

where's the trophy (he just comes running over to me)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76290906) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76290906>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Ottawa Centaurs Team Ensemble (Game Changers) , Hayden Pike , Yuna Hollander
Additional Tags:	first and foremost , Fuck the Montreal Voyageurs , Post-Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers) , Dom/sub , Established boundaries of d/s , Sexual Overstimulation , Multiple Orgasms , Subspace , Hair-pulling , Face-Fucking , Blow Jobs , Anal Fingering , Anal Sex , Aftercare , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Porn with Feelings , there is actual hockey playing in this
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of i choose you (over and over and over again)
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-24 Words: 7,342 Chapters: 1/1

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by [sanjuwrites](#)

Summary

Shane smiles shakily and Ilya lets go, watching him walk up and slot in between Haas and Wyatt. Bood leans forward, "Hollander okay?"

Ilya smiles a little at the concern in his friend's voice, "He will be fine. We will all be fine, because," Ilya raises his voice, carrying over the line of hockey players, "we are winning tonight!"

The ground shakes with the force of the team hitting their sticks against the rubber floors.

Outside, the announcer begins announcing the Centaurs, and within the span of a minute, all of their skates are hitting the ice.

OR

Shane and Ilya play the Stanley Cup finals. And then they celebrate. A lot.

Notes

thank you so much to neha (realmssoffreedom) for betaing this! i had a lot of fun writing this, and i hope you enjoy!

title from the alchemy by taylor swift

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

"Game six was a loss for us, yes, but game seven will not be. Because we are the fucking Ottawa Centaurs, and we are at home, and we *will* humiliate the fuck out of Montreal tonight, you hear me? Now, get out there." Ilya's hands fall to his side in a dramatic motion, and Shane knows that Ilya kept this speech short for Shane's sake.

Ilya has a habit of doing that. Protecting Shane's feelings even when Shane doesn't realize he needs Ilya to.

Shane taps his stick against the floor as Ilya's speech - however short - causes an almost deafening roar in the locker room as players go to line up in the hallway. Bood, Troy and a couple others stop to squeeze Shane's shoulder until it's just Ilya and Shane in the locker room, Ilya looking at Shane and Shane looking at the floor.

"Sweetheart." Ilya's voice is soft, and Shane feels his eyes burn, but he keeps his eyes trained on his socked feet, not acknowledging his husband. He hears Ilya move and he startles a bit when he notices that the movement was toward him, not away. Shane tips his head up, watching Ilya kneel in front of him, a hand curving under his knee and lifting Shane's leg and putting his foot into his skate.

They both sit in the silence as Ilya begins pulling at the laces of his skate, tightening until Ilya murmurs, "tight enough?"

Shane nods, and Ilya ties the laces off, repeating the motion with his other foot. No one expected to play the finals to the bitter end, and Shane is *so tired*. Montreal tied them off 3-3 at the last game, absolutely trouncing Ottawa and forcing Shane to take dirty hit after dirty hit, Ilya watching helplessly on the sidelines as the refs continued to let it slide. Ilya has a brilliant purple bruise growing on his jaw partly hidden by playoff beard, courtesy of Drapeau after he hit his limit of seeing Shane take one too many hit. Ilya had been basically foaming at the mouth the entire game. It made Shane's heart ache. Shane's ribs ache too, purple and yellow splotches of color plastered against his skin, and Shane can feel his right hip protest every time he moves. He feels hot tears continue to prickle the back of his eyes, and he squeezes them shut, pulling in a breath.

Ilya waits Shane out, tying his skate in silence, "Part of me wants to sit in this locker room and pretend that game outside isn't happening. I don't know how to do this."

Ilya doesn't say anything for a moment, finishing Shane's left skate before leaning forward and pressing a kiss to Shane's forehead. "I know, sweetheart."

And Shane knows Ilya does get it. They knocked Boston out of the bracket two weeks ago, and even though the team is nothing like the way Ilya left it, it was still a bittersweet moment for him. Shane also knows Ilya can appreciate that this is infinitely more devastating for him, because less than a year ago, Shane was standing on the other side, facing Ilya, for the Voyageurs. A team he chose for years, and that ultimately never chose him back. The sharp sting of that betrayal has yet to fade, and Shane's not sure it ever will. He can still barely look Hayden and JJ in the eye some nights.

Shane's voice drops to a whisper, "It feels like I lose either way tonight. If we win, I'll be humiliating the team I gave everything for. If we lose, I'm just gonna show Theriault and the rest of that team that they were right, that I'm not as good as you." Shane's voice gets even quieter, and Ilya strains against the shouts of his teammates outside to hear him, "And I'm going to let you down."

Ilya's stomach swoops. "Look at me," Ilya grabs the back of Shane's neck, forcing Shane to look at him, the movement kind of desperate. "You are Shane fucking Hollander. You are the best hockey player of this generation, and Montreal was fucking stupid to let you go. And now? You're going to go out there and prove that you were everything that made Montreal a Stanley Cup worthy team. And you're going to do it all with or without me, because *you* are the best. Not me, not anyone, *you*. Or do you need yet another repeat performance of your trophy room tonight?"

Shane's eyes are glassy with unshed tears, "It's our trophy room now, Rozanov."

Ilya smiles a bit, pressing another kiss to Shane's forehead, "Yes, well, we are a dynasty, are we not?" He stands up in one smooth motion, reaching behind Shane and taking Shane's jersey off the hanger in their shared cubby. He hauls Shane to his feet and Shane goes willingly, lifting his arms and allowing Ilya to pull the jersey over his head, shoving his arms into it and pulling it on. He smooths his hands over Shane's shoulders, leaning down and pressing a kiss to Shane's lips, hard and quick, "I love you, Shane Hollander, and nothing that happens out there tonight will change that."

Shane nods, "I love you." His hand shoots out and grips Ilya's jersey, from where Ilya had started moving away from him, presumably to join the rest of the team, and holds him in place. "I'm nothing without you, Ilya. Even when I hated you, I was nothing without you. You made me who I am."

Ilya's entire face softens and he rests his forehead against Shane's, "And *you* made *me* who I am. You built me just as much as I built you. Is the beauty of us, *da*?" Ilya stays there for a second, "now, come. Wiebe is about to blow fuse, probably." Ilya strolls out, grabbing his stick and helmet where it was leaning against the wall.

Shane shakes his head as he grabs his own, walking behind him. As he walks past where Ilya is standing, Ilya wraps an arm around his bicep, holding him for a second, "No matter what happens."

Shane smiles shakily and Ilya lets go, watching him walk up and slot in between Haas and Wyatt. Bood leans forward, "Hollander okay?"

Ilya smiles a little at the concern in his friend's voice, "He will be fine. We will all be fine, because," Ilya raises his voice, carrying over the line of hockey players, "we are winning tonight!"

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Outside, the announcer begins announcing the Centaurs, and within the span of a minute, all of their skates are hitting the ice.

Shane's heart is pounding a million beats a minute as he feels his skates hit the ice for the final time, skating out to center ice and meeting Comeau. Shane bends down first, taking position, and Comeau leans down, and meets him there. His hip is screaming, and Shane grits his teeth against it.

"Hey, Hollander. Make sure you don't trip this time - you're on the right team now."

Shane doesn't say anything, just grits his teeth and bites down on his mouth guard a little harder. He can feel the heady weight of Ilya's gaze on him, and Ilya's - his captain's, his *husband's* - words flash through his head.

Nothing that happens out there tonight will change that.

Shane wins the face-off.

Ilya watches as Shane leans forward, almost a blur as he skates after Comeau, crossing the center line. The rest of the defense and wings almost fade away as Shane leans forward from where Comeau is seconds away from scoring. Ilya chances a glance at the clock on the game and the score. Thirty five seconds. 3-3. Shane scored twice, Ilya once. Ilya's heart pounds against the ribcage as he leans his weight on his hockey stick as he leans forward, watching with baited breath on the ice. He finds himself grateful for the power play as he watches as Shane sweeps his stick out, cleanly dislodging the puck from behind Comeau's and skating in the opposite direction.

Ilya lets out a whoop, skating forward and falling behind Shane as the rest of the team, blocking the rest of Montreal from getting in as Shane shoots the puck with a forehand, scoring the goal a second before the timer's buzzer goes off. "All I Do Is Win" screams over the speakers, and Shane drops his stick, staring at the puck in the net for a second in disbelief before Ilya crashes into Shane's back, wrapping his arms around Shane's waist and pulling his helmet off his head. The momentum sends them forward for a minute before they both catch their balance, and Shane pushes back and turns in Ilya's hold, grabbing his face and bringing it down, crashing their lips together.

The entire world falls away for a second as Ilya kisses Shane, their team beginning to surround them. The rest of the team is screaming, ear-splitting noises that cause Shane to laugh hysterically into Ilya's mouth. "I didn't trip."

Ilya pulls away, looks at Shane, "you didn't trip."

Shane's face splits, his face hurting from how hard he's smiling, "I won us the Stanley Cup."

"Fuck yeah, you won us the Cup!" Haas slams into them, helmet bumping into Ilya's, taking the three of them for a spin on the ice, "Ottawa just won their first fucking Stanley Cup!"

Shane laughs, turning into Haas's hug and Ilya lets go, letting the team pass Shane around, singing his praises and pressing smacking kisses to the side of his face, causing Shane's face to heat to an alarming shade of red. Ilya's heart feels too big

Bood passes Shane back into Ilya's arms, and Ilya crushes Shane to his chest, "I love you so much," he says in Russian.

"Me too. More than words can describe," Shane responds, also in Russian. Ilya reluctantly lets Shane go, grabbing his hand instead as they skate toward center ice, and the commentator comes over the speaker. "Well, there you have it, folks, Ottawa's own Centaurs just brought home the Stanley Cup. A career first for most of these players, and an incredibly impressive performance from Hollander, who used to formerly captain the Voyageurs."

The rest of the ice is a blur, but Shane remembers Ilya handing him the Cup, Bood picking Shane up and twirling him around, and he remembers skating toward the edge of the rink, and picking up the puck sitting in the goal. It would sit nicely next to the puck that he won at his first face off against Ilya.

Shane winces as he sits down, waiting for one of the showers to free up as he slowly unlaces his skates and peels them off. The motion puts pressure on his ribs, and he breathes through it, sitting up. He picks up the puck, flipping it around. He hears movement, and then the heat of another person sitting next to him. He looks over, "Hey, Troy."

"Hey, Shane. How are you feeling?" Troy's hand comes to rest on Shane's shoulder, squeezing one. "Can't help but wonder if you're conflicted about the whole thing, man. Beating Toronto out this year was fucking *weird*. Being on the other side of the ice as Kent was weird. You still have friends on that team. It can't be a simple feeling."

Shane stares at the puck for another second, before turning and looking at Troy. "If you'd asked me this before the game today, I think I would have told you that you're right. That I do have really fucking complicated feelings about maybe beating Montreal, but now? Now, I'm in a locker room with a team of players that love me, and respect me regardless of the relationship I have, not *in spite of*. I have a husband that loves me, who I go to sleep with every night and wake up with every morning. I have a husband I can love out loud, and tonight, I won a Stanley Cup with him. And I kissed him on the fucking ice, with not a single other thought in my head. So, the only things I'm feeling are pride and joy. I'm where I need to be, I guess."

Troy smiles, but he's not the one who answers.

"Wow, Hollander, I did not realize you gave romantic speeches about me to other people while I am gone. This is nice feeling."

Shane turns his head, and Ilya's there, leaning against the lockers, listening to Shane speak. His tone is joking, but Shane sees the glint in Ilya's eyes, and the slight wobble to his smile. He doesn't comment on any of this, "Shut up, asshole. I'm gonna go shower, I can do press pool with you in five minutes. Harris asked us to go out together."

Ilya nods, "Okay. I will get dressed and pack our bags."

Shane smiles in thanks, getting undressed in quick measure and slipping into the showers.

Six minutes later, Shane walks back into the empty locker room, save Ilya, who's scrolling on his phone. Next to him sit a pair of Shane's joggers and a Centaurs hoodie. Ilya is dressed similarly, in a Centaurs windbreaker and joggers. Shane smiles and gets dressed quickly, "Okay, I'm good."

Ilya doesn't say anything, grabbing both of their bags with one hand and taking Shane's in the other. They walk out together, where Harris is waiting with the press pool. Ilya drops the bags out of sight, and they walk over together.

"Ilya, Shane, firstly, congratulations on your win tonight!"

"Thank you. The Centaurs are definitely going home proud tonight." Shane kicks them off.

"Shane, you scored a hat trick tonight, with two of those goals with assists from Ilya. How did that feel?"

Shane laughs, "As I've said before, playing with Ilya has been the most rewarding experience of my life, but tonight? Him being the reason I was able to help the Centaurs win tonight puts playing together on another level."

Ilya leans forward, "Interrupting to say that I am incredibly proud of Shane, and the rest of the team."

There's a smattering of laughter, Shane included. "Ilya, this is your first Stanley Cup since you've left Boston – did this win feel different, other than the obvious?"

Ilya pauses for a second, putting together his words, "Yes, for reasons other than Shane. I think rest of team would agree, but Centaurs very much built team together. We fight hard to get to this point, and captaining a team as loving as Centaurs makes Cup feel more impactful, like reward not just for on ice, but for everything we built off ice too."

The reporters clammer to ask one more question, but Harris steps in, "Okay, that's all for tonight, folks. The full team will be available for press pool before the Stanley Cup parade, alright?"

Shane and Ilya slip out, with their bags, into the chilly night.

Ilya has Shane pressed up against the Mercedes, coaxing yet another kiss out of him in the secluded corner of the parking lot when he hears a voice that has him pulling back and groaning, leaning his head against Shane's collarbone. Shane laughs, pressing his hand to the back of Ilya's head.

"Hey, Hayden."

Hayden comes around the front of the car, "I'm glad I caught you. Look, man, Jackie's in town and her parents said they'd keep the kids for a couple extra days, and we were wondering, could we stay with you?"

Ilya groans even harder and Shane lightly taps the back of his head, "Tomorrow, for sure, man, but I don't think tonight is a good night to be at my place. If you wanna stay with my parents tonight, you're welcome to. They wouldn't mind at all."

Ilya looks up at that. "We will call Yuna and let her know you are coming. We will come for breakfast tomorrow and you and Jackie will come back to our house with us. Is okay?"

Hayden lets out a snort, "Yeah, man, that's fine." He looks at Shane, "JJ went back, but he asked that we all meet up at the cottage at some point this summer."

Shane nods, "yeah. I'm gonna take this one," he points at Ilya, who's gotten restless, "home, but I'll see you tomorrow."

Hayden quickly turns the corner and leaves, and Ilya reattaches his lips to Shane's neck, nipping at his skin before licking it, and Shane's blood heats in his veins, "Unless you plan on fucking me against this car, we should probably get in the car."

Ilya pulls back, "Do not tempt me with good time, Hollander."

Shane slaps his bicep, "And for that, I'm driving."

He tucks his hand into the back pocket of Ilya's trousers, squeezing his ass before pulling the keys out, dangling on one finger. "You can call Mom and let them know Hayden is on the way."

Ilya groans but acquiesces, letting Shane slip out from between his arms and opening the door for him, closing it after Shane gets in the driver's side. He folds himself into the passenger seat, calling Yuna as it connects to the car's Bluetooth system.

"Ilya?"

"Yuna! Hayden is on his way with Jackie to your house, we will come for breakfast tomorrow and take them back to our house."

If Yuna understands why the two of them are pawing Hayden off for the night, she says nothing. *"That works! Are you boys on the way home?"*

Shane answers before Ilya does, "Yeah, mom, we just left. We should be at your place around 10 tomorrow, if you want to tell Hayden? Ilya and I are going to turn our phones off for the night, my phone is already blowing up with reporters and requests for comments on Comaeu's outburst after my goal." Shane clears his throat as Ilya's hand settles on his upper thigh, sweeping his thumb in circles over the fabric.

"The kiss, Shane. They're calling about the kiss."

"Yuna, please. Shane is already red like tomato, do not make it worse." Ilya waits till Shane looks over at him, winking as his hand squeezes Shane's thigh.

"I hate you both," Shane murmurs under his breath, failing not to preen a little when Ilya leans over and presses a kiss to his cheek, settling his hand on Shane's upper thigh, squeezing

a little. Shane moves to hold the wheel with one hand, resting his hand on Ilya's. "Okay, Mom, really, it cannot be that bad."

"I've seen clips of you two kissing seven times in the thirty seconds I scrolled Twitter. It's everywhere."

"Guess Ilya and I will not be going into town this week after all. Do you think you could-"

"Your grocery delivery is set to be at our house at 11am tomorrow."

Ilya's hand flexes against Shane's thigh, taking over as Shane's face turns pink, words failing him, "Thank you, Yuna. We will see you in the morning, okay?"

"See you boys tomorrow. Love you!"

"Love you too, Mom. Bye!" Shane fights to keep his voice from wavering.

The dial tone of the phone hanging up fills the car, and Ilya's hand slides up Shane's thigh, squeezing at Shane's cock through the fabric of his sweats, where Shane is already half hard. "Seriously, Shane, all these years later and you are still *so easy* for me. What would people think, the great Shane Hollander, folding so incredibly easy?" He leans over the center console, pressing a kiss to the hinge of Shane's jaw, licking down his jaw and nipping at his pulse point.

Shane's hands tighten around the wheel, breath stuttering, "Ilya, if you want to make it home in one piece to actually fuck me, you are going to have to keep your hands to yourself." Shane takes a hand off the wheel and lifts Ilya's hand off his crotch, putting it on Ilya's thigh. "And you will keep your hands off yourself too. We are five minutes from the house."

Ilya pouts, "you are so boring, Hollander."

"You're not baiting me into wrapping us around a tree, Rozanov, no matter how many times you try." Shane does step on the gas, and Ilya hides his smile behind his water bottle.

Shane pulls the car into the driveway and throws it into park, pressing the button to open the garage, and slipping out of the car and moving toward the opening garage. Ilya is quick to follow, plastering himself to Shane's back as Shane fumbles with the keys. Ilya slips his arms under Shane's shirt, wrapping his arms around Shane's bare skin, splaying a hand across Shane's abs, running fingers along him, "Hurry up, Hollander, I need to give you reward."

Shane's breath catches, "Reward?"

Shane feels Ilya's smile grow against the skin of his neck, where Ilya was sucking at his skin, "Shane, you scored three goals tonight, including goal that won us Stanley Cup. You will come for me. Three times, I think. One for each goal."

Shane drops the keys, head falling back against Ilya's shoulder. Ilya tuts at him, bending down and picking them up, smoothly inserting the keys into the door and letting them in, "Bedroom. Take your clothes off. I will grab some things from the kitchen and come."

Shane nods, dazed, taking off toward the bedroom, kicking his shoes off at the foyer and placing them in the stand against the wall. Ilya laughs slightly, moving toward the kitchen, opening the fridge and grabbing the container of grapes Shane washed a couple days ago, placing a bunch on a plate, along with some cheese cubes, a ginger ale, and a can of Coke. He grabs and refills his water bottle, grateful Yuna kept Anya throughout playoffs season. He loves his girl, he really does, but his attention belongs elsewhere tonight.

Ilya maneuvers himself through the kitchen, holding the plate, two cans and a water bottle. He slips into their bedroom and sets it down on the dresser, cocking his hip that isn't bruised against it as he watches Shane, sitting on the edge of their bed, clothes folded on the dresser next to the plate Ilya brought. He shucks his shirt off, dropping it in the hamper at the foot of the bed and coming to stand in front of Shane, fingers resting under his chin and tilting his head up. "How much do your ribs hurt?"

Shane shakes his head, "not enough for me to say no to whatever you have planned."

Ilya nods, releasing Shane's face and carding a hand through his hair, cradling the back of his head instead. Shane leans forward, pressing his face into Ilya's abs, pressing hot, open mouthed kisses to the muscle under his lips. Ilya's grip tightens in his hair, but he doesn't stop him, letting Shane suck and nip at the skin, leaning his head back as Shane's teeth nip at the waist band of Ilya's sweats. Ilya takes the hint, hands pushing the waistband of his sweats and boxers down in one motion, stepping out of them and kicking them to the side.

Shane wastes no time, wrapping his lips around the head of Ilya's dick, tongue laving against the slit, slowly licking and curling his tongue around the head. His hands come up and wrap around Ilya, one hand curving around his thigh and the other one crawling up toward his chest, resting on one of pecs. Shane slides his head down, taking Ilya deeper, relaxing his throat and hollowing his cheeks. Shane begins bobbing his head, coughing a little as Ilya's hips buck involuntarily as Shane swallows around Ilya's cock.

Shane pulls off, coughing, and Ilya caresses the back of Shane's head in silent apology. "I want you to fuck my face."

Ilya's cock twitches, "Are you sure?"

Shane smiles, eyes darkening, "You said three, right? Sounds like someone is going to want to take the edge off."

Ilya's blood rushes south so fast he gets dizzy, "Now you are really asking for it, Hollander." His grip tightens in Shane's hair, and he guides his dick back into Shane's open mouth. He watches Shane's face as he slowly sinks in, thumb brushing the corner of Shane's mouth, where he's stretched open around Ilya. "So pretty."

Ilya uses the hand in Shane's hair and holds his head steady, slowly beginning to move his hips, thrusting in and out of Shane's mouth, building momentum as the pleasure of the wet heat of Shane's mouth threatens to overwhelm him, crawling up his spine and making his abdomen heat. Shane stays still through it all, allowing Ilya to control his movement, letting him chase his pleasure. Ilya pushes his cock all the way in, pressing Shane's nose against his pelvis. Shane's eyes flutter shut, his hands falling lax a bit as Ilya takes his fill. Ilya thrusts

out, letting Shane rest his forehead against Ilya's thigh. "Still good?" He murmurs, stroking Shane's hair.

Shane responds by wrapping his lips back around Ilya, taking him all the way to the hilt. Ilya's hand yanks at Shane's hair, pulling him up and off his cock, "When I ask a question, I expect an answer. Okay?"

Shane looks at Ilya, dazed, and Ilya yanks at Shane's hair again, forcing his head up. "Okay?"

Shane's gaze clears the tiniest bit, "I'm still good. Please. Come in my mouth."

Ilya groans, leaning down and crushing his lips to Shane's, hands cupping Shane's face, "What did I do to deserve you? You remember your signals, yes?"

Shane nods, "two taps if I need to be done and can't speak, and stoplight system for everything else."

Ilya can't help himself, leaning down and stealing yet another kiss from Shane, "I love you." And then, "color?"

"Green. I love you, too."

Ilya guides Shane back to his cock, letting out a moan as Shane relaxes his throat, allowing Ilya to use him as he pleases. He sets a brutal pace, thrusting with abandon as he chases his release. Drool spills out from the corners of his mouth, and Shane looks up at him, pupils dilated. Shane moans around Ilya, and Ilya falls over the edge, hips stuttering as he keeps his dick buried in Shane's mouth, coming hotly down his throat. "Fuck, Shane," he pants, slowly pulling out, folding himself to straddle Shane. Shane's hands come to rest on Ilya's hips, and Ilya sighs, pressing his forehead to Shane's, "I am so proud of you. You could never let me down, Shane, but you will also never stop failing to impress me. You showed up today, on that ice, for us, but for *yourself*. I love you so much, Shane Hollander-Rozanov, and I am so proud to be your husband."

Shane's eyes fill with tears, and he lightly pinches the skin of Ilya's hip, "you asshole. You promised me orgasms, not making me cry." He tilts his head up, kissing him. "I love you so much it overwhelms me. I am so grateful to be able to wake up every morning next to you and not having to hide."

Ilya clears his throat, "Okay, done with boring feelings. Now, I give you reward."

Shane's smile grows filthy, "You mean, more than the one you just gave me?"

Ilya pushes Shane's shoulders gently, rolling off him and allowing him to slide up the mattress, his head hitting the pillow as he lays back. Ilya leans over, rummaging through the side drawer of his nightstand, "do you have lube in your nightstand? I think the bottle from this side is in kitchen."

Shane pushes up, pulling the drawer open and slapping the bottle to Ilya's chest, "I told you to bring it back up here, but no, you just had to leave it down there."

"You said no sex during playoff run! Why would I remember to grab lube if we don't need it?"

"So my mom doesn't find it when she comes over to cook for us, you asshole."

Ilya rolls back on top of Shane, caging him in and allowing Shane to wrap his legs around Ilya's waist, taking care to avoid pressure to the bruise on his hip. Shane's hands come to instinctively rest on his biceps, the same way they have since the first time they hooked up. "Do you want to talk about your mom, or do you want me to make you come?" Ilya's curls are wild in this angle, and Shane just stares for a second, taking in every inch of Ilya that his eyes can see.

"I can't believe that you're all mine," Shane says instead of answering, and Ilya's face softens.

"All yours. Always." Ilya leans down to kiss him, pressing his lips to Shane's once, twice, before moving down and pressing a kiss to the hinge of his jaw, trailing down his neck, stopping and sucking a bruise into the junction of his shoulder and neck. Shane throws his head back, giving Ilya more access, as a moan leaves his mouth, eyes sliding shut.

"I think this first one with my mouth, yes? You did so well today, you deserve it." Shane doesn't respond, just arches his back to press his body into Ilya's. Ilya places a hand between Shane's hips and presses down, keeping his body on the bed. "If you move, I stop. You will take what I give you, how I give it to you. Understand?"

Shane nods frantically, "yes, yes I understand. Please, Ilya, I need this. I need *you*."

And, well. Those three words will always be Ilya's undoing.

Ilya doesn't respond, moving his hand and kissing down the length of Shane's body instead, moving until he's in between Shane's legs. He mouths against Shane's inner thighs, enjoying the tremble in Shane's thighs as he fights to stay still. "You're doing so well for me, sweetheart. You just relax and take what I give you, okay? You work very hard for last two weeks. I take care of you now." Ilya doesn't mean just physically. He licks a stripe up the crease of his thigh, his hand coming to wrap loosely around Shane, gentle fingers barely gliding over the vein running up the length of Shane's cock. He feels Shane's entire body freeze under Ilya's touch, muscles tightening with the effort of halting movement, as a high pitched keen escapes his mouth.

"Ilya, oh my god. Please, I need more, please, I'm not above begging."

He smiles against Shane's skin, releasing his hand and resting his chin on Shane's hip bone, looking up at him. "Beg."

Shane lifts his head up, hands tightening around the bedsheets, "What?" His voice sounds wrecked, and Ilya hasn't even *touched* him yet.

"You said you are not above begging. So, beg me." Ilya's eyes darken as he keeps eye contact with Shane, hand smacking the side of Shane's thigh. "I will not ask again."

It's almost like a flip switches in Shane, and all the fight drains out of him. His gaze clouds, the tiniest bit, and the victory floods Ilya's veins, large and bigger than any Cup could give him.

Ah, he thinks. *There you go.*

"Please, Ilya, please put your mouth on me. I need it so bad, I need it more than anything right now. Please, I'm begging," Shane's voice gets higher and needier as he continues, and Ilya caresses the skin of his thigh, gently.

Ilya doesn't respond with words, instead moving his head and taking Shane all the way down to the hilt, burying his nose against Shane's pelvis and humming around his cock. Shane's entire body jackknives, and Shane's hand shoots out, grabbing Ilya's hair, before it loosens again, pulling back. Ilya lifts his head, grabbing one of Shane's hands and putting it back in his hair, "is okay. No guiding, and do not move your hips again." A pause, and then, "Color?"

"Green. Please." Shane's hand tightens its grip in Ilya's hair again.

Ilya takes Shane back into his mouth, bobbing his head and tonguing the sensitive skin underneath the head of Shane's cock before taking him back down to the hilt again, holding there for a moment. He swallows around Shane, pulling back up, chuckling as Shane unconsciously chases Ilya's mouth. He takes a hand and places it back between Ilya's hips, holding him down, "I will keep you still, since you cannot seem to do yourself." Ilya presses down, pinning him to the bed as he continues to push Shane closer to the edge, head moving rapidly.

Shane's moans have grown unintelligible, garbled words interspersed with Ilya's name. "Ilya, *please.*"

"Come for me." Ilya lightly runs his teeth against that spot that drives Shane insane, swallowing down to the hilt right as Shane tips over the edge, swallowing down with a satisfaction that makes his blood sing. He pulls off, patting Shane once where his hand kept him pinned, "you did so good for me. I will give you a minute, yes?"

Shane shifts slightly, hand loosening in Ilya's hair. Ilya shifts up the mattress, caging Shane in his arms again and lowering himself down to kiss him, pressing his lips against Shane, slow and unhurried. "So pretty," he murmurs against Shane's lip, smiling a little when Shane shifts, wrapping his arms around Ilya's neck and legs around Ilya's waist. "You are doing so good for me, moya lyubov. I am so proud of you."

Ilya shifts off Shane, leaning back to sit on his haunches as he grabs the bottle of lube from where it got lost in the bedsheets, opening it with a telltale snick that has Shane pressing his head back into the pillows, "God, Ilya, I'm ready, please."

Ilya doesn't say anything, pouring some lube out onto his fingers and warming it between his fingers. One wet finger begins circling Shane's rim, pressing against the edge without his finger slipping in, teasing at Shane's rim. "Honestly, Shane, you act like I do not know how to take care of you. I will give you what you need, when I think you need it."

Shane doesn't say anything, just whines as the blunt pressure robs him of his breath. Ilya slowly eases the finger in, rubbing a soothing hand up and down Shane's side as he does. He sinks in deeper, smiling as Shane trembles around him.

"That's it, doing so well for me." He curls his fingers just right, and Shane's back bows, shivering at the overstimulation of his last orgasm crashing over him all over again. He squirms, body unsure of whether he wants to grind into the pleasure crawling up his spine or escape it. Ilya lets him writhe, pulling his finger out just far enough to insert another, slowly stretching and scissoring his fingers as his grip tightens on Shane's hip. He curls both fingers, brushing across his prostate as Shane turns his head, muffling his moans into his bicep.

Ilya reaches up, grabbing Shane by the chin and forcing him to look at Ilya. "You do not muffle, Hollander. No one here to hear you but me, okay? I want to hear every second of what I do to you." He starts rubbing slow circles against Shane's prostate. Shane answers with a broken whine, high pitched and needy. The slow rub of Ilya's fingers seem to take him beyond words, communicating in a series of whines and moans as Ilya pushes Shane closer and closer to the edge.

He pulls both fingers out, and Shane's hips chase Ilya's hand, "Ilya, please, I'm so close. I just need a little more, please."

Ilya's hands are back on Shane, hands rubbing a soothing circular rhythm into Shane's side, "shh, is okay. I just needed more lube, okay? You need one more finger, I think. Give me one second, sweetheart, and I will give you, okay?"

Shane nods, eyes filling with tears, "Okay, yeah, I can wait."

Ilya leans forward and presses a kiss to Shane's forehead, "good boy."

Shane shivers as the praise sends another zap of arousal through his body, "I forgot how much of a slut you are for praise, Shane."

Shane moans a little, "I'm just a slut for you, Rozanov."

Ilya's cock gets so hard that he feels lightheaded for a second. He drops the bottle he just used and wraps his other hand around the base of his cock, squeezing to stave off the pleasure pooling in his belly. "Fuck, Shane." Shane is smiling lazily up at him. He leans down and presses his lips to Shane's, slowly sinking all three lubed fingers, swallowing Shane's answering keen with his mouth, "better?"

Shane nods frantically, nose nudging against Ilya's, "Yes, *thank you*."

"Such good manners, even when you are all fucked out. Look at you, so cockdrunk even though I have not even fucked you yet. Such a slut for me." He doesn't let Shane answer, curling his fingers up and rubbing all three fingers against Shane's prostate. He shifts, shimmying down and wrapping his hand around Shane's cock. He's so wet that Ilya doesn't even bother with lube, swiping messy fingers over the steadily leaking head, using it to ease the glide of his hand, twisting his wrist and jerking him in time with the thrust and glide of his fingers, "Tell me when you're close."

Shane nods, moaning unintelligibly as he writhes against Ilya's ministrations, body unable to decide between chasing Ilya's pressure against his prostate or the quick glide of his hand. Tears begin leaking out of the corner of his eyes as Ilya keeps going, and a minute later Shane is frantically moaning, "Ilya, I'm close, I'm so close."

Ilya's hands speed up, fingers now rubbing circles over his prostate as his hand moves even faster. "Yes, okay, come for me now."

Shane's body automatically responds to the command, cock erupting and making a mess of Shane's abdomen and chest as he comes. Ilya's fingers slow to a stop, swiping his fingers over Shane's prostate once, twice, three times, chuckling lightly as the sensation sends shivers of overstimulation through Shane, before withdrawing his fingers and wiping his fingers against the sheets. Shane was going to make him change them anyway, so.

"You tell me when I can fuck you, okay?" And without waiting for a response, Ilya drops his head down and licks a stripe up Shane's abdomen, cleaning off some of the mess Shane left behind.

Shane's entire body contorts, "Jesus fucking Christ, Ilya."

Ilya looks up at Shane and smiles, "What? You do not like mess, yes? I am cleaning up my mess."

Shane just writhes against the mattress, losing all ability to speak as Ilya continues to lick up his abdomen and leaves kitten licks against Shane's cock, that is beginning to thicken again. Shane doesn't say anything for a few minutes, tears still leaking out of his eyes as Ilya continues to tease at his hardening cock, nipping and kissing the skin of his abs in the middle. He pushes at Ilya's shoulder after his cock finishes hardening, and Ilya looks up at him.

"You ready?" Shane doesn't say anything, just nods. Ilya maintains eye contact, "do you remember your nonverbal signals?"

Shane taps twice against his own abdomen, and Ilya nods. He straightens up, grabbing a pillow and shoving it under Shane's hips and then grabbing the lube, slicking his dick. He presses it against Shane's rim, and Shane moans at the hot, blunt pressure driving him insane.

"Feel free to come if you need to, Shane, but I will not be stopping until I finish." And then Ilya grabs his hips, yanking Shane onto his cock as he slides in in one smooth motion, burying himself to the hilt. Shane's mouth falls open in a silent scream, head lolling off to the side as he begins crying in earnest.

Ilya slides back out before slamming back in, setting a brutal pace. Each one of Ilya's thrusts sends Shane farther up the bed, headboard creaking as Ilya doesn't slow, chasing his own pleasure just as much as Shane's. After working Shane through two orgasms, Ilya knows that his orgasm is going to blindside him any second. "Touch yourself, Shane. I want you to come with me, sweetheart. Please."

Shane reaches down with a trembling hand, wrapping a hand around his cock and jerking it slightly in time with Ilya's thrusts. He's not making any noise now, eyes rolled to the back of

his head as every single thrust rubs Ilya's cock against his prostate, holding him on the precipice of his orgasm. Ilya's thrusts become stuttered, faster, as he begins to chase his release, "I love you so much. Come for me."

Shane does, clenching around Ilya as he rides through the waves of his orgasm. Ilya fucks him through it before slamming his hips in, falling onto his hands, face in line with Shane's as he comes. His head falls forward, forehead pressing against Shane's. He stays, pressing kisses against Shane's face, licking the tears that streak Shane's face. Shane is shaking underneath him, still crying. Ilya very gently pulls out, shushing Shane gently when he hiccups a soft no.

"Shhh, I am not going anywhere. I am right here still, let me just move us." Ilya rolls onto his back, taking Shane with him, pillowing his head on Ilya's chest, one leg settling over Ilya's hips. He winces when he feels the come on Shane's abdomen mess up the sheets, but resolves to change them while Shane is in the bath.

Shane settles, melting into Ilya. Ilya's hand threads through his hair, scratching at the back of his head soothingly.

"You did so good for me, I am so proud of you." Ilya's other hand comes up, running a hand up and down Shane's thigh, thumb rubbing circles gently. "Come back to me, Shane." He continues gently murmuring praise, swirling Russian and English together as Shane's breathing starts to even out, and the daze in his eyes begin to clear. "You with me?"

Shane nods, and then croaks out, "Yeah. Yeah, I'm here. Wow."

Ilya lets a chuckle out, shifting his head and pressing a kiss to Shane's temple, "Wow indeed. Are you okay if I get up? I have water and snacks to give you while I fill the tub."

Shane nuzzles into Ilya's chest, pressing a kiss right under where Ilya's ring and cross are sitting on his chest, "give me five more minutes."

Ilya doesn't say anything, settling down into the mattress, fingers tracing idle patterns on Shane's skin. After a couple minutes, his voice breaks the silence they found themselves in, "Did you mean what you said? In locker room?"

Shane nods, his hair ruffling against Ilya's chest, "Yeah, I did. I really, really, did. I'm so fucking grateful to be here Ilya, and I don't care how bad the Voyageurs hurt me. That betrayal's sting may never fully fade, but the anger can. The sadness can, because no matter what happened, it gave me this. It gave me standing on the ice, kissing the man I love after an amazing win."

Ilya tips Shane's chin up, looking at him for a moment before bringing his lips down to Shane's, kissing him softly. "I love you."

"I love you, too."

Ilya knows he's going to have to get up in a minute, because any second now Shane is going to start complaining about his skin being sticky, and how he's hungry. And Ilya is going to get

up and bring him the snack plate and water, and go run a bath. He's going to change the sheets and go join Shane in the tub and take care of him.

But right now, Ilya's got his whole world in his arms. He thinks he's going to hold onto it for a just a little bit longer.

End Notes

not depicted: ilya crying laughing as he watches comeau fumble through post game interviews while shane pretends he doesn't exist

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