

I Could Love You 'Til All the Polaroids Fade

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I Could Love You 'Til All the Polaroids Fade

by [verbaepulchellae](#)

Summary

“If I didn’t know better,” Ilya had drawled, mostly teasing, as Shane pressed adoring, apologetic kisses into his shoulder, after a hard night out a few months back. “I’d think you were embarrassed to be with me. A first for me. I will try not to let it wound my pride.”

“You’re pride is fine,” Shane griped out of habit and then had nuzzled closer, held Ilya tighter because he hated that he could make Ilya feel that way. “I’m sorry. I know I do it. It’s hard for me after so long. I love you so much, it scares me shitless sometimes.”

Shane's working on letting go of the control that's kept him and Ilya safe for the past ten years. The fact that he's Shane Hollander means that he's got a plan. The fact that he's with Ilya Rozanov means that plan involves fucking him stupid. And for once, Shane's kind of ready to be the one who drives Ilya out of his mind.

Notes

I cannot believe hockey fiction got me back into fic. I also cannot believe the amount of brain rot I have for dumb job boys in love.

Of course, being me, I have a thing about Shane and his control issues. Of course, being me, I thought they should have sex about it.

Title is from Love U Forever by Jenny Lewis.

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

Hayden calls him as Shane's just finishing making himself a protein shake for the road.

"Hey, Hayd." He's met with an unorderedly chorus of Pike children noise and a winces a bit as the speakers on his phone blare out with four shrill, competing voices.

"Shane, buddy, glad I caught you." Hayden sounds frazzled. "Someone, me, admittedly, let slip that there's a you-know-what at our place tonight,"

"A Party!" Jade (Shane is 90% sure it's Jade) wails. "Mommy and Daddy are having a party without us."

"I need damage control, while I fucking get us-"

"Swear jar!" That has to be Ruby.

"While I get us on the highway to grandma and grampa's place. Thanks Man."

And without further warning, Shane finds himself on a very shaky facetime with Ruby and Jade, who have both worked themselves up to tears, and Arthur who seems not entirely sure why everyone's crying but is game to go along with it. Amber is offscreen babbling about something else.

"Its not even going to be a fun party," Shane tries to soothe them. He steps out on the deck and shuts the door behind him, hoping the unexpected barrage of noise didn't carry to the bedroom. "All grown ups."

"But your party was fun and it was all grown ups," Ruby insists, eyes swimming. "It's not fair"

"I know, but this is a different kind of party. And it's late at night, so really, it'll be pretty boring." Shane promises. "Anyah can't even come."

"But Ilya and you will be there," Jade quavers.

Annoyingly on cue, the deck door slides open and Shane glances back to catch sight of his husband in question, rubbing sleep out of his eyes but clearly unable to resist the lure of Pike kids' voices.

"I don't know if Ilya is even going to make it," Shane fibs, grinning at Ilya's confused frown. "He stayed up way too late last night, he might need to go to bed early."

"Ah." Ilya grins at him and knocks his head into Shane's temple so he can see Ruby and Jade on the screen. "You heard about boring adult party then? Not to worry, it will be no fun because it is your dad who is throwing it. It's true I might skip it."

"Oh fuck that," Hayden complains from the front seat.

"Swear Jar," Shane dutifully adds his voice to Ruby and Jade's chorus.

“Sweeties, give daddy back the phone- Rozanov.” Half of Hayden’s face and his shoulder appear as he seems to be bracing the phone against the steering wheel as he drives. “I heard that interview you gave last week about Montreal having no one good left on the offensive line, you fucker-”

“Swear Jar,” Ilya drawls laconically, and laughs at Hayden’s nearly incomprehensible growl of rage. “Pike, tell the girls Shane and I will host you for dinner next month. Give them a real party.”

Shane smiles to himself and shifts his weight back into Ilya’s solid bulk as the mood on the other end of the line gets decidedly brighter in the back seat and Hayden looks reluctantly grateful but still glowering.

“Freaking fine,” Hayden manages, after promises of ice cream, Anyah and chase in the backyard have been extracted. “But Rozanov you’d be off this guest list tonight if it wasn’t Jackie’s birthday-”

“It’s Mommy’s *Birthday*?!” The reignited rage and despair is so palpable that Shane has to shove the phone at Ilya to keep from cracking up on screen.

“OK. On your own now. Love you, bye.” Ilya laughs as he ends the call and reaches out to haul Shane back into him. Shane goes willingly and wraps his arms around Ilya’s waist and accepts the line of kisses Ilya plants across his forehead. He feels the weight of his cell phone slipped back into his sweatpants pocket and then Ilya nudges a finger under Shane’s jaw and lifts it to kiss him properly good morning.

“Didn’t mean to wake you up,” Shane murmurs, sighing against Ilya’s lips.

“No, you just thought you’d sneak out of the house without saying good morning,” Ilya scolds him. “Not cool, Hollander.”

“I was going to bring you coffee in bed,” Shane protests.

“And then you’d sneak out of the house.”

“It’s not sneaking when you already *know* I’ve got press briefs.”

“Yes, the media likes you way too much here. And you give the most boring interviews, so I don’t know why. I think maybe we should trade you back to Montreal, leave interviews for those of us with more charisma.”

“Oh fuck *off*,” Shane groans and shoves away from Ilya. “Go do your fucking crossword and I’ll bring you your fucking coffee before I go.”

“I think we need the swear jar here too,” Ilya muses, but taps Shane’s ass playfully and saunters back inside. It is absolutely unfair how the morning light catches the planes of his back and rivulet of his spine. Fuck, Shane thinks, checking his watch, there really isn’t time for that kind of distraction this morning.

He changes into something more presentable than sweats and a tank, and does linger longer than he really should to bring Ilya his coffee. Ilya's crawled back in bed and is blinking sleepily down at a crossword, pencil tapping absently against the paper. Anyah is flopped happily on her side behind his legs and her tail thumps when she sees Shane come back in but she doesn't move. She knows that once Shane is up, the bed is hers. Ilya trades Shane another kiss for the coffee and an arm around Shane's waist. He leans his forehead into his side as he puzzles over clues and kisses at where Shane's shirt rides up.

"Does it still make sense to meet at Hayden's?" Shane asks absent mindedly, scrunching his fingers through Ilya's curls and feels the soft huff of pleasure against his side. It makes him shiver and he feels Ilya's knowing smile.

"Yes, I'm heading up there midday with Yuna, after I drop Anyah off with David. We've got that meeting with a new donor this afternoon, you remember?"

"Yeah, sorry to miss it," Shane sighs. "Thanks for taking this one."

Ilya grins crookedly up at him. "Well, what did I just say about charisma?"

"Bye, asshole," Shane grumbles and leans down to kiss Ilya's laughing mouth. "I hope they don't use too many fancy fiduciary words for you to follow."

"Oh *fuck you*," Ilya chokes on his own laughter. "That was a good one," he calls after Shane. "I think I have a really good influence on you."

"No one else thinks that," Shane calls back, but he's grinning as he hurries out the door to make it downtown in time for his interviews.

The interviews are decidedly boring because off season interviews are mostly a lot of recaps, attempts at future predictions and sound bite mining. Shane is as good natured about it as he can be and then heads to a quick signing event that Farah booked for him. That's certainly more fun, and even if his face hurts from having to smile for so many selfies by the end.

By the time he wraps that up, it's almost time to head to Montreal, but he swings back home first. He's on a mission tonight, one that he hasn't even told Ilya about.

Parties like the one they're going to can be a bit tough on them. It's not that Shane isn't looking forward to celebrating Jackie, but he knows that some of the guys who never quite came around to him being gay (well, gay *and* spending his whole career fucking Rozanov really) are going to be there, plus a whole crush of other people from the many areas of Hayden and Jackie's rich social life. Jackie is popular all on her own, and, as she'd happily gushed to Ilya and Shane last month, she's been excited to bring her many friends from high school, college, mom's groups, volunteer orgs and charity circles together for her 30th birthday.

The thing is, parties with so many people, so many unknowns are fucking hard on Shane. He's never shaken the reputation for being kind of unfun (thankfully Scott Hunter still gets

Most Boring prize. Is he going to be there tonight? Shane can't remember.), but part of that is that when there's so many people to track, Shane can't escape the tight, claustrophobic feeling of so many possible eyes on him, so much risk for rumor. He's spent the majority of his life under scrutiny, he knows he should be more used to it, but it's required a lot of him. He's already more private by nature than a lot of the other guys he knows who play professionally, but he's also had more to hide: his uneasy disinterest in women, the realization that he might in fact be gay, and through it all Ilya: always, always, Ilya.

He *knows* the amount of control he's tried to exert over his life isn't healthy, and he knows that he's got nothing to hide at this point. Everything's out there, and as Ilya likes to remind him, often, enthusiastically and sometimes a little enviously, he's Shane Fucking Hollander. His legacy speaks for itself and the hockey world knows about him and Rozanov now, and they're *married*. Shane runs a hand over his heart because that fact still makes it ache with happiness like nothing else.

But... but. While he knows all of these things rationally, old habits apparently die really fucking hard. He's trained himself to give so little away, that now he doesn't always know how to let himself relax. Ilya was right: they'd gotten so good at hiding their feelings, that it's been hard to learn how to show them. Ilya's taken it in stride, of course, because it's him. Shane is getting better at it but... parties. Parties are hard.

He still catches himself tensing when Ilya will clap his shoulder when they're out with their teammates after a win. He finds himself measuring careful distance to keep between them, finds himself holding back grins and jokes and forcing his eyes away from the one person he'll never get sick of looking at. And it fucking sucks. For both of them.

He's seen the mostly masked hurt that Ilya tries to hide when Shane withdraws out of habit; seen the aborted motion of Ilya raising an arm to pull him close, shut down to save himself the pain of Shane automatically shifting away. He'll catch Ilya watching him across a bar full of their teammates, jerk his head away out of instinct and then look back panicked to find Ilya frowning down and away.

"If I didn't know better," Ilya had drawled, mostly teasing, after a hard night out a few months back as Shane pressed adoring, apologetic kisses into his shoulder, "I'd think you were embarrassed to be with me. A first for me. I will try not to let it wound my pride."

"Your pride is fine," Shane gripped out of habit and then had nuzzled closer, held Ilya tighter because he hated that he could make Ilya feel that way. "I'm sorry. I know I do it. It's hard for me after so long. I love you so much, it scares me shitless sometimes."

"And you are what, scared that the world will see how much you love me?" Ilya grumbled, but his hands were gentle as they smoothed down Shane's back. "Hayden already gave us trial by fire, yes? And we survived that. I think we can stand the world seeing that you actually like being with me." He kissed Shane's hair and then propped his chin on his head.

"I know," Shane had murmured, content under Ilya's affectionate, gentle rebuke. "It's just, I can't get out of my head about it. It feels like, like... I'm at risk of losing control."

“Is okay. I know it takes time,” Ilya murmured and then was quiet for a moment. Shane had felt him thinking and stayed still and silent, waiting.

“I miss you, when we go out,” Ilya finally breathed. “You know? Even when you are there, sometimes it is like you are not. And here,” Ilya taps his own temple, “I have a voice that wonders that maybe you don’t want to be here.”

Shane had wrapped his arms tighter around Ilya and nodded. He could hear the soft vulnerability under Ilya’s light tone, heard what must have taken some time to work through in therapy before he brought it to Shane.

“I’m here,” Shane murmured and lifted his face to press a kiss against his jaw, his chin, his mouth when Ilya tilted his face down. “This is the only place I want to be. I’m going to keep being here, and choosing you, and us, and trying to make sure I show you that. That you feel it.”

“Shane Fucking Hollander,” Ilya had chuckled a little thickly, “Always so earnest.” And then he was kissing him, deep and hungry and a little punishing, and Shane kissed him back with everything he had: tongue, teeth, heart, all of it.

“I feel this,” Ilya crooned, sliding his hand down to cup Shane through his jeans after they broke apart, panting. “Let’s go to bed before his situation is dire.”

So, he’d been trying. And he was getting better at keeping his anxiety in check. He wasn’t perfect, yet, but he’d found ways to be close to Ilya when they were out at a bar or concerts, or movies that Rose sent them tickets for. He could tell Ilya felt it too, and when Shane interlaced their fingers, or tucked himself under Ilya’s arm, or pressed a quick kiss to his cheek, Ilya fucking lit up.

But the thing was, Shane was frustrated with his own shit. They were in their thirties and he had them acting like chaste teenagers, for christ sake. Part of the reason he’d resisted this, he’d quickly remembered as he leaned into being more affectionate in public, was that being close to Ilya like that drove him fucking crazy. He desperately wanted Ilya to feel how much he got under his skin in public, see how’d Shane nearly gone fucking insane early in his career just having to attend award ceremonies and press briefings together and not being allowed to admit even to himself then how much he’d wanted Rozanov.

Looking back, he could probably pinpoint a moment or eighty that he had wanted to drop to his knees and blow Rozanov under a table at one of those ridiculous galas. The times when he would have liked to drive Rozanov a little crazy in public, beyond the verbal and physical jabs they exchanged around their games, and Shane ached a bit for his younger self, for both of them, at the simple, easy fun they’d never been able to have in falling in love with each other.

It was honestly stupid, Shane decided, that he was apparently so hung up on his own anxiety about other people seeing it that even Ilya maybe didn’t see how much Shane walked a fine line of down fucking bad and normal, functioning guy when they were out together. They deserved fun. They deserved easy banter and flirting and being obnoxiously into each other in public the same way so many of their teammates were with their wives and girlfriends.

And Ilya— well. After the last ten years, Shane was done with Ilya having any reason to doubt about how much Shane loved him. How much he needed him, and wanted him and fucking adored him. And perhaps there might also be a part of Shane that needed to prove something to them both about it.

And so, being that he was, after all, Shane Fucking Hollander, he'd made a plan.

The party is in full swing by the time Shane steps out of his car and hands his keys to the valet.

Without the kids, the Pikes really did go all out. Their house was lit up, and across their large lawn, string lights looped around branches and hedges to illuminate a makeshift dance floor that had been laid down. It was empty yet, but from the volume and already tipsy laughter Shane hears inside the house, he's pretty sure it wouldn't be long until a DJ was up and running and people were spilling out to take advantage of the early summer air.

Shane makes his way inside and immediately finds himself mobbed by a few of Jackie's college friends. It's hard, sometimes, to know who just liked to flirt with him because he was famous and who thought they had a chance. After Hayden's accidental outing of them to the hockey world, Hayden and Jackie had maybe over corrected in terms of what they shared about Shane and Ilya, and Shane isn't sure that half of Jackie's friends know he's gay, let alone happily married. He appreciates the Pikes' discretion, mostly, so he just smiles and turns some of the more flirtatious compliments into a self-deprecating joke or two and excuses himself with, "I promised my husband I'd find him when I arrive, if you'll excuse me."

Saying it out loud is still thrilling and Shane feels the first real thrumming of excitement of what he's getting himself into tonight.

He finds Ilya pretty quickly, holding court with a mix of some of last season's rookies.

Fuck, but Ilya looks good. His hair is lazily styled so his curls fall into his eyes, and he's wearing some shirt that's the couture shit that he and Rose can't shut up about and Shane's just happy to appreciate. He's left his top buttons undone so that his crucifix twinkles visibly where it's nestled in his chest hair. The glitter of gold matches the glitter of his wedding band when Ilya accents a point in his story that sends the group around him into peals of laughter. Ilya grins, easy and pleased with himself, and then, like a sight hound, turns his head and finds Shane in the crush of bodies.

Shane rejects his instinct to drop his gaze and raises his eyebrows at Ilya instead. Ilya's grin goes lopsided and he gestures to a beer that's sitting unopened on the counter next to him. Shane's heart does the thing that it always does when Ilya is sweet to him, a stutterthump that makes his knees weak. He should be immune by now, but he doubts he ever will be.

Shane joins them, not feeling quite ready to place himself right next to Ilya in this group of hockey players he doesn't really know, but doesn't feel shy about accepting the beer Ilya passes to him and winks at him as he lifts it to his lips. Ilya's eyebrow lifts in return.

“Ah, legend!” One of the guys says. Shane’s pretty sure it’s Colin McDonald, a rookie from Scotland who was lower in the draft pick but has still got promise. “Hollander, mate, I grew up watching you play. Your goal against New York in the 2016 playoffs was a thing of beauty.”

“Thanks,” Shane says, wracking his brain to remember which goal that was. Maybe he’s got that puck cast back home. Doesn’t matter. “I saw the goal you assisted against Seattle this year. Nice play.”

Colin’s ears go pink and he looks pleased with himself. “Chuffed, thanks mate.”

“I was just reminding these guys about how I won the Stanley Cup before you,” Ilya drawls sweetly. “They are mostly Hollander fanboys.”

“Can you blame them?” Shane quips. “I think I ended with, what, a three goal scoring lead this last season, Rozanov?”

There’s some playful chirping from the guys at that and Ilya swats back good naturedly, complaining about unfair comparisons and nonexistent home turf advantages. It’s good, easy fun in a way that Shane hasn’t felt with most other hockey players in a long time, and he chuckles into his beer and finds, through the shifting, boisterous group, a natural way to Ilya’s side. He leans into Ilya’s shoulder without looking up at him and feels Ilya’s weight shift and lean back into him.

One of the rookies that Shane has given up trying to remember a name for glances at them at then grins. “It’s so weird, I genuinely forget you two are like, a thing.”

“A ‘thing’,” Rozanov repeats lazily and glances down at Shane. “I guess we kind of are.”

“But you guys still do hate each other a bit, right? Like, how does that work?”

Shane shrugs playfully, feeling lighter. “He does hate when I win at pool. Everything else we’ve mostly figured out.”

“Legend,” Colin says again. And then, “Oy, look, they’re doing more cheese snacks-” And that’s all it takes for the rookies to tumble over themselves and chase down a harangued looking caterer.

“When was the last time you won at pool?” Ilya scoffs and Shane shrugs again, turning towards him fully and slipping a finger through one of Rozanov’s belt loops.

“I’m sure you remember better than I do, since you’re a terrible loser.”

“Lies. I am known for my sportsmanship.”

Shane snorts and before he can second guess himself, loops a hand around the back of Ilya’s neck and tugs him down for a quick kiss. His mouth tastes sugary and sweet and Shane darts his tongue against Ilya’s lower lip, just a tease. Ilya huffs in surprise against his mouth and looks torn between shock and delight after Shane lets him go.

Shane keeps his advantage and nods at the highball in Ilya's hand. "That doesn't look like vodka."

"This? No. Pike is too cheap for good vodka. We had to make due with the cocktail menu."

"Hardship after hardship. Can I taste?"

Ilya stares at him and then laughs and passes Shane his highball, eyes curious. "Sure. I do not think you will like it, but sure."

The rim is lined with sugar, except for the place Ilya has clearly sipped from. Shane looks up at Ilya as he fits his mouth directly over where Ilya's lips have been and lets Ilya see the pink press of his tongue as he swipes a bit of extra sugar off the glass and takes a sip.

Ugh. Ilya was right, he does not like whatever it is. But Ilya's eyes have gone dark, lips parted as he stares in disbelief at Shane as Shane lifts his thumb to his mouth and sucks off more nonexistent sugar. He can put up with too sweet liquor if it gets Ilya to look at him like that.

"Hollander," Ilya murmurs, stepping closer, one hand flexing by his side like he wants to haul Shane in and kiss him again. "You are up to something. Tell me."

"Not a thing," Shane says, trying not to smirk. He hands Ilya back his glass and picks up his beer again, letting the lip rest against his mouth briefly as he smiles up at Ilya. "I'm just here to enjoy a friend's party."

He takes a swig of his beer and scans the crowd as casually as he can, because old habits are still fucking fighting death, before he turns back to Ilya and says low and promising. "And after that, I'm taking you home and Ilya? I'm going to make you beg."

He would laugh at the way Rozanov's mouth drops open if it weren't so fucking hot that he has this effect on him.

"You." Ilya's voice is thick. He swallows, starts again. "You, Hollander?"

Shane tilts his head up again and winks at Ilya before he taps his hip, and nods with a casualness he doesn't feel towards that party that's swirling around them. "Yes, me. Party first though."

Ilya stares hard at Shane and then mutters something in Russian that Shane is pretty sure is both holy and profane.

They don't stay glued to each other's sides, because that's not who they are. Ilya can't resist the lure of the game room where they've set up several different pong tables and flip cup tic-tac-toe, and Shane makes the rounds to find J.J. and Hayden, who both immediately drag him into a circle of Montreal guys that Shane mostly still has respect for. He stays with that group for a while, and then gets flattered by the rookies into joining a beer pong game, and then gets a whirlwind introduction from a tipsy looking Jackie to some of her yoga friends who

are starting a collective in Ottawa, and spends a pleasant half an hour talking about different retreat centers and spaces.

He's aware of Ilya on his periphery. He always is. Ilya's laugh, his swagger, the gravitational pull around him that very few people are immune to. He looks up from time to time from his various conversations and watches Ilya until the Russian feels his eyes on him. Each time Shane holds his gaze, one time he purses his lips in a soft, subtle kiss. It's incredible to see Ilya light up, preen, and get a little bit more obnoxious under Shane's gentle, deliberate attention.

God, Shane is fucked about this man.

It's around ten when Shane finds Ilya back in the kitchen. Ilya seems to be in a debate about the latest episode of Great British Bake Off, which Shane usually only half pays attention to when they watch it. Shane notices there are a few of the women he first encountered when he arrived and he gives them a faint smile as he comes up from behind Ilya and runs a slow, warm hand up his husband's spine. Ilya twitches under him, and seems to lose his train of thought about some chocolate tart as he turns to look at Shane.

"Please, don't stop on my account," Shane says, hand slipping back down to sneak into Ilya's back pocket.

"Do youuu have a favorite baker this season?" One of the women asks warmly, if a little tipsily slurred, and Shane looks helplessly up at Ilya.

"Uh, the one who made um- those cookies?"

"Yes, many of them do make cookies," Ilya laughs and wraps an arm affectionately around his shoulders.

"Fuck off. The one with the pink hair?"

"Lauren," Ilya helpfully supplies. "You like Lauren. He is always falling asleep when we watch," he says with a conspiratorial tone to the group.

"Not always," Shane complains good naturedly.

"Wait," a brunette says. She was definitely one of the women Shane first met at this party. "Is *Ilya* your husband?"

"That's right," Shane says, and gives Ilya's ass a soft, affectionate squeeze. "We got married last July."

"Wow, congrats," one of the other women says. Another says "Wow, I don't know who I'm more jealous of."

Shane laughs and looks down. Comments like that will never not be weird. "Thank you," he says to the first comment and tries to ignore the second. "Speaking of, mind if I borrow this guy?"

He grins up at Ilya and flicks his eyes towards a closed door that they both know leads to the back hallway and stairwell.

Ilya follows his eyes and then looks down in disbelief at Shane again, and Shane just smirks.

“Sorry ladies,” Ilya says as nearly trips over his feet following Shane. Shane laces his fingers through Ilya’s and tugs him towards the closed door and into the darkened hallway beyond.

The second the door closes, Ilya tugs Shane against him and presses him back into the door. And then his mouth is on his and he’s kissing Shane breathless.

“Who are you, and what have you done with Shane Hollander?” Ilya demands between hot kisses that threaten to leave Shane dizzy.

He tugs at one of Shane’s thighs and Shane lifts it with a soft gasp to curl around Ilya’s hip. Ilya takes advantage of the angle to grind his cock against Shane’s.

“Fuck,” Shane murmurs, head thumping back against the door.

“Yes, that is exactly right, Hollander,” Ilya growls softly as he nips at Shane’s jawline, grinds slow and dirty against Shane’s rapidly filling cock. “I’m going to fuck you. Give you what you’re after, yes?”

Shane threads his fingers through Ilya’s curls and tugs his mouth back to his, kisses him filthily, tongue slow and teeth nipping at Ilya’s lower lip in a way that always drives him crazy. Ilya’s groan sounds suspiciously like a whimper as Shane bucks back up into Ilya’s hips and throws off his rhythm.

“Yeah, Rozanov,” Shane murmurs, breaking their kiss but keeping him close so that his breath puffs across Ilya’s parted lips. “But here’s the thing. Tonight, I’m. Fucking. You.” He punctuates each word with a kiss and then licks messily across Ilya’s lips. It doesn’t matter that he’ll be full of Ilya’s cock, he’s in charge tonight, and he feels Rozanov shudder against him with the idea of it.

“Is that right, Hollander?” Rozanov husks, voice wrecked. “You know what I think?”

“Tell me, Rozanov,” Shane murmurs, shifting to squeeze the back of Ilya’s neck, digging into the cord of muscle and making Ilya’s breath come out in pants.

“You won’t make it past me sucking your cock until you’re begging me to make you come.”

Oh, Shane realizes with a pleasant stomach flip: that was a challenge, which meant Ilya was really fucking into this.

“We’ll see,” Shane muses, sliding his hands down Ilya’s back and tugging his hips flush against his again. “But more likely, it’s going to be like this: I take you home, and fucking ride you until you are begging me to let you come. And then, once I’m done with you, you can suck my cock.”

Ilya muffles his growl too late in Shane's neck for Shane to miss the hint of the whine there too. Shane chuckles and squeezes Ilya's ass affectionately. "I know," he says, kissing Ilya's hot cheek. "I want it too."

"We can go now?" Ilya asks and Shane almost laughs at how desperate he sounds.

"And miss the cake?"

"Fuck the cake."

"Another hour," Shane says gently, scratching his fingers through Ilya's hair again. "We make the rounds, tell Jackie happy birthday, and yeah, have a little cake. And then yes, I'll take you home."

"This is not sexy," Ilya complains, completely at odds with how hard his dick is against Shane. "This is torture. Suddenly you have a mouth on you like I've never heard and you want me to wait an hour?"

"You are so brave," Shane deadpans, and then, because he sees something spark in Ilya's eyes, he crowds in closer and now it's Ilya's back against the wall and Shane bracketing him in. "You are so good, Rozanov," he says, low and hot. "I know you can be patient for an hour. And then I'm going to take care of you."

"Fucking *Christ*," Ilya groans and shoves Shane back. "Hour starts now."

Somehow they do make it another hour, although Shane's not entirely sure how. It's probably a good thing that Jackie spots them soon after they rejoin the party and comes over to get a second round of hugs.

She looks gorgeous, as always, but relaxed and loose in a way that Shane can't remember seeing her in years. Being kid free for the evening must be a treat, and he makes a mental note that he and Ilya need to offer to host a sleepover for the kids soon.

"I am just so happy you guys are here. It's good, isn't it?" Jackie asks, adjusting the birthday crown Hayden had ceremoniously bestowed on her.

"Is a good party," Ilya confirms. "Shane certainly likes it."

Shane resists rolling his eyes and squeezes Jackie's hand instead. "It's a blast Jackie. You and Hayd did good."

"Well there's going to be dancing and a bonfire soon, so don't miss that ok?" She hears someone call her name and her head whips around. "Oh! I gotta say hi but-" she looks back at them and her gaze softens a bit. "It's nice seeing you two here, like this. I like that we can finally invite both of you to big parties. Hope that's ok to say," she says, a sudden flash of guilt.

"Very ok," Shane says and feels Ilya nod in agreement next to him.

“Honestly, seeing Pike absolutely ruin any trust your kids had in him for the next several years makes me think we were actually lucky with how long he kept our secret,” Ilya says, and Jackie snorts.

“Oh yeah, I heard about that. He’s such an idiot,” she says with an affectionate smile. “I hear we have dinner together next month, so that’s nice at least.”

“Yes, and ask Hayden for me if he likes Mushroom Stroganov.”

“I won’t torture my husband for you,” Jackie says, but then grins and leans closer. “But please let me be there when you ask him that.”

They do a few more circles of the party, and Shane keeps his hand planted on Ilya’s back, enjoying the contact, the thrill of making this choice to be so seen, and knowing the tension that’s lacing Ilya’s voice and movement are all thanks to him.

“Happy birthday” is sung and Jackie nearly goes up in flames from way too many candles, but she looks so happy and Hayden looks really pleased with himself and very in love. Shane notices, with a little delight, that for the first time in a long while, he doesn’t feel any jealousy or resentment for how openly adoring they are with each other. He looks up at Ilya’s face and Ilya is watching him with a warm soft longing that Shane can’t bring himself to resist. He tugs him down for another quick kiss and swipes at Ilya’s jaw roughly with his thumb.

They are briefly separated in the eddy of people, and Shane has a few more conversations with new people before he glances at his watch and decides they’ve done their due diligence. It’s time to go home. He finds Ilya outside, sitting at the bonfire with a few other hockey players and their wives and girlfriends. Shane feels a moment of anxiety pierce him but he shoves it down. He’s got this. He’s *choosing* this.

Ilya sees him coming across the fire and he smiles at him, lopsided and lazy and a little hot. Shane walks the perimeter of the benches that have been drawn up around the fire and stops behind Ilya. He leans into this back and settles his hands on his shoulders, giving him a slow affectionate squeeze.

“Hi,” Ilya says, craning his neck around to look at him.

“Found you,” Shane says, low and soft, ignoring the way the conversations around them break off and then restart slowly.

“Were you looking for me?”

“Not a chance,” Shane laughs and then ducks his head down to kiss Ilya’s hair. “Let’s get out of here.”

It’s almost funny how quickly Ilya bounces to his feet. “Bye, guys,” Ilya says to the fire at large. “Looking forward to beating you all next season.”

A few guys flip Ilya off, and someone wolf whistles obnoxiously behind them as they turn toward to the long drive way and the valet but Shane couldn’t fucking care less. He’s got a

man and a plan to attend to.

They crash through the door to Shane's Montreal condo, Ilya using his height and weight to his advantage to steer Shane roughly into a wall and presses himself against him.

"You were a terror tonight," Ilya accuses him, thumbing at Shane's lower lip, nipping at his cheekbone, shoving a thigh between his legs. "Where did this come from, hm?"

Shane tips his head back and his breathy laugh turns into a moan as Ilya accepts his invitation and presses sucking kisses down his neck. "Just finding a better outlet for my control issues," he says and Ilya huffs.

"Too many unsexy English words," he complains. "I think I should make you forget them."

He kisses Shane again, working his thigh up into Shane's thick cock, and Shane indulges in the grind for a moment before he bites down on his own lip to focus, and catches Ilya off guard to spin them around and reverse their positions.

"Rozanov," he says, pitching his voice low. "You want to come tonight?"

Ilya's go dark with desire, mouth wet and open as he gazes at Shane. "Most nights, yes," he rasps and Shane chuckles. He presses a hand to the middle of Ilya's chest to keep him still while he leans into kiss him slow, not letting him deepen the kiss, but indulging in the slow press of lips, Ilya's soft, huffed breaths and the way his body shivers under Shane's careful attention.

He drags his hand down Ilya's body until he's cupping his cock through his designer jeans and works him slowly, pulling at him firmly and tracing the ridges of the head with knowing fingers.

"Fuck, Hollander," Ilya groans, head thumping back against the wall.

"We're gonna," Shane promises and sucks a mark into the corner of Ilya's jaw. And then he pulls back so he can watch Ilya's face as he one handedly pops the button of his jeans and gets Ilya's cock out.

"Want to know something?" He asks, almost conversationally as he spits in his hand and then wraps it around Ilya's dick, pulling loosely up the shaft and teasing the head, the slit leaking precum.

"Tell me."

"I've had a plug in since this afternoon."

Ilya's head slams back against the wall again and he swears in Russian. Shane laughs and drops to his knees. He licks a stripe up Ilya's cock and then sucks the head into his mouth, tongue pulsing against the sensitive underside. Ilya is murmuring above him in Russian, and

Shane hears “fucking perfect” and “beautiful” and what he’s pretty sure is “my hungry cock slut.”

Yeah, he is, he thinks even as his face heats and his own cock twitches. He bobs down, letting himself be a little messy, letting himself drool and slurp loudly and groan as Ilya’s cock bumps the back of his throat. He knows it drives Ilya a certain kind of wild, and sure enough Ilya’s hands are shakily stroking Shane’s hair and cupping the back of his head, the side of his face, dirty filthy lovely affirmations tumbling from his mouth in English and Russian both.

Shane draws back until he’s got just Ilya’s tip in his mouth. He shifts so he can look up at Ilya and tries not to grin around his mouthful at the sight. Ilya’s chin is tipped forward, nearly resting on his chest as he watches Shane with hungry, dark eyes. His lips are red and bitten and wet and fuck, he looks so good. He presses his thumb to the corner of Shane’s mouth and Shane lets his lips fall open, lets Ilya see how pretty his cock looks resting on Shane’s tongue.

“Oh. Fucking. Shane,” Ilya grits out “No one’s ever looked better sucking cock than you.”

Shane’s face heats at the praise and he spreads his knees a bit so he can palm his own cock, still trapped tight in his slacks. Ilya traces Shane’s lips around his cock and gives a few, slow thrusts, eyes intent as he watches his cock slide slick into Shane’s mouth.

“Sometime,” Ilya says, voice wrecked. “I want to see if you can come from sucking my dick alone.”

And fuck that’s a thought. Shane whines around Ilya’s cock and then presses forward so he can deep throat him. He hears Ilya’s head thump back against the wall again and he swallows and swallows around his cock until he can’t any more and he comes up with a gasp. He presses wet, open mouthed kisses to the length of Ilya’s cock and mouths sweetly at his balls. They’re heavy and fully and yeah, Shane could happily spend an evening, and afternoon, a day doing this.

“Yeah,” he finally agrees, still cock struck and feeling a little dreamy about the idea.

“Sometime. Not tonight though.”

“You sure?”

“Yeah.” He presses one last adoring kiss to Ilya’s cock and then slides back up to his feet and tugs Ilya’s mouth to his so he can lick the musky taste of him into his mouth. It drives Ilya crazy and Shane kisses him thoroughly. “I’ve still got plans for you.”

“Plans that involve this?” Ilya undoes Shane’s pants enough that he can get a hand down the back of them and nudges a finger between his cheeks. He sucks in a breath as he finds the soft silicone of the plug Shane had worked into himself early and taps at it.

“Aw, fuck,” Shane groans. He has to close his eyes and push his face into Ilya’s neck for a moment. Ilya teases him, pressing the plug a bit further into him before he gives the base a few wonderful tugs. The plug rides Shane’s prostrate and he’s in serious trouble of

abandoning his plans and letting Ilya take over, but he remembers the wrecked wonder of Ilya's voice in the dark hallway and he knows he wants to see this through.

"Enough," Shane manages and bites into Ilya's neck. "Bedroom, now."

Ilya's chuckles but it's strained and delighted. "Yes, boss."

They tumble into Shane's old bedroom and down onto his bed. The rest of their clothes come off and Shane takes a moment to turn on the bedside lamp. They tussle a bit before Shane manages to pin Ilya down on the bed and sits up to brace his knees on Ilya's shoulders. He grins down at him and takes his cock in hand, giving himself a few light, teasing strokes. It'd be such an easy trick with Rozanov, if his intent eyes on Shane's hand and cock didn't always threaten to strip away Shane's own ability to think clearly too.

"I promised you that I was going to fuck you," Shane says slowly, reaching down to play with his balls. "I promised that I was going to make you beg, didn't I?"

"Cocky," Ilya growls.

"Good word choice," Shane laughs and then lifts up on his knees and reaches back to pull the plug out of himself. "Fuck," he groans. "I always feel so empty after I take these out. I always need you to fill me up."

"Hollander, Jesus Christ," Ilya moans, but if he's got more to say, he doesn't get it out because Shane is holding his cock steady and sinking down on him in one fluid motion.

"Oh god, fuck," Shane moans helplessly. The stretch is always so good, and Ilya just gets so fucking deep in him. He has to take a few moments to get his breathing under control, and he grips the base of his cock, which is twitching dangerously. It's truly unfair how much his body is trained to respond to Ilya fucking him.

He feels Rozanov flex a bit under him, maybe trying to free his arms so he can touch Shane, flip them over and take him hard like he knows Shane usually likes but Shane shakes his head and grounds his weight down.

"Not tonight," he says, pressing a kiss to Ilya's mouth. "My show tonight, Rozanov."

"Show me, then," Ilya urges him. "Come on, Hollander."

Shane braces a hand on Ilya's chest and sets up a slow rhythm to start, rising up and down on Ilya's cock, flexing his hips at the top in just the right way that has Ilya groaning helplessly under him and straining against his weight. But Shane keeps him pinned and keeps the pace steady. Like this, he can more or less control the pressure and depth, and manages to avoid the angles that always overwhelm him too quickly.

Rozanov is sweating and starting to press back harder and Shane picks up his pace. He fucks down on him hard and fast, a punishing rhythm that Ilya usually uses when he's desperate and close and Ilya growls under him.

"Hollander, fuck, that's good. Just like that. Fuck you look so good."

Shane grins and pants above him, keeping careful eyes on Ilya's face. "That gonna make you come?" He wraps his hand around his cock again and pulls loosely at it, not enough to send him to close to the edge but enough to make Ilya wild.

"Ah, fuck, Hollander."

"I want to feel you dripping out of me," Shane tells him, gripping the meat of his pec, brushing a thumb over his nipple. "I want to be so fucking full of your cum."

There- Shane's sees it, the tightening of Ilya's forehead, the slackness of his mouth. Ilya's close. Shane drops abruptly down on him and slows to just a careful, steady rock of his hips. Ilya gasps and his eyes fly open.

"You. Fucker," He grits out. Shane smirks at him. Like this, he's not in danger of coming too quickly, but he can clench and roll on Ilya's cock perfectly, can drag Rozanov right up to the edge without tumbling over himself.

"You want to come, Rozanov?"

"No, I want a beach vacation. The fuck do you think I want?" Ilya all but snarls and pushes up against Shane's weight but Shane bares him back down and leans forward to kiss Ilya slow and lush. He sucks his tongue into his mouth and nuzzles his face as he feels Ilya's heart pound under his hands.

"Who's fucking you?" Shane murmurs with another roll of his hips.

"Ah, Jesus Christ," Rozanov groans, head tipped back and his cock twitching dangerously inside of Shane.

"Close, try again," Shane teases him, ducking his head to bite at Ilya's nipples, leaves a hickey on one of Rozanov's muscular shoulders.

"You're - you're unbelievable Hollander."

"Yeah, unbelievable at fucking you, Rozanov," Shane says as he presses another kiss against Ilya's pouting wet mouth, and then picks up the pace again.

He rolls his hips as he rides Ilya, his thighs burning, cock aching, but it's too good seeing Ilya swearing and shuddering underneath him for Shane to pay any attention to his own body. He brings Ilya right to the edge again and then stops, sinking all the way down so that they're both groaning at how deep Rozanov is.

"Fuuck," Ilya all but whines. "Hollander, come on."

"What do you want?"

"Ah, goddamn it," Ilya groans with an attempt to thrust his hips that Shane shuts down with his weight. "I want you to make me come, Hollander."

“You want me to make you come from fucking you?” Shane pushes him, tweaking a nipple and Ilya’s face does something funny, lighting up and twisting and breaking open all at once and his voice has a rough trembling edge when he grits out. “Yeah.”

“Tell me, then, Rozanov,” Shane all about growls. “Tell me that.”

“I-” Ilya’s throat clicks and he gazes up at Shane, eyes hot and adoring and a little watery. “I want you to fuck me and make me come, Hollander.”

“Yes. So fucking good,” Shane tells him with a snarl as he starts riding him again. “You’re so fucking good for me, Ilya.”

“Yes,” Ilya’s whining now, hands flexing on empty air. Shane risks his balance and lunges up to interlace their fingers and press Ilya further into the bed. “Please, Shane. Please Hollander. I-”

Shane kisses him fiercely, a brutal, hungry heat flaring possibly through his chest. “Fucking right,” he pants against Ilya’s lips. “Fucking come for me, Rozanov.”

All it takes is a few more twists of his hips and hard, rough thrusts down and Ilya fucking keens and arches up underneath him. His cock pulses and spills hot and wet inside Shane, and Shane feels fucking high with it. He rides Ilya through it, biting roughly at his own lip to keep his pleasure at bay. He slows as Ilya shudders helplessly underneath him, and nuzzles into the side of his face to kiss away a few tears that leak from Ilya’s eyes.

“You’re so fucking, beautiful, Ilya,” Shane says stroking his hands down his face and shifting his knees so he can rub soothing circles where he kept his arms trapped. “And you are fucking mine, and I love that everyone knows that.”

Ilya turns his face wordlessly towards Shane and Shane kisses him and kisses him, and wonders if he can maybe make Ilya come again. He rolls his hips experimentally and Ilya gasps and twitches inside him.

“You got another one for me?”

“You are going to kill me,” Ilya croaks, opening his eyes to look at Shane.

“Not an answer.”

“Make me come again, please, Shane,” Ilya says, voice thick with emotion and desire.

“That’s right,” Shane murmurs, love and yearning and hunger mixing in him as he works his hips on Ilya. “I’ve got you.”

It’s sloppy now, they’re kissing wetly as Ilya is shuddering gasps against Shane’s lips. Shane breaks away to kiss down Ilya’s throat and tangles his fingers in his hair to rub small circles into Ilya’s temples. “Mine,” he tells him. “I’m so fucking gone on you Ilya.”

“Fuck, I- *fuck*,” Ilya groans and he’s coming again. His stomach muscles tense and jump between Shane’s thighs and he actually whines high and in the back of his throat as his cock

pulses inside Shane again.

“Fucking yes,” Shane breaths. He slowly brings his hips to a stop and squeezes his thighs into Ilya, bracketing him in and pressing his lips to his chest, neck, face, mouth, anywhere he can reach. Ilya is still shuddering underneath him and Shane gently strokes his hair and murmurs sweet nonsense at him as he comes down. Ilya tips his face to press their foreheads together, eyes still squeezed shut and tight, and Shane wraps a hand around the back of his head to press him tighter to him.

“You are so unfairly hot,” Shane tells him, watching Rozanov through half lidded eyes. “I love you so much it makes my heart hurt.”

Ilya’s lips twitch at that and he opens his eyes to meet Shane’s heavy gaze. “I know the feeling, sweetheart.”

Shane presses careful kisses to Ilya’s mouth and Ilya kisses back a little weakly. “You broke me,” he murmurs. “I can’t move. Death by Shane Fucking Hollander.”

“Don’t have to move,” Shane tells him, smugly. He traces fingers down Ilya’s cheeks and enjoys sharing air between them as he feels Ilya’s racing heart begin to slow and his body’s trembling subside.

Ilya takes a final, shuddering breath and then seems to be back in his body enough to flop an arm over to curl around Shane’s back. “You have not come,” he murmurs. “Must be record.”

“I can wait.”

“Also record.”

“Yeah, yeah, fuck you.”

“You already have,” Ilya groans and then he’s pushing Shane to sit upright again and tugs on his hips. “I think you did promise me the chance to suck your cock after you were done with me, yes?”

“Oh,” Shane breathes, his own arousal coming back full force and nearly winding him as Ilya encourages him to shuffle up until he’s straddling Ilya’s shoulders. Ilya’s cum leaks warm and wet out of him and Shane is suddenly dizzy with need. “I’m not going to last,” he groans as Ilya mouths along his dick, and sneaks a hand around to brace against Shane’s lower back.

“Want to taste you,” is all Ilya says before he pulls Shane’s cock between his lips and suckles sweetly at the tip. His mouth is looser and less finessed than he usually is, but Shane loves it. Loves that it’s proof of Ilya’s ruin. Ilya wraps a hand around the length of Shane he can’t fit into his mouth and his other hand slides down Shane’s back so he slip a finger into Shane’s loose hole.

“Oh god, Ilya,” Shane pants as Ilya finds his prostrate with ease and pulses his finger against it in time with the lazy draws of his mouth. Ilya hums contentedly under him and gazes up at

Shane with dark, sated eyes. He's so gorgeous it hurts. "That's so fucking good. That's, that's *fuck-*"

His comes hard on Ilya's tongue and Ilya groans sympathetically along with Shane's nearly pained cry. He's coming so hard he can't see, all he can feel is Ilya under him, in him around him. The pleasure twists and curls through him and Shane feels the prick of overwhelmed tears in his own eyes as he pants helplessly against the waves of his orgasm that seem unending.

As it ebbs, he has the presence of mind to collapse to the side and lands on the pillows next to Ilya. His thighs and lower back protest as he tries to uncurl them and he gives up and just twists to nuzzle back close in to Rozanov. Ilya's got some of Shane's cum on his lips and he's smiling a little wondrously at him.

"That was a big one, huh?" He asks Shane, pulling him in close and pressing sticky kisses to his mouth. Shane doesn't even care, he licks his own mess from Ilya's lips and laps the taste from his mouth. Ilya makes an appreciative noise and rolls onto his side so he can wrap his arms more fully around Shane.

"Where did this come from, hm?" He murmurs as their kisses slow and he's stroking his fingers through Shane's hair.

"Was it ok?" Shane asks, suddenly feeling shy and anxious.

"Shane, it was. Wow," Ilya chuckles. "No words for it. I loved it."

"Ok," Shane breathes out in relief. "Yeah, I liked it too. A lot."

"Clearly."

"Shut up. I just- I thought you might like me showing you how much you mean to me, like this."

"Hmm, is a different way from sucking my cock and letting me fuck you into the mattress?" Ilya muses but his eyes are soft like he gets what Shane's trying to say better than Shane does. "I like it. I felt, mm, what is the word. Special? Held? Neither is right."

Shane smiles loosely. "Cherished?" He offers.

"Cherished," Ilya repeats and nods. "I'll look it up in the morning."

"Good call. I'm fucking beat."

They have to move, but it's hard. Shane groans at the stiffness in his thighs as he tries to sit up and Ilya squeezes the muscles there gently after Shane shakes them out, working feeling back into them. They clean up and Shane grabs them water and Ilya brings in a spare sheet from the closet so they don't have to sleep in their mess.

They curl back up together, legs intertwined and Ilya resting his head on Shane's chest and Shane works his fingers lazily through his hair and down his neck, pressing the

overwhelming affection he feels for Ilya into his skin.

Ilya sleepily tells Shane a bit about the donor meeting and Shane tries to remember if he even said anything interesting at all in his press briefing. He makes Ilya smile instead with a story about a very young fan at the signing who wanted a homemade centaur signed.

“It was like,” Shance chuckles, “Half a Ken doll strapped to a decapitated unicorn plushie or some shit.”

“Little girls are terrifying,” Ilya agrees with a soft laugh and curls his fingers through Shane’s, squeezes them. “But maybe good fan craft for next season.”

“Oh,” Ilya muses some moments, minutes, hours later. “I forgot, I had something to show you.”

Shane tries not to grumble as Ilya disentangles himself and rolls over to grab his phone. The wonderful warm length of his body is back moments later, and he hauls Shane’s leg back up over his hip. “Something from this morning... where was it? Here.”

He turns his phone and Shane squints for a moment until Ilya gently slides his glasses on his nose. “Thanks,” he says as his heart stutterthumps in his chest. He tries to make sense of what appears to be some unknown sports blog that’s detailing a mid season game that Shane can’t understand the relevance of until-

“Oh my fucking god,” he snorts. “*“Hollander’s increased speed this last season and his successful copycatting of Rozanov’s moves clearly suggests that playing alongside Rozanov is a good influence on Hollander’s game.”*”

He’s cracking up even as Ilya purrs “Yes. See? Some people *do* think I am a good influence on you. I told you.”

“You are so fucking ridiculous,” Shane laughs, pulling him close to kiss him. “And I fucking love you.”

“Love you too, moy mashina dlya seksa.”

“Hmm,” Shane hums as he rolls to turn off the light. “I guess we both have words to look up in the morning.”

Ilya’s smile is lopsided against his shoulder and Shane squeezes him. He couldn’t be happier.

End Notes

Thanks for reading, would love to hear from ya!

And, since I'm never beating the Hollandov propaganda accusations, go watch [the Heated Rivalry Trailer](#) in case it's your thing.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!