

Lucky Draw

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Lucky Draw

by [thatadrenalinejunkie](#)

Summary

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Shane yelps, laughing. “Hey—!”

But the sound cuts off with a soft gasp when Ilya dips down and starts kissing along his neck, slow and thorough. One of Ilya’s hands braces next to Shane’s head, the other slides under his Henley, palm against the soft skin of Shane’s stomach.

Shane drops the remaining cards instantly, his hands flying to Ilya’s waist. His breath stutters as Ilya noses along the curve of his neck, lips brushing just beneath his ear.

“You’re such a sore loser,” Shane breathes, but he tilts his head anyway, baring more skin, welcoming him in.

Ilya grins against him, victorious.

--

Or, the one where Ilya and Shane get to ring in the New Year together for the first time.

Notes

Happy (early) New Year everyone!

This takes place between Heated Rivalry and The Long Game. I mixed the show and the books canons where it suit me, but should make sense if you only saw/read one or the other.

Beta'd by me, all mistakes are my own.

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

December 31st, 2018

Ilya pulls up to the cottage as the sun is already starting its slow decent. He kills the engine and sits for a moment, watching the now-familiar outline of the house, snow dusting the roof, chimney begging to be curled with smoke.

He once watched that boring Architectural Digest special on this place, envious of some random film crew being allowed into Shane's space before he was. And now Ilya has a key.

He smiles to himself as he finds it on his keyring, gloved fingers turning it smoothly in the lock. The door gives with a little groan, warm air rushing out to greet him.

He missed this.

Not the snow—he's had enough of winter in his lifetime to never miss is—but this place. The hush of it. The *Shane* of it. He sets the groceries on the counter and toes off his boots, shaking snow from the cuff of his pants. His shoulders are stiff from the road trip: one day in North Carolina, four in Florida, games back-back, and a last-minute red-eye north. His legs feel it. His bones do too.

He left behind the sun in Raleigh, Sunrise, and Tampa. It's snowing again in Ottawa. And even if Russian winters were colder, sharper, more brutal, his body got used to the short time in the heat.

Still, none of it matters now.

He unpacks the groceries quickly and puts it all away with practiced ease. He knows this kitchen. Knows where the spare Tupperware is and which cabinet squeaks if you open it too fast. He moves like someone allowed to stay. And smiles, grateful that he is.

The heat's on full blast, but the road trip cold lingers, so he heads to the bathroom and strips off his layers for a long, hot shower. Steam curls around him as he steps inside, the water stinging in the best way, a reset for his muscles, his nerves.

He loses track of time. Not long, but long enough.

When he steps back into the hallway, towel slung low on his hips, he's mid-stretch, rubbing at his wet hair with one hand when—

“Jesus!—” he gasps, heart leaping.

Shane is sitting on the living room couch, legs up, phone in hand like he hasn't just scared the life out of him.

“You—” Ilya plants a hand over his chest. “*You are danger.*”

Shane grins, “It’s *my* house.”

“You are early.”

“I may have rushed a bit,” Shane says, completely unbothered. “I missed you.”

Of course he did.

Ilya exhales hard, trying to steady his pulse. Shane is already setting his phone down, standing. He crosses the room, face softening the closer he gets. He’s in a Henley and worn jeans, hair still messy from the drive, fuzzy socks covering his ever-cold toes.

He steps close and places his hands at Ilya’s waist, pinkies just barely brushing the edge of the towel.

Then he tilts his face up, eyes fluttering closed like he expects lit. Like this is routine now, like they’ve done this enough times that kissing is just the way they say hello.

Ilya looks down at him, and—

God.

Shane is always like this now. Open in ways Ilya still hasn’t fully wrapped his head around. Unafraid. There’s a softness in his face that knocks the breath right out of Ilya’s chest. Like the heat of Florida finally followed him home.

Ilya lifts one hand and cups Shane’s jaw, thumb tracing the curve of it. Shane leans into the touch without hesitation.

Then Ilya bends down and kisses him. Slow. Certain. The kind of hello that settles something in his chest.

When they break apart, Shane hums. “Hi.”

Ilya just presses their foreheads together. “Hi,” he echoes. Then, “You should have joined me.”

Shane grins. “But then I wouldn’t get to see you walking around half-naked.”

“No,” Ilya says, smug. “You could have seen me full-naked. And wet. In shower.”

Shane laughs. “You make a good point, Mr. Rozanov.”

The words send a low heat through Ilya’s gut, something primal and wanting coiling in his stomach. *Mr. Rozanov*. The formal bite of it, the smirk behind Shane’s voice, the very clear implication of what they could be doing if he *had* joined him in the shower...

He dips back down and captures Shane’s mouth again, this time with heat. No hesitation. His lips part against Shane’s, tongue sliding across his lower lip before he nips it, just hard enough to make Shane gasp. Ilya drinks in the sound.

And then, smoothly, one hand drops to cup Shane's ass—delivering a sharp, confident smack against the denim.

Shane moans involuntarily, hips jerking just slightly forward.

Ilya grins into the kiss.

He pulls back a breath later, smug satisfaction all over his face. "I'll go get dressed," he says casually, like he hasn't just left Shane blinking, lips kiss-swollen, and breathless. "Pick what we watch."

Shane stares at him like he's been hit with a snowball to the face. Adorably confused, like his brain needs a second to catch up to what just happened. Ilya wants to snap a picture of that exact expression—eyes wide, mouth open, cheeks flushed.

"I—what—" Shane starts, but Ilya's already walking backwards, towel secure around his hips, flashing a wink before disappearing into the bedroom and closing the door behind him.

He can practically feel Shane's heart pounding from here. Dropping the towel and reaching into his duffel on the bed, Ilya hears something from the other side of the door—muffled, breathless, and suspiciously sounding like *fuck*.

Now dressed in soft grey joggers and an oversized jumper that smells vaguely of Shane's cologne, Ilya pads out of the bedroom and into the cozy hum of the cottage. There's a fire starting in the fireplace, the kitchen lights are dimmed, and on the television, New York is playing Washington at home.

Shane is curled up on the couch, one leg tucked under him, eyes on the screen.

Ilya doesn't bother announcing himself—just takes a running leap and vaults over the back of the couch, landing with a dramatic thud and a satisfied grin, head coming to rest in Shane's lap right as Scott Hunter rifles a shot top shelf.

"Nice," Shane murmurs, fingers already threading into Ilya's curls as they watch the replay.

Ilya considers it, squinting at the screen. "Hunter is very old. But... not *so* bad."

Shane laughs, tipping his head back against the cushions. "You're here right now because of him."

Ilya rolls his eyes but he can't hold the expression for long. He lets out a quiet sigh, then nods. "Is true. His bravery helped. But..." He tilts his head, eyes softening. "I am here because of *you*. For you. For *us*."

He glances up and finds Shane already looking down at him, gaze warm, eyes gone all soft at the edges. The hockey game fades into the background.

Ilya reaches up, curls his fingers around Shane's jaw, and tugs him down gently into a kiss.

By the time the game is over and Washington is well and truly embarrassed with an away loss, Ilya is starving.

He swings his legs off the couch and pushes himself upright with a groan, rubbing at his stomach dramatically. “Dinner time,” he announces, already stretching out his back and heading for the kitchen.

Shane trails behind him, taking a seat at the counter perched on the middle stool with his elbows propped up and his chin in his hand like he’s settling in to watch something better than the game.

The grill outside is completely buried under a fresh layer of snow, so Ilya sears their steaks on the stove top instead, tossing them into a hot cast iron with practiced ease. Butter, garlic, thyme. He hums under his breath as he works, the kitchen warm and filled with the scent of sizzling meat.

Shane’s voice cuts through the sizzle, excited. “So I’ve been thinking about the foundation again,” he says, bright-eyed, fingers drumming absently on the counter. “My mom and I were talking about sponsors and it got me thinking that each camper should go home with a goody-bag-type-thing. One of the hardest barriers of entry to hockey is money. Even a couple new pieces of gear could really help some of these families.”

Ilya flips a steak and glances over his shoulder, smiling. “You and Yuna love your sponsorships.”

Shane laughs. “Shut up. This could work!”

Ilya stares at him for a second too long—at the softness in Shane’s voice, the way he leans forward when he’s passionate about something, the way his heart always finds new ways to stretch bigger than it should.

Sometimes, Ilya can’t believe that Shane exists. That someone like him—with that mind, that fire, that kindness—chose to love him.

His chest squeezes.

They eat at the kitchen table, legs tangled lazily together beneath it. Shane cuts his steak in perfect bites and talks about the city’s community rinks while Ilya listens, nodding, humming at the food and the company.

At one point, Shane leans back in his chair and says, “I’m really glad Montreal didn’t have to play tonight or tomorrow this year.”

Ilya gives a quiet nod. “Me too.”

He *is* grateful. Grateful for this slow night, this warmth, this version of home. But now he’s reminded that *he* doesn’t have tomorrow off.

Tomorrow night, Ilya has to play his old team: Boston.

He's never been shy about his confidence but Ottawa's been struggling. Honestly, they suck. And the thought of walking into that arena tomorrow and getting outplayed by the team he once led makes his stomach twist.

Worse, some part of him wonders if it's *his* fault. If maybe he's not the captain they need. The team is relatively young, still figuring itself out, but Ilya can't shake the feeling that he's supposed to be the one steering them—and right now, it feels like they're drifting. Like he's drifting. And he doesn't know how to fix it.

Still, he doesn't say anything.

Doesn't want to sour the quiet joy of tonight with tomorrow's dread.

So instead, he reaches for Shane's hand across the table, laces their fingers together, and says, "Our first New Year's Eve together. Is exciting, yes?"

Shane smiles warmly. "Yeah. It is."

With only a couple hours left until the countdown, they migrate back to the couch, Dick Clark's New Year's Rockin' Eve on in the background. Shane insists on teaching Ilya how to play gin rummy. Ilya's unenthused at first but Shane just rolls his eyes and deals anyway. They sit cross-legged on the couch, the cards scattered between them in a messy attempt at structure.

Ilya learns quickly, but not fast enough to win.

Shane, smug and delighted, collects another set with a triumphant, "That's gin."

Ilya groans, flops back dramatically, then sits up again to squint at the cards. "You cheat. This is—" he gestures vaguely at Shane "—cheating face."

Shane just laughs, dimples deep, and starts reshuffling. "You're just mad you've lost four games in a row.

"Whatever," Ilya mutters.

It's mostly a front; he loves the way Shane's eyes sparkle when he wins. Loves the way he leans forward with too much energy, like winning a card game means he's also the better hockey player. Loves how proud he looks.

Still, enough is enough.

With a sudden growl of frustration—only half-fake—Ilya sweeps the cards off the couch in one dramatic motion. Before Shane can even protest, Ilya's crawling across the cushions, pushing Shane onto his back and settling over him.

Shane yelps, laughing. "Hey—!"

But the sound cuts off with a soft gasp when Ilya dips down and starts kissing along his neck, slow and thorough. One of Ilya's hands braces next to Shane's head, the other slides under his

Henley, palm against the soft skin of Shane's stomach.

Shane drops the remaining cards instantly, his hands flying to Ilya's waist. His breath stutters as Ilya noses along the curve of his neck, lips brushing just beneath his ear.

"You're such a sore loser," Shane breathes, but he tilts his head anyway, baring more skin, welcoming him in.

Ilya grins against him, victorious.

"Is not losing if you cheat," he murmurs, before grinding his hips down deliberately, dragging a quiet moan from Shane's throat.

It's only been a couple weeks since they've seen each other, but *god*, has Ilya missed him. Missed the warmth of him, the smell of him, the way Shane reacts to every touch like he's never been touched before.

Ilya presses a kiss to Shane's jaw, then another just beneath it. "You make me crazy," he murmurs, and feels Shane's fingers tighten against his sides in response.

Ilya slowly kisses his way back up Shane's neck until their mouths meet again. Shane moans into the kiss, and Ilya drinks it in, pleased. He can feel the heat between them building fast—Shane's cock hardening against his own, denim rubbing just enough to make Ilya hiss through his teeth.

God, if they'd had any foresight, they would've stocked the living room with lube. He makes a mental note to do so later.

He wants Shane. Wants to lay him out and take his time, make him squirm and beg. But that'll take supplies, and they're in the bedroom.

So he pulls back.

Immediately, Shane groans in protest. "Are you serious right now?" he huffs. "Don't tease m ___"

But Ilya is already scooping him up off the couch, arms locked around Shane's thighs, hands firm beneath him. Shane yelps, but his legs instinctively wrap around Ilya's waist, arms tightening around his shoulders. As much as Shane pretends to hate when Ilya gives him shit about being small, Ilya knows Shane loves this—being carried like he weighs nothing, being held and manhandled and kissed like a lifeline.

Which is exactly what Ilya does.

They kiss the whole way to the bedroom, messy and hot, Shane's breath warm against his mouth, their hips bumping with each step. When they reach the bed, Ilya drops him onto the mattress with care but zero ceremony, then crawls over him, catching Shane's mouth again as he grinds down against him with a low groan.

They rock together for a few minutes like that, kissing deep and hungry, Ilya's hands braced on either side of Shane's head. Eventually, Ilya shifts his weight and slides a hand between them, cupping Shane through his jeans.

The heat there is unbearable. His cock's already straining, desperate for more. Shane breaks the kiss with a gasp, eyes fluttering shut as his hips buck up.

"Fuck, *Ilya*—take them of," he pants. "Please. Just—touch me."

Ilya grins, wicked and fond, and does exactly as he's told.

He makes quick work of Shane's jeans and pants, tugging them down, revealing flushed thighs and an already leaking cock. As Ilya works, Shane tugs off his Henley and tosses it aside, leaving him bare and flushed from head to toe. Ilya runs his hands up those legs, slow and admiring, eyes flickering over the rise and fall of Shane's chest, before settling between them on his stomach.

He looks up once, watches Shane's chest rise and fall, the way his fingers are curled into the comforter, and then leans down to take Shane into his mouth.

Shane *shouts*, head falling back against the pillows, hips jerking up to meet him. Ilya hums around him, forearm pinning Shane's hip as he takes more, lets Shane's cock rest heavy on his tongue before swallowing deeper.

"Ilya—" Shane gasps, voice cracking as Ilya bobs his head. "*Fuck.*"

Ilya moans in response, the sound vibrating through Shane who arches off the bed in return. His own cock aches where it's pressed against the mattress, hips grinding down as he works Shane's with his mouth.

It may have been weeks, but it's worth the wait. Every time. It's worth the wait.

Ilya pulls off just long enough to reach blindly for the lube in the bedside drawer, ignoring Shane's whinge of protest as he fumbles the cap open. He's back between Shane's legs a moment later, settled on his stomach before Shane can really start bitching. He takes Shane's cock back into his mouth in one smooth motion while his lubed fingers press lower, seeking out the tight clench of Shane's hole.

Shane moans loudly, legs lifting and folding over Ilya's shoulders to give him room—completely, shamelessly open. *Who knew Shane Hollander was such a needy bottom?* Ilya hums in satisfaction and presses a finger inside, swallowing around Shane's cock just to hear the sound he makes in response.

"*Ahh, Ilya—*"

It's music. Dirty and desperate. Ilya slides in a second finger, curling them to press right against Shane's prostate, and feels Shane buck up into his mouth with a choked-off cry. His hands find Ilya's hair, clutching tight, pulling a little as he pants out, "Please—please, fuck me, *Ilya, please—*"

Ilya adds a third finger, working him open, methodical and slow despite the frantic way Shane's hips are rocking. He doesn't stop until he's sure—until Shane's loose and slick and aching for it. Then he pulls his fingers out, let's Shane's cock slip from his mouth with a wet sound, and climbs off the bed.

Shane whinges at the loss, only to groan when Ilya strips—joggers shoved down, jumper pulled off over his head—and climbs back over him, settling on his knees between Shane's thighs. Shane's already lazily stroking his cock, eyes heavy-lidded and lips pink from kissing, and Ilya groans low in his throat as he watches, reaching down to give himself a few slow tugs.

“So pretty,” he murmurs, and watches the flush creep across Shane's cheeks.

Shane bites his lips, then shoots back, “I'd look prettier with you inside of me.”

Ilya smirks, grabs the lube again, and slicks up his cock. Then he pushes Shane's legs gently back toward his chest, spreading him wide, and looks down at the gorgeous, perfect pink of him.

“*Blyad.*” Ilya mutters to himself. Pretty, indeed.

He lines himself up and pushes in slow, watching his cock disappear inside Shane, inch by inch.

Fuckkk, how he missed this feeling. There's just nothing like the tight, perfect heat of Shane's hole; how he clenches around him, how every inch feels like heaven and home and hunger all at once. Ilya groans low in his chest, head tipping forward as he sinks in fully.

And Shane—god, Shane looks *wrecked* already. His tan skin glistens with sweat, dark hair plastered to his forehead, chest rising in deep, shaky breaths as he takes Ilya's cock like he was made for it. His hands grip the sheets, knuckles white, lips parted around Ilya's name.

Ilya holds onto Shane's legs, thumbs brushing over the backs of his thighs as he starts to thrust—slow at first, savouring every tight drag, then deeper, harder, hips snapping forward with control. Each stroke pulls a moan from Shane, sweet and needy and just this side of filthy.

“*Ilya—*” Shane cries out, back arching. “*Fuck, please—don't stop—*”

Ilya grins, pleased, the sound going straight to his cock. He leans in just slightly, adjusting the angle so he can hit *that* spot again, and Shane all but sobs beneath him.

He's never going to get enough of this. Of Shane.

Ilya braces his knees wider, grip tightening on Shane's thighs as he starts to fuck into him harder, more deliberate now—driving in deep with every thrust, forcing Shane's breath to catch. The wet slap of skin fills the room, filthy, broken only by Shane's moans and Ilya's low growl of approval.

“You like this?” Ilya asks, voice rough as he watches Shane unravel beneath him. “Spread open like this—taking me so fucking well.”

Shane’s head jerks in a nod, incoherent, mouth open around the whimper that escapes when Ilya grinds in deep and stays there, hips flush to Shane’s ass.

“*Say it,*” Ilya demands, pulling back only to slam in again, sharp enough to make Shane cry out. “Tell me how good I make you feel.”

“*So good,*” Shane gasps, nails digging into the sheets. “Ilya, fuck—I need it, please!”

“I know you do,” Ilya growls, leaning forward, folding Shane nearly in half as he presses in close, cock driving deep at this new angle. His hand leaves Shane’s thigh and wraps firmly around his throat, just holding him there.

“You beg so pretty,” Ilya murmurs, voice thick with arousal. “You act like you’re in charge outside, but in here? You’re mine.”

Shane moans helplessly, eyes rolling back as his cock jerks between them. His legs tighten around Ilya’s waist, pulling him in deeper, and Ilya doesn’t let up. He keeps pounding into him, chasing every sound Shane awards him, coaxing more.

“You gonna come just from getting fucked?” Ilya huffs against Shane’s neck, biting down gently on his collarbone. “You that desperate for me?”

Shane gasps, trembling. “*Maybe*—fuck, Ilya, I’m close—”

Ilya grins into his skin. “I know you can.”

And then he really gives it to him—driving his hips harder, relentless, angling each thrust to hammer Shane’s prostate. The only thing louder than the slick, obscene sounds between them is Shane’s voice as he gets dragged closer and closer to the edge.

His lips brush behind Shane’s ear, breath hot against sweat-slicked skin as he drives into him. The angle is perfect and Shane’s cock rubs wet and eager against Ilya’s stomach with every thrust.

“You’re *leaking,*” Ilya murmurs, voice teasing, letting just a bit of edge in. “So messy for me.”

Shane whimpers, head turning away like he can hide, and Ilya smirks, biting gently at his ear in response. Embarrassed and eager—his favourite combination.

He thinks, for a flash of a second, back to the very first time they had sex. God, how many years ago now? Barely any time, never enough time. Shane had come untouched then too—quick, clumsy, both of them desperate to just *have* each other, knowing they only had an hour, maybe two, before real life pulled them back apart.

Now, even if they don’t get as much time together as they want, Ilya feels confident they’ll have forever.

He lets go of Shane's ear and whispers against his skin, "Close?"

Shane nods rapidly, breath catching in his throat. "Uh-huh. *Yeah*, I—fuck—"

Ilya smirks into the curve of Shane's neck, then lifts his head to kiss him. It's barely a kiss at all—more panting into each other's mouths, lips brushing, too overwhelmed to make it neat—but Ilya doesn't care. It's theirs.

"*Come for me, sweetheart,*" he orders, voice rough, possessive.

Shane does.

Head tilting back, lips parted on a silent moan, his whole body going taut as he shudders and comes untouched between them. Ilya watches every second of it—the scrunch of Shane's nose, the freckles dotting his cheeks, the way sweat beads at his temple and catches the light.

Beautiful.

He's so fucking beautiful like this—clenching down around Ilya's cock, muscles spasming as he rides it out—that Ilya groans, stumbles, and thrusts deep once, twice, more before spilling inside him.

"*Fuck, Shane—so good, you're so good—I love you,*" Ilya pants, still grinding through the aftershocks, holding Shane like he might fall apart otherwise.

Shane exhales shakily, voice small and wrecked. "Love you."

Ilya's hips slow, then still, his body heavy with satisfaction and something deeper, quieter. He stays there for a moment, still inside Shane, forehead pressed to his shoulder as they both catch their breath. Then, gently, he pulls out carefully, and rolls to the side, bringing Shane with him.

They end up tangled together, Shane half draped over him, one of Ilya's arms slung around his back, the other hand softly carding through sweat-damp hair. Shane presses a kiss to his chest, just over the bear tattoo he loves to give Ilya shit for on his pec, then rests his head there, letting the sound of Ilya's heartbeat settle him.

Ilya closes his eyes, lets the warmth wrap around him like a blanket. He could stay like this forever. Wishes they had more time. But he knows Shane; he'll insist they clean up soon. Still, for now, for just a little longer, Ilya basks in the quiet afterglow with his favourite person in the world.

From the living room, the TV murmurs—faint through the half-closed door. The soft voice of Ryan Seacrest counts down the final seconds of the year. Ilya doesn't lift his head, but he listens.

"...three...two...one—*Happy New Year!*"

Ilya smiles and tilts his head down, pressing a slow kiss to Shane's lips. Shane hums into it, sleep-heavy and soft.

“Happy New Year, *moy lyubov*.”

“Happy New Year, Ilya.”

Even if tomorrow brings travel and exhaustion and playing for his shitty new team, Ilya’s glad they have this night. Glad they get *this*.

He knows it won’t always be easy. The schedules, the distance, the pressure. He’s sure there’s a long road ahead, full of challenges they haven’t even named yet.

But for now, Shane’s is in his arms. Safe. Loved. Still smiling into his chest.

Shane might have him beat at a stupid card game—but looking down at who’s in his arm right now, Ilya figures he’s still holding a pretty stacked hand.

End Notes

I can't believe we have to wait until 2027 to have next season, but trust that I will be waiting eagerly, rewatching and rereading several more times, and writing/reading more fic.

It broke my heart to have the Capitals lose, so you're lucky I love you, Scott Hunter.

EDIT (31/12/25): Caps just crushed Rangers 6-3 irl, so all is right in the universe.

Anyways, I hope you enjoyed it and let me know what you think in the comments—I love reading everything you all have to say!

-Millie 

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!