spitting blood like the golden sun god

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by deadcliche

Summary

> The camera zooms in and Rozanov's licking blood from his teeth, grinning wide and vicious and victorious as the blood keeps drip drip dripping from his nose. And Shane… Shane wants to kiss Rosanov messy, wants to smear crimson across his lips, wants to taste the iron on Rozanov's tongue, wants to feel the blood get sticky on his own skin.
>
> Shane wants and wants and wants.

Notes

> No real timeline, no canon tie ins, but definitely early stages for them. Not beta read, barely proofread, just felt really compelled to throw something together because I'm incapable of thinking about anything that isn't HR and I think Shane would absolutely get hard over Ilya spitting blood. Title from Spitting Blood by WU LYF

It's like being with Rozanov has carbonated Shane from the inside—shaken him up and left him to make a sticky fucking mess all over himself. He feels… deranged, honestly. Perverted—not in the like, Christian guilt, biblical sin sort of way, but in the way where he wants to suck the sweat from Rozanov's post-game balls before he even showers off. All those filthy, nasty sort of wants that turn his stomach when he thinks about them too hard and then turn his dick when he thinks about them harder. Shane is dialed well past eleven and every time he thinks that this is it, he has to have reached his limits, Rozanov does something else to key him up. Shane just… he wants him all the time. Wants Rozanov in ways that he hadn't even known were possible, wants things that he had never considered, that he would never consider if it weren't for the Ilya Rozanov inspired insanity that's taken over his dick. He's jerking off all the time and it's barely even taking the edge off—Shane's woken up grinding himself into the mattress enough times to get worried that Hayden is going to hear him moaning out Rozanov's name in his sleep while they're on the road, and how is he ever going to explain that?

And Shane… Shane had always thought he was above this. Better than his desperation, his baser instincts and impulses. Sex hadn't been a big deal to him. Yeah, he'd gotten off when he needed to, scratched that itch with his fist or his fingers or maybe even a toy, but it'd been easy and perfunctory and really, he'd never understood how sex could make people crazy and desperate and feral… But Rosanov's made him slutty and insatiable and Shane can't stop barreling down that hill towards depravity.

He's kidding himself if he thinks there's nowhere left to fall.

Rosanov will find new depths to drag him down to.

Shane's too aware of his own skin; this t-shirt is new, not yet worn soft, and the way it shifts against his nipples with every breath has him fighting half-chub like some sort of freaky exhibitionist. Even the paralyzing fear of being caught, of being found out, of anyone even suspecting that he's… not straight isn't enough to temper heat under his skin as he watches Rozanov play.

It must just be the anticipation. He's normally better at compartmentalizing, at keeping the sex out of the hockey, no matter how much Rosanov is always trying to throw off his game by mixing the two. But Shane leaves Toronto in the morning after a shutout win—2-0 where he scored both goals—for Montreal and the team dragged him to a bar to celebrate their win. The Raiders are in San Jose tonight, two days off, and then Rosanov will be meeting Shane on the ice. That's why Shane is so… so affected. That's why watching Rosanov check San Jose's left wing into the boards feels so explicit, feels like something they shouldn't be broadcasting across the flatscreen TVs of this quaint—read, shitty—Toronto bar. It feels explicit. It feels like foreplay, and it's rubbing him worse than his t-shirt. Rosanov is three days away, and all Shane can think about is how good his hands are going to feel.

The guys are talking around him, but they all know Shane's a little… intense when it comes to hockey, pouring over game tapes with a notebook and at least three different pen colors. Shane ignoring the celebration, ignoring all conversation in favor of dissecting a hockey

game, particularly one against their next opponents, against his infamous rival? Well, that's just par for the course.

They don't know he's not thinking about how to beat Rosanov on the breakaways.

"I fucking hate that guy," Hayden groans, loud enough that it breaks Shane out of his stupor, just a little bit.

"Yeah, he's the worst," Shane agrees. Ilya's on the bench, waiting for the next shift change so Shane isn't even sure who Hayden's complaining about, but hating the Raiders is always a safe bet when it comes to making conversation.

"His chin is just so weird. And he plays like an asshole. And he's from Boston. But it's mostly just the chin thing." Maybe Hayden is drunker than Shane thought he was.

"Wait, what? Who're you complaining about?"

"Marleau, obviously. Do you see any other Crimson Chin motherfuckers out there in an ugly white and piss yellow away jersey? Gold my ass."

Yeah, definitely drunk. And definitely hilarious. Shane actually laughs at that. "You'd break your wrist on that thing," he nods. "So no unnecessary fights with Marleau on Saturday."

Hayden huffs, exhaling big enough to ruffle his own bangs. "Whatever you say, Shane."

The grin betrays him as he turns back to his beer and his conversation with JJ.

Shane looks back to the screen, and he swears Hayden only distracted him for a few seconds, but Ilya's back on ice, gloves dropped, whaling on one of San Jose's defenders. And it's… It's complicated. Shane loves everything about hockey. Loves how visceral it is. He likes the violence. Likes a fight. Loves the stretch of Rosanov's back, the power in his strikes. Hates the thought of Rosanov injured, hates him benched, hates the thought of him missing their game because he just *had* to fight some irrelevant San Jose forward. The Sharks won't even make the playoffs this year, why is Rosanov risking his game with Shane over San Jo-fucking-se.

He's greedy. And desperate. And wants to keep Rosanov for himself.

Between Marleau and the refs, Rozanov gets pulled up away from where he was kneeling over Wilson, who's still on the ice.

The camera zooms in and Rozanov's licking blood from his teeth, grinning wide and vicious and victorious as the blood keeps drip drip dripping from his nose. And Shane… Shane wants to kiss Rosanov messy, wants to smear crimson across his lips, wants to taste the iron on Rozanov's tongue, wants to feel the blood get sticky on his own skin. Shane shouldn't be surprised anymore, should have resigned himself to how weak he is for Rozanov, how much he gets under his skin, how much every little thing about him makes Shane crazy. It's weird and gross and Shane barely even recognizes himself anymore because why is the thought of licking the blood off of Rozanov's face getting him hard.

His teammates are talking. Maybe to him, but everything is all staticky loud and Shane can't hear words over the sound of his own blood rushing, the heavy beat of his own heart. He's clenching and unclenching his hands, knuckles creaking, all the while transfixed on the way blood smears across Rosanov's face when he wipes the back of his hand across his nose. It makes a bigger mess, smudged up to the cut of his cheekbone, gathering at the heavy ridge of his cupid's bow, splattering down onto the ice as he tries to pinch at the bridge with punch-stiff fingers. And Shane… Shane wants to rub his face into it, want to lick Rosanov clean, wants Rosanov to fuck him from behind still drip drip dripping blood into the small of Shane's back as he arches for him.

It's long past time for him to leave. The bar is too loud and too sticky and too… *he's* too much. Too hard, too keyed up, too desperate.

He barely mumbles out an excuse to Hayden, waving as he backs away from the table, inching towards the door and avoiding eye contact with the rest of his team. His voice is shaky, squeaky, *weak*, "Bus call is 10am goodnight." And then he bolts.

The cold air settles him as he leaves the bar, phone in hand, clumsily thumbing off a text.

Lily: I want to see you now

They're only fifteen minutes from the hotel and it's cold enough to take the edge off, so he shoves his hands into his pockets and sets off. Saturday can't come soon enough. If he's lucky, maybe Comeau will push Rosanov around. Just enough so that he can taste the iron behind Rosanov's teeth.

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