

A Few Bruises & Lots of Eye Contact

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A Few Bruises & Lots of Eye Contact

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Summary

“It looks worse than it is, really,” Shane murmured as he reached for the strings of his robe. As he untied them, he met Ilya’s gaze. It burned a trail over Shane’s hands, his legs, his neck. He was dying of thirst, and Shane was the oasis for which he had been desperately searching.

Or, Ilya gets concerned when Shane shows him a hockey injury, Shane is anxious, and Ilya gives some fire head.

Notes

Again, not a serious work, just something to blow off my post-Heated Rivalry steam. Excuse any grammatical errors. Much love!

Ilya double-checked Shane's text before knocking on the door of Room 543.

God, he needed sex. Craved it. It had been too long — a few months since they had last crossed paths. Of course, Ilya hadn't been lacking in opportunities for sex. Any number of beautiful American (or Russian) women would have jumped at the opportunity to get in his pants. None of them, however, came even close to this boring, beautiful Canadian that had stolen his heart over the past ten years.

Ilya heard Shane shuffle across his room before opening the door, a fluffy white robe gracing his muscled body.

That needed to come off. Soon.

Ilya stepped across the threshold, making sure no one saw him enter. This secrecy bullshit was getting on his nerves. Wasn't one of the best parts of a relationship being able to show it off to the point of public annoyance? He pictured his Instagram feed muddled with dozens of pictures of Shane, of him and Shane, of Shane's cottage, of their dog... okay, he was getting way too ahead of himself. There was no dog. Not yet.

But there was a young love, one that was yearning to break free and explore different places without shame or scheming. Ilya glanced around the beige hotel room, retiring himself to the fact that this would have to do for now.

Shane sucked in a breath. Ilya waited for him to speak. He liked the slight build of tension while each person waited for the other to break the silence, or to abruptly begin stripping. He didn't mind either outcome.

A few more seconds passed, and the latter option seemed to come out on top. Ilya couldn't help it — he needed it. He needed Shane more than he had ever needed anything in his life.

Ilya ripped his shirt off, waiting for Shane to follow.

"What are you waiting for, Hollander," he inquired, hunger seeping out of his gaze as he looked Shane up and down. God, even fully-covered, Shane looked gorgeous. His hair, just-washed, sat in a ruffled mess on his head. His lips were a bit swollen from a hit he had taken during the game, adding an ultimate sexy factor to his look.

Not that he wasn't always flaunting an ultimate sexy factor. Even a stolen glance on the ice made Ilya hard.

Shane pursed his lips, his gaze not quite meeting Ilya's.

"I have a... a small injury," he managed to admit. Ilya's eyebrows came together in confusion. A small injury. What the fuck did that mean.

"Not from the game," Shane added. "From a practice earlier this week. I just wanted to warn you because it looks a bit intense." He sucked in another breath before adding, "Not that I expect you to be concerned or anything, just that it's — visible."

“Intense,” Ilya repeated. “A man of many words, Hollander.”

Shane gave an incredulous laugh while looking away. He seemed anxious. Though, it could be said that that was his natural state. Ilya used to believe him to be unshakeable, but in the ten years that had passed since their first greeting, he realized that a deep lake of nervous energy lay hidden beneath Shane’s stoic façade.

“It looks worse than it is, really,” Shane murmured as he reached for the strings of his robe. As he untied them, he met Ilya’s gaze. It burned a trail over Shane’s hands, his legs, his neck. He was dying of thirst, and Shane was the oasis for which he had been desperately searching.

That thirst was immediately forgotten as Shane dropped his robe to the floor. Yes, Ilya’s thoughts were silenced by the undeniable beauty of Shane’s body, but there was something else that left him speechless.

Brush strokes of purple, green, yellow, and black littered Shane’s body. The bruises were concentrated in two large sections, one on the upper-left side of his chest, and another wrapping around the right side of his lower torso.

“Hollander, what...”

“Really, it was just a rough practice,” Shane promised, his expression sheepish. “The guys were a bit worked up — some stupid shit about a certain play — and it got out of hand. You know the Metros haven’t had the best season. Everyone just needed to blow off some steam.”

“So you let them blow it off by nearly killing you?” Ilya shot back, stepping closer to Shane while continuing to survey his unnaturally-decorated skin. “What the hell were you thinking, Hollander?”

An awkward grin was resting on Shane’s face. “It was —”

“It was stupid, you’re right,” Ilya interjected, letting his fingers trace whisper-thin lines over Shane’s abs. He shuddered at the feeling. “And you played like this today. Stupid. Stupid.”

“We won. Not stupid.”

Ilya let a short chuckle escape. “No, still stupid. You could make this worse. Be out for rest of season.”

Ilya’s rough fingers traced upwards on Shane’s torso, making their way to the large bruise on his shoulder. Shane winced, nearly flinching away from Ilya’s touch.

“It hurts?” Ilya questioned without pulling his hand away.

“It’s just sore,” Shane replied. “That hit from Novak landed right on top of the worst part.”

A surge of anger rose in Ilya’s chest. His best defender, Novak. Usually, he thanked God he was on his team. An aggressive player, he always knew where to hit to make it hurt.

Now, all Ilya wanted to do was find Novak's room and cause him enough pain to leave twice as many bruises as Shane had.

Jesus, this quasi-relationship thing was fucking with his head. Novak was his teammate. Had been for seven years. They had spent hundreds of hours together, gone out to eat together, did the most mundane things together. Why was he suddenly getting so protective over Shane?

Shane seemed to sense Ilya's change in emotion. He placed his hand over Ilya's, still resting on his shoulder. They made direct eye contact. Somehow, this moment felt more intimate than any time Ilya had been inside of Shane before.

Shane pressed his other hand to Ilya's jawline, tracing smooth lines over his skin. "I'm fine. Really. I still invited you over, didn't I?"

"No one would pass up opportunity to see me, Hollander," Ilya teased, forgetting his anger in lieu of the fire building up beneath his pants.

Shane let out a quiet laugh, his muscles seeming to relax in a release of tension. He began to reach for Ilya's belt, but Ilya grabbed his hands, stopping them before they could even make contact with the strained fabric of his pants.

"What —"

"Tonight, I do the work. You don't move. No more bruises — unless you ask for them."

Shane blushed, looking up at the ceiling. Even so, he grew visibly hard at Ilya's words. He searched for a reply as Ilya lowered himself onto his knees, looking up at Shane in complete submission.

"Tell me what you want, Hollander," he stated plainly.

What he wanted? God, Shane wanted to keep staring at Ilya beneath him for hours. To study his deliciously defined muscles, to kiss and bite and lick every line and curve of his body. He wanted sensual things, dirty things, painful things, raunchy things — but saying them out loud? No way.

Ilya smiled as he watched Shane's blush creep back onto his cheeks. "Tell me," Ilya repeated. "Tell me exactly what you want me to do."

Shane clenched his fists. He slowly raised one hand and let it feel Ilya's hair, the softness grounding him, reminding him of how well they knew each other, how many times Shane had, in fact, asked him to do nearly unspeakable things to him in the anonymous darkness of various hotel rooms.

"I want you," Shane began, his heartbeat coming in fast bursts, "to..."

"Yes, Hollander? To what?"

Shane closed his eyes. This was a bit humiliating (and maybe he liked that). Ilya could always let him express his deepest, darkest desires, only to refuse him.

But Shane knew that Ilya wouldn't do that. He knew him. They knew each other. Whatever Shane asked for, Ilya would comply.

"I want you to give me head."

Ilya didn't move. "Head... what is head?"

Shane remained silent for a moment before realizing what Ilya was playing at. "You asshole," he choked out, opening his eyes to flash Ilya an incredulous look.

Ilya continued looking up at Shane from his position on the floor, his long eyelashes obscuring Shane's view of Ilya's feigned look of confusion. "I'm sorry, must be American term. You'll have to describe this 'head' for me."

Shane's erection was growing painful. He felt himself straining towards Ilya, desperate for just one touch, one lick, one point of euphoric contact.

Fine. He would describe it. All of it, if that's what Ilya really wanted.

"I want you to spit into your right hand and then use it to grab my cock. Hard. I want you to stroke me, slowly, while you grip my ass with your left hand. And I want you to look me in the eyes while you do it."

Ilya's eyebrows raised a bit, Shane's boldness shocking him into silence. After registering the requests, Ilya obliged (as Shane expected).

He spit into his right hand, Shane savouring the view of Ilya's mouth, knowing he would devour it later. Even more so did he savour the view of that hand wrapping around his erection, an involuntary moan leaving his mouth.

"Quiet, Hollander," Ilya ordered, his eyes never breaking contact with Shane's. "You want your neighbors to know how much you're enjoying this?"

"No," Shane breathed, willing every fiber of his being to stay still, to not moan, to not finish within ten goddamn seconds.

Ilya stroked his hand up and down, occasionally stopping to give some extra, painfully-delicious attention to the tip of Shane's cock. This was torture. Beautiful, euphoric torture, and Shane wished it would never end.

"I want —" Shane found himself speaking "— you to put it in your mouth."

Ilya continued his excruciatingly slow strokes. "Put what in my mouth?"

"You're terrible," Shane breathed, more blood flowing to his erection. "My cock. I want you to put my cock in your mouth. I want you to suck on it while you keep your hand on it."

Ilya listened intently.

"Please," Shane added.

Ilya smiled at that addition. He let his hand stroke up and down a few more times before taking Shane into his mouth. At first, just the tip. And God, that was cruel. Shane almost came right then. Thankfully, Ilya moved his mouth lower down onto Shane's erection, his hand continuing its slow rhythm. His tongue swirled around the wide girth, savouring every ridge and valley.

Ilya thought that this was way better than receiving head from Shane. Of course, that was fucking unbelievable, but this — this was heroin. Opium. The taste was better than any dish, any drug, anything Ilya had previously experienced. And the look on Shane's face — God, Ilya could finish right this second without any help.

But this moment was about Shane, not himself. He sped up his pace, sucking and licking and stroking faster, and then slower, as Shane clapped a hand over his mouth to muffle his moans. Shit, this was so hot.

"Fuck," he breathed. "Rozanov, you've got to give me a break. I won't be able to hold off for much longer."

Ilya didn't reply. He didn't stop, either. Instead, he kept a fast rhythm going, finally breaking away from Shane's orders. This was too good. He wanted to taste Shane as he came in his mouth. Fuck, he wanted to taste every part of Shane, to savour the little beads of sweat dripping down his abs.

Shane felt an unstoppable fire coming to surface in his cock. He pressed himself deeper into Ilya's mouth, enjoying the sound of him gagging, struggling to breathe over his length. Tears began to run down Ilya's cheeks, but still, he didn't break eye contact with Shane.

As Ilya felt Shane on the brink of coming, he squeezed his ass and took as much of Shane as he could into his mouth. He continued his rapid strokes as Shane released into his throat, doing his best to muffle the breathless moans escaping from his mouth. His muscles flexed under their colorful bruises, causing Shane to wince once again. This pain, however, was good. He liked it. It made everything more intense, more pleasurable. He yearned and strained and squeezed his eyes together until he was finished, pulling Ilya off of himself when the feeling became unbearable.

Ilya slowly stood up, his hair in knots and his face red with effort. They stood there for a moment, motionless in their shared fatigue and pleasure. Shane's brain had turned to mush. He searched for something to say, but no sound left his mouth, save for his breaths, still coming in quick bursts.

"That was —" Ilya began before being cut off by the buzzing of his phone. He dragged it out of his jean pocket, straining with the new size of his own erection.

His eyes scanned over the screen, its light casting a faint blue glow over his features. Shane thought about how beautiful he looked.

Ilya pursed his lips in a look of disappointment. "Mandatory team meeting," he stated, looking up at Shane, still standing in his nakedness, unabashed.

“But you —”

“Next time, Hollander,” Ilya cut him off, hastily throwing his shirt back on. “Next time, it will be about me. Don’t get any more bruises in the meantime. That’s my job.”

As Ilya shut the door, Shane stood still in disbelief. A new erection sprouted at the thought of a ‘next time.’

He brought up the game schedule on his phone, searching for the next time their teams would play.

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