

Winning Isn't Everything

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Winning Isn't Everything

by [Lowhizzle](#)

Summary

Before the Montreal vs. Boston game, Ilya proposes a bet: Loser does whatever the winner wants later that night. Simple. Until losing means that Shane has to try something new. But whatever Ilya wants, Ilya gets. And Ilya wants Shane dressed up all pretty for him.

Notes

Straight up porn. Enjoy!

Shane was securing his shin guards in place when he felt his phone vibrate from beside him.

Lily: Let's make this a little more interesting

Shane's face flushed as he looked around the locker room and immediately dimmed his phone's brightness. They were preparing to face Boston on the ice in less than half an hour. He shouldn't even respond, he knows Rozanov just wants to get in his head.

Lily: Hollanderrrrrrr, come on

Jane: Why are you texting me before a game? Don't do that

Lily: Let's make game more interesting

Jane: How?

Lily: a bet

Jane: No, you just want to get in my head

Lily: no actually I just want to GIVE you head

Jane: bye.

Lily: Noooooo, Hollanderrrr come on, humor me

Lily: Winner gets whatever they want tonight. In room 7341.

Unfortunately, Shane loved the competition and besides, how could he ever deny Ilya anything. Rozanov knew that he couldn't resist.

Jane: Fine, we both know Montreal is going to win anyway.

Lily: See you on the Ice ;)

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*Montreal lost. 4-3. Rozanov pulled the game from a tie with 10 seconds left on the clock. Now Shane rode the elevator up to the seventh floor while his brain rolled with determination and excitement. He would take whatever punishment Ilya had for him. He couldn't be too cruel, right?*

*The elevator dinged, and he dragged the heels of his beat up converse through the hallway in search of room 7341.*

*His knock on the door echoed in the silent hallway and Shane's heartbeat picked up like it always did before they met in whatever hotels their teams were staying in. As soon as the door opened, Shane slipped through and immediately passed Rozanov. He heard the door click behind him. Then, did he finally turn to look at the other man.*

*Ilya Rozanov stood in front of him in grey sweatpants and a black tshirt, looking just as frustratingly sexy as always even in the dim lighting of the hotel room.*

*"Hollander. Took you a while. Did you have to mourn loss?"*

*"Oh shut up. I just had to shower."*

*"Hm."*

*That was all the greeting they needed apparently. In no time, Rozanov took the two steps separating them and connected them from the waist up, attacking him with a fierce kiss. Hollander's lips parted eagerly, giving the other man's tongue full access to explore every inch of his mouth. He reached up to card his fingers through the others' hair, pulling gently. Ilya wasted no time in getting his hands on him. His big hands traveled down his spine and back up again, eventually slipping under his shirt.*

*When Hollander pulled away to catch his breath, Rozanov used this opportunity to trail messy kisses across his jaw, sucking his ear lobe into his hot mouth, and proceeding south to lay wet kisses along his neck. Shane drops his head back and urgently pulls the other man's shirt up his back.*

*When Ilya's mouth is back on his jaw, Hollander releases an embarrassing whimper and he can feel Ilya's mouth pull into a smirk. Suddenly, he's much too cold as Ilya has stepped away. Shane tries to reach for him but is stopped by Ilya's hand on his chest.*

*"Let me show you what I win."*

*"Wh-What?"*

*"The bet. I won. Because I am better than you. I want to claim my prize."*

*Instantly sobered up, Shane gave him a skeptical look.*

*"Uh uh. No complaining. You agreed to whatever the winner wants. And that's me. The winner."*

*"Well what is it you want, asshole."*

*"Sit. On the bed."*

*Shane complied immediately. Like he always does. And watched as Ilya rummaged through his suitcase for ... something. With an "AhA!" and a mischievous glint in his eye, Ilya made his way toward him with a pink plastic bag that he plopped into his lap.*

*"This is my prize." Shane just raised an eyebrow at him. "Open it, Hollander."*

*Inside the bag were multiple pieces of silky, light blue fabric. The first thing he pulled out immediately caused Hollander to cough on the breath he was holding. A simple blue bralette made of silk and lace. Another quick peak in the bag revealed the rest of the set. Matching panties and silk lined stockings. Both baby blue and entirely too embarrassing to even be holding.*

*"If you want to wear these so badly, you don't need to win a hockey game to do so." Shane joked hoping that's all this was. A joke.*

*"No no, not for me. I am not nearly pretty enough. You, on the other hand, very pretty."*

*"You can't be serious."*

*"Mmm, very serious." Ilya gripped his chin in a strong hold forcing their eyes to meet. "You are pretty so you will wear something pretty for me."*

*Hollander wasn't a prude, but he had never done something like this. Usually when he saw Ilya, the goal was to take his clothes off, not put other clothes on. The Montreal captain knew he was gay, but he wasn't this gay. He wasn't 'dress feminine' gay. He couldn't help the*

*nerves that rose inside him from the weight of the silky little items in his hands. But one look into Ilya's eyes and he realized that maybe he wasn't 'dress in girly clothes' gay, but he was definitely 'get railed into the mattress by a sexy Russian' gay, and in the privacy of the hotel room, what's the difference?*

*Shane muted the war in his head, and simply nodded, feeling more tension leave his body at the way Ilya's smirk pulled to a genuine smile.*

*He took the little bag into the bathroom with him. While being no stranger to taking his clothes off in front of the other captain, he needed a moment to compose himself.*

*Slipping out of his own tshirt, jogger, and briefs, Shane held the tiny little bralette in front of him. Luckily, it wasn't some complicated mess with a million straps. Just the two straps with a clasp in the back. He slipped it over his head, because he was NOT about to ask Ilya for help, and pulled the underwear off the counter and stepped through the leg holes. Finally, he sat on the edge of the tub to wrangle the thin stockings up to his thighs. While a little tight, they were secure.*

*Shane looked himself over in the mirror. Having spent most of his time with the Russian player naked or in Hockey gear, he wasn't expecting the set to be a perfect fit. But the asshole was good at everything he tried, even this. Shane could admit that he looked objectively sexy, if you liked this sort of thing. The light blue went perfectly with his complexion, and the cut of the set emphasized both the slight curves of his body and the rigidness that came with brutal training.*

*Cracking open the bathroom door, Shane peaked his head around it. The rest of his body followed and he walked silently toward the bed. The moment of truth. The reveal. What if all of this was actually a big prank and both of their teams as well as every major news station collectively walked through the door and yelled, 'GOT YA!' That's not what happened though.*

*Ilya's head immediately perked up from where he sat on the end of the bed, and his eyes flooded with warmth. His gaze tracked every inch of Shane's body like he would be quizzed on it later. One hand lifted from his lap and traced the waistband of the silk underwear.*

*"Turn around. Show off for me." Ilya broke the silence and Shane obeyed slowly, turning 180 degrees to show him the back of the set. He looked over his shoulder and found the other man gnawing on his bottom lip with so much heat in his eyes, he started to get excited himself.*

*"Fuck. You are beautiful. I am a genius. I should dress you up more often." If this was the reaction he got every time, Shane didn't think he would mind that one bit.*

*Suddenly both hands came up to find Shane's hips as he was pulled one step closer. Ilya's hands gently roamed his hips and thighs, occasionally slipping his fingers under the fabric. Behind him, Ilya stood up off the bed and crowded his back.*

*"No one would guess that Montreal's perfect, boring captain would dress up in pretty little panties for his rival," Ilya's words fanned across his ear bringing goosebumps across his*

*skin. Shane let out another breathy whimper as he arched his back at an attempt to get that much closer.*

*Ilya loved Shane like this — a needy, little puddle who would do anything to get Ilya's dick inside him. He continued to drag his rough hands across Shane's warm skin and placed wet kisses and sharp nips on the back of his neck. Ilya pulled him even closer with his hands over the lace on his chest and finally, ground his hips into Shane's silk clad ass.*

*The warmth left his back left as he was spun around. Shane looked up into his rivals eyes.*

*“Get on your knees.” Shane obediently fell to the floor with a soft thump.*

*From the floor, he was eye level with the Boston captain's covered cock. He immediately leaned forward to nuzzle his face in the fabric and leave little kisses around the bulge. Looking up through the lashes, he slid two fingers under the waistband of the sweatpants and pulled them over his ass to leave them as a puddle around his ankles.*

*Maintaining eye contact, he licked a broad stripe along the underside of Ilya's cock earning a groan from above him. Shane's tan hands roamed from the back of his knees to the swell of his ass and back down as he left kitten licks at the base and eventually took the head between his lips.*

*Ilya's hands found the back of his hair and gripped the strands at the nape of his neck.*

*“Fuck, Hollander, your mouth. So fucking good.”*

*Encouraged by the praise, Shane took him further in his throat, closing his eyes to focus on breathing through his nose. He loved how he could make the Russian lose control like this, the power he held simply being on his knees. Shane's grip tightened on his thighs when his cock hit the back of his throat. He didn't pull away until there was a mix of saliva and precome dripping down his chin.*

*Suckling on the head, he chanced a glance upwards to find Ilya's head back and eyes screwed shut. Shane kept one hand on the thigh in front of him but brought the other up under his t-shirt to scrape at his abs hoping Ilya got the message and just took the whole thing off. Always able to read Shane's mind, Ilya discarded the shirt and brought his gaze back down to the man on his knees.*

*Shane brought his lips back down to the base and released a rumbling moan around the entire length. The hands on his head held him in place until he saw stars. His own dick lay rock hard and wanting just from pleasing the man above him.*

*Suddenly, he was pulled to his feet and his lips met Ilya's in a bruising kiss. Ilya could taste himself on the other man's lips and groaned in satisfaction. He quickly pushed him onto the hotel bed. Shane plopped down with a slight huff and looked over to find Ilya grabbing a small bottle of lube from his bag. Finally.*

*Ilya tossed the bottle next to the other man's hips and took a moment to appreciate the view. Hollander splayed out in the pretty lingerie that framed his cock perfectly and his back that*

*arched slightly in invitation.*

*He straddled Shane's thighs as he left wet kisses at the top of his jaw and thrust his cock against him once.*

*"Please," Shane breathed out. He wanted his dick in his ass, like, yesterday.*

*"Mmm. Needy," Ilya whispered back.*

*Ilya trailed those wet lips down his neck until he reached lace covered nipples. He tortured one with his tongue through the fabric as his fingers twisted and pulled at the other. Shane writhed underneath him and he arched his back in an attempt to get even closer. Ilya used his own hips to pin him to the bed and dragged his tongue from one abused nipple to the other and repeated his ministrations.*

*Not until both nipples were red and puffy did Ilya bring his hands underneath Shane to grab at the clasp to remove the bralette all together. He wanted, needed, more skin. Ilya sat up on his knees and manhandled the captain below him onto his stomach. He appreciated his strength more in the bedroom than he ever did on the ice.*

*Settling back on his ankles, still straddled around the others thighs, Ilya thrust his cock between the silk covered globes of Shane's ass while leaning down to trace the top knob of his spine with his tongue. He took his precious time shuffling down the bed and biting along the length of Shane's back until his lips reached the baby blue waistband. Ilya's big hands spread and kneaded at the cheeks until Shane was wriggling impatiently.*

*"Rozanov, please, Oh my God, hurry up."*

*"Patience, patience."*

*Finally, Ilya slipped his fingers under the fabric and slowly, torturously slowly, pulled the panties over the other man's ass. Shane arched his back even more to allow them to be removed fully. Dropping the underwear on the floor, Shane was left in nothing but the slutty little stockings causing Ilya to let out a low groan.*

*Ilya groped and teased a little more until he finally spread the cheeks to reveal that perfect pink hole. Shane felt him spit on his crack and drag the wetness with his thumb. All of a sudden he felt Ilya's hot breath on his ass and a wet tongue lick across his hole. He let out an embarrassingly loud moan and bit down on his forearm to stifle the sounds of his pleasure.*

*Shane heard the click of the lube being opened as he writhed beneath Ilya's tongue. A wet finger joined the mouth to begin opening him up. Ilya pushed his fingers to the knuckles and waited for Shane to get used to the intrusion. When he finally relaxed, Ilya brought that finger in and out until the effortless glide meant he was ready for more.*

*Scissoring two fingers in the wet heat quickly made room for a third finger. Ilya placed sharp bites onto the cheek in front of him as he picked up the pace. He drilled those three broad fingers in and out and finally ground into the other man's prostate.*

*"FUCK" Shane yelled as he raised his ass in a deeper arch.*

*"Shhh. You don't want the entire world to know how good you are at taking it, no?" Ilya*

*smirked against his ass cheek.*

*In the next moment, Shane was empty. A pained whimper left his mouth before his brain could tell it not too. He heard the unmistakable sound of Ilya lubing his cock behind him and he got in position with his face in his arms and his ass high in the air.*

*Ilya grabbed at his hips and buried himself in one smooth movement. Both moaned high on satisfaction. After giving him a moment to adjust, he began a practiced pace of connecting their hips and then dragging his cock out until just the head remained inside.*

*The sounds of skin slapping on skin, their ragged breaths and Shane's small whimpers echoed on the walls of the hotel room. Ilya leaned over to bite and suck on his shoulder, occasionally, letting streams of what Shane could only guess were Russian profanities.*

*With one hand fisted in his hair and the other wrapped around his throat, Ilya pulled Shane to a kneel and plastered his body against him.*

*Shane brought his own hand back to grab onto whatever he could reach as Ilya continued to pound into him.*

*"You are such a slut for it, aren't you Hollander? Your hole just sucks me right in. So fucking good at taking my cock." Ilya's praise and dirty words caused Shane to let out a drawn out moan and clench his ass around the dick inside it.*

*"You love it when I tell you how good you are. Whole world tells you every day but you just need to hear it from my mouth."*

*"Yes. I lo- I love it. I love- fuck- being good for you." How Shane was even able to form words right now he wasn't sure.*

*Ilya's hand never left his throat as he nailed his prostate and caressed the skin below his belly button.*

*"So, ugh, so deep. Let me, let me see you. Please." Shane begged and Ilya obliged. In the blink of an eye, Shane was flipped around and landing on his back as Ilya sank right back in.*

*Now being able to look him in the eyes, Shane could see how Ilya's pupils have dilated leaving very little iris left. He scratched and groped at the blonde's biceps as Ilya slowed to a torturous pace, slowly dragging his cock in and out, leaving him writhing for more.*

*Shane tried to lift his hips to encourage the other to move faster but was quickly pinned back down. Frustrated tears sprung in his eyes. In an effort to distract him, Ilya leant down to crash their lips together. The slow pace was balanced out with a sloppy kiss full of teeth and tongue. Ilya bit at the plump lower lip hard enough to draw blood.*

*As Shane arched his back to bring his chest closer, Ilya dropped to his forearms to fuse their bodies together. Sick of the slow fuck, Shane decided to take things into his own hands. Quickly, he flipped them both over so he was straddling the other man's lap. He took a moment to appreciate the view before guiding Ilya's cock back into his needy hole.*

*The Boston captain's moment of shock, left Shane with the chance to finally go the rougher pace he had been craving. Dropping his head back, he braced one hand on Ilya's knee behind him and the other on his abs. He bounced on his knees and rolled his hips making sure the dick inside him grazed his prostate every time.*

*Once his brain was back online Ilya grabbed Shane's hips to lift and drag him back on his cock. Again. And Again.*

*"Fuck, Hollander, you're so fucking tight."*

*Ilya kneaded and groped at Shane's pecs as he watched his rival ride his cock like he was made for it. Shane dropped his hands beside his head and ground his hips, sliding his cock deep inside of him. The blonde sucked at his right nipple earning a high, whiney moan above him.*

*Feeling warmth pool low in his stomach, Shane licked his hand before bringing it to his own dick. He worked himself as he continued to bounce ruthlessly on Ilya's cock bringing himself closer and closer to release.*

*"I- I'm close," he spoke directly into Ilya's ear.*

*"Come for me, Hollander. Show me how good I make you feel. How good only I can make you feel." With that, Ilya bucked his hips up, perfectly ramming that special spot inside him, and Shane saw white as he yelled with his release. Proof of his orgasm painted Ilya's chest and abs and the euphoria seemed to last a lifetime.*

*Ilya wasn't far behind. With a pliant and sated Shane on top of him, he jackhammered into his abused hole until his own orgasm shot out of him filling Shane even more.*

*The blonde ran his hands over Shane's sweaty back as they both caught their breath. Once Shane's brain was back online he slid off of Ilya's dick and directly into the spot next to him. Looking into each other's eyes, both men had small satisfied smiles on their faces.*

*"Wow." Shane let out a, very manly might he add, giggle.*

*"Yes." Ilya swiped a finger through the mess on his chest and licked it off with a wink.*

*With a final kiss to the top of Shane's head, Ilya stood and headed to the bathroom before returning with two wet rags. After wiping himself clean, he got to work on ridding Shane of the come and lube that decorated his perfect ass. Both clean enough for Shane's fussy standards, Ilya climbed back into the bed to wrap his arms around the other man.*

*They laid there in comfortable silence until a glimpse of blue fabric and the reminder that he was still wearing stockings brought a question to the forefront of Shane's mind.*

*"Hey. What were you gonna do if you lost the game tonight?"*

*"What do you mean?"*

*"Like with the lingerie, you obviously bought it before the game. What if I won and got to make you do something?"*

*"Hmm. I do not know. I do not lose."*

*"Humor me."*

*“I probably would have made you wear it anyway.”*

*“I probably would have let you.”*

*“I know. Because you love to do what I say.”*

*“Hm. Did you happen to buy any other sets?”*

*“I guess you will have to find out.”*

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