

Sensitive, Hollander?

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Sensitive, Hollander?

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Summary

During one of their meetups, Ilya discovers that Shane is sensitive in more ways than one.

Notes

Hi folks!! I watched the first three episodes of Heated Rivalry and then wrote this in a day. This is also my first time ever writing smut (at least, I'm pretty sure that this is smut) so please be kind!! I hope that y'all enjoy!! <33

The door was barely shut behind him before Ilya's lips were on him. It had been six and a half months since they'd last seen each other, which was six and a half months too long in Shane's opinion.

Ilya's hands found his hair and pulled at the strands at the base of Shane's neck. When he gasped, eyelids fluttering, Ilya immediately took advantage, slipping his tongue inside with all the easy confidence he displayed on the ice.

Oddly, he wasn't nearly as aggressive, and Shane didn't want to admit that the idea of Ilya Rozanov being gentle with him made him a bit weak in the knees.

It was mind-numbing in its relief. Out there, Shane had to wear a mask; practice both his smiles and his answers in the mirror until they looked natural. He had to keep control, win the games, lead his team to victory and console them when they lost. He was Canada's golden boy. He had to be the *best*.

In here, Shane was allowed to cast all of that to the side and let Ilya take control. He could just be *Shane Hollander* in a way that was so rare outside these walls.

He suspected that Ilya felt similarly. No matter how hard you tried, nobody could ever *really* control what happened on the ice. With Shane, behind closed doors, Ilya only had to say the word and he'd be obeyed.

Well, most of the time, at least.

Ilya broke the kiss, and Shane didn't bother trying to suppress the whine that escaped him.

"Take off your clothes," Ilya said, accent curling around his words in a way that never failed to send a shiver down Shane's spine. "Get on the bed."

So, of course, Shane did as he was told.

Stepping back, Ilya watched as Shane undressed, lust melding with something akin to exasperated fondness when Shane carefully folded each article of clothing and set them off to the side.

He left his socks on, of course. The idea of anything touching his feet was disturbing enough to make any potential embarrassment worth it, but Ilya never commented on it.

Only when Shane was lying back on the bed did Ilya follow suit. Shane unashamedly traced the lines of his muscles with his eyes as Ilya pulled off his shirt. Almost as though he felt Shane's gaze on him, Ilya took his time, always willing to put on a bit of a show, both in and out of the bedroom.

Finally, Ilya stood at the foot of the bed, naked, eyes languidly trailing over Shane's body in a way that made him feel oddly vulnerable. Only most of his blood rushed to his face; the rest of it travelling somewhere else entirely.

That seemed to spur Ilya into motion, climbing on top of Shane with all the predatorial grace of a mountain cat. He settled atop Shane's hips and leaned down, skimming his fingertips along Shane's cheekbones, along the bridge of his nose, tracing the slope of his jaw.

Growing impatient, Shane reached out to grasp Ilya's shoulders with the intent of pulling him down.

Faster than he could blink, his wrists were wrapped in Ilya's callused hands, pressed back down to the mattress as Ilya gave him a scornful look.

"You do not get to touch," he said, "Right now, only I get to touch, and your hands will stay where they are." Ilya let go of Shane's wrists, patting them with a sense of finality. "Then, if I think you have been good, *then* you can touch. If you touch before I give you permission, there will be consequences. Do you understand?"

Shane tangled his fingers into the sheets and gave a jerky nod, only to gasp when Ilya grabbed hold of his jaw with a nearly painful grip.

"I *said*, do you understand?" Beneath his intimidating stare, Shane caught a glimmer of amusement, and the corners of his lips were just barely twitching up in the ghost of a grin.

Ilya was having *fun* with this.

Suddenly, Shane's words found him again and he managed to say, "Yes. Yes, I understand."

"Good." Ilya patted his cheek approvingly, "I am going to touch you now."

It was the little things like that, things that Ilya might not even fully realize that he was doing, that warmed Shane to his core. The clear instructions, stating his next move and, within that statement, giving Shane the opportunity to protest if he wasn't comfortable.

Fingers touched down on his shoulders, pulling Shane from his thoughts.

"You are thinking too loudly," said Ilya. "Try to relax."

Whatever Shane had been expecting, it wasn't this. He'd been ready for rough, possessive touches, ones that had him struggling to keep his hands to himself as he writhed and pleaded for more.

This was different. Ilya skimmed his palms across Shane's shoulders, lightening his touch to skim his fingers down his chest in such a gentle way that it felt like a caress. He traced the lines of his body, the scars and freckles that littered his skin, with a curious touch.

And it *was* relaxing. Shane could feel his muscles loosen, noticed how his mind quieted as all that mattered was Ilya's fingers on him, committing the ridges and slopes of his chest to memory. The attention was overwhelming in the most wonderful way, setting his nerves alight with every brush.

Then he moved lower, ghosting over Shane's ribs, and suddenly his nerves were alight in an entirely different way.

“My, my. We are certainly sensitive, aren’t we, Hollander?” Ilya asked when shivers began to travel through Shane’s body.

He pressed his lips together, willing his hands to stay at his sides so he wouldn’t give himself away.

But Ilya *lingered*, tracing up and down Shane’s ribs and it *really fucking tickled*. His chest trembled with the effort to restrain his laughter, but Shane couldn’t help the smile that was slowly forcing its way across his face.

Looking at Ilya, Shane saw a mixture of confusion, amusement, and a slow, dawning realization overtake his features. He crawled his fingers down to Shane’s sides and across his stomach, and the dam that Shane had so tenuously built came crashing down in moments.

“Roz—*Rozanov*! Don’t you dahare! Shihihit—” Laughter spilled out of his lips, Ilya tracing the lines of his stomach with more purpose now that he knew what effect it was having.

“What is this, Hollander? Certainly more than sensitive. Are you, ah...” Ilya trailed off for a moment, searching for the word, “ticklish! Are you *ticklish*, Hollander?”

Smug glee dripped from his voice, his movements growing more certain with each passing second.

“Nohohoho! *I’m not ti—fuck*, I’m just nohohot!” Shane couldn’t bring himself to actually say the word, breath catching in his throat. And then he made a terrible mistake by doing the one thing he’d been told not to do.

Shane reached up and grabbed Ilya’s forearms, trying to push him away.

Immediately, Ilya froze, staring down at him with a look that made icy cold fear slide down his spine while a strange heat burned in his stomach.

“Hollander, I thought that I had made myself very clear,” he said, deliberately removing his hands only to take hold of Shane’s wrists once more. “I said no touching. I *also* said that if you touched before I gave you permission, that there would be consequences. Do you remember?”

Out of a rare sense of self-preservation, Shane didn’t fight it when Ilya pinned his hands under his knees, offering a shaky nod in response.

“Yeah. Yes, I remember.”

Ilya leaned closer, a dangerous grin sharpening his face. “And yet you touched anyway. You are a very brave man, Shane Hollander, I must admit. I only hope that some of your spark will remain after you have faced your punishment.”

“What’s, uh—” Shane cleared his throat, mouth suddenly very dry, “what’s my punishment?”

His question was ignored, or perhaps answered, by one of Ilya’s own:

“Tell me, where else are you ticklish?”

Fingers returned to Shane’s torso, but this time more precise. Finding the spots that made him flinch just a little harder and zeroing on them like a bloodhound. Ilya seemed to be a natural at breaking past Shane’s meagre defenses and seeing through any front he tried to put up to hide when Ilya discovered a particularly devastating method.

Laughter came easier this time, but it was also softer now that he knew what was coming. Ilya seemed to enjoy having Shane giggling and twitching under his fingers, but quickly grew bored and went in search of something bigger.

Spidering his nails over Shane’s hips earned him a snort, his giggling pitching up into something slightly more frantic, but Ilya still wasn’t satisfied. Nonetheless, he remained there for a moment, enjoying how Shane’s snorts grew more and more frequent the longer he drew nonsensical shapes and patterns into the bone. He seemed particularly pleased when he figured out that the occasional squeeze would earn him a squeaky yelp.

“Ridiculous,” he muttered in a tone of voice that undoubtedly meant *adorable*, shaking his head like he couldn’t believe his own eyes.

Meanwhile, Shane was pretty sure that he was actively dying. It’s been years since he’d been tickled, and in that time he’d convinced himself that being ticklish was for kids. And on top of that, he’d convinced himself that it wouldn’t affect him anymore even if someone *did* try it which, up until now, nobody ever had.

He was *so wrong*. The sensation on bare skin was driving him *insane*, and Shane was suddenly wishing that he’d kept at least *one* layer on as some sort of barrier between himself and Ilya’s electric touch.

What’s more, is that Shane should hate it. He didn’t open himself up to touch, but he tolerated it for the sake of the people who care about him. Something like this, something so intimate and so totally out of his control, should have him scrambling to get away.

But this was *Ilya*, and the rules had never quite applied to him. So Shane squirmed, and he kicked, but he never really tried to get away.

At least, not until Ilya reached behind himself and dragged his nails down his thighs.

“*FUCK!*” Shane’s heels started scrabbling against the bed in earnest, never getting enough leverage to try and buck Ilya off his hips. “Go awahahahay! *Rozanov—Not thehere!*”

Ilya didn’t respond. Instead, he levelled Shane with an unimpressed stare, reaching back even further to scribble his blunt nails across Shane’s kneecaps, drawing another shout out of him.

It was slightly more bearable, but only in the way that Shane could get in a bit more air between fits of laughter. And also because the way Ilya was leaning backwards *really* accentuated his sharp lines and elegant strength in a way that Shane couldn’t help but appreciate despite the situation he found himself in. Once he felt like he could, he tossed out

a half-hearted plea for mercy, “*Ohmygod—wahahahahait!* You’re so *mehehean!* Just—let me go!”

For a moment, Ilya removed his hands, letting Shane catch his breath.

He told himself that the pit in his stomach was relief; *not* disappointment.

“Perhaps I would consider stopping,” Ilya said, his intense gaze pinning him in place more effectively than his body ever could, “if you agreed to let me score a goal on you in our next game. Does that sound fair to you, Hollander?”

When Shane opened his mouth to answer, Ilya’s hands shot back down to his thighs, giving the muscle there sharp, precise squeezes that had him barking out increasingly desperate laughter.

“Oho *fuck you*, Rozanohov!” He managed to spit out. “Leave me *alohohohone!*”

Ilya’s fingers managed to worm their way to Shane’s inner thighs despite his best efforts, dancing across the skin before digging into the muscle, and Shane threw his head back, mind fuzzy and eyes suspiciously wet.

The tears clearly didn’t go unnoticed, because Shane could hear the grin in Ilya’s voice as he said, “I would *never* do such a thing. Especially not when you like it so much.”

Those last words had been whispered close to his ear, Ilya’s lips brushing against the skin in a way that was so distracting that Shane almost didn’t register his words. “*What?! No—I dohohohon’t—Shitshitshit Ilya!*”

“There is no need to pretend, *Shane*.” Ilya bared his teeth and rolled his hips, making Shane’s laughter catch on something much more guttural. “You forget that I am literally on your dick. You cannot lie to me about this.”

At a loss for words, Shane could feel the red heat of embarrassment creeping up his cheeks and he turned his head to the side in an attempt to hide his face in the pillows.

Ilya seemed to notice as well, since he tacked on, “I do not mind it, to be clear. In fact, I enjoy having you in my control in this way. *At my mercy*.” Shane’s laughter picked up at that, and, curse Ilya’s perceptiveness because he caught on to that too.

“I could just keep you here *forever*,” he carried on. “Your laugh has such a wonderful sound, especially combined with your other noises.”

A thumb brushed lightly over Shane’s nipple and a keening noise was ripped out of his throat before he could stop it.

“Wonderful example, Hollander!” Ilya praised teasingly, and Shane had a feeling that he would be clapping if his hands weren’t otherwise occupied. “See? There is nothing to be embarrassed about. Well, except for how ticklish you are, but I think it is fitting. It wouldn’t be nearly as fun if you did not enjoy it as well. Which you do.”

Once he got out of this, he was going to *kill* Ilya.

If he got out of this.

Fuck.

“Plehehease! Just *shut up!*” With that terrifying thought, Shane fell further into hysteria, letting the sensations wash over him.

“Me? Shut up?” Ilya seemed offended at the very notion, picking up on his attack in retaliation. “You do not know me very well if you are asking me to stop teasing. And I do not think that you are in a position to make any demands at the moment.”

He zeroed in on a spot that made Shane’s laughter pitch into silence, happily carrying on. “And *begging?* You must be above that, Hollander. Imagine if Canada knew that their precious hockey star could be reduced to begging by just a little tickling. It is pathetic, truly.”

With the way Ilya kept speaking to him and how he kept touching him, making Shane squirm against him and pushing him closer and closer to the edge, Shane was abruptly struck with the realization that he wouldn’t last much longer.

Shane tried to squeak out a warning, but Ilya’s eyes only lit up in his evilly delighted way as he stayed exactly where he was.

The hot coil within Shane snapped and he collapsed back against the bed with a sound that was somewhere between a choked giggle and a moan. Torturous fingers finally withdrew, only to be replaced with firm hands smoothing over his hyper-sensitive skin, helping Shane come down from whatever high he’d just been subjected to.

After a moment of catching his breath, his eyes met Ilya’s once more. “Holy shit.”

“Holy shit,” Ilya echoed.

Another beat of silence, and then Ilya tentatively asked, “Was that okay? Did you enjoy yourself?”

An incredulous laugh tore out of Shane, his cooling face suddenly flushed once more.

“Did I—? *Yes*, you asshole. I think it’s pretty clear that I fucking enjoyed myself.”

A proud grin settled on Ilya’s lips, and he leaned down to kiss Shane soundly. “Good,” he muttered against his lips. “Because I would like to have a repeat of this as often as possible, if that is okay with you.”

Then quieter, “You are beautiful when you laugh.”

The words wound around Shane’s heart, making themselves a warm home next to all of the soft things Ilya says just for him.

“Thank you,” Shane murmurs. “But I think that I should probably return the favour. Take care of you.”

For the first time today, Ilya actually seemed a little flustered. “Ah, there is no need for that,” he said, glancing down between them.

Shane followed his gaze and saw that the sheets were more of a mess than they should’ve been, and that Ilya was soft as well.

Which meant...

“Did you—”

“Yes,” Ilya quickly cut him off. “You kept moving. It was to be expected.”

A tinge of embarrassment shone though Ilya’s typically indifferent demeanour, so Shane pulled him down next to him, pressing into his side.

“I’m flattered that you think I’m that hot,” he teased, silently cheering when Ilya relaxed against him.

“Don’t let it get to your head,” Ilya muttered into his hair, sounding half-asleep already. “So, what do you say, should we make this a regular occurrence?”

Count on Ilya to always manage to turn things around on Shane. “Sure, but I want a turn next time.”

Ilya snorted at that, “Good luck trying anything when I know how easily you crumble. I am not afraid to use your newfound weakness against you.”

A finger wiggled against Shane’s side and he batted it away with a sleepy giggle. Ilya was probably right, but that wouldn’t keep Shane from trying. It would probably only encourage him to try more often, if he was being perfectly honest.

But that, along with cleaning his sheets, was a fight for another day. So for now, Shane just settled more comfortably against Ilya and said, “Goodnight, Rozanov.”

“Mmph. Goodnight, Hollander.”

The sound of quiet breathing soon followed, soft smiles lingering as both boys fell asleep wrapped around each other, as warm as the sounds of their names on the others’ lips.

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