

the prayers we covered with dust

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the prayers we covered with dust

by [questioningly](#)

Summary

“Ilya?” Shane calls, and Ilya spins around to see Shane holding the most damning thing he could’ve found in Ilya’s suitcase—that damned Montreal Metros hoodie. “This is mine, isn’t it?”

Ilya freezes. “Eh?”

“How do you have this? I thought I’d lost it ages ago.”

There’s no good way for Ilya to say the truth, which is that: *you left it at my house in Boston after you broke my heart for the first time and I kept it so I could wear it occasionally and jerk off while thinking about you when I thought I would probably never be able to have you again and it was the last bit of you I could have*, so Ilya settles for the next best thing, which is:

“It... it is not yours.”

Shane shoots him an unimpressed look.

Ilya is *really* struggling with the fact that he wants to keep Shane forever and steal his clothes and leave dumb hickies on him and wake up to him in the morning. He's working on it.

Notes

timeline follows tv show canon for the most part

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

Ilya is used to impermanence.

It is not an easy process, the way in which he comes to understand this simple fact: the things that he wants will never stay.

As a child, any rewards he got was just as easily taken away for any misstep, for a missed goal or an argument too heated. He has nothing left but one photograph of his mother that he managed to get his hands on before his father did. He is not in it. His brother has not hugged him since he was seven. The first girl he ever kissed dumped him for his teammate the very next day. The first boy he ever kissed was Sasha, who was too much like him in a way to ever be more than someone who came and went in a flash; always chasing the next high, that fleeting bit of light before everything turned back to the dull blur of everyday monotony.

Well. For Sasha, that *high* was usually cocaine. For Ilya, it was winning.

So he plays hockey—the one constant he does have in his life, despite everything—and he wins. It still isn't enough. That joy, that thrill—it leaves him in but a fraction of the time it took for him to make it possible in the first place. So he has to keep going, because what else can he do? The lesson gets drilled into him, over and over, all throughout the years. He might even say that he is nearly as good as accepting this as he is playing the game itself—and for Ilya Rozanov, that is saying a lot.

It is nothing but a cycle. Every day, he wakes up. He plays hockey. He lives in the moment of every goal, of every win, and never takes any of it for granted. He tries not to think about his father, his brother, his mother. He doesn't blink when he leaves in the morning even when his lovers beg him to stay. The numbers in his bank account mean nothing to him except for when his brother asks him for more, or when he's checking to see what damage his latest flashy, impulse purchase has done to it this time.

He grows up because he has to, leaves his coach because he knows he can do better, leaves St. Petersburg for Boston because he knows he has outgrown Russia, and doesn't think twice. He likes the Raiders, but he knows he can't get too attached. After all, it's just the way things are. He will give his best effort, and then it'll be time for him to move on, to leave first and head off the inevitable. And he's okay with that, he really is. After all, like he said: he's used to it.

That is, until Shane Hollander comes barreling into his life.

—

Even from their very first encounter, Ilya already knows that Shane Hollander is exactly the sort of boy he wants to swallow whole. The next rising prodigy of the MHL, all sweet and freckled, melting right under his hands so easily—how could any man resist taking a bite?

He manages to hold out the second time, and the next, and the next; there is still a certain skittishness that Ilya can feel radiating from Hollander, who he knows is unused to the physicality of it. Somehow, he feels that if he really digs his teeth in like he actually wants to,

Hollander will run, so he can invest in a little self-restraint for the time being. Never let it be said that Ilya Rozanov is not a considerate partner.

But the first time they *actually* fuck, he's just so sweet when Ilya has him underneath him, just right where he wants him, eyes dazed and his lips kiss-bruised, that Ilya just can't resist. When Ilya settles between his legs, Hollander parts them so easily and without resisting that Ilya knows he has this boy right where he wants him, and he has to have him again. He has to revel in it, now. He can't help it. He runs his lips over the crease where his hips meet his thighs, noses into the neatly trimmed patch of hair right above his cock and mouths around the base until Hollander squirms.

"Get to it already!"

"Say please," Ilya says. He might not ever get tired of hearing Hollander say that to him.

Hollander shoots him a look, but the effect of it is really hampered by the way his dick twitches against Ilya's lips when Ilya smirks against it. "Please."

Unfortunately for Hollander, Ilya has found that he thoroughly enjoys riling him up, both on and off the ice, so Ilya only continues to lick and bite teasingly just about everywhere other than where he knows where Hollander wants his mouth as he works one finger, and then two, and then three—because Hollander *will* need it—fingers into him. He can tell Hollander has already put some work into stretching himself, likely when he cleaned, but he's still so *tight*. Ilya still kind of wants to ask him to show him how big his dildo is.

At the very least, Hollander stops complaining so much about Ilya not sucking his dick when Ilya finds his prostate and begins to make sure he curls his fingers gently into it as he's fucking his fingers in and out.

"Rozanov, *please*," Hollander squirms again, actually pleading this time.

"One moment," because Ilya just has to, this time, he can't hold off any longer. He hooks Hollander's legs over his shoulders for a better angle and so he can get his mouth on the curve where his ass meets his legs and sink his teeth into the meat of it. He's been dreaming about doing this for a year, at this point.

"Ow!" Hollander hisses. "What the hell? Why are you *eating* me?"

"Is my appetizer, yes?" Ilya says. "My little treat so I have enough energy to pound you into the mattress."

Hollander raises his brows. "Big talk for someone who isn't even in me yet."

Ilya just wiggles his fingers in response and sucks harder in the same spot, which elicits an annoyed moan from Hollander. He tastes like clean skin and sweat and just as delicious as Ilya had imagined, so he sucks a little harder and tries not to rut into the mattress as he pictures how Hollander would look with even more of Ilya's marks on him, all bruised up in the places where anyone could take a look and know that he belongs to someone, and that someone is Ilya—

He has to blink then, surprised at how much that thought makes his cock leak precome all over the sheets. It startles him enough that he goes easily when Hollander reaches down to push his head away.

“You’d—better not leave a mark,” Hollander warns.

“Hm. If your teammates are looking *that* closely there, there are some more things for you to be worried about than a mark. Besides, what’s the problem? Maybe you have girl who really likes your ass, yes?”

“But they know I don’t really do... this,” Hollander protests. “It’s just weird.”

Ilya shakes his head. “Good boy reputation must be so boring. I do not know how you live with it.”

Hollander rolls his eyes. “Fuck off and get over here.”

Ilya acquiesces, crawling up over Hollander’s body so he can drape himself all along Hollander’s front, his cock catching on the rim of Hollander’s hole, slick and stretched with lube. He pauses for a moment to enjoy the way Hollander huffs and hooks his ankles around Ilya’s back to beckon him closer. If he didn’t want Ilya to tease him so much he should try to look less good while protesting about it, really.

“Okay, okay,” Ilya says, faux-reassuringly, finally exerting enough pressure so the head of his cock begins to slide slowly into Hollander’s hole. “I will have something else now, yes?”

“You are—” Hollander’s voice hitches, “so annoying.”

“You like it, though,” Ilya says. He leans down to brush a kiss against Hollander’s jawline as he slides even deeper. He pauses for a moment. “You okay?”

“Mmh,” Hollander huffs, the noise underlaid with an indignance that tells Ilya that if he didn’t keep going he would probably get smacked for his troubles. “Yeah.”

Ilya still goes slow despite all of Hollander’s whiny, wordless protests—and he’s definitely paying Hollander back for the the grumpy heel kick into his back that he does in an attempt to spur Ilya to go in faster—because he remembers what it was like to take cock for the first time, and Ilya’s first time had been significantly less endowed than Ilya himself.

By the time he bottoms out, Hollander looks very much like he does at the end of a hockey game, but about twice as sexy because he’s naked and under Ilya, and he feels absolutely incredible.

“Wow,” Hollander exhales.

“Are you okay?” Ilya asks again, because he can’t help himself. Shane’s freckles have nearly vanished under his pink flush now, all the way from his cheekbones down to his pretty little chest, heaving from the strain of it.

“Uh huh,” Hollander lets out breathlessly. “You don’t have to ask again.”

Ilya has to huff a laugh into Hollander's neck. "I am trying to be considerate, Hollander."

In lieu of a response, Hollander starts *moving his hips back against Ilya's*, so Ilya finally gives in and begins gently rocking into him until Hollander's expression seems to be more on the pleased side than overwhelmed. It's only then that he angles his hips just a little further down, so—

"Oh my god, *right* there," Hollander moans, and it's all the encouragement Ilya needs to flip him over and slide back in for an even better angle to redouble his efforts into making Hollander melt into a puddle underneath him.

For all his experience, it takes him more effort than he would like to admit to stave off the edge of his incoming orgasm with all the noises Hollander's making. He's not loud by any means—Ilya hadn't expected him to be—but he sounds as pretty as he looks, all muffled, open-mouthed moans and wordless whispers. It's great motivation. Ilya *has* to know what he sounds like when he comes untouched. It's at the top of his hierarchy of needs, now.

"Fuck," Ilya curses. "You feel so good."

"Oh, yeah?" Hollander replies. Ilya thinks he catches just a hint of smugness before it's immediately replaced by a moan, so. He doesn't feel too bad about being so close to coming.

He's careful not to grip Hollander's hips too hard as he drives into him harder to try to get him closer to that edge, since he knows those bruises will be far harder to explain away, but... it only makes the urge to see Hollander all marked up even stronger. But his want only makes it seem the possibility more unfathomable. He knows there can be no overt proof outside of this bedroom. Nothing more than the two fake names on their phones.

So this is all he can have. He tries to memorize as much of it as he can; the noises that Hollander's making as Ilya sinks into him and the way he tightens almost punishingly around Ilya as he comes apart with a ragged gasp, shuddering his way through it, how he moans turn strained but makes no protest even as Ilya chases his own orgasm as quick as he can.

It really doesn't take long. Ilya almost feels like he's having an out of body experience, Hollander feels that good around him, tight like a vise—and taking Ilya's thrusts too, still, with no complaint, even though Ilya can hear the strain in his moans and how his arms tremble. It makes Ilya want to ruin him even more. He comes so hard to the sounds of Hollander's voice dissolving into weakened whispers that it feels like his cock pulses with it for at least a few minutes.

Still, his dick gives a valiant twitch at the low whine that escapes Hollander when Ilya pulls out.

"Fuck," Hollander breathes.

Ilya very much agrees. "Yeah."

He runs a thumb over Hollander's hole, all wet and pink and puffy, and tries not to think too hard about how it would look with his come spilling out of it, or how the curve of the dimples

above his ass and the freckles dotting his back would look if Ilya set his teeth to them. Shane Hollander on the ice, with a blossoming bruise along his jawline where it curves into his helmet and another just above the neck of his jersey, to match, would be a sight to behold.

But those are foolish thoughts, Ilya knows. With who they are—who's to say this would even happen again? Any of those wishes will likely remain what they are right now: a fantasy, nothing more.

That way lies madness.

But then again, there's something about Hollander that makes him a little crazy.

—

It's a futile endeavor, he realizes in the months after.

He dreams about it, sometimes. He has never woken up from so many fading wet dreams since he was a teenager and a virgin to boot. It seems that their night together has inspired his subconscious brain, because it can't stop replaying the memory of what it had felt like to sink his teeth into Hollander's skin and leaving a mark, and making Ilya wonder: what would he look like with more? Where everyone could see them?

The futility of it doesn't make it any less desirable.

Any marks he ever leaves on Hollander in the places where he can will fade quickly, he knows—and even if he asked, Hollander is not the type to send pictures to Ilya of them just so Ilya can at least watch the purple-blue of them blossom into green and yellow, like he has made something take root under Hollander's skin. In some of his weaker moments, he thinks even if Hollander did, it wouldn't feel like enough.

He knows that in some ways, they've both left their imprints on each other. Their strange arrangement is proof enough of that. But like the bruises themselves, the reality of their not-relationship, their not-friendship, their not-rivalry—it still feels so ephemeral to Ilya, like snow melting on the pavement in the morning. It is not something he has had to contend with before. His other lovers, he has not had to hide; with Sasha, Ilya could see him almost as often as he wanted to.

He wouldn't even consider himself someone who cares to linger overlong afterwards, even. But what little time together that they can steal, carved out of their impossible schedules where they can—it does feel too quick. It is the scarcity of it that makes Ilya hungrier, he tells himself. It's nothing to do with Hollander personally.

But why does the thought of those bruises, disappearing without a trace, out of Ilya's sight, where he cannot reach—why does it make him so discontent?

The discontentment unsettles him. Not knowing why unsettles him even more.

So in Vegas, he doesn't kiss Hollander. He's not quite sure whether it makes him feel better or not.

—

Their next time, though, when Hollander turns his head up for a kiss, Ilya finds himself leaning in eagerly, anyways.

So much for that.

—

The next time they fuck, Ilya really takes his time riling Hollander up. He goads him, edges him with his mouth and his fingers into one orgasm and past the overstimulation, and then slides into him and refuses to fuck him into another until Hollander looks like he's ready to kill him and about to die at the same time, his face flushed into an aroused, angry twist, and then fucks him so hard and brutal the headboard rattles and Hollander squirms and moans and pants his way into his next orgasm, his hands scrabbling at Ilya's back for purchase as he folds him in half. When he looks later his hips have left reddened stripes along the back of Hollander's ass and thighs.

The scratches on his own back are a poor substitute, Ilya thinks. But at least, this serves as enough of a reminder to quieten—if not fully satiate—the persistent part of his hindbrain that aches to leave his handprints behind on Hollander. If Hollander can never belong to him in this way, then at least Ilya wears Hollander's leash on him like this. That's almost a good enough substitute for the real thing.

And if he can't suppress a silent, smug smirk to himself when his teammates jeer at him the morning of their next game when he takes his shirt off at the fading red welts on his skin, teasing him about *'his secret girl'*...

Well. That's nobody's business but his own, now, isn't it?

His girl. If only that was someone Shane Hollander could be.

—

Lily

I fly out right after the game tomorrow. Come over now?

Jane

Is this your new method of trying to sabotage my performance?

Lily

I don't need to blow your back out to beat you, Hollander

Jane

If you're trying to be convincing, I'm not sure it's working.

Lily

Room 1754

Jane

No

Lily

I promise not to blow your back out AND still beat you tomorrow

Jane

...

True to form, five minutes later, Hollander is knocking at Ilya's door. Ilya can't resist the smirk that graces his face when he opens it, already shirtless, partially because this always ends up being the outcome and yet Hollander still tries. to play this game with him every time. It's also partially because he relishes the exasperated smile and punch to the shoulder that Hollander predictably gives him in response.

Hollander jabs his finger into Ilya's chest as Ilya begins to advance on him, stopping him in his tracks. "Just so you know, I did *not* douche."

Ilya puts a hand to his chest. "Why, Hollander," Ilya says. "I had every intention of being a gentleman tonight. I need to beat you fair and square, after all. Can't have any accusations of... hm... unsportsmanlike conduct, as they say."

Hollander finally lets Ilya crowd him up against the wall and kiss him and lick into his mouth. "This already feels very unsportsmanlike," he mumbles into Ilya's lips.

"Unsportsmanlike would be if I did this..." Ilya trails a hand down to press, hard, against where he can feel Hollander hardening against him. "On the ice."

He goes to pick Hollander by the thighs, but Hollander only smacks him on the shoulder. "No funny business. I'm not having you throw out your back before tomorrow."

Ilya leers. "Isn't this funny business the only reason you keep me around, anyway?" And then he immediately has to not think about how that somehow rings truer than he meant it to be. He shakes his head, kicks off his pants and steps away to sit back on the bed. "Anyway. Hollander. Fine. Take your clothes off, yes?"

"You're insufferable," Hollander says, before he bends over and pulls his briefs off to toss them right at Ilya. It actually hits him in the face this time. Ilya doesn't even bother to defend himself against the throw; he lets it land on him, and brings up his hand to hold it closer to his nose.

"Thank you for the gift," Ilya says, muffled. "I am keeping it." He takes a loud, audible inhale into the cloth where it spills over his nose, for good measure.

Hollander makes an unintelligible noise of disgust. “Rozanov, what the fuck?”

Ilya leers, waving it in the air. “I am very grateful person, Hollander. This is first thing you have ever given me. I will put it to great use later.”

“You’re—” Hollander shakes his head, his face all disgruntled like an upset puppy. “*Ugh.*”

It doesn’t stop him from crawling on the bed and over Ilya, who can’t help but laugh—though he does unfortunately yank the underwear out of Ilya’s reach and toss it somewhere on the floor—but Ilya can’t exactly complain, anyway, because it does get him a lapful of shirtless, eager Hollander.

“You aren’t going to fold it this time?” Ilya asks, faux-innocently.

“I’ll fold *you*,” Hollander retorts.

“I thought you wanted to be the one folded, Hollander.” Ilya reaches around so he can grab a handful of that perfect, perfect ass.

Hollander starts protesting again at that, also predictably, making some noises about “no one is getting folded today, Rozanov,” which means that Ilya just *has* to put him flat on his back anyway and fold him up with his knees to his chest so Ilya can get his mouth around the pretty pink head of his dick and his balls in his hands.

Blowing Hollander could never be a hardship. There’s just so much of him to see and grab from down here, so much for Ilya to put his hands and his mouth on all over. Ilya leaves behind faint marks in the shape of his mouth all around his ass and thighs again where they can reasonably be covered by his underwear while he jerks him off. He’s given in. If this is what little he can have of Hollander now he is going to enjoy it while he can, and he *is* going to leave the reminders of their time together he wants to so badly behind under the layer of plausibility between them that this is all about sex and will always be.

When Hollander’s voice reaches that crescendo it does when he gets close, Ilya swallows him down to the root until Hollander’s spilling wetly into his mouth. Ilya licks him all clean and bites him again for good measure, just because he can. He wishes he could always be covered in the marks that mark him as Ilya’s.

“Ow! Oh my god,” Hollander says. “Jesus.”

“You have wrong person,” Ilya says. “It is not Jesus. It’s Rozanov. Remember?”

He fully anticipates the pillow coming for his face because Hollander is predictable like that, but he *is* a little more startled when Hollander’s next move is to slide down towards the edge of the bed and drop to his knees and drag Ilya by the hips to meet him there.

“My turn?” Hollander says, looking up at him with pink cheeks and wet eyes, his lashes damply clumped together.

Ilya, pinned under his gaze, lets Hollander wrestle him out of his own underwear and suck almost shyly at Ilya’s cock, now hard and weeping from the lack of attention. He’s always so

sweet when they start, like he's still that blushing boy stepping into Ilya's hotel room for the very first time, but the difference here is that now, he settles so fast into just exactly the rhythm that he knows Ilya likes. He can still only get halfway down after all these years, but it doesn't matter.

He tugs Ilya's foreskin down gently with the hand he's using to cover what he can't reach, settles his tongue into the spot just at the tip that he knows drives Ilya crazy. Ilya sinks his hand into Hollander's hand and thumbs gently at the freckles that dot his cheekbones and feels a little crazy with it, the want, with just how close he is, how undone this man makes him.

"Can I," Ilya pants, half-horrified that he's about to ask and desperately knowing this is the one thing he has to see before he dies and afraid Hollander will say no. "Can I... come on your face?"

Hollander exhales around Ilya's dick, raising an eyebrow—and it almost sounds like a laugh, and god, Ilya is so, so fond he's about to lose it—and pulls off Ilya's dick, using both of his hands now to stroke Ilya. His spit is just barely enough, the friction just on the edge of too much, but—fuck. No man would not come from the sight of Shane Hollander on his knees before them, looking up at him like this. Ilya's come lands in ropes across the bridge of his nose and his cheekbones and just across his brows, barely brushing the tips of his eyelashes —

And Ilya realizes that Shane, like this, is the most beautiful thing he has ever seen—because he looks like Ilya's, now, and because Ilya *wants* him to be his. Like this, preferably forever, under him, on his knees before him, over him, with all of Ilya all over him—

Fuck.

When they order room service later, Ilya puts on Shane's boxer briefs and shirt to answer the door while Shane sits just out of sight, and tries very, very hard not to think about how this feels like a cruel preview of something that he will never be able to have.

—

In his haste to flee Ilya's house, that day, because Ilya knows he pushed Shane too fast, too soon—he leaves behind the blue Montreal Metros hoodie he had been wearing under his jacket, which had been haphazardly tossed to the side of Ilya's bed earlier that afternoon.

It smells like him, still, around the neck of it, of clean detergent and the sweet and slightly musky scent that is so uniquely him that Ilya can't help but put his nose to the hood of it and breathe until he goes a little lightheaded with it, because it almost feels like he does when he presses his nose to the nape of Shane's neck—except that Shane isn't here.

Two weeks later, when Ilya sees the pictures of him with Rose Landry, it doesn't stop him from wearing it, anyways, and thinking about how all the marks he left on Shane must have surely faded, by now—and now, there really is nothing left to mark him as Ilya's, anymore, because he *isn't* Ilya's, and this proves this just as sure as anything.

And even though Ilya might have the hoodie, the scent of Shane fades even faster from it than the scratches on his back had. Which really means that, when it comes down to it all, there's no longer anything that marks him as Shane's, either.

Ilya doesn't dare to think of anything more when he sees Shane again in Florida, because he refuses to torture himself any further. Not like this.

Shane might want him now. It doesn't matter. Ilya still can't—isn't allowed to want him back.

Ilya has come to realize that not even the thrill of winning can compare to the lightning that shoots through his veins when he meets Shane's eyes through the visor of their helmets. If the world ended tomorrow he knows that this is the feeling that he will remember before it does. He has never loved the sport more than when Shane is across from him, because it is the only time that he feels like there is nothing else but them.

It is a little ironic that the only time where he feels free from the watchful specter that hangs over both of them is when there are the most eyes on them. But in this way, he knows that it is not Ilya they are here to see, but Ilya Rozanov, captain of the Raiders. Here he does not have to hide the secret of how much he wishes that Shane belongs to him, because it is here that Shane Hollander *is* actually his, in all that matters; his archrival, his competition, and the only one who can measure up to him in any way.

Under this illusion he can almost forget that he has already made up his mind about what he can and cannot have—until he sees Shane sprawled across the ice, unmoving, and then realizes that he has forgotten the most important part of the lesson he thought he knew: that the things he wants might leave him first.

Shane's proposal, for them to go to his cottage during the summer—Ilya wants so badly to say yes. He wants so badly to say yes to it and also to the underlying, unspoken request he's been trying to convey to Ilya all along, Ilya *knows*, but he can't bring himself to accept it because he *wants* it too, so badly, but he knows it'll just get taken away from him. He can't have this. He can never have Shane like this. Shane can never be his, he tells himself, and convinces himself that he has never hoped for anything else, because he is Ilya Rozanov and he knows how these things work.

And then Scott Hunter—of all fucking people—kisses his boyfriend on live television after winning the Stanley Cup, and Ilya thinks:

If Scott fucking Hunter of all people can do it, so can I—and so off to Canada he goes.

“Ilya?” Shane calls, and Ilya spins around to see Shane holding the most damning thing he could’ve found in Ilya’s suitcase—that damned Montreal Metros hoodie. “This is mine, isn’t it?”

Ilya freezes. “Eh?”

“How do you have this? I thought I’d lost it ages ago.”

There’s no good way for Ilya to say the truth, which is that: *you left it at my house in Boston after you broke my heart for the first time and I kept it so I could wear it occasionally and jerk off while thinking about you when I thought I would probably never be able to have you again*, so Ilya settles for the next best thing, which is:

“It... it is not yours.”

Shane shoots him an unimpressed look.

“Oh, so it belongs to someone *else* on the Montreal Metros that you were hooking up with..”

Ilya shudders at the thought. “Ugh. No. I would never. None of them are pretty enough to make up for being hockey player on Canadian team.”

Shane raises his eyebrows. “And I am?”

Ilya clears his throat, walking towards Shane and tossing the hoodie to the side like that will help hide his sins. “Of course you are.”

Shane stifles a laugh. “Uh huh. Smooth. But really. When exactly did I leave that with you, anyway? Why didn’t you tell me? It’s been so long since I’ve seen it. I’ve been looking for it everywhere...”

It is suddenly a lot more enticing to look just about anywhere in the room than Shane’s eyes, so Ilya does just that. “Hm.”

“Ilya?”

Ilya sighs. “It was after we met at my place. You left very quickly and forgot it. Before you...” he waves a hand vaguely in hopes that it will somehow get the idea across of *when you freaked out on me and ran away and then dated Rose Landry for two months and then showed up like nothing happened and I wasn’t sure whether to jump for you or kill you*. “You know.”

“Oh.” Guilt inches across Shane’s face. “Sorry again.”

Ilya immediately feels like he kicked ten thousand puppies. He winces. “Yes. Anyway, it is no big deal now, yes?”

He doesn’t mention that Shane would likely never have seen it ever again had Ilya not packed extremely haphazardly for this cottage trip—by which he means that he packed in the same way that he usually does, which involved living out of the remnants of his suitcase from the

prior trip that he had been on, panicking when he realized he had only a few hours to pack for the next one, and tossing in a few pairs of clean underwear and socks in to replenish whatever was left before zipping it back up again. For some reason, it feels like he shouldn't be returning it back to Shane after all the things he's thought and done while wearing that hoodie.

"Well, thanks for bringing it back." Shane bends over to pick the hoodie up off the floor, undoing all of Ilya's hard work at attempting to get him to drop the damn conversation. And to Ilya's horror, he immediately tugs it on without so much as a by-your-leave, which means that he's definitely about to be confronted with the fact that Ilya has not washed it since he acquired it. It doesn't smell *bad*, exactly, because Ilya's not a heathen, but—"Have you been wearing it?" Shane asks innocently, tilting his head. "It smells like you. Smells good."

Ilya knows he hesitates a beat too long. "Uh. No?"

"Oh." Shane's eyes get really shiny. "You really did, huh?"

Ilya pinches the bridge of his nose. "I just said I didn't."

Shane laughs, looking kind of surprised in a way that makes Ilya wonder if Shane really has no idea how dumbfoundedly and hopelessly head over heels Ilya is for him. "I thought you were mad at me, all those months. You wouldn't even look me in the eye."

Ilya gesticulates incredulously. "You ran away from me and started dating Rose Landry! You had no say over what I did with the hoodie you forgot at *my* house, thank you very much."

"I see..." Shane smiles. The tilt of his head turns mischievous, his gaze heavier. His eyelashes look so, so long. "So you *did* do other things with this, huh?"

Fuck. "I definitely did *not* say that either!"

"Mm. Well... Let's make it even, then." Shane wrestles himself out of the hoodie, shoving Ilya's head into it despite his confused protests and halfway down his shoulders.

"Hollander, what the—"

By the time Ilya has wrestled it down over his body, Shane has disappeared back down the hall and into the bedroom. When he comes back out into the archway so Ilya can see him, he's wearing—

"Ha. Is that..." Ilya exhales in disbelief. "If anyone from Montreal could see this right now, I bet they would riot."

Shane is well built in his own right—and Ilya has admired the wide span of his shoulders and his back more times than he can count—but Ilya *is* a little wider than him, the frame of his shoulders enough to overshadow Shane's just right when Ilya is over him in bed or pressing him into any of the walls and furniture. And it shows in how the jersey drapes just so over him, the sleeves of it just catching on his knuckles, a sliver of his collarbone visible from where the collar is slightly askew.

He turns so Ilya can see the ROZANOV emblazoned across the back, his number and name written all across Shane's body. The look Shane gives him over his shoulder makes Ilya get hard so fast it makes him a little dizzy. Ilya had refused to let Shane put pants on the moment he arrived, so Shane is only in his briefs still. His ass is so fat that the hem of it rests on the swell of muscle where it meets his back.

He looks perfect. He looks like he belongs to Ilya.

"Now we match," Shane says. "How do I look, Rozanov?"

"I'm going to eat you alive," Ilya states. He considers. "The only thing that would make this better is if you were wearing your glasses."

"You're impossible." Shane shakes his head, smiling. "Should I go get them?"

Ilya shakes his head, pushing Shane against the wall. "Next time."

He will not wait a second longer. It feels like Shane has injected his veins with pure electricity. He picks Shane up so he can do just that and hauls him into the bedroom, and he feels like he weighs nothing at all in Ilya's arms. Ilya presses him into the bed and licks into his mouth like it's the last thing he'll ever do, and Shane kisses him back with a fervor that only makes Ilya feel even hotter, his fingers digging into the sleeves of Ilya's borrowed hoodie. There's only one thing left missing, now. Ilya noses at Shane's neck.

"Can I please," he begs, his lips pressed to the unmarked expanse of skin laid out before him. He feels like a thirsting man before an oasis. He feels nearly heady with the possibility of it. Ilya can have him now, like this. There'll be no one else to see either of them for the next few weeks. There is no hockey game that has ever made him feel like *this*, like he's won everything he ever wanted. "No one will see," he continues pleadingly. He closes his eyes. "I just want... I wish everyone could know you're mine."

"Yeah," Shane whispers. "I want..." He rucks up the hem of Ilya's hoodie, his hands hot against bare skin. His eyes look huge in the fading daylight. He's beautiful. "I *am* yours, Ilya. Always."

Ilya sets his mouth to him and makes good on his words. He strips their underwear off but leaves the jersey on Shane because he just *has* to get inside this man while he's wearing it. If Shane comes all over the Boston Raiders logo it will be the greatest day of Ilya Rozanov's life.

They had perhaps been a little overenthusiastic earlier upon their first reunion, so Ilya is gentle when he spreads more lube over and into Shane's hole. They've never fucked twice in such quick succession like this, Ilya realizes. They've never had the occasion to. It's a little puffy, swollen still, slick from Ilya's earlier ministrations, and he feels impossibly hotter. Ilya feels almost faint with this realization again, and he almost knocks over the lamp on the nightstand in his haste to get to the condoms, until Shane reaches a hand to stop him.

"We, um." Shane bites his lip. "We don't have to use a condom this time. If you don't want. Our end-of-season physicals..."

Ilya blinks, stunned. “I…”

“Only if you don’t want to! I don’t mind.” Shane shakes his head. The flush growing across his cheeks makes his freckles stand out in stark contrast. “Forget I asked.”

“Hollander. *Shane*. Are you dumb?” Ilya asks, incredulous. He’s going to kiss this man so stupid. Leave it to Shane Hollander to waltz into his life one day and give Ilya everything he’s ever wanted on a silver platter and then some. His heart feels like it’s going to burst. He leans down so they’re nose to nose and sharing the same breath. “If you ask me this and I ever say no I want you to shoot me dead.” He thinks for a moment. “No. You Canadians don’t have guns. You can hit me with hockey stick over head instead. It will fix me.”

Shane laughs, relieved. “Okay, so that’s a yes.”

“Yes, I will creampie you, Shane.” Ilya nips at his nose. “It is such a hardship for me truly, to come inside the most beautiful hockey player in the world. You ask me for so much.”

Shane flusters even more. “That’s not—”

“It is okay to admit that that is what you want, Shane.” Ilya has to shut up his beautiful man before he protests even further by sliding into him. As he anticipated, Shane immediately stops whatever he’s saying, his pretty mouth falling into the shape of a perfect ‘O’ as he takes in all of Ilya in one smooth glide so, so easy. Look at how far they’ve come. “You will look so good when I fill you up with my come.”

“You’re such a—unh, god—pervert, Rozanov.” Unfortunately for Shane, any hope of Ilya taking him seriously is undercut by the way he moans and squirms back onto Ilya’s cock when Ilya begins to rock into him gently to stretch him out. Part of the slowness is as much for Ilya’s own benefit as it is for Shane. This is a first for him, too. He’s never had any singular partner he would ever trust enough to fuck raw, and he gets it now. If you had asked him before if it was possible for Shane to feel any better than he already did Ilya would have said no, but that was before *this*.

“Says the man who walked out in *my* jersey practically begging for me to fuck him,” Ilya says, strained. His next deeper thrust sends Shane up the mattress and his hands clawing down the sides of Ilya’s shoulders in a satisfying streak of heat.

“I did not *beg*,” Shane says indignantly.

“You walk out looking like that, that is called invitation in English, yes?” Ilya hooks Shane’s knees over his shoulders, pressing him flat into the bed until surely all he can see and feel is Ilya. All *Ilya* can see is Shane, Shane under him and dressed in his clothes, Shane with his lips bitten red, Shane with his neck covered in marks the shape of Ilya’s mouth like a collar, Shane’s voice leaving him in cut off staccato moans from how deep Ilya’s driving into him.

Ilya isn’t sure how much time he loses like this, feeling Shane all around him, the scent of his hoodie and his breaths in Ilya’s ear and his tight hole around his dick. He could stay like this for hours, he thinks.

The head of Shane's cock leaves a shiny smear of precome across the front of the jersey. Not for the first time, Ilya feels like he's going absolutely insane. The other part of his brain, the smaller part that's not devoted to admiring how Shane looks under him and how hot and tight he feels, is using up every little bit of control he possibly can have to not come immediately.

"Maybe I should keep you in here forever. I'll let you out only to play hockey, and the rest of the time, you'll be in here waiting for me, sitting on my cock. All mine."

"Oh my god. *Ilya*," Shane moans. "I'm close."

The gold of his necklace has never looked better than it does resting against the red-purple bruises along the shadows of Shane's throat. He pushes the jersey up to reveal the reddening expanse of Shane's chest, damp with sweat, and sucks a vicious bite into his nipple in a moment of pure self indulgence.

"Come for me," Ilya whispers. He slides a palm around Shane's cock, gripping it just on the edge of too hard, dry and rough and just how he know Shane likes it. Ilya bites at his lips in something that could be barely qualified as a kiss, Shane's mouth gone slack at the pleasure. "All over this fucking jersey, baby. Do it."

Shane's head jerks up, his bleary gaze locking with Ilya's. "Jesus," he curses, and then his eyes are rolling back in his head as Ilya works him so thoroughly through his orgasm that he comes in ropes all over his belly and chest and almost up to his neck and over the collar of the jersey. It's the sight of it that causes Ilya to snap himself, the tightness in his stomach unfurling until he's coming inside Shane in quick, aborted thrusts. It feels so good it almost hurts.

"Fuck, Shane," Ilya pants into his neck, shuddering.

"Fuck," Shane agrees. He huffs a laugh into Ilya's shoulder, sounding a little shy. "You should call me that more often."

Ilya presses his hand apologetically to Shane's face as he pulls out as gently as he can. "What, baby?"

Shane shrugs his shoulders up, leaning back into the mattress. He looks like a dream with the jersey billowing out around him and come on his stomach and leaking out of his hole, just slightly. Like everything Ilya had wished he could have. "Yeah. Maybe."

Ilya considers this. "Just in bed? Or out of bed?" He thinks about saying it to Shane in the morning, when they wake up. How the syllables of it would sound in his mouth. Texting him from a thousand miles away and thinking about him and wondering how he's doing and typing it out, his heart in words for Shane to see. "Yeah. Okay. I'm getting you one of my jerseys too."

Shane laughs. "Can you imagine the look on my mom's face if she looks in my closet and sees a Rozanov jersey in the back?"

Ilya shrugs. “Guess you will just have to explain to her that you have man who wants to fuck you senseless every time he sees you in it, huh?”

Shane’s eyes soften, like he’s actually considering it. “Yeah. Hah. Maybe. Not anytime soon. But.”

“Someday,” Ilya says. He thinks about how it had just been not that long ago that he had already been resigned that even this was something that he wanted so badly but could never, ever have. Something that he was convinced would not ever really be in the cards for him, not with his life and his family and hockey, because no one would ever understand, or ever want to understand. And Shane had blown past all of that to ask him to stay anyway. To want him back.

Someday, he thinks, as he wrestles Shane back to the bed with a giddy smile so he can kiss him again and suck another mark into his throat. Shane, who he gets to himself for the next few weeks. Shane, who’s still wearing *his* jersey.

Shane, who’s Ilya’s.

Someday.

End Notes

wrote this in a fever dream because i NEEDED to get this out before episode 6 consumes my soul. ilya my yearning disaster bisexual. i see so much of myself in you

thank u sprout for cheering me on as always

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