

Hop, Bunny, Hop

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by [theemporium](#)

Summary

Ilya's smirk grew. "Whoever wins MVP gets anything they want."

Shane's brows furrowed. "Anything?"

"Anything," Ilya repeated, his eyes gleaming. "If you win, you can ask for anything you want."

A thrill went down his spine. "And I'm guessing you already have something in mind if you've suggested this bet."

Instead of responding, Ilya leaned down and kissed him—a filthy, obscene kiss that left his dick twitching pathetically against his thigh despite the fact he was completely spent.

"You will see, Hollander."

"You're on, Rozanov."

And, at the time, Shane really did feel good about his chances—orgasm haze aside.

Now, standing in the bathroom of a Vegas hotel suite, he almost cursed his own damn competitiveness.

.

Or, a bet was made and Shane is a good sportsman. That is the only reason he is putting on Rozanov's jersey. Promise.

Notes

Once again, I am not sure where in the timeline you want to throw this. It doesn't really fit canon? But it could? Idk we don't worry about details here, it's all just vibes!! Anyways, this is for everyone requesting puck bunny Shane in the comments of my last fic. It's not in the same universe but we move 🤪 And I apologise in advance because it's been a while since I have wrote smut

Enjoy!! Do not perceive me!!

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

Sometimes, Shane Hollander was too competitive for his own good.

He would argue that his competitiveness and constant striving to win was the exact thing that made him one of the best hockey players in the league. That determination and ambition fuelled the raw talent he had, helped hone it into the dangerous skill he brought onto the ice now. It was that same competitiveness that made Shane one of the worst players to play against because of just how unbelievably good he was.

However, sometimes—*fucking sometimes*—that damn competitiveness clouded his judgement and led him to make bad decisions.

Like his bet with Ilya Rozanov—the only other person in the league who could keep up with him.

It had been made on a whim, on a night when Montreal was playing in Boston and they were tied for most goals in the league and, somehow, hockey talk ended up being their pillow talk as they laid on Ilya's bed, spent and sweaty and entirely fucked out.

"I will beat you, Hollander," Ilya had said with the utmost confidence, sounding as sure as he always did about his hockey skills. "You will see. Twenty more goals than you and I will get MVP award after playoffs and a Cup win."

Shane snorted, half-heartedly shoving him. "Yeah, right. Nice try but it's Montreal's year."

Ilya grinned. "Nothing to say about MVP award? You admit you are sore loser?"

"Maybe some of us care about the bigger trophies over some stupid award at a clown show," Shane bit back, pointedly ignoring the way Ilya's eyes brightened at his snappiness.

"You already accepting you lose," Ilya retorted gleefully.

"Fuck off, I'm not accepting anything," Shane grumbled, shoving him again but Ilya just plastered himself against his side again. "You probably won't even make it past the first round, no point in you hoping for the MVP."

"Ouch, Hollander," Ilya snickered, leaning down to playfully nip the skin right beside his nipple. His eyes lit up at the way Shane hissed in response. "So mean."

"You can take it," Shane muttered, his cheeks flushing at the way Ilya's eyes darkened.

Ilya moved fast, barely giving him a chance to blink before he had rolled on top of him, keeping Shane pinned down to the bed with his body weight. His arms were braced on either side of Shane's head, creating a bubble from the rest of the world. His eyes wandered along his features, lingering on his freckles for a few seconds longer before he caught his gaze again.

"Let's make a bet."

Shane paused, his brows furrowing together. “A bet?”

“Mhm,” Ilya hummed, nodding his head. There was a small smirk on his face and, honestly, that should have been Shane’s first warning sign that it was a bad idea. Unfortunately, everything was a bad idea when it came to Ilya Rozanov and he was kind of obsessed with it. “A bet, Hollander. This is word you know, yes?”

Shane rolled his eyes, reaching to pinch him by the hip. “Yes, I know what a bet is.” There was a small pause, a small moment where he could have blown the whole thing off. But his competitiveness would always be his weakness, especially when it comes to Ilya. “What’s the terms?”

Ilya’s smirk grew. “Whoever wins MVP gets anything they want.”

Shane’s brows furrowed. “Anything?”

“Anything,” Ilya repeated, his eyes gleaming. “If you win, you can ask for anything you want.”

A thrill went down his spine. “And I’m guessing you already have something in mind if you’ve suggested this bet.”

Instead of responding, Ilya leaned down and kissed him—a filthy, obscene kiss that left his dick twitching pathetically against his thigh despite the fact he was completely spent.

“You will see, Hollander.”

“You’re on, Rozanov.”

And, at the time, Shane really did feel good about his chances—orgasm haze aside.

Now, standing in the bathroom of a Vegas hotel suite, he almost cursed his own damn competitiveness.

Despite an impressive playoff run taking them to the conference final, Montreal’s chances at the Cup were crushed by Boston—which was already a hard pill to swallow when he saw Ilya’s smug smile on the other side of the ice as that final buzzer echoed through the stadium.

But Shane had still played well. He was still the second highest point scorer in the post-season. It just so happened that Ilya Rozanov was the one ahead of him, leader in points and winner of the Cup too.

Still, Shane clung onto his three post-season hat tricks in the hope that would be enough to get him the MVP award.

In the end, it wasn’t enough and Shane had to pretend he didn’t feel a rush of pure, hot desire burn through him as he watched Ilya walk onto that stage and collect his trophy. He couldn’t prove it but he swore he could feel Ilya’s gaze on him the whole speech—felt like his words were promises for what was to come.

But hours passed and after parties began and Shane hadn't heard a single word from Ilya until

Lily: *penthouse 1. be ready for me.*

Jane: *ready as in like...*

Lily: *ready as in my reward is waiting for you in bathroom.*

And honestly, Shane hadn't fully understood what Ilya had meant by that. But he was a little tipsy and a little desperate for Ilya to get his hands on him and he hadn't pushed for answers as much as he should have.

But nothing sobered Shane Hollander up more than stumbling his way into that bathroom and finding a very familiar black jersey sitting on the counter.

Waiting for him.

It was fucking humiliating. The audacity of Ilya to dangle his jersey in front of Shane, to expect him to wear it, to use Shane's own good sportsmanship as a part of this weird sexual fantasy he had to, what? Fuck Shane whilst he was wearing the same damn threads that Ilya wore as he hoisted the Cup and—

You could leave, a voice in the back of his head reminded him. You could leave like you always keep saying you want to. You could leave and tell Rozanov to shove his jersey up his ass and just go enjoy the rest of your night at some stupid after party before flying home tomorrow afternoon. You could just leave.

And yet—

Maybe the most humiliating part was that Shane didn't want to leave. He knew he could and he knew he had every right to, but there was a small, traitorous voice that wanted to stay—to stay and see what happened if he followed through.

It was the same part of him that knew just how fucking good and worth it Ilya would make the night, that it was worth pushing the boundaries he tried so hard to cling onto whenever he was around the Russian.

All it took was that short moment of reluctance for his body to move. He hadn't even realised what was happening until most of his clothes were left neatly folded on the bathroom counter and he was staring at himself in a familiar black and yellow jersey with his boxers just peeking from underneath.

The Boston logo stared back at him tauntingly.

He wasn't sure how long he stood there, staring at the reflection of himself in the mirror. But somewhere in the lost time, the door to the suite opened and footsteps were making their way to the bedroom and—

"Hollander," Ilya sang, already sounding so fucking smug. Shane wished he didn't find it so attractive. *"Where are you? Where is my prize?"*

"Fuck," Shane muttered to himself, fighting the urge run out the bathroom and keep running until he made it to his own hotel room a few floors down.

"I want to see my pretty puck bunny," Ilya continued, amused and giddy. *"Am sure you are such cute, slutty bunny, Hollander. With pretty freckles on your face."*

Shane tore his eyes away from his reflection, refusing to watch the skin beneath his freckles turn pink from Ilya's words. Instead, it was pure stubbornness and desire to stay a good sport that had Shane yanking the bathroom door open and stumbling into the bedroom.

Ilya turned his head at the noise. "Ah, there you are, Hollander, I thought—"

Whatever he was going to say quickly died on his tongue. Instead, Ilya found himself locked in place as he stood by the bedroom doorway, staring helplessly at the sight of Shane standing in the middle of his bedroom suite—in nothing but *his fucking jersey* and his own tiny boxers that barely peeked through.

Shane could feel his face burning up even more as Ilya just silently stared at him. His fingers twitched at his sides, fighting between the urge to pull the jersey off and tug it tighter around him like a protective blanket. He felt vulnerable, more vulnerable than he would have felt if he was fully naked and spread out on the bed for Ilya to enjoy.

It was mortifying.

It was thrilling.

It made his dick twitch in his boxers.

For the first time since he entered the penthouse, since he walked into the bathroom and saw that damn jersey lying on the counter, Shane felt like he finally had the upperhand over Ilya. Because as fucked and thrilled as Shane felt, Ilya looked ten times worse with half his clothes abandoned on the walk between the door and the bedroom, and the rest of him looking at Shane like he was a wet dream come to life.

It *almost* made him really fucking glad he had worn the jersey.

"So?" Shane finally spoke when the silence was beginning to tether the edge of suffocating—in a bad way.

"I—" Ilya opened his mouth, but no words came out. He didn't think he could comprehend Russian right now, let alone English. He didn't think he was breathing. *"Fuck."*

Shane tried—and emphasis on *tried*—to act casual, nonchalant, unbothered. He glanced down at himself, down at the Boston logo and his bulge peeking from underneath the jersey.

“You like it?”

Ilya just kept staring at him.

Shane swallowed hard. “Are you going to say anything—”

“Come here.”

Shane blinked, wondering for a short moment if he had hallucinated Ilya’s voice. But before he could open his mouth and say something else, Ilya spoke again.

“Hollander.” His voice sounded strained. “Here. Now. *Please*.”

It was that last word—the pleading voice—that had Shane’s feet moving before he could even contemplate the implications of how easily he followed Ilya’s commands. But Shane wasn’t thinking about that, he wasn’t thinking about anything other than *Ilya, Ilya, Ilya*.

“Fuck,” Ilya hissed between clenched teeth, his hands bunching of the fabric of the jersey in tight fists as he hauled Shane closer the second he was at arm’s length. “Look at you, Hollander.”

His body reacted before his brain caught up to the fact Ilya was kissing him—if it could even be described that way. No, Ilya was *fucking devouring* him. His hands were clinging onto Shane’s waist like he would disappear if he let go, their bodies pressed together and his tongue working like it’s sole purpose is to claim as much of Shane’s mouth as it could.

If he wasn’t losing his mind, Shane would have been embarrassed by the whimper that left his mouth as his body melted against Ilya. His hands clung onto Ilya’s broad shoulders, nails digging into his bare skin just so he could hear the hiss Ilya let out between quick, desperate kisses.

“This—” Ilya kissed him again, like it was impossible for him to tear himself away from Shane for too long. “—is better than any stupid trophy.”

His words were like a reminder, that beyond the world of Ilya Rozanov kissing him stupid in a Vegas penthouse suite, they were only there because of the awards, because of the bet, because Ilya had won fair and square and this was his reward. This was how he wanted to celebrate winning.

That he could have anything but he wanted *Shane* in *his* jersey and nothing else.

The realisation made him dizzy with a neediness only Ilya could bring out of him, and it made him want to give Ilya a night that felt like the best fucking reward he had every received.

Ilya swore above him as Shane dropped to his knees, not even giving Ilya a chance to breathe as he moved forward and pressed his face into the bulge in Ilya’s trousers.

“Fuck,” Ilya sounded breathless, his hands automatically moving to tangle his fingers in Shane’s hair as the boy continued to nuzzle his face against his cock. His knees felt weak at the whine the other boy let out, the way he gripped Ilya’s legs and tried to push himself closer. *“Look at you.”*

He sounded like he was in awe.

Shane lifted his head, just enough for Ilya to catch sight of his flushed cheeks and blown out pupils before he began tugging on the waistband of his trousers. Fantasies he had of this night flashed in the back of his mind, a long list of things he wanted to do and had spent the whole of playoffs jerking off to in the shower when he imagined it. Most of them revolved around bossing Shane around, watching the way his brows furrowed together to follow orders like the obedient good boy he is.

Those fantasies were nonexistent when Ilya had the real version of Shane pawing at his trousers like it was a personal attack that his cock wasn’t in his mouth yet.

It was a herculean effort to pull his fingers from Shane’s hair to unbutton his trousers and shove them down as quickly as he could. He kicked them off to the side along with his boxers, unbothered by them the second they were out of his sight and his focus could return to Shane—who was currently eyeing his cock like it was the only thing that could save him.

Ilya barely got a chance to indulge in the sight of Shane on his knees, drowning in the fabric of his jersey before he was moving forwards. His hands grabbed onto Ilya’s thighs for support, clinging onto them as he took the head of Ilya’s cock in his mouth and sucked.

“Shit, shit, shit,” Ilya hissed through clenched teeth, fighting to keep his eyes open and on Shane as his eyes fluttered shut, as he slowly pushed himself until the only thing he could focus on was the weight of Ilya’s cock on his tongue. *“Fucking beautiful.”*

Shane whined about his cock, jerking forward like he needed to have the full length of his cock down his throat. But he choked when it got a bit too much, whined when Ilya’s fingers tugged on his hair and pulled him back until only the tip remained.

“Shhh,” Ilya cooed, a little mean as he pulled his cock out of Shane’s mouth. He gripped the base, leaning forward so he could run the head of his cock along Shane’s pouted lips, grinning a little at the way his eyes fluttered shut and his mouth opened like it was instinctive. *“This is my reward, yes?”*

Shane didn’t reply.

Ilya tugged his hair, ignoring the boy’s whines. *“Answer me, Hollander. You are usually good boy for me.”*

“Fuck,” Shane whispered, mostly to himself before forcefully blinking his eyes open to look up at him. *“Yes. Yes, I’m your good boy. I—”* His face burned, hot and flushed and such a pretty pink colour that complimented his freckles well. *“Your reward.”*

Ilya's dick twitched at his words, eager to sink back into the heat of Shane's mouth. But he held back for now, squeezing the base of his cock like it would hold back the urge to jerk himself off until he finished on Shane's face.

"Hm, yes, my reward," Ilya repeated, his eyes darkening as Shane leaned into his touch, as he placed a fleeting kiss to the tip of his cock as it continued to tease around his mouth. "You gonna be good puck bunny for me, Hollander?"

Shane paused, flushing at his words.

But Ilya kept talking, reaching one hand out to gently grip his chin and tilt his head up. "So many pretty girls begging for my cock but you, Hollander, look prettiest. So pretty in my jersey. My puck bunny, yes?"

For a moment, Shane contemplated his words. He thought about the countless girls that showed up to Boston games, wearing Ilya's jersey and his number and doing anything to be with him. He thought about how easy it would be for them, how no one would bat an eye at them for walking straight up to him and asking for what they wanted.

He thought about how much easier it would be for Ilya too. That he could take his pick from all the pretty girls who wanted him and have his way with them, no secret hotel room meetings or coded text names needed. He thought about how Ilya could show up to the next season with one of them tucked under his arm, pretty and perfect and exactly what the world would expect.

For a moment, an ugly green emotion bubbled inside him, making his chest feel tight and uncomfortable.

Only to be followed by the swift satisfaction that none of those girls were here, none of them were in his position right now.

Because Ilya Rozanov could have any girl in the fucking world and yet, it was Shane Hollander who was on his knees in front of him.

It was Shane Hollander who was wearing his fucking jersey and begging to have his face fucked.

It was Shane Hollander who he wanted as his reward, as his puck bunny in this fantasy of his that he had set up—maybe even specifically for Shane.

He didn't want some random girl, he wanted Shane. He wanted Shane so badly that he was physically holding himself back, even if his cock was *right there*, red and angry and desperate for release.

And he was going to make sure that Ilya wouldn't want anyone else, that nobody could even come close to being as good as him.

Because Shane Hollander was too competitive for his own good—even if that meant proving he was the best puck bunny that Ilya Rozanov would ever sleep with.

“Your puck bunny,” Shane repeated breathlessly, any last doubts in his mind being washed away by Ilya’s whispered *‘fuck’* as he spoke. “Take your reward, Rozanov.”

“You will be the death of me,” Ilya groaned, his heart pounding in his chest as he reached down to grab Shane, to pull him up and manhandle him towards the bed until his face was pressed against the soft sheets and his ass was squeezed between Ilya’s hands. “So fucking hot, Hollander.”

Shane reached for the jersey, to tug it over his head and get naked as quickly as he could but Ilya swiftly smacked his hands away.

“No,” Ilya all but growled, crowding over him until his warm breath was tickling Shane’s cheek. “M’gonna fuck you like proper puck bunny. You will keep this on. Not going to let you take it off until you make mess of it. Yes?”

“Yes,” Shane moaned, nodding helplessly against the sheets. “Fuck, make me come, Rozanov.”

“Ask so nicely,” Ilya cooed, pressing *one, two, three* kisses on his cheek before sitting back up on his knees. “Such a polite bunny.”

Ilya’s hands snuck under the jersey, letting his nails scratch up and down his back before moving downwards to hook his fingers on the waistband of Shane’s boxers. He yanked them down, making quick moves to get rid of them until Shane was left in front of him in nothing but his jersey.

Just his jersey and his leaking cock that Ilya was tempted to get in his mouth if he didn’t think Shane would instantly come from it.

“Already so hard,” Ilya cooed, all sweet and patronising in a way that always made Shane squirm. He watched in awe as Shane bucked into his hand, desperate for whatever little friction he could get with Ilya’s feather-light strokes. “All from sucking my dick?”

“It was nice,” Shane whined, his cheeks burning up as he clenched the sheets between his fists. “Until you ruined it.”

“Oh, I ruined it?” Ilya asked, unable to hide his grin as he leaned down to press a chaste kiss to the dimples on his lower back. “You wanted to keep my dick in your mouth?”

Shane only nodded, not trusting himself to open his mouth as Ilya’s thumb stroked along his slit.

“Hmm, my poor bunny,” Ilya mused. “Maybe next time I will keep you on your knees. Leave my cock in your mouth. Keep you there.”

Shane’s answering whine almost made Ilya want to act on his promise there and then.

But he held back because tonight was his special night. Because he had Shane Hollander splayed out on the bed in front of him, needy and desperate and marked like he was purely

Ilya's possession. Because he was convinced he would go fucking insane if he didn't get inside him soon.

Shane's moans were pathetic and pornographic as Ilya stumbled off the bed, finding the bottle of lube he had stashed away earlier. He couldn't even bring himself to tease Shane's impatience, not when he was right there with him, not when he was tripping over his own feet to get back to him.

He kept one hand on Shane's back, keeping him pressed down in place as Ilya slowly worked *one, two, three* fingers into him until the boy was practically weeping for his cock. He let himself soak in the scene, let himself enjoy the sight of neurotic, controlled, boring Shane Hollander melting into a puddle on the hotel bed for him, until Ilya swore there was a little puddle of drool beneath his cheek.

Ilya grinned a little at the pathetic noise Shane let out when he pulled his fingers out. "You want?"

"Want, want, want," Shane nodded, quick and desperate. "Want your cock. Please."

Ilya's fingers traced over his name, over his number, on his back. "Only want?"

"Need," Shane corrected, his eyes glossy and glazed over as he looked back at Ilya over his shoulder. "Need your cock, Rozanov. Need it so bad."

"Fuck," Ilya swore under his breath, his fingers fumbling with the small foil square. "So much better than stupid trophy."

"Wait, wait," Shane breathed out. "I—"

Ilya froze, his brows furrowing together as a wave of concern washed over him. "You okay? We don't—"

He never got a chance to finish his reassurances, not when Shane was moving as fast as he did on the ice. Ilya barely blinked before he found himself bullied onto the bed, his back against the headboard and his lap full with the weight of Shane straddling him.

"Hollander," he choked out, his hands instinctively finding Shane's waist. But every coherent thought left his head the second Shane sunk down on his dick, completely engulfing him.

"Shit, shit, shit," Shane panted, one hand pressed against the headboard and the other on Ilya's shoulder. "Fuck, Rozanov, so fucking big."

"Yeah?" Ilya flashed him a smile, wolfish and dangerous. "Gonna hop on my dick like a good bunny?"

"Fuck off," Shane muttered before leaning down to press his lips against Ilya's, to shut down whatever else the boy was going to say before his words made Shane come in seconds.

Not that Ilya had any problems, not when Shane finally started moving. Not when Ilya felt like his soul was leaving his body as he sat there, hands squeezing the fat of Shane's ass as he

bounced up and down on his cock. Not when Ilya got to watch Shane throw his head back, moaning and whining and begging for more as he rode Ilya's dick whilst still wearing his fucking jersey.

"Look at you," Ilya groaned, one hand reaching to tug the jersey up enough so he could see Shane's cock, leaking and red and desperate for some friction. "So fucking pretty, Hollander."

"Shut up," Shane whined, his head thrown back.

"Pretty bunny," Ilya moaned, gasping as he felt Shane squeeze around his cock. "You like that? You like being my pretty puck bunny?"

Shane let out a pathetic noise, leaning down so his face was pressed against Ilya's shoulders as his hips continued to move, as he continued to fuck himself on Ilya's cock with the stamina only a hockey player could have.

"You want to know secret?" Ilya whispered, his lips pressed against Shane's ear.

"Rozanov," Shane begged. For him to keep going, for him to shut up, for him to come inside him like he had been thinking about all night.

"You are better than those other puck bunnies," Ilya gritted out through clenched teeth, nosing down Shane's neck as the boy shuddered against him. "Because I get you on and off ice. I get both. Get to play against you and then fuck you. Makes me very lucky man."

"Oh shit, I can't—" Shane gasped out, shaking his head and Ilya quickly reached up to tangle his fingers in his hair, to tug his head back so he could see his pretty, teary eyes.

"Yes, you can," Ilya all but commanded, keeping his eyes locked on the other boy's expression, on his flushed face and pretty freckles and parted lips. "Come on, Hollander. Be good boy for me and let me watch."

Shane's whole body shuddered as he came, as Ilya racked the jersey up so he could watch Shane explode all over the both of them as he continued to shift his hips back and forth. There was a thought in the back of his mind to keep his eyes on Ilya as he came but he couldn't bring himself to do so, not with his head thrown back and eyes clenched shut and waves of pleasure suffocating his senses from the rest of the world.

"Please," Shane murmured, barely remembering to open his eyes as he reached to clutch onto any part of Ilya he could. "Please. I want to feel you."

"Fuck," Ilya cursed, both hands falling to grip Shane's hips and lift him enough so he could plant his feet on the mattress and fuck up into Shane until he finally came—loud and shameless and so fucking hot.

Shane was grateful Ilya didn't fight it as he leaned forward, slumped against his chest with absolutely no desire to move any muscle anytime soon. Especially when Ilya wrapped his arms around him, murmuring away in Russian as he placed kisses along the side of his face and leaned his head against Shane's.

But minutes passed and he became far too aware of the come covering both of them, of the fact the jersey was thick and he felt sweaty and gross and—

“Hey!”

Shane bit back his grin as he pulled the jersey over his head, using it like a towel to clean them both up as half-heartedly as he could before he threw it onto the floor. “What? That isn’t what it’s meant to be used for?”

“You disrespect my jersey,” Ilya grumbled, reaching to pinch his side even if he was grinning back. “Very rude. It is most bought jersey in America.”

“Not in Canada,” Shane snarked back.

Ilya grinned. “Ah, not yet. But when I take Cup to show off, then maybe...”

“Enjoy it while you can, it will be us next year,” Shane insisted, something quite like contentment settled deep in his bones as he continued to lounge on Ilya’s lap, even if his thighs were screaming to lay down for a bit.

Ilya’s smile turned sharp. “We will see, Hollander. I will not make it easy for you.”

“You won’t,” Shane agreed, chewing on his bottom lip for a moment before he continued. “You did not make it easy this year either. You played well, Rozanov.”

“Yes, that is why they give me trophy tonight,” Ilya hummed, nodding. “I am best hockey player.”

“Asshole,” Shane laughed, the word said all too fondly.

“Yes, but you like it,” Ilya retorted before he slapped the meat of Shane’s thigh. “Come on. Night is young and I have more ideas.”

Shane snorted. “You are insatiable.”

Ilya’s nose scrunched up. “I do not know what this word means.”

“Greedy, always wanting more,” Shane supplied, slowly moving to lift himself off Ilya’s lap before the boy yanked him back down.

“With you, Hollander? Yes, I am,” Ilya agreed, leaning in to kiss him like they had all the time in the world, like nothing else existed beyond this penthouse.

“Good,” Shane nodded, smiling sheepishly. “Because me too.”

End Notes

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