

measure of a man

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Additional Tags:	Crack Treated Seriously , Sexual Inexperience , the nd tendency to take statements at face value , blink and you'll miss it demi shane as a treat , ilya rozanov has a big dick(TM) , or does he? we don't know , shane hollander is not a size king but he is confused , he also does not know how to kiss and tell , but we could all use a shoulder to lean on , rose would be wingwoman of the century if only you let her , no beta we die like my vocal cords after hollering at the tv , Canon Compliant , Podfic Available
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measure of a man

by [Celira](#)

Summary

“Nine.” Her voice is flat with disbelief.

“Rose.” He drags a hand over his face.

“*Nine*. Like—inches? No metric nonsense? God, I kind of wish it was metric nonsense. That can’t be right.”

[or: that fuckin text, the aftermath]

Notes

HAPPY EPISODE 6 EVE. I AM UNWELL. WE ARE UNWELL TOGETHER.

takes place during ep. 5, plausibly a missing scene. TV canon-compliant. the books are currently of no concern to me

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

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“Rose.” He drags a hand over his face.

“*Nine*. Like—inches? No metric nonsense? God, I kind of wish it was metric nonsense. That *can’t* be right.”

Shane slumps back into the plush seat of the corner booth. They’re tucked away at another swanky bar, a selection from her immaculate—and hard-won—taste in places that she knows take pride in not blowing up their clientele’s spots.

He’s glad for it, because the obligatory moody lighting is probably saving his blush from being broadcast fire-hydrant red across the length of the room. Even the most discreet of servers would notice that obvious a beacon, he thinks.

Shane recognizes that he’s freaking out a little. He appreciates her, he really does, an anchor in these few weeks since she leaned forward and asked him a question that made the floor feel like it was caving in under his feet. He’s meeting her in the thin slice of time before his next game in New York, where she’s shooting a weird indie film, determined to start her uphill climb against typecasting; she’s gone above and beyond the call of emotional support friend duty since she realized he hadn’t really confided in anyone before.

He just wasn’t prepared for how good she was at getting—*details* from him.

Rose lifts one slender forearm, considers it for a long moment, then makes a fist. She raises an eyebrow at him pointedly.

Shane sinks further. “*Rose*. Not—not like *that*. Maybe it wasn’t—”

Relentless, she holds one hand flat against her raised arm, heel of her palm against her elbow. “Hear me out. Look, my hand’s a little over six inches long, top to bottom—”

“Why do you know that.”

“—Women’s clothing sizes are inconsistent, and sometime stylists suck. Useful to get an easy measurement. Let me finish.” She walks her hand up her arm, and plants it down where her fingertips ended a moment ago. “So, nine inches is probably, like, from my elbow to that line below my wrist—”

He wants to disappear into the cushions, but her gaze pins him as she finishes, “What I’m saying is, that *cannot* feel good.”

“I should never have told you anything.”

“You haven’t, really. I don’t know anything about when this happened, who the person was—who the nine inches was attached to—”

“Stop saying it like that.” He sinks his face into both hands. The words come out muffled.

Rose, on a tear, is undeterred. “I’m just saying! That seems so unrealistic. And it would be so like a guy to say he was way bigger than he actually is.”

“I wouldn’t know,” says meticulous hockey statistician Shane Hollander.

Sister of chirping hockey brothers Rose Landry raises both eyebrows. “I do.”

“And I *really* don’t. Which was what I meant.” He doesn’t look up to notice her face soften as she mulls over his words.

“Was that the only guy you’ve—done anything with?”

Shane thinks of all the moments that *anything* could encompass, wrenches his thoughts away from shards of memory both scintillating and razor-sharp, and swallows. “Yes.”

Rose gently peels one of his hands from his face, folding both of hers over it. “Hey.”

He slants his eyes up at her, not moving his bowed head.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to give you so much shit.” She squeezes his hand. “It’s a little hard to believe you haven’t been with more people, you know—hey.” She chucks him under the chin, seeing his face fall. “I meant that as a compliment. There’s nothing wrong with that.. You’re just great to be around, and gorgeous. But I should know as well as you how life on the road is.”

“I just—” Shane stops, not knowing how to continue. Ilya’s escapades are reliable tabloid fodder, week after week. He clearly knows what he’s doing. And Shane—doesn’t know what to expect, ever. Not from their limited time together, not from...being with anyone, really; he knows Ilya Rozanov’s body more intimately than anyone would believe and either of them would admit, but he’s flying blind, mostly, riding on the same instinct that keeps him from overthinking when he angles his body forward on the ice and all but falls into the next shot.

And he follows Ilya’s lead like compass north. Locker room bullshit aside, Ilya hasn’t led him astray. Yet. That he knows of.

Which is the thing—Shane doesn’t know what’s *reasonable* to expect. He has no other frame of reference. He stares helplessly at Rose. “I haven’t really wanted to.”

She nods, eyes heavy with something he doesn’t want to focus on.

But she doesn’t press the point, and—merciful as ever, more than he maybe deserves—gets them back on track. “So, nine is not typical. And would, honestly, hurt like hell for most normal people.” She blinks, a little unsettled by the thought that has clearly just occurred to her, but forges on. “But I don’t know if you’d have more...capacity.”

They both blanch.

“*Anyway*. Either way, if this guy was serious and not just screwing with you, he was lying, and I think you deserve better than that.”

Shane doesn't really want to keep thinking about what he does or doesn't deserve. "I—I don't know? Whether he was. But I think I'm done trying to figure it out." He swallows, and lies for the first time that night. "It was in the past."

Rose sighs. "Listen. I promise I'll drop it after this. I'm just as protective of my friends as I was of my boyfriend, and I want you to know that no one has any of this figured out." She gestures self-deprecatingly. "I clearly don't have dating figured out." Shane tries to decide whether he should be apologizing, and she raises a finger. "Point is, you're allowed to not know things and still be treated well."

He shifts in his seat uncomfortably. He doesn't know if that's true. He thinks again of being on the ice, of millisecond decisions leaning on months of practice until his muscles know things before his mind does. He tries to remember that she's talking about a different arena entirely.

He *wants* to believe her in the long pause after her words, but he can't help but think that he's been the one not treating people well. He looks up at her, this compassion he doesn't know he's earned but is glad he has anyway; he thinks about leaving Ilya on the couch in quickly-drying sweat and—other things, thinks *compass north*.

He tries to unthink it and fails. He smiles at her instead, trying to convey in a gesture the gratitude that's stuck in his throat.

"Also—" She releases his hand and drops her voice conspiratorially, and he knows that she's done holding back. "You're allowed to, like, look up things. There's this thing called private browsing, or deleting your search history—"

"Fuck off," Shane says feelingly, and exhales on a slightly unsteady laugh—but a real one.

—

The next time he drops to his knees in front of Ilya, serious as a sinner in church, he remembers—and, curious, he lines his hand up: palm to root, fingers against shaft, heat pulsing under his calluses.

Huh, he thinks.

Then he hears a groan that reverberates in his head and his mouth is full and his vision goes electric around the edges and blissfully, he's not thinking much of anything at all.

End Notes

context: the only way to get me to watch visual media is by bodily sitting me down and forcing me to do it, which is how one of my besties has seized my brain and dunked it into the helpless fujoshi depths with the rest of y'all over the last 48 hours. hand in brainrot hand we go down yeehaw

however. if all my disbelief is suspended, i am not alive, thus that one troll comment from TV!ilya has been living in my brain forever & thus my pedant brain coughs this crack up! i farted this out in <2 hours! bc girl (gender nonspecific), the way my cervix crawled further into my body!!

also: behind many a panicking newly-gay baby is a long-suffering femme patiently showing them that life is gonna be swell, actually. consider this a love letter to them <3

sometimes yelling on [tumblr](#)

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