

Sucker Punched

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Sucker Punched

by [spaldra](#)

Summary

It has been six months since Ilya Rozanov has texted, acknowledged, or said anything at all to Shane Hollander after the Sochi Olympics, and Shane is on edge waiting for the day Ilya might talk to him again. They finally face one another at a pre-game conference, and the Russian man at Shane's shoulder acts as though nothing is wrong. After the conference, Ilya corners Shane in a bathroom to antagonize him further and pushes a little too far. When they finally face each other on the ice, Shane does something he has never done in all his years in hockey: he throws a punch.

Notes

my first fanfic! excited for thoughts/feedback :)

Six months. It had been six months since Rozanov had texted, acknowledged, or said anything at all to Shane after the Sochi Olympics. He had felt those six months deeply, Rozanov's silence putting him utterly on edge waiting for the day he might talk to him again. Finally here they both sat, the Russian man at his shoulder addressing the gaggle of press during the pre-game conference as though nothing was wrong. The media loved to do this, force them together before a game to see if they could get any noteworthy soundbite before they tore each other apart on the ice.

"It's the first game between Montreal and Boston in a couple months, anything you expect to do differently this time around?" The question was lobbed at Rozanov, whose team had lost to Shane's the last time they played in the previous season.

Rozanov had the gall to glance sideways at Shane, giving him a smirk before asking in his thick, lilting accent, "Wouldn't you like to know." Shane's blood began to boil as the press laughed at the Russian's usual cocky demeanor. So he could talk to Shane in front of the cameras, but had no problem ignoring his texts. The last of which had been "*Are you okay?*"

Shane felt himself black out for the rest of the conference, fielding the remaining questions on autopilot. How could they have gone from *that* night at his building, where Rozanov had been so soft, to whatever *this* was. Was it punishment for prying too hard into his personal life? Shane had been worried about Rozanov during the Olympics, but Rozanov had made it clear that level of intimacy was a boundary he was unwilling to cross. And Shane wanted nothing more to shatter that barrier with his own hands.

After the conference wrapped up, Shane bolted towards the nearest bathroom, unable to be seen in his own locker room in his current state. His eyes burned with tears that he refused to let fall, because fuck Rozanov, he did not deserve them. He burst through the door and immediately let his weight fall onto his forearms as he gripped the sink countertop to ground himself.

Breathe, he reminded himself, *You still have a game to play*.

It was then the door swung open, Rozanov striding in as though he didn't have a care in the world. He walked past him, brushing his shoulder with his as Shane stood to face him. Rozanov looked incredibly arrogant, as he often did, with his arm propped on the air dryer, as though getting Shane alone for the first time in months did nothing to affect him. He also looked incredibly good, a thought Shane tried to shake out of his head. He tried to focus on something else, anything else, but found himself fixated on the stray curl that hung down on his forehead. Rozanov always looked good, whether he was in a tuxedo for one of their many stupid awards or galas, or in a sweat-soaked shirt during a post-game interview. Or naked and domineering when he had Shane underneath him. Shane had never seen a man that looked like Ilya Rozanov, and he had seen a lot of men during his time in the locker rooms.

"What do you want from me?" It was all Shane could muster once he collected himself. Rozanov had fucked him for Goddsake, kissed him like he was trying to stop time, held him after for as long as they were both able and willing. Before they had to go back to pretending that sort of thing never happened between them.

Rozanov cocked his eyebrow, sending Shane further spiraling into a pit of rage that obscured his pain for a short moment. But at this rate, anger felt better than his suffering.

“You ignore me for months, only speaking to me in front of the cameras and saying something you know will just piss me off. So, tell me, what do you want, Rozanov?” Shane knew his voice was raised, and that anyone outside the doors of the public bathroom could hear them and walk in at any time, but he couldn’t get himself to care at that moment.

Shane waited long enough for the other man’s answer that he thought maybe Rozanov would leave him hanging there, too. But what he responded was worse than his silence.

“I want...” Rozanov began, “I want you to suck my dick.”

“You are unbelievable! You suck my dick!” Shane could barely look at him, for his own embarrassment was threatening to take his legs out from under him. He was obviously read into this situation all wrong, and it was making him look like a fool. And he hated looking like a fool. It was dawning on Shane, with utter agony, that Rozanov probably only wanted sex. It was no surprise given his not-so-secret reputation for being a relentless playboy, with women of course. But Shane couldn’t square it with the way he acted when they were alone. Like Rozanov showed a side of himself he only let Shane see.

Rozanov stepped forward and gathered a crumbling Shane into his arms, before gripping his chin and forcing Shane’s eyes to meet his. Rozanov had a familiar glint in his gaze that he got whenever he was trying to bait Shane. He did it on the ice, and in the bedroom. This was the way they communicated. When things got too serious or heavy, the both of them devolved into teasing.

“Let’s see how you play tonight, and maybe I will.”

—

Shane tried to not let himself be rattled by his interaction with Rozanov in the bathroom. They had both broken their one sacred rule of no-contact before the game, outside of professional press conferences of course, and it had taken Shane longer than he cared to admit to calm down.

He had no other option other than to be *calm*, as he stared the same smug Russian in the face moments before the puck was to be dropped between them.

“Meet again, Hollander,” Rozanov smiled as he bent down to be face level with Shane. Shane did not want to dignify him with a response. Playing Rozanov’s game would only give him the upper hand.

Rozanov won the faceoff.

The rest of the game unfolded in a similar fashion. Shane would break away with the puck, only for Rozanov to catch him moments later. Montreal would score, and Boston would immediately score to match them. Rozanov was loving it. Of course because his team was

winning, but Shane sensed also because the Russian knew with each opportunity to score stolen, Shane was slowly losing his shit.

They were always competitive to an insane degree. Shane could admit on his side, it was born from his absolute obsession with Ilya Rozanov the hockey player, but tonight felt different. Usually, the anger he felt towards his rival was sequestered to the rink, and his personal feelings towards the man could be shoved away until after, when Shane himself was being shoved against a wall. But today he couldn't let it go. Rozanov's casual indifference to something that Shane had let consume his every waking moment was more than he could stomach.

Rozanov slammed him against the wall then, interrupting Shane's pathetic inner monologue, forcing him to stumble and fall to the ice. Shane's ears were ringing, the screams and boos of the crowd completely drowned out as a figure skated towards him with an outreached arm.

Shane refused Rozanov's gesture to help him up. Shane attempted to skate away and let the refs decide to escalate his opponent's blatant hit to a penalty. But before he could get away, Rozanov's voice echoed in his ear, low enough that he knew the words were meant for him, and him only.

"Does not seem like you want that blowjob bad enough. Keep losing."

"Fuck you." Shane could not believe he would have the audacity to say such a thing to him, especially on the ice in front of both their teams. What if someone heard?

"I know you want," Rozanov spit out his mouthguard to send Shane an incredibly taunting smile, "But you're very bad at showing how much you want."

Shane shoved his own mask off before skating quickly in Rozanov's direction, Rozanov following suit to meet him halfway. Shane then did something he had never done before in all his years of playing hockey.

He punched Ilya Rozanov square in the cheek.

Reeling from what he had just done, Shane tried reading Rozanov for any ounce of emotion. He knew he should be focused on the game, on the absolute disadvantage he just put his team in, but Shane couldn't help but search Rozanov's face for any hint at all as to what he was feeling. But the Russian only wore an unflinching but guarded expression, sending Shane's mind into a panic as he was pulled off the ice.

"Fuck, Hollander," Rozanov all but growled, "I guess you do want it."

—

Shane was benched for the rest of the game, the guilt of Montreal's loss sitting squarely upon his shoulders as he sat alone and defeated in his hotel room.

Shane seeped deep into his bones. He had ignored the calls from his mom, whose subsequent texts were rightly outraged: "What has gotten into you! There is too much on the line for you

to be stooping to that fuckers level!”

What had gotten into him, indeed.

Shane stared at the phone in his lap, screen black and mirroring his own dejected face back at him. There was no way Rozanov would text him his room number tonight, not after what Shane pulled. The idea that he was disappointed in that realization made him want to throw up. Even though Rozanov all but baited him into punching him in the face, Shane could not lie to himself that he didn't want to text him that instant and apologize. Make sure he was okay. But he didn't, because that was obviously *not allowed*.

Like he was listening to Shane's thoughts, the phone screen suddenly illuminated a text from *Lily*.

“Room 467.”

Shane, as he often did, began to freak out. There was no way Rozanov wanted to see him like...like Shane wanted to see him. He had punched the guy on live television, it would be insane to pretend that didn't happen and carry on having sex as normal. Or whatever normal was for them. No, surely, he was being summoned to be yelled at. Or worse. Maybe Rozanov would try and fight him? No, he wouldn't do that. If he wanted to punch him back, it would have happened on the ice. No one would have batted an eye. God, what did he want?

His phone buzzed again, interrupting his spiral, the new text from Lily reading: “Now.”

Shane gulped, a feeling of unfamiliar tension washing over him. The other times he had gone to Rozanov's hotel room had tension, yes, but there was also an air of excitement. But this time Shane did not know what to expect, and the feeling of the unknown on the other side of the door was almost enough for him to disobey Rozanov's summons. But he told himself he was not afraid, settling on the idea that Rozanov maybe wanted to talk. They could talk. Shane could apologize, and then finally have a reason, a good reason, to end whatever was going on between them. It made Shane's chest constrict thinking about doing such a thing, but he knew it was for the best.

Rozanov was driving him certifiably insane.

When Shane slipped into his hotel room, it surprised him to see Rozanov grinning as though he had just won a prize. He thought he would've been mad.

“Such a good boy, always doing what I ask.”

“Fuck you, Rozanov.”

“Ah, you have any other comeback, Hollander? Always the same, Fuck you, You are asshole.” Rozanov walked towards him now, holding Shane's shoulders as he pressed his infuriatingly perfect body up against him, his grin falling into a mask of dead seriousness.

“What is not same, is perfect Mr. Prince-of-Hockey getting so angry that he fights a player in game.”

Shane focused his vision on where he punched him. Rozanov's cheekbone was now a furious pink. It would most likely bruise later, Shane thought, wincing.

"I'm sorry," he mumbled

"Hmm? I did not hear you."

"I said I'm sorry. I shouldn't have done that. I was just so...so angry at you."

Rozanov's face was still schooled into a burning stare. "You are right. You should not have done it. So you will make it up to me."

"What?" Shane's head was spinning, Rozanov's proximity too overwhelming for him to think straight.

"You were bad, so now you must be punished. To make up to me." Rozanov uttered the statement so matter-of-factly, Shane was sure he misheard him.

"Punished? How?" That similar excitement that usually followed Shane to their hookups started to prickle under his skin.

"First, I will take that blowjob I promised all for myself. I won. It is mine." Rozanov's eyes flashed. "If you are good, maybe we stop after that. But if you are bad again," he paused, taking his hand from Shane's shoulder and smacking Shane's ass hard before grabbing and kneading the muscle there, "We will see how else to make it up to me. Now take your clothes off."

Shane was breathless, the sting of the slap now soothing into a welcome sensation of possessiveness under Rozanov's palm, as he removed and folded his clothes before facing his rival.

Rozanov walked backwards, his hand still cupping Shane's ass while leading them both into the bedroom. "Get on your knees."

Hollander dutifully obeyed, but refused to get comfortable in what was now a very familiar position. There was no way Rozanov was going to just let him suck his dick. That would be too easy.

"I will fuck your mouth, Hollander, and you will not move. Yes?" Shane's heart leapt that even though Rozanov was fully in control, he still checked that what he was asking was not too much. Shane nodded eagerly, perhaps too eagerly, because Rozanov added, "And you will not touch yourself while I do it. You will stay still and let me fuck your mouth because you do not get to cum yet."

Shane shuddered.

Still fully clothed, Rozanov removed his cock from his sweatpants, already incredibly hard. "Show me your tongue." Shane dutifully obliged, sticking his tongue out so Rozanov could tap the head of his dick three times. Shane wondered if he did that to remind him of the three goals Rozanov had scored against him in the game. He looked up at the Russian towering

over him, whose body language was a display of total and utter control. He wanted Rozanov as naked as he was, but for some reason, Rozanov keeping his clothes on turned Shane on. It was like he couldn't handle the time it would take to undress fully before shoving his cock in his mouth.

Rozanov, satisfied with Shane's obedience, slid both his hands to the back of his head, gripping into his hair hard, but without hurting him. Even in these heated moments, he was always so careful with Shane. Any tenderness that lingered between them then evaporated, as Rozanov began to thrust into Shane's mouth.

He started slow at first, letting Shane's saliva soak the considerable length of him, before giving way to a hard pace set by Rozanov alone. He moved Shane's head to meet him at every thrust, forcing Shane to grip his own thighs to maintain balance. He moaned around Rozanov as he finally reached the back of his throat.

"You like this, Hollander?" Rozanov's voice was strained and throaty, as though he was trying to hold back. Shane could not answer even if he tried, his mouth and throat occupied entirely, but it was obvious he was enjoying his *punishment*.

"You like being a slut for me? Being used?" Rozanov continued taunting him through gritted teeth, picking up the relentless pace as drool began to slip down Shane's chin. Rozanov's words were intoxicating. Without thinking, Shane removed one of his hands from his thigh to reach for Rozanov's body. Even though all of his senses were filled to the brim with him, Shane needed to touch him.

Rozanov stalled his thrusts, seating himself so deep to the point Shane began lightly choking.

"I said do not move," Rozanov reminded, "Only good boys get to touch." Shane's hand fell back into his lap, itching with the need to grab something. Rozanov's thighs, his ass, Shane's own cock. But he obeyed, stilling himself best he could as Rozanov resumed fucking his mouth.

Expletives that Shane could not understand began flowing from the Russians mouth. He did not need to understand them to know Rozanov was close. It was rare that Rozanov came before Shane, which sent a panicked thought that their time together would end right after this happened. Maybe Shane's real punishment would be him being sent back to his room alone after Rozanov got what he wanted from him. The idea of leaving this room without kissing him made Shane's stomach drop.

"I am going to come in your mouth, and you will swallow, yes?" Shane nodded his head best he could as Rozanov rammed his cock into him at an increasingly erratic rate. Shane knew that Rozanov wouldn't do it if he objected, but Shane wanted to obey his commands. Wanted to please him. They both moaned as Rozanov emptied himself down Shane's throat, hot spurts of cum coating his mouth and tongue as he swallowed around his dick.

"Fuck, Hollander." It almost seemed as though Rozanov swayed in place as he removed himself from Shane's mouth. Shane remained kneeled on the floor, scared that if he got up, Rozanov would shove his clothes in his arms and send him on his way. As if he could sense

his fear, Rozanov dragged his thumb lightly across Shane's lower lip, saying "I am not done with you yet. You did not stay still. Get on the bed."

Shane's heart rate spiked as he all but scurried towards the king bed in the middle of the room, propping himself up against the headboard. Maybe if he kept disobeying Rozanov he could stay here all night repenting.

Rozanov did not join him, however, dragging an armchair to face him at the opposite end of the bed.

He looked at Shane like a lion would his prey, stalking his eyes over his naked body as though he was starving. He was noticeably hard again, his erection pressing against the light grey material of his sweatpants that did nothing to hide his arousal.

"Do you think of me when you are alone, Hollander? When you touch yourself?"

"What?"

"Answer me."

Shane nodded tentatively, unsure where Rozanov was going with this line of questioning.

Rozanov chuckled, "I have ruined you. You think of me on the ice, think of me alone when you're horny. I am – how do you say –" he gestured his hand around as he often did when searching for English words, "Under your skin."

He wasn't wrong, but Shane's face burned with humiliation. It was one thing for him to feel this way, but another for Rozanov to know he felt this way. That he consumed Shane's every waking moment. But it was obvious after tonight that neither one of them could deny the hold he had on Shane's mind. Shane only hoped Rozanov felt similar agony.

"Show me how you think of me when you're alone." Rozanov was now directly staring at Shane's rock-hard erection. Shane hesitated, so Rozanov followed up with feigned sympathy, "Aww, *dorogoy*, don't be shy now. Were not so shy when you punched me." He produced a small bottle of lube from his pocket and tossed it at Shane. "Should make it easier."

The Russian's mocking spurred him to grab hold of his cock and dripping the lube on his head before tenuously stroking. Rozanov's gaze seared into him. Shane was so predictable, and Rozanov knew it. He could never back down from a challenge. He let his eyes fall closed as he focused on the sensation, wishing it was Rozanov's hand, but rising to the occasion to try and bait him back.

"Love seeing you like this," Rozanov said on an exhale. Shane opened his eyes again to see that he had leaned forward, his attention fully devoted to the way Shane moved his hand up and down his shaft. "Undone for me."

"Are you going to touch me?" Shane knew he sounded desperate, but he didn't care. It was torture to be pinned this way under Rozanov's gaze, when he wanted to be pinned by much more.

“We will see.”

The men sat in silence for a moment. The sound of him jacking off, accompanied by Shane’s soft whimpers, were the only noises that filled the room.

Without being ordered, Shane moved a finger lower to circle around his hole, dipping his finger in. He braced for Rozanov’s disapproval at taking the liberty, but it didn’t come. Instead, Rozanov’s breathing deepened, his large hands gripping the armrests of his chair hard enough to turn his knuckles white.

This is what Shane loved about their relationship. As much as Rozanov was outwardly in control, Shane had his own way of unravelling him.

“Tell me,” Rozanov huffed, “Why you were so angry tonight.”

Shane did not want to answer, it would reveal too much. What could he say? That Shane was desperate for him? That his heart jumped every time he texted him? That the thought of not seeing him again for months plunged his soul into anguish? That he wanted to see him happy? All while it seemed Rozanov was content to only fuck him.

Instead he settled on, “You were playing dirty.”

“Oh, I can play much dirtier than that.” Rozanov rose from his chair finally, removing his shirt and sweatpants to match Shane’s naked form. “Tell me for real, and I will fuck you.”

Shane could not resist the command. How could he, when Rozanov’s broad chest and shoulders filled his entire vision, his perfect cock jutting towards his toned stomach just asking to be seated inside him.

“I missed you,” Shane admittedly as he moaned. He worked his thumb over the head of his dick as he writhed under Rozanov’s gaze, “And it seemed like you didn’t miss me.”

With that, Shane was pinned under Rozanov’s body, their cocks grinding together as Rozanov kissed him feverishly.

“Does this look like I did not miss you?” Shane couldn’t argue with that. Even if Rozanov was lying, Shane wanted to sink into this moment and pretend it was real. Like they both yearned for one another with the same level of desperation.

Rozanov broke from their kiss momentarily. “You will not let me rile you up on the ice. I don’t want anyone else to see you like that. Only for me.”

“Yes.” It was all Shane could say.

“Do you want me to fuck you now?” Rozanov asked it while kissing, breathing the words into Shane’s mouth. Shane nodded, also refusing to break the kiss. He never wanted to be separated from Rozanov.

“Do you want to use a condom?” The question was leading, they always used condoms.

“I haven’t been with anyone since you,” Shane answered, feeling vulnerable in his confession. It had been months since they had fucked, but Shane knew that there was no use trying to chase that high with anyone else. Rozanov *had* ruined him.

“Me either.”

Shane tried to hide his shock, burying his face into Rozanov’s neck and he tried to bite down a smile. Rozanov had waited for him. He kissed along the column of his neck to distract himself, wishing desperately he could leave bruises there instead of the one he left on his face.

Wordlessly, Rozanov bent Shane’s legs and guided them back, pinning his thighs to his chest. He dipped his head down to kiss Shane greedily before lining up his cock at his entrance. Shane was already ready for Rozanov, fingering himself not only to rile him up but to expedite the process.

They both cried out as Rozanov slowly pushed himself inside. Though Shane had fantasized hundreds of times about the first time they did this, the memory was nothing compared to the real thing.

“Is okay?” Rozanov asked, to which Shane responded, “More than okay.” They both paused with Rozanov fully seated inside him, clutching one another in their arms as Shane let the sensation of fullness obliterate him. Rozanov seemed content just to hold him, but it was Shane who grew impatient. He needed him to move. He rocked his hips up, guiding Rozanov to meet his lazy pace.

“So needy.”

“Always need you.” Shane’s admission broke Rozanov’s restraint. He began to plow into Shane grabbing hold of his chest as he used his leverage to get deeper.

“Oh my god, Rozanov!” The feeling was too much. Rozanov was hitting him right where he needed, sending a tingling sensation up his spine. His pleasure was building now, about to crest past the point where he couldn’t hold it in.

“You want to come for me?” Rozanov’s question was broken up between his thrusts. They were both sweating now.

“Yes!” Shane cried.

“Beg.”

Shane would do anything for release. “Please, Ilya, I need to come. Please.” His rival’s first name tumbled from his lips, the impersonal moniker of his last name he usually used forgotten in his haze of lust. Calling him by his first name must have done him in, as Rozanov grabbed hold of Shane’s dick, stroking him roughly as he came undone.

“Fuck!” It took almost no time for Shane to reach his climax, spilling onto his chest and Rozanov’s hand. Rozanov’s release followed soon after, pulling out to coat Shane’s stomach

with his own cum. Rozanov kissed Shane hard like he was claiming him. It didn't matter how he kissed him, Shane would be his anyway.

After cleaning him up with a towel, Rozanov gathered Shane into his arms, and he was grateful for the help, as he was too spent to move. "God Hollander, you are always so good for me."

"Was that enough of an apology?" Shane closed his eyes as Rozanov started to drag his fingers through his hair.

"Yes, Hollander, I forgive you." He placed a kiss to the top of Shane's head, leading Shane to nuzzle deeper into Rozanov's chest. "It was not hard punch anyways."

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