

Be Selfish

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Be Selfish

by [quill_and_ink](#)

Summary

JANE:
We didn't even kiss

"Fuck."

Shane presses his forehead against the elevator wall, his eyes fluttering closed against the tears threatening to fall.

His vision darkens at the edges and he can't quite catch his breath, his chest aching. He sent it. His finger fucking slipped and he sent it. The text sent.

Notes

My version of the "We didn't even kiss" text, featuring subdrop! Is this now like a month after the Vegas scene? Yes. Did I fully rewrite my entire outline to include a shower scene after we were ROBBED of this after those gorgeous promo shots were released of subby Shane in the shower with Ilya and then we never saw that scene? Also yes. I'm still in the process of filing a formal complaint (just kidding, HR team, I love all of you and would devote my life to you, especially if you drop that footage 📖🥺🙏).

If you want to chat about my fics, I would love to hear from you!!

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JANE:
We didn't even kiss

"Fuck."

Shane presses his forehead against the elevator wall, his eyes fluttering closed against the tears threatening to fall. He hasn't even managed to hit the button for his floor, but he can't seem to bring himself to lift his hand to do so. It just... seems like too much effort. He's cold, shivering a bit in his tuxedo shirt and pants, but also can't bring himself to pull his jacket back on.

Everything just seems like too much work right now. He's fucking exhausted, and not just physically. Emotionally, mentally. It doesn't make any sense. He just had sex, *fantastic* sex. Rozanov fucking *railed* him into the mattress for the last hour, making his body sing in ways he hadn't even realized was possible, wringing out of him moans and cries and begging that he should probably be embarrassed about, but... *fuck*, it was all too good. He should be walking on cloud nine right now, blissfully reliving the last hour of his life, not... whatever this weird mess of emotions is.

He sighs and looks down at his phone again.

JANE:
We didn't even kiss

"Fucking stupid," he mutters with a pathetic snuffle. Still, he stares down at the unsent text message, those four words, until the screen blurs, his vision shimmering with unshed tears. *Fuck*, why didn't they kiss? And why is he so upset about it? Is it because of the way Rozanov always seems to kiss him until his spine turns to sun-warmed butter, tilting his head back and sliding his tongue into Shane's mouth like he owns the space, owns every inch of his body until Shane completely surrenders to him? He shouldn't be this devastated by it. It's just a stupid kiss during a stupid hookup. That's *all*.

He sucks in an unsteady breath and blinks rapidly before he starts deleting the text, one careful letter at a time. His hand shakes more with each letter that disappears, his eyes filling with tears faster than he can blink them away, a band tightening around his chest as he finds it harder and harder to breathe.

And then, suddenly, the text is gone, nothing left to delete. Every ounce of air leaves his lungs in a vast rush and he lifts his phone closer to his eyes to see the text in the thread.

JANE:
We didn't

His vision darkens at the edges and he can't quite catch his breath, his chest aching. He sent it. His finger fucking slipped and he *sent* it. The text *sent*. The only saving grace is that he'd managed to delete enough of the message that maybe Rozanov won't be able to tell what it originally said. Maybe he'll be able to play this off. Maybe he can pretend nothing ever

happened. He'll just pretend it was meant for someone else, an accidental text. Rozanov had said he was going to sleep, so Shane could always say he had meant to sent that to someone else, maybe Hayden or his mom or -

His phone lights up in his hand - *Lily*. Rozanov is calling him. He's *calling*, after that ridiculous half-text. He's clearly not asleep because he's fucking *calling Shane right now*. Shane stares down at his phone screen as he slides down the wall of the elevator to sit on the floor, his chest hollow and numb. He doesn't know what to do. They don't talk on the phone. They've *never* talked on the phone. This is breaking their routine. He doesn't know how to handle this, especially with the weird headspace he seems to be in right now. His brain can't seem to come to a decision on *what to fucking do*.

He stares down at the name on his phone for so long that Rozanov gives up on him and the screen goes dark and silent. The cold creeping in along Shane's fingers and toes crawls its way further up his body, stealing away every bit of heat left inside him. Of course he gave up; why wouldn't he? It's not like he could be expected to keep trying, to make an effort, to *care*. That's not what they do.

But then... then Rozanov calls again, his phone buzzing in his hand, and it seems like that's the only point of warmth in his entire body, the only pinprick of hope and light in the world seeping in through the dark. *He's trying again*. Somehow, despite the heaviness and exhaustion in Shane's limbs, despite the numbness settling into every muscle, *somehow* he manages to accept the call and lift the phone to his ear.

"Yeah," he whispers. He barely sounds like himself.

"*Hollander? Where are you?*" Rozanov asks, and a fresh surge of tears burns at the backs of Shane's eyes.

"Um. Elevator," he mumbles.

He can hear rustling over the line from Rozanov's end. "*What floor?*"

"I don't... didn't hit a button."

"*Open the door.*" Shane lets his eyes slip closed and doesn't respond as he pulls his knees into his chest to try and stave off the cold, his tux jacket falling in a heap to the elevator floor.

"*Hollander. Open door button. Press it.*"

"I'm fine," Shane whispers. "It's fine."

"*Press the button,*" Rozanov insists, his voice firmer this time.

Shane just breathes for a moment, listens to Rozanov's steady breathing through the phone, lets it ground him as he listens to the rustling movements of fabric shifting and walking. Then he finally exhales slowly, sliding an inch lower as his exhaustion weighs heavier on his shoulders. He reaches up with a shaking hand that feels like it weighs a million pounds, stretching for the button in question, and barely manages to press it. He holds it for a moment until the door begins to slide open before he lets his hand fall. "Okay."

The door's barely half open before Rozanov is suddenly bursting through and looming over him. His starched shirt is hanging unbuttoned from his shoulders and his tuxedo pants are unfastened and barely clinging to his hips, as though he'd yanked his clothes on as he'd hurried out the door. He drops to one knee in front of Shane, one arm outstretched to hold the elevator doors open, and with his other hand he grips Shane's jaw, lifting his face to meet his own unwavering gaze.

"I'm fine," Shane mumbles, letting the hand holding his phone drop to the floor next to him.

"No, you are not," Rozanov says decisively. "Off the floor."

"What?"

"Stand, Hollander. Up."

For a long moment, Shane can't do anything other than stare at the man crouched in front of him, holding his gaze steady, grounding him. He blinks slowly and Rozanov's thumb brushes over his skin, a tiny blossom of warmth breaking through the arctic chill that's settled over his body.

"Stand up, Hollander," Rozanov says again, softer this time.

It's easier to follow the instruction the second time around, but Shane still feels like a newborn colt, his legs rubbery and aching, as he slowly pushes himself to his feet. Rozanov picks up his tuxedo jacket and phone where he'd dropped them on the floor, draping his jacket over his arm and tucking his phone into the jacket's interior pocket before he reaches out and slides his fingers into Shane's hair at the back of his head.

"I'm okay. I'm sorry," Shane mumbles, shivering, his eyes burning at Rozanov's touch.

"Do not apologize. You are *not* okay," Rozanov tells him, frowning. "You will stay with me."

Shane's eyes widen and he finally looks up, meeting Rozanov's gaze. "What?" he asks, his voice cracking pathetically.

"Come."

"I -" Shane grabs onto Rozanov's forearm, desperately wanting to sink into the warmth of the skin hiding beneath the formal fabric. He glanced out at the open elevator door as Rozanov's fingers gently scratch over his scalp before they slide down to rest over the back of his neck. "Someone will see."

Rozanov's grip tightens on Shane's neck, his eyes steady on Shane's. "I don't care."

Thankfully, the hallway is empty when Rozanov guides Shane out of the elevator and through the door of his hotel room once more, decisively locking the door behind them. He lays Shane's tuxedo jacket over the back of the couch before his hand drops to the small of Shane's back. His touch feels like a brand through Shane's shirt. On any other day, he'd welcome it, but in that exact moment, for reasons he can't quite identify, it's all too much.

He tears himself away from Rozanov and stumbles back, tripping against the couch and falling to the floor. In an instant, Rozanov is there in front of them, reaching out to him. Shane scrambles back, crab-walking away on the verge of hyperventilating, his eyes brimming with tears once more as his shoulders press against the back of the wide couch.

"Hollander -"

"I'm fine," Shane gasps out, avoiding his gaze.

"No."

"I'm -"

"Breathe, Hollander. *Breathe*," Rozanov orders. Shane automatically sucks in a shaky breath, a tear slipping past his tight control and streaking down his cheek. Rozanov mutters something under his breath in Russian and reaches out to carefully wipe it away with his thumb. "Fuck, Hollander -"

"Tell me -" Shane's voice breaks and he squeezes his eyes shut, pressing his lips together to try and hide the way they're trembling. It doesn't work and Rozanov's thumb traces along his lower lip.

"Tell you what?" Rozanov prompts after a moment.

"Tell me... what to do," Shane whispers. He feels utterly pathetic, but *fuck*, he needs this. He *needs* Rozanov guiding him, leading him. His mind is too restless, too unsettled and loud to make his own decisions. He just needs someone else to take over, just for a little while - he needs *Rozanov* to take over. "*Please*. I just... please."

Rozanov grips Shane's chin and lifts his gaze, forcing him to make eye contact. Shane's heart skips a little beat when he sees Rozanov's jaw tense for a moment, his eyes dark and entirely focused on Shane. "You are going to be selfish, Hollander," he says finally.

"I... what?" Shane asks, confused.

"For once, you will be selfish," Rozanov tells him, his grip firm on Shane's chin. "You will choose *yourself*, do what *you* want. Not what is expected."

Shane's throat feels impossibly tight, his fatigue settling heavily on his shoulders once more. "I can't."

"You *can*," Rozanov insists. "You will."

Tears burn at the corners of his eyes and he feels like his sanity is on the verge of crumbling to pieces. His head hangs and he lets his face sink into Rozanov's hand, his cheek cradled in the broad warmth of his palm. "I don't - what do I do?" he begs plaintively, trying and failing to bite back a sob. "Rozanov, tell me what to *do*."

"You will stay here. Tonight. With me."

That brings Shane up short and his breath catches in his throat with a little hiccup. "What?"

"So I can take care of you."

"I - I don't... I don't need -"

"You need." Rozanov lets his hand fall from Shane's cheek and holds it out, waiting for Shane to take it. It seems like it would be the easiest choice in the world to let Rozanov take over, to just hand himself over to Rozanov - and he fucking *wants it*. He wants it so badly it terrifies him. "Let me fucking take care of you."

"That's not..." He shakes his head, groaning, and reaches out to push away Rozanov's hand, but instead finds himself wrapping his fingers around Rozanov's, holding on tightly.

"Good," Rozanov murmurs, giving his fingers a squeeze. "Come."

Exhaustion surrounds him as Shane allows himself to be pulled off the floor, Rozanov's broad hand circling the back of his neck once more. His limbs feel numb once more, stumbling and barely functioning, as Rozanov leads him through the penthouse, through the bedroom, and into a spacious bathroom.

He stands there, swaying, his chest aching and tight, as Rozanov steps up close to him and begins to methodically unbutton his shirt. His eyes wet, he watches as Rozanov folds the shirt much more carefully than he'd ever seen him treat any of his own clothes. He then reaches for Shane's waist, waiting a moment until Shane dips his head once in a single nod before he gently unfastens Shane's pants. He kneels in front of him and slowly slides the tuxedo pants down his legs, taking a moment to fold them and set them on top of his shirt on the side of the counter before reaching for the waistband of Shane's boxer briefs and carefully tugging those off as well.

Shane bites his lip, a swell of emotions rushing through him at the care Rozanov is taking with him, at how properly he's folding all of Shane's clothes when every other time they've been together, he just throws his own clothes in a haphazard pile onto the floor. It *hurts* and he's so fucking cold and he just wants to curl up with a blanket pulled over his head for the next week or so. He doesn't know how to handle any of this.

Rozanov reaches into the shower and turns it on before he quickly discards his own clothes, leaving them in his usual pile on the bathroom floor as he turns back to Shane. With one hand on Shane's lower back, he reaches into the shower to test the temperature before ushering Shane inside, closing the glass door and shutting the rest of the world away.

Shane just stands there, watching as though from a distance as Rozanov reaches for the hotel washcloth and his bottle of body wash. He lathers it up before reaching for Shane's hip with one hand and pulls him closer, dragging the soapy cloth over his shoulder with the other.

"I can wash myself," Shane mumbles, but he doesn't make any move to take the washcloth.

Rozanov's hum is barely audible over the running water. "Yes. But not tonight." Shane makes a questioning little sound as the cloth trails soap suds down his arm. "Tonight, *I* do it for

you."

Shane shivers at the decisive tone to his voice and lets his eyes sink closed as his body instinctively curls into Rozanov's. He doesn't want to do it, doesn't want to rely on him like this, but... *fuck*, he's barely holding on at this point, barely able to stay standing on his own. Rozanov's hand slides around to his lower back and spreads open wide, supporting him, and Shane finds himself wrapping his arm over Rozanov's shoulders, burying his face in his neck. It's taking every ounce of strength that he still possesses to hold on, to stay upright, but... fuck, it helps, standing here in Rozanov's arms. It really helps.

"Do you hurt?" Rozanov murmurs into Shane's ear.

"What?" Shane asks hoarsely.

"Before. Earlier. Was I..." Rozanov hesitates for a moment, the washcloth dragging lower over Shane's waist. "Was it too rough? Did I hurt you?"

Shane thinks about the almost animalistic way Rozanov had fucked him into the mattress, pinning him in place between his shoulder blades, pounding into him until Shane had come with a hoarse shout without a single touch to his dick. It had been incredible, how much he'd *needed* Rozanov to manhandle him like that, owning every inch of him.

His face burns with embarrassment at how much he needs it all, needs Rozanov's touch even when he tries to deny it, even as he holds on tighter to Rozanov's shoulders. "No, I'm - I'm fine."

"You are sure? Not sore?"

He shakes his head, but it's a lie. They both know it's a lie. Of course he's sore, he *aches*, deep inside him, but it's the kind of ache that he's started to crave, a reminder of these meetings that lasts for days. He shivers and presses his face into the firm muscle of Rozanov's shoulder to hide the rush of heat coloring his cheeks. "I'm fine. Just... just tired. Long day."

Rozanov hums again, his hand slowly rubbing up and down Shane's back. "Long day. Yes."

He doesn't say anything else as he continues to wash Shane, not missing an inch of skin as he sinks to his knees to drag the soapy cloth up and down Shane's legs, paying special attention to the curves of his hips and waist, gently running soapy fingers over his cock, hanging soft between his legs. Shane muffles a whimpery little moan behind his teeth and sways, catching himself with a hand on Rozanov's shoulder when Rozanov dusts a soft kiss to the crease of each hip before carefully lifting one foot at a time to clean them. Tears burn at the backs of Shane's eyes and his vision blurs once again as Rozanov stands, smoothing the cloth over Shane's chest one more time before wringing it clean and hanging it from a hook on the wall.

Broad hands curve around Shane's waist, pulling him close again as they drift down to palm his ass, and Shane instinctively tucks his face against Rozanov's throat, his eyes fluttering closed when Rozanov slides two fingers into his crease. Shane stifles a hitched moan, biting down on his lower lip as his hands tighten on Rozanov's sides. Rozanov seems content to take his time, his fingers ghosting over his hole, not stimulating or teasing or as foreplay for

anything else, just... cleaning, caring for him before turning him into the spray of the shower, his other hand gently kneading his ass, almost comfortingly.

Then he reaches for a bottle of shampoo and pours a bit into his hand, lathering it up before rubbing it into Shane's hair. Shane's fingers tense again against Rozanov's sides and he presses his face tighter against his neck as Rozanov massages his scalp, working the citrus-y suds through his hair over and over again.

"Head back," Rozanov tells him softly. "Eyes closed."

Without thinking, Shane follows his instruction, biting the inside of his cheek as Rozanov's fingers work through his hair, the water washing the shampoo down the drain. Then Rozanov cups the back of his head and guides him back against his shoulder, pressing a soft, barely-there kiss to his cheek. Shane shudders, a sob catching in his throat as he clutches at Rozanov's back.

Rozanov opens his bottle of conditioner and works a small dollop through Shane's hair, combing his fingers through until the strands are tangle-free, his lips grazing over Shane's temple the whole while. Shane practically melts against him, letting Rozanov hold him up as Rozanov's strong fingers massage over his scalp and through his hair, over and over, until Shane's like putty in his hands. He feels like he's swimming through cotton balls, his brain turning off bit by bit as he sinks into Rozanov's touch, gentle and possessive.

"Eyes closed," Rozanov murmurs, his voice a gentle rumble against Shane's ear as he ghosts one final kiss there before carefully tipping his head back into the shower spray to wash the conditioner away. "Closed. Keep them closed."

Shane hums, a swell of emotion rushing through him at the care Rozanov is taking with him. He swallows hard as Rozanov pulls him close once more. "Why are you doing this?" he whispers hoarsely.

"Hmm?"

"This. All this. Being... being nice."

Rozanov pauses for a moment, one hand tight on Shane's hip, the other on the back of his neck. Then his hand drags down Shane's back and up again to thread into his hair, his lips brushing over Shane's ear. "Because," he says slowly, and Shane squeezes his eyes shut. "You need it. And I want to."

He reaches out to turn off the shower and the sudden silence makes Shane shiver, even though the steam surrounding them ensures he's not cold in the slightest. Rozanov's arm slides around his waist, holding him tight against his side. He keeps Shane close as he pushes open the glass door and reaches for a towel. Shane can't look away from him as Rozanov carefully dries him off with an intensity that Shane's only ever seen from him on the ice, dedicated and focused, dropping down to his knees to dry off every inch of Shane's legs before securely wrapping the towel around his waist.

Rozanov quickly dries himself off as well and then leads Shane over to the sink in the bathroom. He hands Shane a spare toothbrush and they stand shoulder to shoulder at the sink as they brush their teeth. Shane is so fucking exhausted and it's all he can do to stay on his feet, swaying a bit until Rozanov's hand curls around his waist to steady him, pulling him close, holding him upright.

Once they've finished brushing their teeth, Rozanov leads him back into the bedroom and gives his shoulder a squeeze when they reach the end of the bed, pulling away from him to straighten out the covers where they're still a mussed, tangled mess. Shane watches him for a moment, fiddling with the edge of his towel, as his anxiety begins to rise once more the longer Rozanov is away from him.

"I, um... I should go," he mutters finally, glancing away from him.

"No," Rozanov says simply.

That catches Shane's attention, and his eyes snap back over to Rozanov as he tosses the pillows back into place on the bed. "No?" he repeats in surprise.

"No," Rozanov says again. He looks over at Shane, calm and sure. "You stay here."

"Rozanov -"

"Be selfish, Hollander. You want to stay." He holds Shane's gaze for a long moment, his eyes searching Shane's face. "Yes?"

Shane can feel heat rising on his cheeks, embarrassment making itself known at the idea of voicing what he actually wants, but *fuck*, he's supposed to be selfish tonight, so... "Yeah," he mumbles. "I do."

Rozanov finishes fixing the bed and straightens up, nodding. "Then you will stay." He looks over at Shane and holds a hand out to him, waiting.

Shane inhales a shaky breath and nods slowly, reaching out to take Rozanov's hand, both of them ignoring the way his own hand is trembling. "Okay. I'll stay."

Rozanov pulls back the neatened blankets and gestures for Shane to get in. Shane lets the towel fall to the floor before crawling beneath the cool covers, tensing when Rozanov walks away from the bed instead of following him in. He looks over his shoulder to see Rozanov turning off the lights in the room and drawing the sheer curtains over the windows, letting the muted lights of Las Vegas filter softly into the room. He walks back to the bed and picks up his phone, tapping on it momentarily before setting it back down.

"Alarm is set for morning," he says quietly.

Shane doesn't say anything in response, just watches as Rozanov climbs beneath the covers and pulls them up over them both. He half expects Rozanov to hold him at bay, keeping a distance between them. Instead, Rozanov slides across the bed right over to him and gathers him into his arms until Shane's head is resting on his shoulder, their legs slotted together,

Shane's arm draped over his chest. He hardly dares to breathe, his fingertips resting against Rozanov's pulse, inhaling the clean scent of him, the warmth of his body pressed against him head to toe, and he just wants to sink into it all, to let every ounce of tension fade away, but he still can't help but want...

"Am I still allowed to be selfish?" Shane whispers against Rozanov's shoulder.

Rozanov's fingers drift gently through Shane's damp hair. "Tell me what you want, Hollander," he murmurs.

"I want..." Shane hesitates and squeezes his eyes closed. *Fuck*, what if Rozanov thinks he's insane for this? What if he kicks him out? He may not survive it a second time. That may be what truly breaks him. "I, um..."

"*Tell* me, Hollander."

"I want you to kiss me," Shane confesses in a rushed gasp before he has another moment to second-guess it.

Rozanov's fingers freeze in Shane's hair and he goes absolutely still beneath him, and Shane's heart drops through the floor. *Oh, no*. "A kiss?"

"It's just - we didn't kiss earlier, and I -" His breath catches in his throat and he suddenly feels like he might cry. *Fucking again*. He swallows hard, fighting back the rush of emotions, and pushes through the nerves, letting the the excuses continue. Maybe if he just keeps rambling, Rozanov will forget what he asked for and they can just move past the idiocy. "I just, we've always kissed and it's, it's not -"

"Shh," Rozanov murmurs softly, cutting him off. "Fucking *relax*, Hollander."

He hooks a finger beneath Shane's chin and lifts his face, easily pressing his lips to Shane's to silence any further babbling. Shane immediately gives himself over to it, clutching onto Rozanov's shoulder as Rozanov kisses him slowly and almost sweetly, dizzily. He kisses Shane like they have all the time in the world to learn the shape of each other's mouths, the way they like to be kissed and touched and held. He kisses Shane like they're not the top athletes in their profession, like they're not fucking *rivals* with the eyes of the world on them, like they're just two ordinary men who want to enjoy each other's bodies like this. Rozanov kisses him until Shane forgets his own name, forgets how his skeletal system functions, forgets why he'd been upset earlier. He forgets everything in the world other than how it feels to have Ilya Rozanov's mouth moving against his, the taste of his tongue, the sound of his gentle breaths and moans exhaling into Shane's soul.

Rozanov sighs softly as he pulls away, pressing another sweet kiss to the corner of Shane's mouth. "Be selfish, Hollander," he murmurs, sounding almost fond as he traces his thumb over Shane's brow.

"With you?" Shane asks in a daze, his words slurred, his eyes fluttering open.

"*Always* with me," Rozanov tells him. "I will always give you what you need."

Shane sighs as Rozanov kisses him once more, a chaste, soft press of lips, before he guides his head back to his shoulder, wrapping his arms around him to hold him close. Shane's eyes slip closed entirely on their own without any input from him and he drifts off to sleep seconds later, completely and utterly at ease.

In the morning, he slowly crawls back to consciousness with a long line of heat against his back. Rozanov's arms are around his chest and beneath his head, his hard cock pressed against Shane's ass. In an instant, Shane *wants*, so desperately, every cell in his body aching for it as Rozanov's breath ruffles his hair. Shane arches his back and squirms slightly, a bit breathless when Rozanov's fingers drift over his chest.

"You are awake," Rozanov murmurs, his voice rough with sleep.

"Yeah," Shane whispers, biting his lip as Rozanov's fingers find his nipple, playing gently with the pebbled bud.

"Is early," Rozanov notes.

"Am I... am I still allowed to be selfish?"

Rozanov hums into Shane's hair, a soft little rumble that sends a shiver down Shane's spine. "What do you want, Hollander?"

"I want..." His voice trails off, gasping when Rozanov slowly rolls his hips against Shane's ass, his cock seated right in his crease. He grabs at Rozanov's hand on his chest and quickly admits, "I want you to fuck me."

Rozanov hums again. "We fucked last night. Remember? You came all over the bed. Made a big mess."

"I -" Shane huffs irritably. "I fucking remember. I want you to fuck me again."

"I think you might be too sore."

"I'm *not* too fucking sore!"

"I was very rough."

Shane punches a fist into the mattress and shoves his face into a pillow to muffle a pissed-off groan. This shouldn't turn him on so much, this snarky shit-talking, but it does, just as much as Rozanov's gentle consideration from the night before had warmed his heart and made him want to curl into Rozanov's arms until the end of time. "I fucking *know* you were rough, I was there. I want it *again* - Jesus fucking Christ!"

Rozanov chuckles. "So *needy*," he teases as he pulls Shane out of the pillow and kisses the back of his shoulder. "Don't move."

"Asshole," Shane grumbles as Rozanov rolls away from him, but he doesn't move an inch, his entire body electrified at the promise of getting what he wants as he listens to Rozanov

rummage in the nightstand for a moment, presumably for a condom and the lube.

Then he's back and pushing Shane's top leg up, guiding behind his thigh. "Stay there," he instructs, kissing the back of Shane's shoulder again. "Stay open."

"Fuck me," Shane orders, but there's no heat to his words, just a hint of pleading, *begging*. His desperation is starting to bleed through. He can't help it. He never can, not when they're together.

"Mmm. I like when you beg for my dick," Rozanov teases. "Is a good look for you."

"Shut the fuck up," Shane mumbles, self-consciousness causing heat to crawl up his chest and face, but not nearly enough to make him stop whatever is about to happen. He needs it too much.

"No," Rozanov says simply. There's the tell-tale sound of foil tearing as he kisses Shane's neck, clearly rolling the condom on himself. "Tell me what you want."

Shane stops just short of rolling his eyes. What more does Rozanov want, a fucking parade? "I want you to *fuck* me! What else do you want me to say?!" he demands, trying his best to hold his desperation at bay as he hikes his leg higher on the bed. "Hold me down so I can't move and - and fuck me hard, like last night! Make me feel it for days. Make me *sore*. I -"

He gasps when a slick finger circles his hole and dips inside, just to the first knuckle. "Fuck," he whispers, shuddering. He feels like he's been electrified, goosebumps covering his skin, every hair standing on end. He's standing on the edge of a vast precipice, *teetering* on the edge, waiting... just waiting...

"I do not think that is what you really want," Rozanov tells him softly, almost sweetly, that single, far-too-small-tip of his finger teasing his rim over and over, slowly thrusting into him as Rozanov's words filter through the haze beginning to settle over Shane's mind.

"What?" he asks, his voice cracking.

Rozanov sinks his finger into him just a bit deeper, to the second knuckle, and Shane's eyes flutter. It's ridiculous that he should be so affected by such a small touch after everything they've done together, but he's starting to think he won't ever tire of all the ways Rozanov can set his blood on fire. "I think..." Rozanov begins slowly, that single finger carefully moving in and out of him, *torturing* him with how leisurely he's moving, "you want to be made to... what is word? *Experience*. Feel every inch. Driven mad. Let it all happen to you."

"What... what's the difference?" Shane mumbles, panting as he arches his back, trying to encourage him speed up.

Rozanov chuckles and bites at Shane's ear. "I will *show* you the difference, Hollander," he murmurs, his words dark and promising.

The next ten or fifteen minutes are an exercise in patience and self-restraint on Shane's part as Rozanov steadily takes him apart with just his fingers, his other arm wrapped underneath him

to hold him tight around his chest. His mouth drops wet, open-mouthed kisses over Shane's shoulders and neck as he presses into him, slowly stretching him open and working his way up to four fingers as though they have all the time in the world. He doesn't necessarily *need* it, not really, not with how hard and how long Rozanov had fucked him last night, but as Rozanov's fingers pass over his prostate again and his eyes roll back into his skull - again - he can't find the words to complain. He can't find any words at all, really, just pathetic, whimpering moans, and Rozanov laughs again.

"I think you are ready," Rozanov announces at long last.

"*Please*," Shane begs. It barely sounds like him, slurred and out of his mind. He should be embarrassed. He should be leaping up from the bed, grabbing his clothes and running from the room, running away from all this and running back to his life, back to what's real and *normal*. He *should* do all of that... but deep down, he knows he can't. He can't give this up, the way Rozanov knows exactly what he wants, what he *needs*, how to handle him and treat him the way he wants and needs to be treated. He can't give up what, deep down, he's terrified is the real him.

Rozanov pushes Shane's leg higher to give himself better access and, mindlessly, Shane grabs himself behind the knee, holding himself open. Rozanov swears under his breath in Russian before pushing himself up behind Shane, fumbling with the lube for a moment. Shane gasps and shoves his face into the pillow when he feels Rozanov's cock slide through his crease, the slick head catching on his hole a few tantalizing times before Rozanov reaches down to grip himself and guide himself into place. Shane fights back a shudder in the moment before Rozanov slides into him, the moment when it feels like it's going to be too much, when it feels like it won't fit -

And then his eyes roll back when, instead, Rozanov settles deep inside him in one smooth, long slide, his pelvis resting snug against Shane's ass. God, he always feels so fucking *deep* like this. In any position really, but right now... *fuck*, Shane doesn't know if it's because his emotions are still a mess or if he's too tender from last night, every inch of his body oversensitized, but *God*, it feels like Rozanov's cock is pushing into his fucking lungs.

Rozanov sighs as he smooths his hand up Shane's back. "Squeeze."

Shane shudders. "What?" he asks, his voice higher than usual.

"Squeeze," Rozanov says again, as if it's a perfectly normal thing to request.

"I..." Shane pauses and clears his throat, his face hidden in the pillow he's gripping like the only life raft within a hundred miles in a storm-tossed sea. "Um, why?"

"Want to feel," Rozanov tells him conversationally. He leans down, his torso a long line of heat against Shane's back, his dick shifting position inside Shane and sending a ripple of pleasure echoing throughout his body. He presses a hot kiss between Shane's shoulder blades before whispering into his ear, "Want to feel you tight around my cock."

Shane can't quite catch his whimper at those words and Rozanov laughs against his shoulder, kissing him there as well before he grinds into him just a tiny bit deeper. The little movement

makes stars burst behind Shane's eyes and he forgets how to speak for a moment, forgets how to think about anything but the sensation of Rozanov's cock filling him so perfectly.

"*Squeeze*," Rozanov says again, murmuring against Shane's ear.

Shane obeys instantly, clenching tightly down around where Rozanov is buried deep inside him, making himself moan as Rozanov stifles his groan against Shane's throat, his teeth scraping over his skin.

"So fucking *good*," Rozanov growls.

"Oh, God," Shane whispers faintly, his head spinning.

"You like that, don't you, Hollander?" Rozanov asks, rocking his hips into Shane. "You like being good for me?"

"*No*," Shane insists plaintively, but his protest is immediately negated by the way he's moving back against Rozanov's tiny thrusts. He's already breathless and aching hard, leaking onto the sheets beneath him. Everything about him is telling the truth, despite what he's saying.

"I think you do. I think you like when I tell you what to do."

"No, I don't," Shane whines, his back arching.

"Still a bad liar, Hollander," Rozanov murmurs, kissing the back of his neck. "You begged for it last night."

"That... that was different," Shane gasps out.

"Mmm. I do not think it is different." He gently nips and kisses and sucks at the curve of Shane's neck, still thrusting just the tiniest bit into Shane's body. It all works together to drive Shane so utterly, completely out of his mind that he finds himself stretching his neck, granting Rozanov better access to... to fucking *what*?

His eyes begin to roll back as Rozanov drags a line of kisses over his throat, a hint of teeth making his heart pound. "No... don't leave a mark. No marks," he insists, panting.

"Fucking relax, Hollander. Is summer, yes?" Rozanov sucks a little harder and Shane's eyes flutter. "Besides, nothing to say the marks are mine. Not leaving my autograph. If anyone asks, say you fucked a woman." He kisses his way up to Shane's ear. "But only *we* will know that there was no woman." He kisses the soft skin just below his ear and tugs on Shane's earlobe with his teeth. "*My* cock fucking you open."

Shane squirms back against him. "Fuck you," he spits out without an ounce of heat to his words.

Rozanov laughs. "You want that, Hollander? Hmm? You want to look in mirror and see proof I was here?"

Shane squeezes his eyes shut. "I hate you," he mutters, trying to ignore the way he's shaking with how desperately he wants exactly that.

Rozanov grabs onto his hip and grinds into him, yanking a loud moan out of Shane as he claws at the sheets. "Tell me, Hollander."

Shane can't bring himself to say the words, can't bring himself to verbalize it, to make the desire *real*, so he does the only thing he can do - he stretches out his neck, *presenting* himself. Rozanov groans and drags his tongue in a broad sweep over the side of Shane's neck before fastening his mouth onto the spot where his neck and shoulder meet and sucking *hard*. Shane cries out at the sudden sensation and reaches his hand back, grabbing at Rozanov's curls, twisting his fingers in the soft locks to hold him in place.

Just when it starts to become too much, Rozanov releases him and gently scrapes his teeth over the spot, sending a fresh wave of tingling throughout Shane's body. He hasn't stopped moving once, steadily and slowly thrusting into Shane, keeping him pinned and motionless with a strong hand on his hip. Shane's dick is trapped beneath him, caught between his own abs and the mussed bedsheets, damp with precome, but he doesn't have even the tiniest bit of freedom to rut against them to seek his own pleasure. He's entirely under Rozanov's control, every inch of him.

"Need... need to come," Shane whines.

"Who?" Rozanov asks conversationally, somehow managing to sound just barely breathless.

"Fuck you! *I* do!"

"Not yet. No."

"*Fuck*, Rozanov -"

"Stop rushing, Hollander," Rozanov tells him, his grip tightening on Shane's hip. "Will be a while until you have my dick again, yes? All summer to wait until next season." Shane shudders and involuntarily clenches around Rozanov at the thought of this happening regularly throughout the season. Rozanov muffles a groan against Shane's shoulder and fucks him just a tiny bit faster, just a bit harder, the only indication that he's losing his careful control. "You will come back next season."

It's not a question, nor is it an order. It's a simple statement of fact, and one that Shane should deny. They shouldn't be *doing* this at all, let alone repeatedly - this right here is dangerous enough. They're the biggest rivals in the MLH - they shouldn't be as familiar with each other's dicks as they are, as hungry and *desperate* for each other as they are. Shane shouldn't feel like he needs this more than his next breath. The scandal that would explode if this all got out would be monumental, a shitshow of epic proportions. He should say 'no', he should shove Rozanov away right now and *walk away forever*.

But he doesn't. None of the danger stops him from reaching back to grasp at Rozanov's hip, silently begging him for more, arching his back into his thrusts and stretching out his neck as Rozanov's mouth works its way across his skin.

"Next season. Yes," he gasps out.

"You will come back?" Rozanov asks, a little hint of surprise in his voice, as though he'd expected Shane to deny it, even with Rozanov literally inside him at that moment.

"Fuck. *Yes*. I'll come back to you."

"*Fuck*, Hollander -"

Rozanov breaks, rolling Shane over flat onto his front and pushing his thighs wide to settle between them as he ruts into him, his cock fucking straight into Shane's prostate over and over again at this angle. Shane cries out and writhes beneath him, but Rozanov's weight pins him to the bed, his hands wrapped around his wrists to hold him in place, and Shane can't move an inch. He can't do anything but let it all happen to him, just as Rozanov had promised.

Rozanov's breath is harsh and heavy in his ear as he fills him up time and time again, and Shane lets it all wash over him, spreading his legs even further as Rozanov buries his face in Shane's throat.

"*Pochemu eto dolzhen byt' imenno ty?*" Rozanov mutters, the Russian words half-muffled against Shane's skin.

"I don't - what?" Shane asks hoarsely, squirming and arching his back a bit more.

"Come for me, Hollander. Come *with* me," Rozanov orders roughly, fucking deep into Shane and rutting into him, grinding against his prostate and Shane doesn't have any choice but to follow his demand. "Come with me and come back next season."

Pleasure bursts in his veins, searing through his blood and setting his entire body on fire when Rozanov fucking *commands* him to come. He squeezes his eyes shut, his back bowing up beneath Rozanov as every bone in his body shatters. "You - oh, *fuck!*"

With an embarrassingly loud shout, Shane comes untouched for the second time that weekend, his cock spilling onto the sheets beneath him. A moment later, Rozanov presses his forehead between his shoulder blades and groans as he comes as well, his cock twitching inside Shane as he fills the condom. Shane whimpers at the sensation, shuddering when he feels Rozanov dropping hot, open-mouthed kisses across his back, his fingers combing through his sweat-damp hair. Shane sags onto the bed as his mind goes fuzzy and his limbs go weak, his body shaking and buzzing with the aftermath of his orgasm.

Rozanov stays buried inside him for a long minute, panting heavily against Shane's back, before he presses a kiss to the nape of Shane's neck and carefully pulls out of him. Shane doesn't bother to stifle his moan of discomfort, his hips shifting at the feeling of emptiness left behind. Rozanov kisses his shoulder in apology.

"Condom," Rozanov murmurs in explanation.

Shane hums, but doesn't move an inch, still floating, tiny tremors skating throughout his body as he lays face-down in the pillow. He doesn't begin to rouse until Rozanov returns and begins to clean away the excess lube from his crease with a damp cloth. He arches his lower back slightly and Rozanov chuckles softly, leaning down to graze his teeth over the swell of his ass.

"You are done for today," Rozanov murmurs against his skin.

"Mmm. Could go again," Shane mumbles.

Rozanov's grin is evident in his voice. "Not if you want to walk."

"I can walk," Shane insists, completely ignoring the fact that he hasn't yet left the bed that morning and his face is still half-buried in the pillow. It's entirely possible his legs have ceased to function in the last however long it's been that Rozanov's been torturing him.

"Not if I fuck you again. Roll over."

Rozanov helps him roll onto his back, away from the mess he'd made of the sheets, and Shane winces as he does - maybe Rozanov really does have a point and they shouldn't fuck again today. Rozanov has a knowing smile on his face while Shane settles back against a pillow, but says nothing as he picks up a new cloth to wipe down Shane's front, cleaning away as much of the smeared come as possible. Shane watches his every move, tracking him as he walks back to the bathroom to get rid of the cloths.

Something flutters in his stomach when Rozanov strolls casually back out of the bathroom scratching his stomach, and fixes him with an unreadable look, *examining* him for a long moment before it melts into a slow smirk.

"You look comfortable," he teases as he crosses the room back to the bed.

A rush of embarrassment heats Shane's cheeks and he glances away. "Shut up."

"No."

The bed dips and Shane looks over, surprised to see Rozanov climbing back into bed with him. He reaches for Shane, pulling him close and maneuvering him so Shane's head rests on his chest, taking advantage of Shane's stunned silence to shift him into place tight against him.

"Isn't..." Shane's hand flutters nervously over Rozanov's stomach and he licks his lips, trying again. "I, um... I should go -"

"Still early," Rozanov tells him, his palm settling over the curve of Shane's waist. "Alarm hasn't gone off. Just relax."

"But what if -"

"*Relax*, Hollander," Rozanov urges gently. "Alarm will tell you when is time."

Shane opens his mouth to continue arguing, but then Rozanov's fingers slide into his hair and Shane's eyes flutter shut without his permission, his head sinking heavily down onto Rozanov's chest. He's comfortable and he smells *so* fucking good, a little sweaty and musky from everything they'd just done together, which shouldn't smell good at all, but somehow does. It all makes Shane want to bury his face in his chest to breathe him in deeper, which is just...

Be selfish. Rozanov's words, his voice, his instructions float through his mind once more and Shane... listens. He ignores the part of his brain screaming at him to run away and he lets himself relax, his muscles settling as he sinks into Rozanov's arms. He gives into his instinct and nuzzles at Rozanov's chest, just a bit, inhaling as his lips graze against the firm muscle. He could stay here forever.

He doesn't know how long they lay there together, how long he floats with Rozanov's hands drifting dangerously over him like they belong there, like it *means* something, but it seems like both an eternity and no time at all when the phone alarm finally goes off. He sighs against Rozanov's chest, his fingers tensing on his stomach, but doesn't otherwise move. Rozanov's hand slides from his hair down to his neck and gives him a gentle squeeze.

"Hollander," he murmurs softly. "Alarm." Shane makes a soft little sound of acknowledgement. "Alarm means is time."

Shane sighs again before he reluctantly sits up, taking a moment to reorient to the upright world and categorize the various aches making themselves known throughout his body. Then he glances back at Rozanov, shaking his head and biting back a smile when Rozanov smirks and gestures towards the bathroom. *Yeah. Alarm means it's time.*

Once in the bathroom, he quickly uses the toilet and brushes his teeth before dressing in the tuxedo that Rozanov had neatly folded for him the night before, foregoing the bowtie and stuffing it into his pocket. He takes a moment to look at himself in the mirror. He feels different from when he first arrived last night - calmer, somehow, his eyes a bit brighter. Maybe it's a result of finally asking for what he wants and someone actually *listening*, but he doesn't feel as tightly strung as he had when Rozanov had first found him in the bathroom halfway through the awards, desperate and on the verge of tears. He stands up a little straighter and tucks his hands into his pockets. Maybe he should be selfish more often.

Then he walks back out into the bedroom to see Rozanov next to the bed wearing a pair of Raiders sweatpants, watching him, and he abruptly realizes that, no, he'll only ever be able to be selfish with this man standing here in front of him. He doesn't know *how* he knows, but as sure as he is that he's going to win the Stanley Cup one day, as sure as he is in his skill as a hockey player, Ilya Rozanov is the only person alive that will ever be able to encourage him to be selfish like that, to make him feel *safe* enough to be selfish like that.

Together, they head silently out into the living area where Shane collects his jacket, slips his phone into his pocket, and puts his shoes on. Rozanov walks him to the door and they both stand there, neither of them making a move to open it.

"Do you feel better?" Rozanov asks quietly, finally breaking the silence between them.

"Huh?"

"After..." He waves a hand. "Last night? Feel better?"

"Oh." Shane blushes. "I... yeah. I feel better. Um... thank you."

Rozanov nods, his eyes searching Shane's face. "Good." His hand lifts almost as if he's going to reach for Shane, but thinks better of it at the last second and drops back down to his side. Shane's heart beats a little faster at the thought. He's not going to see Rozanov for months, not until next season. Would it really be so bad to steal another minute or two, just to have his hands on him again? Should he be trying to stop this?

Then Rozanov's eyes harden and he *does* reach for Shane, removing Shane's deliberation entirely by sliding a hand around the back of his neck and pulling him into a dizzying kiss. Shane melts into it, dropping his jacket onto the floor in favor of clutching at Rozanov's hips and sighing into his mouth as Rozanov holds him close, kissing him hard and fiercely before suddenly pulling back.

"I will see you next season," he states, his eyes intense as they search Shane's face.

Once again, it's not a question, but a statement of fact, and Shane can't find it in himself to try and argue against it. He looks straight into Rozanov's eyes and tightens his hold on his hips as he nods. "See you next season."

Something sharp clears in Rozanov's expression and his eyes soften just slightly. He leans in to press another quick kiss to Shane's mouth before releasing him and bending down to pick up Shane's jacket. "Have a good summer, Hollander," he says, a small smile playing at the corners of his lips as he hands over the jacket.

Shane ducks his head to hide his own smile as Rozanov reaches for the door handle. "You, too, Rozanov."

He glances around when Rozanov cracks open the door and strides out when he sees the empty hallway, heading straight for the elevators without a backwards glance. As soon as it arrives, he steps inside and presses the button for his floor, clutching onto his jacket and ordering himself to not look back. He breaks at the last possible second, looking up just as the doors begin to close - his breath hitches in his throat when he catches a split-second glance of Rozanov in his own doorway, leaning against the frame with the door open just a few inches, watching him intently.

Then the elevator doors close and he sees himself in the reflective surface - cheeks flushed, eyes dazed, hair mussed, mouth swollen and red. He hadn't noticed it in the bathroom in Rozanov's penthouse, but he looks well-fucked and satisfied, and he bites his lip against the smile threatening to claw its way out. He reaches up and slips two fingers beneath the collar of his shirt, gently pressing against the spot where his shoulder meets his neck, where he'd seen a vivid red mark in the shape of Rozanov's mouth when he'd gotten dressed. The spot aches dully and it's impossible to hide his smile then.

The elevator *dings* to announce his arrival on his own floor and Shane pulls his fingers away from his collar as the doors begin to slide open. He glances up at the ceiling as though Rozanov can hear him through the floors of the hotel, all the way to the very top. "See you next season, asshole," he murmurs fondly under his breath before stepping out of the elevator.

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