Hurts So Good

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by sparrow30

Summary

“Oh yes, I’m sure doctors would say this is fine,” Rozanov waved his hands around more violently. “‘Yes, Hollander’ they would say, ‘take your broken ribs and go get fucked so hard you cannot move. Is no problem, no problem at all’.”

“Bruised, not broken,” Shane corrected, although he knew that wasn’t really the point. “And a little rough sex isn’t going to kill me. I’ll be back on the ice before the next Raiders game, it won’t affect the season if you’re like…worried about poor sportsmanship or whatever.”

“Fuck Hollander, I do not care about the season! I care about–” Rozanov cut himself off sharply.

Shane gets injured during a game, then tries to hide that fact from Ilya. It goes about as well as you might expect.

Notes

Oh hi, guess who's back on her bullshit! And of course would I really be me if I wasn't throwing myself face first into a new pairing with a story about getting injured, trying unsuccessfully to keep it from your partner and having to confront a whole host of feelings as a result (Is that **three** nickels for me? Why yes, yes it is.)

Anyway, my utter predictability aside, I hope you enjoy my little offering to this amazing pairing. I'm almost certain this won't be the last thing I write for these two, the chokehold they have me in would make Ilya proud!

See the end of the work for more notes

It was a valid check, even Shane could admit that.

With two goals each on the board and only 5 minutes left on the clock, Shane had seen an opening down the wing and taken it. He'd just crossed into the offensive zone when Rozanov caught up to him, crashing them both into the boards with an impact that punched all the air from Shane's lungs.

"Better luck next time," Rozanov chirped gleefully, swiping the puck out from underneath him and careening halfway back up the ice before Shane could even catch his breath to hurl back a cutting response.

A valid check, but sometimes these things landed badly. When the final whistle blew and each inhale still felt sharp like broken glass, Shane was forced to concede that he'd taken more of a hit than just a simple winding.

Luckily the team doctors were able to confirm pretty quickly that nothing was broken, just badly bruised, and Shane dutifully allowed them to patch him up and listened to their advice of '*three days rest, no strenuous activities for a week'*, fully intending to ignore all of it.

'Lily' was coming over at 9, after all, and Shane wasn't about to let a few bruised ribs get in the way of their plans.

8:45 found Shane in the master bathroom of his Montreal apartment, gingerly peeling off the KT tape the team doctors had applied to his injured side. The skin underneath had already turned a nasty kaleidoscope of blues and purples, but if they kept the lighting low he was pretty confident Rozanov wouldn't notice. He was fine, *really*, but the tenderness of his ribs had inched its way into the edges of his heart, and he wasn't sure he was quite up for hearing Rozanov quip about his personal fragility on top of his team's 3-2 defeat.

A sharp knock came at exactly 9 – despite Rozanov's general devil-may-care attitude, he was always startlingly punctual to their meetups – and Shane shrugged on a loose t-shirt he hoped

wouldn't catch on his side when it was invariably ripped off of him before going to answer the door.

God, but Rozanov always took his breath away, somehow more so for time spent apart. Even under the harsh stairway lighting his curls shone golden, his cupid's bow mouth tilted up into a teasing smirk as he sauntered into the apartment. "Condolences on the game."

Shane scowled at Rozanov's back until the other man turned around, one eyebrow raised. "Manners, Hollander? Here you should say: 'Congratulations Rozanov on your win. Raiders were superior team and Metros deserved to lose'"

"Not on your life."

Rozanov clucked his tongue, "And they say you Canadians are polite."

Shane crossed his arms, his face a scowl but his chest thumping in eager anticipation. There was nothing that could ever beat the thrill of being on the ice, of skating perfectly and scoring a winning goal, but this? This came pretty damn close.

"Polite, but not pushovers," he corrected. "Besides, I almost had you in that last play."

"So close, and yet so far," Rozanov threw the taunt over his shoulder, already heading toward the bedroom. He'd been here so often at this point he treated it like home. More so than Shane ever did, ironically. "Come, Hollander. I want to claim my winner's reward."

And god help him, but Shane followed without argument.

They barely made it into the bedroom before Rozanov rounded on him, crowding him up against the wall with a possessiveness that sent sharp thrills of excitement up and down

Shane's spine. One hand cupped Shane's jaw, the other curled around his wrist as he leant in to claim Shane's mouth with a searing kiss.

Shane couldn't help his soft whimper as he kissed Rozanov back, licking into his mouth with a hunger reserved solely for the man in front of him. Rozanov grinned against him, nipping at his lower lip before pulling away far enough to speak.

"You played well today. Not as good as me, obviously, but still good."

"Go to hell," Shane groused, the clear desire in his voice undermining his retort in a way that had Rozanov smirking wider.

"No no, I am comfortable here, thank you. I have win behind me, and pretty boy in front of me. Soon he will be underneath me and that will be even better, I think, but for now–" he paused to kiss Shane again, lifting the hand he had grasped to pin it above Shane's head. "– for now this is good. This is very, *very* good."

Shane groaned, flexing his hand in Rozanov's grasp and relishing the lack of give. He'd never said it out loud, of course, but he loved being manhandled like this. Rozanov responded by tightening his grip, firm fingers finding the delicate skin of Shane's inner wrist, and Shane's head fell back against the wall with a thunk.

"Mmm, yes, show yourself off for me," Rozanov crooned, his free hand reaching for Shane's other wrist and lifting it to join the first. Unfortunately this one was on his right side, the side where Shane had made contact with the boards, and now he had to stifle a whimper of an entirely different kind as the movement stretched along his battered flesh.

A flash of something unidentifiable crossed Rozanov's face. And Shane bit down hard on his lips to stop any other embarrassing noises from slipping out.

"Okay, Hollander?" Rozanov asked, sounding unexpectedly serious and oh no, that wouldn't do at all.

“I’d be better if you were holding my dick rather than my wrists,” Shane sniped in obvious defiance, rolling his hips for emphasis and furiously ignoring the stab of pain that ricocheted along his side as a result.

Rozanov paused, and for a single horrifying second Shane thought he might call him on his challenge, but then he smiled, wide and lazy. “Again I have been lied to about Canadian manners. You are lucky I do not care for such things.”

“Still not touching me though, are you?”

“So impatient, Hollander. We have all night, no?” Then Rozanov’s mouth was on him again, and Shane forgot about everything for a little while.

When they next broke apart Shane was panting and desperate, his cock rock hard between them as he gave small, aborted thrusts of his hips in an attempt to find some sort of friction. “Rozanov…Rozanov please.”

“Begging already, how easy you are tonight,” Rozanov teased, but Shane could feel the other man’s hardness pressed against his stomach, could see his chest rising and falling rapidly with harsh, eager breaths. It smoothed away some of the sting of his words, to know that he was just as affected by this all as Shane was.

“You are too,” he said, holding Rozanov’s gaze and daring him to try and lie to him. “Easy.”

Rozanov’s mouth quirked into another of those grins that Shane was finding himself increasingly weak for. “For you? Always.”

Then there was freedom as Rozanov let go of his wrists, but Shane barely had time to mourn the loss before those thick, powerful hands cupped him underneath his ass and he was lifted clean off the floor. Shane yelped and wrapped his legs around Rozanov’s waist, firmly ignoring the sharp sparks of pain that the movement triggered in his side.

So worth it, he thought to himself as Rozanov hoisted him higher on his hips and kissed him deeply, possessively. Shane wasn't the tallest guy in the league but he packed a fair amount of muscle, yet Rozanov still managed to fling him around like he was weightless. Shane was so turned on he could barely think, his cock practically punching a hole in his pants in its desperation to make itself known.

"Bed, now," Shane gasped against Rozanov's mouth, and felt the answering curve of Rozanov's lips.

Two more steps, and he was airborne, flung with the easy grace of a two-hundred-pound MLH All-Star right into the middle of the bed and landing amongst the many, many decorative pillows with a soft thump.

And okay, *fuck*, that hurt a lot. The mattress was soft but not that soft, and the impact sent pain ricocheting through Shane's body in a way that had his vision greying out around the edges. "*Fffff*-" he started before cutting himself off sharply, hoping against hope that Rozanov would mistake it for a sound of pleasure.

He looked up at Rozanov who was staring down at him with one of his bad frowns on his face. "Hollander?" he asked again.

"I'm fine, just landed a bit funny." Shane shook his head vigorously, scrambling to position himself better on the bed and ignoring the dull ache that was starting to set in along his right hand side. "You need to work on your aim, Rozanov."

Rozanov was still frowning, but he took the bait. "Pshh, my aim is perfect. You are the one with weak backhand."

"Weak backhand?!" Shane squawked, the pain in his side momentarily eclipsed by his indignation.

"Yes, is shame. Tell coach you need to shore it up before next Raiders game, then maybe you won't lose." Rozanov paused, "Or lose less badly. You will still lose, of course."

“Fuck you, 3-2 is hardly a shutout,” Shane groused. “Are you going to continue to dissect my game or are you going to fuck me?”

“Why not both?” Rozanov smirked, but he prowled onto the bed without any additional commentary, so Shane decided to take that as a win.

Rozanov slinked his way up Shane’s body, nosing his way over Shane’s groin but not stopping to give it any particular attention. Shane whined, hips bucking in protest, and Rozanov laughed, a hot gust of wind over Shane’s crotch. “Not yet, pretty boy. I want your ass first.”

And then there were hands on his hips and Rozanov flipped Shane onto his front, ass pert in the air like they both usually liked it but *fuck*, Shane was starting to realize just how much abdominal muscles came into play during sex. The pain in his side was morphing into a nasty, *dirty* type of ache, and he clenched his fingers in the sheets underneath him as he forced himself to breathe through the worst of it.

The hands on his hips stilled, and Shane could practically feel the air around them change. Shane had the slightly surreal notion of being prey underneath a predator’s paw, waiting for teeth to snap down around his neck.

“No. Enough.” Rozanov’s voice was harsh but his hands were gentle as he rolled Shane back over onto his back, and Shane looked up to see Rozanov’s gaze flicking rapidly over his whole body. Not with his usual lustful appreciation, but with a cold, analytical eye he usually reserved for on the ice. Shane could practically see in real time as Rozanov catalogued every one of Shane’s responses that night and overlaid them against a mental replay of their last game, the pieces falling neatly into place as Rozanov’s eyes widened just a fraction. Then his voice, deadly serious: “Show me.”

Naturally, Shane balked in response. “No, it’s nothing.”

“That was not nothing reaction,” Rozanov countered, letting go of Shane’s hip so that he could ruck up his shirt with both hands. “You are hurt. Show me. *Now*, Hollander.”

Shane half-heartedly batted at Rozanov's hands but – contrary to popular online sentiment – he did know how to accept defeat when it was inevitable. Rozanov was insistent but surprisingly careful as he tugged the shirt up and over Shane's head, leaving him topless and on display in the worst possible way.

Rozanov whistled through his teeth, his brows furrowed in an unhappy line. "I got you good." He reached out as if he wanted to touch, but then pulled back before making contact, his hand clenching and unclenching by his side.

"It looks worse than it is," Shane insisted, pushing himself up so that he was propped up against the headboard. "There's nothing broken. I just need to take it easy for a couple of days."

"And you think this-" Rozanov gestured at the room at large "-is taking it easy?"

"Well, nobody said anything about not having sex," Shane argued, wrapping his arms around his waist defensively and choosing not to admit that they probably would have done if Shane's apparent celibacy wasn't something of a running joke within the Metros.

(Joke's on them, Shane thought slightly vindictively, he was getting it better than anyone on the team, he was sure of it.)

"Oh yes, I'm sure doctors would say this is fine," Rozanov waved his hands around slightly more violently. "'Yes, Hollander' they would say, 'take your broken ribs and go get fucked so hard you cannot move. Is no problem, no problem at all'."

"Bruised, not broken," Shane corrected, although he knew that wasn't really the point. "And a little rough sex isn't going to kill me. I'll be back on the ice before the next Raiders game, it won't affect the season if you're like…worried about poor sportsmanship or whatever."

"Fuck Hollander, I do not care about the season! I care about–" Rozanov cut himself off sharply, uttering a string of Russian words Shane was reasonably confident were curses.

“You are hurt, and you did not tell me,” Rozanov finally continued, looking increasingly feral behind the eyes. “You did not plan to *ever* tell me, even here, even now. You would have let me hurt you more, and kept it from me. You would have let me do this to you without my knowing?” He ran a frustrated hand through his curls. “Why? Why would you do that?”

Shame scrambled off the bed to put some distance between himself and this horrible, awful conversation. “Come on, Rozanov, you’re turning this into something so much more than it is,” he said, his embarrassment making him petulant. “It’s just a couple of bruises. Bruises that *you* caused in the first place, I might add. I don’t see why you’re making such a big deal of it now.”

Rozanov slid off the bed as well, but then just stared at him in silence. For a single, heart-stopping moment Shane thought he might simply turn and walk straight out the door without another word, and he clenched his hands tightly into fists to stop himself from doing something stupid like reaching out to stop him.

Eventually Rozanov growled, low and frustrated, and reached out to grab Shane’s chin between his thumb and forefinger. “Look at me, hey, *look*.” Rozanov held Shane firm, forcing him to make eye contact. Shane set his jaw mulishly, but didn’t jerk away. Having Rozanov’s hands on him was soothing, even like this.

“Yes, I hurt you on the ice today. No, I do not like that. Why would I want your pretty freckles hidden by big, ugly bruises? But also no, I do not regret it.*”* Rozanov’s fingers tightened on Shane’s jaw, cutting off the protest he had been about to make. “Don’t make faces. Look, *listen.* We are hockey players, number one and number two. We play to win, and this is how it sometimes goes. That is acceptable. Necessary risk. But *this*–” he turned Shane’s head to look at the bed, its rumpled sheets a damning indictment of what had just been interrupted. “–this is not Hockey. Hurting you here is not acceptable. Is *never* acceptable.”

Shane grimaced. “Okay… fine, I get that,” he said, because he truly did. He didn’t think he would ever be able to forgive Rozanov if he started pulling his punches on the ice because of what they did off of it, and he was certain Rozanov felt the same way. And for all they tussled in bed, for all that Rozanov was handsy and forceful, there had always, *always* been care behind it. To suggest otherwise on either front was to do Rozanov a disservice.

“Don’t do it again,” Rozanov’s tone brooked no argument. “I do not like to hurt you, Hollander. Do not make me do it without realizing.”

Shane nodded as much as he was able in Rozanov’s firm grip, “I won’t, I promise,” he said, and meant it.

Whatever Rozanov saw in his expression must have been acceptable to him, because he let go of Shane’s chin with a sharp nod of his own. “Okay. Good.”

Shane told himself he didn’t immediately mourn the loss of his touch.

“So… I guess you’ll be off then?” He tried to say it casually, like his subconscious wasn’t thrashing wildly like an animal in a hunter’s trap at the idea of Rozanov leaving, at this being all he’d get of him until their next meetup.

Assuming that Rozanov even wanted to meet again, after all of this.

Rozanov frowned, and Shane refused to think of the sharp crease that formed between his eyebrows as adorable. “You want me to go?”

No, *never*, Shane thought loudly, but he forced himself to shrug. “You came here for sex, and…well…”

For a second Rozanov just looked confused, then understanding dawned in his eyes and Shane had the horrible sensation of being completely, utterly *seen*. “Ah, now I understand why you say nothing. You think because we usually fuck hard, I am not interested in giving it to you soft, is that it?”

When put like that, it was damning. Part of Shane felt like he should deny it, but it was so obviously the truth it would be foolish to suggest otherwise. He jerked his head roughly in acknowledgement, not quite trusting himself to speak.

“Oh, Hollander,” Rozanov was still looking at him like all of his secrets had spilled out onto the carpet between them, and something in Shane cringed away from it. This wasn’t what they were. They met, they fucked, they went their separate ways. This was…not that, and whatever it was, he wasn’t sure he was ready for it.

His own expression must have given him away, as Rozanov shook his head slightly, and when he next spoke it was with his usual brash confidence, puffing his chest up in mock defiance. “You forget I am Ilya Rozanov, yes? I can do anything I want.”

“Oh yeah, is that right?” Shane said, biting his lip against the grin that threatened to break out across his face as the world righted itself and just like that they were *them* again.

Rozanov raised one eyebrow that was part chastisement, part invitation. “Get back on the bed, Hollander, I’ll treat you so good I’ll ruin you.”

Ain’t that the truth. Shane thought wryly as he climbed back onto the bed – moving slowly this time in deference to his ribs – and positioned himself so that he was propped up against the headboard.

Rozanov stared at him from the end of the bed, then huffed and bent to pick up two of the decorative pillows that had been dislodged to the floor during their previous antics. He came around the side of the bed and tucked them against Shane’s side, supporting his ribs in a way that had Shane humming in appreciation.

“You had bandage. You took it off.” Rozanov said, not quite a question.

Shane nodded, pointing towards the en-suite. “It’s in there, I can go get it.”

“No, I go.” Rozanov bent to kiss Shane sweetly, so sweetly, before straightening and turning towards the bathroom. “Be good and stay where I put you.”

And oh, did *that* do unexpected things to Shane's libido. His cock – which had shrunk away from their not-quite argument – made its presence violently known again, blood rushing south so quickly Shane almost felt lightheaded.

Rozanov disappeared into the bathroom, then returned a moment later with a roll of fresh KT tape and a bottle of something Shane didn't *think* was lube, but couldn't quite get a good look at.

"Arm up," Rozanov knelt on the bed next to Shane, his voice firm but soft, and Shane found himself complying almost on instinct. Rozanov applied the first strip of tape diagonally across Shane's side with a practised ease, stretching the fabric tight enough to provide support but not so tight that it tugged at sensitive skin. For once his touch was strictly professional, but each stroke of his fingertips still felt like a brand of heat against Shane's overeager flesh.

"You're good at this," Shane said, his voice sounding slightly floaty to his own ears.

"I am Ilya Rozanov," Rozanov said again like that explained everything, and maybe they'd been spending too much time together because it almost did. Shane hummed a questioning sound anyway, and Rozanov continued. "Sometimes…sometimes *inferior* players try to take me down. Often they are too slow, but sometimes they get lucky. So, I learn to tape up ribs."

"Oh." Something twinged uncomfortably in Shane's chest at the mental image of Rozanov, alone in a hotel room, carefully putting himself back together after a too-violent match. He didn't like it, didn't like it at all. "Well, you know, if you ever need me to return the favor–"

"You will come play sexy nurse for me?" Rozanov teased as he applied a second strip of tape just below the first, smoothing it down with a care that had Shane biting back a moan. "You like to roleplay, Hollander?"

"Fuck off," Shane groused, but he couldn't help squirming a little bit at the idea. He was sure that Rozanov was too perceptive not to notice, but for once he didn't call him on it.

“All done. Now, move forward. Let me behind you,” Rozanov said, nudging at Shane’s shoulders until he shifted down the bed far enough for Rozanov to slip in between him and the headboard, thick thighs bracketing him on either side. A click of a bottle cap had Shane’s ears pricking with near-Pavlovian eagerness, but Rozanov didn’t seem to be moving with any of his regular intent.

“What–” Shane began as out of the corner of his eye he saw Rozanov squirt some liquid into the palm of his hand and then rub them together, but Rozanov cut him off with a click of his tongue.

“I said I would treat you good,” Rozanov said, which wasn’t exactly an explanation, but then his slick hands were running over Shane’s shoulders, massaging the tense muscle of his traps with deft fingers and oh, *yes*.

Shane let out a groan of pleasure, and let his head fall forward against his chest. “*Fuck*, that feels good.”

“These muscles always tense after crash. Need to work them loose,” Rozanov explained, his fingers moving up to dig into the juncture of his neck. “And I am very, *very* good at making you nice and loose, no?”

Shane groaned, an undeniable wave of fondness cresting over him despite the objectively crude statement. It was all just so very *Rozanov*. The competency, the shit talk, but more importantly the care. It made Shane feel things he was in no way ready to put a name to.

“Jesus, the mouth on you sometimes,” he said instead, falling back to safer, well trodden territory.

Rozanov huffed a soft laugh, “You love my mouth,” he said, which was too obviously true to justify a response. He continued to work Shane over until he was almost a puddle of goo on the bed; relaxed and supple in a way that he wouldn’t have felt possible just a few hours ago. Eventually the hands on him paused, and he let out a soft whine of protest which made Rozanov chuckle again and press a gentle kiss to the side of his neck.

“Shhh, this was just appetizer. Now is time for main course.”

Shane’s arousal hadn’t exactly gone away while Rozanov worked him over, but it had settled into a gentle simmer to make way for softer, gentler emotions. Rozanov’s words brought it screaming back to the forefront with a vengeance, and Shane let out a gut punch moan at just the idea of more.

“Where do you want me?” he asked, bracing his hands on either side of himself to shift position, but Rozanov shook his head pointedly.

“I said stay where I put you, did I not?” Rozanov tsked in disapproval as he slipped out from behind Shane and helped him move back up against the headboard, rearranging the pillows around him again for extra support. He nudged Shane’s legs apart so that he could settle between them, then curled his fingers into the waistband of Shane’s sweats and oh-so carefully tugged them down and off his legs.

For a moment it looked like he would just throw them behind him, and Shane braced himself to ignore the careless treatment of his clothes, but instead he folded them in half, then half again and placed them neatly on the dresser next to the bed. Shane waited for him to make some sarcastic comment about Shane’s neat-freak tendencies, but he just performed the task like it was a simple inevitability, then turned his attention back to Shane’s newly naked form.

“Okay,” Rozanov said, eyes dark with intent as they raked up and down Shane’s body. “Sit back, relax, enjoy.” His big hands smoothed up and down Shane’s thighs as he ducked his head to nuzzle at his crotch.

Usually when Rozanov sucked Shane off it was fast, hard, and almost devastatingly effective, like he was trying to set a PB on just how quickly he could get Shane off. Tonight, though, he seemed determined to take his time. He started with his balls, a sharp flick of his tongue against the seam between them before he sucked each into his mouth in turn. Shane groaned at the unexpected attention, cock jumping against Rozanov’s lips as he started to nose his way upwards, licking along his shaft until he reached its crown which was hard and red and leaking. He kissed the very tip, a tease of wet lips against Shane’s slit, before moving across to lick back down the other side.

Down, up, down again, coating Shane's cock in slick spit which sparked against the slight chill in the apartment air. Rozanov flattened his tongue against the thick vein running along the underside and gave it a firm lick, all the way from base to tip, and Shane swore violently, fingers clenching in the sheets next to him.

Rozanov hummed appreciatively, the sound ricocheting through Shane like the most deadly of vibrators, and reached out to take Shane's hand and place it on top of his head. Shane immediately clenched his fingers in Rozanov's riot of curls and gave a tentative tug, not quite sure who was in charge right now.

Rozanov allowed himself to be moved, letting Shane drag him up and over the tip of his dick. He flicked his eyes up to meet Shane's as he let his jaw drop, but didn't move to take Shane into his mouth.

Shane could see Rozanov's arousal in every taught line of muscle on display, but still he waited. For permission, for *Shane*, and the idea was so fucking heady that Shane almost came right then and there. With fingers that only trembled a bit he pushed down on the back of Rozanov's head, and groaned deep and desperate as Rozanov's eyes fluttered closed and he dipped to fit his lips around Shane's length.

He started gently, sucking around the crown, tongue flicking against the thick ridge in a way that had Shane's eyes rolling into the back of his head. Shane pushed a bit harder, testing, and Rozanov went with him, half of Shane's dick sliding past his lips before it brushed up against the back of his mouth. Rozanov hummed, swallowed, and then *ohgod*, took the rest of Shane into the tight heat of his throat in a single fluid movement.

"Fuck, oh fuck… *Rozanov*," Shane gasped as Rozanov's nose nudged at the curls of hair that decorated his groin, spit leaking at the corner of his mouth and wetness pooling in the corners of his eyes. "Fuck, that's…oh *christ*."

Rozanov held him in his throat for a long beat, then slid all the way off with a lewd pop that seemed to reverberate around the room. Shane gasped and panted and clung on to his sanity with his fingertips as his cock throbbed almost painfully and things nearly came to an abrupt end far too soon. He watched as Rozanov sucked two of his own fingers into his mouth, then spat on them for good measure, his expression promising all manner of terrible, wonderful things, and it was so fucking hot Shane had to close his eyes against the onslaught.

That meant his eyes were still closed when a slick digit pressed against his hole, and they flew open wide as Rozanov pressed into his body with his index finger at the same time as he took him back into his mouth, all the way down to the root. Shane made an almost wounded noise as Rozanov fingered him and sucked him and took him apart so perfectly, so completely, it was like he planned to remake Shane solely for his pleasure.

Ruin me, was Shane's last thought before Rozanov crooked his fingers with devastating accuracy and his orgasm barrelled out of him, stealing his breath, his thoughts, his very *being* for an instant, for an eternity.

He came back to himself panting, utterly undone as Rozanov slipped off him, grinning like the cat that got the cream. He locked eyes with Shane and held his gaze as he slowly, pointedly swallowed.

"Fuuuck," Shane gasped, more eloquent words beyond him in that moment, and Rozanov laughed.

"I have broken you?" he asked, sitting back on his heels and staring down at the mess formerly known as Shane Hollander. "Good."

"That was…something else," Shane said appreciatively, slowly collecting the scattered pieces of his psyche. "Christ, Rozanov, I think you might have actually killed me."

"Not kill. Incapacitate," Rozanov said, still sounding far too pleased with himself. "Now you will not move and hurt your ribs. I am excellent caretaker, yes?"

"The best," Shane replied, pretty sure he had the dopiest grin on his face but unable to bring himself to care. Besides, Rozanov was wearing an expression that on anybody else would probably be called *fond*, so Shane figured he was allowed to let his guard down, just a little bit, just for a little while.

“You’re still hard.” Shane was a little embarrassed at how long it took him to notice but, well, really that was Rozanov’s fault for taking his brain offline so effectively. He frowned and held out an arm that felt limp like a pool noodle, making grabby hands at Rozanov’s crotch. “C’m’ere. Let me at you.”

“What did I say about not moving?” Rozanov laughed, batting away Shane’s ineffective groping. “Is fine, I do not need.”

Shane pouted, his mouth forming an unhappy moue. “Yeah, but you still *want*, right?”

Rozanov let out a soft groan, his eyes flicking skywards for a moment. “That puppy face is dirty tactics, Hollander. I thought you played clean game.”

“Only on the ice,” Shane retorted, never one not to press an advantage when he saw it. “Come on Rozanov, turnabout is fair play.”

“Everyone thinks you are perfect golden boy, but I know better. You are *menace*, this is what you are.” Rozanov fixed Shane with a serious expression that was only a little bit undercut by the current of heat running through it. “Fine, but you will *stay still*, yes?”

Shane nodded eagerly, “I’ll be good, I promise.”

Rozanov made another noise like he was dying, and muttered a stream of Russian Shane had no hope of understanding as he shifted up the bed so that he was straddling Shane’s waist. He stretched up on his thighs so that he could place his hands on the top edge of the headboard and – with Shane propped up as he was – the movement brought Rozanov’s cock almost directly level with his face.

Shane licked his lips and opened his mouth in clear invitation, but let Rozanov come to him rather than trying to crowd forward for a taste. He’d said he’d be good: he intended to be the fucking *best*.

“Good boy,” Rozanov murmured, one hand coming down to cup Shane’s jaw as he slid just the tip of himself into Shane’s waiting mouth. Shane immediately closed his lips around Rozanov’s thick length, his tongue swiping around the head as he hollowed his cheeks and sucked.

“Mmm, yes, like that,” Rozanov said, starting to thrust his hips languidly. He kept the pace slow, manageable, and never pushed more than halfway into Shane’s mouth. Shane wanted to tell him he could take more, take *everything* Rozanov gave him, but he contented himself with worshipping Rozanov’s length with tongue and lips and just a hint of teeth.

Rozanov’s pace started to falter, his thrusts losing their rhythm. “Ah, fuck, Hollander. Can I-”

Shane didn’t know what Rozanov was asking but it didn’t matter. Yes, the answer would always be fucking *yes*. He nodded as much as he could with a mouthful of cock, and Rozanov cursed and pulled out, his hand leaving Shane’s face to hold himself at the base as he came in streams of white, painting Shane’s cheeks, nose and even his lips with his release.

It was too soon for Shane to come again, but *fuck* did his dick made a valiant attempt to rally as Rozanov marked his claim all over Shane’s face. Shane’s tongue flicked out to lick his lips and came back hot and salty, and then Rozanov was on him, kissing him like he wanted to lick the taste of himself right out of Shane’s mouth.

“Ты такая красивая, моя любовь,” Rozanov mumbled against him, sounding utterly wrecked, then shook his head slightly and said in a noticeably lighter tone. “You look good like this, covered in me.”

“Ilya Rozanov likes to stake his claim, why am I not surprised,” Shane tried to tease, but his heart wasn’t in it when what he really wanted to say was ‘*Yes. Do it again, do it forever.’*
“Should I be worried about you trying to piss on me?”

“You are into that, Hollander?” Rozanov was much better at slipping back into easy, familiar patterns, and Shane told himself he didn’t miss the quiet sincerity of moments ago. “If that is what you want, I could give it a go.”

“Absolutely not,” Shane insisted, pushing at Rozanov’s chest to put a bit of space between them. “I’m already filthy. I need to go clean up.”

“Stay, I will do it,” Rozanov insisted, kissing him once more before disappearing into the bathroom and coming back with a wet cloth. He knelt next to Shane on the bed and cleaned him up so carefully it made something in Shane’s heart ache. He knew it was because he was injured and Rozanov – for some reason – seemed to be taking it personally, but this was a level of intimacy they rarely shared after sex, and Shane didn’t quite know what to do with it. Again.

A problem for another day, he decided, as Rozanov finished sorting them both out and tucked Shane into bed in a semi-upright position (“Better for ribs,” he insisted). Shane wondered if Rozanov would decide to leave now that they were clearly done fucking, but instead he also climbed into bed, tucking Shane’s head against his shoulder. “Sleep, Hollander, more painkillers in one hour.”

Shane wanted to protest, to stay awake and make the most of the scant time they had left together before Rozanov would have to leave and they’d be apart for another four months. But the day seemed to finally catch up with him, and he was asleep before Rozanov could even turn off the light.

“So…tonight was nice,” Shane said some time later, looking at a point just to the left of Rozanov’s ear as he put on his shoes by the front door. “But next time you can…that is you shouldn’t feel like you have to…always I mean…”

Rozanov cut off his ramblings with a hand on his cheek and a kiss so possessive Shane practically melted. “Do not worry,” Rozanov said with a smile against his lips as they parted. “Next time I will, how you say, *put you through the mattress*.”

Shane groaned, simultaneously mortified and desperately turned on. “Do I even want to know who taught you that phrase?”

Rozanov grinned wickedly. “Not just a pretty face, yes? I teach myself many interesting English phrases. I will blow your back out. Fold you like a deck chair. Bang you like a–”

there he paused, miming a screen door with his hand "–in a hurricane. So many things I will do to you, Hollander, and you will beg for every one of them."

"Get out of here," Shane said, shoving a laughing Rozanov through the front door. "You're bad for my health, Rozanov."

"You love it," Rozanov said with a wide grin, turning away and sauntering down the steps before Shane could do something monumentally stupid like agree with him.

End Notes

Comments are the lifeblood of all writers, if you enjoyed this please let me know! I'm also on tumblr as sparrow30 if you want to say hi there!

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