

you talk like a man and taste like the sun

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you talk like a man and taste like the sun

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Summary

The entire time, he couldn't stop thinking about how gentle Ilya was. Gone was the hockey player from earlier, the one who threw his body around recklessly, used rough calloused hands to handle the puck. In his place was a new Ilya.

or the duality of Ilya Rozanov as seen through Shane's eyes

Notes

fic title taken from the song "helium" by glass animals

huge thank you to my pookie [projecuntitled](#) for beta reading, you're the best!!

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

Shane winced as Ilya went flying into the boards. He ducked his head, lowered his shoulder, and threw his body against the glass with reckless abandon. The resulting crash filled the rink. It rattled Shane's bones, a deep dull thud he could feel in every limb. The crowd roared as they always did, smacking the glass and cheering as Ilya skated away in pursuit of the puck.

If Shane was counting, which he definitely wasn't, that was Ilya's fourth hit in the first five minutes of the period. His tenth of the game. The guys on ESPN were probably frothing at the mouth. They loved when Ilya played like this - big and mean and violent. Shane just gritted his teeth and pretended not to care.

But he did care. Maybe too much.

"Good hit, Roz!" Marleau shouted, tapping his stick against the boards from his viewing point on the bench.

"Rozanov's playing like a dick tonight," Shane heard in his other ear. He turned to find Hayden staring out at the ice, watching Ilya pin their teammate JJ into a corner.

Shane rolled his eyes. "He plays like this every night."

"Maybe." Hayden cocked his head like he was really thinking about it. "I don't know, it feels different somehow. Like he decided to be an even bigger asshole today."

Before Shane had time to respond, it was his turn to jump on the ice. He flew across the rink with long fluid strides, catching up to the play in no time. Ilya still had JJ pinned against the boards. The referees were screaming at them to behave, clearly unaware that Ilya was throwing little cross-checks into JJ's lower back as often as he could.

As soon as Ilya noticed Shane had jumped into the play, the puck slipped loose and JJ poked it forward into the neutral zone.

"Hollander," Ilya said casually, keeping pace with Shane as they flew up the ice. "Nice of you to join."

"Fuck off, Rozanov," Shane shot back. He chose to ignore Ilya's smile, bright and triumphant, beautiful and dangerous.

Shane took control of the puck, handling it delicately on his stick as he entered the Raiders' zone. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Ilya closing in fast with his shoulder low. Shane flicked a pass to Hayden and cut hard to his left, narrowly avoiding a collision with Ilya.

Asshole, he thought.

The Metros knocked the puck around in the offensive zone. They connected pass after pass, tape to tape, moving in and out to evade the Raiders. Shane worked back and forth behind the net, looking for a gap to squeeze the puck through.

Somehow Ilya was everywhere he turned. Blocking the front of the net, checking the players at the blue line, pressuring Shane against the boards. Shane couldn't escape.

Not that he really wanted to. He was starting to love it. The feeling of Ilya's body pressing him against the glass, his hands weaving their way around Shane's waist to get the puck. It wasn't like Ilya's usual touch. It was rough and dirty and, if Shane didn't know any better, he'd think Ilya was doing it on purpose.

After two minutes of possession, Shane still couldn't find a clear shot and dumped the puck in deep before skating off for a change.

"No luck?" Ilya chirped in Shane's ear as they rotated off.

"What?" Shane sat on the bench closest to the Raiders, talking to Ilya across the reporter's box in between.

"In the offensive zone. No luck. You did not score." Ilya's accent was hard, words sliding out of the corner of his lips around his mouthguard.

"Fuck off, Rozanov," Shane retorted, making a mental note to think of comebacks other than "fuck off."

Ilya grinned over at him. Cocky and mischievous. Shane pretended that his heart didn't beat faster in his chest, that his cheeks didn't feel a little warmer. Just the game, nothing else.

"We're still beating you," Shane said, trying to salvage his dignity.

Ilya's gaze flicked to the scoreboard. The Metros were in the lead, 3-2. Shane had a goal and an assist. Ilya had the same.

"Not for long." Ilya still had a slight smile on his face, but his voice was hard. In his tone, Shane could hear the cutting edge of competitiveness, could see it in his tensed jaw and narrowed eyes. Ilya hated losing just as much as Shane did. Especially when they played against each other.

"And you almost hit me," Shane said as he remembered Ilya's body rushing toward him on the zone entry. "I mean, like a real hit."

"Is hockey game, Hollander. I hit everyone."

Shane shrugged, acknowledging the point. He was suddenly pulled back to the game as a horn sounded. He groaned. Boston had scored. The game was now tied 3-3.

"See?" Ilya shouted to Shane over the crowd's cheers. "You did not beat us for long."

"Whatever, we'll come back."

"Come back?" Ilya laughed. "No, I do not think anyone will be coming." He hopped over the boards as he rotated in for a shift and lowered his voice, skating in front of Shane on the bench. "Except maybe you."

Shane blinked. His cheeks felt warm and, this time, he knew it wasn't just from the game. He looked next to him on the bench to make sure no one heard Ilya's stupid jibe, exhaling in relief when he realized everyone was too busy complaining about the Boston goal. It was only then that he felt the flicker of hot desire pooling in his stomach. Desire that only Ilya could spark.

Fucking Rozanov, Shane thought before leaping over the boards back into the game.

Later that night, Shane paced the floor of his hotel room. He was on his phone incessantly, pretending that he was just checking the time or looking at the weather or scrolling Instagram.

He was a liar, of course.

His reward finally came when a text from "Lily" popped up on his screen with an address attached. His palms felt sweaty as he typed back a quick response. Anticipation prickled in the pit of his stomach and crawled up his spine.

Not even fifteen minutes later, he found himself looking at Ilya's front door.

This wasn't their first time hooking up. Not even close. But every time felt like their first. Shane was anxious and jittery, so scared he could barely move. And yet, excitement thrummed through his body, lighting his nerves on fire and urging him forward.

He knocked. Ilya answered.

"Hollander," he said in greeting, opening the door a little wider so Shane could slide past him.

"Rozanov." Shane couldn't ignore the way their bodies pressed together in the doorway - warm and welcoming and *delicious*. Just what he needed.

Shane slipped his shoes off and walked through the entryway to the kitchen, his heart pounding so loudly it was impossible that Ilya couldn't hear it.

"It was a good game today, yes?" Shane heard Ilya say from behind him.

"Yeah, yeah," Shane replied distractedly. He leaned against the counter and pressed his fingers to the cold tile, steadying himself.

"Too bad you lost."

Shane whipped his head up. Ilya stood a few steps in front of him, eyes twinkling and the corner of his mouth curled up. His arms were crossed over his broad chest, and he looked so good that, if Shane wasn't so annoyed by Ilya's comment, he would've dropped to his knees right there.

"Asshole," Shane said instead, gripping the counter behind him. "We should've won and you know it."

“Really?” Ilya stepped closer. Shane could feel an almost magnetic pull between the two of them, as if invisible particles in the air urged them together.

“Yes! We outshot and outplayed you guys for the entire game!”

“Not true.” Another step closer. Shane’s heart skipped a beat.

“No?” Shane asked, trying to keep his voice flat despite the storm of nerves and desire swirling through his body. “Did you even look at the stats?”

Ilya scoffed and rolled his eyes. “Stats? Who needs stats?” Another step closer. If Shane moved forward, their noses would be touching. He didn’t move. Couldn’t move. There was something delicious about the tension between them and Shane was getting drunk off it.

“Everyone needs stats!” he protested, savoring the mock-annoyed look on Ilya’s face.

“No, I do not.” A half-step closer. Shane could feel Ilya’s breath on his cheeks. He might explode soon.

“You don’t look at stats?” Shane whispered. The tension between them was too intense, too delicate.

Shane watched Ilya’s eyes dip to his lips. His breath hitched. Desire, want, pure *need* filled Shane’s body, flooded his mind.

“No one looks at stats, Hollander.” Ilya’s voice was low and deep, gravelly in a way that made lust drip hot down Shane’s spine. “Only you. Because you are boring.”

“I’m not boring,” Shane tried to retort but his voice came out so soft, so ridiculously fond, that he knew he had lost.

It was almost worth it just to see Ilya’s face, grinning with his head tilted and eyes bright, just before their lips met.

Finally.

They kissed slow and languidly. Deep and gentle and familiar in a way that made Shane’s head spin. There was just something about Ilya that Shane had never experienced before and would probably never experience again. He couldn’t explain it. He couldn’t point to anything and say “yes, that’s it.” It was just Ilya. Rough and gentle, abrasive and kind, beautiful and dangerous. Ilya was a drug and Shane his faithful addict.

Ilya pressed closer, his hands finding their way to Shane’s waist. Fingertips brushed the skin above Shane’s waistband, the touch warm and soft. So different from the hands that had grabbed him during the game earlier. Yet still the same. Shane reveled in the dichotomy of Ilya Rozanov.

His hands moved of their own accord, lifting to tangle in Ilya’s soft curls. Pulling him closer, closer, *closer*. Ilya moved willingly. Angled his head to deepen their kiss, licked patiently and

gently at Shane's bottom lip. Shane was unable to prevent a sigh from rising through his chest, a whine forcing its way past his lips. Reduced, as always, to his weakest form.

Ilya pulled back and Shane helplessly chased after him. Another whine rose from the back of his throat.

"Hollander," Ilya started.

"Rozanov," Shane replied.

"As much as I would like to fuck you on this counter, should we go to the bedroom?"

"Bedroom," Shane choked out. More than one word was too much for him as Ilya's fingers traced shapes into his skin.

Ilya nodded and turned, his hand reaching out to grab Shane's. Their palms slotted together perfectly. Puzzle pieces fitting into place. Shane couldn't think straight. He let himself be led out of the room, more than content to let Ilya take control.

They fell on the bed, Ilya pulling Shane on top of him into a tangle of limbs. Shane instantly found Ilya's lips again. He was addicted to the taste - to the beautiful balance of sweet and bitter, gentle warmth and sharp bite, too much and not enough. He wanted to drown in it, bask in it, *relish* in it.

And he did. Every touch set his senses on fire. Every caress sent sparks skittering across his skin. Every stifled groan, whispered word, filthy moan was music to his ears, a new song in his favorite playlist. Shane felt like he was floating. Like he achieved nirvana, had ascended to a different plane of existence. It was pure ecstasy.

The entire time, he couldn't stop thinking about how gentle Ilya was. Gone was the hockey player from earlier, the one who threw his body around recklessly, used rough calloused hands to handle the puck. In his place was a new Ilya. One with a gentle touch. With a slow, soft kiss. With an adoring gaze and a constant stream of muttered praise. Shane believed that this Ilya was, in a single word, *perfect*.

When they were both spent, they collapsed on the sheets. Breathing heavily. A light sheen of sweat covering every inch of skin. Ilya sat up, resting on one elbow as he looked over at Shane. Shane could only muster the energy to smile lazily up at him. He watched as something shifted in Ilya's eyes. Something warm, something fond. A rich shade of green grew brighter, a twinkle catching the light. It made Shane feel infinite.

Ilya leaned down. He peppered gentle kisses to each of Shane's cheeks, then paused to kiss Shane's lips. Shane would never grow tired of Ilya's kisses. Some were heated, rushed, desperate. And some, like this one, were slow and kind. Domestic in a way that Shane had come to savor. Ilya tasted sweet and bright, like everything good in the world.

To Shane, Ilya Rozanov tasted like the sun.

End Notes

thank you for reading! comments and kudos are super much appreciated!

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