

## bet on me

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by [dreamerhennessy](#)

## Summary

"I think we make this game more interesting," Ilya said, and that got Shane's attention.  
"Whoever loses has to wear the winner's jersey after the game, yes?"

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Ilya and Shane agree before their game that the loser is going to wear the winner's jersey after the game. Ilya likes seeing his name on Shane's back a little too much.

## Notes

edit: thank you to BlueGecko123 for commenting !! the tweet is here:  
<https://x.com/princeandagcd/status/2005449680793272492>  
thank you to princeandagcd for this idea

this is based on a tweet i saw that i lost and i wish i had liked so i could link it, but the idea to write it came after i had already left the app fheifheiu please let me know if you know what tweet im talking about bc i really would like them to get their credit but it was about ilya and shane making a bet to wear the other one's jersey if they lose

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

Shane Hollander had a hard time thinking about anything other than how *bad* of an idea this was.

That, and how *good* Ilya looked standing across from him. He was wearing a skin tight t-shirt that Shane wondered where he found something that fit him so badly but looked so fucking good that he could feel his mouth start to water. He quickly had to remind himself of the reporter and microphone that stood between the two of them, the camera in front.

Right, they played a game later. They were being interviewed. Shane shook his head slightly, just enough to shake those thoughts from his head before his dick caught up with that train of thought. The last thing he needed was a hard on on ESPN.

The internet would have a field day though, he was sure.

"I think we make this game more interesting," Ilya said, and that got Shane's attention. *Oh God*, he thought. "Whoever loses has to wear the winner's jersey after the game, yes?"

It wasn't an uncommon thing, for players to make bets with each other like this. Wearing another player's jersey wasn't unheard of, just not something Shane had ever done before.

"You're on, Rozanov," he said back, a small smirk quirked at the edge of his lips. "You'll look good wearing 24."

--

After a hard fought game, Boston came out on top 3-2. Shane couldn't lie and say he wasn't disappointed, he always was when he lost, but he wanted to see Ilya in his jersey. They were both so competitive, they both always wanted to win.

They both always end up winning in the end though, when Ilya fucks him after he wins it always makes Shane see stars. Ilya loves taking his *prize* for a good game played.

"Hollander!" he called out, and Shane turned to look at him. He couldn't help but smile as he rolled his eyes, and Ilya skated up to him. "You must wear my jersey, yes? Remember?" he asked, already pulling off his jersey as he talked.

Shane sighed softly and stripped off his own jersey and pads, setting them all on the wall before slipping on Ilya's jersey. It was best to get it done right then and there, get their pictures and any interviews out of the way. He slid on Ilya's jersey and looked over at the other man, currently shirtless on the ice. He looked down at the Boston jersey to avoid staring at Ilya's bare chest for too long, the way his necklace lays on his skin and the patch of hair that starts at his bellybutton and disappears below his uniform pants.

He gave the jersey a disapproving look, which wasn't as hard as he thought it would be given how *sweaty* it was. He probably should've expected that, they had just played a game after all.

Ilya called over their social media manager, a smile still on his face. "Come over here and get some pictures of us," he said, obviously amused by the whole situation. They got a couple pictures from the front, one of Shane acting disgusted while looking at the jersey and one of them smiling. He turned around to show the back and he heard a small noise leave Ilya's mouth, and he peeked at him out of the corner of his eye just in time to watch his face shift back to being fun, sticking out his tongue confidently for the picture as Shane let them snap a few more.

But when he turned to look at him again once the pictures stopped, Shane felt his heart speed up. Ilya looked like he was ready to fuck him right there on the ice, which shouldn't be so hot to him. Shane ignored the twitch of his cock and swallowed thickly, looking up into Ilya's eyes. He had to fight every instinct in his body that was telling him to drop to his knees, to please Ilya when he looks at him like *that*. Like his only mission on this Earth is to completely ruin Shane. Like he needed to be inside of him more than he needed water or air.

Shane went to pull off the jersey and he realized how much it smelled like Ilya, he didn't want to admit it but he loved the way Ilya smelled, especially after a game. He was all sweaty and musky and *manly*, and Shane was a clean freak but the pure, primal smell of *him* drove him crazy, and his cock was suddenly half hard in his jock. He took a deep breath of the jersey as he took it off, trying to be inconspicuous as he did. God, was he a pervert?

He couldn't worry about that though, when Ilya was looking at him like *that*.

"When you come over tonight, maybe you wear the jersey again," Ilya said low in his ear, leaning in close. "You look so fucking hot with my name on your back."

Shane had to close his eyes and let out a slow, shaky breath before he could head towards the locker room.

He grabbed his stuff and headed towards the locker room, immediately stripping down at his cubby. He took a quick, cold shower, trying to keep his cock soft until he was gone. That was his only goal.

He celebrated the small victory as he sat back in his cubby, checking his phone. Ilya had sent him the pictures already, and he couldn't lie: they looked good. He scrolled through, impressed with how they turned out despite them just having finished a game.

Shane got to the picture of himself turned around, and his throat went dry. There was something about it, Ilya shirtless and wild and fun next to him and him with Rozanov on his back that tugged on his heart in a way he didn't want to think about.

But also? Ilya was right, he *did* look hot with Ilya's name on him. It made him feel something else, something in his gut. Like he was *owned*.

Like he was *Ilya's*.

And *fuck* was he Ilya's.

"Are you coming out with us tonight?" Hayden asked as he took a seat next to Shane, looking over at his phone. "I can't believe you had to put on Rozanov's jersey. That bastard already has such a big fucking ego, he'll never let you live it down."

*I'm counting on that*, Shane thought before chuckling with a shrug. "A bet's a bet. Next time he'll be wearing *my* jersey."

"He better. I hate losing in general, but I really hate losing to that guy. Russian motherfucker," he grumbled. "Anyways, dude, are you going out with us? Or since we're in Boston, are you going to go meet up with Lily?" he teased, his voice going singsongy on "her" name.

Shane had stopped being so cagey about "Lily" with Hayden, since he knew he knew he saw *someone* in Boston, but it still put him on edge. Even if it was obvious Hayden believed everything he told him. He was his best friend, after all, he guessed he had no reason to think he'd lie.

If only he knew.

"Yeah," he admitted, a small smile on his face. "I'm going to go see Lily later."

"Good," Hayden said, nudging his knee with his. "You need to get laid, dude. You're always in a much better mood after you've gotten some," he teased and Shane rolled his eyes.

"Fuck off. Not everyone is a horn dog like you, always on your fucking wife."

"I bet under that good boy persona, you're way different in the bedroom."

If he only knew.

--

When he got to Ilya's place, he was barely in the door before he was kissed, hot and hard and all *want*.

All *need*.

"Fuck Hollander, you know how hot you get me wearing my jersey?" Ilya asked against his lips, pressing him into the now closed door. "Took everything in me to not push you down on your knees right there on the ice."

"Of course you did. You're so fucking possessive," Shane said, reaching down between them to cup Ilya over his pants, his cock hardening under the fabric. "And competitive. Couldn't wait to show off that you had *won*. And that I had to wear your jersey as *punishment*."

"Should've shown them my *real* reward, Hollander," he said, nipping at Shane's bottom lip before kissing along his jaw. "Pushed you to your knees and shown them you are such a whore for my cock. That when I win you reward me you choke on me and then you let me fuck you so hard with my big, Russian, Boston player, rival cock that you leave here with tear stains on your cheeks and my hand print on your ass."

Shane whined at his words, tilting his head back so Ilya had room to kiss. "Are you going to fuck me?" he asked, palming him slowly. He was trying to be patient, he really was.

"I am going to fuck you with my jersey on. Want to see my name on your back when I am fucking you. Remind you that you are *mine*, Hollander," he said, his teeth scraping over Shane's pulse. "You lost," he reminded him, just to be an asshole.

Shane tried not to give in to it. "You fucking asshole," he said, reaching into Ilya's pants and squeezing his cock. "Don't get cocky. I'll kick your ass next time."

"Do not threaten me with a good time, Hollander."

Ilya pushed his hands up under Shane's shirt, helping him pull it off before kissing him again. Shane pushed Ilya's pants down so he could properly get his hands on him, stroking him. He started to drop to his knees and Ilya stopped him, tilting his head up by his chin.

The look in Shane's eyes, so soft and obedient, had his cock leaking. Shane wanted to lick that bead of precum off of the head of his cock so badly it made him sick.

"Wait," he said, and Shane couldn't help but comply. Shane stood up and Ilya leaned in to press another kiss to his lips. "Want to see you in my jersey again first. Then I will let you suck my cock."

"Oh? You'll *let* me? How kind of you," Shane said flatly.

"We both know you love sucking cock. Top hockey player Shane Hollander is a cock slut," he teased, "and he loves to take 9-inch cock in his mouth and in his ass."

Shane hummed, licking his lips as he moved his hands to Ilya's hips. "I love to take *your* cock," he admitted. "And I want it right now."

"I would hate to keep you from what you want." Ilya took him by his hand and kicked off his pants the rest of the way, pulling him towards the bedroom. He nodded towards the bed, and Shane saw his jersey on the bed, and his heart started to race again.

Wearing *Ilya's* jersey. Being *his*. God it was so hot.

He finished stripping out of his clothes and slipped on Ilya's jersey and fuck, it's the same one from the game.

It still smells like him.

Shane lifted the front to his nose and took a deep breath without thinking, his cock twitching violently between his legs as he let himself take in the smell of Ilya.

"Fu-uck," Ilya groaned, and Shane turned to see Ilya staring at him with the same fire he had on the ice earlier, his hand working his cock. "Did you just fucking sniff my game worn jersey?" he asked, and Shane sheepishly nodded his head.

"Smells like you. You smell so fucking good when you're all sweaty, so fucking *manly*." Ilya was so *masculine*, and it turned Shane on so much he couldn't see straight. Tall and strong and smelled so good, hairy. Everything about it drove him crazy when he was this far gone on him.

Ilya crossed the room and pushed him back onto the bed, popping open a bottle of lube that he must've gotten out before Shane even got there.

Good to know he wasn't the only one that was desperate.

He slipped a finger inside of Shane and everything felt right again, his brain was always *too much* but when he was being filled up, everything reset.

Ilya always knew how to reset him.

He moaned as Ilya fucked him with his fingers, one turning to two probably quicker than it should've. But they both got impatient when they were this turned on, and honestly sometimes he likes the pain. The pain and the sting and the soreness that comes from rough and fast fucking.

And he really needed that right then. For Ilya to be so far gone on him to show him that he's *his*, at least for the night.

"Fuck, Rozanov," he groaned, his hand tangling in Ilya's hair as Ilya opened him up. "Need your cock in me right fucking now."

"Ah, you should be patient, Hollander," he teased, knowing neither one of them wanted to wait.

"Maybe I should find a guy that'll fuck me right when I want it instead," Shane said, testing the water. And it got him the *exact* reaction he wanted.

Ilya's eyes darkened in a way that could've scared Shane if he wasn't so turned on, and Ilya pulled his fingers out of him and reached into the drawer to grab out a condom. "You're fucking *mine*, Hollander. Don't forget whose fucking jersey you have on right now," he reminded him, sliding on the condom and slicking it up with the lube. "Get on your fucking hands and knees. I want to look at my own fucking name while I ruin your ass for anyone else," he told him.

And Shane obeyed.

Shane flipped himself over so fast that if it was any other time, he might've been embarrassed by how easy he was acting. But they both knew he *was* easy, for Ilya anyways.

Always for him.

He grabbed a pillow and placed it under his hips, his cock pinned between the pillow and his stomach and his ass in the air.

Ilya leaned down and bit down on his ass cheek and Shane groaned, looking at him over his shoulder. "What the fuck?" Ilya just smirked, climbing behind him and smacking his ass right where he just bit.

"Couldn't help myself. You look so good like this."

Ilya placed one hand on the arch of Shane's back and the other wrapped around his cock, lining himself up with Shane's hole. He slid in and gave him exactly one second before he started to move, his hands moving to hold onto Shane's hips.

Shane moaned desperately when Ilya entered him, resting his cheek on the bed as he let Ilya set his own pace. He knew it would be quick. It would be hard. There was no way Ilya was taking it slow tonight.

And Shane fucking loved it.

Ilya fucked him hard, pulling all the way out before slamming back into his ass, pressing against his prostate with the same accuracy he had on the ice. Shane groaned, his cock leaking all over his stomach and his hands grabbing the sheets as Ilya picked up the pace.

The bed squeaked and banged against the wall as Ilya fucked him fast, one hand moving to tangle in Shane's hair, yanking his head back so he could look at him better. "Fuck, Hollander. Wish you could see yourself like this, you take cock so good," he praised, tugging on Shane's hair in a way that had him clinching down to keep himself from cumming.

"*Fuck*. Hollander you cannot get tight like that unless you want me to cum," he said, tugging on his hair again.

"Roz," he moaned, the pleasure getting overwhelming. The pain in his hair, the pleasure and stretch in his ass, the friction on his cock from the pillow. His eyes were wet and his cock was leaking and he wanted nothing more than to cum. To cum and to have Ilya cum in him. On him. Anything. "Feels so fucking good," he said, letting out a whine when Ilya rubbed the top of his crack with his free thumb. "You gonna cum for me, Rozanov? I'm so close, feel like a fucking puck bunny wearing your jersey after your game," he said, and Ilya pulled on his hair again, leaning in to press a filthy kiss to his mouth. All tongue and spit and sex and fuck, *fuck* he was about to cum.

"Cum on me," he babbled, trying to hump the pillow under him to get himself there. "Want you to mark me up every way you can. Cum on me Roz, show everyone who I belong to."

Ilya sat up on his knees and fucked Shane at the same bruising pace from before, a man on a mission.

"Cum for me, Hollander. Want you to cum without me touching your cock," he said, and Shane couldn't help but follow through.

Shane came with a moaned *Rozanov* all over his stomach and, he realized a moment too late, the inside of Ilya's jersey. He couldn't worry about that for too long though, because he felt Ilya pull out and he couldn't help the whine that came out at the sudden emptiness he felt.

It was short lived though, when he heard Ilya groan behind him and felt the splash of Ilya's cum on his ass. He moaned again, humping his sensitive, spent cock against the pillow once.

"Fuck, Hollander. You look so good like this."

"Take a picture, let me see," Shane said, and Ilya grabbed his phone to snap a picture. He walked away to grab a warm washcloth and he wiped down Shane's ass before helping him up to pull the jersey off of him. He wiped his stomach off and laid down on the bed, pulling Shane over onto his chest. He grabbed the phone and showed him the picture, and Shane felt his face heat up.

God he looked so *dirty*. His ass up in the air, Ilya's name on his jersey in full display and his cum all over Shane's ass. It was so hot, he couldn't believe it was him.

"Should put that picture on Instagram with the other ones of you in my jersey. Is better than all the other ones, for sure," he joked and Shane smacked his chest.

"You bastard. I still can't believe you made me wear your jersey."

"You loved it."

"Fuck off. Next time you're wearing mine."

## End Notes

i cant believe this is my first fic ive posted on here in 2025. all i needed was hollanov to save my writers block

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