

I Keep Trying, But He's Quite Wiley

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I Keep Trying, But He's Quite Wiley

by [spaceboyharry](#)

Summary

Hayden Pike has just discovered Ilya Rozanov's plans to murder Shane Hollander, and he is panicking, ok?

Or- Ilya and Shane's odd foreplay leave poor Hayden in a frazzle with the implications of Ilya Rozanov lurking in the shadows of a parking lot, licking his teeth like a wolf. (Multiple POV's)

Notes

I am no better than a man. This was supposed to be just crack humor, I swear. This got away from me, but I stand by my filth.

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

Hayden Pike passed away, not peacefully, in his bed as he'd always hoped, but with his hands braced in front of him, warding off death, a shriek high in his throat, and his body instinctively curled in to protect itself from the inevitable for as long as possible. He died suddenly, tragically, in the player's lot of the Montreal Voyageurs arena, one hand on the door to his car. His spirit rose slowly from his petrified corpse and presented its face to the buzzing, glowing halogen bulbs of the parking lot lamps, awaiting the final call from its heavenly maker.

The heavens did not open, nor did the angels sing, and Hayden's spirit frowned and looked around impatiently. Nothing ethereal or otherworldly happened. It really was an anticlimactic event, death, Hayden's spirit thought. All that catechism, for what? Not even a divinely firm handshake, or a "well-done, good and faithful (mid and *trying*) servant." His spirit scratched the back of its head and began pondering what its next steps were. Maybe it had to get closure on Earth first, like Ebenezer Scrooge. It'd have to help a crippled orphan and return the wine glass Hayden had accidentally stolen from Olive Garden and tell Shane Hollander that the tradition of slapping his ass after a win in the locker room was only a ruse to feel his ass. It'd have to tell Jackie that Hayden had lied- only like four times- about practice so that he could get out of the house of screaming children. The pearly gates were still looking pretty locked. *At least a dozen times*, his spirit conceded. There was a lot to be repentant for, it supposed. It would fucking *never* get to heaven.

However, a derisive, soft snort, obnoxious even in its nearly inaudible utterance, came from the shadows beyond the pavement of the lot, derailing the impending conscious-clearing moonlight flight in a tattered nightgown that would not do any favors for Hayden's chicken legs. Hayden's body reanimated with a start, his lungs seizing in a frantic gasp for air, throat clicking around a mouthful of aspirated chewing gum-flavored spit. "*Whatthatfuck*," was all that he managed to wheeze, arms still in an awkward half-karate chop motion in front of his body.

"You are so stupid. You are reason instruction manual for shampoo has pictures. And warning to not put in mouth."

Ilya Rozanov's deep, sardonic voice cut through the quiet night air like a 6'3" gnat, buzzing around Hayden's head. He wishes he could swat him, at least once. On the ass. For science and justice.

"You are in the dark, hiding in the bushes, creeping outside of the player parking lot like a fucking serial killer, Rozanov. How did you *expect* me to react?!"

Rozanov shrugged and lifted his hand to his face, the glowing cherry of a cigarette flaming for a second, illuminating deep smile lines on his angular cheeks. He blew out the smoke and spoke animatedly, voice high and lilted to some farce of a Canadian accent. "Geez, Rozanov, what are you doing here? I fixin' to go grab a bite to eat, and looky-here, you're right by my car!"

He turned to the side suddenly and pointed at Hayden, cigarette dangling loosely between his fingers. In his typical voice, he ground out, "I am waiting for your mother, Hayden."

He flipped back around and clasped his hands together, voice back to *Hayden's*, "Well, golly, how sweet of you! She hates walking to car alone, I wish I was gentlemanly as you."

Rozanov flipped again, nodding in mock humility, "*Da*, is least I could do after how good she sucked my co-"

Hayden didn't let him finish his sentence, finally crossing the few steps separating them and getting that swat in that he longed for. It landed with a solid, meaty *thwack* on the nose-high pec of Ilya Rozanov, who only cackled and stepped back into the shadows to... fucking *brood* against a tree, or whatever it was he was doing.

"Seriously, what are you doing out here, asshole? Waiting to jump Hollander after he embarrassed your ass on the ice tonight?"

White teeth glinted like a wolf's in the murky shadows. "*Da*."

Hayden froze. Was-Was Rozanov serious? Was Hayden about to have to fight Ilya Rozanov? His spirit, which had nearly completely resettled itself into Hayden's skin, gave a weary sigh and prepared to move out- permanently this time.

Hayden steeled himself to lose at least three teeth and most of his dignity and loosened his tie, then stepped toward Rozanov for the second time that night. Rozanov looked utterly tickled at the action.

"Listen up, motherfucker, you can *try*-"

"Yes."

"-to hurt my cap- What?"

"Yes."

"Yes what?" Hayden got exasperated merely looking at pictures of Ilya Rozanov. He needed antacids just being in the same building, but he needed *therapy* being within arm's reach of him.

"Motherfucker. I am. Your's, I mean." Rozanov hung his head and sighed, like it was some hardship he was forced to bear. Hayden gaped at him and felt the steam escaping from both his ears and his hastily prepared speech about Rozanov not bothering Shane.

Rozanov placed his fucking mitt of a hand on Hayden's shoulder and- the *bastard*- leaned down until he was eye-level with Hayden. His eyes twinkled as he solemnly stated, "I am fucking your mother, Hayden. You can call me Daddy now, finally."

Hayden did what any grown ass man whose mother had been insulted would do and swiped the travel bag from his shoulder and masculinely swung it into Rozanov's laughing side. Rozanov half-heartedly batted it away and wiped at his eyes, which were glistening with tears from his amusement. Hayden felt as red as the jersey he'd left with the equipment managers in the locker room.

“Seriously, Rozanov, why the fuck are you out here? Don’t you have a plane to catch, a train, a car, the broad back of a vodka-drunk grizzly bear, something?”

Rozanov slowly quit smiling and shook his head, looking over Hayden’s shoulder into the sparse parking lot. His lips twitched, barely, then he asked, “What is taking Hollander so long?”

Hayden groaned. He really was going to have to fight Ilya Rozanov. He’d avoided it for 7 years, despite the taunts on ice and press conference jabs. He’d fight Rozanov and die, and Shane would never know he did it in his honor. Well, maybe Hayden’s spirit could tell Shane’s spirit when they were together in the afterlife. He imagined Shane’s would join him very soon after. He loved the guy, but Rozanov was probably actually raised by wolves and would eat Shane alive.

“Rozanov, I’m not fucking kidding, if you so much as touch one hair on Shane’s perfectly round head, I’ll-”

“You will what, Pike? Snap your fingers, kick dirt, and say *rats*?”

Hayden went toe-to-toe, nose-to-nipple with Rozanov. “I will fuck you up.” His voice did *not* break on fuck. It didn’t.

Rozanov nodded placatingly. “Okay.”

“I-I mean it, you 230 pound sack of soviet shit, I will not let you-”

In a move as fast as Hayden had ever seen anyone execute, Rozanov reached out and grabbed Hayden, one hand on his shoulder, the other on his hip. For a brief, horrifying moment, Hayden was pretty sure he was about to be kissed by Ilya Rozanov. *Fuck, I’m definitely going to be the bottom.* Then, Rozanov spun him around and slammed him against the tree, moving his hand from Hayden’s hip and covering his mouth. The entire lower half of his face, really.

Hayden’s spirit gave up and outstretched its arms, waiting for the bugle call of heaven. Once again, Hayden’s spirit remained here on earth.

Hayden’s physical body watched as Shane exited the player doors and stepped into the warm yellow lighting of the parking lot. He was in a half-assembled gameday suit, tie loose around his neck. He stopped in the middle of the lot and pulled out his phone to check something or send a message, physically incapable of multitasking as per usual. He pocketed his phone and continued his walk to his car, one of only a handful left on the property. Hayden watched as Shane carefully looked around the lot, eyes searching for something. Hayden was late to the game, having had to frantically hunt down Chompy, which is how he’d ended up in the boonies of the lot, being held hostage by a feral Russian.

Rozanov’s phone buzzed in his pocket, pressed against Hayden’s hip, and Hayden jumped at the sudden sensation. A stick cracked under his foot, and Shane looked up.

Rozanov tightened the grip on Hayden’s mouth and shook his head slowly, then cut his eyes back to Shane, who’d reached his car and gave it a wary circle before he grabbed the handle.

Rozanov snickered next to him. Little did Shane know, but his sensible, JD Power rated midsize SUV would soon have a sore-losing Ilya Rozanov slithering through the sunroof to feast on his liver like that poorly CGI'ed *kanima* from Teen Wolf. Shane got in his car and cranked it, the sound loud in the night air.

Rozanov let go of Hayden's shoulder and fished his phone from his pocket. With one hand, he swiped a bit, then grunted frustratedly and pressed a button. His phone chirped tinnily, and Rozanov spoke into the phone impatiently, like a disgruntled Russian grandfather.

"Two thousand, three hundred and forty-one. Period. One hour. Period. That will be last game Montreal wins. Period. Captain will not survive my plans. Period. Hopefully the screaming does not scare the neighbors. Period. Winking face." He gave a satisfied hum and pressed send, then pocketed his phone. Hayden swallowed roughly.

He had just heard Ilya Rozanov plan out Shane Hollander's fucking murder. And then *winked about it*.

Hayden may need to hyperventilate a little.

Shane's quiet, economical vehicle pulled from its spot carefully, the fucking blinker coming on as he left the parking lot. Rozanov watched with rapt attention, a crazed smile on his lips.

"анальный контрол-фрик." The way he said the words was almost...fond, and Hayden furrowed his brows. And then bit down on Rozanov's hand as hard as possible.

Rozanov jumped, as if he'd forgotten all about Hayden's presence. He wiped his hand on his shirt with a grimace and backed up, releasing Hayden from his pinned position against the tree.

"You're fucking crazy, I-I should call the cops!" Hayden knew he sounded hysterical. Ilya "Richard Ramirez" Rozanov was about to violently murder his best friend, damnit, he was allowed to be hysterical.

Rozanov wrinkled his nose, and pointed at himself. "On me? For what, standing in parking lot? Lock me up, boys, I am too far gone." He waved his hands around dramatically and then crossed his arms, unbotheredly staring at Hayden.

"You-You're going to kill Shane!" Hayden felt existential. This experience was turning out-of-body.

Rozanov hummed and clucked his tongue forlornly, then placed his murderous paw on the top of Hayden's head. "I have tried for many years, but he is quite- what's the word- wiley. Yes, Hollander is wiley. I will get him soon. Maybe tonight."

Hayden blanched further.

Rozanov picked up Hayden's forgotten bag and dumbly pressed it into his arms, then spoke with a suggestive tone to his voice. "Go home, Pike. Have sex with wife. Make your eleventh child. While you still can, yes?"

Hayden really did piss himself a little bit. He's sure of it.

Like a damn breaking, Rozanov's tight mouth split open into a toothy grin, and he positively honked with laughter. Hayden flinched, which only made the Russian laugh louder. "Oh, Pike, you should see face! It is so scared! Soon I will pee, oh, I cannot breathe." Rozanov wiped his eyes and placed a hand on his stomach, then bumped Hayden's foot with his own.

"I will not kill Hollander. Not tonight." The added portion of his sentence was thick and warm and Hayden felt like his mind was about to break.

Rozanov stepped further into the shadows of the trees, dress shoes snapping twigs and rustling underbrush.

"Have a good night, Pike. Lock your windows, though. Would hate for anything bad to happen to you."

With that, Ilya Rozanov turned and wandered off into the scraggy woods that separated the arena from the moderate hotel that visiting teams often used, face angled down at his glowing phone screen.

Two hours later, sitting in the dark of his living room, curtains drawn on locked windows, Hayden Pike made a decision. He would call Shane. He would call him and ask him how his night was going, if he'd made anything good for dinner, if he was in a hundred tiny pieces in a shipping container bound for Murmansk, if the weather was nice at his house. Friends call friends to inquire about their subscription to earth at one in the morning all of the time. If Shane didn't answer, it was because he was sleeping. Maybe permanently. Maybe normally. Hayden wouldn't know.

He could be blissfully unaware for 8-12 hours until the news dropped that Shane Hollander had been murdered and his best friend knew it was coming and had driven home, locked all of his windows, and stress ate all of his children's fruit gummies instead. He would call Shane, and if he answered, great, if he didn't, Hayden would have a mental breakdown.

He picked up his phone and clutched Chompy closer to his chest, the slightly sticky crocodile provided comfort in Hayden's time of distress. He clicked on Shane's name and watched the call screen light up. Phone pressed to his ear, Hayden listened as it rang four times and went to voicemail.

Good. That meant Shane was probably sleeping and didn't want to be woken up, so he reached over and silenced the call.

Or that his murderer was disposing of his body at this moment and silenced the call.

Hayden frantically chewed up a gummy grape and pressed Shane's name again.

Two rings. Voicemail. Shane was being fed to heavily accented wolves in the serbian wilderness in a fucked up second-hand wholegrain diet offering.

He pressed his name one more time.

One ring. Two rings. Three rings- “Hayden, are you alright?”

Hayden stared at his living room ceiling fan. Shane huffed over the phone.

“Hayden, jeez, what’s wrong?” Shane’s Canadian accent was heavy, speech muddled with sleep. Or drugged confusion, Rozanov having slipped crushed pills into his dye-free gatorade.

“What did you make for dinner?” It was the only thing Hayden could think to ask. He couldn’t incriminate himself over the phone. *Are you currently being murdered? Have you checked the status of your windows this evening? Any oppressive Russian auras fucking with your chakra? Sleep tight now, buh-bye.*

“Hayden, what the fuck are you talking about? It is 1:17 in the morning.” *Oh, good, an off time. No one was ever pronounced dead at a non-round minute.*

“Dinner.” Hayden sounded concussed, even to himself.

“Salmon with a balsamic glaze and some kale sala-” Shane cut off with a gasp. Hayden clutched Chompy like a lifeline.

“Shane?” Hayden’s voice sounded small.

Shane groaned under his breath and Hayden heard a thud, then a clatter, like the phone had been dropped. He heard a gruff grunt and a smack, then Shane’s voice, warbled and muffled by distance and murder.

“Oh my god, you’re killing me.”

Hayden threw his phone with a shriek and promptly rolled himself into a ball in the corner of his sofa.

Rozanov actually did it. He killed Shane.

Hayden needed to call the police. He needed to do something. He needed to be rational, he was an adult, a *husband and father*.

He stood up, grabbed his keys, and left his house, boxer briefs and socks doing fuck-all against the wind outside. He calmly drove the fifteen minutes to Shane’s townhome, parked, and walked to the door, where he began incessantly knocking. He knocked until his arm got tired, then got back in his car and drove the fifteen minutes back to his own home, where he proceeded to sit in the dark of his car like a psychopath, wearing only boxers and copious amounts of fear-sweat.

Shane Hollander was being murdered. He fought for breath and clawed at the mattress, dragging himself across the bed. Large, calloused hands mercilessly gripped his hips and

yanked him back, just as he reached the edge.

“Stop. Fucking. Moving.” These words were ground out against his skin, Ilya’s hot breath spreading over the cleft of his ass and making him shiver. “Ilya, I- fucking Christ- I’ve gotta get my phone. Something is wrong with Hayden” Shane made another valiant effort to fetch his phone from the clothing-covered abyss of the floor, but Ilya stilled him with a curled hand around his waist and a sloppily licked stripe across his hole.

“Pike will live.” Ilya’s voice was heavy and breathy, a filthy slurping sound following it, along with eye-crossing pleasure that sparked behind Shane’s eyelids as two fingers dug deep and curled into his ass. Shane could feel spit running down his crack and cooling on the back of his balls. His ab muscles spasmed from the rough hotel comforter drug across his heated, overstimulated skin. He gave a strangled groan and half-heartedly kicked back at Ilya, catching his flank with a thud. One huge hand left Shane’s hips and grabbed the offending ankle, pinning it to the mattress with a growl.

“Ilya, he sounded like something had happened, it’ll only take a second.”

Ilya stilled and snarled against Shane’s skin, biting the flesh like a dog and roughly flipping Shane to his back. Ilya lifted a hand, quick as lightning, and gripped Shane’s cheeks until his jaw ached. He wrinkled his nose in the frustrated way he did when he was really steaming, like when Shane scored on him or wore jeans in the house.

With a ragged bit of spat russian, Ilya leaned down and licked across Shane’s lips, not even kissing him, before he let go and stood up off the bed, the silhouette of his long, tan body indecent against the glow of Montreal’s skyline through the overly large hotel room window.

Shane nearly forgot about his haste to grab his phone as he watched the irritated way Ilya’s cock twitched, as annoyed as its owner.

Ilya bent fluidly, deft fingers swiping Shane’s phone from the floor. He stood with a crack in one of his knees and glared at Shane, raising a hand to lewdly wipe away the spit that glistened around his reddened, swollen mouth. He reached over and absently ran the damp hand across Shane’s cheek, punctuating the action with a firm smack.

Shane’s eyes closed and he humped up into the air, chest constricted by the pure bliss streaming through his body.

“Yes, Pike? This is Ilya Rozanov, best hockey player in NHL. Shane cannot come to phone. He is busy. His mouth is on my cock, and he has to do better job than your mother, or I will be forced to find him new owner. Would be shame. They may not treat him as well as me. I am best owner. Lots of treats. Bye, now.”

All of the bliss left Shane’s body through his shocked, gaping mouth. His eyes nearly bulged out of his head as he scrambled to his knees and attempted to wrestle the phone from Ilya.

“Are you fucking insane?” Shane hissed, “You called me Shane. He’s gonna know something is up!”

“Ah, *da*, ” Ilya drawled, annoyingly holding the phone just out of Shane’s reach, “me calling you Shane was only problem with phone call. Gagging on cock comes second, hm?”

Shane fought dirty and jabbed Ilya in the armpit, which made him jerk his arm down, ticklish as ever. Shane ripped the phone from his grip and frantically checked the screen, only to see that the call had ended four minutes prior.

“You think I tell Pike you like to suck cock? Terrible choice. He would be all ‘Shane, use your mouth on me. I am good Canadian boy, not mean Russian. Use tongue to trace *Oh, Canada* on my balls.’” Shane looked in disbelief between his phone and Ilya, who was still impersonating Hayden’s prominent accent, using his hands to have a conversation with himself.

A very uncharacteristic snort left Shane’s lips. Ilya grinned, and that snort became a full-fledged laugh, and suddenly Shane couldn’t stand to be apart from Ilya for even a second more. He knee-walked to the very edge of the mattress and reached out, wrapping his arms around Ilya’s torso with a happy sigh.

“I do need to call Hayden back, though. That was strange.” The words were mumbled against Ilya’s sweat-slicked chest, and Shane couldn’t resist the flick of his tongue across the pebbled brown nipple on the crest of that impressive pec.

Ilya slid a hand up into Shane’s sex-tangled hair and encouraged him to keep up the action, humming deep in his throat when Shane laved his tongue over the nipple again, then *sucked*. The phone gripped in Shane’s hand fell to the floor without fanfare, and he reached down to stroke himself with the now-free palm.

“Mm-mm, no. You pleasure me now, stop touching.”

Shane fucking *whined* and let go of himself quickly, hand darting over to wrap around Ilya’s length. The bulk of his cock was familiar and tantalizing in Shane’s grip, 8 ¾ inches of hot, musky flesh that Shane could happily build a home next to and live with forever.

Ilya tugged on his hair and Shane’s skin sang with the sensation, mouth popping from its feast, face turning up to look at Ilya’s. He looked godly in the ambient lighting of the room, cheeks doubly hollowed, bronze curls pushed back, roman nose tapering to parted lips. All Shane could do was whine.

“What’s wrong, pet? Hm? Puppy need something?” Ilya’s tone fucking *dripped* with teasing, lips downturned in pity for his fucking puppy. Shane’s hips jerked forward of their own free will, chasing pleasure he knew Ilya would hold from him just to be a jackass.

Long, thick fingers curled around Shane’s jaw, jerking his head back and forth with a soft coo. Shane’s tongue threatened to fall from his mouth, not helping the puppy allegations, and he blinked to clear his mind enough to speak.

“Ilya, I really need to at least text Hayden. I’m not going to be able to relax until I do, you know that.”

Ilya's eyes flickered from turned on to exasperated, to understanding and to annoyed and back again in a matter of seconds. "Shane, Pike is fine. He is just worried."

"Why would he be worried, is something wrong?" Shane pulled back slightly from Ilya, who sighed and stepped back, perching his sculpted ass on the edge of the unused wooden desk.

"I'm afraid so, yes." Shane's stomach dropped, and he slid to the floor and began rummaging through the discarded items on the floor for his phone again. He found it and hauled himself back onto the bed, forgetting how to turn the bitch on for a second.

"You see, Pike got terrible news tonight. News so bad, he may never recover." Ilya drawled on like Shane wasn't seconds from having a panic attack and made no effort to help Shane or elaborate.

"Ilya, what the fuck- what- what *news*?"

"Pike found out that I have been trying to kill you for years, and that tonight was when I planned to finally succeed."

Shane froze, not blinking, as he processed Ilya's nonchalant tone and the very chalant words delivered with it. He thought of all of the times he'd flopped down, sated and breathless, and muttered that Ilya was *going to kill him one day*.

"Ilya," Shane said evenly, "you told my best friend you were going to *fuck me to death*?"

"No, Shane, I told him I was going to *kill* you. Like, to death. Pike, he is stupid. He thinks I am serious, I believe. Got very pale. Threatened to call police. He did not even want to call me Daddy. Should be honored honored I offered."

"Ilya," Shane said, slightly less evenly, "what the fuck are you talking about? Why is Hayden calling you Daddy? No one calls you Daddy. *I* don't call you Daddy. He may have called the cops because you are *murdering me*, to *death*. Oh my god, what if he did call them? I've got to call him back."

Ilya scoffed, "You've never even tried to call me Daddy, don't tap the wood before you give it a go."

"It's 'knock it before you try it' - Ilya, I'm dead serious."

"And seriously dead, it seems."

They stared at each other for a few silent moments before Shane let out a peal of unbelieving laughter, nearly hysterical. Ilya cracked a smile and pushed himself off of the desk, long legs eating up the four steps back to Shane.

"You did not seriously allude to Hayden that you were planning to kill me."

Ilya nodded gravely and plucked Shane's phone from his fingers, entering 1221 into the passcode without even glancing at the screen. "I did. And then I told him to lock his windows and have sex with his wife while he still could."

Shane could only snort with laughter as Ilya quickly tapped out something on his phone, and Shane heard the *swoosh* of a sent message.

“Ilya, Hayden is going to think you are a serial killer. He is *terrified* of scary things. He’s terrified of you!”

Shane’s phone buzzed and Ilya checked it, huffing out a laugh and typing a lengthy response without showing Shane, then threw the phone to the floor once again. “Ah, good. Fear is healthy, *da*? He is scared of me, I put my big cock in his friend, world is balanced, hm?”

Sahne followed the falling cell phone with his eyes and admitted defeat against derailing his boyfriend’s plans. “Hayden isn’t going to call the police?”

Ilya tapped the phone screen with his toe, squinted at a message preview, and shook his head. He took both hands and ran them down Shane’s bare arms slowly, looming over him as Shane sat on the edge of the bed. “No. He will call dry cleaner tomorrow, though.”

Shane rolled his head back at the featherlight trails of sensations that Ilya left on his skin. “Dry cleaner?” He sounded drunk.

“Yes. I think Pike pissed himself. I am very scary, yes?”

Shane cracked open one eye and scrunched up his nose, looking at Ilya assessingly, and shook his head resolutely. “Nope, not scary at all.”

Ilya cracked a smile, and-very randomly- snapped his fingers, stomped his foot, and mumbled a dejected “*rats*. ”

Shane wanted to laugh at him again, but Ilya’s smile turned wicked as his hands trailed back up Shane’s arms, brushed across the tops of his shoulders, and firmly clasped around Shane’s throat. He knows Ilya felt the hard way he swallowed under the warm grip of his fingers.

“Now, puppy, I think it’s time you did some tricks for me, hm?”

Shane let the worry of Hayden having a true-crime meltdown slip from his brain as Ilya slipped two fingers between his lips, hooked them behind his incisors, gave a sharp tug, and crooned out, “Down, boy.”

Hayden was frozen. His teeth were chattering and he was glad that it was after two in the morning and that Jackie was knocked out by nine with the kids, because she would think he was a crazy person who’d finally taken one too many pucks to the head. He was torn on calling the police, calling Ottawa’s head coach and casually asking for a psychological profile of Ilya Rozanov, and simply crying and being useless. Option C was currently winning.

In his right hand, his phone gave a short buzz. He flipped it over and squinted against the brightness of the screen. When his eyes focused, he nearly shouted at what he read.

Hello. I am not dead. I will live to be a hundred because of my delicious smoothies. I am trying to sleep. Goodnight.

Hayden squinted at the message. It seemed suspicious. Shane would never text *hello*, and he would never drink a smoothie. He called them fruit-based protein drinks. And it was suspicious that he mentioned death.

Hayden's fingers shook with adrenaline and deductive determination as he typed.

Are you sure everything is ok? You don't sound like yourself.

The real Shane would respond with a captainly placation, like "Get some rest, Hayden," or, "Great game, pal." This test would determine if Shane's phone was being used in error by an illiterate Russian fuck.

His phone buzzed again, then three more times in succession. Hm. Shane was rarely a double-texter.

It is because I am trying to sleep, man.

Have a good night. You are my best friend.

I am a little drunk, haha. #YOLO

Got to go. A fruit-based protein drink is calling my name at 6!

Hayden narrowed his eyes, but ultimately sighed and unfurled himself from his driver's seat with a self-deprecating scoff. He sent back a *Goodnight* and locked his phone. He was crazy. He'd lost it. Ilya Rozanov was just a dick who wanted to fuck with Hayden. He practically made a sport out of fucking with people. He would probably be fucking with Shane, his arch nemesis, until the day he died. Hayden trudged inside, flung himself into bed with his snoring wife, and grumpily punched his pillow into submission. Then, he stood, walked to his wall, and methodically tested every fucking window. He might be crazy, but he could guarantee that Ilya Rozanov was even crazier.

"Jesus, Ilya, *oh shit*, don't stop."

Ilya didn't plan to stop. He didn't plan to stop fucking Shane until the day he died. Maybe after as well, in heaven or a glass-walled cottage in some post-mortem dimension.

Now, alive, Shane Hollander writhing under him, Ilya definitely didn't plan to stop. He was going to keep going until Shane couldn't make words anymore. He was fucking exhausted, a morning skate, two hour bus ride, grueling game, and wait for Shane's arrival under his belt, but you couldn't pay him to sleep at the moment. He was fueled by the twitching thighs locked around his head and the heaving chest under his hands.

The discussions of death today reminded Ilya of how he wanted to go. Head cracked open like a melon by Shane Hollander's obscenely muscular thighs. He thought, perhaps, if he

avoided putting his mouth on Shane's red cock for a minute or two more, he'd get that wish. Shane was dreadfully impatient when it came to sex, and the way Ilya had been mouthing the inside of his thighs, dragging his teeth across the bowstring tight ligament at the junction of his thigh, and cupping his tongue around smooth balls had Shane sputtering and begging.

He buried his nose beside Shane's cock, inhaled deeply, and gave a guttural groan, hips grinding down hard into the mattress. Shane's hands were vices around Ilya's wrists, gripping tightly as Ilya plucked and scraped Shane's raw nipples in time with hard sucks on the pale, fleshy strip of skin high on his thigh that drove Ilya absolutely insane to mark and fucking gnaw on. Ilya called Shane puppy, but Ilya felt like the junkyard mutt when he got a chance to have his way with Shane.

He wanted to stalk around Shane, snarling and growling at anyone who tried to get his attention. He wanted to throw himself down in front of Shane, roll on his back, and wag his fucking tail.

He pulled off of Shane's thigh with a pop, a ragged breath, and sharp grin, one hand coming down to thumb over the swollen red patch of flesh he had permission to bruise when he had the chance. It was the only mark Shane allowed Ilya to leave, and he was thorough when provided the opportunity.

Shane reached down and clumsily tangled his hand in Ilya's hair, eyes wet and wide when they locked with his. "Please fuck me. C'mon Ilya, please."

Ilya hummed and tilted his head, considering, then narrowed his eyes and smirked. Shane's own eyes turned pleading. He knew what that look meant. Shane knew that Ilya wasn't done playing yet.

"Ilya, baby, please, let me have your cock. Please, I can take it. I-I'm a good boy, yeah? Let me have it, please!"

Ilya's spine pulsed with electric white hot lust. He gave a solid, deep thrust to the non-consenting sheets below him, and Shane's whines grew louder at the action. The thighs around his head tightened involuntarily, and Ilya saw god for just a moment.

Ilya found the strength to push himself up on tense arms and hauled himself to cover Shane's body, dropping until his nose brushed Shane's. Shane kicked his feet and lurched up, messily licking at Ilya's lips and nonsensically snapping at his nose.

He moved one hand to rest over Shane's throat, never squeezing too hard. Always just enough to settle Shane.

"Пёсик, that was not very nice of you. Bad dog." Ilya couldn't resist, and he lowered his hips just once, fighting to school his features as his cock rubbed, just once, across the precum coated flesh of Shane's. Every muscle in Shane's body tightened at once, and Ilya watched him try to curl in on himself and breathe like he'd run a marathon. Sweet boy had almost come.

Shane finally cracked open his eyes and Ilya saw the desperation in them.

“Ilya.”

It was soft and broken, but Ilya knew Shane could take more. He was going to, because he was a- “Good *fucking* boy, puppy. Holding yourself back for me.”

Shane nonsensically nodded and shook his head at the same time, and Ilya released his throat to stroke the rosy skin of his freckled cheek instead.

“Now, earlier, you interrupted my dinner with your stupid phone calls with Pike. I am going to finish eating, and then we’ll see about getting this hole filled, hm?” Ilya punctuated his statement with a low thrust that had the head of his cock bumping against Shane’s entrance, and Shane nearly sobbed as he pressed down, hunting Ilya’s cock.

“Can I have just a little bit? Just the tip, please sir, just the tip. I’ll be so good, I won’t beg for more.”

Ilya nearly fell on Shane in his haste to grip his own cock, mercilessly squeezing the base before he came across Shane’s torso from the fucking filthy words alone.

“Fucking Christ, Hollander, you have no fucking idea what you do to me.” Ilya nosed at the sweaty edge of Shane’s hairline, dropping a kiss and sneaking a lick of sweaty, hot skin. He dropped to his throat and did the same.

Shane reached up and grabbed the sides of Ilya’s face, pupils blown and chin slick with drool. “Just the tip, yeah? Please, sir-Ilya.”

Ilya nodded, entranced and willing to do anything for the man under him. He reached down and grabbed the sweat-slick back of Shane’s precious knee, pulling it up and pushing it to his chest. He couldn’t help but lay a quick kiss on the kneecap, his favorite one that had one freckle in the middle.

Shane fished the lube out from under some pillow and messily spilled some into his hand, then reached down and gave Ilya’s cock one long, tight, slick stroke. Years of denying himself what he really wanted was the only thing keeping Ilya from chasing that grip like a dog in heat.

He teasingly ran the length of his cock up and down the cleft of Shane’s ass for teasing moments, pulling away completely with a shaky huff of laughter whenever the head would catch and Shane would gasp.

Three of these teases had Shane starting to toe that tender line of *worked up* and *overwhelmed*, and Ilya decided to have mercy, both on himself and Shane. With pressure and a groan, the head of Ilya’s cock pressed inside of Shane’s warm, impossibly hot hole, his foreskin tugging deliciously as he rocked in just a bit, not much, just enough to get more of that sucking, tight heat.

“Ilya, just the tip, right?” Shane looked up at Ilya, but his eyes were glazed, empty pools of honey that Ilya wanted to lick up.

Ilya nodded quickly, holding his breath as he rocked some, just a little, ignoring the way he rocked just a little bit deeper each time. “*Da*, puppy, just the- *fuck*, *Я отдам это вам всем*.- tip.”

Shane whined and nodded encouragingly, dragging blunt nails down Ilya’s back, loose leg curling around the back of Ilya’s thigh. “Yeah, just the tip. You’ve still got to eat your dinner, right, *xo-xozjain*?”

Fuck dinner. Fuck everything.

Ilya pressed into Shane, hard deep and fast. Shane bowed up off of the bed with a broken shout, nails digging in enough that Ilya knew he would bleed. Ilya wanted to lick the blood up and spit it into Shane’s mouth, wanted to carve off strips of his skin and give it to Shane, let him carry around pieces of Ilya like how a person would carry fond memories and shared laughter. He wanted Shane to wear him like armor and need him like air.

With each hard thrust into Shane’s body, Ilya’s mind came up with more depraved ways to ensure he was a *fucking* part of Shane forever, and that Shane was under his skin, in the hollow part of his chest the maker created just for Shane. He slotted his mouth over Shane’s and licked deeply, tongue counting each tooth, dragging across his palate and dipping greedily into the spit that pooled under his tongue. He wanted to drink it, to bathe in it.

“Ilya, *fuck*, gonna come. Can I come?” Shane had one hand knotted punishingly in Ilya’s hair, the other running without direction across his own body. Ilya released the crook of Shane’s knees and grabbed the wandering hand, guiding it to Shane’s weeping cock.

“Come for me, Shane. Be a good boy and come, I want it.”

Shane whined and stripped his cock, licking across Ilya’s mouth and breathing raggedly.

“Give it to me Shane. Let me have it.”

With a pained moan that came from the tips of his toes, Shane’s cock began to spurt shot after shot of thick white come between them. The smell of sex and the feel of Shane’s tight hole and the sight of him beneath Ilya caused his hips to stutter, and Ilya came hard, pressing painfully into Shane, deep enough he’d claim every part of Shane’s body, deep enough Ilya hoped it would become part of Shane, would make him fucking *smell* of him.

They laid together, Shane limp and sated under Ilya’s bulk, happy to never move again. Ilya, numb and floating, sweaty skin fucking fused to Shane’s.

Ilya shifted his hips and slipped out of Shane, who immediately grumbled at the loss. Ilya gave his neck a whiff and dragged his tongue down Shane’s chest, humming happily at the burst of *Shane* that hit tastebuds as he found a streak of come.

Without stopping, he scooted down until he was back between Shane’s thighs, the thick muscles twitching with exertion and pleasure. Ilya laid the most tender of kisses on each of them, then nestled himself a home down there, sex sweat and small puddle of Ilya’s escaped come on the sheets completely irrelevant to him. Well, almost irrelevant. He irrationally

wanted to scoop it up and press it back into Shane's body for safe-keeping. He kept that thought to himself and basked in the few short minutes before Shane clocked back into earth and realized how nasty he was and how destroyed the bed was.

It took a moment before Shane's weak hand reached over and threaded into Ilya's hair. Not petting, just... touching. Holding.

"How-" Shane's throat clicked, and Ilya knew he'd need to get up and take care of the both of them soon. "How did you and Hayden even end up together long enough to make him think you were going to murder me?"

Ilya smiled from his warm, tacky cocoon of Shane and reached up, finding Shane's empty hand and knotting their fingers together.

"I was stalking you again, and he caught me."

Shane's thighs tightened in admonishment, which Ilya gratefully accepted as punishment.

"Ilya, we've talked about this. You trying to fucking stalk me is the fastest way to get us either discovered or you arrested. Neither of which I would like to deal with right now, thank you."

Ilya scoffed and turned his head enough to meet Shane's eye, "I am good stalker. Never get caught-" Shane cleared his throat- "rarely get caught, it gets you all hot and bothered, and I get to keep my puppy safe."

"Safe from who, Hayden?"

Ilya hummed seriously and reluctantly pushed himself up, unable to resist cupping a hand around Shane's flank, "Yes, Pike knew way too much about serial killing. Suspicious, I think."

Shane rolled his eyes and reached to place a hand on the nape of Ilya's neck, but Ilya could tell by Shane's eyes that the back of Ilya's neck was *sticky* and that Shane was *not going to think about how*.

"At least you weren't fucking hiding in my backseat again. I nearly died that time."

"Yes, good thing you did not die. Pike would blame me. I think he just does not like Russians. Called me a *soviet sack of shit tonight*, Shane. Hurt my heart."

"Where was tonight's hiding spot?"

Ilya smirked. He loved the little game he and Shane had made after Ilya realized just how much fear could turn his puppy on. Summers at the cabin, with all of those secluded trails, had gotten very interesting. "In the trees by the parking lot. I was going to grab you when you got to your car, but Pike got in my way."

"In the way, huh? A whole parking lot, and you happened to wait in the dark right by his car?"

Ilya feined density. “His car? Oh, the 6 little stick men on the car are for Pike’s family! I am idiot. Thought it was advertisement for hot orgy. Was waiting for whores to come out.”

Shane snorted and fully peeled himself away from Ilya and stood with a grimace. Ilya stole a glance at the clock. 11 minutes until Shane got the ick. New record.

“You are leaving tonight?” Ilya tried to ask casually, but it kind of caved his chest in. Shane smiled ruefully and said, “I should,” and Ilya desperately refrained from giving in to that urge to collect the spit from Shane’s mouth like that hissing goblin from Hazy’s stupid movie. Looked like Troy Barrett.

“But I’m fucking exhausted. I’ll leave tomorrow after you’ve left with the team at 9. Checkout isn’t until 11 here, so I can sleep in.” Ilya stood and wrapped his arms around Shane, just holding him.

“You are liar. Will be up at seven to balance on one foot and hunt for smoothie.” The words were mumbled into the junction of Shane’s neck, but he knew Shane heard him just fine based on the light swat his ass received.

He pulled back just in time to place a finger over Shane’s parted lips, beating him to the chase.

“Fruit-based protein drink, *da?*”

Shane smiled and kissed the finger on mouth.

“*Da.*”

End Notes

Should I write more primal play Hollanov? I'm gonna go write more.

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