

(feel like) sugar on the floor

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Additional Tags:	Dom/sub , Soft Dom Ilya Rozanov , Sub Shane Hollander , Oral Sex , Anal Sex , Frottage , i'm blushing you guys , Crying During Sex , Begging , Jealousy , Banter , I actually love writing dialogue for them theyre such freaks , shane hollander my pathetic neurotic obsessive bunny , who is the best at everything and sometimes just wants to relax by letting his 10 year situationship dom him. is that so bad. is it. , Power Play , Teasing , Praise
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(feel like) sugar on the floor

by [servetas](#)

Summary

And Shane wants to let go. He wants to let go so bad, but he can't help but feel like something bad will happen if he does, that the universe is somehow going to punish him for this, that everyone will be able to read this submission on his face and deprive him of everything he worked so hard for.

As if reading his mind: "Just us in here," says Rozanov, glancing around for emphasis, voice a solid, anchoring whisper.

God, Shane wants. Shane wants so much that it hurts, makes his whole body ache with emptiness, and what he wants more than anything after to be held and pushed into – by Rozanov – is to listen and submit – to Rozanov. He wants Rozanov, and it should be scary, but all he feels right now is a want, an impenetrable need that makes him swallow around glass shards stuck in his throat and slowly put his palms flush on the floor in front of his knees, watching Rozanov like he's in a trance.

or, being the best might be starting to take its toll on Shane, and Ilya knows how to help

Notes

Genuinely no idea how this got to be so long you guys I just watched the final episode this morning and I couldn't let them go Didn't even want to post this yet I wanted to keep them in my laptop forever

Anyway not much to say, before you go in you should know that малыш in Russian means baby 😊 you should also know that above all I enjoy writing dialogue and I really love writing shane and ilya dialogue I think they have such a fun dynamic. hope you enjoy !!!!

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

Shane was never one to be hedonistic, or the slightly more embarrassing ‘boy-crazy’ – so the fact that he does not feel an ounce of shame at the sheer speed with which he shoots off the bathroom floor at the ping of *Lily’s* text should be, at the very least, worrisome.

But the thing is, Shane is tired. Shane is positively exhausted, and it’s not a physical thing – despite the extra hours he’s been putting into practice, going the extra mile with training, making sure to ride his teammates about their regimes on account of their recent losses. That’s his job, after all – he’s captain for a reason, and he’s fucking good at it. And he likes being captain, he *likes* being good at it. But lately, Shane feels that he’s been burning the candle at both ends, working too hard with, on the one hand, having a lot to show for it, but on the other, the pressure building, just building and building with no prospect of getting relief.

God, that’s what he needs. Some relief. Just to unwind, just a little bit.

“Hey, I’m, uh, going for a walk,” he tells Hayden, who pauses channel surfing to watch him put on his shoes. If he’s looking for some eye contact, he’s shit out of luck, Shane thinks. He doesn’t want to think about it, how easy lying is these days.

“Oh. Okay. You, uh, want some company?” Hayden says, already sitting up on the bed, brows furrowed. “It’s kinda late, bud. You feelin’ alright?”

“What? No– Yeah, I mean... No company – yeah, I’m fine,” Shane shakes his head, blowing a raspberry and immediately wanting to drown himself in their shared bathroom’s bathtub *for* blowing a raspberry. He focuses on shoving his foot into his shoe. “You know, tired. Thinkin’ about the game. Wanted to clear my head.”

“You’re gonna give yourself an aneurysm one of these days, buddy,” Hayden tuts, but there’s genuine worry laced in the humour. “Hey, why don’t we make use of the spa downstairs or something? You make me nervous just lookin’ at you, dude, I swear. Come on, you and me. Avocado masks and cucumber juice in our eyeballs. It’ll be fun!”

Shane’s already got one hand on his hoodie, neatly folded on the nearest surface, and one on the doorknob. “Nah, man, you get some rest. I’ll be back soon, I just– I want some fresh air. Hey, we still going on a run tomorrow?”

“Oh, shit, yeah,” Hayden groans, sinking into the pillow. “Okay, you’ve deterred me. Whatever, dude. You gonna be fine waking up for it?”

“Captain for a reason,” Shane says, palm sweaty against the doorknob as he twists it loose. “Be back soon. Don’t wait up.”

“Whatever, dude– Be careful,” Hayden calls out, voice rising in urgency when Shane doesn’t respond. “Hey, phone on!”

Shane yells out a reply at the same time as he shuts the door, the nerves engulfing him as soon as he’s out of sight, feet shuffling towards the elevator. He pulls down the notification

bar as he waits, reading Rozanov's text over and over, nose itchy, lip prickly, neck hot. He decides on a reply a few seconds later, forehead seeking relief on the cool elevator wall.

Jane

Have to be quick. Told Hayden I'm going for a walk.

The elevator door pings open, his phone vibrating as he walks to the exit, hood up and head down.

Lily

You're actually coming ??

Shane's eyelid feels itchy. He stabs at it with a finger, harsh and angry.

Lily

And pike can suck my dick

In the cab, Shane can't stop bouncing his leg, so much so that he has to apologise to the driver multiple times for accidentally kicking the back of his seat. The seatbelt feels too tight, car feels too warm, upper lip too sweaty. It's almost enough to make him say fuck the distraction that is Rozanov, I need a cold bath, an assortment of sleeping pills, I need to turn this cab around.

He arrives at last. Rozanov texted him at some point, *1213*, and he chances a look at himself in the mirror as he's going up the elevator, the sight making him nauseous – tired eyes, tense shoulders, tense jaw. He tries to relax, closing and opening his mouth in preparation as he steps out and finds Rozanov's room.

The code's wrong. Shane tries again, fingers growing increasingly shakier, antsy, that ugly, prickly sensation climbing up the back of his neck as he chances a look around the corridor, whether there's anyone hanging around that can see him fumbling with the keypad like a fucking moron. He readjusts his hood over his head, typing in *1* – then, suddenly overwhelmed with frustration, he gives up and raps his knuckles against the door, tight and as quiet as his clenching fist can muster.

He has to knock once more, nearly hitting Rozanov in the chest as he opens the door, quickly moving and pushing them both inside before he can say anything. Shane shuts it behind him, hastily, resting his forehead on the cool oak.

Rozanov doesn't say anything for a beat. He can't help himself for long. "You are being hunted?"

Shane turns his head, slowly, a sliver of his face visible, the tired side of his eye peeking out of his hood. "What?"

"You are being hunted? Like deer?"

“No, I’m not being fucking hunted,” Shane pushes off the door, kicking his shoes off quickly, but not bothering to neatly place them near the entrance. He’s not feeling well at all. “I’m standing out in the hallway like an idiot fucking around with the keypad. You sent the wrong code.”

“This is how they say hello in Canada, Hollander?” Rozanov says, phone already pulled out of his pocket, fingers lazily swiping around the screen. “And maybe you didn’t look like an idiot, for one time. Maybe more like bad thief. Ha, yes, I meant 1113. Is my fault.”

“Glad you find this funny,” Shane grumbles, shrugging off his hoodie and tossing it on a nearby chair, one similar to the one Rozanov had declared *Scott Hunter’s cuck chair* in the first hotel room they ever met in, which Shane had found incredibly funny at the time. Nothing seems funny now.

Rozanov seems perplexed, maybe a little irritated. He pockets his phone, eyes taking in Shane’s general demeanour, which only serves to agitate Shane more, if possible. “You have problem, Hollander?” Rozanov asks, in a very overtly insincere way, like he wants to pick a fight.

Shane’s too tired for a fight. He sighs, walking further into the room, that annoying fucking itch spreading itself all over his neck, his eyebrows. “Let’s just get this over with,” he tells Rozanov, pulling his hoodie over his head to really drive the point home. This isn’t how it usually goes, he thinks, but this isn’t a usual day, so Rozanov will have to go with the flow, like Shane’s been doing for the past however long.

Rozanov doesn’t, of course. He almost looks offended, staring at Shane’s discarded hoodie with his brows furrowed and lips slightly parted, then studying Shane’s face like he’s trying to gauge out what his exact fucking problem is, mental or otherwise. Good fucking luck.

“Hollander, you are under impression that I kidnapped you? Because you are free to go. No ransom.”

The groan that leaves Shane’s lips surprises not only Rozanov, but Shane himself. Guttural and exhausted. “What is your fucking *problem*, Rozanov, just—” Shane finds himself in Rozanov’s space, his shaky hands fumbling with his belt, trying to undo it with absolutely no help from Rozanov, who stands there staring at Shane like he’s just escaped from the psych ward – straitjacket and all. “Fucking, come *on*,” he mumbles, voice dripping in urgency, and although he manages to undo Rozanov’s belt, he ends up pricking himself in the finger, letting out a little yell and shutting his eyes in frustration. “Motherfucker!” he groans, sucking the digit into his mouth.

Silence that could cut glass. Rozanov doesn’t look scared, per se, just alarmed, lips pouted in that way they are when he is thinking hard, eyes ping-ponging between Shane’s own, his mouth soothing his pricked finger, his shaky eyelids.

“Okay,” he says, slowly, accent thick, and carefully reaches down to do up his belt again, as if not to alarm Shane. “You have problem.”

Shane could cry. His frustration is so palpable, so all-encompassing that he could genuinely just break down and cry on the floor of this hotel room, his shoulders heavy enough to make him sink down below the Earth's surface, where Ilya's prying eyes can't get to him anymore, can't look at him like he's the strangest guy in the universe – except he's not *Ilya*, he's *Rozanov*, and that's another fucking thing that Shane has to think about, keep tabs on, and it's whatever, what's one more thing, what's another burden?

"Wow, hey," Rozanov is saying, and Shane realises he's buried his face in his hands – although he's not crying yet, eyes feeling dry enough to let Rozanov carefully pull his hands away to look at his face, although his touch burns. "It is... bad night, yes?"

Suddenly, Shane feels ten fucking times more irritated. He says nothing.

"You want to... go? Or... talk? But I don't know how much I can help."

"No, I don't wanna fucking *talk*, Rozanov, just—" Shane forces himself to breathe out before his chest explodes, his fingers urgently fiddling with Rozanov's belt again, his zipper, alternating between them and not actually being able to undo either, the fucking idiot. "*Please*, I feel like I'm gonna *blow*, I just need— Come on—"

"Yes, I don't think this is coming off," Rozanov mumbles, gently stilling Shane's anxious fingers on his crotch.

"Because you won't *help* me take it off, you're just standing there like a fucking *idiot*."

"Hollander."

"What, you're like a therapist now? You care if I'm having a bad day – you're into pillowtalk now?"

"Hollander?"

"Oh, my *God!*" Shane wills himself to walk away, fists digging into his eyes, face hot and prickly and tense. He's aware of his erratic breathing, and he tries to bring it down, breathes in, then out, until his chest doesn't feel so tight and he can speak without raising his voice, turning around to face Rozanov, but looking everywhere but his face. "Look, whatever, I'm sorry, I'll just— I'll go," he shakes his head, walking over to the chair his hoodie is draped over. "Sorry I yelled at you, let's just do this another— Hey!"

Rozanov's snatched his hoodie off the chair before Shane could get to it, draping it over his shoulder with a challenging look in his eyes.

Shane itches his bottom lip with his teeth. "Look. You can probably tell I'm not in the mood."

"You are saying I should be scared of you? I'm not scared of you."

"I'm not trying to say anything, I'm asking you to give me my hoodie back," Shane says, reaching out to slip it off Rozanov's shoulder, but Rozanov snatches it and drapes it over his other shoulder before he can touch it. "Come on."

“You have such big stick up your ass that if you leave now, you will not look where you are going and a car will hit you and I can never beat you at the game again,” Rozanov says, expertly snatching the hoodie off his shoulder again as Shane reaches for it in the middle of his speech, now holding it behind his back. “Stop that. I am faster than you.”

“You are not faster than me.”

“You are only more flexible.”

“Rozanov, come *on*.”

“Sorry, but I am curious,” Rozanov says, rolling his eyes and looking up at the ceiling at Shane’s various attempts to reach over his back and snatch the hoodie out of his grasp, their chests bumping. “Hollander, this is embarrassing.”

“I’m fucking— *You’re* fucking embarrassing, you’re acting like a fucking child!”

Rozanov nods, the epitome of zen – a real fucking Dalai Lama – at which Shane becomes even more incredulous, eyes feeling like they’re about to pop out of their sockets. “Is okay,” Rozanov says, still nodding, “let it out.”

And in a way, Shane does. He suddenly feels the reality of his situation, almost feels his body crumbling – he’s so tired, so frustrated, letting out a groan so guttural that he’s sure he’d see Rozanov flinch if he’d had his eyes open and was able to check, letting his forehead rest on Rozanov’s shoulder in his exhaustion. His eyebrows are knotted together like he’s gonna cry, but the tears just aren’t coming. “It’s too much,” he whispers, shaking his head, forehead flush with Rozanov’s shoulder.

The muscle Shane is leaning on flexes in a way that makes him think Rozanov is torn between continuing to hold the hoodie behind his back and fitting a hand on the back of Shane’s head. He opts to turn his head slightly to the right instead, so that his mouth is touching Shane’s ear, the side of his nose touching his head, the contact pleasantly welcome to Shane’s buzzing brain. “What is?” he mumbles, his voice a soothing anchor in Shane’s ear – Shane likes it so much, finds it so soothing, that he feels spooked enough to lift his head up and shake it once more, in embarrassment, starting to pace further from Rozanov. To safety, in a way.

He doesn’t have to do this. He could leave without his hoodie – he might be a little bit cold, but he’d be in a cab anyway, and he could always get Rozanov to give it back when he was a little saner. There is nothing genuinely holding him in Rozanov’s hotel room, except for Rozanov’s freaky mindreading, and his knowledge of things that even Shane is not aware of – how, for example, maybe *talking* about what is bothering him might actually make him feel better.

It’s this thought that gets him to start talking, because this feeling is impossible to bear. “I feel tired,” is what he says, and it sounds so stupid that he glances up to gauge Rozanov’s reaction – it’s nothing, to his credit, and he keeps listening, blinking. “Not physically, just... And it’s nothing I haven’t felt before, I’m busy, I’m always doing something, but this time, it’s... I

just feel so exhausted – I feel like I haven't slept, or– Or just rested for months. Like, bone tired."

Rozanov tosses Shane's hoodie on the bed behind him slowly, carefully sinking down on the edge of the mattress as if not to alarm him.

"I've been training a lot more, but it's not that. Running helps. But then I stop and everything is– I've got to be captain, and I've got to keep riding everyone and pretend all these losses don't affect me as much as they do but they do, and Mom's got a new brand deal for me every day, and I like it, I want to be good, I like working hard, I could not imagine not working hard but it's just– Sometimes I want to–"

He stops, the lump in his throat growing too persistent for him to ignore. He lets out a shuddery breath, rubbing the back of his palm over both eyes, just in case any tears are threatening to escape. He doesn't even chance a look at Rozanov.

"It's like I'm always on attack mode and I just need– I want to just be," he shakes his head immediately after he says it, fitting both palms over his face, his next words muffled. "Oh, my God, who *cares!*"

There's a pause. "Hollander."

"You want more?" Shane drops his hands, throwing Rozanov a look that could cut glass, probably, seeing the way Rozanov all but flinches. "What else do you want to hear?"

Rozanov blinks. "Everything?"

"This is so fucking embarrassing," Shane says, starting to pace once more. He feels neurotic, like maybe he does need that straitjacket after all. "I have what I want. I want more. But I guess – I just want to put it down for a second. Just put it down for a *second* and relax. Just for a second." The lump keeps growing, chest growing increasingly tighter. "Some relief, some– I don't know, I... I just need..."

He stops, at a loss for words – at which Rozanov leans forward, lips slightly parted, like he's hanging from every word. "What, Hollander?" he says, slowly, so the words can penetrate Shane's skull. "What do you need?"

Shane blanks. He didn't know before, which is why he's been freaking out all day – but now, Rozanov's earnest eyes on him, his set jaw, his lips pouting the way they do when he's being attentive, the answer comes to him easily, so easily that it kind of startles him, laces his answer with a slightly stunned tone: "I need to not carry it. For a second. I want to just let it go for a little bit without everyone acting like it's the end of the world if I do."

It's not all he wanted to say, but he can't physically bring himself to open his mouth and ask for what he wants. That's his fucking problem right now. Shane is ambitious, Shane wouldn't be where he is if he wasn't ambitious, and he wouldn't be himself if he wasn't as assertive as he is, as a captain and as a player and as a public figure. And he wouldn't have it any other way. But the lack of relief, the constant feeling of being on edge, being perfect, knowing it all

and having people depend on him – Shane groans into his hands, working himself up to a state, wanting to claw at his eyes for the scene he’s subjecting Rozanov to.

But Rozanov nods like he understands, even though Shane himself doesn’t. Shane watches him, tries to figure out what’s in his head, but ultimately, he gives up, tired from thinking, from talking.

“Hayden’s gonna be worried,” Shane says, rubbing at the back of his neck, gesturing to Rozanov’s direction vaguely. “I should go now, if… You’re covered and wanna give that to me.”

The silence stretches out for a beat, long enough for Shane to wonder if Rozanov was even listening, if he’s heard him. But finally, Rozanov looks up, as if he’d forgotten Shane was there. He nods absently, mouth pursed in thought, glancing behind his back at the discarded hoodie. “You want this?” he grabs a fistful of the material to show Shane, as if he’s forgotten what his own hoodie looks like. Shane nods, anyhow, swiping a finger over his nose, that all-encompassing itch back again. Rozanov hums to himself, palms flush against each other and tucked away between his thighs. “Get on your knees.”

Shane looks up. He thinks there is no way he heard him right, but Rozanov’s face makes him think he might have – expectant, easy. “What?” he says, brows furrowed in a way that’s giving him a headache.

Rozanov blinks. “You didn’t hear me?”

“I don’t think so.”

“What did you hear?”

“I heard ‘*get on your knees.*’”

“Then that’s what I said.”

Two fingers come up to pinch at the bridge of Shane’s nose, the ache in his skull starting to become something serious. And Rozanov’s still watching, waiting for something. “You’re gonna make me beg for my hoodie?” A nod. “After everything I said?” Another nod. “Are you psychotic?”

Rozanov smiles, but only briefly, so much so that Shane almost misses it. “I’m giving you what you want,” he says, blinking. “What you need.”

“My hoodie.”

“Mhm,” Rozanov glances down at his feet, then back up.

Shane probably shouldn’t entertain this. Shane probably should just go, hoodie be damned, caution to the wind – because he wasn’t kidding, Hayden’s probably worried, and he thought he felt his phone buzz in his pocket earlier, and his fucking head hurts, and he’s got to get up early tomorrow, and, and, and. The most important and, it seems, is his reluctance to let Rozanov get what he wants.

"You know this is... crazy," Shane checks, because he doesn't really know what else to say - he's confused, maybe a little bit aroused, a little bit annoyed. A lethal combination, and he's already overwhelmed without it.

"Maybe," Rozanov shrugs, tilting his head to the side as if he is weighing Shane's options for him. "But I also know you want to do it."

Yeah, that's it. It turns out that what he didn't end up factoring in is his apparent much more overwhelming *desire* to give Rozanov what he wants - much stronger than his (pretty much non-existent) desire to put him in his place - which he is feeling now, head to toe, as he watches, quiet, then slowly gets down on his knees, feeling like a ball of nerves.

"Psycho," he mumbles, because he feels ridiculous, and Rozanov is watching him like he's a piece of meat. He idly wonders if Rozanov is ever *not* horny.

"I will let that pass because this feels new to you."

"You'll let it *pass*? You gonna spank me?"

Rozanov smiles. Shane hopes it's because he's made a joke, not because Rozanov knows more than he lets on.

"You're not gonna spank me," Shane says. "Why would you spank me?"

"I'm *not* gonna spank you, Hollander, can you relax?" Rozanov says, briefly breaking character – from what, Shane doesn't know. It's back like it never left, though, Rozanov's expression turning serious, eyes gliding over Shane's entire being, his bones. He nods, "Come here."

Shane's still sort of living in fear of being spanked, so he refrains from rolling his eyes, but does give a little huff as he makes to get up, stilling at Rozanov's sudden sound of protest.

"No," he tells him, shaking his head like Shane's an idiot. "I didn't say to get up."

Shane blinks. "Didn't you say to come there?"

A nod. "I did."

It takes him a while, among thoughts of Rozanov truly having a loose screw, concussion after concussion on the ice really doing a number on his brain (and no damage on his face, annoyingly), but he eventually settles, confused if anything. "You want me to *crawl*?"

A blink and a nod.

"Like a... dog."

This time the nod is hesitant. "Dog does it, too, yes," Rozanov says, as if that was truly Shane's question. As if he's entertaining him. Another smile, "You can crawl like Shane Hollander."

Shane is fully aware he doesn't have to sit here and take this. Shane is also fully aware it doesn't feel like he's taking much of anything – he's aware of the exhilarating effect of Rozanov's expectant stare, like he thinks it's only natural that Shane would listen to him, would do anything he asked, no matter how humiliating. The only humiliating thing right now is the prospect of letting anybody ask him something like that, but even that is something tiny, something nudging at the very back of his brain as a reminder that social norms simply exist and he is simply meant to follow them, that crawling for somebody on all fours is not one of those norms and he shouldn't be expected to do it. But even more humiliating is the fact that, because it's Rozanov that's asking, that tiny part of Shane's brain just switches off, like nothing happened at all.

His palms itch to kiss the floor, flat in front of his knees, but he keeps them on his thighs, shaking and damp, for now. He simply asks, voice unsteady, croaky, "Why?"

And Rozanov blinks again, no urgency in his reply. "I think," he begins, licks his lips in thought, as if he's looking for the right words, "you will feel better."

No matter the nerves wreaking havoc in his stomach and his shoulders and his neck and anywhere that Shane feels that uncomfortable, stiff sensation, Shane breathes in deep, because he realises that this game Rozanov is playing has somehow calmed him, got him to forget the chaos in his head, turned his focus away from the inner and onto the outer. Onto Rozanov's watchful eyes, onto the now, just now – not then, or what is to come. He realises, shakily, that his hesitation to listen to Rozanov is all that makes him cling to the state he was in when he arrived at the hotel room, his reluctance to just let go, like he had tearily confessed to wanting a mere few minutes ago.

And Shane wants to let go. He wants to let go so bad, but he can't help but feel like something bad will happen if he does, that the universe is somehow going to punish him for this, that everyone will be able to read this submission on his face and deprive him of everything he worked so hard for.

As if reading his mind: "Just us in here," says Rozanov, glancing around for emphasis, voice a solid, anchoring whisper.

God, Shane wants. Shane wants so much that it hurts, makes his whole body ache with emptiness, and what he wants more than anything after to be held and pushed into – by Rozanov – is to listen and submit – *to* Rozanov. He wants Rozanov, and it should be scary, but all he feels right now is a want, an impenetrable *need* that makes him swallow around glass shards stuck in his throat and slowly put his palms flush on the floor in front of his knees, watching Rozanov like he's in a trance.

And he doesn't want to say Rozanov looks surprised, for his own sake, but something changes. As if to reassure him, he slowly nods, once, leaning forward carefully, only slightly. "Come," he tells him, a simple command.

He tries not to think about it too much, not think about anything really as he swallows and puts one palm, one knee in front of the other, eyes glued on Rozanov's face, in an almost trancelike state. Rozanov's quiet, like he thinks any sound would spook Shane at this stage – and he's probably right, the stimulation of the absurdity of what he's doing is enough to have

his head swim deliciously, the way Rozanov's blown pupils become clearer and clearer the closer he gets a revelation on its own.

"That's it," Rozanov finally says, more like whispers, when Shane's head is level with his knees, his hand outstretched and knuckles grazing Shane's cheekbone softly, carefully, treating Shane like he's made of china. "How did this feel?"

Speaking feels like a Herculean task. "How did *crawling* feel?" he says, but there's no real heat behind it, apart from the one dusting his cheeks, developing deeply until his whole face feels hot and grows, no doubt, aggressively red. Rozanov just nods, the fucking asshole, like Shane was asking a legitimate question. "*Weird.*"

A hum. "You do not feel better?"

Shane can't talk. Shane can't think, forces himself not to, focuses all his willpower into refraining from nuzzling into Rozanov's hand, from pushing his cheek into his knuckles so that his palm lays flat on the side of his face and he can share his warmth. Shane feels warm, anyhow – he's sure his face is red as ever, his eyes half-shut and nostrils flaring. Because he does feel better. He feels better in the sense that he can't bring himself to care about whatever was troubling him anymore, too focused on, partly, the humiliation of crawling like a fucking dog for Rozanov, and primarily, the fact that there's something akin to satisfaction blooming in his chest, satisfaction at having listened to Rozanov, done what he's wanted him to. Not having to choose, or ask.

"Okay," Rozanov hums, accepting of the fact that he probably won't get an answer. With his knuckles still grazing Shane's cheekbone, he reaches behind him, and the hoodie that Shane had forgotten all about is placed on Rozanov's lap, centimetres away from his face.

Shane opens his eyes with great difficulty and looks up at Rozanov's face, just to make sure.

"Is here," Rozanov says, so quiet but so solid. Shane can't believe how light he feels. "Sorry for taking hostage. Hm?"

He is smiling when he says this, his knuckles tracing comforting lines on Shane's cheekbone, ones that have Shane watching his face in awe.

"If you still want, you can take it and go," he begins, eyes gliding over Shane's face as if he's looking for something, a particular reaction. "Or," he says then, finger reaching out and smoothing over Shane's undereye, "you can stay... And I can help you. I can hold it. What you said."

Shane feels just like he does in the morning sometimes, when he's dreaming that he's getting ready for practice when in reality he is still sleeping – his head is a constant mantra of *yes* and *help me* and *please*, but he can't actually bring himself to say any of it out loud. And it seems like Rozanov knows what he wants to say, but he knows he has to give him something, knows Rozanov wouldn't go by instinct for something like this.

"I can't... go," is all he says, sounding confused at his own words.

Rozanov shrugs. “You *can*, ” he starts, fingers tapping against Shane’s hoodie leisurely, thoughtfully. “But do you want?”

Insane question. All Shane can bring himself to do in reply – feels compelled to do, magnetised to do rather – is to lean up and capture Rozanov’s lips in a wet kiss, timid, hoping it conveys his agreement, his gratitude. Rozanov’s lips move much slower, letting Shane set the pace, which only drives him crazy enough to let his body go, push his face into Rozanov’s and let his body almost float up to be closer to him, ravenous for their skin to touch.

Shane finds himself curled on his lap – that goddamn hoodie thrown off on the floor somewhere – knees digging into the edge of the bed on either side of Rozanov’s thighs, arms desperately wrapped around his neck and pulling, pulling like Rozanov could be taken from him at any moment. He feels a disconnect between his mind and his actions, deepening the kiss and licking into Rozanov’s mouth before he can even think to do it, an amalgamation of his deepest needs, the desire that is making him burn inside out, taking over his whole body.

“Hollander,” Rozanov says into his mouth, trying to force a break – but Shane is too far gone, too invested in everything that Rozanov is right now, flush and solid against him, too busy trying to crawl into his body to have a conversation. “Easy. We have time.”

This is all quiet and muffled, because Shane keeps trying to swallow his words, but he finally stops sucking at the side of his mouth long enough to breathe against his skin, “Hayden’s gonna be wondering where I am and– I *need* you– *Now*, I need something *now*. ”

There’s a tut, a sign of irritation, but Rozanov seems to contain himself. “Point is that you have to listen,” he counters, but he keeps letting Shane suck wet kisses along his face, each of his lips, his cheek, his jaw. Lets him rut his lower body into him like a wild animal. “You think you are listening?”

This ignites a primal instinct inside Shane, one of frustration and shame. “Please,” he whines into Rozanov’s neck, too embarrassed to lift his head and show him his wet eyes. As if to show him what he means, he keeps humping forward, but slower.

“Where do you want it? Here?” Rozanov palms him over his sweat, and the contact is so soul-shaking that he doesn’t even have time to register his brain melting at the prospect of Rozanov giving in and giving him what he wants. “Here?” his other hand cups Shane’s ass, fingertips applying such a perfect amount of pressure that Shane thinks he’s gonna die trying to decide whether to rut forward or backward. He’s not talking, just breathing against Rozanov’s neck, open-mouthed and wet. “Hollander.”

“I don’t *know*, ” he admits, sounding too desperate for having just started. He doesn’t know anything, any information stored in his brain wiped away with a single ounce of pressure applied at the front of his pants. He digs his face further into Rozanov’s neck, trying to disappear, “All of it. I want all of it.”

“I can’t hear you.”

“*Mm, all of it.* ”

“Lift your head up and ask me like normal,” Rozanov tells him, another simple instruction. Shane does lift his head, but only to press his forehead into Rozanov’s cheek this time, rutting forward into his palm again, one last try. “Maybe you can add *please*. Like polite Canadian.”

Shane can’t bring himself to laugh, although his heart does swell at the comment, but his body reacts before he can think about it once again, and his face is now level with Rozanov’s, who can’t hide the effect Shane’s expression has on him for the life of him. His face feels warm, his eyes are stinging – he must look pathetic, pink-cheeked, lips swollen, eyes glazed over.

“I want you to touch me. Please,” he says, almost whispers, eyes ping-ponging between Rozanov’s eyes and mouth. When Rozanov doesn’t say anything, Shane’s vision gets a little blurrier. “Please, touch me. *Please*.”

A calloused hand has snuck inside the back of his undershirt, the warm feel of it making Shane’s brain melt out of his ears, fingertips languidly dragging along the expanse of his back. “You will listen?” Rozanov asks.

“Yes,” Shane touches the tips of their noses together, nodding wildly, desperate to make Rozanov understand. “Yes. I’m sorry. Yes.”

Rozanov kisses him, and it feels like he’s trying to go slow but just can’t bring himself to, their mouths crushing together in a way that would be painful if the only emotion Shane was feeling right now wasn’t all-encompassing desire. He feels Rozanov’s arm wrap around his waist, momentarily feeling like he’s floating, until his back softly hits the mattress and Rozanov is kneeling over him, not breaking the kiss for a second.

“Don’t say sorry,” he says into his mouth, fingers working on the waistband of Shane’s sweats. “You are sorry for knowing what you want?”

Shane’s pants are off, thrown off the edge of the bed somewhere, and his legs grow a mind of their own and wrap around Rozanov’s waist, pulling him in so frantically that Rozanov almost loses his balance and topples on top of him. But that doesn’t happen, because Rozanov’s arms are strong and Shane knows this because his biceps are bulging so near his face and he just wants to lean up and *bite* until he draws blood.

“You are sorry for asking for what you want?” Rozanov continues, pulling Shane’s undershirt up by the hem and meeting the obstruction that is Shane’s arms curling around his shoulders. “Up,” Rozanov simply says, and Shane reluctantly obeys, now bare save for his black briefs. Satisfied, Rozanov goes for his neck, mouthing and gnawing.

“Too much – you’re wearing too much,” Shane gasps, clawing at the hem of Rozanov’s tank top to make a point.

It’s like he never said anything. “You are sorry for beautiful face?” he continues, kissing up Shane’s jaw – it’s too good, the talk alone, offering Shane a mix of embarrassment and pride that makes him dizzy. His fingers are digging into Shane’s hips, a sort of anchor. “No, you are not sorry,” he hums, as if he’s talking to himself, “You are not sorry for anything.”

“God, Rozanov,” Shane whines, pushing his face into Rozanov’s mouth, trying to get their cheeks to touch.

“Do you know?” he asks, but Shane can’t bring himself to answer, because Rozanov’s crotch is pushing into his in such a delicious way that he thinks he might finish this right here and now, come so embarrassingly early that he might have to go into hiding for a month. There’s a nip of teeth on his cheek that helps to bring him back. “Is annoying, but I think I will feel better if I know.”

He doesn’t know, Shane doesn’t know anything.

“Say you know. You have beautiful face.”

“Wh-What...”

“You have beautiful face. Say it.”

“I have a beautiful face— Jesus, Roz, ” Shane thinks he’s gonna choke, his face feeling hotter than it’s ever felt. He can’t see Rozanov’s face, but he’s sure he’s smiling, a sort of smug pride that radiates off him in a way that would be annoying if Shane wasn’t stripped down to his most primitive form.

“Bravo,” Rozanov mutters, the switch to this heavier Russian accent making Shane’s head swim, enough for him to babble out something incoherent, something Rozanov shakes his head at. “Can’t hear. Louder.”

“Too much – it’s too much,” Shane says, and it’s all he can say, so he claws at Rozanov’s clothes once again, in hopes he can make him understand.

Of course, he understands. He just wants to be a dick about it. “Is that question?”

“Come *on*. ”

“This is what I think,” Rozanov presses their crotches together again, leaning in as if he’s telling Shane a secret – Shane who is breathing like there’s not enough oxygen in the world, let alone this room. “If you want something... You can ask... *Or*, you can take.”

Shane feels like he is faced with a challenge, as insane as it seems. And what’s even more insane, even amidst all this – he wants to do the right thing, wants to win, wants to play this game by Rozanov’s rules and come out on top, ironically. As much as he wants to just reach down and pull Rozanov’s pants down and get to work, Shane, more than anything, wants Rozanov to praise him again, to win this little standoff they have playing out in this room, wants to be perfect. And, ironically, even though that’s the exact sort of predicament that led him to break down earlier, in this very room, the thought of it in this particular situation is one that exhilarates him, one that has his insides throbbing and his stomach turning.

His throat feels dry when he swallows. “Please,” he says again, and Rozanov’s ears seem to perk up – *yes. That’s it*. “Please, take your clothes off. I want to touch you. *Please*. ”

Rozanov smiles at him, so beautiful and so filthy, although he makes no such move. “That’s good,” he tells him – Shane tries not to preen, tries not to shiver as Rozanov raises an eyebrow. “Go ahead.”

Relief is too weak of a word, Shane thinks. He breathes out, heavy, his shaky hands reaching down on their own accord and finally popping that fucking belt open, that button, pulling that godforsaken zipper down with only one thing on his mind – Rozanov’s cock, unobstructed, a wish that is fulfilled as soon as Shane desperately pushes his jeans and boxers down, just enough, as much as necessary.

“Thank you,” Rozanov says, pushing in again, a sort of reward. “Almost there.”

His tank top is next, although Shane is sort of sad to see that go. The mourning of the loss of the black material clinging on Rozanov’s chest and stomach is soon replaced by an overwhelming desire to touch his now nude skin, the hair on his lower stomach, the rippling muscle that moves with every slight thrust forward.

“Better?” he asks – Shane almost gets angry, because *of course* this is better, his emotions an overwhelming whirlwind as he leans up and tries to kiss Rozanov again, borderline leading with his tongue, trying to ignore Rozanov’s obvious laughter against his mouth. He barely registers his own briefs being pulled down, because he loves kissing Rozanov so much, loves feeling him lick into his mouth, loves to feel his face so close to his. “I have something for you. Tell me if you like,” Rozanov mumbles, and Shane doesn’t even understand until a big hand wraps around both of their cocks, at which point he forgets all about kissing.

Well, not just the kissing. Shane almost forgets his own name, the solid contact he was yearning for so badly finally handed to him, the relief of Rozanov’s hand working on the both of them, together, short-circuiting his brain not only in the primitive sense, the flesh-induced pleasure, but also for its implications. It’s dry, and rough, but so perfect, because he’s so wrapped up in all Rozanov is that he would take anything, anything at all.

All he can register is the loss of the pleasure, met with Rozanov’s open palm when he opens his eyes to investigate. “Spit,” he commands, and Shane does just that, sane enough to feel thankful he was able to be rid of the excess saliva before he surely started to drool on Rozanov’s pillow. The effect is immediate, the glide easier, Shane’s nails digging into Rozanov’s back mindlessly. “That’s better, da?” Rozanov asks, at which Shane has to refrain from groaning. “One more thing, Hollander.”

“Wh– Wha...” Shane can’t look anywhere but where they’re joined, Rozanov’s hand moving frustratingly slow, deliciously slow, the view of them together bringing tears of overstimulation to his eyes.

“If you say Pike’s name when I’m touching you again, I will leave you on the bed with dick out and go back to Russia.”

As far gone as he is, Shane can’t help but laugh, just a little bit, hiccupped and distracted as Rozanov swipes his thumb over his head, strokes over the slit and adds to the wetness further down the shaft. Shafts. His head is swimming. “You jealous, Roz?” he pants, trying and

failing to sound composed, because Rozanov is mouthing at his throat, teeth nipping dangerously.

“Is disrespect,” Rozanov says, his words an exhilarating vibration against Shane’s throat. “And turn-off. Like talking about toilet activity when you are eating.”

And Shane’s first instinct might have been to defend his friend, in ordinary circumstances, but this is no ordinary circumstance – in this situation, Shane’s got Rozanov letting go of them both, as if he’d known Shane was close enough he could taste it, his frustration giving way to borderline delirium when Rozanov starts mouthing at a nipple, tongue lapping.

Shane’s watching, of course, which is how he knows Rozanov is watching back, shocking blue and electric. “I *need* to be jealous?” he mouths against Shane’s skin, teasing with his two front teeth, tongue always working.

Shane’s all breath. Miraculously, he’s able to respond, “That’s private.”

A laugh, muffled and only half-humorous (maybe even less) as lips move down his abs, his navel, kiss at his hipbone wetly. “Private,” Rozanov muses, one hand stroking Shane’s thigh, squeezing and kneading like he has a right to, like it’s all his, the muscle cupped in his big hand in a way that makes Shane want to audibly whine, arch off the bed until Rozanov is perfectly flush against him again. “I have seen your asshole, Hollander.”

“God,” Shane whines, because Rozanov’s nosing at his cock, looking up as if he’s gauging a reaction. Then, in desperation, “You gonna – You gonna suck me off?”

Is Rozanov *smelling* him? It seems like it, the way he’s nosing along Shane’s length, the miniscule amount of contact driving him crazy, but not crazier than the visual. And Rozanov makes a whole show of pretending he’s thinking, blowing out one cheek, then the other. “Mm, is that what you want?”

Shane doesn’t even know how long his eyes have been wet for, but if there was any time for a tear to roll, it would be now. Still, it doesn’t.

“Or you want me to call Pike to do it for you? Throat is kind of hurting.”

He knows what Rozanov is getting at, of course he does. And it excites him, makes him hot enough to forget all about how wrong it is to use a good friend as a sort of power exchange in this context, a game he is playing with *Rozanov* no less. But Hayden would understand. He’d have to, if he cared about Shane’s happiness. And his dick – platonically.

“I– I’m sorry, I’m sorry I brought him up,” Shane says, careful not to say Hayden’s name again, just in case. “I won’t do it again. Please, can you suck my dick? I really want it, I *really* want you to suck my dick, Rozanov. *Please.*”

Rozanov’s been smiling throughout the whole thing, which Shane doesn’t know how to feel about exactly. But alas, he says, “I can get used to this, Hollander,” then promptly takes him in his mouth.

It's with grief that Shane realises – almost as soon as he feels Rozanov's wet mouth around him, his plush lips – that he can't possibly last very long. It feels so good, better than any time before this, so overwhelming that it has him arching off the bed, hands buried in Rozanov's hair, making sounds he's never made before in his life. And maybe he'd be embarrassed if Rozanov wasn't so clearly into his reaction, his hums and groans a pleasant vibration that adds to it all in a way that has his legs feeling like clay.

"Oh, my—" Shane whines, having half a mind to harshly wipe the tear that's started to roll down the side of his face, hoping Rozanov didn't notice. "Roz, I won't— I'm gonna—"

Rozanov is deadset on interrupting him, it seems, because he takes him so far down his throat it feels like Shane's gonna die, one hand playing with his balls, the other continuing to knead at the back of his thigh like a stress-toy – and he is, he is gonna die. When Shane comes, it feels like he's died, his body going completely lax and his throat feeling raw, fingers stilling in Rozanov's hair.

"Oh, my— I'm—" Shane's spine feels liquid, his eyes fighting to stay open as Rozanov crawls back up, leaving a trail of kisses along his side, "I didn't— mean—"

"You never have orgasm before?" Rozanov asks, half-paying attention to Shane's babbling and half-focusing on kneading at Shane's chest with his palm.

Shane's still catching his breath, lips dry, mouth open, watching Rozanov carefully.

"No, I know you have," Rozanov smiles, watching the way the muscle fills out his palm, leaning down to leave a kiss on Shane's nipple, then back to observing. "Don't worry, Hollander. You think this is it?"

Oh, fuck, oh, thank God. Shane is sure this sentiment is written on his face before Rozanov leans in to kiss it off – a sort of reminder that, no matter how intimate this gets, Shane shouldn't forget it's just sex – freed by the prospect of now having to go home, temporarily sated, still having not got what he really wanted.

"You will be nice to me, too?" Rozanov says into his mouth, and when Shane opens his eyes, he is fondling himself pointedly, as an answer to Shane's unexpressed question. The speed and vigour with which Shane nods would be embarrassing, in any other circumstance. Might even be a little embarrassing now, if he gave a fuck. "Yes?"

"Yes. Please."

Rozanov is laughing, watching him like he's thinking about something. "You learned magic word," he muses, stroking himself slowly, leisurely. Shane is glancing down, anxious, jaw hurting, "And now you think you can get whatever you want."

"*Stop*, just—" Shane reaches out to still his hand, the idea of Rozanov making himself come causing him unbearable anxiety, his teeth itching his bottom lip nervously as he makes eye contact with Rozanov to gauge a reaction. Intrigue, it seems. "Please," he begins, all breath, "can I suck your cock?"

Rozanov hums, takes his hand off his dick – *exhale*. “Hm. If you give me nice kiss,” he says, thoughtfully.

Shane’s barely let him finish talking, surging forward and locking their lips together, accepting Rozanov’s tongue into his mouth happily. It’s not a *nice* kiss. It’s wet, and desperate, and Rozanov is moving the whole time, trying to get on his side on the bed, trying to get Shane over him – it would be awkward, if it wasn’t so incredibly hot.

“Help me, малыш,” Rozanov says – Shane might not know what he was just told, or just called, but he knows he feels his cock jerk again as he obeys and starts to pull Rozanov’s jeans and boxers all the way down his legs, noting that they’ve been stuck under his pelvis for so long that there’s now an endearing, red mark around his thighs and the middle of his ass, courtesy of the waistband. Shane runs into some trouble around the ankles, too excited to be able to pull Rozanov’s feet free at the first try, or even the second, cursing in frustration, at which Rozanov soothes, “Hey, here,” and pulls them free himself, pulling Shane back up by a comforting, warm hand on the back of his neck.

“Can I suck it now?” Shane whispers, breaking off their kiss to do so – trying not to feel dizzy at the string of saliva that still links their mouths. Rozanov is smiling. “Roz, I really want to suck it.”

“This is dream come true for every man, you know it?” he’s still smiling, going a bit more serious when faced with Shane’s still face, hanging off his every word. He leans in, touches the tips of their noses together, “Yes. You can suck it now.”

Shane pecks him on the lips, once, then twice. “Thank you,” he says, with another kiss on the side of his mouth, his cheek, his chin. “Thank you,” he reiterates, kisses travelling south, too relieved to feel any type of way about thanking someone *else* for being able to suck *their* dick. That’s simply something he can worry about later. Toss and turn about it, even.

Rozanov grumbles something as Shane makes it down, finally face level with his dick, long and hard and pink at the tip. Shane could look at it for hours. Does look it at for quite some time, he guesses, because Rozanov has to say, “Hollander,” as a sort of reminder, at which point Shane springs into action and nuzzles his face into the hair at the top of his shaft, unable to help himself and taking a deep breath, dignity be damned. It tickles his nose, the curve of his cupid’s bow as he lets his lips rest at the top of Rozanov’s shaft, open, leaving a wet kiss that has Rozanov digging a hand into his hair, pulling his cheek back with his thumb, “Sorry to interrupt you two, Hollander, but I am going to explode.”

“I’m sorry,” Shane whispers, unable to look away as he breathes in through his nose and takes the tip into his mouth, closing his eyes as he suckles, like it’s the first drop of water he’s had in days. Rozanov says something above him, maybe in English, maybe in Russian – Shane doesn’t know because all he can hear is his own breathing, the wet sounds of his mouth as he hollows his cheeks, feeling himself losing more and more control the more he takes in.

“Look at me,” he thinks he hears, more a vibration felt in his skull than anything else, and he’s too busy staring at Rozanov’s flexing lower stomach, thinking about licking the hair

there, too. His hair is being pulled, head suddenly lifted up, but not off. “Show me your eyes,” Rozanov repeats, lips bitten red, “I want to see your eyes. Da?”

Shane is nodding, Shane is listening. He tries really hard to keep his eyes open, tries really hard to keep watching Rozanov the deeper he takes him, when he hits the back of his throat and Shane tears up and his waterline stings, just so he can keep hearing that low, delicious mixture of *yes* and *da*.

“Mm, you miss it?” Rozanov grunts – he might be poking fun at how enthusiastic Shane is being, just loud and wet, pulling off only to spit out the excess saliva in his mouth on Rozanov’s shaft, stroking it along the rest of him as he focuses on the tip. “Fuck, Sh– Mm,” Rozanov pants, mouth tight, leaning up on his forearms now, watching, like it’s imperative he doesn’t miss a thing, “You miss my cock, Hollander?”

Shane nods, even though Rozanov looks a little blurry. He tries not to blink, just in case a tear falls, focuses on tonguing at the slit, the taste making his head spin, his wrist cramping, but he doesn’t want to stop. He wants to crawl inside Rozanov, live in his body, but he can’t do that, so he settles for mouthing at his balls, mouth so slack and wet that some spit dribbles down the side of of it and onto the sheets, hand always stroking.

“I miss you, too. Your ass,” he clarifies, as if he knew Shane’s heart swelled to three times its size at the implication. “It was surprise that you came today, Hollander,” Rozanov continues, barely audible over his own grunts and groans, over the wet sounds of Shane’s mouth and his embarrassing moans, as if he’s the one getting his dick sucked, “You usually don’t want before game. But I wanted you so bad, I had to try. You wanted me, too, da?”

The hum Shane gives him is louder than he expected, but he hopes it conveys affirmation, because he did want Rozanov, needed him even. Today, all days. His hand’s getting seriously tired, but he doesn’t want to slow down, doesn’t want to take his mouth off Rozanov’s balls, his nose off his shaft. Wants to live here, right now, at least.

“I was thinking about you today. Are you getting hard again?” he asks – Shane almost scoffs, because of course he’s fucking hard, he’s hard from sucking Rozanov’s dick and he’s turned into the kind of person who isn’t even ashamed about it. Rozanov doesn’t seem to notice his inner turmoil, “Touch yourself. I wanted to fuck you all day. Could not think about anything else.”

If Shane touches himself, he’s sure he’s gonna blow, and he doesn’t know if he can give Rozanov three – though he’s sure he’d get him to try. Instead, he puts both hands on Rozanov’s thighs, his wrist needing the break, pulling off so he can catch his breath, just a little bit.

“You are feeling better?” Rozanov coos, grabbing hold of his own cock with index and thumb, barely stroking – moving it out of Shane’s face when he tries to go back in. “You want more?”

“You *said* I can suck it, come on,” Shane’s voice sounds insane, and he clears his throat self-consciously, face tinting pink at how ridiculous this is.

Rozanov smiles, though, languid and amused. “*Oh,*” he coos again, and as if to make it worse for Shane, he pushes his cockhead into his cheek, rubbing in some of the wetness, digging it into his skin, so close to his mouth he can taste it, “I am terrible, yes?” And Shane wants to say *yes, you are*, because he knows Shane isn’t going to just suck it without being told he can, knows he wants to be good tonight, win this game. So, he sits there, lets Rozanov rub his cockhead along his cheek, dip it into his mouth a few times, eyes stinging again, “I am terrible man.”

“Please,” Shane whispers, or maybe mouths, so he’s not sure if Rozanov’s heard him – can’t even check since his eyes are closed, relishing the feel of Rozanov’s tip sliding along his cheek, stretching out the side of his mouth.

“But I have something better,” he says, at which Shane’s eyes open, with great difficulty. Rozanov’s teeth are playing with his lip. “Do you want to guess?”

A shuddery breath. “Are you gonna fuck me?”

“Ah, no fair,” Rozanov lets go of his own cock, puts the hand on the back of Shane’s neck and pulls him up, trying to support him from toppling over and face-planting on his chest. “I give it away, basically,” he kisses him, and Shane smiles into it, the ridiculousness of Rozanov joking at a time like this, when Shane would bark if it meant he could get some relief – well, it’s amusement he’s feeling. And something else. Whatever.

“You gotta be more careful,” Shane breathes, smiling despite himself – he’s feeling shy, as if he hasn’t seen Rozanov in much more compromising situations than this, “I think I got a leg up.”

“No, you will have both legs up,” Rozanov tells him, dead serious, his nose bumping into Shane’s cheek when Shane laughs, quietly, leaning in with it. Rozanov smiles too, though Shane can tell he doesn’t mean to. “So, this is, like, game. You are trying to win. Still.”

Hearing it said out loud is something else entirely. It suddenly dawns on Shane, how insane he is, and he lets his face plant on Ilya’s shoulder with a groan – Rozanov, whatever – feeling the vibration of his laughter more than he hears it. “I am sick in the head,” he says, muffled against Rozanov’s skin.

“Is interesting,” Rozanov tells him, grabbing his head by the chin and lifting it so he can watch his face. He smiles. “You are not proud of it,” he lifts his head again, as if he’s inspecting, “You are red.”

“Just fuck me so I can forget how neurotic I am.”

“I would, but you are being rude again.”

Right. Shane didn’t mean to slip, but it all felt so natural – even more natural than begging Rozanov to suck his dick, as scary as that is to admit. He slips back into it as quickly as he slipped out, like it’s second nature, lips protruding on account of Rozanov’s grip on his chin, the slight digging of his fingers in his cheeks, “Please, fuck me.”

“Mm,” Rozanov seems to approve, watching him for a beat. “No,” he then says, and Shane feels his face crumble, can’t even *imagine* how pathetic he looks if what he feels is any indication. “I need to open you up first. Been a long time,” he clarifies, but not quick enough, so Shane can’t really help the fresh sheen of tears covering his eyes.

“You are such an asshole,” he tells him, hopes it’s something he can get away with – and he does, because Rozanov is laughing like he finds himself funny, letting go of his chin and turning on his side, reaching into the bedside table.

“On your knees,” he throws over his shoulder. Shane visibly deflates, and he’s glad Rozanov isn’t looking. It’s not a new feeling for him, needing to watch Rozanov, be face to face, but he’s never felt it so vividly before, been so desperate for it. He chokes it down and does as he’s told, settling on all fours, holding himself up by his forearms.

Kisses on his shoulder, on his left shoulderblade. He feels a hand back there, near where he needs it most, and when Rozanov’s finger circles his rim, the wetness of the lube a shocking, cool pressure, he drops his head, presses his forehead against the pillow to ground himself.

“*And*, for– Ah, what is it, for record, for the record?” Shane doesn’t really feel like giving English lessons with his ass in the air, breathing through the intrusion of Rozanov’s index finger, knuckle deep – but he nods, ever so kind. “Yes, for the record – I think is sexy you need to win all the time.”

Shane is whining, pushing back, trying to ignore Rozanov’s words because he really doesn’t want to come, not yet.

“You have passion. Is sexy,” he leaves another kiss on Shane’s shoulder with this, then another further down. “Is also cute, because I will win every time.”

No matter his predicament, he *has* to scoff, “In your dreams, Rozanov.”

“This is what I mean – I have finger in your ass and you are still doing this,” Rozanov curls it up as if to make a point, shaking his head in regret at Shane’s whine. “I think only professional can help you, Hollander.”

“You wanna help?” Shane pants, twisting his neck to the side, cheek mashed against the pillow so he can look at Rozanov, who is no doubt smiling to himself – and, what do you know, Shane’s right. “You really wanna help?”

Rozanov pumps in and out leisurely, watching Shane’s hole with his mouth pursed in thought. “Mm, I don’t know about *really*, but... okay.”

“Put another finger in.”

Rozanov’s expression doesn’t change, apart from his eyes snapping towards Shane, head unmoving.

Shane swallows. “Please.”

A languid smile. “How can I say no?” he says, and then slowly pushes the tip of his middle finger against Shane’s hole, stroking up and down the side of his thigh at his sharp inhale. Pushing in further, he presses his mouth on that same spot on his thigh, leaving occasional kisses, watching his face carefully. “But. I am serious.”

“Fu– Mm, huh?”

“I am serious. About... I like it,” another kiss, and Shane can’t open his eyes. “I don’t think it is problem. Or your problem. Maybe you just need... relief, sometimes. Take pressure off.”

Shane can’t believe he’s being therapized in the middle of getting fingerfucked – torturously slow, if it matters – and he can’t believe he’s okay with it. He truly is sick, he thinks. But the thought doesn’t stick, because he’s got Rozanov in his ear, in his body, and he thinks he might believe him, even if it’s just for the next twenty minutes.

“I think if I was Shane Hollander, I would also be... like this,” he continues, at which Shane has a laugh escape him, somehow knowing Rozanov is being sincere. “But I’m not. I’m Ilya Rozanov. And I win anyway, psychopath or not.”

“Ah– Rozanov, you’d lose to me if I was blindfolded and had my hands tied behind my back.”

“Blindfold and tie – this is best idea you have all day,” Rozanov bites him in the thigh, makes him choke on his laughter, spreading his fingers inside him in a way that makes his lower back tickle, his spine tingle deliciously. “Mm, maybe gag so you don’t talk, too, da? But that one is for me.”

Shane’s about to respond, but he can’t, because he feels a third fingertip push against his rim. “No, no, no, come on, it’s fine, just– Put it in, you can put it in.”

Rozanov hesitates, the pressure swaying against Shane’s hole. “One more,” he says, voice soothing – and it does work a little bit, Shane’s anxiety momentarily sated, until he feels his finger make its way in and he thinks he can’t bear another second of not having Rozanov inside of him, entirely.

“I need you,” Shane’s cheek is flush against the pillow again, desperately trying to look at Rozanov from this awkward angle – he lifts his head and everything, trying to meet his eyes, trying to make him see. “I need to feel you, now, I need it now,” and when Rozanov is still sitting there, just watching, Shane sputters, mentally kicking himself, vision blurry, “*Please*, I mean *please*, sorry, I’m sorry.”

“Hollander. Hey,” Rozanov leans in, three fingers all the way in now, and he’s scissoring them, the proximity of his face enough to calm him, just enough to listen. “It will hurt, малыш. Okay? Just a little longer. I don’t want it to hurt.”

“It *won’t* hurt, I–”

“*Please*,” Rozanov interrupts, rendering Shane silent, his head swimming with all kinds of implications as Rozanov kisses his shoulder, eyes never leaving his. “Like favour for me.

Okay? Look,” he pumps his fingers, in and out, Shane borderline mewling against the pillow. “Almost there,” he says against his shoulder, reaching up to wipe a stray tear off Shane’s cheek, gentle.

Shane can’t do much else but listen, finding comfort in the tiny kisses that Rozanov is peppering on his back, at least, trying to focus on the rhythmic in and out, the methodical way that Rozanov stretches him out, taking his time. And it doesn’t go entirely unappreciated – he knows that he will thank Rozanov in the morning, on his run with Hayden, hopefully able to keep up.

Finally, finally, after what feels like years, Rozanov takes his fingers out, but Shane’s hand goes out on instinct, grabbing him when he makes to move away. “I am here, just getting condom and the, um– More of the, the wet…” he makes a gesture, forgetting the word for *lube* – of course, Shane thinks, embarrassed. Of course. “Is right here. See?”

Shane does see, sees him open the drawer of the bedside table carefully, watching him the whole time, like he’s gonna combust at any minute. Shane drops his hand in shame, uses both of them to cover his face, rubbing at his skin in an attempt to get rid of the delirium that’s overtaken him.

“I want to be close, too,” Rozanov soothes, as if he’s read his mind, placing another kiss on his shoulder – he rips the condom with his teeth, working it on, lathering himself somewhere beyond Shane’s vision. “This is why I will fuck you stupid. So stupid you will want space after. I promise.”

It’s what Shane wants to hear, and he’s sated, but then he feels Rozanov’s palm press against the middle of his shoulderblades and all he can think is *no, not like this*, his back turning rigid – and Rozanov feels it, too, stopping in his tracks.

“No, I want–” Shane stretches out so he can look at him, again, the angle impossibly hard on his neck, his hip, but he can see Rozanov’s worried face now, so it’s okay. “Not like this, I don’t want it like this.”

Rozanov looks like he’s thinking a mile a minute, trying to decipher Shane’s plea without agitating him. “What’s wrong?” is what he settles on, and he says it carefully, moving back to Shane’s side so he can put his face close to his, so Shane’s neck doesn’t hurt anymore.

“No, it’s– I don’t want it like this, I want to see you,” Shane is quiet, but assertive, even though Rozanov is just a blurry outline, finally real and clear when Shane blinks and the tears fall out of the way. “Not on my– Can I get on my back? Please?”

Rozanov’s watching the tears roll down Shane’s cheeks – just two, one on each side – in a trance, and Shane’s unsure if he heard. But then he nods, lips parted, and Shane thinks he sees the whites of his eyes go a little red too, but that might be his own tired eyes, still wet with unshed tears. “Get on your back,” is all he says, gently.

“Thank you,” Shane breathes out, the words leaving his lips without thinking, exhaling all his relief when he’s finally on his back, letting the back of his head sink into the pillow. Rozanov watches for a minute, then slowly moves in, settles between Shane’s open legs, lets him wrap

them around his waist and pull. Then, nothing. Rozanov's stroking himself, spreading the lube, watching Shane's face with a weird mixture of expressions – like he's something to eat, like he's something to cherish. Shane feels like he's gonna suffocate if he keeps thinking. “Roz?”

Rozanov zones back in.

Another beat, and Shane is panting like a dog. “Come on. I need you,” he tries again, pushing his heel into Rozanov's lower back. That seems to fix things, because Rozanov lets go of his cock, lets his palm grab a fistful of Shane's thigh instead. “Please, I waited. I've been listening.”

Rozanov nods, like he agrees. “You need it?”

No, that's not what Shane said. Shane said ‘I need *you*.’ But he feels that correcting Rozanov, whose mistake was probably deliberate, would do more harm than good. “I need it,” he reiterates, going along with whatever this is, “I need it so bad.”

“How bad do you need it?”

“I'm gonna die.”

“You're not gonna die,” Rozanov is smiling, looking down at where they're *still* not connected, grabbing hold of his base.

“If you don't put it in *now*, I'm gonna die.”

“You will not die.”

“Roz,” Shane whines, pushing up desperately, another tear falling when their cocks touch.

“I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I wanted to play, too,” Rozanov tells him, lining himself up. He looks up, playful, “You can't win all the time, Hollander.”

“I can,” Shane manages, despite the pressure of his cockhead on his rim, despite Rozanov's incredulous, hushed laugh and his whisper of *oh, my God* in Russian. Which Shane knows, because he hears it often.

Shane's first instinct is to close his eyes, breathe through it – but if he does, he won't be able to watch Rozanov's face anymore, his tight mouth and set jaw, his fluttering eyelids as he watches himself disappear into Shane, carefully, hands holding his legs up by the backs of his thighs. When he's about halfway in, he looks up, finds Shane already watching – of course.

“Is okay?” he asks, red blooming on his chest.

Shane wants to lick. “Yes,” he says instead, itching his bottom lip in thought, wondering, should I say it, would it make things weird? “But I need you closer,” he decides, the words timid, almost gauging a reaction.

Rozanov exhales, like the words are a blow, a punch to the gut. “Get used to this first,” he says, trying to compose himself, trying to be the anchor that Shane needs. “After you take it all.”

“I want you to hold me.”

“Get used to this first.”

“Please.”

Rozanov laughs, like he’s been holding it in – incredulous, in disbelief, accidentally pushing in further, making Shane take a deep breath. “You...” he starts, seemingly at a loss for words, letting go of a thigh to grab Shane’s face – to squeeze, squish his cheeks together, tap him on the cheek like he wants to eat him, kiss him maybe. “You can’t listen, Hollander. Is not in your blood,” he tells him, but there’s no heat behind it, no sting to it, because Shane ultimately gets what he wants – Rozanov lowers himself, wraps an arm around Shane’s lower back, palm supporting him, letting him rest on his bulging bicep.

Shane is content, happy even, so he doesn’t really feel the need to defend himself, the burn of Rozanov’s cock slowly giving way to pleasure. “You can say no,” he counters, pushing down so he can take more, desperate for them to start, so neither of them can think about whatever they are anymore.

And Rozanov doesn’t physically *say* he can’t, but he shakes his head, teeth itching his bottom lip, quickly averting his eyes and looking down at where they join – what Shane understands is *no, not to you*, but it might just be wishful thinking. And he doesn’t really care, right now. It’s his night, in his head at least.

Rozanov’s made it all the way in, leaving kisses all over Shane’s neck and jaw as he did, using the palm on his back to push him down, get deeper. And Shane’s trying, he’s really trying to listen from now on, to refrain from telling Rozanov to start fucking him for real, from bossing him around. But he thinks he might pop a vein.

“You are okay?” Rozanov grunts – Shane can tell it hurts him too, that he wants to move.

“Yes,” Shane says, a bit too quickly, frustration seeping in a bit too much.

But Rozanov shakes his head. “What do they call it, people like you? Brat?” he asks, finally, finally pulling out, only to push back in – slow. Shane feels himself flushing deeper and deeper. “I am just trying to protect Canada’s sweetheart. Yes? You are weak player even without sore asshole, I don’t want to be responsible.”

“I am a fucking excellent player,” Shane moans, and he’s starting to think Rozanov is baiting him into getting angry, maybe likes to get him frustrated when they’re like this. And he’s succeeding. “Which is why you can fuck me. *For real*. I can take it.”

Rozanov falters a little bit. “For real,” he says, resuming, still taking his time. “So, I am not fucking you for real?”

Shane doesn't know what to say. Mostly because he didn't mean it, and even more because if Rozanov leaves him here high and dry, just to prove a point, he *actually* might die. So, he swallows, "You are. I didn't mean that."

"What did you mean?"

He's picked up the pace a little bit, only a little bit. "Can I please have it faster?" he tries, and Rozanov blinks. "I'm sorry," he adds.

"Why do you think I should do it?" Rozanov challenges – and then, horrifyingly, his arm is not holding Shane around the waist anymore, and he's sitting up, hands holding up the backs of his thighs again, knees digging into the mattress. "What are you doing for me? You are not listening," he lists with a particularly well-aimed thrust, one that almost has Shane forgetting about mourning the loss of Rozanov's arm. "You do not have manners," he continues, his fingers digging into the muscle in Shane's thigh in a way that would hurt if Shane wasn't so crazy about it. "And you think you have control still. Why should I do anything you say?"

Shane doesn't know, all he knows is that he needs Rozanov to keep up this pace, pick it up even. The combination of these words, plus the fact that ultimately, Rozanov *is* giving him what he wants – that's almost too much, paradoxically not enough, it makes him dizzy, makes his brain float and his tongue go numb.

"You shouldn't," he says, hiccupped inbetween *oh's* and *ah's*. Rozanov asks him to repeat himself, he thinks. "You shouldn't," he repeats, shaking his head, Rozanov's hipbones digging into his ass, "I'm sorry."

"I don't believe you."

Shane needs Rozanov to believe him, in a state of mind that has suspended all belief, all context – like the fact that Rozanov probably *does* believe him, that he's just playing again, talking dirty. But all Shane's brain can zone in on is that Rozanov doesn't believe him, which is no good because Shane *is* sorry, and Shane wants Rozanov to be proud of him, to praise him, to admit he's good, that he's the best. Shane's brain tells him he should cry *now*, and so he does.

"I am," he pleads – one of Rozanov's thrusts knocks a tear out of his eye, he feels it roll down the side of his face. He feels that he's not doing enough to make Rozanov understand, feels compelled to reach up and pull him in by the back of his neck – barely noticing him almost losing balance, having to quickly support himself with his hands on either side of Shane's head. Shane wants him close, wants him to never leave, wrapping his arms around his shoulders and digging his nose into his cheek, breathing in his scent. "I'm sorry. I am."

Rozanov curses under his breath, brows knitted in concentration. He's not mad. Shane can see it now, and he's not mad at all. "Yes?" he asks, and Shane nods, desperate with it. "Okay. Show me."

Shane sniffs, his nose blocked, his eyes blurry. "Oh, fuck," he snuffles, pushing Rozanov in with his legs, hugging him close, clenching down as tight as he can. He swallows Rozanov's

moans up into a kiss, open-mouthed and wet, his thumb smoothing Rozanov's cheek back, trying to touch anywhere, everywhere.

He doesn't know what else he can do, but he's itching to do something – but this is just a part of his brain. The biggest part is concerned with the delicious pressure in his lower back, the tingle in his spine, the throb of his cock and the feel of Rozanov's body against his, rocking with his. He's falling apart, too, he can tell, because he's sloppier, faster, grabbing Shane wherever he can manage – fingertips digging in in a way that might leave bruises later, which Shane is too far gone to deter him from. He might even like it.

“Aw, малыш,” Rozanov tells him, caressing his cheek with his thumb – Shane doesn't even register he's crying, eyelashes wet with it, cheeks damp before Rozanov tries to dry them with his fingers, his palm. Rozanov's laughing, a little bit. Shane could kick him in the back. “What happened? Slower?”

He can't be serious. Shane's first instinct is to say *if you slow down now, I'm probably gonna strangle you*, but he's being good, so he just says, “No, please don't slow down, please, don't stop.”

“Okay,” Rozanov says, watching his face in a trancelike state. Then, as fascinated as he looks watching the tears roll down Shane's cheeks, “Don't cry.”

He doesn't understand. Shane needs him to understand. “It's good,” he offers, head swimming with how close he is, so close he can taste it, not knowing what is happening to him. “I can't stop.”

“Okay. Okay, малыш,” Rozanov soothes, his hand pushing Shane's sweaty hair out of his forehead – his eyes are black, his irises two thin blue rings, mouth wet, cheeks red. “Let go. Let go, okay? I got it. I got it.”

Rozanov's got it. Got him. Shane lets go, bursting white all over his and Rozanov's chests, nails digging into his back, heels pushing him in and keeping him there, right there, a perfect moment, perfectly still. He's getting his oxygen straight from Rozanov's mouth, the two of them breathing into each other, lips touching, eyelashes fluttering and almost sweeping each other's cheeks, if they could just be a little closer, inside one another.

His throat feels raw, joints feel numb and sore at the same time. “Please, give it to me,” he tells Rozanov, a babble into his mouth, loosening the grip of his legs around his waist. Rozanov's face looks pained at the sound, but Shane knows it's pleasure, knows what the curl of his lip means, the whine emitting low from his throat. “Inside me. I want it.”

Rozanov's whole body seems to shudder, and he shakes his head, his nose smashing into Shane's in an almost painful way, resuming his thrusting. “I think I am crazy,” he whispers, a little confession, and Shane can't help it – he leans his head up and licks at the tip of his nose, the breath that Rozanov lets out fanning his whole face. “You make me crazy, Hollander.”

Shane could come again, from just that, if his body wasn't so spent. When Rozanov spills, he does it with a shout, muffled into Shane's neck, teeth nipping dangerously – he seems to remember Shane can't have marks on him at the last second, under no circumstances, and

chooses to just press his open mouth there instead, tongue lapping at the patch of skin he almost bit.

He's been talking about death too much tonight, but Shane truly thinks that if he were to die like this, with Rozanov flush on top of him, spent and weak and breathing into his neck – or even suffocated by Rozanov's weight, mouth and nose blocked by his sweaty bicep, his tense forearm – then that would be a beautiful death, and one he would welcome. He's so wrapped up thinking about this, feels Rozanov's weight to be so natural on top of him, that he immediately panics when it's taken from him, when Rozanov shifts to pull out.

"I'm here," Rozanov soothes, immediately putting a hand on his chest, squeezing. Shane is still not convinced. "Just pulling out. Still here."

"Mm, don't," Shane mumbles, nuzzling his cheek into the pillow, one arm stretched over his side, the other desperately trying to find Rozanov, even with his eyes closed.

A laugh. "What?" and then Rozanov's out of him, and Shane tries to focus on the various noises – the shuffling, the grunting, the sniffing – so he doesn't focus too much on the emptiness and the lack of contact. On the growing discomfort of his own spunk drying on his chest. "Ah, Hollander," Rozanov groans, sounding exhausted, collapsing onto Shane's side, cheek squished against his chest. "Shit," he exhales, glancing up at him, then smiling – Shane can only guess this is what happens, felt against his skin, because he can't keep his eyes open, can only hum at the feel of Rozanov stroking his thigh, a soothing rhythm, "This is why we don't fuck *before* game."

"We have some..." Shane mumbles the rest, meaning to say that they've got a few days before the game, but being unable too on account of feeling like a big puddle of melted *whatever*. He doesn't know. All he knows is that Rozanov's lips feel soft against his chest.

He knows Rozanov doesn't hear him, but he doesn't ask him to repeat himself. Not that he could. He keeps stroking his thigh, cheek at an angle that makes Shane believe Rozanov is watching him, though he's too scared to check.

There's a faint buzzing, coming from his right. For a while, it's just a pleasant background noise, something to focus on as he catches his breath, still riding his high – but then it clicks, and he cracks an eye open, groaning quietly.

"It's Hayden," he says, and that makes Rozanov open his eyes, too. Shane can't help but smile at him. "What? It is."

"So what we said means nothing to you."

"You're not fucking me. I can say his name now."

Rozanov grunts, brings his palm down on Shane's stomach, a soft slap. "Okay, give me ten minutes."

"I have to go," Shane mumbles, although he makes no such move apart from lifting his head up, looking around like he doesn't know where he is. He doesn't feel like he could go. He

feels like lying down forever, feels high – floaty, almost. He doesn't recognise the feeling, but he welcomes it, too content to be concerned.

Rozanov is quiet, watching him look around the room. "I don't think you can go now, Hollander," he says, hand rubbing his stomach gently, as if to bring him down.

Shane doesn't want to come down. He doesn't want to go, even. But he's got to. "I only said I'm going for a walk," he mumbles, head coming back down and cheek nuzzling back into Rozanov's pillow, eyes fighting to stay open. "He's callin' me..."

"Is Hayden your mother?"

Shane's quiet for a bit, something dawning on him, and then he groans again, slow and tired, "No, what if he called my mother? No..."

"Hollander," Rozanov is laughing, crawling up so that his face is level with Shane's, trying to make him listen. "You are adult, yes? Nobody will tattle to your mother. Yes?"

Shane just wants to kiss him, if he's honest. But he concedes. "Yes."

"Okay," Rozanov tells him, closing his mouth at the sight of Shane's face, his slow blinks, his happy eyes. "Fine, Hollander. We make deal?"

Only if it involves Shane kissing him. Shane really wants to kiss him.

"You sleep for an hour, then you can go. Just sixty minutes. Then I let you call back Pike. Okay?"

Shane smiles, slow and lazy, teeth showing. "Thirty," he whispers, although he could easily take a hundred and thirty right now. Preferably in Rozanov's arms.

"Okay. Thirty," Rozanov concedes, thinking for a minute. "And you should probably drink some water."

"Mm, why don't you bathe me and wash my hair and dress me, too..." Shane mumbles, turning on his side, so ready to fall asleep. But not before his kiss. "I want a kiss."

"Will you have some water?"

"Will you give me a kiss?"

Rozanov looks like he knows what he wants to do, but doesn't know if he should do it. But in Shane's head, it's okay. There's no inhibitions. It's all suspended for tonight. They're in halftime.

"Fine. But after I have to leave for two seconds to get the water. So don't freak out. Okay?" he says, and Shane nods – whatever, whatever will get you to stop talking. It's good enough for Rozanov, who finally leans down and captures Shane's lips in a slow kiss, no tongue, no heat, soft and perfect and everything he wanted. But Rozanov pulls away, eventually, and

Shane chases after him, kissing him again. “Hollander,” Rozanov says, spoken into his mouth, “we made deal.”

“Thank you,” Shane blurts out, a bit more grounded now – though he’s still floating, still happy and dizzy, his brain buzzing with the possibilities. Rozanov closes his mouth, just listening. “For all of it, everything. For... holding it.”

Rozanov blinks, the sides of his mouth kind of trembling, like he doesn’t know whether he should smile. Eventually, he settles on nodding. “I will get you water now. Okay?” and Shane nods, too, taking his hands off with great difficulty and letting Rozanov get off the bed, watching him walk away, disappear through another door.

He listens to the tap run, Rozanov’s feet shuffling on the floor – but what lulls him to sleep is the song Rozanov is humming, hushed and muffled through the wall.

End Notes

if you read all that and you're now reading this guys on the real. we all gotta kill each other before s2 comes out I don't like who I became because of s1. goodbye

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