

## **tell me you belong to me**

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| Rating:          | <a href="#">Mature</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |
| Archive Warning: | <a href="#">Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |
| Category:        | <a href="#">M/M</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |
| Fandoms:         | <a href="#">Heated Rivalry (TV)</a> , <a href="#">Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
| Relationship:    | <a href="#">Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
| Characters:      | <a href="#">Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">Hayden Pike</a> , <a href="#">Ottawa Centaurs Team Ensemble (Game Changers)</a> , <a href="#">Montreal Voyageurs Team Ensemble (Game Changers)</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |
| Additional Tags: | <a href="#">Jealous Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Possessive Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">Jealousy</a> , <a href="#">5+1 Things</a> , <a href="#">Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers)</a> , <a href="#">Book 2: Heated Rivalry (Game Changers)</a> , <a href="#">Light Angst</a> , <a href="#">Fluff</a> , <a href="#">Getting Together</a> , <a href="#">Character Study</a> , <a href="#">shane is so in love with ilya it makes him stupid</a> , <a href="#">ilya very much enjoys it</a> |
| Language:        | English                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |
| Stats:           | Published: 2025-12-22 Words: 7,489 Chapters: 1/1                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |

# **tell me you belong to me**

by [BlackLilies](#)

## Summary

Shane was never the jealous type. Until Ilya Rozanov came into his life.

5+1 times fic

## Notes

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

Shane was used to locker room talk. Familiar with the way players chirped teasingly at one another while gearing up for practice or a game. He was familiar with the filthy topics and shamelessness of a room full of men too overtly comfortable with oversharing with each other. The way gossip travelled quickly, rumors spreading from team to team, player to player. Shane had only been playing with the Voyageurs for half a season, and he was quick to learn that locker room talk was no different from the juniors to the pros.

Shane had found an ability, a long time ago, to tune out the voices and quips of his teammates. Able to focus himself on prepping his mind and body, the teasing and remarks were nothing but a distraction he did not want to fall into. Shane was good at ignoring it, he never let it disrupt his routine. Until-

“I cannot get my trashy news without Rozanov making headlines once a week,” Boiziau scoffed, his thick accent bouncing off the lockers and filling the space of the room. Shane snapped his head up, half way done with putting on his padding. “Look at this shit.”

He was scrolling through his phone, Drapeau leaning over his shoulder whistling low under his breath. Drapeau smirked, a wicked leer, “I heard he has a girl in every town.”

Berkes leaned forward from where he was sitting on the bench, “Do you know what I heard?”

Shane’s eyes flickered unsteadily between the three. His hands were growing shaky as he tried to finish dressing.

“I heard he is the reason Carmichael and his chick broke up.”

Boiziau and Drapeau started at the same time, chants of ‘there’s no way’ and ‘who the hell told you that?’.

“Hansen told me!”

“Hansen got traded last year to Seattle how the fuck does he know?”

“He’s still on friendly terms with some of the guys,” Berkes defended. All their voices rising. Other conversations stifled and quieted around them, the players quick to turn their attention onto the young rookie of their opposing team.

Shane knew of the reputation, knew what the other guys said about Rozanov. Knew of the reputation Rozanov carried with him from juniors, aware of the one he was building with his new team.

“From what I heard, Ilya flirted with her hardcore. Led her on. She broke it off with Carmichael hoping she would get some from Rozanov just to be left high and dry afterwards,” Berkes snarked, holding court in the locker room.

“No fucking way!” Boiziau yelled, laughing around his words.

This caused a few of the others to toss out their thoughts on the topic. Insults thrown carelessly around. Harsh words hidden through laughs and jibs. The energy rose as the team took their pleasure out on the expense of Rozanov. The noise turned into a sharp ring in Shane's ear.

Boiziau's phone was being passed from hand to hand, the article that began it all still lit up on the screen. Still half dressed, Shane grabbed the phone as it made its way to his side of the room.

There on the screen were grainy photos of Rozanov, other members of the Bears in the background of what appeared to be a club, no doubt who it was. His hands wrapped tightly around a slim waist, her ass pressed against his groin, his mouth attached to the skin of her neck. The article highlighted the Bears win and how several members of the team went out to an exclusive nightclub famed in the Boston area.

Shane scrolled, each photo accentuating the closeness of their bodies. The last photo was taken from the front. Her head tilted back onto his shoulder, clear pleasure written across her face. One of his hands was trailing lower, fingers spread out against her lower stomach. The other cupping underneath her breast.

His eyes staring directly into the camera. A predatory gaze.

Shane stared at it, unable to look away. Looking into those piercing eyes, he knew firsthand how blue they were. Knew what those strong hands felt gripping his skin. Flashes of that night in the hotel room after their photoshoot, noisily invading Shane's hazardous thoughts. A one time thing. A mistake, a dark voice in Shane's head often said. Memories that haunted him, invaded his dreams. Kept him awake in the dark and an urge that never seemed to cease within him.

Two months later, Shane could still feel the touch of skin against skin. The heat radiating from them both, the slick of sweat on their bodies. Shane could make a map of all the wet kisses Rozanov pressed against him. His neck, his chest, his inner thigh. Tongue wet and teeth nipping. That same mouth now attached to someone else, immortalized forever in these photographs.

Something sick and twisted rose up within him. A burn against the back of his throat, a prickle behind his eyes. The locker room faded away around him, the ring in his ears deafening. He wondered if on that night he looked like that girl. Lost in lust and pleasure, mouth half open in a moan. He wondered if Rozanov took the girl home with him. If this stranger knew what else his mouth and hands were capable of. How only one night of sinful pleasure with the man could cause so much inner turmoil.

And he wondered if Rozanov thought of Shane. While tasting the flesh of this woman's skin, he compared it to the saltiness of Shane's. As he soothed his hands over her soft pliant skin, he thought of the hardness of Shane's thickened muscles and calluses.

And worst of all, Shane wondered if Rozanov did not care at all. Simply another night added to his roster.

His lockermate, Pike, took the phone from Shane's hand, snapping him from this dazed fog. Pike whispered, "damn, the media is gonna love him."

"They already do," Comeau said from the other side of Shane, "this isn't the first time he's been photographed like this."

"Ah man, he's gonna make the rest of us look like sluts," Pike sighed, "we already get a bad rap with all the infidelity cases coming out of the sport."

Comeau laughed loudly then shrugged, "it's his reputation. He clearly has no issue with it."

"Is this common?" Shane asked, his tongue felt heavy in his mouth.

"With Rozanov?" Comeau answered, "fuck yeah. I'm surprised you haven't seen the other women he's been seen with. He's already had more scandals in the two months he's made pro than Hunter has in his entire career."

Shane nodded minutely. He turned his back on the locker room with the pretense of finishing getting ready. He leaned against his locker, the cool of the metal soothed the warmth pooling in his cheeks. Shane closed his eyes and willed the fast beat of his heart to calm down. Willed for the tightness in his chest to loosen up. He rubbed irritably at his chest, his fingers ghosting against his throat where bitterness sat and carried with him throughout the game.

They beat the Sharks 4-0, Shane scoring two of those goals and assisting in one. He took to the ice harshly, the sharpness of his skates cutting across the ice. He checked guys bigger than him, a risk he often avoided. He took his own share of hits, bouncing back with a vengeance and hard set eyes. His jaw tense the entirety of it all.

Boiziau clapped Shane on the back as the team made their way back to the locker room. Plans being made to celebrate are already being discussed. "Man, I don't know what the fuck possessed you today but you were a beast! Keep it up, Hollander."

Shane declined going out with the rest of the guys, traversing back to the hotel alone instead. The tabloid article of Rozanov on his phone, illuminating the dark hotel room. Shane cursed and slammed his phone down on the bed. Sitting in the dark, with his head in his hands.

## 2-

The night was dragging on. The award show seemed like it was never going to end. An endless stream of the same speech spoken in different voices. Of pretend camaraderie and friendliness. He had won for the best show of leadership, his first season of being captain for the Voyageurs. He plastered on a fake smile and rushed through his speech. The bright lights pierced his eyes and caused a subtle headache to form.

Shane was tired. He was nursing bruised ribs, black and blue coating the entire left side of Shane's torso after a pretty bad check into the boards during a game four nights ago. No broken ribs, but every time Shane took too deep of a breath it ended in a wince and subtle

hiss of pain. He wanted to do nothing but sneak off to his hotel room and get at least six hours of sleep before waking up to get in some gym time before his mid-morning flight. But Hayden and J.J insisted he join them at the afterparty. They each already had at least two drinks in them and were using Shane's win to continue the alcoholic based celebration they had seemed to form. Calling for shots and throwing them back in dedication to their new young captain. Hayden's hand heavy on his shoulder. J.J gathering more players into their circle. The ballroom was packed with bodies. The music was loud, the guys yelling over one another to hear each other.

Shane sipped quietly on the ginger ale Hayden had discreetly slid over to him with a wink. Smiling politely when the attention fell onto him. Offering simple worded answers, his voice drowned out against the noise. Shane scanned the room, his eyes wandering through the throngs of people and the dance floor packed.

His attention stopped on one particular person. His tall sturdy frame leaning against the bar, an aura of confidence and nonchalant permeating from him. Shane could feel it from across the room.

It has only been three weeks since Shane last saw Rozanov. The Voyageurs had played against the Bears in Boston, losing 2-1. Rozanov and Shane were the only ones to score that night, on and off the ice. Shane had sent Rozanov his hotel and room number one minute before leaving the locker room at the start of the game.

An hour of blissed out pleasure, the two of them chasing every release they could get out of one another. An hour of Rozanov whispering Russian down the length of Shane's spine, his arm wrapped around his waist and his hand stroking Shane with harsh quick tugs that had Shane whimpering into the sheets. The burn of the carpet rubbing against the skin of Shane's knees as he sunk to the floor, mouthing at Rozanov's erection. His hands rubbed the length of Rozanov's thighs that gripped Shane's frame. Rozanov leaned back onto his hands as he sat on the bed, moaning praises into the air. Rozanov had made him cum three times that night, a sly smirk against Shane's heated skin. His accent thick and going straight to Shane's cock, "treat for every goal scored tonight."

And as Shane watched Rozanov from across the room, he could feel his body begin to tense. Anticipation growing deep within him. An increased heart rate. A dryness to his mouth, causing him to lick at his lips. His skin prickled with the want of a carasse.

Rozanov stood straighter, bringing his drink to his mouth, drinking slowly. His head tilted back, his adam's apple bobbing with every sip. He twisted his body to the right, putting himself in the space of a woman who had been watching him with as much rampant attention as Shane has been. Rozanov ticked his slight smile into a smirk. He was talking to the woman, causing her to lower her gaze in a feign innocence. She laughed at something he said, swatting playfully at his chest then moving her arm to rest on his bicep.

The desire building within Shane twisted into something ugly and terrible tasting. He bit the inside of his cheek. His muscles pulling taunt stretching against his skin and leaving a dull ache radiating throughout him.

The woman leaned forward, pushing her breasts onto Rozanov's torso.

Shane pulled out his phone and texted ‘Lily’ four numbers. 2583.

Rozanov pulled away from the woman slightly, pulling his phone from his pantsuit pocket. He stared at the phone for a long moment then looked up, eyes searching the room. Shane caught his eye, their gazes locked on one another.

Shane pointedly turned towards Hayden, never taking his eyes off Rozanov. Shouting through the noise that he was going to turn in for the night. Hayden brought him in for a side hug, slurring a goodnight. He broke eye contact and walked through the mass of bodies to the exit, knowing he was being tracked through it all. Knowing in a few minutes time, a pair of footsteps will be echoing after his own.

Shane turned on a side lamp in his hotel room, glowing the room in a soft light. He pulled his tie over his head, ruffling his hair. He unbuttoned the first three buttons of his dress shirt. He had barely been in his room for a solid five minutes before there was a sharp rap against his door.

Rozanov was in his room and pushed against the wall but he could even usher out a tease. Shane desperately on his knees, ignoring the light pleasurable pain taunting from his bruised side, yanking at Rozanov’s zipper. His nose trailing at any available skin, breathing in the familiar musk that had Shane watering at the mouth.

“Fuck, Hollander,” Rozanov grunted, pulling at Shane’s hair, pulling him closer.

And as Shane took Rozanov deep, his nose pushed against his pelvic bone. His hands holding Rozanov firmly against the wall, thigh muscles moving under him. Moaning around the length and hardening at every curse of Shane’s name in Rozanov’s mouth, he knew Rozanov had long forgotten about that woman.

### 3-

Shane had not seen Ilya in nearly six months. Not since that unfaithful night at Ilya’s house that led Shane running from his emotions, from his very being. Into the arms of the first girl who brought a semblance of comfort that Ilya had brought him. Six months of figuring himself out, harsh conversations with his mind in the middle of the night, his body never satisfied and aching for something he was refusing himself to want.

Rose had broken things off. But it brought him to admit for the first time to both himself and to another that he was gay. It brought him a friend who he was able to confide in, not knowing he needed that validation until it was given to him in the form of gentle eyes and soft words. And with it all, the revelation of just how much Ilya had come to mean to him. He knew deep down, at the true core of his being, that the ache he had been feeling was his soul calling out to Ilya.

Since spotting Ilya sitting at the hotel bar the day before the All Stars Game, Shane has not been able to take his eyes off the other man. Curling into his space and flourishing under his gaze as if he were a simple flower blooming opening under the beam of the sun. Shane could

feel anytime Ilya looked at him, feeling it unlock something within him. The sly and hidden touches against his elbow, his wrist, the low of his back. The clear hunger in Ilya's eyes that had Shane's stomach in a flutter.

He knew Ilya was showing off in the pool, water glistening against his abs and the warmth of Florida kissing soft spots of red across his cheeks.

Ilya was beautiful like this. Preening under Shane's watchful gaze.

They played as if they were one. In sync with every unspoken play. Shane knew exactly where Ilya would be on the ice without looking. It was fun and accelerating. Shane felt like he was floating. This drawn out foreplay between them, winding Shane tight.

Shane wanted Ilya in his hotel room the moment the buzzer sounded and announced their team as the winner for this year's All Stars game.

But Ilya had teased him, with a white sheet shirt unbuttoned down to his naval and slacks that clung to his ass, and integrated himself into the center of the after party.

The hotel bar is flourishing with hockey players and tourists. Alcohol was nonstop pouring and everyone was thriving off the thrill of the game, whether they won or lost. They all felt the intensity of Shane and Ilya playing off one another.

Shane spent a majority of the young evening searching for Ilya in the crowd. Dodging conversations and stepping around couples on the floor. He felt his blood thrumming under his skin, bubbling with desire. It was all part of the game. Shane had made Ilya wait months for this, and he was getting his revenge by making Shane chase after him. Shane felt obscene, he felt desperate, and it was making him so overtly horny it was making his head fuzzy with want.

By the time the moon was high in the sky and everyone had had several drinks put into their system, Shane finally caught Ilya in suspension. At the edge of the party, half covered in darkness and the other bathing under the moonlight. He had his head cocked and his eyes fixated on Shane, calling him over.

Shane felt time slow down. His feet led him before his mind could catch up. Shane needed Ilya, he felt primal in that moment. Finally finding what he has been so desperately searching for.

A player stepped in front of Shane, trying to stop him and offer congratulations for a game well played. Shane could not name who was vying for his attention, his thoughts solely fixed on the man still so far out of reach. Shane tried politely to excuse himself from the conversation, rushing out thanks and offering his own sportsmanship.

By the time he had freed himself and set himself back on the path leading to his man, there was another person by Ilya's side. A man, an attractive one. Shane was not familiar with him, not a hockey player then. A tourist, dressed in an open unbuttoned flowy shirt and a short bathing suit. He had a drink in his hand and was speaking to Ilya. A flirty smile and eyes that roamed over Ilya's figure.

Ilya was still watching Shane. But he tapped the rim of his glass against his mouth and tilted his head just ever so slightly towards the man. Shane caught it all. The teasing glint in Ilya's eyes. He could hear Ilya telling Shane to hurry up or else someone could take his place.

Shane finally pushed his way through the remaining crowd. The pressure in his ears succeeded like he had made his landing. Shane wanted to drop to his knees right then and there, pull Ilya's hips towards him. Nose at his crotch and breathe him in. And the wicked gleam that coated over Ilya told Shane that he knew exactly what Shane wanted to do.

"Hollander," Ilya purred, his accent thick from the drink.

"Rozanov," Shane breathed, a tilting hitch to it.

"Oh, you guys know each other?" The man said. Shane glanced at him, his gaze darkening and he wanted nothing more than for this man to disappear. To take a step away from Ilya and to never look in his direction again. And Ilya grinned, wicked and feral.

"Mn," Ilya spoke, dropping his voice lower, "you could say that."

"Cool, cool," the guy continued, a drunken smile on his flushed face, "Ilya was telling me he is a hockey player. I don't really know much about the sport but I heard there was some big event today."

Ilya's name sounded like a violation on this man's tongue.

"Yeah, a competition," Shane replied, gritting his teeth and hissing out the words, "did he tell you I won?"

"Oh dude, no he didn't" the guy continued, unknowing to what was brewing around him, "was there some sort of prize?"

"I'm still waiting for the prize," Shane said, peering up at Ilya.

"I'm sure you will get it soon enough," Ilya whispered, "you were most impressive today, Hollander, you deserve a worthy prize."

"It was a bunch of different competitions right?" the guy butted in, "what was your best score?"

"The speed skate," Shane immediately answered, licking at his lips, "I came first, pretty quickly. 3065 was my score."

Ilya raised an eyebrow, knowing the time Shane gave was incorrect. He tossed his head back and drowned the rest of his drink. He tapped a ring studded finger against the glass, the metal of the ring clinking against the glass. He stepped into Shane's space. "Yes, yes, how quick you are, Hollander. I wonder what else you will come first in."

Then he stepped away from Shane and headed to the bar. Topping off his drink before sauntering away from the party back towards the hotel, one look over his shoulder had Shane scrambling. Leaving the guy mid sentence.

Ilya was waiting outside Shane's hotel room. The rest of his shirt unbuttoned and his drink halfway finished. Shane was unlocking the door and pushing Ilya through it. Pushing him further and further until he was bouncing back against the bed, a laugh on his tongue and his hands grabbing to pull Shane closer.

Shane climbed into Ilya's lap, his fingers twisting around the curls at the base of Ilya's neck. Pulling Ilya closer, until he felt the warmth of his mouth against his skin. He sank lower, rutting against Ilya. He was already so far gone, his mind clouded with lust. Shane swiveled his hips, setting a fast rhythm. The friction of their hardened clothed cocks frotting against each other had Shane moaning loudly, his eyes rolling to the back of his head. He kissed and nipped along Ilya's jaw, biting down harshly on Ilya's ear.

"Mn, what a good boy you are," Ilya licked a strip along Shane's neck then blew on it. The shiver going down Shane's spine. "So desperate for it, so desperate for me."

"Ilya, Ilya, Ilya," Shane whimpered, "please."

Ilya gripped Shane's jaw, his thump pressing into Shane's pulse point. Shane whined, grinding faster against Ilya. "Please, what? You're a big boy, use your words, Shane."

Tears formed in Shane's eyes, the pleasure racking through his body. The tenseness that he held himself with all day finally melted away as Ilya rubbed his hands over Shane's body. "Please, Ilya. I need you. Fuck, I need you so bad."

"I don't think I need to do anything," Ilya teased, biting at Shane's lips, "will you make yourself cum like this? Rutting against me like a dog in heat? Think you can cum untouched just the feel of my cock against yours?"

Shane shook his head, a sob bursting forth as Ilya's hand wandered lower, pressing just so lightly against Shane's crotch. "No, no. I need you in me. I need you."

Shane tightened his hold on Ilya, rocking against him, begging for more.

"I do not know," Ilya mouthed at Shane's heated skin, unbuttoning Shane's shirt to suck at his peck. "Perhaps I go back to party? Find that pretty man, bet he wants my cock too."

Shane hissed, pushing on Ilya until he felt back. Shane pawed at Ilya's pants, desperately undoing them. Desperate to get his hands on Ilya's heat. Desperate to have it fill him until he was whole again.

Ilya's eyes glistening, his smile wide and open as he watched the man atop him come undone.

Shane rode him, fast and eager. His thigh muscles burning and his body coating in a thin veil of sweet sweat. Ilya's hands leaving bruising touches everywhere, pinching at his chest and tracing his abs. Shane's movements stuttered as he cried out, arching in pleasure. But Shane did not stop until Ilya was moaning Shane's name, over and over again like a mantra. Ilya grunting out Shane's name into the crook of his neck before losing control and cumming harshly. Their bodies fucked out and clinging to one another in the midst of the Florida heat.

Ilya pressed soft longing kisses over Shane's face, offering words of praise. Rubbing at Shane's sore muscles. Ilya kissed Shane on the mouth, "I should make you jealous more, Hollander, very sexy, very good for me."

Shane swatted at him halfheartedly, his smile dopey, his body dropping from the high. Content in Ilya's arm. "Shut up."

#### 4-

There was a small diner twenty minutes north of the hockey camp. Shane's parents used to bring him there for breakfast when he was young as they spent their summer at their family lakeshore cottage. It was discreet, tucked away off any main roads. It was always quiet, the rest of the patrons minded their own business.

On a rare morning where the kids were all accounted for and operations were running smoothly thanks to the rest of the counselors they had that summer. Hayden and Price had the kids running simple drills, helping them to get their footing on the ice and familiarity of the padding. When Shane and Ilya showed up at the rink to start the day's lesson, Jackie, who decided to join her husband at the camp and make a family trip of it, had caught them at the entrance. Urging them back out before any of the kids could see them and told them to take some time for themselves. She closed the door behind her with a wink.

Shane took the opportunity and packed Ilya into their car and took him twenty minutes north. Driving further into the forests and small towns. His boyfriend's hand resting comfortably on his thigh. The windows down and the gentle summer heat rolling over them. The radio was playing softly in the background. And Shane has never felt more content in his life than in this moment right now.

Shane looked over at Ilya. His head resting against the frame, watching the landscape pass them by. A small smile on his face. Shane reached down and intertwined his fingers through Ilya's. Bringing Ilya's hand to his mouth, pressing a soft kiss to the curve of his hand and wrist.

"Will you tell me where you are taking me?" Ilya asked, a laugh in his voice.

"There's a restaurant, not far from here," Shane answered, his voice soft and sweet, "they have good breakfast. It's small, quiet, and discreet. I just thought, we don't really go out together. But this... this is good. It is not far from the camp. People know we run it together, it shouldn't be weird to see us out together. Right?"

Ilya hummed in agreement, "right. It is normal for friends to have meal together."

Shane pulled off the main road onto a dirt path leading up to a small wooden shop. There were only three other cars out front. Ilya got out of the car first, "come, Hollander, I am starving and it smells good."

The door jingled, announcing their presence. The waitress at the counter, pouring coffee into the other sole patron's cup, told them to pick a table and she'll be by in a moment. Ilya led them to a table tucked between the corner and the window. It was a beautiful clear day out, a soft breeze cutting through the summer heat and offering a semblance of comfort. And Shane felt content, for the first time in a long time, he felt content sitting across from Ilya sharing a simple meal out in public without any fear of consequence.

"Sorry to keep you waiting, sweetie," the waitress stopped at their table, laying a menu down in front of each of them, "I'll give you some moments to look it over but do we want to start with some coffee?"

"Two coffees will be perfect," Ilya grinned up at her.

The waitress smiled back, shy and blushing, "coming right up."

Shane has had that smile, that gorgeous smile, directed at him so many times. He knew the impact it made on others, the impact it still made on him. Ilya was captivating, an enigma of a man. His aura drew people in, wanting more. Ilya is overtly attractive. His voice was strong and accented that settled in the core of Shane's stomach. He knew how people looked at Ilya and how quick they were to fall under his charm.

Shane knew he should be used to it. But a sickening greed within him wanted Ilya to never be perceived by others. To have that radiating beauty all to himself. He wanted to hoard Ilya's small smiles, his gentle laughs, the rare times that Ilya let his softness peek through.

The waitress returned with two steaming cups of coffee. "Have we decided what we want?"

She looked towards Ilya as she spoke, biting her lips like a nervous tick. She shifted her feet, unintentionally putting herself closer to him.

"I think so," Ilya replied, already loading his coffee up with cream and sugar. Adding half a packet of sugar to Shane's coffee before sliding it back over to him, "Shane?"

"Uh, the protein omelet, please."

"Belgian waffles with bacon and sausage. Thank you."

"Coming right up, handsome."

Shane waited until the waitress was gone and walking into the back kitchen. He looked to his boyfriend, sipping his coffee and watching a flock of birds that landed in the meadow. "She's flirting with you."

Ilya glanced over at him. Under the table he pressed his foot closer to Shane's. "Is that jealousy I hear?"

Shane scoffed, picking at the paper napkin forming a small pile of shredded paper, "no, it's called an observation."

"Ah," Ilya said, "and I am observing that you are jealous."

Shane kicked Ilya's shin lightly, mumbling under his breath, "I'm not."

"Should I flirt back?" Ilya asked, his smile turning into a sarcastic grin.

"Don't you dare," Shane muttered, whispering the words into the cup before taking a large gulp. The steaming coffee burning him slightly.

The waitress came back shortly, plates balancing on her arms. She settled them on the table for him, a sway to her hips. She had put on some lip gloss and mascara.

"Here you go," her voice higher than before, "let me know if you need anything else."

"Thanks," Shane replied, voice clipped.

They ate their meal, making quiet conversation. Interrupted every few minutes by their waitress, checking to see if they needed anything. Primarily seeing if Ilya needed anything from her. Shane kept his ankle hooked around Ilya's, tugging when Ilya's voice dropped too flirtatiously.

By the time they paid their check and made their way back out into the summer heat, the sun was high in the sky. It was nearing noon already. Shane checked his phone as they made their way to the car, no urgent calls or texts from the camp.

"This was nice, no?" Ilya plucked the keys from Shane's hands and opened the passenger door for him before rushing over to the driver side. All before Shane could even utter a complaint.

"Yeah, yeah it was." Shane slid into the car. Watching Ilya in his prime. Sunglasses on, revving the engine, an upbeat song playing the artist rapping in Russian.

"Even though you were jealous?"

Shane huffed, crossing his arms. "I was not."

Ilya placed a hand on Shane's thigh, high up. His fingers gripping Shane's flesh. "No? What if I said I like when you get jealous?"

"You do?"

"Mn," Ilya said, "I like seeing you possessive of me. Very hot."

Shane's heart was starting to pick up, readjusting in his seat as Ilya's hand began to wander, creeping higher and higher. "Yeah, well, you are mine."

"I am. I am yours, Shane Hollander. Does not matter if people flirt with me. Want to fuck me, cannot blame them right? I only care when it is you."

Shane looked out the window, crossing his arms tighter around him, struggling to fight back his smile. "Don't forget it."

Ilya laughed loudly and freely. He increased the volume of the music, singing alone to the lyrics. He grabbed at Shane's hand, untwisting his arms and gripping Shane's hand in his.

## 5-

It was Shane's first game back with the Vogeyeurs after the video leaked his relationship with Ilya. The tension in the locker room was thick and overbearing. The usual chatter and jokes weren't present. Many of them refused to look Shane in the eye, ignoring that he was there. He heard the comments and curses muttered under their breaths when he entered the locker room that afternoon. Knew most of them wished he was no longer on the team. The meeting with Coach prior essentially confirmed that Shane will finish out the season with them but that they were not interested in renewing his contract next season. That he will be a free agent soon.

Practice was terrible. His linemen refused to pass to him. Skating around him as if he were invisible. The team was playing a mess. The plays were off. They were missing plays that should have come easily to them all. The entire team was off their game, sloppy and miserable.

Hayden tried to talk with Shane, joke and tease with him to get his spirits up but it was falling flat. Shane knew Hayden was still blaming himself, the guilt eating away at him. Knew that Hayden was the only one voicing his support on the team, defending him from the harsh words being said.

Shane knew they were going to lose against Toronto tonight. There was no doubt about it. And on home ice too. The stands were going to be a bloodbath. Shane saw the comments, the demands calling for Shane's suspension. Begging for him to stay benched or off the team entirely.

"Is Rozanov tired of you already, Hollander?" Renaud scoffed.

Shane ignored the comment and walked directly to his locker.

"Knew this would happen, it's Rozanov. Think you could really keep his attention?" Renaud laughed harshly.

"The fuck are you talking about?" Hayden shoved his shoulder into Renaud's as he walked by.

"Check any news outlet, Hollander," Renaud nodded his head at the phone in Shane's hand. His sneer ugly. Shane felt his heart in his throat. Shane pointedly set his phone down, turning his back on the room.

"I saw it too," Berkes said, "total babe, Hollander. Can't say I blame him. You don't mind sharing him?"

"Ignore them," Hayden whispered, "they don't know what the fuck they're talking about."

Shane grabbed his phone, ignoring Hayden's hissed 'don't'. It wasn't hard to find. Tabloid and news outlets frantically discussing it. Ilya was seen with a strange woman at a coffee shop in downtown Ottawa, not far from the rink. Her hand on his arm as they waited in line. She was smiling up at him. Ilya was mid speech.

Articles posted one after the other calling Ilya and Shane's relationship into question. Theorizing whether the pressure got to them after the outing. Many of them were insinuating that Ilya was cheating on Shane. Many saying that they doubted the truth about their relationship to begin with, calling it a dumb stunt.

Shane knew it wasn't true. Knew it was all gossip and rumors. But Shane could not help the wobble of his mouth. The tremble of his chin as he stared at the picture. His phone started buzzing in his hand, text after text incoming from Ilya.

Ilya was texting him reassurances. Making sure Shane knew the truth. She was just a fan. That she was telling Ilya how proud she was of Ilya for coming out. That she wished Ilya and Shane all the best.

Shane wanted to text his fiancé back. Wanted to call him and hear his voice. Wanted this ache in his chest to stop. Wanted his teammates to shut the fuck up for once and to stop speaking on Ilya like they knew him. Wanted to be seen with Ilya doing something as simple as grabbing a coffee together. Wanted it to be easier than it is.

Hayden nudged him, "just call him. We have time before the game starts. Go."

Shane nodded. Pressing dial before he was even out of the locker room. Drowning the comments following him out. Thankful for Hayden's steady voice cutting through it all, telling them to shove it and leave him be.

Hearing Ilya's voice, soft and gentle with him. Only ever with him. Settled the ache within him, just ever so. It was still there, Shane thinks it won't be going away any time soon. But having Ilya talk to him helped. Listened to his praise. Hearing Ilya tell him just how much he loved him. Whispering the words in Russian, chuckling when Shane shakily replied back in Russian.

That night, after losing badly to Toronto. His phone was blowing up with notifications. Ilya had reposted the selfie the woman in the cafe had taken with him. A text caption over it saying how happy she was to support a team as accepting as the Centaurs. That she and her wife will be showing Ilya all the support at the next home game.

The next picture in Ilya's Instagram story was a candid photo of Shane. He was reclining on Ilya's couch. The living room lighting is soft and golden. He was bundled up in a blanket. Reading glasses on and a book resting against him. His feet were in Ilya's lap, Ilya's hand on his ankle. Anya's head was leaning on the couch cushion, staring up at Shane as he petted her. Domestic and loving.

There was no caption. There was no need for it.

Shane took a deep breath and then reposted it to his story. The first personal post he made in years, a break in the steady stream of PR and team news of his account.

## 6 -

The Centaurs just won the game that will send them to the playoffs. First time in decades. Done within the first season of Ilya and Shane playing together. The team was able to click instantly. A single unity on the ice. Shane and Troy were quickly becoming unstoppable together on the same line. But what had other teams fearing was when Shane and Ilya took to the ice together during a power play.

The season has been unremarkable. Ilya's time on the team has brought them out of a slump, allowing the players and fans alike to begin to hope for the chance to bring the cup home. With Shane playing as a Centaur now, they were going to make it happen.

The entire team was out celebrating their win. The club Haas had found was packed full with bodies. The music was loud and thumping. Ilya, Boodram, and Chouinard have already treated everyone to a round. Dykstra was making his way to the bar to get the fourth round. Shots and refilling the beer pitchers. The rookies were on the dance floor, the alcohol coursing through them.

Ilya took the shot from Dykstra and slithered his way onto the dance floor. The rookies cheering and goading him on.

Hayes was sitting to Shane's right, his words already beginning to slur but he continued on about the latest volume of some comic book. Shane tried to pay attention but was unable to take his eyes off his husband. He was down to a black tank and jeans. His skin glistening with sweat and the colors of the club lights, flashes of pink and blue. Ilya looked over his shoulder and flashed a large smile at Shane.

He was mesmerizing.

"Dude," Hayes nudged him, "go dance with him."

Shane shook his head, "I'm not a good dancer."

Barrett rolled his eyes, "we'll see how long this lasts."

The team was in really good spirits. The more veteran players treating the younger ones to rounds of drinks. Teasing and playfully poking fun with the rookies. Ilya has managed to convince both Boodram and Chouinard to join him on the dance floor. He unsuccessfully did not convince Shane or Haas to dance. He immaturely stuck his tongue out at them, blowing a raspberry and getting the rookies to boo at them.

Shane was not the only one captivated by Ilya's magnitude. Dancers gravitated towards him, inching closer and closer. Several of them trying to be the one to invade his space and grind up on them. Shane watched as Ilya turned them all away with a simple shake of the head or

slinging his arm over one of the rooks and turning his attention to them. For most this would have them feeling scorned and leaving to look for a willing participant someplace else. But they were all too hypnotized by the sway of Ilya's hips. The bounce in his step. The way his muscles flexed.

Ilya excused himself and made his way to the bar, rapping his knuckles on the counter and calling for a drink. The bartender slid over a bottle of beer, waving off the cash in Ilya's hands. The bartender leaned forward, his hands braced on the bar, his head titled. His gaze preyed over Ilya's form. He gathered Ilya into a conversation before he could leave. Laughing and smiling at Ilya's words. The woman to Ilya's right sat closer, crossing her legs causing her skirt to rise up farther. Her cheek in her hand.

All it took was Haas saying, "wow, Cap really knows how to get people's attention."

Shane was chugging back the rest of his beer, the one he had been nursing all night long. He stood and pushed through his teammates sitting at the table.

"Called it," Barrett said to a whooping Hayes who was yelling at Shane to go get his man.

Shane stepped up behind Ilya, wrapping his arms around his waist. Kissing at his shoulder, tasting the saltiness of his skin. Ilya instantly leaned into his touch, wrapping his fingers around Shane's wrist. Rubbing his thumb along his pulse point. "Want another drink, solnyshko?"

Shane pressed a biting kiss at the juncture of Ilya's neck. He gripped Ilya's waist, "I want to dance."

Ilya raised an eyebrow, "you? You want to dance? What happened to my Shane?"

Shane pulled him away from the bar, back to where the rookies were still dancing. Hayes now added to the mix, busting out exaggerated moves that had them laughing and copying in drunken happiness.

Shane kept his hands tight on Ilya's waist. But Ilya quickly took charge, pressing Shane close to his body. Shane could feel the rhythm and sway of Ilya's hips guide his hands. Ilya's own hands taking Shane's hips and forcing them to move to the beat. Their crotches rubbing together in sinful desire. The friction loosening Shane's body and allowing to give himself over to the moment.

He reached up and wrapped his arms around his husband's neck, bringing him down for a bruising kiss. Their bodies pressed together, still grinding and rocking to the music. Ilya pressed his tongue to Shane's mouth, licking his way in. Sucking and biting at Shane's lips. He left a trail of kisses along Shane's jaw up to his ear.

"How very lucky I am to have jealous husband," Ilya took Shane's earlobe into his mouth, biting harshly down onto it. Shane whimpered and clung tighter to Ilya. "how possessive husband is, like little tiger hissing with his fangs."

Shane tilted his head back, letting Ilya to kiss down his neck. "Shut up, you like it."

“Mn,” Ilya hummed, the vibration going through Shane’s neck and straight down to his cock. “I love it. Love it when you tell people I am all yours.”

Shane grasped at Ilya’s curls, tugging at them to bring his husband back up to continue kissing him. Ilya slotted a leg between Shane’s, grinding down onto him to the beat of the new song. They were panting into each other’s mouths. The tension growing higher and higher. It was filthy and delicious. It was seductive. Shane knew what the two of them looked like together. Knew that people were watching them, turning their heads to stare. Wishing they were them. Wishing they were in Shane’s place. Wishing it were them who garnered all of Ilya’s attention.

Shane whispered into Ilya’s ear, “take me home and I’ll really show you how much you belong to me.”

## End Notes

thank you so much for reading and supporting this fic! i'm literally suffering from hollanov brainrot so pls comment <3

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