Best Seats in the House

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by yammz

Summary

> “How should we expect this night to go?” The reporter was hyped up. Ilya couldn’t blame them; the rivalry between Ottawa and Toronto was as new as it was personal. There was no shortage of stories to write, and they all knew it.
>
> So Ilya shrugged when he answered. “We will see. Perhaps a visit to the penalty box–” he smirked. “My vacation home.” Ilya liked to tell reporters that the Toronto penalty box was becoming his vacation home. He liked saying it; Centaurs’ fans liked him saying it; the Toronto fans loathed it, too. Win-win-win.
>
> *Ilya Rozanov and his teammates have a bad habit of ending up in Toronto's penalty box. Shane Hollander has a special gift for the penalty kill.*

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

“How should we expect this night to go?” The reporter was hyped up. Ilya couldn’t blame them; the rivalry between Ottawa and Toronto was as new as it was personal. There was no shortage of stories to write, and they all knew it.

And Ilya liked being in those stories. He liked controlling them, when he could. And there was no use denying that Toronto fucking hated them: hated the First Husbands of Hockey, for sure, but reserved a special dose of hatred for Wyatt Hayes coming alive after his contract with them, and *definitely* held a particular hometown contempt for Troy Barrett knocking down the house of cards that their previous star, Dallas Kent, had built for himself.

So he shrugged when he answered. “We will see. Perhaps a visit to the penalty box–” he smirked. “My vacation home.” Ilya liked to tell reporters that the Toronto penalty box was becoming his vacation home. He liked saying it; Centaurs’ fans liked him saying it; the Toronto fans loathed it, too. Win-win-win.

As the reporters laughed, he couldn’t deny the truth of it. It was a ticking clock from the time the teams entered that arena to the moment a penalty would be called.

That night, it was a solid six minutes after the first puck drop. The first center had no fun words for him at faceoff, only a serious nod and a readiness to play. Ilya didn’t mind that; it was a good reminder that Troy, Wyatt, and Ryan Price had come out of that team. They couldn’t all be bad. But still. He wanted to shut this crowd up.

These fans were tough to love. And they were *loud.*

Those six minutes passed fine, a few shots here and there saved by both goalies. Shane was playing clean tonight, sharp lines and quick speed helping him to spread their game out. Troy was on it, too, locked in the way he always was against Toronto. The constant chip on his shoulder had an extra edge in this arena, and it meant he was always ready for a pass and a shot if given the opportunity.

So it was noticeable when–those six minutes in–Troy was suddenly absent from Ilya’s side. He looked around quickly as the crowd rose in volume and excitement, his eyes finding Barrett slammed against the boards and his gloves skidding along the ice. Ilya’s heart lept as he raced over to him.

Ilya couldn’t tell who the player was, or what exactly had started it, but he did know the moment that his own gloves came off to join in. And he registered the moment a fist hit his jaw, his own fist gripping his opponent’s sweater and pulling him close to get a couple good shots in.

Fuck. It felt good.

It felt good even as they were both hauled off to the penalty box, their one opponent on the other side still yelling some shit. Ilya didn’t recognize him, and didn’t care to give him much attention anyway.

So he ignored him. “Friend of yours?” he asked Troy.

Troy looked at the guy then turned to Ilya, pulling off his helmet and letting his hair fall. Ilya did the same. Troy shook his head. “He’s the rookie.”

Ilya threw his head back to laugh, which made Troy laugh next to him. “Kid gets seven minutes of ice time a game and uses it to fight you?”

They continued laughing together as the kid hurled muffled insults through the glass, leading Ilya to lean forward and wave his hand dismissively towards him. The crowd really hated it. Ilya sat back in satisfaction.

He looked on the ice and recognized a familiar set of dark eyes locked on him, even for a second. Even yards away. He knew that look. It wasn’t new; Shane Hollander trying to figure out how to make the most of Ilya Rozanov in the penalty box was a tale as old as 2009. It was just new for him to be on the penalty kill side rather than the power play. Ilya grimaced. Leaving him out there without a center or fellow winger wasn’t too nice.

“Shit, Hayes is gonna feel it,” Troy said, the refs getting settled to drop the puck. It was a good point, one that Hayes himself would never make; he much preferred to shrug it off and smile. But it was still shitty to leave their goalie shorthanded, and Troy had been trying to fight less, for sure. It was this arena that still really wanted to make him pay. Plus, Troy loved any excuse to beat himself up.

But Ilya had seen something that Troy hadn’t, while they were sitting there trapped in the center. Best seats in the house to see it.

That glint in Shane’s eyes. He’d seen the way he’d rounded around the defense and towards Hayes, saying *something.* Making it clear why there were perennial rumors that Ilya would give up the C one day so his husband would step up. Like Shane needed a letter on his sweater to be in charge. It was laughable.

“No,” Ilya said carefully. “I think Hayes will be fine.”

Troy turned to look at him curiously.

At that moment, the puck dropped and Shane won the faceoff. Of course he did. The animal. He raced down the rink, unbelievably fast for someone this deep in his shift. Ilya leaned forward, chewing on his lip as he watched Shane *go.* He held his breath with the rest of the arena when he hurled the puck at the goal, making it clear that Toronto might be the one on power play, but was far from the only team playing.

Ilya’s shoulders fell as their goalie saved it.

“Fuck,” he murmured. It would’ve shut this place up.

His eyes were locked on Toronto’s forwards racing down towards the defense and Hayes now, watching the way that Dykstra managed to disrupt them, sending them near the penalty

box. Ilya jeered as they slammed Chouinard against the boards next to them. “Get those hits out,” he yelled. “Time’s going fast!”

Toronto’s player–Marcel Houde, he remembered, had been with the team for years–straightened up to taunt Ilya through the glass. “Gonna leave your *boy* out here alone?” he snarled. “Had to rescue Barrett that bad? He’s gonna get jealous.”

Ilya laughed in his face, knowing it came out mean. “He likes showing off,” he shot back. “Do not fucking blink.”

But Toronto had fucking blinked.

He realized at the same moment that Houde did that Shane had retrieved the puck again and was quickly racing back to the goal. Ilya screamed and yelled with Troy, banging their sticks as Shane handled the puck with more ease than anyone should. And then–

There–

Ilya watched the flick of his wrist that Shane had practiced ad nauseam, staying on the ice with only the scratches, the mad man. Leaving him to hang out on the open practice benches with the fans and press, joking about how much of a try-hard this Shane Hollander was turning out to be, who *knew,* right? All that work he put in. Just to do *this*.

But what a fucking moment.

What a fucking *goal.*

The small smattering of Ottawa sweaters in the crowd cheered alongside Troy, Ilya, and the rest of the team who celebrated Shane like he deserved.

Ilya’s face burned with the heat of his smile as Shane skated near the penalty box. He was gorgeous—rosy, freckled cheeks and a satisfied smile on his face, breathless.

“Fucking amazing,” Ilya said, dazzled.

Shane nodded. “I only had that one in me. Get back out here when you can.”

“For you?” Ilya said. “Anything.”

Shane smirked instead of the eye roll Ilya was expecting, and he turned to the penalty box attendant. “How much time do we have?”

“One minute,” the older man said calmly. Ilya slumped back. It was suddenly an eternity. He needed to be next to him. He needed to earn his place next to him again, show the best player in that goddamn arena that he was worthy of his attention.

And then, later, in the privacy of their room, do it all over again.

Troy huffed next to him.

Ilya shoved at him. “Oh, don’t be like that. I know Harris will be happy, too.”

“Who do you think is gonna have to make 300 gifs of that shot?” Troy shoved him back. “He’s gonna be on his laptop until 3am.”

Ilya laughed, was still laughing as they were let out and returned to the ice, racing to join the game.

The next two periods weren’t nearly as exciting as the first, though they kept up their game enough to eke out a 3-2 victory, thanks to some nice play from the second and third lines. Ilya wrapped Haas up in a big hug when he lapped to celebrate his goal, and he was thrilled to plant a kiss on Wyatt’s helmet at the final buzzer.

He whooped and hollered and applauded as Coach Wiebe congratulated them on their effort, but it was no surprise when he turned to Shane for some special attention. “I mean, what a goal, huh?” Coach asked the room, and it was all Ilya could do from tackling his husband to the ground and kissing that proud grin off of his face. Wiebe seemed to sense it. “Got anything to add, Captain?”

Ilya slowly smiled. What could he say? How could he explain to everyone in the room that they were in the presence of greatness, of excellence personified in Shane Hollander? How could he begin to sing his praises? How could he *stop* once he got started? Two languages between them, three if you counted Shane’s French, would never be enough to hold all that he wanted to say to Shane. Sometimes it felt like the only way he could stand to walk the same ground, stand to skate the same ice as Shane was that he could show him with his hands, with his lips, with his body how much he adored him.

So as for what he wanted to say?

The locker room slowly filled with loving snickers as Ilya took his time staring at Shane, who began to get red in his face.

“Ilya?” Coach asked again, his voice strained. There was some deeper laughter now. “Anything to share?”

Ilya snapped to attention. “In front of everyone? No, thank you,” he said, and he laughed loudly when a red-faced Shane shoved him away. He ached for more contact, but he settled for a heated little look between them before they dutifully listened to the coaches and staffers. The team focused on wrapping up for the night, divvying up the press requests between players and finally showering when they could.

By the time he was under the water, rinsing out the game, Ilya could hear a few of the young guys talking about where they would head out after they were done. He couldn’t blame them; Toronto was a fun city. He’d had some memorable nights there.

“You guys should ask Barrett,” he suggested, as he quickly washed in the shower stall. “He used to pretend to be fun. He would know.”

“I heard that, Roz.”

He grinned to himself but continued. “Go to Toybox. You won’t be punched by Guardians fans there. Too crowded to notice.”

Troy grunted his assent.

One of the kids piped up. “You wanna come out?”

Ilya made a face. “No…”

Troy’s voice came through the shower stall. “He also used to be fun, believe it or not.”

Ilya laughed. It was a good joke. Besides… “I have different fun now.” He finished quickly, leaving the kids to their plans. He *did* have different fun to attend to. Where that fun was hiding, Ilya didn’t know right away, so he busied himself with toweling off and dressing.

Troy did the same, finding him at their stalls. “I’m gonna head out, see if I can convince Harris that the highlight reel will be there in the morning.”

“Good luck,” Ilya said warmly. “Nice job tonight, Barrett.”

He ducked his head in a nod. “Thanks for, uh–” he shrugged. “Being there.”

Ilya grinned. Grinned to answer Troy’s gratitude for help fighting, of course, but he also grinned as he caught sight of Shane, who must have dipped in and out of the showers before he could notice, and now was getting ready to leave. *Gorgeous.* He couldn’t wait to have him all to himself. How could he do anything but smile? “It was good to watch Hollander try so hard. We have to make things a challenge sometimes, yes?”

Shane rolled his eyes. “Oh, so should I thank you?”

Ilya hauled his duffel over his shoulder. He believed that Troy said goodbye behind him, but he didn’t check to confirm. Truth be told, he didn’t really know if anything was going on around them when he got close like this, every freckle, every strand of damp hair, every curve of his cheekbones or lips way more interesting than anything else in the room.

“Only if I earn it,” Ilya answered. Shane’s eyes went wide. “Let’s go, Hollander.”

Later, when Ilya had Shane exactly where he wanted him, stripped of all his clothes and writhing underneath his body, he told him what he couldn’t say in the locker room. Or tried to, at the very least.

“I wish you could know what it feels like,” Ilya said, his lips tracing the v-cut of Shane’s hips, his tongue darting out to run along the muscle.

“What?” Shane asked breathlessly. His hips lurched underneath Ilya, his hard, leaking cock seeking friction. Seeking attention. Seeking *reward.* Ilya knew it was best savored over time, but it was so very difficult not giving Shane Hollander exactly what he wanted. Especially when it was also what Ilya wanted.

“To watch you like that,” Ilya answered, continuing his ministrations up Shane’s body, grazing his nipple with his teeth. “And know I will have you like this. It is…” he shuddered out a breath as he tried to describe it, but all he could do to describe the feeling was drag his own length, stiff and desperate, along Shane’s thigh. Shane groaned, his thighs spreading underneath Ilya. It was nearly enough to do him in, feeling the way he was opening to him, presenting himself to him like a prize.

“Can I–” Shane swallowed, and Ilya’s eyes lit up with anticipation. *Yes,* to whatever it was. “Can I tell you a secret?”

“Yes,” Ilya breathed out, continuing to rock against him. Shane brought his legs to wrap around Ilya’s waist. “Please.”

“I like when you’re sitting,” Shane said.

Ilya laughed, a little breathlessly. He kissed Shane. “That is not a secret.” He liked solo attention on the ice, and they both knew it.

“No, it’s–” he screwed his face up, like his brilliant brain couldn’t work right with Ilya on top of him. Ilya bowed his head to Shane’s chest before hauling his torso up. He had to have him. He couldn’t wait much longer. Ilya reached over to grab more lube, knowing Shane was ready but enjoyed the extra attention, the extra preparation sometimes. He drizzled it on his fingers as Shane nodded encouragingly before his eyes fluttered shut with the feeling of two fingers sliding easily inside of his warm body. “It’s different.”

“Then what is the secret?” Ilya asked, kissing his jaw.

“I l-like knowing you’re watching me,” Shane murmured. “Knowing I’m showing off for *you.”*

“Fuck, Hollander,” Ilya growled. “I need you.”

“Please,” Shane begged, and Ilya adjusted their bodies so he could seek relief. Seek the warmth and readiness of Shane’s body around his cock, seek the answer to every question he didn’t even know he wanted to ask until he met Shane, until he knew what it was to be fatally curious about every nook and cranny of a person’s mind, life, and body. He sank into Shane like he could explain everything this way, and he wanted to, wanted to show him how fucking good he was, how fucking proud he was to be called *his.*

Ilya threw his head back as he thrust into him hard, chasing every bit of feeling he could. Chasing every sound falling from Shane’s lips. He looked down at his face, his parted lips beautiful and kiss-bitten. “Fuck, I love when you get loud,” he told him.

Shane answered with a moan just for him, his poison, his weakness, his favorite fucking song. He answered with roaming hands up Ilya’s flanks, up his chest and into his hair when he bent down to fold him at a different angle. Shane’s cock rubbed against Ilya’s abs, an invitation for touch that Ilya gladly answered.

“I love you,” Shane murmured, making Ilya moan against his skin. He was a sucker for those words when they felt this dirty, and Shane fucking knew it by now, he was sure of it. “Come for me, Ilya, come on, I love you.”

Ilya cried out, his hand still flying over Shane as much as he could when he rode out his orgasm inside of him. He thrusted shallowly until Shane’s release splashed between them, his face a beautiful, silent cry as he came. Ilya wished he had a picture of it, the rawness of him, the wild creature that Shane liked to keep locked tight inside of him.

Except Ilya saw it. Ilya *loved* that creature.

Shane caught his breath underneath him before smiling widely, still holding onto Ilya’s hair. His hands became softer, running over his skin lovingly. “Wow,” he breathed.

Ilya’s chest bloomed in warmth. “So I will let you show off more. Easy games for me.”

Shane narrowed his eyes playfully. “Don’t push it.”

End Notes

my brain is hockey mush, and i'd like to talk about it. I'm on Tumblr at yammz! I would love to talk if you wanna be friends!! I mean it!!

Thanks for reading :)

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