After The Clash

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After The Clash

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Summary

Shane and Ilya's rivalry has never led to real violence, until now, when Shane is distracted and can't keep his hands or anger to himself. What begins as a heated confrontation on the ice ends in a night of pleading and passion.

"I can fix it, let me show you how I can fix it." Shane's eyes flicked down to Ilya's pants and back up again.

"You love sucking my dick, da?" He asked Shane as if he didn't already know the answer. "And yet you punch me on ice," he said. "And you believe I still let you?"

Shane was silent. Was this it? Had he finally crossed a line he couldn't step back from? Was he about to lose the one thing he'd been craving since the puck dropped, the thing that had tangled him up so badly it spilled onto the ice in front of everyone?

"You are denying a blowjob from me because I punched you?" Shane spoke trying to understand what Rozanov had planned.

Notes

Hi guys! Like many people Hollanov has taken over my life. So much so that I've decided to write on ao3 for the first time after only being a reader for many years. With that said it's very short and I know bare minimum hockey but I'm open to feedback! It is also possible there are grammar errors, but I did try my best to proofread!

Shane was not a violent player. He was raised to be respectful on and off the ice. Respectful regardless of win or loss. He had no interest in starting fights or getting the last word in. He had no interest in harming another player intentionally.

However,

Ilya Rozanov made that incredibly difficult.

No one got under his skin like Ilya.

It had been a terrible game. Boston was winning 2-0 and Shane was distracted.

Distracted by the fact that all he wanted to do was get on his knees for Ilya. He craved the taste of him on his tongue. He wanted to feel him down his throat the next morning. He wanted to stay on his knees till he was bruised. He could spend all night there and never be unhappy. It had been months. Maybe Shane had an issue. Maybe he was obsessed with Rozanov's dick. So what?

He shook it off. That didn't matter right now. That was for after they won. Fuck Rozanov for being able to reach inside his head when he could not afford to be distracted.

Shane snapped back to reality just in time to feel the boards at his back and the puck sliding toward him. He spotted the pass early, settled it cleanly on his blade, and pushed off hard, turning up ice in one smooth motion. Two strides and he was free. He cut inside, kept the puck tight to his skates, and accelerated through the neutral zone. The crowd swelled as this is the most momentum he's shown all game. He's sure he's going to score. He needs to score.

It happens fast.

One minute he is skating smoothly and the next he is pressed against the boards. Hard. By that dirty fucking crooked grin that came out of nowhere.

The crowd booed. Fuck.

"Having fun, Hollander?" Ilya sneered, leaning in just enough to make sure Shane heard him.

Shane wiped snow from his visor and looked up, eyes cold. "I've been hit harder in practice, you fucker."

Ilya laughed, already turning away. "I love beating you," he called over his shoulder. "Highlight of my season."

Shane snapped and he didn't know where it came from. The urge was sudden and unfamiliar, a spark that didn't belong to him at all. This wasn't who he was. Everyone knew that. This is not the man he wanted to be.

Maybe it was their strange, unspoken thing, half rivalry, half secret, that never stayed where it was supposed to. Each time they met it made it harder to want to end it. Maybe it was the way Ilya chirped him on the ice. Maybe it was the way he could make Shane feel incredible and unsteady in the same breath.

Or maybe it was smaller than that.

The way Ilya smelled when he got too close.

The way he smiled.

The way Shane couldn't stop thinking about him no matter how hard he tried

Maybe the truth, the one Shane didn't want to touch, was that he was angry because he was consumed with thoughts of Ilya, and he hated how little control he had over it.

Regardless of the reason, the anger was there.

He shoved off hard, closing the distance in three strides, and drove his gloves straight into Ilya's back. Rozanov spun, surprised, just in time for Shane to drop his gloves and grab a jersey.

The crowd detonated. This had never happened before. This was a bad idea. What was he doing?

"What the—" Ilya barely got it out before Shane swung. This uncharacteristic move was sure to end up in a lecture from his mom or his coach or his teammates but at this moment he did not care.

A right hand caught a visor. Another slammed into shoulder. Ilya answered fast, snapping Shane's head back with a clean punch, and suddenly they were locked together, fists flying, skates carving deep into the ice.

Benches erupted. The refs shouted. No one stepped in. In all their years of rivalry they never actually fought each other. In all reality the rivalry was more of a PR stunt than actually hatred but at this moment he wanted to hurt Rozanov. And then he wanted to kiss it better.

Shane wasn't thinking. He just kept swinging, short, hard punches, dragging Ilya in close so he couldn't get away. Ilya laughed once, sharp and breathless, and threw back twice as hard.

Shane caught Ilya's eyes which were full of anger and something that looked like confusion.

At one point he thinks he saw blood drip from the other man's nose onto the white ice below them but he could barely tell nor did he care. They crashed together, balance gone, still throwing until they hit the ice in a tangled mess. His ears rang, and all he could do was keep moving, keep punching, until hands grabbed him and pulled him back into reality.

Hayden was pulling him back and away from Ilya. Hayden was speaking but Shane did not hear a word of it. His hands hurt. His nose was bleeding. His head was pounding. This was a bad idea. Why did he do this again?

He looks up and makes eye contact with the other man who had also been pulled away by his teammates. Ilya grinned. Blood dripped down his face and onto his jersey. Ilya probably relished in the fact he had gotten under Shane's skin enough to make him hurt him.

He didn't fight it when he was steered away by Hayden. Shane climbed the steps, the door swinging open with a sharp clack before slamming shut behind him. He sat down hard on the bench, elbows on knees, staring through the glass as the crowd kept roaring like it wanted more.

The door to the box rattled open and Shane barely had time to look up before someone leaned in close.

"What the hell was that?" his Hayden hissed, visor tilted back, eyes sharp with disbelief. "You *never* do that."

Shane shrugged, still breathing hard. "He had it coming."

"That's not the point," the teammate snapped. "Now we're killing penalties because you decided to make a statement."

Shane didn't answer right away. He stared straight ahead through the glass, jaw tight. He knew Hayden was right and he knew it was a mistake. Stupid.

He also knew this impacted his meeting with Ilya tonight. Maybe he would be mad enough at Shane to cancel. The thought of not seeing Ilya that night hurt his heart more than he would like to admit. Fuck.

Hayden sighed, voice dropping. "Get it together Shane, we have a game to win."

Montreal lost.

Even after Shane's embarrassing outburst the rest of the game was still a shit show. It wasn't totally his fault but he knows he didn't help.

Shane left his team in the locker room when he decided to text. Maybe he could still salvage this.

Jane: You alive?

Lily: You hit like you hate me

Jane: I do hate you asshole

Lily: No you don't ;)

Jane: I wasn't supposed to do that

Lily: Obviously, Mr. NHL golden boy

Jane: You started it

Lily: Finished it. Crowd loved it.

Jane: Coach didn't

Lily: Mine neither. Worth it.

Jane: Are you still bleeding?

Lily: A little. Is fine. You?

Jane: Knuckles are wrecked.

Lily: You want me to kiss it better? Fuck you better?

Jane: Don't be an ass

Lily: Always am. Are you coming?

Jane: If you aren't going to murder me.

Lily: No promises but I can think of some better ideas!

Jane: This is a bad idea.

Lily: But you are coming yes?

Jane: Yes.

—----------

Jane: Here

As soon as he sent the text the door opened a second later.

He did not have time to say anything before he was pulled into the door and up against a wall.

Ilya, despite his obviously bruised face, looked gorgeous. He always did.

"Angry at me tonight eh Hollander?" Rozanov grinned

Shane pushed back against the arms holding him there.

"You are adorable when you are angry", he smiled "like small cat"

"Fuck off Rozanov" Shane spoke finally

Ilya's grin didn't fade. If anything, it softened, curious now. "So tell me," he said quietly, leaning in just enough to crowd Shane's space, as if he was going to kiss him "what got you so worked up you finally decided to hit me?"

“You’re an asshole” is all Shane could come up with trying not to make eye contact.

How could he possibly explain he had been so focused on Ilya’s dick he could not focus on the one thing his entire world was built around. How could he explain any of what he was feeling? This was humiliating. He never let their weird relationship get in the way of his game.

“That has never bothered you before” Ilya said, voice low and teasing as if he knew what Shane was thinking, “tell me Hollander, what did I do to get you all hot and bothered”

Shane again said nothing and tried to look to the floor. He had no excuse.

Fingers caught Shane’s chin, firm but careful, guiding his face up. Ilya’s thumb traced the bruise along Shane’s cheekbone, slow and deliberate, following the damage he’d left behind. The touch was gentle and soft. Completely opposite from a few hours ago.

Ilya’s eyes were soft now. He let his eyes drop to Shane’s lips. He kissed him softly and before Shane could kiss back, Ilya pulled away.

Silence stretched between them, thick and charged. Shane moved to try to kiss him again but Ilya held him back.

“Say it,” Ilya pressed. “Tell me why tonight was different.”

Shane’s jaw clenched. “Because you wouldn’t shut up.”

Ilya smiled, slow and knowing. “I never do. Yet it only bothered you now.” His fingers finally dropped from Shane’s face, but he didn’t step back. “So again, Hollander, what changed?”

Shane exhaled, sharp and frustrated. “You ask too many questions, why can’t you just drop it and”

He trailed off

“And what?” Ilya replied with another grin. He was clearly enjoying this. “Want me to take you to my bed and fuck you hard? Make you forget why you are mad at me in first place?”

“I wasn’t mad at you, I was mad at myself” Shane muttered, his face growing hot.

“Ah, so you took it out on my gorgeous face?” Ilya replied

Fuck this. Fuck him and fuck talking about their feelings. This is not what Shane came here for. He was going to get what he wanted. He hated asking what he wanted for but Ilya seemed to take pleasure in his discomfort.

“I was distracted by you,” Shane blurted, words rushing out before he could stop them. “You distract me, and you *never* distract me during games, and I couldn’t stop thinking about having you in my mouth and i-”

The rest of his sentence vanished as Rozanov pressed his lips to his, cutting him off completely. Shane didn't resist. He sank into the kiss, letting himself answer with fierce, desperate energy, as if all the tension and confusion had been bottled up in him and now had no choice but to explode. This is what he wanted. This is what he needed. The world faded to black when Ilya kissed him like this.

Shane wanted to get on his knees.

He attempted to move but Ilya held him there.

"You want to get on your knees for me, Hollander?" Rozanov asked breathless

"Yes" Shane responded

"You think you deserve such things?" He questioned

"I need it." Shane breathed out

Ilya hummed softly, like he was actually weighing the idea, eyes dark and thoughtful. He let the silence stretch just long enough to make Shane's stomach knot.

"No" was Ilya's response as he shook his head

"No?" Hollander echoed back, genuinely stunned.

"I have better plan." He said "I think you are going to make this up to me."

"How" Shane asked now confused and too turned on to think.

Ilya moved away from the wall and walked away without another word.

Shane,annoyingly, knew he was expected to follow.

"I'm not going to follow you like a dog Rozanov" Shane huffed from where he stood, making no move to chase him.

Before Rozanov disappeared around the corner, he paused.

In one smooth motion, he tugged his shirt over his head, gold cross catching the light. Tan skin that seemed endless and his sweatpants were so low hanging it was obscene. He wanted to live between the V lines of Ilya's legs. He glanced back just once, met Shane's eyes, and flashed a knowing wink.

"Your loss," he said lightly, then vanished from sight.

Shane stayed where he was, jaw tight.

He wasn't a weak man. He knew that, on the ice, in the world, in every way that mattered. But when it came to Ilya, all that certainty splintered, collapsing at once under the weight of temptation and those hazel eyes that could see right through him. He could never resist.

He moved before he really processed that he wanted to. Before pride or reason could catch up to him. He knew their relationship was strange. One- or two-hour meetups in places no one would think to look, always rushed, always hidden.No lingering. Meanwhile, most of his teammates went home to wives and kids and normalcy, while Shane found himself orbiting Rozanov of all people.

He hated him.

No. He didn't.

Yes, he did.

No, he absolutely didn't.

How could he hate him when Rozanov makes him feel so good?

All he knew was the pull in his chest, the urgency in his steps, the certainty that if he didn't get to the room Ilya was in as soon as possible, something in him was going to snap.

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When Shane made it to the room Ilya had vanished into, Ilya was standing there in the middle of the room, shirt off and clear glass of clear liquid in his hand.

Where did he get vodka in this room? What did it matter? Nothing did.

Shane crossed the room without hesitation, every intention of closing the distance and finally taking what he'd been chasing all night. He barely got a step away before Ilya's hand came up, firm against his chest, stopping him cold.

"Do you remember," Rozanov asked casually, eyes dark and amused, calculating "when you put on a little show for me in Vegas?"

Shane scoffed, forcing his gaze away. "I try not to."

It was a lie and they both knew it. What was Rozanov getting at?

Of course he remembered. He remembered how good it had felt to follow instructions, to do exactly what was asked and feel that quiet, devastating rush of praise afterward.

"I have similar idea, because you'll need to make this right," Rozanov said, gesturing towards his bruised face.

Shane's mind didn't hesitate. His first instinct was to drop to his knees and worship Ilya until this tension passed. He'd do it with no hesitation. Surely that could earn back his favor and their night could slip back into its normal familiarity.

"I can fix it, let me show you how I can fix it." Shane's eyes flicked down to Ilya's pants and back up again.

“You love sucking my dick, *da*?” He asked Shane as if he didn’t already know the answer. “And yet you punch me on ice,” he said. “And you believe I still let you?”

Shane was silent. Was this it? Had he finally crossed a line he couldn’t step back from? Was he about to lose the one thing he’d been craving since the puck dropped, the thing that had tangled him up so badly it spilled onto the ice in front of everyone?

“You are denying a blowjob from me because I punched you?” Shane spoke trying to understand what Rozanov had planned.

He swallowed, chest tight. Surely Rozanov wasn’t going to take this from him? Denying a blowjob seemed very uncharacteristic of him. He wondered if his disappointment showed on his face.

“Oh don’t be so sad Hollander! You are going to make it up to me and do as I say and maybe, maybe you earn back privilege." Rozanov said with a smirk

Privilege was an understatement. To Shane it was everything. Shane loved the power it gave him over Rozanov. And then to see him reach the edge and hear his sounds of pleasure. It was indescribable.

Suddenly Shane wanted to do whatever it was so he could get back to being on his knees. Sucking off Rozanov was a drug he couldn’t give up. From the first time he experienced it, he knew he was a goner. It was addicting and he craved it.

“Here’s what’s going to happen,” he said coolly. “I sit on bed. I will touch myself and you will watch” His eyes flicked briefly to the chair by the window. “You stay there. No touching me. No touching yourself.”

He let the silence stretch, calculating and cruel. “You’re going to watch,” he continued, eyes locking onto Shane’s. “I want you to see precisely what you *don’t* get tonight. What you threw away by deciding to lose control over yourself on the ice. You do not let me impact your game. That is mistake”

Shane’s jaw dropped. For a moment, he was sure he’d misheard, sure it was a mistake, this was another one of Ilya’s games, a bluff he could call.

“You can’t be serious,” he said, the words coming out more desperate than he meant them to.

Ilya didn’t answer. He just looked at him, calm and unyielding, and that was somehow worse. He always looked so unaffected

“Wait,” Shane tried again, stepping forward before stopping himself. “Come on Rozanov, that’s not fair.” His voice dipped, urgency bleeding through despite his effort to keep it steady. “You know I didn’t mean it to go that far.” He adds.

He couldn’t believe he was getting this worked up thinking about not being able to touch Rozanov. This was ridiculous. Why was he so desperate?

Still nothing. Just that steady, assessing gaze.

Shane swallowed hard. He could almost cry. “Please,” he added, quieter now, the desperation unmistakable. “Don’t make me watch.”

Ilya grinned with his crooked smile that made Shane’s knees weak. He enjoyed seeing Shane get so worked up. Shane was flustered, desperate.

“You heard me, Hollander. Chair by window.” Ilya said, showing no signs he intended to budge on his request.

The thought of not touching him hurt more than any punch he’d taken earlier that night. Worse than the bruises, worse than the ringing in his head. The idea of walking away without getting what he wanted, what he’d been wound tight around all night, lit anger sharp in his chest.

This wasn’t how it worked between them. There were no games like this. No distance. It was always straightforward, always easy, always indulgent.

And yet, Shane moved to the chair anyway.

He held himself still. He followed Ilya’s instructions, because wanting him had always outweighed pride, and because some part of him understood that this was exactly what Rozanov intended. To punish him. To torment him. Because he knew.

He knew Shane had a fixation with having his dick in his mouth. He knew he loved it. He knew denying this small act would break Shane’s composure. And right now he wanted to see him beg for it. He wanted to see his restraint fray. He wanted Hollander to think of nothing but his dick down his throat.

Shane watched from the chair as Rozanov set his glass down and took the rest of his layers off. Shane salivated at the skin that he wanted to touch desperately. He licked his lips at the sight of Rozanov’s rock hard cock. He longed for a taste.

“Rozanov I can’t do this” Shane whined while pulling at the hems of his own shirt. He was not going to last long. He could never resist.

“Undress for me” Rozanov ordered while ignoring Shane’s pleas.

Then did as he was told. He stripped slowly, every movement intentional, every second stretched thin by the way Ilya watched him. Shane kept his eyes on him the entire time, searching his face for any hint of mercy and finding none. Fuck.

“Good” Rozanov said and Shane felt that warm happiness, spreading a rush of approval settling in his chest, easing the ache just enough to make him want more. Praise always did that to him. It grounded him. It undid him. And he wanted more.

Rozanov leaned back, utterly unbothered, his attention fixed on Shane as he settled his hand on himself. Slow jerks that Shane couldn’t take his eyes off of. A quiet sound escaped him, soft, satisfied, almost absentminded, and it sent a sharp jolt straight through Shane’s chest. He wanted to be the one to pull those noises from him. That’s his sole purpose for being here.

Rozanov was so turned on by the act of denying Shane what he wanted. There was something intoxicating about withholding. About watching Shane strain against the boundary he'd set. Normally, he'd take satisfaction in how easily Shane folded, how quickly he yielded. How easily he dropped to his knees, eager to please.

But tonight was different.

Tonight he wanted to push it.

For Shane to feel the imbalance, to sit in the ache of wanting and understand exactly where the power lay.

Although Shane had to admit watching Rozanov was mesmerizing. But Shane wanted more. His breath hitched. His hands curled uselessly at his sides. He couldn't even touch himself.

Being made to watch, to wait, to *want*, it was unbearable. It was maddening.

Watching.

Waiting.

Wanting.

He was trapped in permission he did not have.

Rozanov finally spoke up "See something you want Hollander?"

"Yes," Shane said immediately, the word slipping out before he could stop it. His voice wavered despite his effort to steady it. "I can't, please. Let me get closer. I need to feel something. Anything."

Shane Hollander did not beg. He was not going to beg to suck Ilya Rozanov's dick. He wasn't that weak or pathetic. Right?

Ilya continued to stroke himself. He used spit to make it easier and kept letting out low moans. The quiet sounds he made were driving Shane insane. Rozanov stared straight at him, fully aware of the effect he was having.

"No." Ilya stated simply and continued on as if Shane wasn't there. He closed his eyes, head tipping back slightly, utterly absorbed in his own pleasure. The dismissal was deliberate. Purposeful.

Shane let out a pitiful huff and Ilya actually laughed and opened his eyes

"Aw, Hollander," he said, accent thick, words slightly off. "If you want something, you must use words, yes?"

"I'm not going to beg if that's what you are looking for, Rozanov." Shane stated flatly.

He didn't entirely believe his own words.

“Is fine. No problem.” He shrugged, unconcerned. “I take care of myself, then you go, yes?”

Shane’s eyes went wide. That is now how this worked. He looked back at Ilya who was wearing a knowing smile while still stroking himself lazily.

Shane said nothing and watched Ilya's hand move up and down his cock. He wanted to taste the skin and the precum that had accumulated there. He wanted to spit on it himself and run his own hands up and down Rozanov and watch him moan in pleasure. He wanted it so far down his throat he would gag. He wanted Rozanov to hold him there and not let him move.

Fuck. He was so hard himself.

Breaking one of Ilya’s clear set rules, Shane’s hand drifted downward, more out of instinct than intent, searching for some way to ease the unbearable tension coiling tight inside him. He just needed a touch of relief. It was a small movement, barely there, but it felt enormous, like crossing a line he knew he wasn’t supposed to touch.

He knew Ilya was going to notice. Of course he was going to notice. He was right there.

“Don’t”

The word snapped out of Ilya, hard and final.

Shane froze instantly, hand stopping mid-movement and pulled his hand back.

“If there is something you want, you must use words Hollander.” Ilya repeated his statement from earlier

Well if he couldn’t touch illya then maybe he could at least touch himself. That was better than nothing. Hell, it wasn’t even close to what he *really* wanted, but it was something. By now, he was too wound tight to care about the details. Desire pulsed through him rough.

“Can I please touch myself?” Shane asked, voice low and shy. He was never good at asking for what he wanted. Maybe that is why Ilya always made him do it.

Rozanov tilted his head, eyes narrowing slightly, a faint smirk tugging at his lips. “Hmm… let me think about it,” he said slowly, his expression teasingly unreadable.

“No” he finally let out, still stroking himself.

A noise that sounded like a whimper escaped Shane’s lips. This couldn’t be happening. Rozanov was trying to kill him. This was designed to push Shane to the edge, to unravel him completely, to make him lose his damn mind. Every movement, every look, every pause was meant to dismantle him piece by piece.

It was working. It was working and Rozanov knew it.

Shane decided to try again. One more time could not hurt. He just wanted a taste. He couldn’t leave without a taste.

“Can I touch you? I don’t even have to cum. Please, I just want to touch you. I need to taste you Rozanov please” Shane begged. He gave in and begged. He needed something, anything would do. He was starving for it.

“Oh now you want to beg?” Rozanov smiled widely. His voice dripped with amusement. As if Shane’s begging did nothing for him. Which was the opposite of the truth.

“Please” is the only word that Shane could think of at this moment. He felt as if he would die without touching Ilya. He needed it more than air. He was ready to beg

“You want to suck my dick that bad Hollander?” Ilya continued with the condescending tone.

“Rozanov please let me” Shane gasped, voice raw and pleading “I need to taste you, I could die without it, I need you, I need you down my throat so badly, please I’ll do anything please.”

Shane's words tumbled out, trembling and urgent, and full of need.

“No” Is the only response he got from Rozanov

“What!” Shane cried out, voice breaking. He did everything right. He stayed. He begged. He just wanted to taste.

Shane let out a sob and a tear fell down his face, hot and humiliating. He was raw. Needy. Exposed.

“Look at you” Ilya said quietly “You are beautiful with those tears in your eyes.” Is the only thing Ilya said to him.

Shane shook his head, breath stuttering. “You’re being cruel.”

Ilya hummed, almost thoughtful. “Yes,” he agreed. “But you are still here.”

Shane’s fingers curled into his palms. “Because you won’t let me leave.”

“No,” Ilya corrected calmly. “You are free to leave Hollander but we both know you do not want to.”

Shane swallowed. “You like this,” he said hoarsely. “Seeing me like this.” He gestured toward his untouched cock and his frazzled demeanor.

By then, Rozanov’s movements had grown faster and more consistent. His breathing and his words were uneven, indicating he was struggling to maintain the control he had held all night. He held his gaze without mercy while Shane was barely holding onto his restraint. Staying where Ilya had put him was more difficult than he had anticipated.

“Yes, I take pleasure in this,” Ilya spoke.

A pause

“I also like hearing you beg, very pretty.” He continued. “Oh Hollander I’m close” He added

“You’re such a fucking dick” Shane answered with defeat in his voice.

Before Rozanov could utter another witty remark, Shane leaned into begging like he never had before. The scraps of dignity and pride that he had held onto collapsed into nothing as his desire took over his entire being. He couldn’t look at Rozanov while he said it.

“Please, please Rozanov I need you please. Please let me choke on your cock, I want you to cum down my throat. I want to touch you so bad, Rozanov, please let me get on my knees for you. I’m begging you, don’t take this away from me.” Shane’s voice was rough and uneven but he continued. “I need this Rozanov please, I was more focused on sucking you than I was playing the game. Please don’t finish without me. Please don’t leave me like this” Shane begged with everything he had in him.

For a heartbeat, there was silence.

Then

“Fuck Hollander” he heard Rozanov mutter

Shane snapped his head, heart hammering in his chest. He was embarrassed by how much he wanted it but there was no going back now. Rozanov’s hand had stopped, just hovering now, and his eyes were dark with raw, unrestrained lust. For a terrifying moment Shane believed he was going to be denied again the way Rozanov said nothing else.

Then, slowly, Rozanov crooked a single finger toward him with that stupid crooked grin. *Come here.*

Shane wasted no time. He was on Rozanov in record time, relief and urgency filling him as he closed the gap between them. He kissed Rozanov hard, letting all his emotions spill into the contact.

Without hesitation, Shane moved down, lips finding what he craved most. He took him in, letting Rozanov moan in response, a sound that only drove him further and faster. This is exactly what he wanted. He felt the tip touch the back of his throat and a shiver of pure, dizzying pleasure coursed through him. He was in heaven. Every nerve in his body hummed with urgency, every thought narrowed to this single, consuming purpose.

Drool fell down his chin and his lashes were soaked in tears that blurred the edges of his vision. Rozanov’s sounds drove him crazy as he sucked around the head.

Rozanov’s hands tangled in his hair, gripping tight, anchoring him, commanding him to stay. He would stay forever if he could. Shane followed without hesitation, taking as much as he could, gagging briefly, tasting, swallowing, and pushing through it anyway. This closeness, this submission, this raw connection, was exactly where he wanted to be. This is what he craved deep down. He excelled here now, and he knew it, there were few places in the world where he felt so alive, so untethered, so utterly consumed.

“Fuck Hollander I’m going to cum” He heard Ilya’s warning but did not stop.

He swallowed it all down and reveled in the taste. He took it all in, lips and throat working without hesitation.

He felt himself get pulled up by his hair and Rozanov’s lips were on his. Rozanov’s hand fell to Shane’s cock, working him with precise, unrelenting pressure. Shane had been perched on the edge for what felt like hours, and it didn’t take much to push him over. A moan tore from him, muffled against Rozanov’s mouth as he came, body shuddering and trembling under the intensity.

When it was over, they collapsed together onto the bed, peacefully blissed out and exhausted from the days events.

Rozanov shifted slightly, a lazy smirk tugging at his lips. “You should beg more often,” he murmured, voice teasing even in its quiet.

Shane groaned softly, eyes half-lidded, breath still shaky. “Fuck off, Rozanov,” he muttered

Rozanov chuckled, low and amused, leaning back against the pillows and reaching for his abandoned vodka glass. “Oh, I think you like it,” he said, watching Shane’s stubborn pout. “More than you’re willing to admit.”

That was definitely true. But not something Rozanov ever needed to know.

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