ill show you mine

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by hightowered

Summary

Ilya is fairly certain that you don’t accidentally walk in on your roommate half naked this often. Shane, for his part, seems completely uninterested in correcting that assumption.

The semester has only just started and Rozanov has lost count of how many times hes walked in on Hollander getting dressed in their dorm room.

Its becoming a bit of a problem.

"Stop making this habit, Hollander," he groans and raises his hand to his eyes. But he allows himself a small gap between his fingers to get a look without his roommate noticing.

Across the room, Hollander stands in a white towel and is frantically pushing clothes around on his bed to presumably find something to wear. He shifts and leans awkwardly, his towel opening to reveal a long stretch of muscled leg and the curve of Hollanders ass.

"I swear, Im not," he says defensively. "You just have terrible timing."

"Change in washroom. Like others," Rozanov mumbles. And he peeks again despite himself but immediately regrets it and snaps his fingers closed when he catches a quick glimpse of the dark hair between Hollander's thighs and the length of his soft cock.

Feeling like being an asshole, and also maybe hoping to see more, Rozanov drops his hand and gives Hollander a once over. Hes blushing now and piling a shirt and pair of trousers into his arms.

"You could just knock, like a normal person."

"Is my room too, Hollander," he says, temper rising at the notion.

"I know that, but still. Ease up, eh?"

"Easel up, eh?" Rozanov mocks his accent back and makes his way over to his side of the room.

Hollander just huffs and with a final survey of his bed, he finds a white pair of socks and makes a beeline for their shared washroom. "I'm going to get dressed in the washroom, now."

“Good job, Hollander,” Rozanov calls after him. “Here is gold star for you.”

When the sound of water starts in the bathroom, probably Hollander brushing his teeth or shaving his non existent facial hair, Ilya takes off his own hoodie. His fingers dig into the dark green material and he pulls it over his head and tosses it down onto the floor beside his bed.

Next he tugs off his shirt, a simple t-shirt, white and featuring a Canadian band he liked as a kid, Billy Talent. Something he listened to a lot on his walkman, enjoying the way the English rolled around in his mind.

He rubs his rough hands down the center of his torso, up and down the planes of skin and then he thinks...

Maybe, perhaps, Hollander could do with a taste of his own medicine.

Rozanov would be lying if he claimed he hadn’t imagined it before.

Hollander flustered and pink, probably caught off guard. Hollander looking at him like that. The sight of him in a towel alone is enough to wind something tight and aching in Rozanov’s gut. If Hollander pushed--if he teased--

Preferably beneath him.

The bathroom door opens.

Hollander steps back into the room, fully dressed now, hair neatly combed. He stops short when he sees Rozanov shirtless on his bed.

“Why are you undressed?” Hollander asks. “You just gave me shit about that. Like, two minutes ago.”

He smells like mint and coconut and Rozanov hates that he knows that.

Rozanov pulls his hand from his abdomen which has by now trailed far lower than he intended, "Is nothing. Leave me alone, Hollander."

Brown eyes fall to where Ilyas hips sit in his jeans and he catches onto Hollanders eyes to let him know hes been caught.

"Okay," is all he says, and settles into his bed.

The next evening, Rozanov waits in their room.

He knows that Hollander is supposed to be back from an extra hockey practise shortly. And he also knows that he'll be filled with adrenaline, his hair and skin damp with sweat.

Thinking about it has him half hard in his trousers already.

Eagerly, he shimmies out of them until theyre pooled around his ankles and he unbuttons his shirt with trembling fingers. The shirt finds its way to the floor.

In only his white boxers and socks, he sits up on the edge of his bed. From his nightstand, he takes out a magazine he keeps burried under a pile of nonsense school work.

Playboy Russia, January 2002

When he was a boy, he stumbled across it in a pile of his fathers things that had been left behind in the attic. And it got far much more use with him than it did there, so he had kept it. And brought it to Canada with him.

It has a nude centerfold of *Maria Smirnova* who was playmate of the month and an interview with George Clooney, though that he was far less interested in.

He lays knees open wide on the bed, and he idly plays with himself under the waistband of his boxers as he flicks to his favourite page--and Hollander barrels into the room just as Rozanovs started to swirl pre come around the head of his dick with the pad of his thumb.

Hollanders mouth falls agape. "Rozanov! What the fuck?"

Rozanov pulls his hand from himself and stretches out on his bedding like a cat. He lets out a little groan as his cock is still hard and tenting in his boxers.

Hollander has now very quickly shut the door to their room behind him and has dropped his hockey stick and bag.

Pushing up onto his elbows, Rozanov smiles.

Turning quickly away from him, brown eyes now face the door. "What the hell are you doing?" he questions.

"I thought we were knocking now," Rozanov says and resists the urge to roll his hips, his cock aching as it stretches his boxes and leakes against the white cotton.

Hollander leans into the oak door, one hand coming up to brace himself. His other hand hangs by his side and disappears from Rozanovs view.

He cant believe what hes seeing. Or, not seeing.

"Do not make it so easy to get revenge."

"Thats messed up, Rozanov," he says between breaths.

And all Rozanov can do is stare the grey sweatpants that are covering Hollanders ass and thighs. His breath is quickening and his right arm begins moving in a slow rhythm.

"Fuck, Hollander, are you--"

"Shut the fuck up," he pants, pressing his forehead into the door.

The command is like a match to gasoline.

Rozanov slips his hand back into his boxers, this time wrapping his fingers around his full, throbbing length. He groans at the contact, his hips bucking involuntarily.

"You're such an asshole," Hollander says through a moan, hes fucking himself into his hand now, each thrust of his hips making the doorframe rattle.

"Is you, always undressed when I am to get home," Rozanov chokes out, thumbing his fingers into his now soaked boxers and throwing them across the room. He sighs as the cold air of the room hits his cock.

"God, shut up,"

"You shut up," Rozanov retorts, his voice a low growl. "Such a fucking whore." He lays back, spreading his legs wide, exposing himself completely. He takes his cock in both hands, creating a tight, slick tunnel and begins to fuck into it with abandon. "You wanted me to find you, yes?" he taunts.

Hollander moans into the door.

"Want me to see your cock, yes? Hoping I find you like this after your practice, all worked up and desperate for it?"

"Fuck, Rozanov, please," and Hollander practically throws himself into the heavy set door, and he can picture his cock wrapped in his hand and wet with precome.

"God, you sound so pathetic," Rozanov manages to gasp, his own voice wrecked. "Whimpering for it like a little bitch. Are you gonna come all over our door, Hollander? Gonna mark it like a fucking dog?"

He hears a frantic, wet slap of skin from the door, then a choked-off sob that's pure surrender. It's all Rozanov needs. With a guttural cry, he fucks up into his own hands, his body arching as he explodes, thick, hot ropes of his release painting his chest and stomach.

Through the haze, he hears a long, shuddering groan from the door, then the wet splatter of come hitting wood and floor.

Rozanov collapses, slick with sweat and his own mess.

The room reeks of sex.

Hollander finally pushes away from the door. He's wrecked--face blotchy red, eyes glassy with pleasure and humiliation, a dark stain spreading down the front of his sweatpants. His hands are clenched into fists to stop them from shaking.

Their eyes meet, and the air crackles. Hollander's jaw works, his gaze dropping to the mess on Rozanov's chest before flying back up.

"Look at you," Rozanov purrs, slowly releasing his softening cock. He trails a finger through the cooling mess on his stomach. "All talk, and you came just from being in room with me."

Hollander flinches. "Shut up," he whispers.

"Did you get it on the door?" Rozanov presses, a wicked grin on his lips as he licks his own release from his finger. "Or did you make mess on the floor?"

The humiliation on Hollander's face is a masterpiece. He takes a shuddering step forward, then another, stopping at the foot of the bed.

"You're a fucking asshole," he breathes, his voice barely audible.

"And you're a fucking mess," Rozanov counters, pushing up onto his elbows and letting his legs fall open so Hollander can look at his spent cock. "Look what you did to me. And you didn't even touch me."

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