Bruises, Bets, and the Neck Guard Conspiracy

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/76949426.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Ilya Rozanov, Shane Hollander, Mason Reid, Luca Haas, Noah Larsson, Ethan Brady
Additional Tags:	Secret Relationship, getting caught, Hickeys, Marking, Bruises, Rough Sex, Anal Sex, Bottom Shane Hollander, Top Ilya Rozanov, Possessive Ilya Rozanov, Locker Room, neck guard, Ottawa Centaurs, Mid Book: The long game
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-02 Words: 1,846 Chapters: 1/1

Bruises, Bets, and the Neck Guard Conspiracy

by kiss_her_inLondon

Summary

Shane thought the neck guard was a brilliant idea.
Ilya thought marking Shane from neck to hip was a brilliant idea.
The Ottawa Centaurs locker room has other opinions.

or

Shane and Ilyas secret get exposed because they are horny fucks who can’t control themselves

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

The headboard slammed against the wall in a punishing rhythm, loud enough that Shane was distantly glad their house in Ottawa was set back from the street and the neighbours were far enough away not to hear.

Ilya had him folded nearly in half—knees hooked over broad shoulders, hips tilted up off the mattress so every thrust drove deep and relentless. Shane's hands scrabbled at the sheets, knuckles white, mouth open on a broken string of curses and pleas.

"Harder—fuck, Ilya, please—"

Ilya growled something filthy in Russian, teeth scraping the tendon in Shane's neck before he sucked hard, right over the spot that always made Shane shudder. The pull was sharp, wet, perfect. Another bruise blooming under his mouth, another claim.

Shane's back arched, tears pricking at the corners of his eyes from the overwhelming stretch and burn and pleasure. Ilya's palm cracked against his ass—once, twice—sharp enough to sting, playful enough that Shane laughed breathlessly even as he sobbed.

"You take it so good," Ilya rasped, accent thick, words stumbling over each other in the heat. "Моя любовь. You're so pretty when you cry for me."

Shane did. He always did when Ilya fucked him like this—like he wanted to ruin him and put him back together in the same breath.

Ilya shifted, dragging Shane's legs wider, angling until Shane saw stars. His mouth moved lower: collarbone, sternum, the soft skin just above a nipple. Bite, suck, soothe with tongue. Each mark deliberate, dark, impossible to miss. Down the line of his ribs, over the tremor of abs, stopping just above the sharp cut of hipbone to leave one last blooming bruise that would sit hidden under waistbands and shame.

When Ilya finally let Shane's legs drop and flipped him onto his stomach, Shane was already shaking. Ilya's hands gripped his hips hard—fingers digging in deep, thumbs pressing bruises into pale skin—and yanked him back onto his cock in one brutal slide.

Shane screamed into the pillow.

Ilya didn't let up. He pounded into him, skin slapping skin, headboard rattling like it might splinter. One hand slid up Shane's spine to fist in his hair, arching him back until Shane's throat was exposed again. Ilya leaned down, teeth grazing the shell of his ear.

"Mine," he snarled. "All mine."

Shane came untouched, vision whiting out, body clenching hard around Ilya. Ilya followed seconds later with a guttural groan, hips stuttering, spilling deep.

They collapsed sideways, still joined, Ilya's arms wrapping tight around Shane's chest like he never planned to let go. His mouth found the nape of Shane's neck and stayed there, lazy kisses over sweat-slick skin.

Shane floated, boneless, until Ilya's palm absently stroked over his ass and Shane hissed at the sting.

Ilya chuckled, low and smug. "Sorry. Got carried away."

"You always say that," Shane mumbled into the pillow, but he was smiling.

They dozed, tangled and sticky, until the alarm on Shane's phone shrieked at six-thirty.

"Fuck," Shane groaned, trying to roll away. Ilya tightened his hold.

"Five more minutes."

"We're gonna be late. Coach will kill us."

Ilya huffed but let him go. They stumbled through the morning routine half-asleep—quick rinse in the shower (no funny business, they swore), teeth brushed side-by-side, protein shakes chugged while pulling on clothes.

Shane was yanking on his base layer when he caught sight of himself in the mirror and froze.

"Holy shit."

His neck was a disaster. Dark purple bruises bloomed from just under his jaw down to his collarbones, trailing in a blatant path over his chest and disappearing beneath the fabric. Lower still—he lifted the hem—across his abs and stopping dangerously close to where his jock would sit.

Ilya leaned in the doorway, toothbrush in mouth, grinning like the devil.

Shane glared. "You absolute animal."

Ilya shrugged, spitting into the sink. "You begged."

"I did not beg for a full-body hickey map."

"You did. Many times. Very loud."

Shane threw a sock at him. It bounced off Ilya's bare chest.

He grabbed his neck guard from the equipment bag—the slim, black protective one he'd started wearing "for safety reasons" a few weeks ago—and snapped it on with a sigh of relief. It covered everything from jaw to upper chest. Perfect.

Ilya watched, eyes gleaming. "Clever."

"Shut up."

They made it to the rink with thirty seconds to spare.

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Practice was brutal. Mid-season, new lines still gelling, and the Centaurs were fighting for every point. Ilya, newly minted captain, barked orders in his clipped Russian accent; Shane, assistant captain, skated circles around the drills like the machine he was.

The guys noticed the neck guard, of course. They always did.

Mason skated up during a water break, tapping the black foam with his stick. “Hollander still rocking the turtle look, huh? Thought you ditched that after the slash incident healed.”

Shane took a long pull from his bottle. “Better safe than sorry. Read an article about carotid risks.”

Luca, leaning on the boards nearby, snorted. “You read an article. Sure.”

Noah, stretching by the bench, called over, “He’s just vain. Doesn’t want a scar ruining that pretty neck.”

“Fuck off,” Shane said mildly, but his ears went pink.

Oliver—former captain, now happy to let Ilya take the heat—grinned from the goal line. “Leave him alone. If it makes him feel safer, let the man wear his fashion statement.”

Ilya, pulling off his helmet, shot Shane a look across the ice that was pure filth. Shane flipped him off behind his glove.

After practice, the locker room was the usual chaos: sweaty gear peeling off, towels snapping, music blasting from someone’s speaker.

Shane lingered by his stall, pretending to organize his bag. He always waited until most of the guys had showered and left before heading in. Easier that way.

Today, though, the team had plans—and nobody was letting him stall.

“Yo, Hollander!” Mason called from across the room, towelling his hair but still in his base layers. “We’re hitting The Rusty Skate in twenty. Wings and pitchers. You’re coming.”

“Yeah, man,” Ethan added, kicking off his skates. “You’ve been ghosting team hangs for weeks.”

Shane rubbed the back of his neck—carefully, over the guard. “I’ve got—”

“No excuses,” Oliver cut in, already stripping off his pads. “We’re celebrating that win streak. You’re buying the first round, Captain’s Orders.” He nodded toward Ilya.

Ilya, unlacing his skates on the bench, smirked up at Shane. “Yes. Captain’s orders.”

Shane shot him a death glare. Ilya’s eyes danced with mischief.

“Come on,” Noah said, slinging an arm around Shane’s shoulders and steering him toward the showers. “Just rinse off here. We’ll wait five minutes.”

“Yeah,” Luca added dryly, grabbing his body wash. “You take forever anyway. We’re starving.”

Shane’s stomach dropped.

He looked at Ilya one last time. Ilya was openly grinning now, leaning back on his elbows like he didn’t have a care in the world.

Bastard.

“Fine,” Shane muttered. “But I’m not buying shit.”

Cheers went up.

The room emptied toward the showers—open, communal, the way most old rinks still were. Steam already billowing from the hot water.

Shane dragged his feet, peeling off gear slowly.

Jersey first—Centaur red tossed onto the bench. Shoulder pads, elbow pads, base layer shirt peeled up and off. The neck guard came with it, and Shane’s heart stuttered.

The bruises were worse in the fluorescent light. Dark, vivid, unmistakable.

He kept his back to the room, yanking off shin pads, pants, socks. Boxers stayed on until he reached the tile threshold.

The guys were already under sprays, laughing, shampoo bottles flying.

Shane stepped in, chose the corner furthest from the group, faced the wall. He hooked thumbs in his waistband, shoved the boxers down fast, and kicked them aside.

Hot water hit his shoulders. He exhaled.

Safe.

Until Mason’s voice cut through the steam.

“Uh… Hollander. What the fuck happened to your ass?”

Shane froze.

Slowly—stupidly—he turned.

Mason was staring, mouth open. Luca beside him, eyebrows raised. Noah had gone still under his showerhead. Ethan whistled low.

On Shane’s left cheek: the perfect red outline of a large handprint. Palm and all five fingers, stark against pale skin.

And wrapping both hips—deep purple fingerprints, like someone had held on for dear life.

Shane's brain short-circuited.

"What do you mean?" he asked, voice cracking.

Ilya, two nozzles down, went very wide-eyed. "Oh yeah," he said, too fast, too innocent. "What happened, Hollander?"

Shane turned fully—because he was an idiot—and the room went dead silent.

The hickeys started just below his collarbones and marched downward in a deliberate trail: chest, sternum, abs, stopping in a final dark bloom low enough that Shane's hands twitched to cover himself.

Water ran over them, making the colours even more vivid.

Oliver broke the silence. "Jesus Christ, Shane."

Noah found his voice. "You absolute freak."

Mason started laughing—loud, disbelieving. "How did we not know you were getting railed like this?"

"Who did this to you?" Ethan asked, grinning. "We need to meet them. Send them flowers."

Ilya made a sharp inhale—too sharp.

Luca turned. "Rozanov, why did you just hiss like that?"

"It does look painful," Mason added, still staring.

Shane's face burned so hot he thought the shower might evaporate around him. He looked at Ilya—helpless, mortified.

Ilya looked back, cheeks flushed, lips parted, eyes dark.

Oliver's gaze flicked between them. Once. Twice.

His mouth fell open.

"Oh my God."

He pointed a soapy finger at Ilya.

"Rozanov. You did that."

Shane squeaked—an actual squeak. "What? No—how did you even—"

Ilya burst out laughing. Couldn't help it. Head thrown back, water streaming down his chest, the sound echoing off tile.

The team stared.

Noah recovered first. “I fucking knew it.” He punched the air. “Pay up, assholes!”

Mason groaned. “Goddamn it. I had ‘secret partner in Montréal.’”

Luca smirked. “I had ‘hooking up with someone, not dating.’ Close, but no.”

Ethan pulled a soaked twenty from his toiletry bag—somehow—and waved it. “Anyone have ‘Rozanov banging the assistant captain’?”

Oliver sighed, rubbing a hand over his face. “I’m not even surprised. You two eye-fuck each other in every team meeting.”

Shane groaned, turning to face the wall again, forehead thumping tile. “Kill me now.”

Ilya was still grinning like a cat who’d eaten the entire aviary.

He shrugged, water cascading off his shoulders. “Well. Yes.” His accent wrapped thick around the words. “Whoever bet on ‘I am fucking your assistant captain’… you win.”

Shane whipped around. “Ilya, what the fuck?”

Ilya spread his hands, utterly shameless. “What? Is true.”

The locker room erupted—shouts, laughter, someone started a slow clap.

Shane stood under the spray, red from hairline to chest, hickeys on full display, handprint glowing on his ass, and wondered how exactly his life had come to this.

Ilya caught his eye across the steam and winked.

Shane flipped him off with both hands.

But he was smiling, just a little

End Notes

Translation: Моя любовь – my love

english is not my first language so if there’s any shitty grammar just ignore it :D

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