

The Reward

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The Reward

by [dntat](#)

Summary

“Were you thinking of this?” Ilya growled, tightening his grip. “On the ice?”

“Yes,” Shane panted, unable to play it cool. “Yes. I wanted to get on my knees for you right there in front of everyone after your last goal.”

Or: After Ilya scores a hat trick against the Montreal Voyageurs, Shane is determined to give him a reward.

Notes

No real reasoning behind this one. Just wanted to write some more possessive Ilya Rozanov and beautiful Shane Hollander. Hope you have fun reading!

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

The crowd was going absolutely batshit wild.

Ilya had scored a third goal – a hat trick! – against the Montreal Voyageurs with two minutes to spare. Shane just barely stopped himself from leaping over the boards to join the teammates who were already covering Ilya with hugs and shouting congratulations in his ear.

Ilya had been on fire all night. His skating had been sharp, his passing had been sharp and his scoring had been sharp. Now the Ottawa crowds were chanting his name as he circled the rink, roaring in celebration. It wasn't exactly sportsmanlike behavior, but no one expected anything less from Ilya Rozanov.

In the end, they won the game 5-1, and Shane couldn't have been more pleased with the result, although he kept his features schooled into a look of polite indifference when a couple of the Voyageurs skated over to chat with a few members of his new team.

Afterwards, Shane watched from his stall as the media swarmed Ilya, forming a semicircle of cameras, lights, and microphones around him.

“What motivated you out there tonight?” a reporter called.

“How easy the gap in the centre of their line was to cross,” Ilya replied. A ripple of laughter spread through the reporters. Some even quickly spun their cameras around to Shane, to see what his reaction would be.

Across the room, Shane looked at the floor and allowed himself a private smile. He was sure that sound bite would be playing on repeat for the next few days. But it was the truth. The Voyageurs hadn't been able to replace Shane with a strong centre, and it had been easy to pierce through the line. And a part of him, the part that still felt the hurt of the way he had been treated by the team, felt a vicious thrill every time he heard of their streak of losses.

(Another part of him mourned deeply for the team, and especially Hayden and JJ. But he wouldn't allow himself to think of that right now.)

When the final reporter had left and showers had been taken, Shane was still feeling heady with what had taken place tonight. This was a game he had been worried about for a long time. His first time playing against the Voyageurs, the team he had thought he would play on for his entire career, and given his all to. And he and Ilya had crushed them. Ilya with his hat trick and assist, and Shane with his own two goals.

He felt an itching under his skin. He had been amazing out there tonight. He knew it, Ilya knew it, the whole world knew it.

But Ilya had been *better*. Shane knew Ilya carried a lot of anger for how the Voyageurs had treated Shane, both after coming out to them as gay and the whole debacle with the FanMail video. And that anger had fueled his playing in a spectacular fashion tonight. When he scored that last goal... Shane blew out a breath as he relived it in his mind. After a breakaway, Ilya had pulled out his signature move. He had faked a backhand shot, causing the goalie to lunge

to the left. Then, almost quicker than the eye could follow, he had fired a forehand wrist shot over the goalie's right shoulder. It had been fucking hot. It made Shane want to do things to Ilya. Dirty, sexy things. It made him, Shane realized, want to *reward* Ilya for what he had achieved out there tonight. To make Ilya feel as good as he so often made Shane feel.

With this thought in his head and a vision of Ilya's victorious grin still at the forefront of his mind, Shane crossed the room to his husband's stall. Ilya was putting the finishing touches on his tie while he laughed with Bood.

"Hollander. Ready to celebrate?" Ilya asked with an easy smile as Shane approached him.

Instead of answering, Shane leaned into Ilya's space, close enough to smell the seaweed and citrus of his own shampoo in Ilya's damp hair. "I think," he whispered, "you deserve a reward for your hat trick."

Ilya turned to fully face Shane, and when Shane pulled back, he saw that the easy smile was gone, replaced with a heat and possessiveness that immediately made Shane's dick start to swell.

"Meet me at the Jeep in ten minutes," Shane said, and walked away before his nerves could fail him.

He didn't look back, but he could feel Ilya's gaze on him as he left the locker room.

There was a long silence, then Bood spoke. "Yeah, okay. I don't want to get in the middle of whatever the fuck is going on here. Roz, we're going to Monk's. I guess we'll see you if we see you."

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As he made his way through the parking lot, Shane couldn't believe what he was about to do. He felt reckless. *Beyond* reckless. But Ilya looked so *good* out there tonight. His triumphant roar when he scored that third goal would be burned into Shane's mind for the rest of his life.

He reached the Jeep, wincing when the chirp of the doors unlocking echoed through the near-empty players parking lot. Knowing action was the only way to keep his mind from overthinking, he threw open the trunk and, with a few practiced moves, folded down the backseat.

Scanning the new, larger area, he considered his and Ilya's size. It was good, but not quite good enough. Moving around the car, he pushed the passenger seat down as well. It would still be a bit cramped, but it would have to do. Closing the door, he leaned against the Jeep and tried to calm the rapid beating of his heart.

It was only a few minutes later that he heard footsteps approaching him. Slow, deliberate footsteps. Shane knew who it was before his eyes ever landed on his husband.

Ilya stepped up to Shane. The heat hadn't left his eyes, and he had loosened his tie and undone the top buttons of his shirt.

"I hear you have something for me," Ilya purred.

Shane swallowed, then pushed off the Jeep and opened the rear hatch, revealing the space within. "Get in," he commanded, "And lay down."

Ilya laughed lightly as he climbed in. "So like you, Hollander, to make a space like this. No blowjob in the front seat for you."

Shane followed, crawling into the dim space after him and shutting the trunk door down behind them. He was feeling extremely grateful that he had picked the tinted window option when he purchased his Jeep.

For a moment, they simply lay together in the confined space. Shane took a deep breath. The adrenaline that had gotten him this far had begun to recede, replaced by the realization of how awkward and difficult to maneuver it was in the back of the Jeep. He took another breath.

"Okay," Shane whispered. "I just—" He shifted onto his side, and Ilya grunted as Shane's knee accidentally dug into him.

"Sorry," Shane said, wincing.

"Is fine," Ilya replied, rolling onto his side to face Shane and banging his feet against the closed trunk door in the process.

A wave of self-consciousness washed over Shane. He was a *professional hockey player*. They were in *public*. Why was he trying to have sex in the back of his fucking *Jeep Cherokee*? This has been a ridiculous idea. A ridiculous, undignified, stupid idea.

"This was a mistake," Shane sighed, laying back. "It's too small. Someone's going to walk by—"

Ilya's hand found his hip, where he gripped it firmly. His other hand landed gently on Shane's face, where he stroked a thumb over his freckled cheekbone.

"Shane," Ilya murmured, "Is my reward. I decide if it works."

"But—"

"I decide." Ilya repeated. His breath was warm against Shane's lips. "I want this. The great Shane Hollander, trying to fuck in the backseat like a teenager." He sounded absolutely delighted. "Now, stop thinking so much."

He guided Shane, maneuvering them with an annoying amount of grace until Ilya was laying with his head near the passenger seat and his legs in the far end of the trunk and Shane was settled on top of him.

"See?" Ilya said. "We make it work." He gave Shane a lazy grin, cocky and sexy, before shifting his hips, pressing the beginning of his erection against Shane. "Like we made it work on the ice today."

Those words had Shane kissing Ilya again, kissing him deeply while simultaneously fumbling with the button of his dress pants. Ilya felt a surge of possessive satisfaction course through him as Shane kissed and nipped his way down his neck. This was *his*. The fierce, desperate want he could always pull from Shane belonged to *him*, and he wasn't about to let an opportunity to experience it in the backseat of Shane's Jeep Cherokee pass him by.

The moment Ilya's pants were undone, Shane shoved them down, followed by his boxers. Ilya was already half-hard when Shane wrapped his hand around his cock. He stroked it slowly, bringing him to full hardness before sliding down Ilya's body and, after a bit of maneuvering and repositioning on both their parts, swallowing him down.

"Yes, Shane," Ilya gasped. His hands tangled in Shane's hair, wrapping the damp strands around his fist. Soon, the Jeep was filled with the sounds of Shane's wet, enthusiastic mouth and Ilya's ragged breathing.

Ilya let his head fall back. He often liked to tease his husband about how he had ruined Shane for anyone else. But the truth was that Shane had ruined *him* for anyone else. Shane and his scattering of freckles. Shane and his pretty, pink lips. Shane and his relentless pursuit of Ilya's satisfaction. Of his determination to make Ilya feel good. Of his sheer, obvious enjoyment of getting Ilya off. Of how he opened up his perfect mouth, his perfect body, for Ilya. It had been dangerously compelling from the start, and hadn't taken him long to fall head-first into complete and utter addiction.

Shane could feel the tension rising in Ilya's body, and he stepped up his efforts, tugging gently on Ilya's balls as he opened his throat to take his husband even deeper and push him over the edge. But before he could finish the job, Ilya yanked gently on his hair, pulling him off.

"What-?" Shane managed, but Ilya was already moving, twisting them around so he could push Shane until he was laying down onto the platform created by the folded seats.

"I want to fuck you," Ilya rasped as he undid Shane's pants and began to pull them down.

"We don't have any lube," Shane protested even as he lifted his hips to help.

"I know," Ilya agreed. "Do not worry." Then he spat into his hand and wiped the wetness in between Shane's thighs.

Shane wanted to be grossed out, but he was too turned on. When Ilya nudged him, he quickly rolled onto his side. A moment later his husband had pressed himself up against Shane. Ilya's chest was warm and solid against Shane's back. He threaded one arm under Shane's neck and splayed over his chest, holding him tightly. His other hand slid up Shane's thigh, slow and teasing, until it finally reached Shane's cock, where he began to lazily stroke it.

The position was more than a bit awkward in the cramped confines of the Jeep, but Shane found he didn't care, especially when Ilya's cock slowly slid into the tight, hot space between his thighs, the head of it nudging against his balls.

"Okay?" Ilya breathed in his ear.

“Yes,” Shane whispered back. “Yes, please fuck me.”

Ilya began to move, slowly at first, but then with more speed. Every nerve in Shane’s body was buzzing. He was sure the Jeep was jerking and swaying with their movements, but he couldn’t bring himself to care. Or more truthfully, he did care. In a weird, fucked-up way, it turned him on knowing someone might walk by and know what they were doing in here.

Ilya paused only once to slick himself up again before he was back between Shane’s legs. Shane had to brace a hand against the side of the Jeep to stop Ilya from rolling completely on top of him and crushing him into the coarse fabric of the trunk. He kept his ankles locked and gave his thighs an extra squeeze.

“Yes, Hollander,” Ilya panted, throwing a leg over Shane’s thigh and drawing them closer together. His hand was still moving on Shane’s dick, bringing him closer to the edge with every stroke.

“Don’t stop,” Shane gasped. “Ilya, please.”

“Were you thinking of this?” Ilya growled, tightening his grip. “On the ice?”

“Yes,” Shane panted, unable to play it cool. “Yes. I wanted to get on my knees for you right there in front of everyone after your last goal.”

Ilya bit Shane’s neck, sinking his teeth into the muscles and tendons. It wasn’t something he usually did, but tonight, the elation and victory and *want* that were crashing through him and left no room for restraint. Shane arched as Ilya’s teeth dug into him, and Ilya couldn’t resist biting down again, before smoothing the mark with a swipe of his tongue. There would be a bruise there. Shane would surely complain later, but Ilya couldn’t bring himself to feel bad about it right now. He loved leaving marks on Shane. Loved being able to see them later and know *he* put them there. Loved any opportunity to remind the world that Shane Hollander belonged to *him*.

“You are mine” he snarled, his thrusts beginning to lose their rhythm. It was a familiar refrain, something Ilya often said when he was feeling particularly possessive. Shane’s answer was always the same.

“Yes,” Shane gasped. “Always yours.”

It brought Ilya to the edge. It always brought Ilya to the edge. He came with a guttural moan, his release hot and wet between Shane’s legs. Feeling it sent Shane to the brink right after him, making his body shudder in Ilya’s tight embrace.

For a moment, the only sound was their ragged breathing. Then Shane peeled his thighs apart with a soft sound of dismay. “I really didn’t think this through,” he groaned.

Behind him, Ilya’s body shook as he laughed into Shane’s neck. “Relax, Hollander. There is a spare shirt in my bag. You can clean up with it.”

Pacified, Shane allowed them to lie together for a moment longer. The soft kisses Ilya was pressing to the back of his neck also helped. But soon the rapidly cooling mess between his legs became unbearable, and they began awkwardly shuffling about, wiping and cleaning and pulling on their clothes.

“We’re going to have to clean this properly when we get home,” Shane sighed, looking at the mess that was still smeared against the trunk.

“I will bring it in for detailing,” Ilya said as he finished buttoning up his pants.

“Ilya!” Shane said, scandalized. “We are not letting someone else clean our come out of the seats.”

“Is mostly your come,” Ilya pointed out. Shane’s face scrunched in annoyance and Ilya pressed a quick kiss to his lips. “I will use the fabric spray when we get home, okay?”

Shane nodded, and began awkwardly crawling into the driver's seat of the car.

“What are you doing?” Ilya asked.

“There is no way I am getting out of this car and letting anyone see me after what we just did!” Shane said.

Ilya rolled his eyes, even as a fond smile played on his lips. “And what will they think after they see me get out?”

Shane had no answer for that, and instead chose to ignore Ilya as he opened the trunk door and stepped back out into the parking lot with infuriating nonchalance. Strolling around to the passengers side, he popped the seat back up and slid in.

“I scored three goals,” Ilya said as Shane rolled down the windows and turned up the air conditioning to clear the condensation off the windows. “Means I get you three times, yes?”

Shane laughed as he pulled out of the parking stall. “Don’t push your luck, Rozanov.”

But when Ilya reached across the centre console to rub a large hand on his thigh, Shane knew that he would let Ilya have whatever he wanted.

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As the Jeep disappeared down the parking lot ramp, Troy, Wyatt and Bood all slowly turned to stare at each other. They had parked near Shane’s Jeep, but had stopped dead in their tracks the moment the vehicle had begun rocking in its stall.

Wyatt was the first to break the stunned silence. “So,” he began, his voice carefully even. “I believe we will all be in agreement to never speak of this?”

“Yup,” Troy agreed immediately.

“Absolutely,” Bood said.

Silently, the three began to make their way across the parking lot. Boon broke first. "Not looking forward to Ilya's ego at practice tomorrow though."

Wyatt bumped his shoulder lightly. "Dude, we're not talking about it."

"Right, sorry."

A beat of silence passed before Troy sighed. "He's going to be so insufferable."

"Yup," Wyatt sighed, giving in. "And I am never getting a ride with them again."

End Notes

Comments and kudos are my own type of reward :)

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