

Without flour there is no science

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/85454021) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/85454021>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Game Changers Heated Rivalry - All Media Types , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid , Heated Rivalry (TV) , heated - Fandom
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Fighting As Foreplay , Homophobic Language , Minor Violence , BAMF Shane Hollander , POV Ilya Rozanov , Ilya Rozanov is Obsessed With Shane Hollander , Married Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Anal Sex , Barebacking
Language:	English
Series:	Part 7 of Kidnapped AU
Stats:	Published: 2026-05-24 Words: 5,265 Chapters: 1/1

Without flour there is no science

by [gsmaxwell](#)

Summary

Ilya would have been more peeved at how crowded the place was, if not for the sight before him.

He leaned on the thick black matted flooring of the boxing ring, half hiding his face in the hopes no one would clock the hungry look on his face as a shirtless Ryan Price and extremely fit-looking Shane Hollander taped down their gloves.

Or: Do we need an excuse to punch Dallas Kent in the face?

Companion piece to *There have been threats* and *If you're afraid of wolves*. August 2016.

Notes

I just needed a palette cleanser, and, as the description says, do we need a reason to punch Dallas Kent in the face?

I had to go back and frantically figure out what little background NPC hockey players I've just shoved in for fun, and where they all are at this point in the story. This is set after Shane has played Montreal in *After the rain comes good weather* but before *Where the crawfish spend winter*, so people have shuffled. I think I have it right?

Anyway, don't worry, I'm about a third of the way through Chapter 9 of *Where the crawfish spend winter* and it's going well.

Also, as with all my stories, unbetaed, so I might be back to clean up some grammar/typos later :)

August 2016

It was hot and muggy in August in Ottawa. Most players in the league were travelling, spending the offseason either in their home countries, vacation destinations, or training camps across Canada and the US. Like almost every other Russian player, Ilya usually went back to Russia for the summer. This was the third summer he had shrugged off that practice and stayed in Canada. Each year his excuses were flimsier.

This year, he had spent most of his time training with the Cens at the TIPS training facility in Kanata, which attracted players across the professional and development leagues in Southern Ontario. Since his trade, the team had gotten exponentially better, only barely missing the playoffs in the 2015/6 season, and quite a few of the younger players had stayed in the city to train as well.

It was a bonus that Ottawa was Shane Hollander's hometown, and they sometimes got to see the local legend himself working out with his personal trainers.

This particular day, the TIPS facility had been graced with more NHL players than average for a golf charity event set up by Doug Hendricks, a recently retired Centaur. Hendricks had been a well-liked player in the league and had managed to pull a lot of strings to recruit players from across the league to come all the way to Ottawa, though most were happy for the free burgers Hendricks offered through his locally famous burger joint.

Ilya would have been more peeved at how crowded the place was, if not for the sight before him.

Ilya leaned on the thick black matted flooring of the boxing ring, half hiding his face in the hopes no one would clock the hungry look on his face as a shirtless Ryan Price and extremely fit-looking Shane Hollander taped down their gloves in opposite ends of the boxing ring.

Around the room, about two dozen players were taking advantage of the facilities. It wasn't unheard of for guys to mingle like this in the offseason as many had friends on other teams from trades, youth games, or just social circles.

Ilya was grateful that although many still saw Ilya and Shane as rivals on the ice, their trades had the unexpected consequence of shaking up people's amplification of that rivalry to the historic hatred between Boston vs. Montreal. Most people didn't bat an eye when Shane and Ilya were spotted strolling around Ottawa as Ottawa was famously Shane's hometown and Ilya had quickly become a fan favourite in the otherwise quiet city.

Now, if anyone knew that Shane spent his offseason in Ilya's bed rather than the summer sublet he rented in the same building, the spotlight would be back on them, and not in a way Ilya wanted. Until his Canadian citizenship was finalized, it made sense for them to keep their relationship, and moreover their marriage, under wraps.

It didn't help that the two also lived in a low-grade fear that the kind of people who looked for leverage were still somewhere out there, maybe waiting for them to slip up again.

It was a lot safer to keep their personal lives to themselves.

A lot of players had congregated in the sparring room. Some were practicing with the heavy bags while others had also taken interest in the boxing ring and the unlikely match up between a superstar forward and goon. Although most were mingling with ex-teammates or friends, there were some who had remained in pairs or groups of current team members. Ilya wasn't one of those.

"Jeez, you thirsty enough, Roz?" Hayden Pike rolled his eyes next to him, and Ilya shot him a glare.

"I am learning," he shot back. "It is something we do with our brains."

Pike ignored him and took a drink from his water bottle. "Fifty bucks Ryan takes Shane out in the first minute."

"I'll take that bet," Zane Boodram, one of Ilya's teammates and friends, chuckled. "But, wow. Betting against your best friend. Where's the loyalty?"

"Loyalty?" Pike raised his eyebrows. "You've seen Price. Dude is a macktruck. I love my boy, but Shane's scrappy, not a tank. One hit and he's done."

Ilya ignored them and watched as Shane shook out his shoulders. He had to restrain himself from biting his lip as the muscle across Shane's bicep flexed. Two solid months he had spent with his husband, touching every inch of him, memorizing his body and tasting that skin. If he looked, he could see the shadow of a bite mark on his ribs through the low hole in his shirt, probably mistaken for a bruise.

There were plenty of those as well.

Pike rolled his eyes again. Ilya ignored him. He got to ogle his wife all year round. Ilya was going to drink every moment with Shane that he could.

This was a friendly sparring match. With several guys wanting to posture and test each other, Victor Lomax from the Cens had been volunteered by Ilya to be an unofficial ref. Ryan stood in his corner, warming up with a few jabs as Shane put in his mouthguard, his face blank as he locked in mentally.

Ilya's breath hitched as the two men squared up.

Ryan had a lot more weight and half a foot on Shane, but Shane hadn't missed a day in the gym all summer, and it showed.

Lomax stepped back, and the timer started.

Pike was right; Shane was quick and determined, but Ryan had strength and experience. Ilya wasn't worried though.

They started by circling, locked in with an intensity that made Ilya's heart race. He knew they had spent years training together when Ryan had been at the Bears, even seeing a few clips

from Marleau. But Shane never fought on the ice, and Ilya had never actually seen him square up like this.

Fuck, it was hot.

Ryan finally seemed to spot an opening, backing Shane against the ropes with a few well-timed jabs. Shane blocked most of them with his gloves, taking one off the side of his head before skirting out before Ryan could trap him in.

Ilya caught Dallas Kent and Troy Barrett from Pike's team, the Toronto Guardians, rolling their eyes on the other side of the ring, which made his hackles rise.

Shane rained a flurry of blows against Ryan's side, drawing a grunt from Price before he retaliated. Shane stayed low, taking the blows on his shoulder stoically and continuing to give rapid blows when he could. He danced back after Ryan was finally forced to retreat to the ropes.

The opening lasted half a second before Shane drove in shoulder-first. It caught Price off guard as Shane forced him onto the defensive, off balance.

A cheer rose from one side of the gym as Price, unwilling to give in, powered through. The slap of gloves on skin made Ilya flinch, but Shane gave nothing back, catching Ryan's momentum and dragging him off balance.

Ilya caught a brief grin flash across Shane's face before Ryan scowled and twisted free

The timer went off, and the two tapped gloves. Shane had gone back to a serious expression while Price's mouth went up into a half grin, looking a little proud.

Pike grumbled and passed Bood some money. Ilya saw several other exchanges across the gym as Shane came over, unwrapped his gloves. Ilya wanted badly to pull himself up into the ring and kiss Shane senseless, but he just locked eyes and tried to suppress a grin as Shane smirked.

"You lost me money, Hollander," Pike grumbled.

"Am I supposed to feel bad if you bet against me?" Shane said as he took a drink of water. "Fuck you."

Ilya could hear Kent and Barrett speaking intentionally loud from across the gym.

"I can't believe we traded for that guy." Kent waved a hand toward Price, who was wiping his face with a towel in the opposite corner and pointedly ignoring him. "Guy outweighs Hollander by fifty pounds and still can't put him down. Fucking cocksucker."

There was an unfortunate amount of laughter around the room that pissed Ilya off, but Ryan seemed to ignore it. Ilya was certain he was close enough to hear.

Ryan Price wasn't one to rock the boat, preferring to get in, do his job, and go home. As an infamous enforcer, he had played across the league, trading nearly every year except for an

extended stint in Boston. When Ilya had played with him for almost a whole season, Price's job had been to deter attacks on Ilya, and then Shane when Shane had been traded. He had built up a strong reputation as a solid D-man in Boston, but it was his reputation as a fighter that got him traded to Toronto a few months ago.

It was a trade Price had requested to move closer to his boyfriend in Toronto. Ilya was sure that although Price wasn't out to the public, it was an ill-kept secret across the league that he was gay.

Pike, who had been Kent's teammate for a while now, made a disgruntled sound. "I fucking hate that guy."

Ilya cracked a knuckle and started toward Lomax to signal he wanted the next round, but Bood grabbed his arm, his attention fixed on a pair of Montreal players working a heavy bag in the corner.

"It is a good thing you got a loud mouth, Kent." J.J. Dagenais' sharp accent drawled across the ring. "Every team needs a good mascot, eh? Maybe it will get you more points."

Kent stiffened immediately. "Shut your fucking mouth, Dagenais, unless you want someone to shut it for you."

Kent's eyes glanced at Price who was still ignoring him

J.J. chuckled "Keep chirping like that and people might forget you're too much of a *moumoune* to fight yourself."

"Everyone knows you Montreal boys can't back your shit up," Kent snapped, visibly pissed. "All fight, no brains or talent. I don't know why you're so fucking confident. Did you decide to just suck off the refs this year and beg them pretty please to let you in the playoffs, or are you too stupid to realise you're another washed up team?"

Even Barrett looked uncomfortable after that one.

The temperature in the room shot up. Kent shot his mouth off a lot, but usually not so publicly.

"You want to know where I get my confidence from, Kent?" J.J. challenged. "Hop in the ring and I'll make sure your pretty face has a fucking reminder."

In a locker room, someone would have stepped in to calm things down. But they were technically on vacation, and there was one thing hockey players liked almost as much as hockey: fighting.

Especially a fight where something personal was at stake.

Kent licked his lips, nervously.

At 6'6", J.J. was one of the biggest defenders in the league and doubled as an enforcer. Bobby Bobyr, the twenty year old from Alberta who was built like a tractor, was the other

Voyageur here, and everyone had seen him and J.J. demolish a bag earlier that day.

Kent was short for a hockey player, not particularly attractive, and not clever, which Ilya was sure contributed to a lot of the overcompensation he did on the ice. If either of them took on Kent, Kent would crumple like a soda can.

Unfortunately, he was also a rising star who had exploded statistically in the last two years. He hadn't had to fight his own battles for a while now.

Ryan Price sighed and shot a glare at Kent, who just raised his eyebrows expectantly. Ilya felt a pang of sympathy: It was Price's unfortunate job to protect this asswipe. As the newest Guardian, backing down now would have followed him into training camp and the rest of the season. Hate or love it, it was the stupid code of brotherhood that bound them all in a system of unspoken and arbitrary rules.

"This fucking sucks," Hayden's fists were clenched.

Lomax went to Ryan and said something in a low voice. Ilya suspected he was trying to give Price an out, probably something in the TIPS rulebook, but Ryan sighed and shook his head. He started to rewrap his gloves.

"Dagenais gets in everyone's business, huh?" Bood leaned on the ring.

"Most of the time," Shane said ruefully. "He's got a big personality."

Ilya looked at J.J. hard as he climbed into the ring and Bobyr passed him his gloves. He had spent quite a while hating the guy. When Shane had been traded, and the Montreal team had gone along with the assumptions that Shane had been a part of the talks and turned his back on the team that had raised it. Over the past year, Shane had been moving towards reconciliation; Ilya wasn't so easily trusting. "You know what they say, big personality, small dick."

"Something you have experience with?" Pike asked innocently.

"Ask your friends, Pike. I have never found anyone disappointed with my dick or my personality," Ilya winked. Shane sighed and refused to look at him, Hayden just grimaced and Bood looked between them confused.

Wyatt Hayes, the backup goalie for the Toronto Guardians, joined Hayden with a low whistle.

"Is it bad to bet on J.J.?" Hayes winced as J.J. finished getting ready and the two giant men took their places. In the ring, they could stand to their full heights, vastly different from a faceoff. It was intimidating as hell. "Price seems cool and all, but I'm not exactly rooting for Kent."

"Bood?" Pike glanced over. "Fifty on J.J."

But Bood wrinkled his nose distastefully. "How about we just pool our money and buy them both a drink tonight?"

“Monks?” Ilya perked up as Lomax dropped his arm and the match started.

Ryan had been matching Shane energy during their spar, and they had been friendly, focussing on skill more than power.

J.J. clearly had something to prove, and Ryan, although he didn’t look enthusiastic, had to put up an effort to defend his teammate. Their blows were less quick, but louder and everyone winced when Ryan snuck a meaty blow under J.J.’s elbow.

The two were well matched, though, and after the first few seconds they settled into a pretty damn good fight. If it wasn’t for Kent and Barrett on the side shouting, Ilya would have enjoyed it.

J.J. was lanky and was able to snake in a few solid hits that made Price grunt. Price had patience though, and it only took a split second for Price to turn the tables, taking advantage of J.J.’s hubris to catch him off guard. J.J. broke free from his hold and landed a few good shots, but they were both breathing hard.

In the last few seconds, they went at each other relentlessly, and the crowd got louder, swept up with the aggression enough that it took Lomax a bit of effort to blow his whistle and get them apart.

J.J. stumbled back to where Bobyr was waiting, and Ryan chose to head to Pike and Hayes’s corner instead of where Kent was grinning ear to ear. He was panting and sweating as Hayes passed him a water bottle.

“Did you win?” Pike asked.

Before Price could answer, Lomax called it a draw, and the crowd immediately started to protest.

Ilya had to agree — it had been too close to call in a friendly match. He climbed into the ring as Kent started hurling obscenities at Lomax. As the Cens’s captain, it was hard not to feel responsible for the unofficial battle royale threatening to break out in his city.

“Hey, assholes!” Ilya shouted loud enough that most of the complainers shut up. “If you have problem with the ruling you can punch it out with me, okay?”

That made most of the guys back off — while plenty of them would have jumped at the chance to punch Ilya in the face during a game, he was too big for most people to want to take on sober. Lomax gave Ilya a soft punch to the shoulder.

Except Kent, it seemed, who shouted across the ring to where Price was trying to take off his gloves again.

“Price! What was that? I thought Toronto paid you to fight, not fucking cuddle!” He looked even uglier with a sneer on his face. “No wonder Boston dumped your pansy ass. Too soft to finish a fucking fight.”

Ilya never wanted to hit someone so bad in his life, and he had grown up with Andrei Rozanov.

He saw Price's shoulder tense, but before he could go up to Kent and wring his neck himself, Shane boosted back into the ring.

"Come on, Kent," Shane said steadily. "You and me. Let's go."

Shane wasn't out to anyone besides the Boston players, but hockey wasn't a closed ecosystem: Ilya had heard enough rumours to know that there was talk about Shane's sexuality. But Kent hadn't just insulted Price — he had deliberately aimed the comment at Boston, at Shane, and everyone in the room knew it.

Kent barked out a laugh. "Please. You spend half the season on IR already. I hit you once and suddenly I'm the asshole who crippled Ottawa's golden boy."

"I dunno, Kent," Ryan Feller, a fourth-string Boston forward Ilya never really thought about, piped up. "Our boy can take a hit."

"That's funny," Bobyr said condescendingly from where he was leaning on the ropes handing J.J. a towel. "One chirp back and you're crying for someone to get between you and Hollander. Is Toronto raising them that soft?"

Kent glanced around, but Pike and Hayes had their arms crossed, and even Barrett looked uncomfortable. He scowled, pride overriding his cowardice.

"Fucking fine, Hollander," he grabbed the edge of the ring and pulled himself up. "You want a trip to the hospital, I guess I'll give it to you."

"Friendly matches," Lomax said sternly. "Unless you want to get kicked out."

Kent didn't seem to care as Barrett passed him his gloves. Ilya went over to where Shane was getting set up again.

"Hey," he quickly let his eyes look Shane over, more critically assessing this time. His voice dropped low. "If you want I can—"

"No chance, Rozanov," Shane said firmly and loud enough to carry. "Boston's my team now. I got this."

It didn't matter that Shane had nearly dropped Ryan Price. Any time Shane put himself in danger, Ilya felt his heart climb into his throat. He had compartmentalized it on the ice, but for every other aspect his heart stayed in his throat. But he also knew Shane's pride wasn't something to mess with, and he nodded, tightly.

"Okay, hotshot." He patted Shane's arm, letting the last squeeze linger a second too long, before climbing out of the ring.

Everyone had dropped the pretense of working out and had clustered around the ring. Ilya could see a few entrepreneurial players taking bets more officially as Kent warmed up,

shadowboxing with twitchy, nervous energy. Shane was rolling out his shoulders with the same distant focus he got before games.

Ilya worried a hangnail on his thumb as Pike and Bood argued about who was going to buy Shane the first drink after he laid Kent out. Price stepped over to him.

“Stop looking like your husband’s going off to war,” he sighed. “Hollander can put Kent through the boards easily.”

Ilya scowled. “If I’m the best, Hollander is right behind me, so of course he is fine.” He glanced back toward the ring, where Shane was calmly putting in his mouth guard. “Does not mean I have to enjoy watching him get punched in face.”

Price snorted quietly, but Ilya kept talking before he could answer.

“He is fighting for your honour,” he muttered. “You should be a proud teacher.”

Shane tapped his gloves together and let out a breath before turning around. Kent’s face was twisted in as he danced in place. The guys around the ring had started chirping, the noise drowning out most other sounds.

Ilya’s stomach twisted. “If he gets hurt, I cannot go to him,” he admitted under his breath. “I hate it.”

Price’s expression hardened slightly. “He’ll be okay.”

Before Ilya could respond, Lomax dropped his arm, and the match was on.

Kent exploded at the start, fast and hard, throwing straight for Shane’s head. It forced Shane to go defensive, his hands up to catch the worst of the blows. He kept his body angled, forcing Kent to follow him in a tight circle around the ring instead of getting trapped.

Ilya pushed his way between Bood and Pike as he joined the shouting, hurling insults at Kent in a mix of Russian and English without thinking.

For a few seconds it looked like Kent was winning, his aggressive start setting a fast pace very different from the more structured fights before. Kent’s friends were cheering, stupid smiles on their faces. Ilya made a note of who they were and filed it away for October.

But, if they thought Shane was tired, they didn’t know much at all. Kent’s energy burned out quickly, and the second he started to flag, Shane struck.

First it was a hard hit on his side, then one to his ears, which left him sputtering. Before he could recover, Shane hooked his leg behind Kent’s ankle and shoved him off balance.

It wasn’t strictly legal, but Kent whipped around, dropping the punch at the last second and bringing his elbow up to clip Shane in the jaw.

“Hey!” Pike barked.

“Bullshit,” Bood snapped.

Lomax went to pull them apart, but Shane waved him off. They circled each other, wary as wolves.

Ilya’s worry evaporated. His blood rang hot at the cold, calculated look on Shane’s face. The lines of his body, the tension in his legs and thighs – suddenly Ilya wanted to drag him down by the waist and feel those muscles tighten around him.

“Close your jaw, Rozanov,” Pike hissed.

Kent’s frustration boiled over, and he lunged at Shane. Shane slipped his opening punch easily, but they collided chest to chest and Kent wrapped his elbow around Shane’s head, dragging him into a headlock.

The room exploded.

“What the fuck, Kent?” Pike shouted, and Lomax tried to jump in to separate them as Kent drove his glove up into Shane’s face.

But Shane had it handled.

He twisted, jabbing his elbow up into Kent’s ribs, making him gasp and loosen his grip. Then, Shane kicked out his knee, forcing Kent to stumble away.

It should have been over then, but Kent, blind with fury and humiliated by the cheers of half the room, lunged forward.

Kent threw a wide punch meant to force him back into the ropes again, but Shane slipped it by a fraction and drove a short, brutal hook straight into Kent’s ribs. The sound that came out of Kent wasn’t a shout anymore.

Before he could fold, Shane pivoted on his lead foot and cracked a second, decisive punch across his jaw. Kent’s head snapped sideways, and he hit the canvas with a groan.

Lomax blew his whistle, a bit uselessly.

Shane stood over him for a beat, chest rising evenly and eyes cold, before he blinked and sought out Ilya.

Ilya was biting his fist, trying to keep from losing his composure like a teenager.

Shane gave him a rare, crooked smirk.

“Jesus,” Bood let out a breath as Barrett and some of Kent’s other friends hopped into the ring to help him to his feet. “Remind me never to piss off Hollander.”

The door had barely closed, and Ilya was on Shane. Shane was prepared for it, bracing with a grunt as Ilya slammed him against the wall.

“Fuck, Hollander.” His hands gripped the sides of Shane’s face, devouring his mouth like water in the desert, but then he dropped down to grab his hips, hauling him closer.

“Oh,” Shane muttered in the split seconds their lips weren’t connected. “Violence turns you on?”

Ilya just growled and dragged him backwards, trusting Shane to keep him from running into the wall.

He pulled Shane’s shirt over his head, mourning the fact he had to stop kissing him to do it. Shane steered him around the coffee table, aiming for the couch. He dropped on top of Ilya, a hot heavy blanket. Ilya’s hand slipped down the back of Shane’s shorts, gripping his ass and pulling it into a hard rhythm that left them both panting and moaning.

“Naked,” Shane managed to mutter as he yanked at Ilya’s tank top like it personally offended him.

But undressing meant putting space between them, and Ilya whined impatiently at the unfairness of it. Shane drove his hips down into the crease of Ilya’s hips, shocks of white hot pleasure making everything reduce down to heat, sensation and the uncontrollable need to pin Shane down and smother him.

He rolled, aware enough at the last second to cushion Shane’s head with his hand as they tumbled off the couch onto the thick rug. Their elbows hit the coffee table, and Ilya nearly flipped it with how hard he shoved it aside.

Shane gave a throaty laugh as his hands gripped Ilya’s ribs hard enough to bruise. “What did the table ever do to you?”

His mouth ran down Shane’s neck, tasting, finally, the smooth, clean skin that had been tempting him all day. He licked down his chest, finding the bite marks he had left there before and taking personal offense that they were fading.

“Ahh!” Shane cried out as Ilya dug his teeth in, dangerously close to his nipple. “Jesus, what are you, a werewolf?”

Ilya made a throaty sound and dig his teeth in harder.

Shane hauled him back up, and they kissed more, somehow finding a level higher than frantic.

He needed those thighs around him, so Ilya reached back, grabbing the back of Shane’s leg and kneeling his way between them. Shane half laughed, ending in a groan as Ilya sat up, tugging Shane’s shorts and underwear down as one.

“Seriously,” Shane muttered, his eyes nearly black with desire, a wide, open grin on his face as Ilya chucked the bundle of clothes across the room. “I’m going to take up MMA or

something if it does this to you.”

Ilya thought of Shane grappling someone, being thrown on the ground, someone else pinning him, and nearly growling.

“No,” he leaned down, one hand on Shane’s dick, making him gasp, and the other pressing his shoulder down. “Only with me. We practice together. Private gym.”

“Are you jealous?” Shane went for Ilya’s pants now, but could only push them down far enough to expose his cock. “My skills too much for you?”

He didn’t know how to articulate how heated it made him to think about it – him and Shane in a ring, that cold, cocky look aimed at him, Shane taking him down–

They had lube pretty much stocked all around the apartment this summer, and it only took a moment of digging to find one between the couch cushions above their heads. Shane always griped about it, worried his parents were going to come over unexpectedly and find it, but he didn’t look like he was complaining now.

They wrestled for a moment – knees and elbows bumping that fucking coffee table again, the couch – until Ilya finally pinned Shane down, one hand digging into the muscle between his neck and shoulder, hard and unyielding as he opened Shane up with slippery, messy fingers.

He could watch Shane’s face this way, the space between his eyebrows alternating between knotted and slack as he panted, whining.

Fuck, he wanted to kiss him everywhere, so he did. He swallowed the moans, a little painful as Shane’s teeth grazed his tongue, reminding Ilya that the only reason Ilya was allowed to do this was because Shane let him.

He couldn’t take it any more.

A few quick strokes on his own cock with a slick hand, and he was pushing at Shane’s entrance.

“Please,” he begged, his forehead resting on Shane’s.

“Do it, Rozanov,” Shane said with gritted teeth, and Ilya sank forward with a groan.

Shane braced his hands over his head, gripping the rug as Ilya put Shane’s calves on his shoulders and used both hands to hold his hips down.

There wasn’t any gentleness, no soft kisses or whispered playful words. But Ilya locked eyes with Shane, drinking in the heated, dark, challenge in them as he pounded into his willing body like he knew Shane wanted.

“Fuck,” Shane choked out, his eyes rolling a bit as Ilya bent him further, shifting Shane’s body like it was his own plaything, finding the spots in Shane that made him whimper. “Right there– God– Ilya–”

Right there— Yes, Ilya was right there on the edge, the slap of skin obscene as he watched the red flush on Shane’s chest intensify, feeling the tension mount as he drove Shane further and further.

He tried to hold off, wanting to wait until he found that space – that empty, unfocused look in Shane’s eyes, the antithesis of how he had looked before the match.

He loved it when Shane locked in; when the decisive, controlled strength set through his body. When he slipped a goal through an impossible angle. When he leveled a shotgun in a dark garage. And when he flattened an asshole like Dallas Kent, like it was nothing.

And he loved it now, when all that energy left, when Shane let go, fighting Ilya right to the end until he gave up. The controlled, tight, seriousness releasing with an agonizing cry.

“Yes, Shane,” he panted, as he kept thrusting, pushing Shane over the edge with nothing but his hips, his cock, as Shane came untouched and crying out, exactly how Ilya wanted.

It took everything to slow down as he wrung Shane dry, then pulled out, only taking one or two tugs before he added to the mess on Shane’s stomach.

He came so hard, his eyes were wet and he managed to angle towards the couch before his arms gave out on him.

“Rozanov,” Shane let out a huffing laugh as they both came down from their high. “Jesus Christ. We didn’t even make it twenty feet past the door.”

Ilya glanced back, still catching his breath. “Is fifteen feet at least.”

Shane pulled his face to his, the kiss sloppy and uncoordinated as they both just breathed into each other’s mouth. There was no need for precision right now, no more expectations, control or strength as they lay there on the rug, too spent for any pretenses.

Ilya curled around him, careful not to crush him, but unwilling to let go. He wanted Shane under him, in his space, and wrapped his arms around him like he was the only stable thing left in the world.

“Are you going to get that horny every time I box?” Shane muttered to the top of Ilya’s head.

“Hmm,” Ilya was too exhausted and content to care that Shane was teasing him. “Are you mad I want to fuck my strong, sexy husband? I can go ask Ryan Price if—”

“No,” Shane grumbled and pinched Ilya’s hip. “Mine.”

Ilya just hummed, and finally let the tension drain out of his shoulders.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!