

who's gonna kiss the black-haired boy?

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who's gonna kiss the black-haired boy?

by [Nickies_Nonsense](#)

Summary

He felt Rozanov's eyes drag over him lazily, uncaring that Shane was watching him. He'd never been looked at like this, with such...hunger. It made his stomach flip but he did not close his shorts-clad legs even when he felt Rozanov's eyes drift lower then lower still. His eyes didn't waver, didn't flinch at the lack of a bulge that they both knew should have been there.

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Shane Hollander is the first transgender gay hockey player in the league and absolutely no one can know but Ilya Rozanov seems like a good secret keeper.

Notes

Written by your local depressed transgender author:)

Title inspired by "The Blonde" by TV Girl

“So,” Rose Landry said, her eyes shining under the dim lights of the bar, “paint me a picture, what was Shane Hollander doing at eight years old?”

Shane smiled back at her, his mind flicking through several ideas of lies he could tell because the truth was: Shane Hollander told his parents that he thought he might be a boy when he was eight years old.

Through his tears as his parents hugged him and told him they loved him no matter what he asked, “I can still play hockey right?”

They had shared one of those adult looks between themselves over his head before his mom answered firmly, hugging him tighter, “of course.”

By the time he was ten no one would have ever guessed that Shane Hollander had been born a girl. He’d moved cities, joined a new team (the best team), gotten a new haircut and new clothes and a new name and puberty blockers. He looked like all the other boys with skinned knees and knobby childish bodies hidden under heavy hockey pads.

His mom stood in front of him, fixing his bow tie before his first fancy team event.

“There,” she said, stepping back to admire her work. “No one will ever need to know, Shane.” She assured him, patting his head.

He nodded, smiled. That was what he wanted, right?

When Shane was eighteen he met Ilya Rozanov first outside where he really shouldn’t have been smoking and his calloused hand had gripped Shane’s twice. Then in the gym when he’d climbed onto the stationary bike next to him.

Shane pedalled faster without even thinking about it. Next to him Rozanov smiled and matched his pace easily. Together, they moved as one, fluid adult male bodies pumping their legs in tandem, panting, sweating, moving.

Shane had grown up and filled out his lanky frame in the ten long years that stretched between himself and that little kid who’d told his parents he thought he might be a boy. He had been right, of course, and now he wasn’t just a boy but a man. A man with a career and a secret to protect.

Seven years of injecting testosterone into his thigh in the bathroom in secret as he played on various teams had given him an identical build and muscle mass to all the rest of his teammates.

Despite all this the weight of his secret rested heavily in the back of his mind. No matter how many times he told himself that no one would ever know he still felt it.

He almost missed the moment when Rozanov got off his bike next to him, he was so caught up in his own thoughts. He slumped down on the floor across from his rival, panting and

exhausted. He watched Rozanov watch him with curiosity and he fought not to squirm under the others' gaze.

Only when Rozanov lifted a white water bottle to his lips did Shane realize belatedly that he'd forgotten his own water bottle. God, he needed to get his shit together.

Wordlessly, Rozanov lifted the bottle in his direction. For some reason Shane took it and he didn't miss the way Rozanov's fingers deliberately brushed against his as he handed it to him.

He took a long drink.

He felt Rozanov's eyes drag over him lazily, uncaring that Shane was watching him. He'd never been looked at like this, with such...hunger. It made his stomach flip but he did not close his shorts-clad legs even when he felt Rozanov's eyes drift lower then lower still. His eyes didn't waver, didn't flinch at the lack of a bulge that they both knew should have been there.

When they both stood up and unceremoniously left the gym Shane could still feel the heat of his gaze on him and for some reason his mind was blissfully blank.

On the ice Rozanov was as brutal as ever, shoving other players into the boards and racing after the puck faster than everyone else. Everyone except Shane, who kept after him doggedly and gracefully sidestepped all of Rozanov's attempts to shove him.

He was fucking exhausted by the time they were done. Breathing hard, he stepped into the locker room to take off all his sweaty gear. Leaving only his boxers, as he always did, he headed towards the blissfully empty showers.

Every team he'd been on had eventually learned of what they called Shane's "neurotic tendencies". The way he never fully undressed, never showered if anyone else was there, and kept to himself in the locker room. They all chalked it up to being in line with the rest of Shane's intense personality: his extreme diet, his brutal workout routine, his carefully scheduled time.

Shane knew the truth of course, that it was all carefully designed to hide his deepest secret. As he turned the shower on and stepped under the wonderfully scalding spray he assured himself again that it would all be worth it once he was crowned the first draft pick. Footsteps sounded and Shane quickly turned away from the entrance, angling his body to hide his shame and wondering how quickly he could rinse off and get out of there without making it seem like he was running away from whoever it was.

Keeping his head down he hurriedly scrubbed the rest of the soap off his body. He heard the shower directly opposite him turn on and then someone stepped under the spray and let out a low, lewd groan at the heat of the water on his sore muscles.

Rozanov.

He carefully turned just his head and was greeted with the sight of the Russian, his eyes closed against the spray of water, scrubbing his underarms and not bothering to hide what

swung between his heavily muscled legs.

Shane swallowed roughly. He should leave. Why wasn't he moving?

He realized his mistake as soon as Rozanov opened his eyes. His rival's eyes swept over him casually, still busy lathering his own body in the shitty chemical smelling soap that locker room showers always had.

And Shane- Shane had forgotten to turn his body away.

He froze, his face going pale. He could picture the headlines now: Star Junior Hockey Player Outed As Transgender By Biggest Rival. His career was over before it had really begun.

Then a lazy smirk spread across Rozanov's face and he mouthed a single word, "relax." His hand drifted lower, smoothing across his chest and his stomach before it landed between his legs.

Shane couldn't tear his eyes away. He kept watching, and watching.

In the locker room after they both dried off and Shane sat down heavily on the bench he could feel Rozanov watching him so he forced the words out of his mouth that he didn't really mean.

"Look, we can just forget that happened."

Rozanov stepped closer, leaning over him, and Shane couldn't pull his eyes away from the sharp lines of his abs, his biceps, the lines that led to a place covered by the towel wrapped low on his hips.

"I do not think is what you want."

"No," Shane admitted, "but...you can't tell anyone, ever."

Rozanov chuckled mirthlessly, "who am I going to tell Shane Hollander? Your secret is safe with me."

For some reason Shane believed him and he kept on believing him when Rozanov whispered to him on the ice, "1221."

"This is such a bad idea," he murmured as Rozanov pressed him against the wall in his hotel room.

"Yes," the Russian agreed, leaning down to bite at his neck and make Shane gasp, "but is fun."

And it was fun, it was fun to suck Rozanov down his throat and listen to his rival lose his mind, his fingers gripping Shane's dark hair until he had to tell him to stop before he came. It was fun to run his hands over the broad expanse of his chest, to touch everything he'd only been allowed to look at before.

It was fun until Rozanov pushed him onto the bed and gestured at the jeans Shane was still wearing.

“Off, I want to see you.”

Shane paused, “you’ve already seen me.”

“I want to see again,” Rozanov insisted, his eyes dark with lust.

When he didn’t move Rozanov leaned over him and the tenderness in his voice shook Shane to his core.

He brushed a finger across Shane’s face as he said, “Hollander, I do not care. I want to see. I have been with many women I know what the fuck I’m doing.”

Shane bit his lower lip. “It’s a little different…”

Rozanov hummed, the same competitive edge creeping into his voice that Shane had heard on the ice. “Different how? I will learn.”

Instead of answering he took a deep breath and pulled off his jeans and underwear in one go, kicking them to the floor. He heard Rozanov’s sharp intake of breath next to him and stilled as the Russian’s hands drifted across his chest, moving lower.

“Hollander,” he praised, “you did not tell me your cock is so big.”

Shane blushed fiercely, “wow those english words really roll off your tongue.”

Rozanov hummed, not answering him until his hands reached their destination and he paused with his head dipping between Shane’s legs.

“Is ok?”

Shane nodded, thighs trembling now, “it’s ok.”

At the first brush of Rozanov’s tongue against his cock Shane’s back arched off the bed, “fuck Rozanov!”

The Russian tightened his grip on Shane’s thighs, burying his head between his legs and sucking hard, his tongue pressing firmly against all the right spots. Shane could feel himself steadily dripping onto the sheets and couldn’t find it in himself to be embarrassed. One of Rozanov’s fingers pressed into his hole, easily sliding into the wetness there and Shane bucked into it as Rozanov hummed his approval.

He added another finger and Shane couldn’t stop himself from fucking up into the firm pressure of Rozanov, his mouth and his fingers, it was all too much and he reached down blindly to find Rozanov’s blonde curls and hold him in place.

“F-fuck, I’m-” he gasped as he came, abs tightening and his thighs clenching around Rozanov’s head as the sensation shot through him and wetness burst across Ilya’s tongue.

When he was done he gasped, flopping down onto the nest of pillows behind him.

“Shit, I’m sorry, I didn’t think...”

“That you would come so quickly?” Rozanov said, laying down next to him, panting.

“Fuck off.” He said with no real heat.

“Hmm,” Rozanov hummed, “is like I say, I am very experienced, is not your fault.”

He smacked Rovanzov lightly across the chest and the blonde caught his hand, leaning over and pulling him into another kiss. Shane could taste himself on Rozanov’s tongue and he nearly groaned again.

Rovanzov sat up, pulling away with a smirk.

“Goodbye Shane Hollander.”

“Goodbye Ilya Rozanov,” he had time to answer before the Russian was gone, carrying Shane’s secret with him.

Somehow he knew it would be safe.

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