finals. They will face the Netherlands, who made it to the finals just last night.

Jim - Tonight is the night, Bob! While we battle for the spot at the finals. We also have a different storyline tonight. Something, I think, everyone else has been waiting for. Maybe we will get it tonight?

Bob - is the the esteemed audience, maybe?

Jim - Well, His Royal Highness Prince Henry and the Prince Consort, First Son Alex Claremont-Diaz are in the audience with us—definitely cheering for team USA, but that's not what I meant. For the first time on the Olympic ice rink, we have a married couple sharing the ice. Well, *hopefully*. Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov, both wearing the Maple Leaf for Team Canada. Hollander just signed with Ottawa after ending his long-standing career in Montreal. The world is yet to see them on the same team, playing together. Like you said, hopefully tonight is the night!

Bob - We have seen them at them on the opposing ends so many times across their careers. Two captains in their own right. Both of them top of their league. However, together? That's something we are yet to witness. And despite Canada dominating this Olympic season, the coaching staff hasn't put them on the ice at the same time. Not once.

Jim - A strange move by the Canadian team. We have seen Hollander and Rozanov on the ice at different games, warm-ups, heck, even within the same game, rotating through centre, subbing each other out, but never together on the ice. Any speculations as to why? Any crazy fan theories?

Jim - Well, anyone who's seen them on the ice during the regular season would agree that, *individually*, they are a force of nature. It's that hockey IQ yet again. And both ooze that stuff in buckets. As to fan theories...well, there are a few. Some say 'they are being punished', some say that both Hollander and Rozanov are too stubborn to share the spotlight. But my favourite is the simplest one: Canada has an ace up their sleeve, and it's the Hollanov special.

Bob - Hollanov special...I like that. So you believe their individual talent would translate when they're paired together. Because being brilliant separately doesn't always equal brilliance as a duo.

Jim - True. Too much of a good thing, and all that.

Bob - Exactly. So is it going to be seamless... or messy?

Jim - I'm crossing all my toes and all my fingers that it's seamless, Bob. Because if it does translate, we're about to watch something special. We're about to watch the kind of hockey people talk about for twenty years.

Bob - If that's the plan, then the Canadian coach is either a genius... or he's been playing with fire. Because the other side of that strategy is: you don't know how it looks until you try it under pressure.

Jim - You are right on the money, Bob.

Bob - Alright, everyone, let's have a look on the ice, the teams began to emerge for their warm-up. Stay tuned, folks, I feel it in the air. This game, will be nothing short of *epic*.

First Period - Face-off

Jim - Opening face-off at centre ice, and Canada's putting Rozanov. Smart move.

Bob - Jim, is he smiling?

Jim - Jesus, yes. That smile should be illegal in international competition.

Bob - I am telling you, you see that smile and you wish you updated your life insurance policy.

Jim - Damn straight. That thing is deadly.

Bob - They lean in. The U.S. centre looks rigid. He looks... offended. You always wonder what is being said in that moment. Puck down!

Jim - Rozanov wins it clean! Back to the point! Canada immediately swings it wide, wings moving in.

Bob - Rozanov passes, he moves in. Puck back again with the Russian. Defended, another pass. They shoot...

Jim - Saved! Rebound. Cleared by the U.S., and we're off to the races. Christ! This is going to be a game and a half.

Bob - I am so freaking excited!

First period - 10:24

Jim - Ten minutes in, and you can see the adjustment: the Americans are trying to take out Rozanov. Each push to the boards rougher than the last. It's been brutal, folks.

Bob - If I didn't know better. I'd say they are going for his ribs.

Jim - Bad plan, though. I doubt Rozanov would surrender. Back in '16 he allegedly won the Cup with 2 broken ribs.

Bob - Where is Hollander in this? Why is Canada still waiting to pull him out?

Jim - Your guess is as good as mine, pal.

Second period - 2:20

Jim - We are back, Canada up 1–0, and the U.S. bench looks nervous.

Bob - They are out for blood. That's also 1 for Rozanov. You could say it was a lucky goal, slipping just past the toe of the goaltender.

Jim - Knowing Rozanov, that was probably intentional.

Second period - 4:38

Jim - Second period, just four minutes in and the U.S. answers back.

Bob - Tie game now. 1–1. Let's hope Canada is up for the challenge.

Jim - The US is definitely settling in. They have tightened all the lines, but they are also looking quite comfortable.

Bob - And that's dangerous, Jim...Oh! *OH!* Jim, are you seeing this?

Jim - Shit! Here we go.

Bob - Ladies and gentlemen. For the first time tonight, and the first time all tournament: both Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov are stepping over the ice *together*.

Jim - There it is. The moment everyone's been waiting for. 24, Hollander and 81, Rozanov. Same ice...same game. Never has a married couple played at this high level in the NHL. Same-sex couple, nonetheless.

Bob - We are seeing history, and you can *feel* the stadium. The crowd has gone absolutely silent. They must be in shock. Or—

Jim - Tree, two and...

Both - One.

Jim - What a roar from the Canadians. This is fantastic! It's absolutely deafening. The arena is shaking.

Bob - The U.S. bench just stood up. Look at their coach. Jesus, they are panicking. He's already waving for a matchup. They're scrambling to get their best defensive pair out there. This is going to be bloodshed.

Jim - Because comfort for US just ended.

Bob - Faceoff coming up. Yet again, Rozanov glides to the centre.

Jim - Smart move. Rozanov is extremely fast, and he's been winning draws all tournament.

Bob - So has Hollander

Jim - True, but...*Alright*, they are leaning in.

Bob - Hollander is set on the right side. He looks locked-in. It's his unmatched focus that makes him one of the best players in the NHL. This and his impressive backhand.

Jim - Official's in... puck down—

Bob - Rozanov wins it clean!

Jim - Puck with Rozanov, quick pass to Bennett. Hollander drifts into space behind.

Bob - Rozanov is already moving, Jim. Two defencemen near him. They will try to poke the puck right from under his nose. He's almost over the blue line. Where are the wings?

Jim - Where the hell is Hollander?

Bob - Nowhere to be seen, Jim. Not in the lane. Rozanov is all alone. The possession of the puck is fragile. Wh... *wait* did he pull the puck between his legs?

Jim - Oh my—

Bob - He whips the puck backwards between his legs, blind, straight into open ice behind him... What the?

Jim - Hollander appears! Out of absolutely nowhere. Christ, he's fast.

Bob - Hollander catches it, already loaded.

Jim - He's shooting!

Bob - GOAL!

Jim - ARE YOU KIDDING ME?

Bob - Ladies and gentlemen... *thirty seconds*. Thirty seconds of Ilya Rozanov and Shane Hollander on the ice together, and that's how long it took.

Jim - That is obscene. That is not chemistry. That's freaking telepathy.

Bob - The U.S. defenders are looking at each other like they've just been pranked on live television.

Jim - And look at Hollander. Is that a blush I see?

Bob - Meanwhile, Rozanov, oh, he's grinning. He's grinning like he planned that play in his sleep. He has been waiting for this moment.

Jim - And it's bloody gorgeous. Canada takes the lead, 2-1, and suddenly that "comfortable" U.S. bench doesn't look comfortable at all.

Bob - Jim... if this is what they do in thirty seconds...

Jim - ...imagine what they do with a full period.

Bob - or a full season.

Bob - And that's a wrap, ladies and gentlemen, for Canada versus the United States. What a semi-final. What a statement that game was.

Jim - Canada punches their ticket to the gold medal game, and you can hear the celebration all the way up into the rafters. The Americans fought hard, but tonight belonged to the Maple Leaf, their 6 - 1 win.

Bob - And to a pairing that just made Olympic history. Ilya Rozanov and Shane Hollander.

Jim - An unbelievable two hat tricks between them.

Bob - Absolutely unreal. From the second quarter on...Canada was just ruthless. It's the kind of performance that makes the rest of the tournament feel like the warm-up.

Jim - And now the question becomes: can the Netherlands stop them?

Bob - We'll find out in a couple of days.

Jim - Join us for the gold medal game! Canada will be back on the ice, hopefully showing more of what Hollanov has to offer.

Bob - Sorta makes you wonder, if Ottawa will be chasing the Cup next NHL season, doesn't it.

Jim - It sure does, Bob.



Beijing 2022 - History in the Making

@TeamCanada - Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov EPIC win for the Maple Leafs
#olympics #2hatters #boysinlove #marrigegoals #readyforthegold

Maple Leafs Canada - Locker Room

“HOLLA-NOV! HOLLA-NOV! HOLLA-NOV!”

The chant was getting louder and louder.

Shane was suddenly enveloped by a flag that sat on him like a cape. One of his teammates, representing Team Canada, dressed him, shouting, “A fucking, double HAT TRICK man! In the fucking semis.”

Shane smiled. It was a hell of a game. One that he will remember for the rest of his life. Not for the hat trick, or the fact both Shane and Ilya scored one each, but because he got to play with *him*.

Ilya Rozanov. His husband. *An Olympian.*

As if summoned by his thoughts, Ilya appeared in his line of vision from across the room. The grins they shared were wicked and victorious.

Ilya slid off the bench and moved through the celebrating bodies. He stopped right in front of Shane, close enough that Shane could smell the sweat and the adrenaline pouring off him.

Ilya adjusted his cape before resting his forehead right on top of it. They breathed in the chaos around them. “Ya tebya lyublyu.” Ilya said, voice low, meant for Shane alone. (I love you.)

Shane smiled through teary eyes. “ya tozhe tebya lyublyu.” His accent is clumsy. (I love you too)

Ilya responded, switching back to English. “There’s still a reward for me, da?”

“Just wait and see, my Captain.”

Ilya’s eyes went dark at that, heat replacing humour, that familiar switch like a light snapping on. His gaze dropped to Shane’s mouth, lingered, then lifted again, steady and hungry.

“Careful,” Ilya warned softly, though he didn’t sound remotely cautious. “You say that, and I forget there are other people.”

Shane’s pulse jumped. His mind screamed to be shy, to hide from being seen loving another man. But in that second, only stupid, uncontrollable happiness thrummed through his veins.

He didn’t think; he just reached for it—grabbing Ilya’s waist, fingers curling around the sweaty jersey—lastly closing the distance between them. It was a soft press of mouths. Just a brief kiss, but Shane felt it all. The hitch of Ilya’s breath, the shudder through his body.

Here, in front of their teammates, Shane Hollander proudly showcased their love, breaking all PDA rules they thought they had. Then Ilya kissed him back with a warmth that made Shane’s chest truly ache.

Around them, the team kept shouting, “HOLLA-NOV!” even louder. Now, as if it were the only word they knew.

Suddenly, they were covered in champagne as their teammates started to celebrate their win with booze. The room was overflowing. Guys were shouting over the music, banging sticks on the floor, spraying anything they could get their hands on. Someone whooped near the doorway, and another bottle went off like a firework.

Shane shook his head and huffed a laugh, water and bubbles dripping from his eyelashes. He looked up, just to catch Ilya, grinning back at him.

The keycard gave a soft click, and they pushed into the hotel suite still smelling like champagne and sweat, the victory high clinging to his skin, despite showering at the arena. Ilya was pressing open-mouthed kisses to the back of Shane’s neck, all the way through the elevator. Now, his teeth joined, gently nibbling on the sensitive skin.

Shane shivered.

Finally, the door slammed shut behind them.

"Fuck, Ilya—" Shane's voice cracked as Ilya's teeth found the sensitive spot near his pulse point. He let Ilya turn them and then shove him against the door. He let those calloused hands yank his Team Canada fleece open, shoving it off his shoulders, dragging his undershirt up to expose the sharp cut of his hipbones.

Shane's fingers tangled in Ilya's hair, pulling him closer, arching into the bite of Ilya's mouth against his collarbone. Shane moaned—needy and wanton. He felt the wet heat of Ilya's tongue tracing his throat.

Tasting the champagne, Ilya growled in satisfaction. The game, their chemistry on ice together, the win—all of it made his head spin. Ilya wanted to devour Shane. He wanted him as gone as he was. And judging by the way Shane's knees were buckling...he was not far off.

Ilya's thigh pushed between his legs, grinding up, and Shane groaned, loud and uncontrolled. His hips bucked forward instinctively. The friction was maddening. They were both so hard it hurt.

Ilya began to grind his hips, pressing Shane further into the door. Shane's mouth opened in a wordless moan. The movement of Ilya's hips shifted something else—something just below the fabric of his pants. It was something soft and delicate.

Something that made the pressure different. *Better.*

"Christ, Hollander," Ilya panted against his throat, voice raw with victory and want. "You get so desperate, so quick." His hand dropped between them, palming Shane through the pants, feeling the way Shane's cock strained against the fabric.

Before Ilya could reach inside his pants, Shane halted his hand. "Wait,"

Shane wanted him to see him first. He wanted to display himself. He wanted Ilya to have the same look he had on the ice, crazed and focused. It was fucked that hockey was still on his mind at this time—here in this hotel room—but this was the only metaphor he could think of, his brain scrambled already.

Shane gasped, gripping Ilya's wrist. His eyes were blown wide. "Let me. Fuck, let me show you. I-I—"

Ilya stilled, but his thigh stayed pressed firm between Shane's legs, keeping him pinned.

Shane pushed him back gently, and Ilya went along with the movement, using his biceps to press himself from the door. Shane pushed him gently, guiding him through the penthouse of their hotel room.

It took them one look at the dorm rooms in the Olympic village to decide to book a luxurious penthouse near the arena. Firstly, seeing how thin the walls were...both Ilya and Shane knew

it would be unfair for their teammates to have to witness their nightly shenanigans. Secondly, the Olympic dorms consisted of two cardboard twin beds.

Ilya closed the door within ten seconds of opening the dorms. “Over my dead fucking body” He said, taking Shane’s hand before dragging him back to the escalators.

Now they had entire penthouse at their disposal. They were starting with the selling point of the room. The bed. And as soon as Ilya's knees hit the edge of it, Shane stepped back.

Ilya, in that instant, took his jacket and shirt off. He worked in quick, practised movements. Soon, Shane’s view was filled with topless Ilya Rozanov... a distraction in itself.

Shane swallowed. Christ. Ilya's chest... It was a wonder. Heaving chest, scattered with hair. Familiar tattoos and chiselled abs. Happy trail, and those bulging biceps. Shane shook his head, trying to get himself under control, but *Christ again*—he was so fucking gay for his husband.

Shane's hands started to tremble as soon as he began to fumble with his shirt. Ilya began to stand up to help him. Shane knew how much his husband liked to undress him, but he needed to do this alone. He knew that if Ilya touched him right now, it would be game over.

And he needed to show him, what he prepared. “Sit, love,” Shane said. “I have your surprise.”

“A reward?” Ilya asked, with a raised eyebrow.

“I hope it feels like a reward,” Shane whispered, suddenly even more shy. The seed of doubt came quickly, overshadowing his brain in an instant. What if Ilya hated his idea? His surprise? What if he laughed? What if...?

Shane looked up, their gazes meeting. Shane saw so much love, adoration and heat in Ilya's eyes...everything calmed around him. The noise, the nagging questions, the negativity...all of it went quiet, replaced by the simple certainty that he was safe here, wanted here. His shoulders dropped, breath loosening, and he smiled back, knowing that whatever happened next.

Once he was topless, Shane started with his jeans. He turned away from the bed, from Ilya’s hungry gaze. The zipper sounded loud in the quiet hotel room. Shane’s heart hammered against his ribs.

This was it. The moment.

This was crazy. This was—

He took another breath, bent forward at the waist, and pushed his jeans down. The fabric slid over his ass, catching for a second on the lace trim before pooling at his ankles. He stepped out of them, kicking them aside. Now he was just in the red panties with the white bows, his back still to Ilya, the air cool against his exposed skin. The panties were cut high across his cheeks, with a keyhole opening right where he needed Ilya the most.

"Shane," Ilya said. His voice was rough, wrecked already.

Shane glanced over his shoulder. Ilya was sitting on the edge of the bed, hands gripping the mattress, knuckles white. His eyes were dark, fixed on the line of Shane's spine, the curve of his ass barely covered by the thin fabric.

"You gonna say something?" Shane's voice came out smaller than he meant it to.

Ilya stood. He moved slowly, like he was trying not to spook him. When he reached Shane, he didn't touch him right away. Shane's breath was raspy.

But Ilya just looked. His gaze traced the white bows at Shane's hips, the way the red lace hugged his skin. Shane looked down at his own body, seeing his straining cock in the front panel. There was a wet spot already darkening the fabric.

"Turn around," Ilya said, low and hoarse.

Shane did, slowly, his face burning. The panties were cut high on his thighs, leaving little to the imagination. His cock pressed against the lace, obscene and obvious. Now, Ilya could also see the evidence of his arousal.

Shane forced himself to meet Ilya's eyes, expecting the worst, still...but instead...

Ilya's expression was feral. He looked like a man starving.

"Fuck, Shane." Ilya's hand lifted, hovering near Shane's waist like he wasn't sure he was allowed. "You're—" Ilya breathed, and it sounded like a prayer.

"Team Canada colors," Shane managed, voice tight. "Thought it was... you know *appropriate*."

Ilya ignored his explanation and dropped to his knees. He looked hypnotised, sinking down. His hands gripped Shane's hips hard, and he pressed his mouth to the damp lace

The heat of Shane's cock burned through the fabric, and Ilya groaned, low and animal-like, sucking at the wet spot like he could draw the taste of him right through it.

"Ilya—f-fuck, fuck—" Shane's fingers twisted in Ilya's hair, thighs shaking. He could feel Ilya's tongue pressing against his shaft through the thin material, could feel the scrape of teeth, and it was too much, not enough. "Please!"

Ilya pulled back, lips wet, eyes black with want. "You wore these for me." It wasn't a question, sounding more like a claim. But Shane answered it anyway, confirming it all for Ilya.

"Yeah."

"We were together all evening? Fucking when?"

Shane only looked down at his husband, his blush even more evident in the glow of the soft lightning.

"Under your uniform?" Ilya's voice was gravel. "All fucking night?"

"Yeah."

"Jesus Christ, Hollander." Ilya's hands slid up, thumbs hooking under the waistband. His forehead rested on his hipbone, controlling his breathing "You're going to fucking kill me."

He used his palm to drag the lace across Shane's cock. The movement was so gentle, it was enough to make Shane whimper.

Ilya took one of the bows between his teeth and pulled the fabric away from his skin, before letting it go. The snap of the elastic on Shane's skin felt like the tightest of whips and the softest of feathers. Shane's breath punched out of him, his cock jerking against the lace.

"Fuck—" His fingers spasmed in Ilya's hair. "Do that again. *Please*."

Ilya did. He caught the other bow, pulled it taut, let it snap. Shane's thighs trembled. The sting bloomed into heat, sinking deep. Ilya's eyes never left his face, watching everything.

"You're sensitive here," Ilya murmured, tracing the red mark blooming on Shane's hip. His thumb slipped under the waistband again, pulling it away, slower this time. "Like it?"

Shane couldn't answer. Ilya let the elastic go, and this time it caught the underside of his cock, a sharp bite of pressure that made his vision blur.

"*Blyad*, you're dripping." Ilya's voice was thick. He pressed his thumb against the wet lace, rubbing circles over Shane's slit. "All this, just from this?"

Shane's hips bucked involuntarily. "Ilya, I need you... I am begging, p-please."

"I know what you fucking need." Ilya's voice was dangerous. "Turn around again."

"Ilya—"

"Turn around, *kotik*. Show me that hole again." The Russian endearment came out as a command.

Shane turned, giving Ilya his back again. The panties were high cut, there was an elastic running down his crack. He'd known male lingerie existed—he wasn't naive. But when he'd clicked through the options online...seeing how many there were. Shane got overwhelmed back then. However, his mind stopped when he saw the particular keyhole design.

A small, deliberate opening. It seemed too obscene. But not even a minute after, they were in his cart, and he was entering his credit card details, using his secured PayPal details.

"Fuck, Shane." Ilya's breath hitched. "So fucking pretty. *Bozhe moy*. (*my God*)

“Thought you’d like it.”

Ilya’s thumb traced the edge of the lace, then dipped through the opening. The pad of his thumb pressed directly against Shane’s hole. Shane’s entire body jolted.

Ilya’s finger entered easily. Way too easily. “You’re already wet here.”

“I opened myself up a bit too,” Shane said. He had to lock his knees when Ilya began to move his finger in and out, not subtly indicating to Shane his intentions. Shane is going to get what he wanted...what he needed. He’s going to get fucked within an inch of his life, but his husband. “I was thinking about you. Before the game, when I was fingering myself. During the game. When you scored. The celebrations. The entire ceremony. You had your hand on my back, you...”

Ilya’s second finger joined. He began to scissor them. “Fucking tell me.”

“Your speech,” Shane gasped, his voice cracking. “When you thanked the team, you looked at me. I could feel it. Everyone was watching, and I was hard in these fucking panties, thinking about you bending me over...”

“Fuck, Shane.” Ilya hissed.

His other hand came up, gripping Shane’s ass, spreading him wider. The keyhole stretched, lace pulling taut. “Were you hard? The whole game?”

“Y-yes.”

Ilya growled through his teeth. “Is what you want? Want me to fuck you where everyone can see?”

“No! Yes? Fuck, I don’t know...” Shane’s head fell forward. His chest was heaving “Just you. Always just you.”

Ilya leaned in, mouth hot against the small of Shane’s back. “You’re shaking.”

“Because you’re not inside me yet.”

Ilya stilled in that instant, then he withdrew his fingers. Shane was nowhere near ready. That was irrelevant, however. He needed to feel it. The stretch, the burn of Ilya’s cock. “Please, Ily —”

“Shhh, sweetheart.” Ilya quickly got rid of his pants and, without any hesitation, began to press his cock against him. But he stilled, letting the head of his cock rest against Shane’s wet, sensitive rim. He slid through the keyhole, though, easily. “Aaah, Shane. I can feel the lace on my cock. Is so hot.”

Shane's breath punched out from his lungs. He could also feel the lace dragging across his length. Knowing that Ilya could experience the same feeling too made everything a thousand times hotter...his knees nearly gave up.

Ilya's hands re-gripped his hips again, holding him steady before he started to whisper in Russian. "You feel that? Feel how hard I am? Just for you."

Shane understood only half of the words, but he nodded anyway. He was far too gone to be able to translate the words, but it was simply hearing Ilya's mother tongue that got him off.

Then Ilya began to push forward, just enough to breach him with the head of his cock. The stretch burned. It was sharp.

It was *perfect*.

Shane's fingers scrambled, reaching back to hold onto Ilya's forearms. "Fuck, *slow*—"

"Nyet." Ilya's voice was rough. His hands wrapped around the fabric of the panties on each side of Shane's hips. He was holding him steady just by the lace. "You don't want slow. You want everyone to know who you belong to."

He thrust in one smooth motion, burying himself to the hilt. Shane's vision whited out. The lace pulled taut against his skin as Ilya pushed. The white bows dug into his skin. Ilya's cock filled him completely, stretching him open to absolute limits.

Shane could just imagine how the keyhole framed the thick base of Ilya's shaft. The vision took his breath away. Shane's head lolled back, cheek resting on Ilya's shoulder. His jaw slack, eyes dazed, as he struggled to withstand the onslaught of pleasure running through every vessel in his body.

Ilya adjusted his grip and started to pound into him. Shane's fingers dug into Ilya's forearms even more, holding for dear life. He wanted to mark his husband somehow. Because Shane will remember—he will remember tonight. *Fuck*, he will feel tonight for *days* to come.

For the next game... the Olympic finals. Just in the two days.

"You are fucking mine," Ilya growled out. "Say it! Say who you belong to."

Shane's throat was dry, his words broken by Ilya's rhythm. "Y-yours. I'm yours."

Ilya's hand wrapped around Shane's cock, still trapped in lace. The friction was maddening, too much and not enough. "Come for me, kotik. Come in your pretty little panties."

Shane's vision blurred. The world narrowed to Ilya's cock inside him, Ilya's hand on him, the lace biting his skin. He came with a sob, spilling hot and wet into the red fabric. The white bows darkened with come. Ilya groaned, thrusts becoming erratic, then stilled deep inside him, pulsing.

They stood there, panting, sticky and wrecked. Ilya's forehead rested between Shane's shoulder blades. "Fuck," he breathed. "We're doing it again."

Shane just laughed deliriously.

It was much later, when they were lying in bed. They fucked three more times before the adrenaline of the win for the first time playing together finally wore off. The now ruined panties were on the floor near the bed. Ilya bound his wrist with them, for their second round, and shoved them between Shane's lips, as they came for the third time.

Now Ilya's head was cushioned by Shane's chest, listening to his heart. He hummed a slow Russian ballad as he traced mindless patterns across his husband's chest. Shane was playing with his wedding band, nestled between his pecks.

When his song finished, Ilya looked up, meeting Shane's soft gaze. "We won Olympic semi-finals tonight. You wore slutty little panties."

Shane blushed. "Yes. That's what happened." He still could not believe he pulled it off. How feral Ilya got at the sight of them. His blush deepened more, replying the events of tonight.

"You know you will need to repeat it," Ilya said, his gaze not relenting. "For finals. So we win again."

Shane blush spread further down his chest. "I know."

Ilya sat up a bit straighter, mischief evident in his eyes. "And for every game we play together."

But Ilya underestimated the situation—he was not prepared for the way Shane began to bite his plush lip. For the way his eyes turned darker. Or the way guilt slightly covered his irises.

"What?" Ilya pressed.

"I ordered 20 more pairs," Shane whispered, before hiding his face in the crook of Ilya's shoulder.

"What color?" Ilya growled, his accent thickening with each letter.

End Notes

For the last line just insert sexy Russian accent 😏

When I wrote the game part, I imagined the commentators like in Ted Lasso 🙌 I hope you like it.

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