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1410

by [saythemahae](#)

Summary

“You wanted this, didn’t you? You want to choke on my come?” Ilya murmured.

“Yes,” Shane gasped, taking the Russian’s cock off his mouth to breathe for a second. The admission ripped from his, surely soon, sore throat. “More. Harder, *Ilya*.”

The request was a match to Ilya’s wick. His movements doubled in speed, his hips bucking hard. Shane was lost, his consciousness reduced to Ilya’s thick head constantly pressing on the back of his throat and the iron grip on his neck.

or the one in which Ilya and Shane can't keep their hands off each other.

Notes

hello!!!! today is my birthday!! and i had the idea for this fic a while ago, so i decided to go for it and post it today as a little bday gift for myself and for y'all. so, i really hope you like it!!!!

kudos and comments are always appreciated!!

love, @saythemahae (on tw and tumblr) <333

The air in the VIP section of the club was thick with bass and expensive perfume, but all Shane Hollander could taste was the phantom ghost of Ilya Rozanov's cologne.

They weren't speaking. They hadn't exchanged a word since their last game ended in a furious, barely-suppressed shoving match on the ice barely three hours ago. Now, they were on opposite sides of a plush, curved leather booth, separated by half a dozen acquaintances and a universe of unspoken tension.

But their eyes were talking.

Every glance was a check, a power play, a silent demand. Ilya's gaze—sharp, calculating, and dangerously dark—kept locking onto Shane, ignoring the model draped over his shoulder.

Shane met it every time, his own internal fire a match for the Russian's icy dominance, even though his stomach was twisting with a need that felt less like rivalry and more like surrender.

When Ilya finally stood, it wasn't a question or an invitation; it was a command. He didn't even look at Shane, just tossed a curt dismissal over his shoulder to his companions and walked directly towards the unmarked, black-lacquered door at the back of the section, typically reserved for service or emergency exits.

Shane's breath hitched. He knew that look. It was the moment the professional hockey player dissolved, and the horny young man took over.

He made his excuses to the group—a mumbled lie about needing air—and followed, the heat from the club's crush pressing against his back, urging him forward.

He slipped through the door just as Ilya was reaching for the deadbolt on the inside. The space was a narrow, unlit corridor leading to the fire escape—concrete, smelling of stale booze, and blessedly empty.

Ilya shoved the door closed and let the lock click into place, plunging them into near-total darkness, broken only by a sliver of pulsing blue light from a distant exit sign. The roar of the club's music was muffled, reduced to a heavy, chest-rattling thrum.

Shane leaned back against the solid wall, trying to project casual defiance, but his whole body was already singing with anticipation.

"What's up, Rozanov? Lost your way to the bathroom?" Shane challenged, his voice a low, throaty rasp.

Ilya didn't bother with words. He covered the distance between them in two fluid strides, slamming a large hand flat against the wall above Shane's head. He caged Shane in, his massive chest just inches from Shane's.

"Hollander," Ilya murmured, the last name sounding less like that, a last name, and more like a threat. His voice was dangerously relaxed, edged with the same quiet fury he carried onto the ice when he was hunting a goal. "You look at me like that in public, you will be taken in public. I'm warning you."

The threat was electric. Shane swallowed hard, the last vestiges of his bravado dissolving in the face of Ilya's overwhelming physical presence and barely-leashed intensity.

"I wasn't looking at you in any particular way, Roz," Shane countered, but the nickname was weak, a flimsy shield.

Ilya's free hand snaked down, grabbing Shane's hips through the expensive fabric of his tailored trousers. He yanked Shane forward, grinding their crotches together in one hard, swift movement.

"No," Ilya growled, his mouth hovering just over Shane's ear. "I know your looks by now. That one meant need. And you are going to show me how badly you need me right now."

Shane let out a low, involuntary moan as the pressure ignited a sharp, immediate urgency in his core. He stopped fighting, clutching at the front of Ilya's flowery, silk shirt, feeling the hard muscle beneath. "*Ilya.*"

The use of his first name—raw and pleading—was the only permission the Russian needed. Ilya's kiss was a brutal claim: hot, demanding, and utterly possessive. He devoured Shane's mouth, tasting the expensive scotch and the lingering bitterness of their public rivalry, replacing it all with the pure, messy, intoxicating flavor of lust.

He broke the kiss only to drag his mouth down Shane's throat, finding the pulse point and pressing a hard, seeking kiss there. His hands worked quickly and ruthlessly, peeling back the layers of Shane's upper clothing.

"On your knees, Hollander," Ilya ordered, his voice suddenly thick, a sound of heavy impatience.

Of course, Shane instantly dropped to his knees on the cold, dirty concrete floor, the surrender quick and complete. He looked up, his eyes wide and dark in the dim light, offering himself without hesitation. Ilya didn't wait. He unzipped his own fly, the sound loud in the enclosed space. He was rock hard already, thick and demanding, filling Shane's view.

Ilya took Shane's jaw in his hand, tilting his head up. "No touching," he commanded, his voice low and guttural. "You are mine tonight. You remember that. You take it all, now."

He pushed Shane's head down gently, yet deliberately, guiding him to his cock.

Shane obeyed again, taking Ilya fully into his mouth, his throat clenching around his size and depth. The taste was sharp, masculine and intoxicating. He started moving instinctively, trying to find a rhythm, but Ilya's hand immediately clamped hard on the back of his neck, stopping him.

"No," Ilya growled, his voice thick with dominance. "*I* set the pace. You just *take* it."

He controlled Shane completely, pressing his head up and down, deep and fast, using Shane's compliance as a mechanism for his own overwhelming release.

Shane's eyes were watering, his lungs struggling for air, the pressure in his throat overwhelming, but he held nothing back, not even the beautiful moans that made Ilya shiver. The force, the complete lack of gentleness, the way Ilya took him and demanded his total focus—it was intoxicating.

He felt he could come undone, just like that, by sucking Rozanov's dick.

The pace was punishing, driven by almost three weeks of not seeing each other finally finding release in this rough, forbidden intimacy. The thrumming bass of the club seemed to pound directly into Shane's skull, amplifying the sensation.

Ilya leaned against the wall, his breath coming in harsh, broken gasps. He pulled Hollander's head up slightly, forcing eye contact even as Shane was slick and desperate.

"You wanted this, didn't you? You want to choke on my come?" Ilya murmured.

“Yes,” Shane gasped, taking the Russian’s cock off his mouth to breathe for a second. The admission ripped from his, surely soon, sore throat. “More. Harder, *Ilya*.”

The request was a match to Ilya’s wick. His movements doubled in speed, his hips bucking hard. Shane was lost, his consciousness reduced to Ilya’s thick head constantly pressing on the back of his throat and the iron grip on his neck.

Rozanov was really close, and his hooded eyes were proof of it. Shane, after making Ilya come many, many times before, knew every single expression he made during sex, so he grabbed Ilya’s thighs to prepare for the hot liquid that would fill his mouth and throat soon enough.

Ilya, as expected, moaned loudly, a deep sound swallowed by his own fist pressed to his mouth a second later, pouring his release into Shane’s waiting mouth, driving his climax out with long, shuddering pulses.

The silence, save for their heavy, ragged breathing and the distant, constant beat of the music, was deafening.

Ilya pulled himself back into his pants, putting the zip up with the same brutal efficiency he used on the ice.

Shane remained on his knees for a long, quiet moment, utterly spent and blissfully wrecked, rubbing his aching jaw.

Ilya reached down, his touch suddenly—and unexpectedly—gentle. He lifted Shane by the jaw, forcing him to stand up.

“We should keep this going in my hotel room, Hollander,” Ilya suggested, aching to pleasure him as well. His voice turned softer, deeper, tinged with satisfaction and nostalgia, when he told him, “Room 1410.”

He didn’t wait for a response, simply walking back to the door and slipping back into the vibrant chaos of the club, leaving Shane in the dark corridor to recover, shaking, breathless and already wanting to go back to the hotel as soon as possible.

The moment the deadbolt clicked shut, isolating Shane again, the magnitude of what had just happened—and what was hopefully about to—hit him like a slap shot to the chest. He dragged a hand across his jaw, still tasting Ilya, still feeling the delicious burn in his throat. His entire body hummed with a spent, yet newly heightened, energy.

This wasn’t just lust; this was the raw, dangerous release of years of bottled-up horniness and longing that had nowhere to go but here, now.

He straightened his clothes, smoothing the expensive fabric Ilya had bunched at his hips, and then shoved the back door open, stepping back out into the crowd. The heat of the club felt oppressive now, the music a physical weight on his shoulders, but Shane barely registered it. He scanned the crowd, his eyes cutting through the neon and sweat, finding the Russian immediately.

Ilya hadn't returned to the booth; he was standing near the entrance, leaning against a pillar, a dark, motionless silhouette against the glittering chaos. He wasn't looking at Shane, but Shane knew he felt him. It was the same hyper-awareness they shared on the ice, the perfect, antagonistic synergy that allowed them to anticipate the other's moves a second before they were made.

Shane walked straight towards him. As he approached him, Ilya finally turned his head, his dark eyes sweeping over Shane's face, lingered for a barely perceptible moment on his still-damp mouth, and then dropped to the tent of his trousers he was desperately trying to hide—a silent acknowledgment of the lingering mess he'd caused.

Without a word, Ilya pushed off the pillar. He didn't offer a hand, of course, didn't even wait. He just moved, cutting a clear path through the thinning crowd and out the main doors. Shane followed like a shadow, the connection between them too taut to break.

The air outside was cool and clean, a blessed antidote to the club's feverish atmosphere. They stood side-by-side on the sidewalk, waiting for the car Ilya had silently called. The silence between them now was different from the charged standoff in the club. This was a shared, heavy agreement, thick with promise.

Shane finally broke it, his voice still ragged from his recent exertion. "Room 1410, huh? Was that on purpose, Rozanov?"

Ilya gave him a slow, lethal half-smile. "It is where I am! You can find symbolism in anything you wish, Hollander." He spoke Russian-accented English, the low rumble of his voice sounding intimate and possessive in the quiet street. "But it does bring back memories, I will give you that. I can't wait to make you mine again in that room."

The words—the sheer, arrogant claim of ownership—sent a spike of pure adrenaline through Shane's body, bolts going directly at his dick. He loved this. He loved the dominance, the *demanding* control. He loved the fear and excitement that twisted into something intoxicating in his gut.

The car, an anonymous black SUV, pulled silently to the curb. Ilya opened the door, a gesture that felt less like mockery and more gentleman-like, and Shane slid into the plush leather seat. Ilya settled on the other side, and the driver pulled away, merging smoothly into the late-night traffic.

The drive was agonizing. They weren't close, but the heat and desire their bodies emitted was palpable. The restraint, after the admittedly hot-as-fuck throat fuck at the hallway, was a torment. Shane kept his gaze fixed on the passing city lights, his jaw clenched, fighting the urge to lean over and just *take* Ilya's mouth in his.

Finally, the car stopped outside a high-end, discreet hotel. They practically ran inside and ascended in the elevator, still in silence, the air in the small space vibrating with the pressure of their coiled hunger. Shane watched Ilya, noting the tiny flicker in the Russian's dark eyes as he stared at the floor numbers ticking past. Ilya was anticipating this just as much as him.

The room was vast and dark, the only light filtering in from the city skyline through sheer curtains. Ilya didn't bother with the main lights. He used a foot to kick the door shut with a solid *thud* that echoed the finality of their separation from the outside world. The air was cool, clean, and utterly private.

Shane stopped just inside the room, watching as Ilya walked toward the floor-to-ceiling window, running a hand over the fabric of the curtain. He seemed to fill the room, a powerful, magnetic focus in the dimly lit space.

"Take off your clothes, Shane," Ilya commanded, turning slowly. The use of Shane's first name was a punch, a sharp deviation from the antagonistic formality of their rivalry.

Any hesitation Shane might have had vanished instantly. He was already shrugging out of his blazer. He tossed it carelessly onto a leather armchair, then moved to the buttons of his shirt. He kept his eyes locked on Ilya, turning the act of undressing into a deliberate, provocative performance, a silent counter-challenge of his own. The shirt fell away, revealing the hard, lean plane of his chest and abdomen, marked by the recent friction of Ilya's body.

Ilya watched, his expression unreadable while his arms crossed over his chest. His gaze was heavy, possessive, a tactile weight on Shane's skin.

The Canadian moved to his belt, undoing the buckle slowly, letting the leather whisper against the silence of the room. He shed his trousers and boxers in one swift movement, stepping out of them and standing before the Russian completely naked, offering himself to him—muscle, defined, and already aching with need.

Ilya's eyes finally dropped, lingering on Shane's dick, a deep, satisfied smirk curling on his lips. "Good boy," he murmured. The praise was intoxicating.

Then, he moved, shedding his own clothing with the same impatience he showed at the club. The silk shirt, the tailored trousers—all were discarded swiftly, revealing the breathtaking reality of his physique. Ilya was pure, elemental power: wide shoulders, a broad chest, and an impossible, sculpted definition that spoke of relentless training. His characteristic cross necklace was surrounding his pretty neck.

He walked to Shane, closing the distance slowly, savoring the anticipation. He placed his large hands on Shane's shoulders, his thumbs pressing into the sensitive spot just beneath the neck.

"In the corridor, I took from you," Ilya's voice was a low, heavy promise. "Here, I give. You will remember the difference."

He pushed Shane gently backward, guiding him until the backs of his legs hit the plush, white duvet of the massive hotel bed. Shane sat down, watching Ilya kneel before him.

Ilya reached out, not for Shane's hard cock, but for his inner thigh. His hands, usually so brutally demanding, were suddenly deliberate, tracing patterns of fire up Shane's skin. The contrast was devastating.

Shane groaned, leaning his head back, his fingers digging into the bedding. He was driving him fucking crazy. “Ilya... just...”

“Shhh,” Ilya hushed him, his breath warm on Shane’s skin. He spread Shane’s legs, taking a moment to simply look at him, laid bare and vulnerable on the bed. Then, Ilya leaned forward, and the heat of his mouth against Shane’s skin was an immediate, overwhelming demand.

He started slowly, torturously so, working his way from the soft skin of Shane’s inner thigh, up the length of his hardness, covering him completely. His tongue was a hot, clever weapon, finding every nerve ending, every over-sensitive spot.

Shane’s control snapped. He was helpless under Ilya’s mouth, a captive of the Russian’s determined pleasure. His breath hitched into sharp gasps, his hips bucking in a desperate, futile attempt to push Ilya away—or pull him closer, he couldn’t tell which. He was dissolving, the rough edges of his competitiveness filed down by the sheer, focused intensity of Ilya’s *adoration*.

“Rozanov, fuck,” Shane pleaded, the sound strained, high-pitched, and utterly humiliating. “*Please.*”

Ilya paused, looking up, his dark eyes shining with victory in the dim light. “Beg for it, Hollander,” he commanded softly.

“I need you to finish me,” Shane whispered, his voice trembling. “I need to come. Now.”

The request was instantly granted. Ilya returned, increasing the speed and pressure with his mouth, driving Shane past the edge of sanity. The climax was a blinding, all-consuming wave—a powerful rush that left Shane shaking and gasping, his body arching off the bed while his nails tore into the sheets. He felt the residual heat of Ilya’s mouth lingering as he moved back, watching him shudder through the aftershocks.

Ilya rose to his feet, a triumphant god silhouetted against the ambient light. “You’re so pliant for me,” he stated, his voice ringing with absolute certainty. “Ready to break.”

He then moved to the bedside table, retrieving a foil packet with the same economy of motion he used to steal the puck on the rink. He prepared himself, his eyes never leaving Shane, who was still trying to wrestle his breathing back under control.

“On your stomach,” Ilya ordered.

The command was soft, but the underlying dominance was inescapable. Shane rolled over without question, his mind still slightly clouded with the recent pleasure, his muscles weak with surrender. He pushed himself onto his knees and elbows, presenting himself on the edge of the bed, and he arched his back beautifully in the dim light.

Ilya knelt behind him once again, his hands resting heavily on Shane’s hips, kneading the firm skin. The contrast between his wide, hot palm and Shane’s cool, sweat-damp skin was electrifying.

“Relax,” Ilya murmured, the word rough and encouraging. He dragged his fingers down Shane’s spine, making him shiver.

Then, he leaned down and pressed a hot kiss onto the back of Shane’s neck, right where his sweat-slicked hair met his skin, before moving his attention lower. He used a long, thick finger, previously slicked with lube, to find Shane’s hole. He probed slowly, carefully, but without hesitation—a necessary invasion.

Shane gasped, the pressure sharp and immediately filling. He tensed, but Ilya’s hands clamped down on his hips, holding him steady.

“Breathe, Hollander. You have taken worse hits than this one,” Ilya teased, his voice low against Shane’s ear.

After a bit, he added a second finger, stretching him, slowly, methodically, working him until Shane felt the tightness turn into a heavy, warm fullness, and his need for *more* overtook the initial shock. Shane was rocking his hips back slightly, silently begging for the final, fulfilling weight.

“You want me inside you? I want you to say it,” Ilya’s voice was a low growl, right at his hearing.

“Yes,” Shane pushed out, the syllable rough and broken. “*Please*. I want you inside me. Now.”

Ilya pulled back, and the momentary absence was a cruel torment. Then, Shane felt the massive heat of Ilya’s body press up behind him, his thick cock pressing firmly against his entrance.

The Russian held the position, dominating him physically before he entered. “Look at the sheets, Shane. This is where you belong. Under me.”

Shane buried his face into the soft duvet, uttering a low, choked sound of complete surrender.

With a deep, resonant groan, Ilya finally thrust forward, entering Shane completely in one deliberate, slow push.

Shane cried out, a muffled, pained sound of deep, fulfilling shock. He gasped, his back arching once again, feeling the profound, stretching pressure of Ilya’s full cock inside him. It was overwhelming, dominating, and absolute. Ilya was *big*, filling him completely while pressing against that spot deep inside with an expertise that made Shane’s legs tremble uncontrollably.

At this point, he was definitely rock hard again.

Fucking Ilya and his fucking cock that felt so fucking good inside him.

Ilya paused, letting him adjust, his chest heavy against Shane’s back letting their sweat-slicked skin meet. “You are so tight for me,” he breathed, his voice ragged with satisfied conquest.

Then, Ilya began to move, deliciously. At first, his thrusts were slow and deep, stretching Shane's hole and the sensation of fullness to their limit. The friction was incredible, the heat rising rapidly between them, melting away the last remnants of their public decorum.

As the rhythm increased, the movement became faster, harder, and utterly relentless. Ilya drove into him with the focused aggression of a man scoring a game-winning goal—a steady, powerful impact that jarred Shane's entire body. Shane was pushed forward, pulled back, his hips completely surrendered to the overwhelming power driving him.

He was lost in the sensation—the deep burn of friction, the slick heat, the animal sounds Ilya was beginning to make: guttural moans left open in the air, heavy, broken Russian words Shane didn't understand but felt in his dick and soul.

Shane's hands gripped the edge of the bed, his knuckles white, his neck muscles straining. He was beyond thought, existing only in a world of raw, physical pressure. Every thrust was a challenge, a demand for complete devotion, and Shane was answering with every heave of his hips.

He felt the tension coil up in him again, an urgent, frantic climb toward a second, unexpected peak. He was flooded with the realization that this—this total, messy surrender to his rival—was everything he had ever wanted, a perfection of conflict and connection.

“Ilya, baby, I'm... I'm close,” Shane panted, his voice almost unrecognizable, in pure bliss.

Ilya's rhythm didn't break; if anything, the movement became more brutal, faster as he heard the nickname. He slammed into Shane's sweet spot again and again, his arm wrapping around Shane's waist, holding him captive against the final push.

He groaned, a sound that ripped from his chest, and his hips began to shudder against Shane's back. He thrust one last, final, devastating time, holding the position, pouring his thick, hot release inside the condom deep inside Shane. The rhythmic pulses of his powerful climax drove Shane instantly over his own edge, sending him soaring into a second, messy, full-body orgasm. He was sobbing, shaking, utterly ruined and magnificently satisfied.

The sounds of their heavy, broken breathing slowly subsided, replaced by the hushed hum of the hotel air conditioning. For a long, silent moment, Ilya remained buried inside Shane, his weight heavy and comforting, his heart pounding a frantic tattoo against Shane's back.

Ilya finally pulled out, the sensation of his loss immediate and profound. He collapsed onto the bed, dragging Shane with him. They ended up tangled together, sweat-slicked and exhausted, lying side-by-side on the pristine white duvet, which was now damp and crumpled.

Shane rolled his head to the side, looking at Ilya. The Russian's face was soft, post-climax, the sharp edges of his dominance momentarily smoothed by pleasure and exhaustion. His eyes were closed, his breathing deep and even.

He then reached out a trembling hand and traced the curve of Ilya's jaw, then dropped it to Ilya's chest, feeling the slow, powerful thump of his heart beneath his palm.

Ilya opened one eye, dark and heavy. He looked at Shane, not with the usual mischief, but with something closer to deep, reluctant affection—or maybe even *love*, but he was definitely not ready to acknowledge that feeling.

“Better than the hallway, yes?” Ilya’s voice was a low, tired rasp.

A weak, genuine laugh came out of Shane, the sound shaky. “Anything is better than a dirty hallway, Rozanov. But that was... you were incredible.”

The only response from Ilya was a grunt, pulling Shane closer, tucking his head against his chest. It was a purely possessive, territorial gesture, and in the aftermath of their devastating intimacy, Shane allowed it without resistance.

Shane closed his eyes, listening to Ilya’s heartbeat, feeling the residual burn of their connection deep in his core.

They were enemies on the ice, but here, in the dark safety of room 1410, they were just two young men who needed to destroy each other to feel completely alive. It was the most dangerous, fulfilling, and necessary thing Shane had ever experienced. He didn't know what the morning would bring—a return to antagonism, a cold walk out the door—but for now, he was content to simply be claimed.

He finally surrendered, and for the first time in weeks, his internal fire was banked, replaced by the heavy, pleasant warmth of utter devastation and Ilya’s body next to his.

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