

For Better or for Rozanov

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For Better or for Rozanov

by [SunsetMaiden](#)

Summary

After not speaking for over four months, Ilya is perturbed by headlines that Shane has suddenly married an American pop star.

Excerpt:

Shane Hollander opened the door to find a 6'3 seething Russian in the hallway. "What..." he angled his head to peer around Ilya's rigid, imposing figure. "What are you doing here?"

Ilya shoved a magazine at him. "Annul it."

"No seriously. Where'd you even come from?"

"Hollander." Icy warning wrapped around each syllable.

"Aren't you presenting at the ESPYs tonight?"

"Am home sick," Ilya barked, pushing his way into Shane's apartment. "Is true?" he gestured toward the magazine Shane had yet to acknowledge. "End it. Now."

"End what..." Shane looked down, frowning when he realized it was the fucking 'National Enquirer'. What the actual fuck? "Oh..." he breathed, the top box on the front page catching his eye. A picture of him and Mia Voegele taken in a dark club with the tag, 'Secret Marriage?'

Notes

Purely indulgent, canon-divergent fic because possessive, jealous, slightly-unhinged-for-Shane-Hollander Ilya Rozanov is irresistible fun. This fic serves as an alternate way for them to realize their feelings and get together. 😊

Ilya Rozanov read the headline for the third time, jaw clenching as he unconsciously gripped his phone.

He wasn't mad. Or even annoyed. He'd never allow such pesky, inconvenient emotions to stir over a random hook-up that he hadn't spoken to in four months. Well, technically 4 months and 12 days. Not that Ilya was counting...or keeping track. Not that he even cared. He was the one not texting back after all, all seven of Hollander's last messages going unanswered until the Canadian phenom had finally caught a clue, giving his precious fingers a rest around two months ago. (Two months and three days. Not that Ilya was counting...or keeping track.)

Ilya stifled a growl, sucking in a breath at the thought of Hollander's fingers...which led to thoughts of his hands...which led to thoughts of wrists that were far more delicate than any hockey player's wrists had a right to be. Everything about Hollander was a little too delicate. The curve of the jaw Ilya gripped as they kissed. The arch of the back Ilya leaned into when they fucked. The tears in shining dark eyes when Hollander came harder than he ever had before.

Delicate. Earnest. A little too naïve for Ilya's peace of mind. And yet he couldn't keep away even when common sense raged he should.

He punched out of the pure click-bait article, tossing his phone aside. The words still loomed large and heavy in his brain, malicious and taunting.

Mia Voegle Engaged to Hockey Superstar Shane Hollander? All signs point to yes...

Ridiculous. Impossible. The fabricated story posted on some pop gossip site, Ilya had never even heard of was nothing but bullshit and Ilya knew it; but still, he couldn't shake the ravaging uncertainty clawing at his gut. There had been nonstop speculation about the American popstar and Hollander for the last three weeks. First, Hollander seated in the VIP section of one of her concerts in Los Angeles. Then Mia Voegle flying to Montreal to take in some charity match Shane's team had organized. Dark, blurry photos of them laughing at a club after, sitting stupidly, irritatingly close together. In less than a month, the tabloids and gossip sites had gone from dubbing the duo friendly, to hooking up, to now engaged in a whirlwind romance with the singer spotted wearing a sparkling diamond on 'that finger'. Ilya wanted to show Hollander a finger...wanted to give him a few, too.

He grabbed his phone, firing off a quick text to Jane before he could talk himself out of it.

Congratulations are in order, yes?

He waited in vain for two hours before going again.

I'm sure you will make a lovely bride.

Later that night, stewing over mediocre vodka while alone in his hotel room bed, Ilya didn't know what was worse. That he'd actually sent the texts or that Shane Hollander had the fucking nerve to leave him on read.

Whatever.

He didn't care.

A day later, he was forced to admit that maybe he cared a little, irritation skating along his spine because Shane still hadn't responded.

He glared at his reflection in the mirror as he flossed his teeth. They were teetering too close to going too far, sharing too much...which is why he'd slammed on the brakes and put necessary distance between them. Still. He knew Shane Hollander...how sad he could get...like little kicked puppy. He knew Hollander would take whatever scraps Ilya handed out...all while needing so much more. His needy, beautiful, bratty boy.

Ilya should have called. Should have texted. Should not have waited months and months like he had so many times before. Eventually Shane was bound to get frustrated enough to slam on his own brakes.

If Shane was engaged, it was Ilya's fault.

His Hollander had gotten bored. Had made a mess. They would fix it.

"He should not date," Ilya muttered to himself as he tossed the flosser in the trash and ruffled his unruly curls. Hollander was not like him. Ilya could separate emotion from sex; Shane not so much. "Too much in head." *Too much like sad kitten. Desperate for affection but still terrified of any real attention.* It was obvious to Ilya that Hollander should remain alone during their time apart...was best solution. "Best way to avoid mess," he decided, heart rate speeding up when he heard the text notification. He practically leapt for his phone, scowling when he realized it was just a teammate inviting him out for drinks. Maybe he would go. Get drinks. Get laid. Make mess.

He swiped away without responding; it wasn't who he wanted to talk to.

Not Jane.

Never Shane.

Whatever. He didn't care.

Shane Hollander opened the door to find a 6'3 seething Russian in the hallway. "What..." he angled his head to peer around Ilya's rigid, imposing figure. "What are you doing here?"

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“Oh,” Ilya mocked. “I asked you a question. Is true?”

“I...uh...” Shane swallowed hard, turning so that he could gather his composure away from the other man’s glower. “It’s complicated,” he hedged, thoughts racing as he considered how best to proceed. Ilya here...in his space...after months of total silence. How was he supposed to handle this? “Wait. Are you sick?” His face scrunched up as he spun back around. He had a new Rolex ad campaign coming up and he could not afford-

“No. I’m not sick, Hollander. Fuck,” Ilya scoffed as if it should be obvious. Which, really it was since there stood Rozanov as robust as ever. “Do I look sick to you? Needed excuse to be gone.” He dramatically faked a cough. “To see you.” He coughed again. “Is bad. See?”

“Oh, what the fuck ever. Just leave.” Shane stomped back to his door, might have wrenched it open except for Rozanov hot on his heels, slamming his palm against it to make a point. Shane wouldn’t say that Rozanov was stronger than him...but Shane wouldn’t say that he wasn’t either.

Rozanov turned Shane around, bullying his back against the door with the hard, muscled length of his body.

“You can’t just...” Shane lost his train of thought. Fuck, he smelled good, Shane’s own body thrilling at the way Rozanov so easily manhandled it.

“I can’t just what?” Ilya nuzzled his cheek, nosing his ear before moving to place an array of reckless kisses down the column of his throat.

“Just come in here. You can’t just come in here.”

“I can. I did. Lucky for me, am not vampire. I don’t have to be invited in. Not that it matters. You already invited me in.” Ilya’s thumb traced across Shane’s bottom lip, his thigh sliding upward between Shane’s shaky legs. “*Everywhere.*”

“You haven’t answered my texts in over four months!”

“So? We’ve gone longer without talking. What is the problem?”

“Fuck you.”

“Hollander-”

“No. You don’t get to just show up here out of the blue, pissed about some headlines. You ghosted me for four months!”

“Was foreplay!” Ilya seethed.

Fury furred in Shane’s gut. “You know what. I shouldn’t be doing this. I’m a married man,” he shot back, feeling proud of how it landed when Ilya emitted a sound that was part growl, part whimper and all teeth as he crowded Shane further against the door.

Shane shoved Ilya away, grimacing when the cut he’d forgotten about rubbed against the man’s jacket. Ilya, who never missed anything—especially when it came to Shane—immediately noted his rival’s pinched expression. Shane quickly concealed his left hand behind his back. Hazel eyes glinted dangerously. “What is it? Let me see your hand.”

“No.” Shane tilted his chin mulishly.

“Why are you hiding it? You wear ring? Let me see. Take it off.”

“Take what off?”

“Your. Ring. Hollander.”

“I’m not taking off my ring, Rozanov, fuck off.”

“Hmm.” Ilya’s fingers did a sexy slide down Shane’s arm to reach for his hand. Shane didn’t put up much of a fight, mainly because he didn’t know what the fuck was going on right now. He’d never been that adept at resisting Rozanov anyway. “You will annul it, yes?”

“I’m not annulling shit,” Shane countered, giving himself completely to the bit, because why the fuck not! A steaming Rozanov was also a hot as fuck Rozanov, and Shane couldn’t stop the thrill of anticipation knowing that heat was all for him.

Ilya grabbed his hand, jerking it forward to investigate. “Why are you hiding? There’s no ring.”

“No shit.” When Rozanov arched both eyebrows in expectation, Shane’s shoulders slumped. “You get mad when I hurt myself.”

“I get furious when you hurt yourself. Is truth. What happened?”

“Just an accident slicing vegetables.” He turned his hand to display his palm, where the knife had slipped and sliced through skin. He conveniently left out the part where he had been watching a compilation video on YouTube of Rozanov’s greatest hits to some song called “Whatta Man” when it happened. Rozanov would never let him live that down, and really fuck that shit. When Ilya eyed him suspiciously, Shane decided to dig in. “We—myself. And Mia--were having my parents over to discuss the wedding.”

Ilya stiffened. He had moved Shane’s injured hand to rest protectively against his own heart. Shane doubted he was even aware of it. “She has met your parents? This Mia person. Never heard of her until she started making headlines with you. She is riding skirt-tails of your fame.”

Coattails, Shane inwardly corrected, choking back a laugh. Though she was nowhere near the level of fame as a Beyoncé...or a Taylor...or a Miley, Mia Voegele was way more of a household name than Shane Hollander. Playing in the states for Boston, Ilya definitely knew it too.

“She has met your parents?” Ilya continued, tone somewhere between surly and snarling. “They were there at wedding?”

“I’m not getting married without my parents present,” Shane scoffed. This was the most ludicrous conversation he’d ever had. And he couldn’t make himself stop it, even though judging by the steely scowl on Rozanov’s face, he knew he should.

“All right Hollander. Here is what you are going to do. You will get a lawyer or judge or court or however you do these things and end it. I will take you myself.”

“I’m sure that won’t raise any eyebrows,” Shane quipped. Did Rozanov even hear himself right now? No way he was serious.

“Fine. I will not go. But you will. Is for the best.”

“For who?”

“Don’t piss me off, Hollander.”

“We got married in the U.S. I don’t even know how to go about-”

“Oh good. Is easy. Annulments in America. I looked it up on flight. Will be like it never even happened.”

“You looked up...” Shane stared blankly at the man in front of him, because *why*?

“You will end this,” Ilya commanded staunchly.

“No. I don’t think so.” He shrugged at the feral gleam in Rozanov’s beloved hazel eyes, having way too much fun with this. He absolutely never had the upper hand, but apparently Rozanov had lost his fucking mind somewhere between Boston and here. “It’s just PR, ya know? Makes good sense. Good optics.”

Ilya’s thumb glided over Shane’s barren finger, his stare baleful. “You don’t even wear ring.”

“Don’t have one yet. Everything happened so fast. There hasn’t been time.”

“There will be no ring. You will not wear her ring, Hollander.”

“Why do you care?” Shane challenged.

“I don’t!”

“Clearly,” Shane sneered.

“I. Don’t. Care.” Ilya bit out.

“Then fucking leave.”

“No.”

“Why do you care, Ilya?” Shane repeated, giving him one more chance before he threw his ass out the door.

Ilya hauled Shane close, catching his mouth in a brutal kiss that was more teeth than finesse, Shane helpless either way as he lost himself to the familiar ferocity that came with craving Ilya Rozanov. One hand wrapped around Rozanov’s hulking frame, the other reaching for the curls Shane adored so much. Soothed by the touch, Rozanov gentled the kiss, his tongue greedy and claiming as it swept Shane’s seeking mouth. He pulled away after long moments, crouching down to meet Shane’s confused, misty eyes. “You belong to me. I will not have world thinking you belong to her.”

“It wouldn’t be a real marriage,” Shane whispered, voice small and vulnerable.

“I don’t care. You are mine. *Only* mine. The world will know it, or I’ll burn it down.”

*But the world **can’t** know it.* The truth hung between them—on the tip of Shane’s tongue. In the distraught depths of Ilya’s eyes—stark and devastating. A marriage to Mia Voegele would be celebrated...a relationship with Ilya Rozanov nothing but scandal that would wreck them both.

“Okay, hey, okay,” Shane soothed, the tears burning Ilya’s eyes his undoing. “Come here,” he whispered, burrowing against the haven of Ilya’s foreboding strength. “I’m yours. Just yours.” He swallowed hard, regret and hope colliding to knot in his abdomen. “I thought you forgot. That...that you didn’t care.”

“Forget you? Not care? I breathe you, Shane. You are air.”

Shane sucked in a breath at the halting admission, a swirl of molten desire surging through his needy body. “Fuck me, Rozanov. *Please*,” Shane gasped out, unbothered by the desperation edging through his voice. It had been so fucking long. “Please.”

“Too long since I’ve had you,” Ilya countered gruffly as if reading his mind. He didn’t hesitate, grabbing Shane by the thighs to hoist him up, carrying him over to the couch and laying him down like he was something precious. “I will mark you all over. Make you remember. So, you know whose you are.”

“I already know,” Shane moaned, legs reaching out to capture Ilya and pull him down. Hockey thighs...Ilya loved them. Hollander thighs...Ilya loved those even more. “You forgot. Not me.”

“Never,” Ilya breathed, his hand cupping the hardness pressing against Shane’s jeans as his mouth devoured Shane’s in a heated kiss. “Now I prove it.”

“You will annul it?”

“Fuck Rozanov.” Shane burrowed against Ilya. They were entirely too naked, too sweaty, and too exhausted for this shit. They fucked one another fast and rough, each of them bearing enough scratches, bite marks, and hickies to prove it. “Annul what? I’m not married.”

Ilya leaned up, elbow digging into Shane’s pec to search his face. “What?”

“I’m not fucking married. Fuck. It was just a stupid story the press cooked up because they saw two reasonably attractive celebrities standing close together. How do you not get that? It happens all the time. I know it’s happened to you before. Me too.”

“Not like this,” Ilya argued.

“Yes, we hung out a few times. Yes, she invited me to a concert. Yes, she came to Montreal. I guess her team ran with it to get her some good headlines. It worked.”

“She had a ring on finger in Madrid.” Ilya scowled. “On her ‘all too important left-hand finger,’” he parroted as if reading a headline verbatim.

“I didn’t put it there.” Shane shrugged. “I don’t know. I guess she ran with it, too. I wasn’t involved in any of that. Just a bunch of nonsense to get clicks and press.”

“It doesn’t bother you?”

“I mean, yeah, maybe a little, I guess. But what can I do? The press could be way worse. She’ll be spotted with someone new in a few weeks and then they’ll forget about me again.”

“Is impossible, forgetting you,” Ilya mused. “I know. I’ve tried many times.” He scooted to a sitting position. Shane tried not to be innerved by how naked they both were on his couch. Just...so much...fluid. He enjoyed basking...really, he did...but this was a really expensive fucking couch.

“Uh...thanks.”

“You are worried about the couch,” Ilya guessed. “Aren’t you?”

“No.”

“I will buy you a new fucking couch. Relax.”

“I’m not worried about the couch,” he countered petulantly. *It will have to be cleaned*, he thought to himself.

“It will have to be cleaned,” Ilya mocked at the same time.

Shane bit back a grin at Ilya’s smirk. He shouldn’t be able to read Shane’s mind so well. “Fucking asshole.” He sat up, too, reaching out to trace shapes on Ilya’s broad, muscular thigh. “No reputable news source reported that nonsense, you know?”

Ilya shivered at Shane's caresses, sighing heavily. "I do not understand this. You lied to me. You can't lie worth shit. Especially to me."

It was true. Ilya had a knack for seeing right through Shane, straight to the insecure, messed up, yearning core of him. "Exactly."

"Exactly what?"

"You know."

Ilya tilted his head to study Shane. "I just got...mad. And..." he hesitated. "Hurt. And acted."

Shane's lips curved into a sneaky smile as he stabbed Ilya in the chest with a finger. "And I poked the bear."

"What?"

"Nevermind," he grinned. "Just an expression."

"Is dumb expression."

"So not the point."

"I can't think straight when you're involved," Ilya admitted darkly. "Is becoming a problem. I just feel and feel and feel. So many things. All of the time."

Shane grabbed Ilya's hand, moving it to his jaw. Shane leaned into the touch. "So, feel." He moved it down to his spent cock, traces of come and spit still drying despite Ilya's valiant attempt to lick Shane clean with his mouth. They really needed showers. Once they were out of crisis mode, they'd get there. "And feel." His voice dropped low, threaded with hope and desire and everything he couldn't say as he moved Ilya's hand over his heart. "And feel. So many things."

Ilya let out a broken sound, almost like a sob but not quite, fingertips spreading over Shane's racing heart. "This is bad. Very bad. I'm so into you. Too into you. Dangerously into you."

"You're scared," Shane breathed.

"I'm not scared," Ilya denied.

"No, it's okay," he said with a smug grin, throwing Ilya's words from when they first started to become intimate back at him. Ilya rolled his eyes when he caught on.

"You are too annoying. I will have to do something about that."

"Yeah, you gonna teach me a lesson?"

"You're an asshole, Hollander."

"Mmm hmm. Been learning from the best."

“Fortunately, I like you. And your asshole.”

Shane slanted back, gathering Ilya against him and holding him in the protection of his arms. Usually, as the smaller of the two, it was Shane who ended up pressed against Rozanov, being stroked, soothed, or fondled. This time Shane Hollander was the shelter...the haven. It felt good, knowing he could be that for Ilya. He ran his fingers through Ilya's sweaty curls, kissing his forehead. “It's okay. It's going to be okay,” he promised. “I'll get it annulled. I promise.”

“You little shit!”

Shane let out an embarrassing squeal when Ilya launched, rolling them with practiced ease, Ilya now on his back, Shane plastered across his chest like second skin. It wasn't that big of a couch, the fact that Ilya did it so effortlessly, proof that he was an expert at fucking people on couches. Shane didn't care. None of those other times fucking mattered, not when Ilya was here now. With him. *His*. Ilya belonged to Shane; Ilya wanted Shane to belong to him. “Your face. Is doing strange thing. Why?” Ilya asked suspiciously, noting the not quite smile lurking at the corners of his mouth.

“Wow. All this time. I thought it was just me. But it isn't.”

“What?”

“You're just as obsessed with me as I am with you.”

“Please,” Ilya sniffed, but there was something unbearably fond and soft lurking in his gaze.

“You actually thought I like ran off and eloped with someone I barely know based on a fucking tabloid story, Rozanov. *Me*. The guy who plans every day down to the fucking minute. The fucking calorie. That's some down bad crying at the gym level bullshit right there.”

“What?” Ilya's brow furrowed. “What does this mean? Down bad crying at what gym? Russians do not cry.”

“Yeah, nevermind. Stupid reference,” Shane cringed at himself. Why the hell was he so awkward?

“You're boring,” Ilya accused with narrowed eyes. “And bratty.”

“I know.” Shane leaned down, peppering him with fleeting, nipping kisses.

Ilya shuddered with need. “Fuck Hollander. The things you do to me. I don't even know how.”

“Magic.”

“Shut the fuck up and fuck me.”

“You fuck me.”

“All right. Shane. I guess I will,” he murmured.

Shane shuddered with pleasure at the sound of his name on Ilya’s lips. “‘Bout damn time, Ilya.”

Ilya’s shoulders trembled, his eyes fluttering shut. When they opened again, they blazed with lust. Though Shane was on top, Ilya reached out, capturing his wrists in a possessive vice. “You belong to me, da?”

“Yes,” Shane promised, leaning down to slip his tongue into Ilya’s mouth as he grinded his cock against Ilya’s abdomen in wanton abandonment. “Yes. Always. Please. I need you.”

“You have me, Little Kitten. Little Brat.”

He said it too tenderly for Shane to be offended. “Yeah? Brat huh?”

“Always. It’s a problem. You’re a problem.”

“You going to punish me, then?”

“No Sweetheart,” Ilya replied, tone warm, touch tentative as his fingertips traced delicious curves down the length of Shane’s chest. “I’m going to worship you,” he vowed, tangling his other hand in Shane’s glossy hair, pulling him into a deep, desperate kiss. “And maybe after, then I punish you a little, too.”

Shane emitted a delighted mewl.

“Is all right?”

“Is all right,” Shane replied. “Really fucking all right. Let’s go.”

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