

tell me how it feels

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by [iamsiriuslyriddikulus](#)

Summary

Shane spirals after losing the finals. Thankfully, Ilya knows how to quiet his mind.

Notes

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

They'd lost. *He'd* lost. He'd let his guard down for a split second, and Detroit had taken the cup in the final seconds.

Fuck.

"Hollander, calm down." Rozanov's voice breaks through the static in his head, and for a brief second, Shane feels the knot in his stomach loosen. His eyes catch the furrow in Rozanov's brow and the slight downward curve of his lips. Try as he might to present an icy exterior, Shane knows better; Rozanov is worried. About him, no less. Shane's skin continues to prickle, but his breathing evens out.

"I let everyone down," Shane says. He perches himself on the edge of the bed and lifts the drawstring of his hoodie instinctively up. It's one of his favorites, the plastic tips hanging on by a thread, mangled with indents from his teeth. Typically, he's careful not to wear it in public, but he must have slipped—reached for it without thinking.

Worse still, Rozanov stares at his lips, undoubtedly at the drawstring. The last thing he needs is for Rozanov to notice his bad habits, but he can't bring himself to stop, rolling it between his molars.

"Can you stop that? It is... distracting." There it is—the truth in all its terrible glory.

The knot in his stomach tightens, worse than before, as heat crawls up his neck into his cheeks. "Sorry," he mumbles, dropping his gaze. "I know it's gross." Every time his mother sees it, she's sure to remind him, her tone admonishing. The thought of seeing anything close to disgust in Rozanov's expression makes him feel sick to his stomach.

"That's not the word I would use. I am trying to comfort you, but when you do that, it makes me stare at your mouth." His explanation does nothing to clear things up. If anything, Shane finds his thoughts more muddled, confusion entwining with shame. "Jesus, Hollander, do I have to spell it out for you? It makes me want to fuck you."

Oh.

Well, that is unexpected. Shane's jaw goes slack, and the drawstring slips from between his lips. No matter how many times he hears it, *feels* it with each kiss and touch, he doesn't understand how someone like Rozanov can feel that way toward him. But now that he looks again, the expression on Rozanov's face is familiar. Hunger gleams in his eyes as he stares, lips parted.

"These things happen," Rozanov mutters, distracted.

"What?"

"Sometimes you lose. Not me, though," he teases.

"You didn't make it through the playoffs."

“Hmm. Not important,” he dismisses with a wry smile. “But you didn’t let anyone down.”

It hits him again, like a stone in his stomach. But he did. His team counted on him to do better. Shane swallows thickly and runs a hand over his face. That horrible feeling, like static, crawls under his skin and down his throat until each breath feels as though it’s being pulled through a coffee straw. Like he can’t draw enough oxygen. Like the room is closing in on him. Like he’s slowly drifting outside of himself.

Not here. Not now, he silently begs.

Next to him, the bed dips as Rozanov sits down. His voice cuts through the ringing in Shane’s ears with startling clarity. “Get undressed.”

Just like that, he’s grounded once more. It’s almost unfair, the ability Rozanov has to see right through him. But right now, he doesn’t care. He finds himself nodding and hooks his fingers under the hems of his hoodie and shirt, pulling them both over his head. He stands, almost methodically, and separates them. But before he can fold them, Rozanov interrupts. “Leave them.”

“But—“ He meets Rozanov’s eyes, and the rest of his sentence dies on his tongue. Rozanov leans his weight casually back on one arm as he sits, legs spread. “Yes, Sir,” Shane finds himself saying instead, and his clothes drop to the floor.

“Pants and underwear too. Off.” Those clothes join the heap on the ground, leaving Shane bare in nothing but his socks. “Kneel.”

His body moves instinctively. It’s infuriating how Rozanov knows how to make the static in his brain melt into a pleasant hum, how he plucks each worry and replaces it with want. Bastard. He settles between Rozanov’s legs, and his mouth waters. Rozanov is half hard already.

“What do you want?” Rozanov asks, as though it isn’t obvious, as though he does not want the same thing.

“I want to blow you.” He’s lost count of how many times they’ve done this, but his heart still speeds up at such a blunt admission. Heat crawls up his neck into his cheeks, and he sucks in his lower lip, worrying it between his teeth.

“Be more specific.” Rozanov enunciates each word as he stares down at Shane, pupils blown.

“Want to feel your dick in my mouth.” He loves the weight of it against his tongue. “Want to... taste you.” It surprised him at first how much he loves the bitter saltiness of Rozanov’s dick—sweat and musk mixing together into something intoxicating. But he’s long abandoned pretending otherwise within the privacy of their hotel rooms. “Want you to come in my mouth.”

Rozanov breathes in sharply through his nose. “Do you think you’ve earned it?”

No. “Yes.”

It's as though Rozanov can see inside his head. "I think you are lying. But you have." For a brief moment, when Rozanov's hand touches Shane's face, there's a tenderness to it. Just as Shane goes to lean into it, however, Rozanov grips his jaw and slides his thumb past Shane's lips.

Shane doesn't need to be told to suck. Rozanov slides it as far back as it can go, pressing the weight of it against Shane's tongue. When Shane swallows around it, Rozanov groans. "I think you've earned my dick." His thumb slips out, and a trail of saliva briefly connects them.

"Wow. Thank you for your generosity." Despite his deadpan, heat crawls up the back of Shane's neck. His body aches to feel Rozanov's hand at the back of his neck, his nails scraping against his scalp.

"Or not. I could—"

Before Rozanov can properly threaten anything, Shane leans forward, pressing his mouth over the fabric of track pants. He can feel the outline of his dick and does his best to close his mouth around it through the polyester fabric. "You are naughty, Hollander. How should I punish you?"

The words send a thrill down Shane's spine. The thought of Rozanov having his way with him makes his body burn. He moans and pulls back slightly to stare up at Rozanov. "However you want. Use me."

Apparently, it's the right answer—inasmuch as there are right or wrong things to say. Rozanov sucks in a sharp breath through his teeth as his jaw flexes. "Okay." He wastes no time pulling off his pants, shirt, and socks, tossing them across the room. The gold cross necklace he always wears swings against his chest. Before he can even motion to Shane to return between his legs, Shane leans forward, pressing hot, open-mouthed kisses to Rozanov's dick through the thin fabric of his boxer briefs. He can smell him properly now. Feel how hot he is—and hard. His tongue presses against the head of Rozanov's dick, the slight hint of precome bleeding through.

It's not enough. Rozanov must agree because he tugs at the waistband of his underwear until his dick springs free. Sometimes when he jerks off, Shane pictures it, finds himself defaulting to porn of uncut dicks. He imagines tracing his tongue along each vein. Nails run through the hair on the back of his neck and scrape against his scalp, and Shane's mind goes quiet at last. "Open that pretty mouth of yours, Hollander."

Shane's jaw goes slack as he reaches out, wrapping his hand around it. He slides it down, foreskin with it, exposing the head. His tongue dips into the slit, and Rozanov groans, foregoing any attempt at easing Shane into it. He thrusts, and Shane's hand drops as he takes Rozanov as far as he can, relishing in the feeling of Rozanov's dick sliding against his tongue. Shane shuts his eyes as he feels the head of Rozanov's dick hit the back of his throat. Rozanov holds him in place and pulls back slowly until his foreskin completely covers the head of his dick, until Shane is left sucking on the sensitive skin.

He reaches up one hand trying both to steady himself and feel the firm music of Rozanov's pec under his hand. He's rewarded with a moan from Rozanov as his thumb grazes Rozanov's nipple.

Rozanov quickly rocks back into him as the room fills with loud, lewd noises. Shane desperately tries to keep up, tongue flat against the bottom of his mouth out as spit dribbles down his chin. But with Rozanov's tight grip on him, guiding his head down, nothing else matters. He's happy to be a drooling mess as long as he gets to hear Rozanov come.

Rozanov's grunts get louder as he gets closer, and Shane goes limp as he lets Rozanov fuck into his mouth. He pictures himself as nothing more than a hole to be filled, and a whimper slips out. And when he looks up, he finds Rozanov staring down at him with such intensity that Shane can't hold his gaze for long.

"Oh, *fuck*, Hollander." The way Rozanov says his name, almost thick in his mouth behind his accent, makes Shane's stomach clench. Rozanov holds him down, nose pressed against his neatly trimmed curls as he comes, and Shane does his best to swallow it obediently.

When Rozanov lets go, he heaves a huge breath, lungs and eyes burning. The room spins as he tries to steady himself. He must be a mess, Rozanov's come mixing with saliva as it drips past the corners of his lips. Just as he reaches to wipe it, however, Rozanov pulls him up, pressing his mouth hungrily against Shane's, his tongue lapping up every sticky drop.

"You don't always swallow," Rozanov remarks, his voice muffled by Shane's skin.

"You didn't give me much choice."

Rozanov pauses and leans back slightly, his brow furrowed. "But is okay?"

Shane hates the way his heart flutters in his chest when Rozanov looks at him like that, his hazel eyes serious and worried. He nods. "Yeah."

Just as quickly, the look vanishes. "Mm, good. I fuck you now." It isn't a question as much as it's a command, and one Shane is eager to follow. He climbs on the bed, but before he can ask how Rozanov wants him, he gets his answer. "On all fours."

The sheets bunch under his palms as he adjusts himself. Rozanov places a leg between Shane's knees, knocking them further apart and almost making Shane lose balance. "Hey!"

"Oh, sorry, didn't know you were fragile," Rozanov teases, his lips curling in a lopsided smirk.

"Fragile—that's a big word for you, Rozanov." Shane's voice is far too breathy to sound convincing.

"I decided to study and be boring like you." Rozanov's fingers trace up along Shane's spine until he reaches Shane's hair again, giving it a sharp tug. Rozanov bends down, his breath hot against Shane's neck. "The things I could do to you, Hollander. And you'd let me, wouldn't you?"

He shouldn't say yes. It's absurd, and even without seeing Rozanov, he can picture the smug look on his face, but the word tumbles out anyway. "Yes."

"Good boy."

Shane nearly melts into the mattress, whining pathetically as Rozanov pulls back, taking his heat with him. But he can't complain long. Rozanov falls back, his fist still locked Shane's hair, the tip of his tongue following the same path as his fingers down Shane's spine. He stops only once he reaches the base of it, just above the swell of his ass.

"Behave." This time, when Rozanov knocks his knees apart, Shane braces and steadies himself. "See, you learn."

Shane tries to get a retort out, but when he opens his mouth, Rozanov drags his tongue from Shane's perineum to his hole. A needy moan leaves him instead, and the muscles in his stomach clench. He's not going to last long. *Fuck.*

Rozanov licks a hot stripe across it. And another. And another. Shane feels the remainder of his self-control slip away. He hasn't even been properly fucked yet, and this is all it takes. His hips buck as he pleads. "Rozanov, holy shit. Need— Please, you have to—"

It's only half-incomprehensible, which is a feat in itself. God, he's weak-willed. It'll be another thing to beat himself up over later when he's replaying and scrutinizing each minute detail of their time-together. But for now, he chooses just to enjoy it. "Need you. I need *you*."

Rozanov growls at the admission, and he dips his tongue past the rim. His hold on Shane's hair is still tight, and he pulls Shane into a u-shape, back arched with his head and ass both lifted. Pain and pleasure fold into one beautiful mess as Rozanov finally presses in as far as his tongue will allow. Stubble drags against sensitive skin, and Shane rocks back as much as the position will allow.

Rozanov devours him, licking him open until Shane's thigh tremble. All Shane can do is let him, scalp burning as his breathy, little whimpers fill the room. He fucks his tongue into him, drags it *inside* of him until Shane is nothing but nerves, heat pooling in his abdomen. His dick is so hard, slick with precome even as it's woefully neglected.

Just like that, it stops. Rozanov's hand slips from his hair, and Shane nearly collapses. "What? Where did you go?" His words slur together. He's a wreck, and he knows it, but God, all he wants to do is to come.

Rozanov shifts and rolls over on his back next to Shane. For a brief moment, all he sees is Rozanov's grin, a mischievous twinkle in his eyes, and then Rozanov is reaching around him, tugging him onto his lap. "Stretch yourself." He tosses a tube of lube at him that Shane almost misses as he tears the top of the condom packet.

Shane slips two fingers in at once. The burn is pleasant but manageable thanks to Rozanov. He's already slick from saliva. But the lube helps as he adds a third finger. He curls them and shudders. It wouldn't take much to come by his own hand, but it's not what he wants.

“That’s enough.” Rozanov pulls Shane’s hand away, leaving him empty and clenching desperately around nothing once more.

“Fuck you. You are loving this.”

“And you are not?” Rozanov motions to Shane’s dick and laughs. “Please.”

He can’t argue with that, as much as he wants to, so he simply scowls. Rozanov places one hand on Shane’s hip and positions himself with the other. Shane lifts and then lowers his hips, gasping when he feels the head of Rozanov’s cock press against him. He rocks his hips, sucking in a sharp breath as it stretches the rim and then slips in.

It takes all his concentration to sink down slowly, and his thighs ache. All he wants is to be full. To feel nothing but Rozanov filling him, stretching him out. At long last, he’s fully seated. Shane lets out a trembling breath that Rozanov echoes. “Move,” he says, not too kindly, but Rozanov shakes his head.

“Not until you say please.”

“Please.” Surely, it’s killing Rozanov just as much to hold back. But there’s a calm to Rozanov’s eyes that is almost unsettling.

“I don’t believe you. Like you mean it.”

“Goddammit, Rozanov—please! Please fucking move and fuck me.”

“No.” He gives Shane that same infuriating smirk and grips Shane’s hips to keep him from any attempt at taking matters into his own hands. “I like you like this.” As if to accentuate his point, Rozanov reaches back toward the nightstand and grabs the remote, turning on the hotel TV.

Any attempt at calling Rozanov a *fucking bastard* gets caught in his throat, replaced instead with a choked whine. His dick is hard against his stomach, and his whole body aches. *More*, he wants to say. *This isn’t enough*.

The TV is muffled, but Shane can tell through the haze that the different voices and songs must mean that Rozanov is flipping through the channels. He strains, trying to focus. Rozanov’s curls are messy, and he tilts his head to the side, angling to see around Shane. The glow from the TV illuminates him, making him all the more striking, highlighting his angular features.

“Rozanov, *please*.”

The TV clicks off, and Rozanov lifts Shane’s hips up before letting go. Shane bottoms out once more with a loud moan. He moves as much as his body will allow, his nails digging into Rozanov’s chest as he feels Rozanov’s dick drag against his prostate. “I’m going to—” Shane doesn’t even get out the full sentence before he’s coming against their chests, clenching around Rozanov.

Rozanov rocks up into him, his jaw set. With a shaky hand, he reaches up, pulling Shane's hair out of his face as he stares at him unblinking. Before long, he's spent, but Rozanov doesn't relent, his hips snapping upward at a more brutal pace.

It's too much. His body convulses, and he shakes his head. "Rozanov. *Ilya*." But he can't get the word stop out. Just gasps and whimpers. Careful not to slip out, Rozanov rolls them over until Shane feels the bed against his back. Through blurry eyes, he can see Rozanov looming over him, feel his legs bend as Rozanov finds a better angle. He doesn't know how long he can take it. Every bit of him burns, feels raw. But there's a look of determination on Rozanov's face that tells him he won't stop until he gets what he's chasing after.

Somehow, despite all odds, his dick twitches weakly again between them. He blinks, half in a daze as his body moves limply with each thrust. Something other than Rozanov's grunts reach his ears, and it takes him a few seconds to realize that those choked moans are his. "Who do you think is going to come first?" Rozanov asks, his voice cutting through the fog. "You or me?"

The necklace dangles over him. Using what minimal leverage he has, Shane lifts his shoulders and neck up and takes it in his mouth, sucking lightly on it as he comes again. Rozanov goes in and out of focus, but judging by the way his hips stutter, he must come too.

They collapse in a sweaty heap on the bed, Rozanov panting into his ear. With a groan, Rozanov adjusts and presses a kiss to Shane's forehead. "You are very pretty when you come."

"And you're greedy," Shane murmurs. All he feels is the Rozanov against him, heavy and warm and comforting.

"Yes," Rozanov says simply.

They lay like that for a minute or ten, Rozanov pressing the occasional kiss to Shane's temple and jaw; Shane can't quite tell how much time passes. But eventually, their breaths steady out. Rozanov slips out with a sigh, and Shane feels his hole flutter, suddenly empty.

"You came twice," Rozanov says.

"So did you," Shane reminds him. But he doesn't have the energy for residual animosity. His body is sore from a long day. He blinks the world into focus and groans as he lifts himself up onto his elbows, suddenly alert.

"What are you thinking about?"

"I forgot about the game." Disappointment curdles in his stomach, though it's not nearly as sour or heavy as it was earlier.

Rozanov smiles. "There will be next year when you will lose to Boston."

Shane returns the smile and falls back on the bed. Rozanov's fingers absentmindedly trace up his arm, his light touch bordering on ticklish. "We'll see about that."

End Notes

Why are they in the same city even though Boston lost during the playoffs? An excellent question. I do not have an answer. I also have not yet read the books (that's my reward for finishing this fic, ha), so for those who have, I hope it hits!

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