

Three for Three

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Three for Three

by [Su_porn_ova222](#)

Summary

Shane got a text from Ilya before the game: "For every goal you score, you come, yes?" It wasn't really a question. Shane knew this, and he was determined to show Ilya what he could do on the ice and in bed. Unfortunately, at the end of the game, Ilya Rozanov snapped, and Shane seemed to be at the wrong place at the wrong time, getting caught in the fray. He actually enjoyed it more than he thought.

Notes

I'm back with a new obsession! of course leaving the old one with an unfinished fic but you know what I say, "Ill get to that later" :.)

I'm so mad we have to wait a whole YEAR! MAYBE MORE for this stupid show >:(maybe it will give me time to start and ACTUALLY finish a long fic lol. Wishful thinking.

also btw i don't know like anything about hockey, so I hope this is vague enough for the nerds to not cringe lmao. I hope you like it!

of course thank you to NotNight for the beta <3 I'm so glad you told me how terrible the first draft was, I don't think i would have been able to live with the embarrassment if I had posted that

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

It was another game against the Boston Bears, and Shane felt that familiar rush of excitement and anticipation zip through his body. His legs itched for the familiar push of the ice and his arms longed for the weight of his hockey stick in his hands. Ilya would be playing too. The memory of the large Russian man sparked something inside him. Rozanov was someone who made Shane's thighs burn the day after, someone who would deliver him a real challenge. Neither was necessarily better than the other. Shane had won more games, but that was no comfort when it came to it on the ice.

"Dude!" Hayden appeared behind Shane and clapped him on the shoulder, startling him out of his trace and giving him a little shake after. "You ready to take on arch-rival Rasputin?"

Shane snorted at the terrible joke, a similar spark reflecting in his eyes.

"Fuck yeah, man! Let's put these Bears to sleep!" The team cheered and howled in response, a buzz of excitement thrumming around the room. Shane smiled and checked his phone one last time before shoving his hands into the thick gloves, secretly hoping for a little green notification.

There was a text from Lily. He opened it quickly, glancing over his shoulder beforehand. His heart thudded in his chest for reasons other than the game. *For every goal you score, you come, yes?*

Shane's breath caught in his throat. The fucking nerve of him, texting him that *before the game*. This was the risk Shane ran every time he opened Ilya's stupid contact. Why hasn't he blocked him yet? Shane had been asking himself that for fucking *years*.

You don't think I can come more than three times?

Shane's pulse quickened as he sent the text, looking around one more time. The dots appeared on the other side of the screen and Shane tapped his foot on the ground, impatiently waiting for Rozanov to respond. It took a few moments longer than usual, Ilya still struggled a little with English writing, but thankfully it wasn't long enough for him to raise any suspicion.

3 is a little ambitious, no? Make sure you can come at all. Wouldn't want to leave you unsatisfied.

Shane scoffed, then quickly coughed into his arm, a mixture of anxiety and arousal pricking beneath his skin. He was glad for the cup in his pants.

That's a lot of big words for you, "Lily." Make sure you can bite as hard as you bark.

"Shane, dude, c'mon! They're gonna call us out in like five!" One of his teammates called, men filing out the door.

"Yep, gimme a sec," he had to see Ilya's response before he left. His team could wait a second.

You would do the barking, “Jane.” You are like lost puppy without me.

Shane shook his head, refusing to acknowledge how true that would be if Ilya asked. Instead, he shot off a quick *Fuck you!* before throwing his phone in his cubby and stumbling out the door with his teammates.

The familiar crowd of Montreal erupted as they shot into the ice, and suddenly all of Shane’s worries melted away. The cold sting on his cheeks seemed to crawl into him and latch onto his bones, invigorating him like nothing else. Nothing else except Ilya Rozanov, who stood on the other side of the rink staring at him with hazel eyes. He brought a searing heat to Shane’s usual chill on the ice. It was addicting and fucking dangerous.

Shane felt his jaw tighten, and he nodded as if the man staring at him hadn’t promised to make him come multiple times that night. But it was best not to think about that now.

The teams stretched and took practice shots. Shane used the wall for balance as he stretched his legs individually, groaning quietly as his muscles unclenched from the chill, blood finding its way to his limbs. He skated around and made some passes to his other teammates, the usual pre-game warmups. A few minutes later the teams lined up and listened to the national anthems, American and Canadian. Shane put his hand on his heart respectfully as he did every game. It was routine at this point, and he took the time to re-run plays in his head. Like the amount of goals he would score. Nothing else not involving hockey or certain hockey players from rival teams. Once that was over Shane called everyone into a huddle and they went over the plan again, ending with a roar of approval at the idea of beating the American team.

It was time for lineup, and Shane and Ilya skated over to the center of the ice, bending down to prepare to fight for the puck.

“So, aiming for one? You seem to get tired quickly. Don’t want to exhaust yourself,” Rozanov said, accent wrapping elegantly around his boxy English words. The thrill that shot through Shane was a mix of anger and excitement, he wanted to prove he could score more than a few goals this game just to rub it in his face, but then thought of what would happen as a result of said many goals. It was a win-win for him. They locked eyes, and time seemed to stop.

Shane lost the face-off, reacting a second too late and fuming angrily behind his opponent, tearing up the ice with his blades to chase after him. His teammates shouted commands and sticks clacked against each other, creating the melodious song of hockey, people in the stands adding to the background noise and commentators narrating the plays.

More insults were exchanged between the teams than usual today, but Shane barely registered the rising tension on the ice. He did notice, however, that there were more body checks than usual. Not that it was affecting his game too much, he had already scored one goal (beating Rozanov’s accusations) and was preparing for a second when a guy from the other team hip-checked him right into the boards, slamming Shane to his knees onto the unforgiving ice.

Despite the knee pads, pain shot through his legs and into his hips. He groaned in pain, watching himself with one hand before he face-planted into the cold ground. A few moments go by as he catches the breath that had been knocked out of him. Fuck, he’s going to feel that

later. It felt more violent than usual, generally the other guys would just try to offset him to take the puck, but this felt personal. He scrambled to his feet as quickly as he could. Shane sustained worse injuries than this.

The crowd booed loudly, a few of his teammates called for a penalty from the bench, but they kept playing.

Shane shot after the guy who took the puck. He shouted instructions to his teammates who flanked him and skated around the goal to intercept or steal the puck if he missed. It was as if nothing had happened, the only change being the drive to hunt the little black disk got more intense, and he showed for it.

The puck was passed to Rozanov, who was lined up almost perfectly with the goal. Shane's legs burned as he shot for the man, stick outstretched to take the puck and blood pounding in his skull, but Rozanov had already shot and scored.

Another round of boo's erupted from the crowd as the horn went off, but Ilya just smirked at Shane as he skidded to a halt a few inches from his rival. A little too close to be friendly.

"You see, Hollander? My goal cancels out your goal and now you get nothing," Rozanov said, his voice scarcely louder than the crowd in his rolling Russian accent.

"Oh, so that's how you wanna play, Rozanov?" Shane shot back, tamping down the urge to shove him to the hard ground. They panted in each other's mouths, hot breath mingling in the open air. Their noses were millimeters from touching. Despite the attempt to catch his breath, Shane couldn't seem to find any. What he did notice was how the condensation clung to Rozanov's skin, and how he smelled of the rubbery locker rooms and sweat.

"Obviously, that is how game works. Oh right, you are new to hockey. Don't worry, I will teach you."

"Looks like the lifelong arch-rivals of the century are exchanging a few heated words before the next face-off, let's hope they don't melt the ice before one of them gets a chance to win!" the announcer shouted through the megaphone, tearing them out of their unspoken contest.

Shane turned and skated to the middle before he either punched or kissed him stupid in front of everyone. He wasn't sure which would be worse, ruining the game for his team or ruining his career in front of his team. Either way, Shane was beginning to be more and more convinced it might be worth it. Ilya followed him, and they bent face-to-face for the third time that night. Shane studied his face in the few seconds they had, and watched Ilya mentally undress him without saying a word. The whistle blew, and Montreal had the puck.

The Montreal Voyageurs won that game, and Shane scored three goals. The Bears shot them dirty looks and insults from across the ice, to which the Voyageurs returned just as terribly. Shane thought it an appropriate time to skate up to Rozanov, since it would just look like he was contributing to the jeering comments directed at his rival team.

His coach was saying something to him, and Ilya was staring with a bored look and slack jaw at the man, who was significantly shorter than him with the skates. When the coach left, Rozanov rolled his eyes before meeting Shane's.

"Pretty close game, huh? You said you were gonna teach me some hockey later? Maybe give me a few pointers?" he teased, not being able to help rubbing in the loss a little. It was tradition to make the other team low-key feel like shit after they flunked.

"Not in the mood, Hollander," Rozanov said, turning away, lips pressed in a hard time.

Shane's eyebrows creased, frustration building in his chest at Rozanov's poor sportsmanship.

"Oh please, as if anyone's ever in the mood to lose. Get over it, Rozanov," the Canadian spat back, adrenaline still high the win.

One of Shane's teammates, Hayden Pike, came up from behind Rozanov and bumped him a little harder than he meant to as he passed, sending a jeering retort as he did.

"Yeah fuck off, Rozzy, go home and cry to momma—"

Everything became a blur. One second, Hayden was upright and standing and the next he was pinned to the ground with an unforgiving *thud*. Rozanov's fist pulled back close to his ear and he struck Hayden right across the face with a strength that left the ice speckled red. Shane moved before he could think, grabbing Ilya's raised arm and throwing him off the man. Like a rabid dog, Rozanov turned to him and slammed his entire body weight into Shane, *properly* knocking the wind out of him and sending searing pain up his already fucked up knees. He grimaced, crushed under Rozanov's weight. Shane shoved at the man with equal strength, simultaneously rolling them over to free himself.

"Rozanov, what the fuck! Get off you fucking asshole!" Shane yelled, finding himself... not really meaning what he said.

"Иди на хуй!" Rozanov hissed, shoving them apart as the refs finally arrived to drag them away, flanked by their respective teams shouting and cursing at each other.

Shane stared at Rozanov's fuming face, scrunched in a snarl of hatred usually only reserved for other, more hateable opponents. Never for Shane. Something curled in the pit of his stomach, something that made him want to hurl his gut out. He shoved it down and followed his team into the single-file line to shake hands. Ilya didn't look at him and barely grasped his hand.

In the locker room there was happy, but drained chatter from the team. Shane tuned most of it out, suddenly exhausted. He peeled off his layers one by one, sweat soaked through most of them and quickly cooling. He had to get dry layers on before he caught a chill. His knees were pretty bad, purple bruises were forming under each knee cap, and they stung every time he bent his legs.

"Oh, dude, are you good? Those look bad. Was it that dick, Rozanov?" one of the guys asked, cringing at the sight.

Shane shook his head, accepting the ice packs his friend passed to him and gently pressing them to his colorful marks.

“No, some other guy who checked me like I kicked his puppy,” he responded, hissing a little at the contact.

“Oh yeah I saw that, looked pretty bad. I was surprised when they didn't call it,” his teammate responded, pulling on dry socks next to him.

Shane hummed in agreement, placing his icepacks to the side and pulling on his gray sweatpants and black hoodie, wiping his face with a damp towel for the press later.

“Yeah, what even happened with Rozenov?” JJ asked, walking over to them with his hands in his pockets, hair still damp.

Shane shrugged, running his hands through his equally sweaty hair in a poor attempt to tame it. “He was just being a sore loser. Everyone was a little tense in this game I think.”

JJ grunted in agreement, and the team prepared for the press.

“Shane Hollander, tell us more about what happened at the end of the game. What made Ilya Rozenov - your rival - so upset? And what is your response to this behavior?”

Microphones were shoved in Shane's face, cameras were flashing, and he did not have the energy for this. His fucking knees hurt. And he really wanted a ginger ale. Still, he plastered on his media-smile and responded as vaguely as he could.

“Well, post-game things are a little tense between rival teams, words are exchanged and sometimes hit a little too close to home. Things like this happen pretty often, so I'm sure it will be resolved quickly,” he said, choosing his words carefully. He didn't want to shine any bad light on anyone.

“And Mr. Hollander, what is your response to Mr. Rozenov's reaction?”

Shane resisted the urge to roll his eyes and leave.

“I think it is a very normal adrenaline-induced response among hockey players who've been in the game a while. I am tired, so I hope you all have a good night and we'll see you next game,” he ended, taking a page out of Ilya's book and winking at a camera. He hoped that looked alright. Fuck, he's such an awkward dunce. Whatever. They'll probably clip that out anyway.

There were a few more questions shouted in his direction but he just smiled and waved as he walked away. Shane wanted to text Ilya. He wanted to make sure everything was right between them because this win didn't feel as satisfying as it should have.

It wasn't a long drive back to his house, and once he arrived he cracked open a nice cold Canada Dry. These things had become an addiction, and it was a struggle to keep up with his

daily water intake when there was a ginger ale *right there* next to his water bottle. But post-game soda was definitely earned. It quenched his thirst like nothing else.

He pulled out his phone to text Rozanov as he cracked it open, but there was already a notification on his phone.

Send me your address again.

Shane never put down a ginger ale so fast in his life.

Ilya barely had to knock before Shane opened the door. Fist raised, he had wrapped it maybe twice before it swung open, as if the man was waiting for him on the other side. Shane really was like a lonely puppy.

Ilya still felt like shit from before, but something melted in his chest at the sight of Hollander. Melted and turned molten. Shane barely had a chance to open his mouth before Ilya shoved inside, kicking the door closed with his foot and crashing their mouths together.

Hollander grunted in surprise, but allowed himself to be pressed against the wall. Fuck, he tasted like that stupid ginger ale and soap. His hair was wet too.

“You had time to take shower?” Ilya asked, pulling away barley to rumble out the question, hand tangled in Shane’s jet black hair.

“Wasn’t gonna sit in my sweat and grime all night waiting for your slow ass,” he replied, breathless. “You didn’t?”

Ilya saw the way Shane looked at him during the game, how his eyes lingered on his damp throat and the slight lean inward that he wasn’t even sure if the other man was aware of. Ilya had rinsed off after the game in the locker room and slapped on some deodorant before walking out to the press, forced into too many questions he didn’t know the answer to or the meaning of before booking it right to Shane’s house.

“No, Hollander. I always smell like roses, I don’t have to shower.”

Hollander’s lips stretched into a smile he fought to keep down.

“Fuck you,” he whispered into Ilya’s mouth, catching his lips again into another playful kiss.

“We go over this every time, *I fuck you*. Not other way around,” Ilya replied, snaking a hand around his waist and pressing their hips together, both of them chasing the friction.

Shane groaned at the contact, resting his forehead on Ilya’s shoulder as he rolled his hips against him. It took all of Ilya’s willpower not to do the same, and instead tilt Hollander’s head up to press their lips together again in a hungry kiss. All of Ilya’s problems floated away when he kissed Shane. It was like smoking, but better. Maybe that’s why he needs a joint after every time they fuck. Ilya just can’t get enough of him. He wondered if Shane knew the effect he had on him.

“*Ilya*, ” Shane moaned into the crook of his neck, but he slowed his grind and pulled away to look him in the face. “Rozanov, what happened today? At the game. Why were you so upset?”

Reality came crashing down on Ilya once again. Because of *course* Hollander has to bring this up. Ilya is here to *relax*, to *forget* about reality for a few hours. And Hollander just *looked* at him with those eyes.

“It was nothing, don't worry. I fuck you now, yes?” he asked, hoping to change the subject and get what he came here for. Well, kind of. He wanted Shane, and Shane was already here, so Ilya already had what he wanted. He just didn't want to talk about boring things.

Hollander's face grew more concerned, the crease between his eyebrows growing and a frown appearing on his face. Ilya didn't like what he looked like frowning. He should stop.

“Ilya, please tell me. I don't like to see you upset, and something clearly happened,” Shane pushed, and something broke at the sound of his first name on Hollander's lips. Ilya clenched his jaw, looking at the man's dark chocolaty eyes, then at his pink, swollen lips from kissing him. He relaxed his hold on Shane's hair and stepped away to give them space. Not because he wanted to hide his face. Not because Ilya wanted to make sure nothing slipped.

“My coach says I've been slacking this season, he wanted me to make more of an effort today at the game, and I promised I'd win. Words were said, everyone was... how you say...” fuck, what was that word? It was on the tip of Ilya's tongue. He hated not being good at English.

“On edge?” Hollander tried, staring at him like if he looked long enough he could see inside Ilya's brain. At first he thought it was strange, now he knows that's just how Shane is. He tries to understand and empathise with people by watching them and asking questions.

“Yeah, I guess. No matter. Без усилий и рыбку из пруда не вытащишь,” he said, switching back to Russian when he realized he couldn't remember the English phrase, not even registering that Hollander probably has no fucking idea what he was saying.

When Shane looked at him funny, Ilya did his best to translate, “Is like... no gain no pain, or whatever you guys say,” he decided, brain too fried to try very hard for the literal translation.

Hollander smiled, and Ilya knew he said something wrong.

“You mean ‘no pain, no gain?’”

“Is same thing.” Ilya rolled his eyes, getting impatient with the lack of sex and kissing happening.

“Not really—”

Ilya was back on him in a second, not caring about the order of words in any particular sentence that wasn't Hollander saying “fuck me please,” or “Harder, faster.” In those sentences you can pretty much put the words in any order you want and they would be sexy no matter what, because it was Shane Hollander saying them.

“On your knees,” Ilya rasped, voice straining around his arousal. Fuck, Shane was absolutely intoxicating.

Hollander dropped to his knees and immediately hissed in pain, shifting to put his weight on one hip. Panic shot through Ilya, *was he hurt?*

“Shane, what—?”

“I’m ok! Bruised my knees pretty badly at the game today,” Hollander replied, holding out a hand to stop Ilya from lunging at him in fear.

“Unacceptable, you must rest,” Ilya decided, refusing to see Shane in any pain that wasn’t coated in the sweet honey of pleasure he inflicted. And he knew picking the man up princess-style would embarrass him, which was most of the reason why he did it.

“Ilya, what the hell- put me down!” Hollander struggled half-heartedly against Ilya’s chest. Despite being the same size as the man carrying him and just as much muscle mass, he didn’t really try to escape before he was dropped on the couch in the living room.

Fuck, Ilya was going to make him feel so good. But the bad feelings from the game still lingered. With the urge to please there was... something else. Ilya had felt this before. After games he’s lost. He’d done his best to tamp it down, but the anger and barely tamed violence channelled from hockey under his skin bubbled up sometimes, especially when he had sex. Some say he’s too rough, but when he tries to be gentler they say he isn’t rough enough. Hollander has never said anything about it though, and Ilya wondered... no. Shane is hurt.

“You stay, princess. I will take care of you,” Ilya announced, stripping off his shirt and tossing it to the back of the couch.

He was only able to get that far before Shane had his hands around his waist and was mouthing at the exposed skin. Each drag of Shane’s tongue was like fire. Ilya inhaled sharply, addicted to the burn as he fisted his hand in Shane’s hair.

“How many goals did you score today? Just that one, right?” he asked, trying to find something to ground himself to before he lost control.

“Three, idiot,” Hollander replied, barely separating himself from Ilya’s flesh.

“I thought that was the other guy,” Ilya mused, but Shane mouthed his clothed dick in response, eliciting a groan from the Russian. The heat of Shane’s mouth seeped right through his clothes and to his dick, which twitched lewdly.

“Fuck off,” Shane mumbled, fumbling with the fly of Ilya’s pants.

They were able to get his pants and briefs off quickly, and then did the same for Shane, being careful about his knees. They did look really bad, purple and green and sore.

“Do you know sixty-nine?” Ilya asked, suddenly getting a great idea.

“Yeah.”

“I bet I can make you come first,” he challenged, swinging his leg over the man so it was between him and the back of the couch. His other leg stayed planted on the ground. It was a little uncomfortable, but he was hoping that would help him win.

Ilya wrapped his lips around Shane’s hard cock, the weight of it on his tongue familiar and his taste just as good as it was the first time.

Then *his* cock was swallowed by hungry lips below him, and Ilya groaned around the dick in his mouth. The difference between Ilya sucking dick and Shane sucking dick was Ilya enjoyed it, but he enjoyed it because it brought pleasure to his partner. He had all the techniques down, he knew how to make someone come in under a minute with just his mouth. Shane sucked it like he was hungry— *starved* for it. It was wet and messy and perfect. The only part Ilya disliked about their position was that he couldn't see the absolute bliss on Hollander’s face as Ilya rode it.

Fuck, Shane was too good. Ilya was going to lose, and if he lost then that meant he couldn’t fuck him later. He began bobbing his head faster and working his tongue around Shane’s cockhead, creating a suction with his cheeks. Shane moaned in response, the vibrations again running right up Ilya’s dick, but he just thought of how his hip strained to keep himself upright to keep himself from coming. Shane began canting his hips upward into Ilya’s mouth, and he took it as a good sign.

He whimpered and thrust into Ilya’s mouth desperately, forgetting about the cock in his own mouth (to Ilya’s relief) as he chased his pleasure.

“F-fuck... Ilya,” Shane moaned around the cock, spilling his load in Ilya’s mouth.

Hot spunk filled Ilya’s senses, coating the inside of his mouth as it shot from Shane’s dick. It made more heat pool low in Ilya’s stomach, and he swallowed before the taste of Hollander consumed him. Shane’s dick throbbed between Ilya’s lips, slowly softening. Ilya breathed through his nose, letting the other man come down with his dick in his mouth, concentrating on his self-control.

Hollander tapped him on the side a few frantic times, signaling that he was sensitive and to get off his cock. Ilay obliged and swung his leg back to standing, dick sliding out of Shane’s mouth with a pop.

Ilya groaned at the absence of heat, and made a tight ring with his fingers at the base of his dick to keep himself from blowing his load too early.

“Wait, let me—”

“No, I need to be able to fuck you into the mattress later,” Ilya cut him off, squeezing his dick a little tighter at the thought.

Shane’s eyes darkened again, and even though it was too soon for him to get hard again after an orgasm, Ilya could tell by the way his breath caught in his throat and how he licked his swollen, wet lips he was still turned on.

“Again?” Hollander asked with a mixture of disbelief and reluctance.

Ilya rolled his eyes, “No, Hollander, the other two goals you scored tonight don't count,” he bent down so he was up in Shane’s face to say the next part, gold cross dangling between them, reaching for Shane as if he was a magnetic force. “In a minute, when you're mostly recovered from your orgasm, I’m going to take you to the bed and finger you until you come. Then I’ll drag you to kitchen counter and bend you over and fuck you so hard you will forget you’re own name. Understood?”

Shane was barely breathing, just staring up at Ilya with starry eyes and parted lips.

Ilya narrowed his eyes, “Shane, are you broken? Do you understand or no?”

Snapping out of it, Hollander blinked a few times and nodded frantically, swallowing before stammering, “No, yeah, um, yeah. Understood.”

“Good. Get up, we open you up now.” Ilya got up and left without looking back, walking in the direction of where he remembered Hollander’s boring bedroom to be.

As he expected, Shane had lube and condoms in the bedside drawer. They had sort of phased out of condoms. After Shane and Rose broke up he hasn't been with any other person and Ilya has found that any other person didn't satisfy him as Hollander did, so he stopped looking.

Shane, as Ilya expected, was behind him, standing awkwardly in the door frame as he waited for instruction. Ilya stared at him, a piece of him filled with satisfaction at the lost look on the man’s face, and decided to push a few buttons, just because he could.

“What? You waiting for me to tell you to crawl to the bed?” Ilya scoffed, uncapping the lube and squeezing a generous amount onto his fingers.

When he looked back Shane seemed torn between responses, opening his mouth to say something before closing it, finally settling on, “Fuck you!” as a blush crept up his neck.

Ilya tutted, pointing to the bed with his non-lubed fingers, “Not yet, дорогой. Be patient, and then I will fuck you, I promise,”

Shane was already walking towards the bed with too many cushions as he spoke, and he watched Hollander scoot from the edge of the bed up to the pillows and lay on his back, watching Ilya warm the lube. He ignored the urge to slide his slick hand up and down his aching cock and instead followed Shane onto the sheets. They grabbed a pillow and placed it under Shane’s hips for support. Ilya originally wanted him to be on his hands and knees so he could watch Shane come apart on his fingers, trembling and struggling to stay upright. But with his knees... this would do.

He reached below Shane’s balls and circled the puckered skin, watching his cock grow harder still. With his other hand, Ilya groped at Shane's chest, tweaking his nipples and running his palm over fair skin. Shane was always tense when they played with his hole, even post-orgasm Ilya could see the muscles in his thighs twitch and his shoulders jump.

“Relax, Shane,” he said, moving higher on the bed to capture the man’s lips with his.

Ilya pushed in with one finger, simultaneously dipping his tongue in Shane’s mouth to swallow the gasp that came with it.

“This ok?” he asked, parting to look at his rival’s face.

His lips were still swollen and eyes wet. Freckled cheeks a light rosey color that was prettier than any girl with blush. Ilya wanted to kiss each brown speckle on his face, each star that kissed his perfect skin. Shane nodded, shoulders already looser and chasing Ilya’s lips with his own, silently asking for more.

Ilya worked him slowly at first, teasing, gentle strokes until Shane was completely relaxed and trying to subtly fuck himself on his fingers.

“You want more?” Ilya asked, just because.

Shane nodded again, worrying at his bottom lip and grabbing at Ilya’s waist.

“Tell me,” he urged, wanting to hear Shane say it. *Needing* him to say it.

“Give me more,” he tried, taking Ilya’s cock in his hands to urge him on. Ilya hissed and quickly moved Shane’s hand off.

“Not yet,” he said quickly at the look of concern on Shane’s face. “Ask nicely.”

Hollander rolled his eyes, but obeyed, “*please* give me more, Ilya.”

Ilya made a face, “hmm, like this?” he pressed on Shane’s prostate and the other man groaned in loud affirmation.

Ilya continued to fuck him with his fingers, intent on making the man come. Shane moaned with each thrust of Ilya’s digits, and he kissed down his neck to gently bite. He never made a mark though, god forbid anyone knew a lick of what was going on behind closed doors. He wanted to though. God, Ilya didn’t know if it was because he still hated him for beating his team on the ice or just pure possessiveness. But he wanted to destroy Shane Hollander. Unravel him, make him feel so much pleasure and pain he got addicted to it. Addicted to Ilya giving it to him. He stayed gentle though, masked his anger and jealousy with lust and held the man as he came all over his stomach.

Shane’s hole spasmed around Ilya’s fingers, and all he could imagine was it clenching around his cock instead.

Soon. He thought, gently extracting his fingers and wiping them on the sheets.

“You’re messing up the sheets,” Shane said, breathless.

It seemed the lack of orgasm made Ilya irritable on top of his already slightly frustrated emotions from the game.

“We’re having sex Hollander, we’re going to dirty the fucking sheets!” he said in an exasperated tone, gesturing wildly at the bed. Was Hollander always this stupid?

“Hey, what's going on Ilya?” Shane asked, sitting up and moving closer to him.

“Nothing! Lets just go to the kitchen so I can fuck you.”

“Did I do something?”

“No.” Ilya felt his cock deflate a little, and Shane noticed.

“Is it about what happened at the game?”

“It's... a lot of things, ok?” He seemed to deflate along with his cock, the weight of Russia, Boston, his teammates, coach, family... it all weighed down on his shoulders.

He hoped to escape it with Shane, but at this point it was hard to even look at him. Ilya felt bad about attacking him on the ice, he didn't mean to take out his anger at Hollander, he just was in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Ilya took a breath, trying to piece the words together in English, “I... feel bad.”

Shane sat next to him and watched as the Russian struggled with his words, opening his mouth and then closing it, catching himself before the words came out in the wrong language. “I was... I shouldn’t have fought you on the ice.”

Shane shook his head, lips parting in a... smile? What was happening? Did smiling mean something different in Canada? Like when dogs show their teeth?

The confusion must have been present on Ilya’s face because Shane elaborated, “Ilya, I kinda liked it. We’ve never really... I dunno, wrestled? Fought? Whatever. It was sort of refreshing.” Shane grinned shyly, glancing away, but held his chest high in attempted courage.

Ilya looked at him in disbelief, not quite sure he understood the words perfectly.

“So... you like rough?”

“We already have rough sex.”

“Yes but... more?” he asked, cock beginning to rise from its half-mast state.

Shane shrugged, “I mean, yeah I wouldn’t mind it. As long as you’re okay with it though,” he added hurriedly.

Ilya responded by slamming Shane against the bed and pressing their lips back together. The man gasped in response then groaned at the weight of Ilya’s body pinning him down. Ilya felt the anger and frustration bubble up to the surface again, but this time, instead of pushing it down, he let it guide his movements, thrusting against Shane’s hips and dragging their dicks together. When he felt Shane struggling again, he grabbed his muscled wrists and pinned

them over Shane's head with one hand, using his other to wrap around the man's throat. Shane moaned loudly as Ilya traced his mouth along his chest and face, and Ilya found himself falling harder than he wished to think about. They tore apart, panting with a new kind of spark reflected in each other's eyes.

"We follow plan. Get to the kitchen and bend over counter," Ilya stated, leaving no room for discussion.

Shane scrambled to his feet, and Ilya followed close behind as they stumbled to the kitchen. They weren't able to make it very far before their hands were all over each other again, Ilya was addicted to the touch, to the feeling of being wanted, of being *chosen* by someone else so willingly. He wanted to see if Hollander would still choose him after this.

They groped and grabbed each other, mouths pressed together in a wet dance. Tongues down each other's throats, Ilya finally felt the back of the counter make contact with Shane, and they parted.

"I... I don't know if I can do another one," Shane said, licking his lips.

Ilya pulled away, confused, "Another what?"

Shane looked away, tilting his head as if it was obvious. Ilya realized, but didn't say anything, he just dipped his head down to Shane's neck and kissed it, nibbling little marks light enough not to leave any evidence. He wanted to sink his teeth into the man and leave bruises to match the ones on his knees for everyone to see, but he knew that was impossible.

"You can," he replied hoarsely into the crook of Shane's neck.

Then he spun Shane around and pressed into the counter of the center island, Ilya's hips against his ass. It was wet from the lube they used earlier, dripping down his thighs and pooling behind his balls. Ilya gathered it up in his fingers and stroked his cock with them. Shane groaned, pressing back into Ilya. With his free hand, Ilya fisted Shane's hair again and pressed him into the hard surface.

He pushed in with barely any resistance and felt pleasure shoot through his dick and up his spine like electricity. Ilya moaned, grip tightening around Shane's neck who mimicked the sound. He pulled back, dragging his dick out of Shane's ass and snapped it back in. the spark of pleasure shot through his spine again, this time gripping him in a vice grip. Ilya gave in with a shuddering breath and pounded into Shane like he hated him. Like he was the reason their team lost. Which wasn't far from the truth.

"F-fuck- *Ilya*," he moaned, pushing up with his arms to lift his chest. At this point, there was no doubt he would have bruises on his hips in the morning, but neither of them cared.

Something akin to anger, but not quite – never with Shane – shot through him as the man struggled, and he dragged himself out of him, and spun Shane around so they faced each other. Ilya lifted Shane so he sat on the counter and shoved at his chest, replacing his dick inside Shane as his back smacked the surface.

“Тебе это нравится?” Ilya asked before he realized he was speaking Russian. “You like this? Being helpless? Hmm?”

Shane nodded, eyes squeezed shut, moaned loudly in response.

“Fuck,” Ilya cursed, feeling his orgasm building. He traced his hand up Shane’s chest and neck before dipping two fingers between his lips.

If only the world could see this, Ilya Rozanov fucked Shane Hollander in the ass in their free time and Shane *liked it*. There's no question about it, Shane was moaning shamelessly around the fingers in his mouth, choking on them as they reached farther back into his throat and he wanted *more*.

Ilya saw stars when he came, the rest of his unoccupied fingers finding their way around Shane’s jaw and gripping him a little too tightly. He panted in the aftermath, letting go of Shane and pulling out slowly. When he looked down, there were a few drops of fresh come on Shane’s stomach. Ilya couldn’t help but grin.

“You see? You can come again,” he smiled, grabbing a dish towel and wiping them down.

Shane just whined in response, too fucked out to say anything or move. Ilya patted his thigh and leaned over him, peppering his chest with little kisses. The feelings of resentment and anger had ebbed away and Ilya found himself content.

“Fuck, Rozanov. That was fucking hot,” Shane said with a smile in his voice. He rubbed his face with his hand, pushing himself upright with his other.

“We should fight on ice more often,” Ilya said, helping Shane off the counter and supporting him as they walked back to the bedroom.

“Yeah, but then they'll wonder why the two most famous NHL hockey players are hard every time they play,” Shane replied, changing their course to the large ensuite.

“No, not for me. I always look hard because my dick is so big.”

“Fuck off, no it doesn’t,” Shane grinned, turning on the water for the shower and sticking his hand in to feel when it was the right temperature.

“Oh, right, because you would know, wouldn't you, Shane?” Ilya shot back as they stepped in the hot stream of water, fog beginning to creep up the glass.

“Fuck off,” Shane repeated, but it was slightly muffled as their lips met again.

This time, their kiss was slow, gentle. Not hungry or needy. Ilya caressed Shane’s cheek and held his hip while Shane held his face, the water running down their bodies and into their open mouths. Ilya felt relaxed with Shane here, it almost felt like they were something. He considered pulling away and making an awkward excuse to leave, but the moment was too perfect to ruin. It was everything he could have wanted, right here, with Shane Hollander.

Maybe he could let himself have this, just for tonight.

End Notes

Sorry, i screwed up on Shane's teammates names. I cant find them anywhere! it should be fixed now, sorry if its a little confusing.

comments and kudos are appreciated!

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