

Angry Kitten = Shane Hollander

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Angry Kitten = Shane Hollander

by [AkirasStories](#)

Summary

You: Why are you sending me pictures of cats?

Lily: its not cat

You: Yes, Rozanov, that is a cat.

Lily: no

Lily: is angry kitten

Lily: like you

or: ilya sends those angry kittten pics to shane.

Notes

hi!

this fic is gifted to my wonderful friend who was the first person to ask for a part 2 of angry kitten fight! i hope you'll like it <3

it's not necessary to read the first part for understanding!

some other things:

for everyone commenting under my college au 'close to me': thank you. it means a lot to me and i see it all! it may take me some days to respond, tho. also, i pinky-promise part 2 is in the works! it's taking blood, sweat & tears to finish it (seriously, i never wrote a fic so difficult for me to write) and i was having a rough time the last few weeks which is why i couldn't invest the time and energy i wanted. but, with a little help from my friends (beatles reference.. if anyone catches it, ily), i will hopefully (knock on wood) post it in january!

other than that i hope this fic is fun, and brings some joy to you! it's just something silly :)

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

Lily: *sent an image*

Shane stares at the notification on his phone.

Rozanov sent him a picture. *A picture.*

Biting his bottom lip, Shane keeps staring at the screen, his thumb hovering over the chat.

They haven't seen each other in two weeks. They won't see each other for another four days—the Voyageurs are playing the Bears in Boston. Five more days of distance, of maybe late-night texts and thoughts of golden curls and a mole covered body that Shane can never quite banish out of his head.

What kind of picture did Rozanov send him?

Shane can only think of one kind Rozanov would send... One he had already received once—one that almost gave him a heart attack, a very fast hard-on, and nearly got him outed to Hayden. He'd deleted that picture immediately obviously. That doesn't mean it isn't burned into his brain.

He glances up, cautious, as if his parents or one of his teammates might somehow materialize in his bedroom. Of course, no one's there. He's alone in his apartment in Montreal. He could open it without worrying about getting caught. He could actually take *a look* this time.

His dick twitches in his pants, clearly interested. Maybe it would be nice. Since the game against the Admirals yesterday, Shane has felt wound up, a restlessness under his skin, anxiety taking over his brain.

This could help. Rozanov somehow always manages to make him relax, to make his brain go quiet.

Or, no, not Rozanov. The sex. It's *purely* the sex. Not the man Shane's having it with. Nope.

And whatever picture Rozanov sent him could definitely help Shane relax a bit.

He taps the chat, expecting anything but what he's faced with.

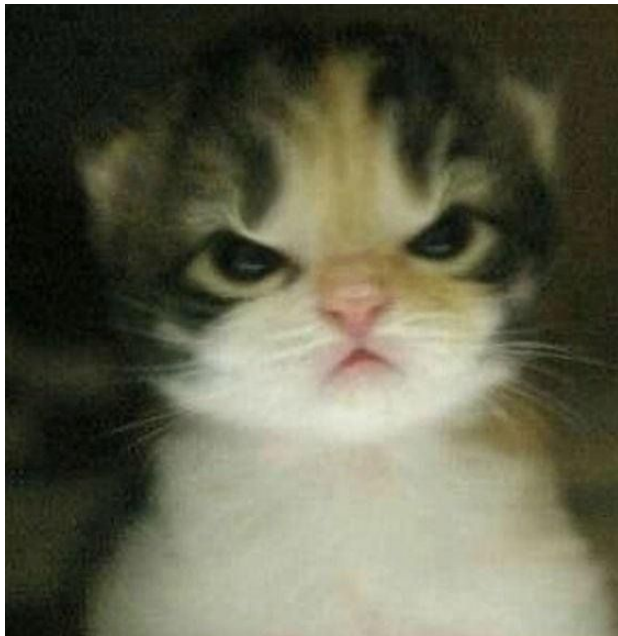
There's no picture of Rozanov's dick. No teasing selfie showing more skin than Shane's sanity can handle. Instead, a cat—or rather, a kitten—stares back at him, its face twisted into something close to a scowl.

Lily:



You: ?

Lily:



Almost immediately, Shane is hit with yet another picture of a cat.

What the fuck?

You: Why are you sending me pictures of cats?

Lily: its not cat

You: Yes, Rozanov, that is a cat.

Lily: no

Lily: is angry kitten

Lily: like you

You: What?

Lily:



This one appears to have no ears—or maybe they’re just flattened—but Shane barely looks at it, too busy trying to figure out what Rozanov is getting at.

You: What does that mean, “like me”?

Lily:



Lily: where did they get this pic of u

You: I am not a cat.

Shane's brow furrows. There is absolutely nothing about this white cat that explains why Ilya thinks it's him. *Nothing*. Is Rozanov fucking with him? He just wanted some release, not whatever this is.

Lily: Yes

Lily: you are no cat

Lily: you are kitten

Lily: shane hollander = angry kitten

You: Are you drunk?

Maybe Rozanov went out last night and there's still alcohol in his system. Or maybe he's one of those people who smokes a joint for dinner. Shane hopes not. It's bad enough Ilya smokes at all. He should really be more careful with his body.

Lily: no

Lily: you make that face

Lily: is same as kitten

Shane: No.

Lily: yes

Shane: Fuck you

Incoming video call

Shane stares at the FaceTime request in horror. What is Rozanov thinking? They've never even called before, why is he requesting a video call now? They don't *do* that.

The phone keeps ringing until it stops. Relief washes over Shane. Then a tiny bit of regret settles in his chest. He ignores it. He doesn't want to see Rozanov's face. Really, he doesn't.

Lily: hollander pick up

You: No.

Incoming video call

Rozanov is certainly persistent. But Shane isn't going to accept. He's not. He doesn't want to—and maybe he can't. His fingers, like the rest of his body, feel frozen as he sits on his bed.

Lily: hollander

Lily: hollander

Lily: pick up

Lily: i want to see your angry kitten face

Lily: bet you do it now

Lily: is so funny

Apparently, his annoyance with Ilya's teasing is enough to snap him out of his frozen state and give him just enough bravery to hit the *Call* button before he can overthink it.

There's one ring, then another. It's enough time for his brain to catch up with what he's doing and for his anxiety to creep back in.

Why did he do that? Why is he calling Rozanov? He should hang up. He should—

Just as Shane pulls the phone away from his ear, the line connects.

"Hollaaaander," a familiar voice with a thick Russian accent greets him.

At the exact same time, Shane blurts out, "I look nothing like that cat."

There's laughter on the other end of the line, warm and unguarded, and something tight and soft twists in Shane's chest. He hates how nice that laugh sounds. Annoying, arrogant Russians shouldn't be allowed to laugh like that.

"No, you do," Ilya says easily. "Just put on video call. I will see."

Shane is deeply grateful he'd had the sense to hit *call* instead of *FaceTime*. At least this way Rozanov can't see the blush creeping up his face.

"No."

"But it's so funny," Ilya insists, clearly delighted. "You look exactly like pictures."

"No, I don't," Shane says, though even he can hear how unconvincing he sounds.

"You make that face and then your nose scrunches up and—" there's some rustling, as if Ilya's moving around. "—like that, you know?"

Shane doesn't know. He has no idea what Ilya just did, but he can imagine him trying to mimic whatever expression he thinks Shane makes. The idea of that shouldn't be as cute to him as it is.

"Is real funny. And adorable. Your freckles, they get all—"

“My freckles?” Shane breathes. His heart is pounding now. He’s not sure if it’s because Rozanov just called him adorable—or because he said *freckles* like it’s something special.

There’s a brief pause on the other end.

“Yes. Your freckles,” Ilya says softly. “You know you have them, yes? You look in mirror?”

“Fuck off,” Shane mutters, because he doesn’t know what else to say. His phone vibrates in his hand and when he looks down, there’s another notification from Lily.

Ilya sent him a link.

“What’s that?” Shane asks.

“Proof,” Ilya says. Shane can practically hear the smirk in his voice.

“Proof of what?”

“Your angry kitten face.”

“I don’t—”

The protest dies on his tongue as he taps the link.

A video loads. It’s from the game. His fight with Scott Hunter.

“Oh,” Shane mutters.

“Is not very nice of you to fight Hunter,” Ilya says, mock-scolding. “He is very old. He could have heart attack. Respect your elders, Hollander.”

Shane chuckles despite himself as the video plays, his own voice loud and sharp as he yells at Hunter. The humor fades quickly though, guilt creeping in. He still hates how he’d reacted back then. He’d been scared. Terrified, really. Afraid that Hunter knew something. Afraid he’d said something because of Ilya. Because of whatever this *thing* between them was.

After lying awake almost the entire night, tossing and turning, Shane had eventually convinced himself Hunter was just talking shit. He’d played the Bears before. And Ilya was well-known for chirping on the ice. So he’d probably just said that because Ilya had said something along the same lines.

It hadn’t eased his anxiety much, though. He kind of wants to ask Rozanov if he’d said something like that to Hunter, or maybe tell him the whole thing and then let Ilya talk him down with his accent-thick voice and those dumb comments that make Shane smile despite himself.

But they don’t do that. They don’t go to each other seeking comfort. They see each other because they are horny and want sex. That’s all. Nothing more.

“What did he say that Shane Hollander fight old Scott Hunter?” Ilya continues, unaware of Shane’s spiral, his tone playful. “Not very good boy of you.”

He pauses, and then lets his voice drop.

“Are you bad boy now?”

A shiver runs down Shane’s spine. His sweats already feel tighter.

Usually Ilya calls him *good boy*, and Shane, embarrassingly, loves it. Lives for it. Even if he’d never admit that out loud. But he doesn’t have to, anyway. Rozanov always seems to know what Shane likes before Shane figures it out himself. It’s one of the reasons the sex is so good.

But *this*—this works too. Especially with the way Ilya still sounds proud of him. Like he *likes* Shane fighting Hunter.

Almost without thinking, Shane’s hand drifts down his stomach. Maybe he’ll get the release he’d been hoping for after all.

“No, you cannot be bad,” Ilya corrects himself. “Even then, you look too adorable. Like angry kitten.”

Shane’s hand stills. He groans softly, heat blooming in his cheeks. He really should be more annoyed by Ilya’s teasing. He isn’t.

“I do not—”

“Yes, you do! Watch the video.”

“I did.”

“And you look like angry kitten. Just look.”

Shane sighs but lets the video play again. He still doesn’t see it. Not at all.

“Is fight between puppy and kitten.”

“Puppy?” Shane pauses the video. The frame freezes with Hunter and Shane yelling at each other, teammates holding them back, a referee wedged between them. Shane grimaces. He really did lose his temper.

“Yeah,” Ilya says easily. “Hunter looks like beaten puppy.”

Puppy.

The word echoes strangely in Shane’s head. He’s not sure why it tastes sour. Puppies are nice. Puppies are cute. Puppies are basically kittens with longer legs.

“Puppies are cute,” Shane says before he can stop himself.

Fuck.

“I mean,” he adds quickly, “I guess it fits. Hunter’s got the face. And the brown eyes. He’s... handsome.”

The second the words are out, mortification blooms in his chest. He somehow made it worse. Why did he say that?

“You think he is handsome?” Rozanov asks. His voice is neutral, the teasing tone gone.

“I mean, I guess,” Shane trails off. “People say he is.”

Scott Hunter *is* handsome. Objectively. But for some reason, Shane really doesn’t want Ilya thinking he finds Hunter attractive.

“People also say you are better hockey player than me.”

Shane rolls his eyes at Rozanov’s reply, a laugh breaking out of him.

“Hunter’s got nothing on me,” Ilya adds confidently. “I am still best-looking player. Hunter maybe fifth best-looking... If you like old men.”

Shane grins. He’s tempted to ask who ranks second, third, and fourth but he doesn’t. Instead, he says, “Next time I see him, I’ll tell him. Don’t worry.”

“Hm. Next time you two fight?” Rozanov hums. “I will be honored to know you fight for me.”

Shane doesn’t tell him that he already did. Not exactly *for* him... but because of him. Because of whatever this is between them. Because he wanted to protect it.

Instead, he mutters, “Just don’t start sending me videos of dogs and cats fighting.”

Ilya corrects him almost immediately. “Kitten and puppy.”

Shane smiles despite himself.

“What did you and Hunter fight about?”

The question snaps Shane right back into reality.

“Nothing,” Shane says too quickly. “Just... the usual, you know.”

“The usual?” Ilya repeats, and Shane can practically picture the judgmental look.

“Yeah. Heat of the moment.”

Rozanov scoffs. “What heat? Was boring game. Only fight was good.”

Shane wants to argue, but he knows it’s true. The Admirals hadn’t been on their usual level. Hunter had played badly. And Shane hadn’t had any fun playing against a team that wasn’t a

challenge. He hadn't played *bad*... just not like himself.

So yeah. Probably boring to watch.

Still, the fight hadn't been fun for Shane. Not at all.

"Of course you'd think that," he mutters. Rozanov always got into fights. He probably had a blast watching Shane lose his temper.

"Made me jealous."

"What?" Shane blinks, staring at his closet with wide eyes, then repeats. "What?"

"Yeah," Ilya says simply. "I wanted to see that angry kitten face. Not Hunter"

Shane closes his eyes. Of course Rozanov meant that. Of course he hadn't meant he was jealous *of* Scott Hunter. Why would he? Shane really needs to get himself together.

"And now you do not let me see," Ilya adds. "Is sad. Very sad."

"You're ridiculous."

"Is true," Ilya insists. "You are very mean to me." Then, softly, deliberately: "Bad boy."

Shane inhales sharply. It's a dead giveaway.

"Ah," Rozanov purrs. "That sound." A pause, deliberate. "Do you like when I call you that? Bad boy?"

"No, I—" Shane swallows. It doesn't hit the same way *good boy* does, but it definitely does *something*. He can't deny that.

"I got horny watching the fight."

"Horny?" Shane echoes faintly. His sweats are tight, there's a growing wet patch where he's already leaking. It should be embarrassing how fast Shane grows weak for Rozanov. How easy he is for him. But the pure desire running through his veins makes it easy to ignore.

"Mhm. Was very hot watching you lose it."

There's another pause, and this one feels intentional like Ilya knows how bad Shane wants it, how hard he is already. His hand, which had been resting uselessly on his stomach, starts drifting lower again. It stops just above his waistband.

"Touch yourself." It doesn't sound like an order, it sounds like a promise.

And it's all the permission Shane needs. He slips his hand into his sweats and wraps his fingers around his cock, already hard and aching. The relief is immediate, almost dizzying. A broken moan falls out of him before he can stop it.

“Good,” Rozanov murmurs, approval threading through the word, warm and possessive. “That’s my good boy.”

Shane’s hips jerk instinctively into his hand. He strokes himself slowly at first, listening to Ilya’s breathing on the other end of the line as it grows heavier, rougher. He can picture it too easily—Rozanov sprawled somewhere in Boston, long legs spread, hand working himself just like Shane is doing now.

“Was thinking,” Ilya continues, “how I would reward you for that fight.”

“Yeah?” Shane whispers, already gone.

“Would bend you over,” Rozanov says calmly. “Or let you suck my cock. Right there on the ice. Everyone watching, seeing how pretty you look with mouth stuffed full. How good you are for me.”

Shane whimpers, quiet and helpless, his grip tightening.

“You would like that, wouldn’t you?”

“Yes.” The answer slips out of Shane far too fast.

“Good boy,” Ilya murmurs again, slower this time, knowing damn well what it does to Shane.

Shane’s cock is leaking badly now, slicking his hand. He’s shaking, breaths coming too fast, the edge already frighteningly close.

“That’s what you are, right?” Rozanov says quietly, coaxing. “My good boy.”

Shane nods—then realizes Ilya can’t see him. “Yeah,” he breathes. “Yes.”

“Mmm,” Ilya hums, satisfied. “Then be good for me.”

Shane would do anything for him at this point. It’s pathetic how gone he is for Rozanov like this, how he has Shane wrapped around his finger—his cock.

“Tell me,” Rozanov continues, softer but no less commanding. “What you and Hunter fought about.”

Shane’s hand falters. He doesn’t want to say it. It’s embarrassing, too revealing. He must’ve let out something like a whimper, because Ilya responds instantly.

“Hollander,” he coaxes gently. “Is okay. You were so—”

Ilya pauses, like he’s choosing his words carefully. “So angry. So loud. I liked it.”

Shane swallows. His pulse is everywhere—throat, ears, chest. His hand starts moving again, slower now, but moving.

“Come on,” Ilya murmurs again. “Tell me. Be good for me.”

The words have been sitting heavy in Shane's chest since the fight, since the fear. And now, with Rozanov's voice wrapped around him like this, he can't hold them back anymore.

And he *wants* to tell Ilya. Wants to be good for him. He always does.

"I just—" He hesitates, then pushes through it. "I thought he knew."

Everything on the line goes quiet.

"Knew what?" Rozanov asks, instantly attentive.

Shane squeezes his eyes shut. "About us. About... this." His voice cracks, just slightly. "I thought he was baiting me. That he was trying to get me to say something."

A beat.

"I was scared," Shane admits, his breathing heavy from the confession and the way he keeps stroking himself. "I didn't think. I just... lost it."

"And you fought him," Ilya says slowly, like he's putting the pieces together.

"Yeah." Shane exhales, stroking himself faster now, nerves and arousal blurring together. "I know it's dumb, but I thought he'd say something. That he'd take it from me."

The silence on the line is thick, charged.

Then Rozanov says something softly in Russian—low, reverent, heated in a way Shane doesn't understand but *feels* anyway. The tone alone sends heat curling through him.

"My kitten," Rozanov murmurs in English again. "So brave. So stupid. So good."

Shane makes a helpless sound, hips bucking into his hand as the praise hits too hard, too deep. His grip tightens, strokes turning sloppy, desperate.

"Yes," Ilya encourages softly. "Just like that. I can hear you. I know how hard you are."

Shane's breathing is wrecked now, chest rising and falling too fast. "Rozanov," he gasps, like a warning he can't finish.

"You fought because you care," Ilya continues, deliberate, every word threaded with approval. "Because you are *mine*. Because you did not want anyone to take what is ours."

Shane nods even though Ilya can't see him, throat tight. "Yeah," he breathes. "Yeah."

"Good," Rozanov replies, satisfaction unmistakable. More Russian spills from his mouth—soft, intense, reverent. Shane doesn't need to understand the words to feel them: permission, pride, possession.

"Come for me," Ilya says gently, then firmer. "Go on. Be good. Let go."

That's it.

Shane comes apart with a broken cry, spilling into his hand, whole body tensing as the release tears through him. He can barely keep stroking, muscles shaking, the sound of his own breathing loud in his ears.

On the other end of the line, Ilya groans low and rough, breath stuttering. “Fuck—yes,” he mutters in Russian, then louder, unguarded. “Hollander, fuck.”

There’s the unmistakable sound of movement, a sharp inhale, then Rozanov swearing softly as he comes too, voice strained and wrecked in Shane’s ear.

Shane’s hand goes slack against his stomach, chest still heaving. For a second, all he can think is that he wishes—stupidly, vividly—that he could’ve seen him. Rozanov always looks so good when he comes.

Then there’s quiet. Not exactly awkward, just... empty. Fabric shifting. A low exhale. Maybe Ilya leaning back somewhere, the same way Shane is staring up at his ceiling now, phone pressed to his ear, his come drying on his stomach.

He has no idea what he’s supposed to do. He feels like he should say something. Anything.

But what? They’ve never done this before. They’ve never even *called* before. If they were together, one of them would already be pulling on clothes, and leave before any real awkwardness could rise up.

That’s the rhythm. That’s the rule.

But this is different. There has to be a protocol for this, right? Some unspoken rule he should follow before Rozanov calls him out for his silence.

Frantically he starts thinking about things to say. He thinks about how this started. About the stupid pictures. The angry kitten. About Ilya laughing and teasing and insisting Shane looks like that when he’s mad.

Then his mind jumps back to the video. To the fight. To Ilya calling Hunter a *puppy*.

The word still sits wrong in his chest.

Shane swallows, thumb tracing the edge of his phone. Before he can overthink it—before he can stop himself—the question slips out.

“Do you like dogs?”

The second it’s out there, he wants to die.

It’s such a stupid question. It’s so obvious. Not subtle at all. He stares at the ceiling, heat rushing to his face, already bracing for Ilya to call him out on it.

There’s a pause. Just long enough for Shane to consider hanging up and pretending his phone died.

“Yeah,” Ilya says eventually. “I like dogs. Dogs are great.”

That tracks. Ilya feels like a dog person. Shane isn’t sure why... it just makes sense.

“Yeah,” Shane agrees, suddenly self-conscious but trying to at least sound casual. “They are.”

What is he doing? Why did he ask that?

“But I like cats too.”

Shane’s heart stutters, then starts racing.

“Yeah?”

“Yeah,” Ilya’s voice is softer now. Thoughtful. “Is more special when they like you. They choose you. They do not like everyone. Not like dogs.”

Something warm settles low in Shane’s chest. It shouldn’t mean anything. It’s just words.

But it does.

They sit there for another few seconds, breathing, letting it linger.

“I should—” Shane starts, then stops. “We should probably...” He trails off, unsure how to finish it. It suddenly feels too intimate to assume anything about Ilya’s night. About what comes next.

“Mhm,” Ilya hums, unhurried. “You did good.”

Shane swallows. “Yeah. You too.”

Another pause. Gentle. Careful.

“Goodnight, kitten,” Ilya murmurs.

“...Goodnight, asshole.”

End Notes

kudos & comments are always appreciated!

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