i went to school and i got the big D

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i went to school and i got the big D

by origamifrogs

Summary

"It's just a plan to fuck," Rozanov says, and Shane nods, and he dips down to kiss him again.

He kisses Shane how you would expect Ilya Rozanov to kiss: bold, assuming. Like he's sure of what's his to take, and of course with a hint of cigarette smoke under his breath. It should annoy Shane, like everything else about Rozanov annoys him, but as he slips his tongue inside Shane's mouth, his blood boils with the exact opposite of *should*.

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The missing moment of Shane and Ilya's hook up after the All-Star Game in episode one. Ilya gets his questions answered. In the end it's Shane who learns a few new things about himself.

Notes

title from chaise longue by wet leg.

some shameless smut to fill in the missing moment from episode one during shane and ilya's hook up after the all-star game.

i've read the books but this sticks to tv canon. there is a shane-gets-fingered-for-the-first-time scene in the book but i wanted something a little hotter.

have fun!

See the end of the work for more notes

"It's just a plan to fuck," Rozanov says, and Shane nods, and he dips down to kiss him again.

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Under the weight of Rozanov's body, with the sharp edge of his jaw beneath Shane's palm, his brain shuts up for once, his thoughts muffled and slow. He forgets to worry about what's going to happen between them in two weeks, about Rozanov in his house, about what it would mean to let another man fuck him completely and entirely.

Instead Shane reaches up to cradle Rozanov's neck, to keep him there, keep them connected, and he indulges, in a way he hasn't since he was young. Before the scouting and the training and AAA, the CHL. The draft. He sneaks his hand into Rozanov's hair, tangles his fingers into his curls at the back of his head as he swaps from Rozanov's lower to upper lip. When Rozanov starts to pant against his mouth in response, Shane thinks, a little out of nowhere, of the lake off Barnsdale Road in Ottawa behind his parents house growing up, of lacing up his skates and speeding across the frozen water, just because.

Shane has kissed girls, he's has had sex, plenty of times, but he's caught off guard, overwhelmed to discover that it's never felt like this: free. Fundamental.

He's thankful when Rozanov pulls away to nose at his neck, so that he has a minute to catch his breath, but the relief is short-lived. Rozanov kisses at the column of Shane's throat, one two three sparks of his lips like the click of a lighter, and just like that he steals Shane's air back again.

He pushes himself up and away, hovering above Shane, messy hair and sharp eyes and strong shoulders, a line of hair that leads a path between his flushed pecs and well-earned abs, down to his own hard, dark red cock. Shane can't stop the shiver that rocks through him when it nudges his upper thigh, a reminder that four months ago his mouth had been full with it, and in two weeks it'd be completely inside of him.

In an instant he's so hard it fucking hurts.

"Still okay?" Rozanov asks, voice low and deep, syllables all wrapped up in his accent, and Shane realizes then and there that he doesn't want to go so long without hearing it in person ever again.

"Still okay," Shane confirms, and Rozanov smiles down at him, a small thing at the corners of his mouth. It's almost soft, an expression that Shane's never seen on his face before.

"Good," he says, and a familiar determination takes him over. "I want to try something."

He flops down beside Shane, propping his head up with his hand, a mirror image of the way he'd touched Shane for the first time in Toronto, except tonight he shifts one heavy thigh over

Shane's, pinning his lower body to the bed. Shane shifts, but he can barely move. He would have to try hard to break out from under Rozanov's weight, if that's what he wanted.

"Try what?" Shane asks. Rozanov had agreed they weren't going to fuck, but this seems like it's building up to be more than another round of mutual blow jobs.

Instead of answering with words, Rozanov hums, like he's still thinking, before he drags the fingers of his free hand down Shane's chest, then his stomach, then wraps them entirely around Shane's cock.

"Fuck," Shane exhales. If this is what Rozanov has in mind, then he's all in.

"Tell me," Rozanov says, any lingering preamble abandoned in favor of stroking Shane once from the base of his cock all the way up to the tip, Shane's back arching up off the mattress without his permission, "about the dildo."

Shane's face flushes fever hot, a mixture of pleasure and embarrassment flashing through him in equally vivid measure.

"Don't be an asshole," he huffs. Fuck. Of course Rozanov couldn't resist. Shane shouldn't have said anything about the stupid toy, hidden under his bed at home in the little cloth bag it'd been shipped in. He'd known it was a mistake even as the words came out of his mouth. *I have a thing.* But Rozanov is so annoyingly confident, with the way he likes to say stuff like, *let me show you how to do this, kid,* and he's so experienced, with men and women. There was his son's coach back in Russia, plus he's already slept with enough girls this rookie season that a few have been photographed and posted in those trashy magazines in the supermarket. In the face of all that, it was embarrassing that Rozanov thought Shane was *scared.* He'd had sex, too, even if it wasn't as much as Rozanov. He'd tried to stand up for himself, but still, Rozanov is managing to make fun of him.

"I am not…what's the word? Being bully," Rozanov says, then immediately contradicts himself by thumbing the head of Shane's cock, making him grunt. "I am curious. Is important for the next time."

"Why?" Shane demands. Does Rozanov think they're going to use the dildo together? Shane on display while Rozanov fucks him, not even using his real cock? Shane swallows down a noise rising in this throat. No way. That would be…a lot. Too much.

"So I know how ready you are," Rozanov says. His hand shifts, down to the base of Shane's cock, back up, palm catching a little. Shane sighs at the friction, his toes curling. "So in two weeks I know how much time to take with you before you take my cock."

Then, despite the speech so filthy Shane's ears are burning bright red, he stops moving his hand entirely.

"Rozanov," Shane complains.

Rozanov only raises his eyebrows.

Shane tries to flex his hips up, to thrust his cock into Rozanov's fist and get some friction, even if he has to do it himself, but he really is stuck. He can't get what he wants like this. What he needs. Not without Rozanov choosing to give it to him. Unexpectedly, another zip of warmth flies straight through Shane, pooling in his gut.

"Fine," Shane says, giving in. If Rozanov really wants to know about the dildo, if it'll help for next time *and* help Shane get off now, he'll tell Rozanov what he wants to know. He *isn't* scared, so it's no big deal. "Ask me whatever you want. Just…don't stop."

"I won't," Rozanov promises, only to let go of Shane's cock to bring his hand up to his mouth. Shane starts to protest, but his breath catches in his throat when Rozanov spits loud and messy into his palm.

"Let's start with earlier question," Rozanov says, before beginning to jerk Shane off in earnest. He watches Shane's face even as his arm works, like he's studying Shane. Shane's eyes flutter closed under the scrutiny.

"Is it bright pink? Purple? Blue?" Each color Rozanov lists, he punctuates with a firm but not-too-tight stroke, every one of which scrambles Shane's brain a little more than the last. "Green?"

"Clear." Shane chokes on a moan. "It's just clear."

Rozanov tsks. "That is boring answer."

Asshole, Shane thinks, as that mix of embarrassment and arousal sparks up inside of him a second time, turning Rozanov's next few movements up and down his cock even hotter. "Where did you buy it?"

"Online," Shane breathes. He can't remember the name of the store right now. Some stupid sex toy website, whichever came up first on the Google search results.

Rozanov mutters something that sounds exasperated in Russian. In English, he asks, "*when* did you buy it?"

Oh. That Shane doesn't want to admit.

Rozanov's hand slows down. Fuck. Not again. "Hollander?"

Breathing hard, Shane doesn't respond. Ridiculously, Rozanov taps Shane's cock twice below his belly button, like he's trying to get Shane's attention.

"Oh my god," Shane says, glaring. "After—it was after our last time."

Saying the words out loud is like stripping off his gear and revealing a secret layer underneath. No matter how hard he'd tried, he hadn't been able to stop thinking about Toronto. About Rozanov's cock, hard and smooth in Shane's mouth, immense and choking in the back of his throat. The taste, clean but with a hint of something deeper underneath. The way Rozanov had kissed him, touched him. How he'd swallowed Shane down and refused to

pull away. Shane had made himself come to the memories of that night so many times they'd become a hazy dream cast in low hotel room light.

There was one night, a few weeks after their hook up, when Shane was running high off the adrenaline of winning a home game just under the buzzer, and he'd tried fingering himself in the shower. But he couldn't get the angle right, couldn't stop himself from wishing it was Rozanov standing behind him under the spray of hot water, breathing into Shane's ear while he touched him. He started to wonder if he and Rozanov would ever meet up again. If they did, would Rozanov want to go further? Would Shane like it? He figured he should know those things, before it happened for real.

It'd taken two more weeks, plus the confidence of a couple of beers with the other boys from the team, before Shane had finally bought the stupid thing. The dildo. He'd double checked on the website that the packaging would be discreet and still used a fake name on the shipping address.

"Our last time," Rozanov's repeats. Shane waits for him to say something obnoxious, to be an asshole about Shane's confessing. But his fingers just trail gently up and down Shane's cock, almost like he's remembering, too. "It was good, wasn't it?"

Shane swallows and nods. "Yeah."

Rozanov blinks at him, eyes suddenly bright.

"Fuck," he breathes, like its been punched out of him, and before Shane knows it he's moving fast, shoving himself up to press a hard kiss to Shane's mouth before lunging off the bed.

Shane pushes himself up onto his elbows to watch him rifle through his Raiders-branded duffel bag by the nightstand. He finally pulls out something from the side pocket.

With a rush that leaves him light headed, Shane realizes that it's a bottle of lube.

Rozanov jumps back onto the bed, mattress squeaking under his weight, and straddles Shane's thighs.

"Rozanov," Shane groans, head falling back on his shoulders when he squirts the lube into his palm and then wraps his hand around Shane yet again.

It's like the reminder of their hook up unleashed a newfound energy in Rozanov—and a newfound concentration. He focuses on getting Shane off now like he focuses on a scoring a goal: all instinct and skill, moving at a mile a minute and doing it so fucking well.

He's really, really good at this, Shane thinks, and its his last coherent thought for a while as he sinks down into the mattress.

"—think of me?"

When Rozanov speaks again, it doesn't register the first time, Rozanov's words lost to the rushing sound in Shane's ears, the anticipation of falling from the edge of the steep cliff he's careening towards.

"Huh?" Shane tries to lift his head, but Rozanov twists his wrist and does something incredible with his thumb and Shane's eyes roll all the way back. "Oh, fuck."

"When you use it," Rozanov says, "you think of last time? You think of me?"

Shane rolls his head against the hotel pillow. "Yes—no—"

"Huh? Both?" Rozanov asks. Unlike earlier tonight, he doesn't give Shane a chance to answer. Instead he tightens his grip, so that Shane has no choice but to learn every ridge, every callous of his fingers and palm. They keep Shane hovering but suspended, stomach and thighs clenched and trembling right where Rozanov wants him.

"Thought of you—" Shane twists his own fingers in the sheets. It's impossible to focus, to get his thoughts in any right order. He just wants to *come.* God, he's close. "But…"

"But?"

Finally Shane blinks, his unfocused eyes falling on Rozanov, balanced on his lap. He looks huge, powerful. In control. But Shane's gaze is drawn down to Rozanov's cock, rigid and thick and resting against Shane's hip like it belongs there and no where else.

Shane licks his dry lips, although his mouth is full of spit. "I didn't really…I couldn't…"

"Couldn't what?"

"It wasn't you," Shane finally admits.

"Oh," Rozanov blinks, oddly quiet for a beat before his thumb circles the head of Shane's cock. "So it's not very big, then?"

Shane squirms. "Fuck off."

Then Shane catches it, the moment Rozanov's eyes darken, his jaw going set.

"You want that? You want me?" He loosens his unforgiving hold on Shane's cock, touching him instead so feather light Shane can't stand it, whining behind his teeth. "I do it right?"

"Yes," Shane moans, even though he's not sure what Rozanov is asking. All Shane knows for sure is that he wants. "Rozanov," he begs. He wants him so bad it fucking hurts.

Rozanov shifts, maneuvering himself until he's no longer straddling Shane's lap. He scatters quick and random kisses up Shane's body, spending an extra minute lapping and sucking on Shane's nipple until he moans. He ends his detour and pushes Shane onto his side by his shoulder, sliding into place behind him, and somehow they end up in the same position as when the night started.

When Rozanov's hand drifts down and traces over Shane's hole, he quickly discovers what's different this time around: Rozanov's fingers are still slick with lube, and they could easily slip inside of him.

Shane shifts, pressing his burning forehead against the mattress. "Rozanov…"

"We won't fuck," he reassures, somehow knowing exactly what Shane is thinking. "We just do this. Like...preview before game, yes? Like on jumbotron."

Shane snorts. "Not the jumbotron."

"Okay," Rozanov says, and Shane can hear in his voice he's smiling, too. He kisses Shane's shoulder. "Then just between us."

Shane breathes in and out as Rozanov's finger circles lightly against him, a gentle tease that makes the back of Shane's neck sweat. He doesn't know if this makes him gay or bisexual or something else. He doesn't know what it makes him and Rozanov. But he is sure that if Rozanov doesn't keep going, he's going to die.

"Okay," he agrees, and with no hesitation Rozanov's fingertip slides inside Shane, thick and long, deeper and deeper until Shane can't help but clench down on instinct.

"You are good," Rozanov says, squeezing Shane's hip with his free hand. Shane nods, tangling their fingers together as Rozanov keeps going. He must end up with his entire finger inside of Shane—holy shit—because he stops to ask, "how does it feel?"

"Fine," Shane says: it doesn't hurt, but it doesn't feel amazing, either. Rozanov's finger is just…there. Obvious and impossible to ignore. But even the idea of what Rozanov is doing to him, that fact that Rozanov is *inside of him,* keeps Shane hard and aching and ready for more.

"Fine?" Rozanov scoffs. "That is boring answer, again."

Shane considers whacking him with a pillow, but his arms go weak when Rozanov starts to move his finger in and out.

"Fuck," Shane groans open-mouthed into the sheets, heat skating up his spine. "I like that."

For once Rozanov doesn't say anything back, only his breath washing over the curve of Shane's neck and shoulder in time with each thrust of his hand. Shane sinks deeper into the unfamiliar but *good* feeling taking him under. He's relaxed enough for Rozanov to eventually reach for the lube, wetting his fingers and adding another.

Together they curl and nudge and all at once find somewhere inside of Shane that's brand new. He jolts, a moan spilling out of him.

"Holy shit—"

"Found it," Rozanov announces, smug, into Shane's ear, and after that he doesn't let up. He keeps a constant, mind-numbing pressure against Shane's prostate until they're both breathing hard together, Rozanov's chest sweating against Shane's heaving back.

"God," Shane practically sobs.

"You like, Hollander?" Rozanov pants. "Better than dildo?"

Shane tries to nod but his head bobs and falls back, knocking into Rozanov's shoulder. He reaches his arm up and finds Rozanov's curls, tugging hard to ground himself. Rozanov's head jerks forward, face shoved up against the side of Shane's neck.

"Is good now, wait until you have all of me," Rozanov murmurs, mouthing the words over Shane's rapid fire pulse. "My fingers are nothing compared to my cock."

"Rozanov—"

His fingers pulse and circle. "I fuck you so well you remember only my name, nothing else."

Shane trembles and tenses, muscles pulling taut. His cock throbs, balls drawn up so tight until they almost hurt.

"I'm gonna…"

"Say it, Hollander," Rozanov demands, hand working inside Shane at a furious, insane pace. "Say it when you come for me."

Shane lets go of Rozanov's curls and drops his hand down to take hold of himself, moaning and grunting and drooling, out of control, like an animal as he strokes himself off, three quick nudges under the head, Rozanov squeezing hard at his hip, teeth scraping against his throat, and he's coming, full bodied, his ass clenching around Rozanov's fingers so hard they have no other choice but to grind down on his prostate, washed over in icy hot pleasure, cock spilling across his hand, like a slapshot soaring into a goal, horn roaring in his ears, and the entire crowd is chanting—

"Rozanov!"

"Yes, Hollander," Rozanov growls, rearing backwards. His fingers disappear, a moan escaping from Shane as he's left clenching and empty, his still sensitive cock grinding against the sheets when Rozanov shoves him onto his stomach, pressing him hard into the mattress by the center of his back.

He listens to Rozanov groan above him, hears the slick sound of his hand working until he lets out a final long, low sound and his come lands wet and scalding across Shane's lower back, his ass cheeks, maybe over his hole. His cock gives one final, weak pulse at the idea, but Shane is done for.

"Jesus, Hollander," Rozanov says, sounding just as winded. He lets up his pressure on Shane's back, but Shane doesn't move. He lays boneless across the bed, catching his breath like he's coming off the ice after an especially tough match-up. He usually feels like this after games against the Raiders—which is way too ironic for him to think about right now. He's covered in come and sweat and God knows what else, and as he returns back to himself, he starts to feel really gross about it.

Rozanov steps off the bed. A second later the bathroom light turns on. Shane's stomach twists with annoyance: is Rozanov really going to take a shower right now? When Shane is sticky and disgusting like this?

But Rozanov's footsteps pad back towards the bed. Shane turns his head and blinks at the washcloth in his hand. Oh.

"Sorry," he says, and starts to drag the warm, wet towel across Shane back. "Is not very soft. But does a trick."

"Does *the* trick," Shane mumbles, relaxing under Rozanov's surprisingly gentle clean up. He even wipes between Shane's ass. It's more intimate than Shane's ever been with…anyone, and he realizes it's probably time for him to leave and go back to his own room. But Rozanov kills any weirdness between them by squeezing Shane's ass cheek, shaking it in his hand while he growls like a dog, making Shane snort and laugh.

"Down boy," he says, and Rozanov tosses the towel away and falls beside Shane on the bed with a loud huff. He's still sweaty and flushed, his hair a disaster, his cheeks red. He stretches one arm over his head, a satisfied smile growing across his face as he looks Shane over.

He's so handsome, Shane wants to kiss him again. But he really shouldn't. He can't.

Shane remembers what Rozanov told him about his coach's son from Russia. It was nothing serious, but it was trouble. A secret for both of them. That's just how it has to be, hooking up with other men, but especially for guys like him and Rozanov. There was no other choice.

He'd lost his virginity when he was sixteen to the sister of a guy he went to prep school with. They'd been dating for a few months and called each other boyfriend and girlfriend, although Shane didn't think they were ever in love, or anything like that. Their first time had been awkward, mostly, a lot of fumbling and embarrassed giggling, but it had been nice to have sex for the first time with someone he liked and that he knew pretty well.

Was it like that for Rozanov, at least?

"Hey," Shane says, "that guy you mentioned last time, your coach's son in Russia…did you guys go all the way?"

"All the way?" Rozanov frowns. "What is that?"

Shane blushes. He doesn't know how to say it without sounding weird or crude. "Like, you had actual sex with each other?"

"Ah," Rozanov realizes. "Sure, I fucked him. I mean, it was only few times. But you do not have to worry." He drags his eyes pointedly up and down Shane's body. "You think I do not know what I'm doing?"

Shane rolls his eyes. "That's not it. But did you ever…did it ever go the other way?"

"Just once." Rozanov shrugs. "On top is better for me."

Shane is surprised to see Rozanov's usual shade of cockiness fade, replaced by a subdued look on his face, and wonders if he'd overstepped. He gets the sense he shouldn't ask anymore questions, and Rozanov doesn't say anything else. An awkwardness blooms up

between them that Shane isn't sure how to fix. He really doesn't know Rozanov that well, does he? But maybe that's the point. Maybe that's for the best. Nothing serious, after all.

"I should get dressed," Shane says, finally rolling over and swinging his legs off the side of the bed. "Get going."

"Yes, I need to shower," Rozanov says, also sitting up.

As Shane stands, a sudden thump sounds from the room next door.

"Oh my god," Shane says, frozen. "I totally forgot about Scott Hunter."

Rozanov snorts. "We give him good show."

"It's not funny, Rozanov." God, had Scott heard them? Would he know it was Shane who was in Rozanov's room? "We were way too loud—"

"Hollander, come on." Rozanov steps in front of Shane, taking his hands. "His ears probably do not work."

"What?" Shane blinks, panic replaced by confusion. "Why wouldn't his ears work?"

"He is like, hundred years old. Has very bad hearing. All that old person shit."

It's so ridiculous, Shane shakes his head and smiles. Rozanov is probably right. Scott is old as hell. He probably didn't hear them, or if he did, there was no way for him to know that it was Shane in Rozanov's room, or that it was even a guy in here. He and Rozanov would be fine. It would be even better next time, too, alone together in Shane's own place without having to worry.

"Yeah, he probably went to bed before the sunset," Shane says. "Slept through the whole thing."

Rozanov laughs and leans in, kissing him. Fuck, it's nice. Then he pulls away, walking towards the bathroom. "Put your clothes on while I take quick shower."

Shane nods. The shower water turns on, and Shane listens and takes his time getting dressed.

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Ten minutes later, he leaves Rozanov's hotel room with a new contact in his phone, and as he shuts the door behind him, he thinks, even if this whole thing between them has to be a secret, maybe it doesn't also have to be trouble.

Only two more weeks before Shane gets to find out.

End Notes

then they don't hook up again for another two years sorry shane :(

let me know what you thought! hope you enjoyed! 🩷

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