

Friendly Competition

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Friendly Competition

by [hazelthrowaway](#)

Summary

Being on opposing teams meant a certain level of competitive spirit between Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov. Naturally, whatever happened on the ice would extend into the bedroom.

Notes

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Shit talk on the ice was as much a part of hockey as the sticks, pucks, and uniforms themselves. Every player had taken their turn to dish out insults in their career, even Shane. In the heat of the moment, the words just came naturally sometimes. And Shane knew that whatever was said during a game was to be brushed off and forgotten once the Referee blew the whistle. That was the unspoken rule that all players abided by; no hard feelings. Of course there was one exception and their name was Ilya Rozanov of the Boston Raiders.

"What's wrong, Hollander? Out of breath already?" Rozanov asked after he scored another goal on the Metros. It was a home game for Shane but even with all the advantages that that afforded him, they were still falling short.

Shane shook his head, not deeming the jab worth a retort. He could never tell just how much of Rozanov's chirps were for the benefit of the audience and his team, or for the express purpose of pulling a reaction out of him. Either way, Rozanov's smug grin stayed put.

"Can't even keep up with puck today? What happened? Skate blades too dull?"

He had to keep a cool head. There was still time in the match to turn their score around.

Rozanov was persistent though. "Your stamina is shit. You should really work on that."

"Fuck you!"

Behind his helmet visor, the overhead arena lights twinkled in Rozanov's eyes, his smile widening a fraction like he had already won at something. Of course, Shane had given him his hotel room number earlier, the invite for tonight implicit, and the way Rozanov looked at him now from across the rink told Shane that they were both thinking the same thing: 2210.

"Maybe sit down. Catch your breath. Preferably on that bench over there." Rozanov jutted his thumb toward the outside of their enclosure where Shane's teammates were glaring back at Rozanov.

"Not before you do," Shane said before turning back around to his place, his skates clashing against the ice harsher than was entirely necessary.

The game went on with Rozanov taking every opportunity to aggressively shoulder check him against the glass barriers, over and over, whenever Shane so much as neared the puck let alone took possession of it. The more Rozanov egged him on, the worse Shane played in turn. That was up until Shane finally sniped a goal from right under Rozanov's nose.

Only then did he feel an insult was earned to throw back at Rozanov's face. "Hey! Where'd all that energy from before go, huh?"

"Whoa. Don't get too excited, Hollander. You got one," Rozanov responded, holding a single finger up for emphasis before pointing it down toward his cock—a swift move that Shane doubted anyone else noticed the implication of besides himself. "Let's keep it in our pants, yes?"

Rozanov was treading dangerous territory with the amount of crude taunts he was dishing out, dancing the line between stupid shit talk and exposure. Shane mentally scrambled for another retort that wasn't 'fuck off' but his teammate beat him to the punch, shouting: "Why don't you just focus on the fucking game, Rozanov."

Even though the crowd, with their booing and cheering, seemed all too excited for whatever was going on between him and Rozanov to escalate, Shane was eventually benched. He wasn't performing at his best, he knew that, and his mom probably already had a lengthy—half consolatory, half motivational—speech prepared and extra drills scheduled just for him by the time the referee had called the game as a Raiders' win.

The exit from the rink was tense, at least on Shane's side. "Maybe next time, you will play like you mean to win," Rozanov said once he had gotten closer to Shane.

"You asshole." Shane finally had had enough, shoving him back which led to an eruption of chaos from both opposing sides of the ice. Before he could aim another shove at Rozanov's chest, Shane's arms were locked behind him, his teammates on either side attempting to drag them apart while he hurled curse after curse. Rozanov followed suit as his teammates intervened, electing to switch back to Russian midway through his own cursing tirade. Even the referees had interjected at one point.

Afterwards when Shane was cooling off in the lockers, cheeks aflame from his residual anger, he typed up a text to send 'Lily,' an all-caps *'what the hell is wrong with you,'* before he deleted the entire message. And he typed and retyped variations of the same words until the frustration got to him and he shut off his phone. In the dim of the screen, his frowning reflection blinked back at him.

Had whatever happened warranted another reaction besides what they had already said on the rink? No, not really. He still wanted to see Rozanov later. Wanted him to fuck Shane, rough like they were still fighting on the ice.

And maybe there was more relief in screaming at the other team after losing rather than forcing a hand shake and a 'good game' through a smile that didn't quite reach his eyes.

Either way, when a knock sounded on Shane's hotel room door in the evening, he didn't hesitate to open. Rozanov sauntered inside with the confidence of someone walking into their own room, which may as well have been the case considering his room was only a couple floors below Shane's with likely the exact layout.

"Still mad at me?"

Shane scoffed. "No. Part of the game, right?" Their next match against each other wasn't for another couple months, which meant another lengthy absence apart. Another few months without Rozanov here. The loss of the game had dampened his spirits, sure, but why would Shane waste their precious limited time together over something so petty as shit talk?

"Of course," Rozanov said, leaning to press a quick peck to Shane's lips. Then another. "I was just fucking around, you know?"

"Okay."

"Admit it, it made you a little hard, yes?"

"Yeah, sure." Shane's eyes fluttered closed, letting Rozanov shower him with kisses that were almost sweet in nature were they not part of the lead up to something more carnal than that. In the space between their lips, Shane asked: "What do you think the headlines are gonna look like tomorrow?"

Rozanov smiled into him, cold fingers trailing under Shane's shirt, up the curve of his spine just to come down again. "I don't know. I don't care."

Shane pitched his voice into his closest approximation of a reporter for the next bit.

"Rozanov and Hollander at each other's throats again, will they finally kill each other once and for all? Stay tuned to next season's playoffs for the results," he said, which earned him a huffed laugh from Rozanov, curt but amused regardless.

"They will be very disappointed then. To see us like this."

"What, kissing?"

"Yes. And fucking."

Like nothing more than another inside joke between them, Rozanov turned his attention wholly back on Shane, returning to his lips with a singular purpose. But even as Rozanov was perfectly content to drop the topic, his hands skirting along Shane's chest to hike his shirt up and over his head, Shane couldn't focus at all. "Did you mean it though?" He asked once Rozanov had them both shirtless in the middle of his suite's hall.

"Mean what?" Rozanov mumbled close enough that the words had caressed Shane's skin and scattered goosebumps along his arms.

"That my stamina's shit—"

"Eh, maybe a little."

"—Because if its just between us then I have you beat, I mean my mile time is under seven minutes and I could go twelve kilometers without a break."

Rozanov paused his ministrations, eyes searching Shane's for a moment too long. "Really?"

"Yes, really."

"Then what the fuck was that? At the rink?"

"I was having an off day," Shane said after a beat, embarrassment obvious in the flush of his face.

Humming noncommittally, Rozanov ducked his head to tongue at the sensitive spot just below Shane's ears. Shane reflexively tightened his grip on the other man's shoulders while

Rozanov continued to trail down his neck, biting and sucking and completely intent on ignoring their conversation. "Rozanov," he nearly whined, urging for a better response.

"Ok. How about friendly competition?" Rozanov suggested. "See if you are full of shit or not." The 'friendly' part turned out to be a giant understatement as Rozanov's bright idea to measure their stamina was to compare whose hard-on lasted longer in bed; because apparently nothing was a better indication of his endurance on the ice rink than delayed ejaculation.

"You're perverted," Shane said, agreeing to do it anyway. "What do I get if I win?"

"Bragging rights," Rozanov said, deadpan.

With a complete air of seriousness, Shane had fished his phone out from his jeans, displaying the built-in timer app and flipping the screen around to Rozanov's face.

"Seriously?"

"Yeah. We'll do this fair. We each get a turn and I'll time it."

Rozanov got a look on his face like he was coming to regret ever making the suggestion.

"Turns? I thought we could just fuck and see who cums first."

"No, we're doing this properly so it's accurate," he said without an ounce of humor. Honestly, Shane might act earnest but he was full on fucking with Rozanov now, returning the favor he'd given him at that absolute shit-show of a game. If Rozanov was so brazen as to wrap his kinks in the veneer of an inconsequential competition, then it was only fair for Shane to take it too seriously and ruin the sexual appeal of the entire thing.

"Ok. I will go first," Rozanov said, steering them toward the king-sized mattress. Along the way they shed the rest of their clothes, socks and pants littering the floor, so that they were only in their boxers once they'd made it to the foot of the bed. Rozanov, without hesitation, settled atop of the bed, back against the sheets and hands across his chest like he was getting ready to sleep—either that or preparing to be mummified.

Shane stood amused at the sight until Rozanov had said: "Sit on my face."

"W-what?" he sputtered.

"Am I speaking Russian?" Shane remained frozen, mouth agape at the callousness of the man in front of him. "Hollander! Sit. Now."

Well, since he had agreed, Shane had no choice but to tug off his boxers, toeing them out of the way as he crawled along the mattress, up Rozanov's thighs and abdomen, until the junction of his legs hovered over Rozanov's face. "Shit," he whispered, fingers twitching as they clenched around the bed's wooden headboard in a mixture of embarrassment and excitement.

There was no warning given to conceal the yelp that slipped from his lips once Rozanov dragged him down and fully onto his face, weight no doubt crushing his features and any

remaining window of air. The protrusion of Rozanov's nose ground against Shane's ball and poked the cleft of his ass—a warm solid pressure that tickled Shane with every exhale so much so that he had to control himself not to press into it further.

"C-can you even breath like this?" Shane asked, anxious he may suffocate Rozanov and kill him after all.

"Is perfect," the reply a vibration in a place too intimate for Shane to ignore. He shivered; his face and entire body may as well have been set on fire with how flushed he had become.

"Timer please."

Right. Forcing one of his hands to release the headboard, he reached over for his discarded phone and clicked the 'start' on his stopwatch before tossing it aside.

In slow deliberate motions, Rozanov stroked Shane's legs from the knees up toward the sides of his thighs, blindly following the scattering of his body hair as though he had all the time in the world for foreplay now. Without a sense of haste, light fingertips grazed across Shane's skin, back and forth, until the tense muscles of Shane's thighs practically melt under Rozanov's adoration. Only then did Rozanov round the underside of Shane's legs, his thumbs settling on either cheek to spread him apart even more, his soft lips now in direct contact with Shane's asshole.

"Nng, fuck," Shane gasped, already red-faced and trembling before anything had even began. At the rate he was going, he may as well have lost their idiotic contest already.

Wet heat caressed his rim in tentative licks; a strange sensation that resonated throughout his body, causing his abdomen to involuntarily spasm and his cock to perk up to full hardness. And in all their prior rendezvous, they had never crossed territory into anything remotely similar—not especially in such a revealing position, his asshole right against Rozanov's face—opting instead for some lube and quick finger-work to prep.

Taking Shane's unrestrained moans as a good sign, Rozanov then readjusted into a firmer hold as the flat of his tongue pressed against Shane's rim, again and again, like he was desperate to lap up the taste of him. Switching between licking and lightly sucking, Rozanov lathered his hole with a gratuitous amount of saliva until the hot muscle inside of his mouth had pried Shane loose enough to thrust into.

Shane's gaze flicked to his phone only to find that it had been a mere two minute and something seconds. He groaned, squeezing his eyes shut as though that might help him last longer. But with how his thighs quivered and shook like they were going to crumble out from under him, Shane couldn't hope to withstand much more.

"Oh God, oh God," Shane pleaded as if he wasn't wholly and completely under Rozanov's mercy now—Rozanov and his annoyingly adept tongue.

A gust of air blew beneath him, maybe a laugh or a smile or simply a sharp exhale from Rozanov as a response. That and his sudden invigoration, the earlier gentle prodding turned aggressive as he worked Shane open with languid sloppy flicks until Shane felt himself

somewhere between partially drunk and incoherent. And every glide around his skin and every clench of Rozanov's fingers served to scramble his mind some more.

It was a concentrated effort for Shane not to cum on the spot.

Though he wasn't really in control of himself, not especially with the way his hips had taken a mind of their own, rutting and rolling to feel Rozanov's nose graze against his perineum, over and over, grinding down just to feel his tongue deeper inside of him. Sure, this wasn't close to Rozanov's thick cock, not anywhere near the depth he could reach, yet somehow the knowledge that Rozanov's tongue was penetrating his asshole and his mouth was quite literally eating him out had Shane's head spinning regardless.

The broken mantra not to cum that he had been mentally repeating, constantly reminding himself of, had long stuttered to a stop.

Shane's moans were all but pouring out of him, in turn eliciting Rozanov's own muffled groans beneath, which had only stimulated Shane further and like a broken feedback loop, on and on, they went. It felt as though ages had passed before Shane finally came, letting go of the headboard to haphazardly stroke his own cock a couple of times and shoot his cum onto the dark wood surface in front of him. From his bleary sight, unshed tears having welled up in his eyes at some point, he watched Rozanov's hand extend to smash the 'stop' button on his phone; a measly '05:17' glaring back at Shane.

Finally Shane flopped sideways onto the mattress and Rozanov emerged again, his mouth red, slick, and slightly swollen. He licked his lips before asking: "Did you enjoy yourself, Hollander?" And his self-satisfied smirk not a second later told Shane that the question was purely rhetorical. "Your turn, yes?"

"Give me a second," Shane said, chest heaving up and down like he had run an actual marathon.

"Ok." Rozanov didn't take his eyes off of Shane as he began to palm his own cock, reaching over to lift one of Shane's legs. "Spread yourself a little. I want to see your filthy gaping asshole."

"Fuck off. That's cheating, you know? You're suppose to wait."

"Fuck the competition. I want to cum."

"And I want to win," Shane finally moved, swatting Rozanov's hands away. "Stop."

Shane didn't have Rozanov's technique that likely developed through repeated sexual experiences, no, not by a long-shot, nor did he have the confidence to disregard the disparity of their skills in bed. Rozanov fucked other men before him, every move he used on Shane probably another version of something he had practiced countless times prior. In comparison, Rozanov was Shane's first man, first everything really, and besides the gay porn he'd watched on his laptop where the bottom was overly vocal while the top was overly stoic, Shane had nothing to pull from when it came to having sex with Rozanov.

So, with a lack of options, Shane defaulted to what he knew best and what he liked best: his winning strategy of sucking cock.

He'd cleared the clock and reset the timer before he got on his knees next to the bed, pulling Rozanov's legs so that each one framed Shane's crouching figure.

"Going to give me blowjob? *very* original," Rozanov said, softly petting Shane's hair.

"Whatever. Quit distracting me."

Then Shane got to work, opening his mouth on top of Rozanov's cock to let his spit dribble down his length in sticky connected threads. Afterwards, Shane leaned forward to swirl his tongue around the head of Rozanov's cock, dipping into his slit the way he knew Rozanov was weak against. And sure enough, Rozanov grunted, the fingers that were still buried in Shane's hair twitched but otherwise remained as a soothing weight atop of his head.

Quicker than his usual pace, Shane retreated a bit to pump Rozanov's cock to full hardness, thumbing at his veins and spreading his saliva down like lube, before ducking to the underside of Rozanov's cock. Shane then drew his balls into his mouth, sucking at the delicate skin until the breathy moans from above lured him back up to Rozanov's cock.

With his eyes locked onto Rozanov's, he took all of him inside of his throat in one full swoop, making sure to swallow around his cock so that Rozanov could feel the constriction of his throat. More so that Shane could also feel the heady weight of him inside his own mouth, throbbing and hot and big enough to stretch his lips wide.

He kept at his pace, even encouraging Rozanov to thrust into him with a pat on his knees like a granted permission. That was until his anxiety grew with each passing second Rozanov remained hard; the thought that that the timer had long ticked past his own record distracting him.

"Nothing?" he pulled out to ask, almost desperately.

"Nope," Rozanov responded, voice barely affected, but then again he had a certain talent for appearing composed at any given moment, despite the circumstances. Honestly, Shane was envious, to not have his feelings so plainly obvious, to not have his vulnerabilities so exposed. Because even though Shane had felt as though he had been masking his emotions all of his life—hiding who he was and who he loved—he never got quite good at it. Not the way Rozanov was.

"Did you jerk off before this?" Shane asked.

"No," he responded coolly.

"Don't lie."

"Why would I lie? Is not that hard to believe?"

Then, the limp hand in his hair had begun to really annoy Shane. "Fine. Fuck my mouth," he said. "Please." He didn't wait for a response either before he yanked Rozanov's other hand

onto the back of his head, urging Rozanov to use him.

Rozanov's nose flared and his eyes grew darker—a bottomless pit of hunger. "Tap me whenever you want to stop," Rozanov said, waiting on Shane to nod before one of his hands slipped backwards, closing around the nape of his neck in a firm grasp. His other brushed through Shane's hair, gripping him loosely.

Like this, all Shane had to do was keep his mouth open while holding his body still, and there was some relief in handing over the reigns to Rozanov and letting him do as he pleased. Whatever his previous feelings of self-consciousness had simply faded into the background.

And they let each other have this much at least, this openness during sex, because the vulnerability that Shane embraced in this position, during their time together, was the only kind he allowed himself to have. The rest of it—the emotional intimacy he craved, the feelings he withheld—he had to bury, knowing who he was, who Rozanov was, and who everyone had to believe them to be.

Maybe in consideration for him, Rozanov began in slow shallow thrusts, never going further past the halfway mark, the tip of his cock sliding in and out of him without ever hitting the back of his throat. Shane hummed around his cock, appreciative, which had Rozanov physically stuttering, his rhythm thrown off for a moment or two before he resumed.

Then, Rozanov sped up, his pace turning erratic. Despite the temptation to shut his eyes to the onslaught, Shane felt compelled to maintain eye contact with Rozanov instead, his gaze never straying away. And it was while looking down at him, practically devouring the sight of him, that Rozanov was brought to the edge, cumming down his throat with barely a warning.

Making sure to breathe through his nose, Shane was intent on swallowing every last drop of cum before letting Rozanov pull out his softening cock. Afterwards, Shane couldn't peel himself away fast enough to punch the 'stop' button on the timer, the numbers reading '04:57' brightly on the screen.

"Holy shit, I won," Shane said, wondering if he looked as wrecked as he sounded. "I actually won!"

Rozanov burst into laughter. "Why the hell you are so happy winning this like you won Stanley Cup?"

"I don't know, maybe I just like winning."

And what he said didn't encompass the entire truth, because it hadn't been only the thrill of coming out on top of Rozanov that excited him, rather the added knowledge that Shane had gotten Rozanov so worked up over him that he had no choice but to cum earlier; that maybe, despite the exterior he presented, Rozanov was more affected than he let on; that this would be as good of a confirmation as any that Rozanov liked Shane as much as he did. And Shane needed that—needed to know he wasn't the only one who felt this unbearable pain whenever they were apart.

That it wasn't only Shane that had felt so deeply for the other man.

Rozanov leaned over to kiss a line from Shane's shoulders to his clavicle to his mouth. "Ok then. Now that you are mister best stamina, you can handle another round no problem. Don't want to waste all my work opening you up, hm?"

Shane snorted. "Sure, okay, but in a minute."

Then Rozanov reclined back on the bed, his arm opening in a silent invitation for Shane to move closer. He didn't even need to ask.

End Notes

Ilya rage baiting Shane into sleeping with him again is peak literature to me :)

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