

asking for nothing

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76853676) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76853676>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid , Heated Rivalry_(TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot , just kidding there's a bit of plot , Post-Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers) , Married Couple , Birthday , other characters make cameos , Top Ilya Rozanov , Bottom Shane Hollander , Nipple Clamps , Uniform Kink , Butt Plugs , that vibrate , Dildos , Sexual Overstimulation , Teasing , Cock Rings , Multiple Orgasms , Masturbation , Finger Sucking , Eventual Fluff , Nipple Play , Face-Fucking , Dom/sub Play , beta read we do not die like grigori rozanov
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of vignettes in time
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-03 Words: 9,111 Chapters: 1/1

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by [audentis](#)

Summary

What do you get the man who self-proclaimedly has everything he could ever want and need? This is the dilemma Shane faces yet again, wondering what on earth he could possibly get Ilya for his birthday. The answer comes in the form of raiding Ilya's closet and impulsive 3 AM purchases.

or the hollanov birthday sex au no one asked for

Notes

i started writing this to take a break fr writing an upcoming fic that was getting unreasonably long. i swear i only intended for this to be 4k words but um...yeah

also its my first time writing smut so please be kind :>

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

What do you get the man who self-proclaimedly has everything he could ever want and need? This is the dilemma Shane faces yet again, wondering what on earth he could possibly get Ilya for his birthday. Last year, Shane had gifted him a yellow gold Rolex Sky-Dweller and copious amounts of ass-eating. The year before, it was a Nappa leather jacket from Armani that Shane had to pull major strings to get a few months early and gratuitous mirror sex. It wasn't like he had no ideas though. He had briefly toyed with a plan to convert one of the spare rooms into a gaming den, but the construction would have given away the element of surprise. There was also the option of spending a few weeks of relative seclusion in some remote cabin in Norway (Lofoten was the top choice after the Travel Channel profiled the islands), but it would have to line up with the summer training camps schedule which still had to be sorted out.

So, there Shane is, sprawled across the couch and staring holes into the living room ceiling as if an answer would appear out of thin air if he glared long enough. He is so engrossed in this mundane affair that he does not notice the front door opening and the familiar pitter-patter of little feet against the hardwood floor until Anya pounces onto his chest, slamming the air out of his lungs.

“Anya! *Ne ubivay svoyeogo ottsa!*” Ilya calls from the foyer as Anya licks Shane's face. Shane and Ilya have theorized at length that Anya, in all her infinite cleverness, does understand commands in both English and Russian, but chooses to selectively ignore them. Not that either of them minded much, she is a good girl with a natural instinct of responsibility. But Anya seems to forget she's no longer a puppy that can curl up in one's arms, but rather, a full-grown shepherd-mix that spans a sizable portion of the rug when fully stretched out.

“Hey girl.” Shane coos, booping her snout. “Did you have a good walk?”

“She had a very good walk. Found sticks for collection.” Ilya says, stepping into the living room. He gives Shane a peck on the forehead before dropping a handful of twigs into the plastic box sitting next to the fireplace. Shane groans. Anya's stick, twig and miscellaneous pine cone collection was getting out of hand. They were already forced to dump two cardboard boxes of them that she'd accumulated over the summer into the lake by the cottage but, despite Shane's protests, Ilya continued to encourage her stick-hunting behavior.

“Where did she find those this time?” Shane asks, scratching her side. She's still wearing her sweater, the one with little beavers and geese patterned across it that his parents had found while driving around Nova Scotia. He assumes that Ilya put away the matching boots along with her harness when they walked through the front door.

“Giant branch near to the park. Had to break small pieces so she would not take the entire thing home” Ilya crouches down next to the couch, a small smile tugging at the corner of his mouth as he watches his husband get absolutely slobbered on. “Anya, *idite syuda.*” He says, patting the carpet. Anya gives Shane one last lick before hopping down and trotting away.

Ilya grins at Shane as he tries to wipe the slobber with the sleeve of his hoodie. “Your hoodie needs a wash or it will stink. Fortunately, I am good husband.” Ilya says as he tugs at the hem, motioning for Shane to slip it over his head.

“Fortunately. Big word.” Shane says slowly, feigning shock.

“I have lots of practice. Using little Canadian words.”

“English.” Shane corrects.

“Eh.” Ilya shrugs. “Now off.” He orders. Shane sits up just enough to pull the hoodie over his head. Thankfully, he’s wearing a shirt underneath, something Ilya does not approve of judging from the disappointed sound that escapes his lips.

“We just did laundry yesterday.” Shane frowns. “It’ll be a waste of water to run the machine for one item of clothing.”

“Do not worry. I have to wash my jerseys.” Ilya says before his face scrunches up into a disapproving scowl. “Boode made them use new detergent. Moonlight Breeze. Supposed to smell like summer night. I think it smells like flowers that want to die.” He remarks before stalking away.

Shane sighs, easing himself back into the couch cushions when a realization hits him.
Jerseys. Now that's an idea.

It’s the middle of June, and Shane is pacing around in their bedroom, having not been this stressed since the Centaurs made the playoffs last season. As far as he knows, Ilya is still at his parents’ place speedrunning a 1000-piece puzzle of St. Basil’s Cathedral with his Dad. Shane had excused himself at the hour and a half mark, informing his Mom, who was vehemently trying to distract Anya from eating one of the puzzle pieces, that Ilya’s present was not finished. Ilya had not questioned his early departure, but the mischievous glint in his eyes suggested that he had an inkling of what was to come.

Shane had not lied, but merely omitted the whole truth. He had prepared two presents of which he had basically completed the first one – the one his parents knew about – last night once Ilya had fallen asleep after yet another epic Fast and Furious marathon. The second present comes in the form of raiding Ilya’s closet and impulsive 3 AM purchases.

Shane did not know what came over him that fateful night. Online shopping before the ass crack of dawn was dangerous, even more so while extremely horny because your husband edged you to within an inch of your life before promptly falling asleep. Whatever malevolent spirit did possess him, though, had decided that weighted nipple clamps would be a good addition to their ever-expanding sex toy collection. In all honesty, he’d completely forgotten the fact that he had even ordered them until a small brown box with no labels or markings appeared at their doorway three days later. Unfortunately, he had immediately recognized it, and he knew Ilya would too after years of brand loyalty. So, he stuffed it under his yoga supplies in the upstairs storage closet and forced it to the back of his memory until today.

He checks the time, seven minutes since he got home, about twenty minutes since leaving his parents' place. Shane figures the puzzle needs at least another forty minutes which gives him ample time to prepare.

Step 1 of the birthday surprise is to grab a jersey from Ilya's closet. There is quite a selection to choose from given Ilya's propensity to hoard any merchandise with his name on it. He has at least two of every design, filling up a drawer that now barely closes. Shane riffles through until he finds the perfect one, the jersey from Shane's first season with the Centaurs. It has faded from dozens of uses on and off the ice, but the deep red and black still comes through. Shane thumbs at the decal on the back, his husband's name emblazoned in giant crimson lettering. Shane slips it over his head. It is about a size too big, slightly sagging off his shoulders with the hem resting at mid-thigh level. For his purposes, it is perfect.

Step 2 starts with retrieving the brown box that Shane had hidden in the closet all those weeks ago. He cuts the tape and unwraps the product from the heaps of stuffing paper, his entire reality freezing when he sees what is inside. It is a butt plug, about 3 inches in diameter with the flat base in the shape of a heart and inlaid at the centre with plastic gems that form an identical, but smaller, heart. It is also a deep purple which throws out Shane's theory of this being a swapped order. He gingerly picks it up only to find a remote control buried underneath. Shane's mouth goes dry as he double-checks the brand. They probably would not be needing the remote then, Ilya has the goddamn app on his phone.

Shane has no idea when Ilya had purchased this. Considering they had occupied the same spatial vicinity over the last few weeks, Shane probably would have noticed had he not been so keyed up over today. Of course, the fact that Ilya had not mentioned a word about this to Shane means this was supposed to be a secret. Just to make sure he was not hallucinating the entire experience, Shane digs through the closet to find an identical brown box. He rips it open to reveal the item he had ordered, nipple clamps, connected by a thin chain, with magnetic weights hanging off each of them. As he surveyed the packaging carnage strewn across their bed, Shane considered two options: (1) Pause the event entirely and ask Ilya about the mystery plug when he got back, or (2) carry on with the show with a little something extra.

Looking out at the lake, glimmering against the light of the setting sun, Shane decides on the second option and before he knows it, he is letting out frustrated whimpers as he fingers himself in the shower. It takes Ilya a relatively short amount of time to open him up, scissoring into Shane's hole and hitting that sweet spot with devastating accuracy. However, with shorter fingers and at such an awkward angle, Shane can only gasp in wanton desire as he fails to do anything besides drip with precum. After what seems like an eternity and realizing he was at the limit of what he could achieve, he reluctantly takes the plug and pushes it in.

His knees buckle as the sting causes his eyes to well up with tears. He is used to taking much more than this, but with significantly better prep. Shane writhes at the sudden fullness, the thickest part of the plug pushing up directly against his prostate every time he so much as shifts. He bites his tongue hard, resisting the urge to jerk off right there and then.

He trudges out of the shower and dries off as best as he can considering the circumstances before donning a pair of boxers and the jersey he had swiped earlier. The fabric is atypically soft, a result of a few too many wash cycles. More importantly, though, it hangs off Shane's shoulders just enough that it does not fully touch his chest. This is a good thing, Shane thinks to himself, as he rolls the jersey up to his chin and fastens on the clamps.

The world shifts the moment he secures the first one. He grips the bathroom counter, forcing himself to breathe while spit escapes from the side of his lips. The pain shoots straight to his dick which was already rock hard and leaking. He steadies himself before clamping the second one on and releasing the hem of Ilya's jersey. He attempts to straighten his back, but slouches over as the fabric snags onto the dangling weights. Thank god he had decided to leave only one weight on each side or the sensation would have sent him to the floor.

At that moment, his phone lights up with a notification from his Mom: "Ilya OTW home." *Okay*, ten minutes give or take. But, ten minutes seems like an eternity when Shane does not have a plan on what to do with himself between then and now. Ultimately, he makes the decision to tidy up the living room, or at least, attempt to. He staggers out of the bathroom, flushed and breathless, every move prompting mind-nubbing sensations from his front- and backsides.

In the thick haze of horniness, Shane may have forgotten to factor in two things: (1) On a regular day, Ilya has alarmingly little regard for traffic laws or driver etiquette. (2) When properly motivated, Ilya drives like an absolute lunatic. Shane only remembers these as he hears the front door click open a little under five minutes later.

"Sweetheart? I am hooommeee!" Ilya calls out as he shuffles into the living room, the widest grin spreading across his face when he eyes Shane straightening the couch cushions. Shane makes a pointed attempt to ignore him which works out for about two seconds as Ilya's arms wrap around his waist from behind.

"This is why you were rushing home? To wrap yourself into my little surprise?" Ilya whispers, nipping at his ear. Ilya's hands roughly feel Shane through the jersey. They do not, however, reach his chest, a game that Ilya liked to play to make them as sensitive as possible before abusing them later on. Right now, the only abuse they are suffering is from the secret clamps that get jostled with every movement. Shane can feel Ilya's cock straining through his pants, pressing in between Shane's cheeks and causing the plug to shift slightly. Ilya seems to take notice of Shane wriggling whenever he ghosts that area and starts rutting against Shane's ass but not doing anything beyond that. Instead, he traces a finger along the soaking wet front of Shane's boxers, eliciting a moan as Shane digs his nails into Ilya's forearm.

Ilya lets out a low grumble before grabbing Shane's dick through the cloth. "I asked you a question." He says into Shane's ear making his boxers wetter with another stream of pre-cum.

"Y-yes." Shane gasps, tears welling up in his eyes.

Ilya nudges the jersey off Shane's right shoulder and plants small kisses on each of the newly-exposed freckles. "Good boy." Shane nearly comes right there and then, standing in their living room, fully-clothed with Ilya wrapped around him, giving him small kisses and whispered praises while lazily massaging his trapped erection. But, he stops himself at the last second. Shane wants to be good for Ilya, wants to earn every mumbled praise and touch of approval.

"*Solnyshko*, you are perfect, like angel. My pretty little present." Ilya muses as his hand goes to knead the meat of Shane's thigh. "Cannot wait to unwrap you."

"Mhm." Shane nods eagerly. "W-want you."

"You will have me." Ilya says before scooping Shane up and carrying him off.

Shane wraps his arms tight around Ilya's neck, gasping as one of the still-hidden clamps presses against Ilya's chest. The overwhelming sensation, along with his dick on the verge of exploding, slows his brain down enough that he barely recognizes the hot and sloppy kisses Ilya is engulfing him with. Shane threads a hand through Ilya's curls, gripping hard as Ilya takes Shane's tongue deeper and deeper.

By the time he is sprawled out on their bed, face down and ass up, making sure his chest stays lifted so as to not disturb the clamps, Shane wants to cry from how much he is aching for release. His hips instinctively attempt to lower to rut against the sheets, hungry for any sort of friction, before Ilya puts an end to it with a disapproving tap to Shane's thigh.

"Sweetheart," Ilya says in a gentle tone. "what is the safe word?"

"Watermelon."

"You will use it if it is too much. Yes?" Shane only manages a small nod. "Yes?" Ilya repeats. "I need to hear you say it."

"Yes." Shane replies hoarsely. God, he sounds utterly wrecked, and all they had done was touch and kiss.

"So good to me." Ilya murmurs as he slips one hand under the jersey to caress Shane's back while the other goes to tug at the hem of his boxers which Ilya pulls half-way down Shane's thighs before stopping. Shane whines at the sudden pause until he registers why.

Shane gets up onto his elbows and snaps his head back to look at Ilya who is staring wide-eyed at Shane's hole where the butt plug that he was not supposed to have laid nestled. "Ily-" is all Shane can manage before Ilya twists the base of the plug, making Shane cry out when electricity shoots up his spine as the silicone head presses firm against his prostate.

"You were not supposed to find this." Ilya murmurs in a barely audible voice.

“I, uh, found it by accident. I wasn’t looking for it, I swear.” Shane half-babbles and half-pants, scanning Ilya’s face for any discernable expression through crystal tears. It is not until Ilya looks up, eyes glazed over, that Shane realizes finding the plug stretching him open might have partially knocked Ilya’s neural processing out of alignment.

“You are usually such a good boy, but then you go stuffing yourself without my permission.” Ilya says with a tinge of disappointment that Shane knows is feigned. Yet, he cannot help but feel guilt in his heart. “Are you telling me you prefer this plug over me?”

“No, m’sorry. I won’t do it again.” Shane babbles, shaking his head profusely. “Need you, only you. I-I promise I’ll be good.”

“You are sorry?” Ilya asks before leaning in close, hot breath tickling his ear. “If you are really sorry, you will make it up to me, yes?” Ilya’s hand goes back to grab at Shane’s swollen dick.

“Will, will do anything.” Shane gasps, back arching and seeing stars. He has to dig his fingers into his palms to stop from rutting against Ilya’s palm.

“Anything?” Ilya has a dangerous glint in his eyes, the type that appears after spotting an open target on the rink.

“Mhm.”

“How about this?” Ilya says, laying his accent thick in the way that sends shivers down Shane’s spine. “I will make you feel very good, but you will only cum when I say you can. Yes? It will be painful, but you will do it, because you are my good little cock slut.”

“Y-yes, I’m your good little cock slut.” Shane repeats as waves of need and urgency numb his senses.

The bed suddenly lurches as Ilya gets off to grab their phones. Ilya opens Shane’s phone and sets a timer for two minutes, laying it down so that Shane would have a clear visual of the screen. A moment of silence then descends, Ilya’s hand resting on Shane’s waist but not moving. Shane’s head snaps back to see Ilya furiously tapping at his phone. He locks eyes with Shane and his lips curl into a smug smirk. It is the only warning Shane gets before the plug starts vibrating.

Ilya reaches over and starts the timer.

2:00. Shane’s head drops back down, gasping as he fists into the sheets. The vibrations start off weak and spaced out, teasing more than anything as it invigorates the hot desire in Shane’s gut. However, as his breathing levels off, it suddenly switches to a much more vicious and intense rhythm that makes Shane *wail*. His prostate absorbs the brunt of the vibrations as every squirm and shift pushes it harder against the plug. All the nerves in his body are on fire and his cheeks are burning up. Yet, Shane still yearns for the hot touch of the man who has taken up to sitting on one side of the bed, admiring Shane as if he were a work of art rather than a moaning mess.

1:33. “Ilya.” Shane chokes out, squeezing his eyes shut as the plug shifts again, another current of electric pleasure surging through his body. He makes the mistake of lowering his chest, biting back a curse as his clamped nipples rake against the bed.

“What do you need, sweetheart?” Ilya asks softly as he cards a hand through Shane’s sweaty hair, oblivious to the fact that Shane’s nipples are as wrecked as he is.

“T-touch me.”

“Where?”

“I don’t know.” Shane sobs not from pleasure, but from frustration. He wants nothing more than to curl up in the warmth of his husband’s embrace as every drop of cum is fucked out of him. There is no warmth here, not even from the jersey that was slowly slipping down his back. “Anywhere.” He begs.

1:15. Ilya strokes his head, Shane leaning into the miniscule touch like a sunflower starved of sunlight. “But what if you cum?”

“Nonono” Shane attempts to shake his head, but the strength eludes him. “Won’t cum. Will be good.” He promises, biting his lip hard to stave away the incoming flood of sensations that signals he is getting dangerously close. Noticing the sign of obedience, Ilya walks over to the foot of the bed and flips Shane onto his back.

1:02. Ilya slots in between Shane’s spread-out legs, giving him perfect access to the plug’s heart-shaped base as well as Shane’s dick which is pouring with precum. Ilya ignores both, instead electing to kiss and suck the meat of Shane’s inner thighs as he slips a hand under the jersey to caress Shane’s abs before traveling upwards to grab a handful of tits. Not for the first time today, Ilya pauses as his fingers contact an unknown object.

0:43. Ilya practically rips off the jersey to see Shane’s chest shaded a light tinge of pink with his nipples squeezed and pinched by the metal clamps. Ilya stares at the sight, then to the ceiling while muttering something in Russian, then back to Shane’s chest. Through the tears and lust-driven fog, Shane sees Ilya’s blown pupils and a bit of drool leaking out the side of his lips.

0:29. “The best present I could ask for.” Ilya sounds breathless and far away as he runs a finger over the thin chain. Shane’s eyes roll to the back of his head as Ilya fiddles with one of the magnetic weights.

Ilya’s phone, open to the vibrator controls, sits abandoned at the end of their bed. It has outlived its expected utility which is ideal for Shane as he finally starts to acclimate to the brutal pace set against his prostate.

0:11. A jubilant, anticipatory feeling erupts in Shane’s chest as he white-knuckles the sheets.

0:09. He is going to make it. He is going to be good for Ilya, and Ilya is going to praise him and stroke his hair while Shane takes Ilya’s heavy, leaking dick into his mouth.

0:06. As he breathes through another wave of pleasure, Shane does not notice Ilya taking the chain in his mouth and tugging it.

Shane cums with a scream. The world goes dark as white hot strands paint his stomach. Ilya must have pulled out the plug at some point as Shane is left with a familiar ache in his body and Ilya's presence to carry him through the aftershocks. As Shane comes to, Ilya tentatively strokes his cock while licking the skin just around his nipples. Shane writhes, his hands gripping Ilya's curls as he attempts to pull him off.

"You are very naughty." Ilya murmurs low into Shane's ear as Shane whines, his hole clenching around the newfound emptiness.

"M'sorry." Shane sobs still trembling from the overstimulation, tears rolling down his face and soaking into the mattress. "M'sorry, m'sorry."

"I do not think you are sorry."

Shane's head is still swimming in a quart of endorphins, the world returning to view in splotches of color and hazy images. He feels a rough pair of hands cupping his face and a heavy weight blanket his entire body.

"*Kotenok*." Ilya whispers, pushing their foreheads together. "Safe word?"

"I'm ok." Shane snuffles. He wraps his arms around Ilya's neck and pulls him closer. "Want more. Give me more."

Ilya locks their lips together, taking Shane in lazily as he delicately rubs circles into his ribs. Once Shane's breathing has evened out and his heart rate has dropped back to its usual rhythm, Ilya gives Shane one last kiss before sitting up and gesturing to the arm chair positioned in the corner of the room. "On your hands and knees. Wait for me."

The Shane Hollander outsiders and the adoring public know is everything you would expect from the MHL's golden boy: mild-mannered and contemplative off the ice, ruthless and methodical, a precision-killer, on the ice. However, the Shane Hollander that Ilya knows, the one currently kneeling on the floor draped in nothing but Ilya's jersey and sinful little nipple clamps, flushed and breathing hard in the golden light of the setting afternoon sun, is a minx straight from a wet dream that is surely going to send Ilya's dick into an early retirement.

Ilya takes his time admiring this image of Shane. Wicked pride wells up in his chest. Ilya is the only one who can see him like this, the only one who has, can and will ever be able to literally and figuratively bring Shane to his knees in this manner. Shane is Ilya's as much as Ilya is Shane's. Ilya strolls over and settles in the plush arm chair, carefully hiding the two items he retrieved from the sex toy drawer behind his back. Shane gazes up at him with those big brown doe eyes, glazed over with blown-out pupils. Ilya reaches over to wipe a string of drool running down Shane's lips, Shane nibbles the tips of his fingers instinctively as he often

does when Ilya's fingers are anywhere within the proximity of his mouth. Ilya could take him right now, hold him down and fuck him into the carpet. But he steels himself.

"*Kotenok*, up." Shane immediately obliges, shuffling forward on his knees before climbing into Ilya's lap. He nestles his head into a familiar crook in Ilya's neck, sighing as he breathes his scent in. Ilya runs a finger along Shane's spine before getting to work. He slips the first object, a cock ring, onto Shane's leaking dick. Little gasps escape Shane's lips, his whole body tensing up as the rubber ring is positioned right behind his balls.

"Ok?" Ilya asks, trailing a finger along Shane's dick. Shane rests his forehead on Ilya's shoulder, open-mouthed and whimpering as he claws at Ilya's still-clothed back.

"Good. Thank you." Shane responds, pressing wet kisses along Ilya's jaw and neck. Ilya then grabs his chin and directs Shane's lip to his own. Ilya kisses him like a starving man, filthily and sloppy in a way that perfectly sends the message: *You are mine*.

Ilya produces the second item he took from the drawer, a hot pink dildo about five-inches long with a suction cup on its base. "Open." He says as he pushes the tip through Shane's parting lips. Shane moans as he sucks the entire length down, bobbing slightly as he works the silicone into the wet heat of his mouth, only stopping when Ilya yanks him by his hair.

"Fuck yourself on the dildo. Let me see."

Despite the dazed expression and half-lidded eyes, Shane perks up immediately. He gingerly takes the slicked-up dildo before withdrawing from Ilya's embrace to settle on the floor. The suction cup sticks well to the hardwood floor, allowing the dildo to stay upright on its own. Shane hikes up the jersey just enough so that Ilya can see the dildo disappear inside his perfect ass.

"Faster." Shane obliges immediately, moaning and sobbing as he picks up the pace. Ilya's name in crimson red lettering is splayed across Shane's back, shifting with the ridges of Shane's back with every movement, as if it were branded into his skin. *One day*, Ilya thought, *one day, you will wear my name and everyone will know you are mine*. God, Ilya wishes for a cold glass of vodka, or even a cigarette, right now.

"Stop." Ilya orders which earns him a confused look. "Turn. Your face here." Ilya says, patting his thigh. Recognition flickers through Shane's eyes behind the fucked-out haze. He squeezes them shut as he pulls off the dildo, tears running down his cheeks as he steadies himself against the involuntary spasms sweeping through his body. Shane crawls over and repositions the dildo in between Ilya's legs before lining himself up before bottoming out.

Shane's head falls to rest on Ilya's inner thigh, fingers digging into the meat while his mouth hangs open and choked-out sounds flowing from his lips. The most gorgeous shade of cherry-red blooms across Shane's cheeks, a perfect compliment to his summer-darkened freckles.

"How does it feel?" Ilya asks, yanking his husband backward by his hair.

"G-good. *Ngh*, th-thank you." Shane pants out in between thrusts. Ilya notes Shane's dick, an angry shade of red and leaking hard as the cock ring seals off any hope of an immediate

release. When prompted, Ilya always cites winning the Stanley and marrying Shane fucking Hollander as the two biggest achievements of his life. But watching his husband crawl around and fuck himself on a dildo on Ilya's orders while taking every opportunity to thank Ilya despite Shane doing most of the work, Ilya would be bereft to not mention a third achievement: training Shane into an obedient little sub.

The blaring chorus of 'Voulez-Vous' by ABBA cut through his thoughts. Ilya beckons Shane who, to Ilya's amazement, is keeping up his usual pace, to lift his head slightly before walking over to the bed and snatching the phone. Ilya instinctively goes to reject the call when a wicked idea composes itself in his head.

Before his brain can convince itself that this is a horrible and diabolical course of action, Ilya settles back into the arm chair, gesturing for Shane to come closer. He then bunches up the front of the jersey, *his* jersey, just enough to access the nipple clamp, which Ilya has been forcing himself to ignore until he could get Shane back in bed. Ilya rolls the thin metal chain between his fingers before slipping them in between Shane's lips.

"Be quiet." Ilya orders as Shane nods before anchoring the chain to his mouth. "Keep moving until I tell you to stop." He says as he swipes to accept the call.

"Hello?"

"Happy birthday, asshole." Svetlana's voice came in crisp through the line. Her dramatics did too. "*Where were you? I called you like four times!*"

A small pang of guilt hits Ilya even though it had only been three times, not four. Her first call came in at 9 am while he was eating out Shane's ass. Her second attempt happened while he was swimming around the lake, attempting to locate Anya's duck toy that had floated off too far from the shore. The third time was during cooking lessons with Yuna which he typically turned his phone to 'Silent' mode for. "*Was busy with stuff. You know how it is.*"

She sighs. "*I just hope you are treating Shane well. I cannot believe how much he has to put up with everyday.*"

Ilya gazes down at Shane who is all flushed and whimpering, his rigid cock bobbing up and down helplessly every time he slams back onto the dildo. "*He loves me.*" Ilya muses fondly. Shane's face lights up at the recognition of the phrase, his head perking up before dropping down with a loud groan. He must have forgotten the chain in his lips is connected to the clamps currently abusing his nipples. They are red and the skin around them is warm to the touch. Ilya wants nothing more than to roll them around with his tongue until Shane cums just from that.

"Against all reason." Svetlana says sarcastically.

"How's LA?" Ilya asks, attempting to steer the conversation to something significantly more mundane in an effort to calm down his dick which is throbbing and straining against his jeans.

“So, so hot. My face is literally melting off. I don’t know how she does it.”

Ilya reaches out for Shane, absentmindedly caressing the burning skin as he leans into Ilya’s cool touch. *“How is your tsvetok anyway?”*

“Talented, brilliant, incredible, amazing, show stopping.” Svetlana rattles off a few more adjectives that Ilya does not quite pick up over the loud groan that Shane attempted to unsuccessfully suppress. *“Why? You jealous?”*

Ilya audibly gasps. *“I married the hottest man in the world, and you think I am jealous of you?”*

“You should be.”

Ilya studies Shane, the latter’s eyes screwed shut with concentration and beads of sweat forming along his brow as he repositions himself. The jersey, caught between his chin and the chain on the front, is hiking up farther and farther up Shane’s back. Ilya rolls it as far down as it will go, made slightly difficult by its dampness from the sweat it has absorbed. *“Moya lyubov says we have to meet up next time we are over there. Maybe next month at the premiere?”*

Before Svetlana can respond, a shuffling noise in the background before a female voice filters through the line. *“Who’re you talking to?”*

“My father.” Svetlana responds.

“You take that back!” Ilya cries in a voice slightly louder and more high-pitched than he would have liked.

“Why? You also have brittle geriatric knees and a big mouth that you use to bore people to death, and you take for granted the spectacular women in your life that keep you alive.”

“I do not take anyone for granted.” Ilya responds, tone deathly serious.

“No comebacks for the other two I see.”

Ilya rubs his temples, hoping that Svetlana can sense his physical display of mock exasperation through the phone. *“It is my birthday, can you not leave me in peace for one day.”*

“I tell you these things out of love.”

“I-,” Before he can respond, he feels a flurry of finger taps on his shin. He glances down at Shane, now grinding against the dildo, gazing up at him with pleading, tear-filled eyes. *“Give me a second.”* He says before muting the call and taking the saliva-coated chain from Shane’s mouth. *“Yes, kotenok?”*

A shiver dislodges the salt from his eyes as fat tears stream down his cheeks and drips to the floor which is covered with the outlines of small puddles that are undoubtedly a mixture of sweat and precum. "S-something is c-coming out." Shane says apprehensively.

"What is coming out?" Ilya asks softly, nudging Shane's leaking cock with his toe.

The brief but sudden contact sends Shane spasming, eyes rolling to the back of his head as he grips Ilya's legs for support. Shane seems to have lost the ability to swallow as spit now drenches his chin and Ilya's jeans. "D-dunno. N-need you n-now." He manages to say in between sobs.

"My little *printsessa* is so bossy." Ilya purrs. "But you are forgetting this is punishment. You must endure until I say so. Now move."

Ilya expects more resistance, at the very least whining and the full force of his puppy dog eyes. But to his amazement, with a small look of betrayal, Shane *moves*. His pace is much more erratic, his thighs shaking as he struggles to maintain a rhythm, the weights on the end of each nipple clamp flying wildly, but he is moving. Ilya swears to the sky, wondering what virtuous past life he must have led to deserve this. Ilya's dick is straining against his pants with so much force, it hurts to breathe. He rapidly strips off his pants, the head of his leaking cock peeking from the hem of his boxers. At the sight, Shane instinctively leans forward, nuzzling the wet heat of his crotch while spit rolls down his chin. Just as he is about to mouth at the bulge, Ilya makes another swipe at Shane's tortured cock with his foot.

Ilya catches Shane just in time as he topples forward, every muscle fibre in his body trembling with overstimulation. Ilya reaches down in an effort to remove the cock ring, sure his precious husband is going to pass out at any second.

But, as soon as Ilya grasps his shaft, Shane bucks violently before spilling into his hand. Ilya cannot comprehend what he is seeing: Shane, trembling like a leaf, shrieks and gasps as thick ropes of cum shoot from his abused dick. Bright red streaks bloom across Ilya's forearms and legs as Shane claws at them, seeking any form of corporeal anchor. Ilya tugs the jersey over his head followed by the cock ring and nipple clamps in a swift, yet careful motion which triggers another wave of release that causes Shane's jaw to fall slack, the only sounds now coming from his lips are hoarse, fucked-out breaths as he loses all notion of conscious thought.

By the time Shane slumps against him boneless, Ilya is questioning everything he knows about the human body. Maybe it was the pinched-off release, but cum coats Shane's stomach and Ilya's feet with small droplets scattered across the floor. He hadn't even known that someone could produce that much cum in one session, much less empty themselves so soon after sliding on a cock ring. As soon as his brain comes back online, he drops to the floor, cradling Shane in his lap and stroking his hair. His skin is on fire, red and coated in a thin sheen of sweat. Ilya inspects Shane's face, only to be met with half-lidded eyes and swollen lips. Shane is beyond wrecked from head-to-toe, and Ilya silently curses at his neglected cock for finding this the perfect time to strain against his pants.

He is about to lift Shane to bed when he catches sight of his phone, still open to the call interface. It had been nearly five minutes since he put Svetlana on mute.

"I will call you back." He declares before ending the call, not bothering to see if Svetlana was even on the other end. Ilya had more important matters to attend to.

"Shane? Sweetheart?" He whispers soft into Shane's ear.

To his relief, Shane stirs almost immediately, but his eyes are trained to the floor. "M'sorry." He responds, his voice barely recognizable from how hoarse and small it comes out. "I d-didn't mean to. I wasn't g-good. P-please don't punish m-me anymore."

"Shhh." Ilya rocks Shane slowly, careful not to brush against his sore nipples. Shane buries his face into Ilya's neck as Ilya rubs soothing circles across his back. "You did so well, *moy malen'kiy neposlushnyy shchenok*."

"What's that one?" Shane asks, turning his head ever so slightly.

"I will tell you later."

A moment of silence passes, quiet other than their breathing and the leaves rustling in the wind. "M'sorry." Shane snuffles before sobs erupt from his chest.

It was like a dagger stabbing and skewering into Ilya's heart. He cups Shane's face with one hand and brings their foreheads together. "No. You are perfect." Ilya whispers, peppering both old and new tear tracts with small, chaste kisses. His other hand runs up and down Shane's body, making sure the warmth of his palm presses into every inch of skin. "You are so, so good to me."

Shane snuffles again, but Ilya feels the tension seeping out of his body. "Just n-need you."

Ilya pauses his ministrations to gape at his husband. He wills his erection away, albeit unsuccessfully, as he collects his bearings. "We can continue later." Ilya manages to choke out as Shane's fingers curl around his clothed-dick.

"Nooo." Shane whines as Ilya guides his wrist away. He stares at Ilya with those tear-filled brown doe eyes and, *oh*, the day Ilya stops falling for that trap, trust that he must have hit his head or been replaced with an evil clone of himself.

Ilya carries Shane to their bed, laying him out on his back on the crumpled sheets. He slides off his soaking boxers before straddling Shane's waist. "Open." He says, tapping on Shane's lips before slipping a finger in.

Shane hums in thanks before sucking Ilya in. He does not waste time either, coating the digit with spit before taking Ilya in until the tip of his finger hits the back of Shane's throat. Ilya

inserts another finger in, then another. Very soon, Shane is clutching at Ilya's forearm, bobbing back and forth on the latter's thick fingers. The sounds coming from Shane's mouth are obscene, a mixture of slurping and whimpering sporadically cut through by wanton moans.

Finger sucking is always fantastic with Shane. But, Ilya is a greedy man, and he has one more item he intends to tick off his agenda before the night is over. He palms the meat of Shane's chest, savoring its fullness and softness, before giving one of his abused nipples a tentative suck.

Shane howls, tears slipping from his eyes as his mouth goes slack around Ilya's fingers. Ilya can feel Shane's dick filling as he licks a stripe across his tit. Shane's hand flies to Ilya's hair, grasping at his curls, pulling him closer and pushing him away at the same time. Ilya rolls the nipple around with his tongue, sucking hard before releasing it with a loud 'pop'. Despite Shane's protests, Ilya then retracts his fingers from Shane's mouth to grip his own leaking dick.

"Ready, *malysh*?"

Shane nods eagerly before parting his spit-wet lips. Ilya shuffles forward and lines himself up with Shane's mouth before plunging in. Ilya almost blacks out from the sudden feeling of wet heat engulfing him, and from the looks of Shane's rolled-back eyes and death-grip on Ilya's thighs, he is just as gone. Ilya threads a hand through Shane's sweat-drenched hair to reposition his head to allow him to take more of Ilya. Ilya pumps in and out, drawing out choked-out moans as he delves deeper and deeper before bottoming out.

"Look at you, my little cock slut." Ilya purrs as he watches the outline of his throbbing bulge appear in Shane's throat before promptly pulling out until only his tip is caught in Shane's mouth. Shane places kitten licks on his slit which almost causes Ilya's knees to buckle. *There is mischief afoot*, Ilya thinks to himself as he watches Shane lock eyes with him before grabbing his balls, kneading them in his hands in the way he knows can cause Ilya to cum with his length untouched. *Two can play this game*. Ilya reaches back and seizes Shane's other tit and tugs hard, synchronizing it with a well-aimed thrust into his throat.

Shane cums for the third time, his entire body spasming under Ilya's weight as Ilya fucks his throat through the orgasm at a brutal pace. Soon enough, Ilya is over the edge, biting back a string of curses as he sinks to the hilt, forcing Shane to swallow his load. Shane is only too happy to oblige, methodically sucking his dick to coax every last drop of cum out.

The fatigue sets in the minute Ilya slips out of Shane, and he flops onto the rumpled sheets next to Shane, chest heaving. He reaches over and grabs a handful of tissues from the bedside table to wipe Shane off. But, when he looks over at his husband, the only dampness comes from the precum that had dripped down his dick.

"Did you have dry orgasm?" Ilya asks.

Shane's cheeks turn bright red, and he brings his arm over his face. "Don't laugh." He says weakly.

Ilya rolls over and pries Shane's arm off his face before peppering his face and neck with small kisses. "I cannot laugh. You are too cute."

Shane giggles as he softly cards his fingers through Ilya's curls. "Did you like it?" He asks when Ilya stops his kissing onslaught.

"Which part? Part where you were wearing nipple clamps under jersey with my name? Or part where you stuck vibrating plug up your cute hole? Maybe even when you fucked yourself on dildo? 'Cos I like all. 12/10." Ilya replies with a shit-eating grin.

"You are such a jerk." Shane grumbles, but his lips are spread into a wide smile.

"Yes, but I am your jerk." Ilya says, taking Shane's hand and pressing three obnoxiously wet and loud kisses onto his knuckles. Once the fit of giggles subsides, Ilya gestures for Shane to sit up before slipping his hand under Shane's knees and lifting him up. "I clean you up now." Ilya declares before marching off to the bathroom.

A warm bath and a light make-out session later, Shane is once again sprawled out on their bed wearing only a fresh pair of boxers with a (much to Shane's dismay) fully-clothed Ilya straddling his waist. Ilya has a bottle of lotion in one hand, the other hand taking generous dollops from it to gently rub onto Shane's sore chest. Shane was too blissed out by the soft touches and whispered sweet nothings to mind when Ilya applied the cool cream to the other areas that were sure to bruise later on. However, the clamps had subjected his nipples to a special kind of torture, flesh chapped raw to the point where Shane has to bite back a whimper as Ilya massages another glob into his reddened skin.

"All done. You did so well, sweetheart." Ilya whispers as he screws the lid back on.

Shane reaches out for Ilya's retreating figure. "M'cold."

"Aww. But you cannot put a shirt on yet." Ilya teases, lightly poking his sternum.

Shane's eyes dart away from Ilya's face, heat rushing up his cheeks before he realizes that feeling embarrassed around his husband is irrational considering all the things they have done together over the years. "Cuddle please?"

Something in Ilya's demeanor shifts, softening in a way that he only does for Shane. "Of course." He says, smiling before going to tuck himself in beside Shane.

"Wait!" Shane exclaims much louder than he had meant, causing Ilya to shoot him a raised eyebrow. "I, er-, before you lie down, I have another present."

Ilya's face takes on a serious expression. "*Moya lyubov*, I know you are obsessed with my dick, but we cannot go again."

“No! It’s not-,” Shane sighs, giving up on this line of explanation. “It’s in my desk drawer, bottom right drawer under the tax receipts.” Ilya wrinkles his nose as if the very notion of taxes offends him which is exactly why Shane had hidden it there. Whatever Ilya felt about taxes that day, though, is not enough to stop him from complying with his husband’s request. He slowly rises from the bed before stalking off down the hallway to Shane’s study. He returns holding a rectangular box-shaped object wrapped in brown kraft paper, a white gardenia that Shane had made his mission to preserve is inserted into the knot of the twine bringing everything together.

“Open it.”

Ilya sits next to Shane, inspecting the wrapping before getting to work untying the twine, gently placing the flower on the bed, before removing the tape so as to not tear the paper. This is in stark contrast to the rather barbaric way in which he usually opens presents had they come from anyone else.

The paper peels away to reveal a black leatherbound book, wider than it is tall. Two gold inscriptions emblazon the cover, with the bigger of the two positioned at the centre, reading “Hollander-Rozanov” in bold serif, and the second, smaller one, positioned a few inches below, reading “Book I”. Ilya’s thumb brushes over the lettering. The lack of a witty retort about the hyphenated last name, which Shane had stressed himself over since approving the design, worried him.

“Ilya? If you don’t like it, we can chang-”

“No.” Ilya shakes his head. He does not meet Shane’s gaze, but it is evident there are tears welling up in Ilya’s eyes. “I love it.”

Shane leans his head on Ilya’s shoulder, wrapping his arms around his neck. “There’s more.”

Ilya flips the book open, and Shane can feel his heart rate steadily rising. The first page has pictures from early in their careers, on-ice action shots from when they played against each other during the International Prospect Cups followed by the group photo from draft day, Ilya grinning as he holds up his Boston jersey, and Shane looking, frankly, suicidal next to him with the Montreal jersey. The next page includes outtakes from the 2010 CCM photoshoot in Toronto, both of them giggling like little kids as they tried and failed to hit their marks, as well as their presentation at the 2014 MHL Awards. The press must have been allergic to taking decent photos that night, because Shane was not satisfied with a single official photo. He was, thus, pleasantly surprised to find the selfies Ilya had taken that night backed up into their shared Google Drive. Shane has been waiting for the right opportunity to ask his husband about them, but that is a conversation for another time.

There is a natural progression beyond just the chronological guide of photographic organization; The deeper you delved, official portraits turned into candid shots, and press junkets became snapshots of at-home activities. Even sponsorship photos were gradually replaced with pictures of family and friends. Thank god for his Mom who had instructed them to set-up automatic back-up for their Google Drive, something which they promptly

forgot about until his parents had given them a folder full of pictures on their wedding day, pictures that they had been so careful to delete to protect their secret from the world, pictures that they had thought were lost forever. Before they went public (an era Ilya affectionately calls Pre-Pub), the knowledge of any sort of leakable digital footprint of their life together would have panicked Shane to no end. However, now (Post-Pub), Shane finds comfort in reliving those hidden moments. After all, once the dust settles, memories are all you keep.

The last photo in the album is a recent one, taken about a week or so ago. Shane and David sit on deckchairs by the lake behind Shane's parents' cottage, both with awkward smiles on their faces as if they were being threatened at gunpoint to cheese for the camera. Ilya and Yuna are standing behind them, grinning like fools with mischievous glints in their eyes. That day hadn't been anything special, just another random Tuesday in the quiet spaces of their busy lives. Yet, this is one of Shane's favorites as it so perfectly encapsulates their little family that they hoped to grow one day.

"See, I was hoping that we could add stuff here." Shane adds, pointing towards the empty plastic sheets. "If we run out of space, we can buy another one. Book 2." He says as he makes a mental note to call the engraving place and ask if they could carve out some time for a rush job.

Ilya does not respond. Instead, he thumbs at the corner of each page, occasionally flipping through to inspect a specific photo. A sudden wave of anxiety washes over Shane. "*Mon amour*?" That was just a suggestion. We, uh, don't have to if you don't want to." Shane stammers out as he grips the meat of Ilya's forearm.

"I-" Ilya pauses as if every word in the English language eludes him at this very moment.. "It is perfect. Everything about today is perfect."

"Really?"

"Yes. Today is the best birthday I have ever had." Ilya affirms, turning to face Shane. Even in the soft orange light, the unmistakable glimmer of tears streaming down his cheeks shines through. Shane climbs into Ilya's lap and engulfs him into a bear hug.

They sit like this in silence, rocking back and forth as Shane breathes Ilya in. Every now and then, Ilya's body would shake with the force of an oncoming sob, something he would attempt to bite back. And every time, Shane would wrap his arms around Ilya's head and run soothing fingers through his curls until his breathing leveled off. "High bar you're setting for next year." He mumbles into Ilya's ear as he cups the back of the latter's head, guiding him to rest his forehead on Shane's shoulder.

"Mm, but you will have one year to think about it. Yes?" Ilya replies in a small voice which throws Shane for a loop. Ilya Rozanov who is brash and confident, the villain in the stories of players and fans alike because he chirps as if it were as easy as breathing. That Ilya Rozanov whom Shane had met at the IPC all those years ago, who Shane had tagged as one of the biggest assholes he had ever met despite being thoroughly enthralled by his gorgeous looks. That Ilya Rozanov who is currently sobbing into Shane's shoulder, gripping Shane by the waist as if he could disappear at any moment.

“I suppose.” Shane replies before smiling down at Ilya.

Ilya gazes up at him with sheer adoration and awe as if Shane had hung the moon for him.
“*Ya tebya lyublyu, solynshko.*”

Shane leans in and takes Ilya into a deep kiss. “*Ya tebya lyublyu.* Happy Birthday, Ilya.”

Ilya Rozanov @ilyarozanov81

[A picture of the photo album laying on rumpled white bed sheets. The preserved gardenia and newest family photo sit on the black leather cover.]

@ilyarozanov81: i wanna (keep) do(ing) bad things with you 🐱💛🍷

@hexuansmilkers: our goat is on that caitlin russo tea !!

↳ @ilyarozanov81: she is very good!

↳ @rozrozanov: Does Shane listen to her too?

↳ @ilyarozanov81: yes! shane does not know about music. he listens to what i listen to.

@didntkiss234: petitioning to make hollanov’s birthdays intergalactic holidays because i cannot keep sobbing over them in front of the entire office

↳ @hexuansmilkers: (2)

↳ @sakuspvce: (3)

@ilyaroseanov: not even King Arthur could pull him out of me

↳ @shanehollandont: How are you horny at a time like this?

↳ @ilyaroseanov: Well, excuse me for having a thing for emotionally available men!

↳ @jessicawarbler: The bar is definitely in hell

↳ @ilyaroseanov: Ohmygod, I can see the bar outside my window!

↳ @shanehollandont: Say you were born in the 60s without saying you were born in the 60s

↳ @jessicawarbler: Pack it up grandma

↳ @ilyaroseanov: WE'RE ALL THE SAME AGE ???

@whyrozanov: did no one clock the gardenia?

↳ @cupidohatesme: why?? is it problematic ???

↳ @shanestowel: in horticulturing, gardenias symbolize secret love 🐒

↳ @thatsotrueiv: and in whore culturing, gardenias symbolize me on my knees begging them for a whiff

↳ @rozroan: ???????

↳ @ROZAN0Vr: BOO BOO TOMATO TOMATO 🍅🍅🍅

↳ @sakuspvce: im giving your address to a mosquito

@hollanovsdog: hollander-rozanov ??? what abkut rozanov-hollander 😞😞😞

↳ @hollanoverr: hollanov nation never stops eating

↳ @thatsotrueiv: eating what 😏

↳ @SunsetHues13: NOT YOU AGAIN GTFO

@official_haypike: happy birthday bud!

↳ @ilyarozanov81: thank you bud! what is it like to have no balls ?

↳ @rheaneedsrwr: im gonna faint

↳ @shanehollanderhockeyplayer: Ilya, that is not what a vasectomy is.

↳ @official_haypike: SHANE YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO CLARIFY??

hayden pike's n1 fan & husband @sunshinec0urt

i sense a disturbance.

End Notes

forgive me for the google translations:

1. Ne ubivay svoego ottsa: do not kill your father
2. idite syuda: come here
3. solnyshko: little sun
4. kotenok: kitten
5. tsvetok: flower
6. moya lyubov: my love
7. printsessa: princess
8. moy malen'kiy neposlushnyy shchenok: my little naughty puppy
9. malysh: baby
10. ya tebya lyublyu: i love you

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