

Puck Bunny

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Puck Bunny

by [cathiee](#)

Summary

“The boys said they were going to buy me a stripper,” Rozanov says. “Like a, ah, you know, a Playboy bunny.”

“Okay,” Shane snorts. “So why are you here now instead of with your—“ He rolls his eyes. “Playboy bunny.”

“Why the fuck would I care if some random woman dressed up for me?” Rozanov finally turns back around, his hands holding something behind his back. His smile turns wolfish. Like he’s about to *eat* a goddamn bunny. “But I would care if *you* dressed up for me.”

For Rozanov's birthday, Shane wears a bunny suit.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

LILY: Montreal playing Boston next week

JANE: Yeah I can read the schedule too

LILY: You know what else is next week

JANE: No...?

LILY: It is my birthday next week

JANE: Oh

JANE: Are you doing anything to celebrate?

LILY: Just going back to my house after the game

LILY: I bought myself a gift

JANE: What did you get?

LILY: Come over and see

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Shane just barely cracks open the door to Rozanov's house and Rozanov already has the biggest, shit-eating grin on his face. His hair is damp from his post-game shower, curling mischievously at the base of his neck.

"Well?" Rozanov says expectantly as the door clicks shut.

"Well, what?" Shane grumbles.

"I think that you have lot of things to say to me."

Shane rolls his eyes. "Congratulations," he forces through his teeth. "It was a close game."

"Does not matter how close if Boston won at end," Rozanov says. His hands have already drifted to Shane's hips, drawn there by magnetic force. The gentle pressure from his grip turns insistent in the direction of his bedroom. "What else do you have to say to me?"

A smile breaks through Shane's salty expression as he reaches up to squeeze Rozanov's cheeks between his hands. "Happy birthday."

Rozanov returns the smile. "Thank you," he says before kissing Shane—a surprisingly light peck on the lips.

"Oh, that's all you wanted for your birthday?" Shane asks, his eyes fluttering open. He had closed them in preparation to be smothered—to have Rozanov's tongue halfway down his

throat. He hopes the sarcasm covers his embarrassment at being disappointed by such a gentle kiss.

Rozanov chuckles, low and dark. It's immediately better; this is the tone Shane wanted. The sound is so anticipatory, it stirs something in Shane, causing his heart to skip a beat and a coil to wind itself tight in his stomach.

"No, I definitely want more," Rozanov says against the shell of Shane's ear. It sends a shudder down his spine. "Let me show you."

Rozanov grabs Shane's wrist—not his hand, it makes a difference for Shane—and leads him to his bedroom.

"Get on the bed," he orders and Shane scrambles to obey.

"Should I take off my clothes or..."

Rozanov smirks. "Impatient. You are such a slut."

The word shoots straight at the coil in Shane's stomach, winding it hotter and tighter. His cock twitches. His face burns. "I'm not—" he protests.

"Shh, is okay. You know I like it." Rozanov turns away from Shane to rifle through his closet, leaving Shane sitting straight-legged and fully clothed on Rozanov's massive bed, practically twiddling his thumbs to keep himself from palming his half-hard dick.

"So, um—" He has to fill the silence, otherwise his physical awkwardness is going to infiltrate his mind. "Your team didn't do anything for your birthday?"

"Not before game. We had to stay focused, of course." There is a rustling of plastic and paper. "And they were going to take me out tonight to celebrate the win and my birthday. But I told them I was busy. They probably think I'm with Svetlana."

Shane frowns. "You didn't have to skip out on them for—" He blushes at the thought. "For me."

Rozanov looks over his shoulder and throws an unusually fond look at Shane. "I would much rather be here for my birthday."

"Oh," Shane says dumbly. "Well, do you know what they were planning to do? Maybe you could call a rain check. Have them take you out some other time."

"The boys said they were going to buy me a stripper," Rozanov says so matter-of-factly, as if that sentence didn't make Shane suddenly nauseous. He could puke off the side of the bed. "Like a, ah, you know, that porn magazine. Ah, a Playboy bunny."

"Okay," Shane snorts. Air comes out rather than vomit, thank god. "So why are you here now instead of with your—" He rolls his eyes to hide the way his stomach seizes at the idea of some half-naked seductress pressed up against Rozanov. "Playboy bunny."

“Why the fuck would I care if some random woman dressed up for me?” Rozanov finally turns back around, his hands holding something behind his back. His smile turns wolfish. Like he’s about to *eat* a goddamn bunny. “But I would care if *you* dressed up for me.”

Shane’s life flashes before his eyes as Rozanov reveals a red candy-striped shopping bag.

“Oh, fuck you,” he spits out, grabbing a pillow and throwing it at Rozanov’s stupid, grinning head.

“It’s my birthday!” Rozanov reasons as he easily dodges. He throws the white tissue paper from the bag over his shoulder. It floats gently through the air. Before it has time to hit the floor, Rozanov has already dumped the rest of the contents of the bag onto his mattress.

A black faux leather body suit that looks like it’ll only fit a Victoria’s Secret model. A white collar and cuffs with accompanying bow tie, a parody of the tuxedos they wear to awards shows. A pair of fishnets. A headband with the goddamn bunny ears.

“That won’t fit,” Shane says, pointing at the body suit.

Rozanov raises his eyebrows. “That is what you said first time I fucked you too and it worked out fine.”

Shane’s body, unfortunately, has decided he is into this, even if his mind hasn’t fully gotten on board yet. He crawls over to the pile of sexy things, knowing that Rozanov is watching his every move, even while he’s fully clothed. He picks up the bodysuit, intending only to test its stretch and assure himself that it actually might fit. But when he flips it around in his hands, he realizes—

“Jesus fucking Christ.” It comes out as half a gasp, half a whine. “This is— So you can—“

Rozanov nods, all business-like, gazing at the bodysuit as if it were a sample of a new team jersey. The back of it opens up like a jockstrap, leaving the wearer’s ass fully exposed. Soon to be Shane’s ass. “So I can fuck you in it, yes? Otherwise, what is the point?”

Shane can’t think about that mental image too hard, otherwise he thinks he might cum in his pants spontaneously. So he points out the next most obvious thing to him. “But that means no tail? Isn’t that, like, a core part of the whole bunny thing?”

“Wow, you know more about Playboy bunny than I thought you would.”

“No, I just know what a real fucking bunny looks like.”

“Ah, well, I know about both. And I thought about this already, Hollander.” Rozanov reaches for a small velvet bag that Shane had missed among the pile of more distracting items. He pulls out a white puffball, clearly meant to be the bunny tail, except it’s attached to—

“No,” Shane says, trying to make it sound like an adamant rejection even as his cock twitches in interest. He fucking hates his traitorous cock.

“Yes,” Rozanov says, his smile positively cheshire. “Are you not curious?”

“I think I know what it feels like to have something up my ass at this point!” Shane sputters, scrambling up the bed, toward the headboard and away from the *glass butt plug* that Rozanov is currently dangling by the white puffball attached to it.

“But is different!” Rozanov whines. “My cock is not shaped like that.”

“No shit!” Shane says. “And that’s why I don’t want it inside me!” But as the words come out of his mouth, he knows it’s a lie, and he can tell Rozanov knows too.

“Try it? For me?” Rozanov fucking bats his eyelashes. Shane didn’t know Russian men were capable of that. “Is my birthday.”

“You can only pull that card so many times,” Shane grumbles even as he reaches for the plug to examine it for himself. Rozanov looks like he could jump and cheer as Shane takes it out of his hands.

It’s heavier than Shane thought it would be. He has to bite his lip to stop from moaning at the thought of it weighing inside him, tugging at his rim.

“Okay, fine,” Shane mumbles.

Rozanov swoops down to kiss him on the cheek and it makes the whole ordeal worth it. “You are the best,” he declares. “Okay, now you can take your clothes off so you can put this all on.”

“Can I do this in the bathroom?” Shane asks, already knowing the answer. “I’m going to look stupid trying to figure out how this all works.”

“Nope,” Ilya pops the “p.” He settles down on the bed where Shane was just moments ago, except he looks loose and relaxed, not all tense and nervous like Shane was. He lays back with his hands behind his head. “I wanted a show for my birthday. I was supposed to get stripper, remember?”

Shane rolls his eyes again but starts peeling off his sweatshirt nonetheless. Once he is naked and his clothes are nicely folded on top of the nightstand, he turns his attention once again to the pile of things on the bed, cataloging each item. If he can put dozens of pieces of hockey gear every night, then he can surely figure out some pieces of lingerie.

He puts on the bodysuit first. It doesn’t make any sense how vulnerable it makes him feel. He’s been naked in front of Rozanov countless times; they’ve done unthinkable things with each other’s naked bodies. And yet, putting *on* clothes is the one of the most vulnerable things Shane has done in front of Rozanov.

He’s thankful for the bodysuit for covering up the flush that runs from his cheeks down to his chest. It’s more comfortable than he thought it would be. The faux leather is lined with a soft, suede-like material inside, and it stretches nicely over the ridges of his body. When he turns back to the bed to pick up the next item—the fishnets—he spares a glance at Rozanov.

He's still fully dressed in his black muscle tank and charcoal sweats. But his bottom lip is between his teeth and the heel of his palm is pressed against his cock, visibly hard even through his pants.

"Good?" Shane asks, feeling the boldest he has all evening. He likes making Rozanov look like this—as turned on and desperate as Shane feels.

"Good," Rozanov grunts. He spins his finger in the air, telling Shane to get a move on. "Keep going."

"Thought you wanted a show."

"Well, now I want to fuck you."

"Well, now you'll have to wait. I don't like leaving things unfinished."

Rozanov crosses his arms and leans back against the headboard, pouting. For once, it doesn't distract Shane. He's on a mission now.

The fishnets go next. The band of fabric at the top is grippy on the inside, keeping the stockings clinging to Shane's thighs. He doesn't look at Rozanov before the next steps. He knows what Rozanov is doing. He can feel Rozanov's eyes burning into his skin.

The suit collar and shirt cuffs go on easy—just connected with velcro. All that are left are the headband with the bunny ears and the goddamn butt plug.

Shane picks up the ears first. The rest of the costume feels sexy and fun, these just feel stupid.

"Do you really want these on?"

Rozanov's dick is straining against the confines of his pants, but he still manages to raise an eyebrow sarcastically at Shane. "Is that not the most important part of a bunny?"

Shane sighs and sticks them on his head. "Fine," he sighs. "Satisfied?"

"Mm," Rozanov hums as he crawls to the edge of the bed towards Shane. "Almost." He reaches Shane and grabs his waist, running his hands up Shane's torso, thumbing at his nipples through the leather. Shane's breath hitches as Rozanov's lips follow, kissing at the bare skin of his upper pecs.

"Almost?" Shane complains. "What else do you want from me?"

"So much more," Rozanov breathes against Shane's jawline, so suddenly earnest and soft that Shane's heart skips a beat. It feels like he means something else. Like he means more. But it takes only a second for both their eyes to move towards the last piece of the costume lying on the bed, and Rozanov's face turns devious again.

"Bed," he orders with a jerk of his head. Shane nods frantically before complying. "On your front."

Shane gets on his hands and knees in the middle of the bed as Rozanov gets the lube out of his bedside drawer. He doesn't pop it open yet and instead kneels on the bed right behind Shane. Shane thought Rozanov had his hands full, one with the lube and one with the plug, so it is a shock when he feels Rozanov's large and calloused palms on his ass cheeks, spreading them apart.

This is nothing new, but it feels particularly scandalous to have his ass so exposed while he is technically dressed. "What are you—"

Rozanov licks a hot stripe up across Shane's hole and Shane lets out an embarrassingly shrill yelp at the touch, though it quickly dissolves into a moan as Rozanov does it again and again.

"You look so good, Hollander," Rozanov mumbles, his tongue poking wet and hot against Shane's puckered entrance between each word. "Needed to taste you."

"I—" A full body shudder interrupts Shane's sentence. His cock is hard and aching, pressed tightly against his stomach by the bodysuit. "I want— I need—"

"Yes, Hollander?" Shane can *hear* the smirk in Rozanov's voice. But he is too far gone to care.

"Something inside. Please."

"*Fuck*," Rozanov sucks in through his teeth. Shane hears the cap of the lube bottle pop open and shortly after, feels the insistent but careful press of Rozanov's finger against his hole. He nearly lets out a sob of relief at the feeling of it sinking inside him to the knuckle.

It isn't long before Shane is rocking his hips back and forth, a wordless plea for more and more and *more*. Rozanov understands. They have an easy language between them at this point. So he gives Shane the more he needs—a second, then a third finger.

"I think you are ready, Hollander," he says.

This is normally when Shane would hear the rip of a condom packet, and a soft swear from Rozanov as he slicks up his own sensitive cock. But tonight, he hears the unfamiliar sound of lube against glass. A shiver shoots down his spine.

"Ready, yes?" Rozanov asks, his voice gentle but hesitant. In his arousal and anticipation, Shane had forgotten to nod. He does so now, his throat feeling too strangled to make noise.

The next thing he feels is the alien sensation of cool, smooth glass against his hole. He instinctively jerks his hips away. Rozanov's hand is immediately on his lower back, hot and soothing even through the fabric.

"We do not have to—"

"No, I want to," Shane insists. "It's just— It was cold."

"Oh. Sorry. I can try to—"

“No, no, it’s okay. Please. Keep going.”

“Okay.” Rozanov’s hand stays in place and the heat and firmness of it keeps Shane still as the glass bulb eases into him. Shane gasps as it hits its widest point, his hole stretched like never before. Rozanov’s cock is big, sure, but still not as girthy as this.

“Still okay?”

“Yes,” Shane says in a strained, breathy voice.

From there on, the plug slides easily into place. As if Shane’s ass couldn’t wait to swallow it up. He thought he might have felt some strange relief when it settled back to its narrowest point—when his hole didn’t feel like it was gaping open—but instead, having the full weight of the plug inside him and the soft cotton of the goddamn bunny tail feathering against his rim keeps him more on edge than before.

“It is in,” Rozanov announces, as if Shane didn’t know. “How does it feel?”

Shane shakes his hips experimentally and the plug immediately nudges against his prostate. “Fuck!” he cries out, his arms shaking. He falls onto his forearms. It makes the plug nestle even deeper inside.

“Good, yes?”

“Good. Fuck you,” Shane gasps out, his brain going fuzzy, unable to think of anything else to say.

“Mm, soon.” There is a rustle of the bedsheets as Rozanov gets up and walks around to Shane’s front again. Shane manages to lift his head and look up at Rozanov. He thought Rozanov might look annoyingly smug, but instead, he has a strangely reverent look on his face.

“Stand up, I want to see you,” Rozanov says, finally peeling off his shirt and pants and sitting on the edge of the bed.

Jesus. Shane can barely wiggle his hips without feeling like he’s going to blackout, and now this fucker wants him to stand? But Rozanov asked him to do something, and for some goddamn reason, Shane likes doing what Rozanov asks of him.

By the time Shane has struggled to his feet and slotted himself between Rozanov’s knees, he feels like he’s going to spontaneously combust. Rozanov’s hands immediately on his waist might be the spark that causes it.

“Shit, Hollander,” Rozanov breathes. “You look so pretty.” He runs his hands up from his waist, up to collarbones, then to the base of his jaw, as high as he can reach while sitting down. Then, his hands trace down Shane’s shoulders, his arms, leaving trails of fire in their wake. He reaches the shirt cuffs around Shane’s wrists and gives them a small tug. It makes Shane whimper.

“Suck my cock,” Rozanov says and Shane immediately drops to his knees, grateful to be off his trembling legs. The plug inside him had almost become so familiar that he nearly forgot about it until his ass hit his heels and the protruding fluffy base of the plug hit the floor.

Pleasure shoots through his spine like a bullet. “Fuck!” he nearly sobs, his body collapsing forward onto Rozanov’s inner thigh. His face ends up nestled in the crease of Rozanov’s hip and leg, pressed against the dark blonde curls surrounding Rozanov’s rock hard cock. The familiar musk of him makes Shane even more achingly desperate. Without even thinking, he is rocking himself back and forth on the floor, seeking movement inside him, bucking his hips up into empty air.

“Fuck, Hollander.” Rozanov’s hand has crept into Shane’s hair. It makes Shane gasp for breath. “You want my cock so bad.” It’s a statement not a question.

“Yes,” Shane gasps, far beyond embarrassment.

“Then have it.”

Shane practically whines as he swallows Rozanov immediately to the base—his mouth was already watering. Rozanov lets out a long string of Russian expletives and throws his head back as Shane bobs on his cock, sloppy and uncoordinated.

“Pretty bunny,” Rozanov says, his accent thicker than ever. His hands run roughly across Shane’s scalp, skating lightly over the bunny ear headband, then reaching the nape of Shane’s neck. He tangles his fingers in Shane’s hair and pulls it from the root in a way that makes Shane’s eyes roll back in his head. Rozanov’s fingers then drag down to the base of his neck where they hook into the back of the suit collar encircling Shane’s throat. He tugs backwards, so gently, but the subtle pressure against his Adam’s apple is enough to make Shane moan.

“Next time a real collar, *da?*” Rozanov pants, his voice uncontrolled, his uninhibited thoughts pouring out. “Like a real pet. My pet, yes?”

Jesus fucking Christ, Shane might cum right now. He doesn’t even know if he’s into that. He doesn’t think he is. But the thought of wearing a collar—it would be a nice one, it would be lush leather—around his neck with a gold tag embossed with Rozanov’s name makes him feel like he’s burning up inside.

He pops off of Rozanov’s cock with a gasp. “Please, please, please,” he blubbers incoherently against Rozanov’s inner thigh. “Please fuck me. Please.”

Rozanov groans like a dying man. “You even ask so pretty,” he says before grabbing Shane’s arms and hauling him up like he weighs nothing. Thank goodness for that because Shane doesn’t think that he could currently stand on his own two feet. His knees feel like jello.

Rozanov throws Shane onto the bed on his back and Shane immediately spreads his legs, welcoming Rozanov in. Rozanov slides a pillow under Shane’s hips, tilting him up so that the bunny tail is in perfect view.

“Mm, I like this so much, it is sad to get rid of now,” he muses, tugging lightly on the white fluff so that the plug pulls at Shane’s puffy, sensitive rim.

Shane tries his best to glare at him, even though he’s sure his eyes are glassy with arousal. “I will never ever dress up for you again if you don’t fuck me right now.”

Rozanov grins brightly. “So you are saying if I fuck you, you would do this for me again?”

Shane rolls his eyes and grits his teeth. “Yes, maybe,” he says, as if this entire night hasn’t been one of the sexiest experiences of his life. “So can you get on with it?”

“Can you ask pretty again?”

Shane is about to say no, to tell Rozanov to fuck off. But then Rozanov pulls the plug out to its widest point before letting go, letting it sink slowly back into Shane’s eager, open hole and Shane can do nothing but gasp out, “Please.” Like the air is being pushed out of him.

“Fuck,” Rozanov breathes and finally pulls the plug out of Shane, tossing it aside where it lands with a heavy thud. Shane whimpers at the loss, feeling hollowed out. But the feeling lasts only a minute as Rozanov slicks up his cock and plunges right into Shane’s eager, waiting hole.

Shane might have screamed, but he can’t be sure because he thinks he blacks out for a moment as Rozanov bottoms out, hitting his prostate like a target. The angle is so deep, so right with the pillow elevating his hips. Shane covers his face with his hands. With how close he feels to crying and cumming at the same time, he’s sure he looks like a wreck.

“No, no,” Rozanov pants, his breath heavy as he hammers in and out of Shane. “I want to see you. Let me see you, bunny.” Shane whimpers but removes his hands because Rozanov told him to. He always does what Rozanov tells him to. “There you go,” Rozanov sighs and Shane feels giddy with joy.

Rozanov leans forward, bracing himself with one hand on the mattress, so he can jackhammer into Shane even more furiously. With a growl, he hikes Shane’s right leg onto his shoulder, bending Shane nearly in half. As the pace of his hips snapping against Shane’s ass picks up, Rozanov hides a groan by grabbing a string of Shane’s fishnets between his teeth. “Fuck,” he says, the string falling from this mouth and snapping back against Shane’s skin.

“Rozanov, I—I’m gonna—” Shane realizes with a start that Rozanov hasn’t touched his cock all night. It’s been hidden behind tight, soft leather. And yet, he feels himself on the verge of orgasm. With Rozanov’s every thrust forward, Shane’s cock rubs against the soft suede inside the bodysuit, giving him all the friction he needs.

“Yeah,” Rozanov pants, his grip on Shane’s leg tightening. He bends all the way down, pushing Shane’s leg to its furthest point. He gives Shane a filthy, wet kiss—all spit and teeth. “I am too,” he says against Shane’s mouth. “Hollander. C’mom, Hollander, cum for me.”

Shane loves doing what Rozanov tells him to.

With something between a groan and a sob, Shane arches off the bed and cums hard. Rozanov follows shortly after, with his hips stuttering against Shane and a cry in Russian torn out of his throat. They stay in their positions for a moment, both with chests heaving, panting hard. Rozanov pulls the pillow out from under Shane and tosses it to the side, letting Shane's back fall back into a natural position. Rozanov's arms start to loosen and he's about to flop bonelessly on top of Shane when Shane stops him with a hand on his chest.

"Nuh-uh," Shane manages to say between heavy breaths. "I just came in this tight leather bodysuit."

Rozanov drags his eyes lasciviously up Shane's body. "Yeah," he says appreciatively. "I know."

"I am now trapped in a suit of my own cum."

"Fuuuuck, keep talking dirty like that Hollander and I might even fuck you again," Rozanov says, biting his bottom lip.

"No, it's fucking disgusting," Hollander says, the feeling of wet fabric against his stomach already making him overstimulated—not in a sexy way. "I need to get out of this and shower first."

Rozanov pouts. "No, stay here in your sexy, pretty outfit."

"No fucking way."

"Is my birthday."

"Nope, you've already used that excuse too many times tonight," Shane says, extricating himself from between Rozanov's arms to get to the bathroom.

"Fine," Rozanov says, still pouting. His lips look so plush like that that Shane can't help himself but give him a quick kiss. Rozanov keeps him close with a hand on his jawline. "What will you want for your birthday?" he asks, waggling his eyebrows.

Shane can't help but smile. "This was inspiring. I guess I have to get creative now."

Rozanov snorts. "You? Boring you be creative?"

"Fuck you," Shane says. This time, he's the one who rakes his eyes down Rozanov's naked body. "When it comes to this, believe me, I can get creative."

Rozanov grins and pulls him in for another kiss. "Okay, I believe it."

End Notes

ummmm so I usually read/write/think about another set of gay boys (iwaoi) from a different sport (volleyball) but hollanov has bewitched me body and soul, so here we are. thinking about writing much more about them...

hang out with me on [twitter](#) which is mostly haikyuu right now, but i predict a lot more hollanov in the near future. or if you feel like it, you can share the [fic graphic](#)

hope you enjoyed! <3 comments and kudos always appreciated

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!