Desperate For You

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Desperate For You

by nighthollow

Summary

Inspired by the part of the montage at the beginning of episode 4 where slamming into boards on the rink cuts to being railed against the couch. ART.
Chapter 1 is Shane's POV, Chapter 2 is Ilya's.

Notes

I've literally never written fanfic before idk what the hell I'm doing 🙃

Chapter 1: Shane

Lily: see you soon ;)

Shane looked at his phone again. He didn't hate it when Rozanov texted him right before a game, but it could be very distracting. He always wondered if that was the point, if it was deliberate, a tactic to mess with him, but he'd never ask. Asking would mean admitting things he was sure Rozanov would never let him live down. Montreal had won solidly tonight anyway, and Shane had scored two of their goals, so if it *was* a tactic, it hadn't worked.

He was at his apartment, sitting in the stairwell to the back entrance, waiting for Rozanov's text.

Lily: I'm here.

He got up and opened the door instantly, and Rozanov brushed against him as he walked inside.

"Good game tonight."

"Shut up."

"I mean it. You were good." Shane wondered where the joke was, whether he was trying to goad him into something, to get a rise out of him. To feel superior after the loss.

"The team was good." He said it almost automatically, the way he responded to the press.

"Yes. Montreal was good." Rozanov made a face as he added, "unfortunately. But you especially."

Shane didn't know what to do with that. He felt his face get hot.

Rozanov brought a hand up to touch his face gently and leaned in, dropping his voice to almost a whisper. "Did thinking of this inspire you?" There it was. Rozanov pressed their lips together. Despite himself, Shane opened his mouth, savouring the kiss.

When they pulled apart, it took him a second to remember what had just been said.

"No. Fuck you, Rozanov." He didn't sound very convincing, but that wasn't really the point.

"Yes, fuck me, Hollander." Rozanov laughed, a low chuckle, a devious smile. Shane shoved his shoulder against the wall, stuck for a moment looking into his eyes, seeing his own desire reflected back in them. He wanted to kiss him again, then remembered where they were.

He headed up the stairs and heard Rozanov follow, then heard, "oh come on Hollander. Admit it. I helped you win."

"You fucking didn't," he threw back. He heard Rozanov laugh again and smiled to himself. It was a nice sound.

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Rozanov was looking at Shane with wild eyes, blown out with desire, and maybe something softer.

"I love when you are desperate like this."

"Fuck off." Shane's response was automatic. Desperate was not an incorrect description of how he felt with Rozanov inside him, but it was not one he was eager to have pointed out.

"No. Is okay." Rozanov seemed to understand his comment came off as a taunt, which was usually reserved for before and sometimes after, not while they were fucking. He leaned down to kiss Shane's neck, just under his ear. "I am desperate too. For you. Like this."

"Jesus Christ, Rozanov," Shane breathed out. He turned his face away, letting Rozanov bury his face into his neck with more kisses as he continued to fuck him slowly. It nearly sent him over the edge, every time Rozanov expressed how much he was into this. Into Shane. It sent a thrill through him to know it was him making Rozanov feel *desperate*. Feel that good. That intense. Sometimes the things they said to each other during sex felt like more, felt like this whole thing was about more than getting off, but Shane knew it couldn't be. So he just enjoyed it in the moment, for what it was.

Rozanov brought a hand under Shane's chin to move his face towards him so they were facing each other again and kissed him deeply.

When he stopped, Shane's eyes blinked open. Why did he stop? He wanted to kiss those soft lips forever. He pushed that thought out of his mind.

"What do you want, Hollander?"

"What? This," he said, a little indignant. Quieter, he added, "obviously." Rozanov had just called him desperate, with his dick inside him, what a stupid question.

"Ah, no. How do you want me? How do you want to come?" Oh. Fuck. It still caught him off guard sometimes, how much Rozanov seemed to want to please him. He seemed to like it almost as much as Shane enjoyed just doing what he told him. He reached a hand into Rozanov's curls and brought their lips back together. He needed a second to think. Or not think. It wasn't easy to say what he wanted, but it wasn't like he didn't spend their time apart thinking of all the ways he wanted Rozanov to fuck him. There was even a moment on the ice tonight where Rozanov slammed him into the boards, and for a split second his mind drifted away from hockey. He said it before he could think too much about it, before he could consider whether he should say it.

"Flip me over. Push me into the couch." Rozanov's lips quirked up into a smile, like that was exactly what he wanted to hear. Shane felt a little self conscious, but Rozanov had asked, he reminded himself, before adding, "hard."

"Fuck, Hollander." He reveled in the way Rozanov said that, like what Shane just said was the hottest thing he'd ever heard. He loved when they were like this, face to face, more than he wanted to admit, but after the game he couldn't stop thinking about Rozanov fucking him like that. He needed it tonight or he'd drive himself mad thinking about it until the next time they met up. He felt Rozanov leave his body, and then let himself be roughly flipped over. He felt a kiss between his shoulders, just south of his neck, and shivered when Rozanov quietly asked, "okay?" All he could do was nod, words had left him. Rozanov lifted his hips up and pushed back in slowly, starting with shallow thrusts. Shane needed more. He reached back to Rozanov's hips to draw him close, all the way inside him, hard, and heard a breathy 'Fuck.' Rozanov got the message and picked up the pace, fucking into him deep and hard as Shane pushed back against each thrust. He felt a strong hand push down between his shoulders, pushing his body hard into the couch. "Is what you want?"

"Yes," he breathed. "Fuck." He wanted something else, something more, but he didn't know that he could say it. He reached back again, to the hand Rozanov was pushing against his body, and guided it up to his head so his face was pushed hard against the couch. He held Rozanov's hand against his face, pressing hard, showing him how he wanted it. Eventually his own hand slipped away, and Rozanov kept pushing harder into his face. The sensation, the pressure, was eliciting moans and gasps from Shane that he couldn't keep in. God, it felt so good. So intense. He was sure the sounds he was making were embarrassing, but right now he didn't care. Rozanov wrapped his other hand around Shane's dick and started stroking.

"God, Hollander, you're so good."

It was too much. Too good. He wanted it to last forever, but it couldn't when he was this close. His thoughts were wild, unfocused. "Rozanov," he choked out. And then, with effort, "I-" but that's all he managed. He heard a deep, low, "fuck" somewhere above him, and felt Rozanov move faster.

He was so far gone. Couldn't think anymore. Couldn't focus on anything. Just the feeling of Rozanov slamming into him, stroking him, pushing hard against him. At some point he felt himself come against the friction of Rozanov's hand, his legs shaking. He heard Rozanov let out a string of Russian words, and if he hadn't come already, that might've done it. He came back to himself properly in time to feel Rozanov fucking his own waves of pleasure into him.

Rozanov fell on top of him, breathing hard. Shane liked how it felt, being covered with his body.

"Hollander, that was-" Rozanov paused, his breathing still laboured.

"Good?" Shane asked, hating the hope he could hear in his voice.

Rozanov shifted off of him, trailing kisses down his back before rolling him over and leaning over him. Shane rested a hand against his arm as Rozanov leaned down for a kiss.

"Amazing." Shane felt himself get hot, and hoped his body wasn't betraying him by turning red. In moments like these, he could convince himself that Rozanov wanted this as much as he did, especially when Rozanov smiled down at him and kissed him again.

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"Boston will win next time."

"Oh yeah?" Shane shoved Rozanov a little as they made their way down the steps to the back door.

"Mm." Rozanov looked serious as he nodded, but the shove back was playful.

"Not if you play like you did tonight." Rozanov hadn't played a bad game, Montreal just happened to be better than Boston that night. And Shane had been on fire. Still, he liked pushing him. Liked when he was cocky and brash back.

"I think we will have the upper hand."

They had reached the back door.

Shane laughed a little and said, "no chance." He leaned in to kiss Rozanov, good and slow, resting a hand against his neck.

When there was no retort, he almost thought he was having the effect on Rozanov that Rozanov usually had on him. Leaving him speechless. Leaving him wanting more. Craving it.

They held each other's gaze for a moment. "Goodnight Hollander."

"Night Rozanov." As Rozanov left, Shane felt himself smile a little. He was glad Rozanov couldn't see it, he was sure it would say too much.

Chapter 2: Ilya

I'm here.

The door opened almost immediately, and Ilya moved quickly inside, brushing deliberately against Hollander.

"Good game tonight."

"Shut up."

"I mean it. You were good."

"The team was good." Always the perfect professional.

"Yes. Montreal was good. Unfortunately. But you especially." He didn't like admitting it. Even if it was true. If anyone asked he'd deny he ever said it. But there was a point to this. He liked the way Hollander responded to his compliments. He liked the way it got him worked up. Liked seeing his pretty freckled cheeks rise in colour.

Now that Hollander seemed to have let his guard down a little, Ilya wanted to push a little further. He brought a hand up to touch Hollander's face and whispered close, "did thinking of this inspire you?" before kissing him gently, letting out a little sigh when Hollander opened his mouth.

When they pulled apart it was quiet for a moment. Ilya looked at Hollander's perfect plush lips, then back up to his dark eyes.

"No. Fuck you Rozanov." There was a hint of a smile on his lips. So, maybe a little truth in there. Or he just liked this verbal sparring they did. Ilya was okay with either being true.

"Yes, fuck me, Hollander." He let out a low chuckle, and was rewarded with a rough push against his shoulder. Hollander was looking at him so intently, Ilya almost thought they would fuck right there in the stairwell. When he turned to go up the stairs instead, Ilya couldn't resist throwing a little taunt to his back.

"Oh come on Hollander. Admit it. I helped you win."

"You fucking didn't," was the reply. Ilya couldn't help the laugh that escaped him.

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Ilya looked down at Hollander. He looked so beautiful like this, worked up and sweaty and wanting, leaning into every touch, arching up against Ilya's body. None of the rigidity he

wore with the outside world. It made Ilya's chest feel tight. He loved having this effect on Hollander, loved getting to see him like this.

"I love when you are desperate like this."

"Fuck off." Ah. Not unfamiliar to hear from Hollander, but not the effect Ilya was intending. It was a compliment, not a teasing insult, though those sometimes felt the same between them.

"No. Is okay," Ilya reassured, leaning down to his neck and pressing kisses just under his ear. His voice got deeper, quieter. "I am desperate too. For you. Like this." He didn't know how Hollander still seemed to be unaware of the effect he had on Ilya, of just how much Ilya wanted this too, but he didn't mind reminding him.

"Jesus Christ, Rozanov," Hollander breathed out. Ilya continued his slow pace fucking Hollander, kissing his neck when he turned his face away, before gently turning his face back so he could kiss him properly.

Ilya drew back, seeing Hollander's eyes open slowly, questioning, and asked, "what do you want, Hollander?"

"What? This." He sounded confused, maybe annoyed. Quieter, he added, "obviously."

"Ah, no. How do you want me? How do you want to come?" He knew Hollander didn't find it easy to say what he wanted, but Ilya wanted nothing more than to make him feel good. He could order him around, and get exactly what he wanted, and he liked how Hollander responded to that. But he also liked being at the mercy of Hollander's desires. And, more simply, he really liked hearing Hollander say filthy things. He let himself be brought down for another deep kiss, humming into it. He hoped Hollander wouldn't ignore his question.

"Flip me over. Push me into the couch." Ilya could feel himself smiling, Hollander looked away. "Hard," he added.

"Fuck, Hollander." He loved facing him like this, watching him come undone, kissing his face, hearing all the gorgeous sounds he'd make right next to his ear, touching his chest, but he couldn't wait to give him exactly what he wanted. He gently eased himself out of Hollander's body, and then with no gentleness at all, grabbed him and flipped him over. He leaned down and pressed a kiss between his shoulders. "Okay?" he asked quietly. Hollander nodded against the couch. He lifted Hollander's hips and positioned himself against his ass, pushing in slowly to let Hollander adjust. He started with slow, shallow thrusts, until Hollander reached a hand back to Ilya's hips and drew him in all the way. He wasn't sure which one of them let out a breathy 'Fuck.' He fucked into him harder, deeper, as Hollander drove back against him, and pushed his hand down between Hollander's shoulders as hard as he could. "Is what you want?"

"Yes," Hollander breathed, "fuck," and Ilya felt something flutter in his chest. God, he loved giving Hollander what he wanted. He loved how it felt. Hollander reached his hand back again, this time to guide Ilya's hand from between his shoulders to against his head, so his face was being pushed hard against the couch. Hollander kept his own hand on top of Ilya's

for a moment, pressing their hands hard into his own face. *Oh my god.* Ilya didn't get to enjoy this all the time, Hollander taking control, taking what he wanted, but when he did Ilya felt himself unraveling. He thought, for a second, about those moments when Hollander would push him against the wall, about those moments when he wanted Hollander to surprise him completely, and ask to fuck him, before his thoughts came back to what they were doing now, how good it felt, how good Hollander sounded, beautifully filthy and eager, his breathing ragged. Ilya leaned closer, pushed harder against Hollander's head, and was rewarded with a low moan. He wrapped his other hand around Hollander's dick and started stroking.

"God, Hollander, you're so good."

He was getting close.

"Rozanov." He loved how his name sounded when Hollander said it, especially like this. "I-"

"Fuck." They'd been doing this long enough that Ilya knew Hollander was about to come. He drove harder into Hollander, stroking him faster, keeping his hand firm against his face as he felt Hollander's orgasm tremble through his whole body.

"Yes, Hollander, come for me. So good." He might've said that in Russian. He was so lost in the feeling he couldn't tell. And it didn't really matter. He wondered distantly if he sounded as wrecked as he felt. He rocked into Hollander with stuttered thrusts as he came, then collapsed on top of him, breathing hard.

"Hollander, that was-" he paused, trying to catch his breath.

"Good?" Considering everything they just did, Hollander sounded almost clueless. Like he hadn't just demanded to be fucked hard, and seen exactly what that had done to Ilya. It almost made Ilya laugh, but he didn't want Hollander to misinterpret that, to think he was laughing at him, so he just smiled to himself.

He moved off of Hollander and trailed kisses down his back, then rolled him over so they could face each other again. He leaned over Hollander and felt a hand come up to rest on his arm, and pressed a kiss to his lips.

"Amazing." Ilya watched Hollander flush red. He smiled and kissed him again, he couldn't help himself. He knew this moment would be over soon, but he wanted it to last.

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"Boston will win next time." They were walking down the stairs to the back door. Hollander always insisted on seeing him out. So polite.

"Oh yeah?" The comment had earned him a little shove.

"Mm." Ilya nodded, trying to look very serious, and shoved back lightly.

"Not if you play like you did tonight." Hollander always seemed a little bolder after, like Ilya had fucked the press-ready perfection out of him.

"I think we will have the upper hand." He was already thinking of what to text Hollander leading up to the game, what might get under his skin, what might make him push aggressively against Ilya. On the ice or after. Preferably both.

They had reached the back door.

Hollander let out a small laugh. "No chance." He pressed a kiss to Ilya's lips, resting a hand against his neck. Ilya felt like if he didn't leave now he never would.

They held each other's gaze for a moment. "Goodnight Hollander."

"Night Rozanov."

As he left out the door, Ilya could feel himself smiling. A big, dopey grin, he was sure. He thought it best Hollander hadn't seen it.

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