

Your Turn

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Your Turn

by [animeboysruinedmylife](#)

Summary

Hayden crosses the room and grabs his phone off the bed. “Why did you just text me, weirdo?”

Shane frowns. “What, I didnt—”

Wait.

“Oh god.” Shane scrambles off his bed. “Hayden, please don’t open that.”

Hayden looks up from his phone. “What? Why?”

“Uh—” Shane looks down. His face is burning, he’s sure of it. “I... I think I accidentally sent you something that was supposed to be for... someone else.”

Or, Shane accidentally sends a dick pic to his best friend Hayden Pike.

Notes

i don't think i have an explanation for this one lol the idea just made me laugh, so here we are



s/o to my darling [positivejam](#) for reading over this dumb little story and encouraging Ilya Rozanov's menace behaviour.

Enjoy!

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

Lily [8:13pm]:
What are you doing?

Jane [8:13pm]:
Nothing. Just in bed at the hotel

Lily [8:13pm]:
In bed?
It is 8 pm?

Shane rolls his eyes. He looks at the time in the corner of his phone screen. That means it's just after nine in Boston. He imagines Rozanov out at some bar with his friends, or his teammates maybe. Girls, probably. Whenever the Raiders go out, there are usually at least a few hanging around, hoping to get lucky.

Shane's never found that part appealing.

Jane [8:13pm]:
Yeah, and we have a game tomorrow

Lily [8:13pm]:
Oh my god
You are allergic to fun?

Jane [8:13pm]:
Fuck off
It was a long day

Lily [8:13pm]:
Okay

In Shane's defence, it *had* been a long day. They'd played an afternoon game in St. Louis before heading straight to the airport, then straight to the hotel in Nashville. He'd been up since four. He never really slept well before a game.

Jane [8:14pm]:
Why, what are you doing?

Lily [8:14pm]:
Watching hockey highlights
And jerking off

Jane [8:14pm]:
Oh my god what??
Why?

Lily [8:15pm]:
You have never tried?

Jane [8:15pm]:

Of course not

Lily [8:15pm]:

No wonder you are so uptight

Jane [8:15pm]:

Fuck you

I've jerked off before

Just not to hockey

That's weird

Lily [8:15pm]:

You should try

You are very sexy when you play

;))

Shane can feel the tops of his cheeks get warm. In his opinion, there's nothing sexy about hockey. Hockey just... is. It's simple Xs and Os. Zone entries and forechecking. Strategy.

But.

Why was the idea of Ilya Rozanov getting off to video of Shane playing... kind of making him sweat? It was weird, right? Weird, but... well, it was a compliment, wasn't it? One that made Shane squirm with an odd sort of pride.

Lily [8:15pm]:

Want me to send you link?

Jane [8:15pm]:

I'm not gonna jerk off to highlights of myself

Lily [8:15pm]:

No i am talking about me now

I am also sexy when i play

Maybe that will work for you ;))

"What was the name of that restaurant?"

Shane looks up. "What?"

Hayden looks up from his own phone. He's leaning against the wall by the window. "That restaurant you said you went to with your parents, like... a month ago or something? For your mom's birthday or whatever?"

"Oh." Shane blinks, trying to recall the name. "I don't know, I'll look it up."

"Thanks," Hayden says, typing into his phone. "Jackie's parents are coming to town this weekend, and I've been *really* struggling to find somewhere to go for dinner. Was it... kid-friendly?"

“Uh, I think so.” Shane honestly doesn’t remember.

He pulls up Maps on his phone and taps around trying to find it. It had been in Mile End... or, maybe not. Ville-Marie, maybe.

Another notification drops down over his search.

Lily [8:22pm]:

Okay it is not working anymore
I need something else

Jane [8:22pm]:

Good luck

Lily [8:22pm]:

Send me a picture

Jane [8:22pm]:

What?

No

Jane [8:23pm]:

Of what?

Lily [8:23pm]:

Your cock

Jane [8:23pm]:

Absolutely not

Lily [8:23pm]:

Boring

What if i go first?

“Was it *Le Tanière*?” Hayden flops down on his own bed, and Shane looks over again. Hayden’s pronunciation is truly awful.

“No,” Shane says, training his eyes back on his own screen in anticipation of what may or may not be coming.

“*Chez Libellule*?”

“No.”

“Was it... oh Jesus, I have no idea how to say this.”

Shane’s phone lights up with a text from Hayden. *L’Échaudé*.

Shane snorts out a laugh. “No,” he says again. “It’ll come to me, just gimme a minute.”

The picture comes in about fifteen seconds later, and Shane tilts his phone instinctively into his chest. Well. Rozanov certainly wasn't out at a bar. He was at home, like he'd said. Sitting on the couch, and...

Shane looks over again but Hayden isn't paying attention, typing furiously on his phone and muttering to himself.

He takes another look at the picture. Oddly, he can tell exactly where Rozanov is in his living room, lounging across the length of his massive couch, cock in his hand.

God, he looks good.

After triple checking that Hayden still isn't looking over, Shane tilts his phone to the side and brings his thumb and forefinger to the screen, enlarging the image. It's nothing he hasn't seen before, in 3D, full colour. Six weeks ago he'd had a front row seat to the dark, coarse hair that led from Rozanov's navel to the base of his cock. Six weeks and four days, to be exact, but who's counting?

Shane lets his hand drop to his chest. It's... pretty. Which is maybe a weird word to use when talking about Ilya Rozanov, let alone Ilya Rozanov's *dick*. But it is.

Lily [8:24pm]:

Your turn

Shane lets out a breath.

No, he types. Deletes it.

Seriously? Deletes it.

Go fuck yourself, he tries again. Then imagines Rozanov's reply: *I'm trying, Hollander ;)*

Deletes it.

Shane considers the ask. It's probably not that big a deal. He could just go into the bathroom, which looks like any other hotel bathroom: white tile, white bathmat, plastic containers of lemongrass-scented shampoo, conditioner, and body wash secured to the shower wall. If the photo somehow leaks, there's no way anyone will assume it's *him*, as long as he didn't get anything incriminating in it.

Plus it's not like it'll take very long. He's already half-hard from looking at the photo he'd received. It's only polite to return the favour, probably.

Six weeks and four days.

Five more weeks until they'd be back in Boston.

If the idea of Rozanov getting off to hockey highlights of him is enough to get him this far, to the point where he's even *considering* this, the idea of him getting off to a picture of Shane's dick is enough to make up his mind.

Jane [8:25pm]:

Give me a sec

Shane gets up from his bed. “Just gonna grab a shower,” he mutters to Hayden.

“Thanks for the update,” Hayden says. “Hey, was it *Fauve*?”

“No.”

Shane shuts the bathroom door behind him. The fan comes on with the vanity lights, and he’s grateful for a bit of white noise. He turns the shower on and pulls the curtain shut. And looks at himself in the mirror.

Are you really about to do this?

Shane sighs, pushing his sweats and boxer briefs down and stepping out of them. He could probably keep his shirt on though; that wouldn’t be in the picture.

He averts his eyes from the mirror as he takes himself in his hand. He gives his dick a few lazy strokes. It takes an embarrassingly short amount of time to get himself fully hard – or not; no one else is here to see.

Shane holds his phone up, making sure to crop out the hem of his t-shirt, and hits the button. But when he inspects his work, he’s not pleased. It looks... weird.

Why is it so... red? Is that normal? Rozanov’s hadn’t looked like that. Maybe it was the lighting. Shane hits one of the light switches and the vanity lights go out, leaving only the pot lights above the shower on. Okay, definitely not. It’s way too dark now.

He can already hear Rozanov’s voice in his head. *Why is it so dark, Hollander? Is your dick in witness protection?*

Shane flips the lights back on and tries holding his phone at a different angle. Better, but he needs to loosen his grip.

The next one is okay, but his toiletry bag is visible in the corner of the shot. Shane doesn’t know if that could be incriminating, but he doesn’t want to chance it.

The one after that is decent, but his socked feet are awkwardly in the bottom corners of the frame, and that just seems dumb. He widens his stance and tries again.

Finally, he finds an angle he thinks is working. He snaps a couple pictures and reviews them. Yeah, not bad. He can work with these.

There’s a sudden knock at the door, and he jumps.

“Sorry dude,” Hayden’s voice calls through the door, “I really gotta take a leak. Can I come in?”

Right. The shower.

“I’ll be out in literally thirty seconds,” Shane says, dropping his phone on the counter and fumbling to pull his shirt off. He jumps into the shower and runs his fingers through his hair to get it all wet. He slathers some of the hotel bodywash on his arms and rinses it off quickly before turning the water off.

Hayden knocks on the door again, sounding increasingly frantic. Shane runs the towel over his damp hair and steps out of the shower.

“Buddy, I’m this close to pissing in a water bottle,” Hayden says urgently.

“Okay, okay!” Shane wraps his towel around his waist and scoops his pile of clothes up off the floor before opening the door.

“Sorry,” Hayden says, brushing past him. Shane just barely manages to grab his phone off the counter before Hayden is pushing him out and slamming the door.

The sound of the stream hitting the toilet water is instant, and Shane almost laughs.

“I’m getting desperate for that restaurant name,” Hayden says through the door. “Jackie is about to book something and I just *know* her mom’s gonna have something to say about it.”

“I got you, buddy,” Shane says. He pulls up Maps again and closes his eyes. It was *something Bistro*. Or *Bistro something*...

Oh! *Bistro Éphémère*. That was it. Shane types the name into the search bar. Yep, definitely it.

Okay, back to the picture.

He lay back down on his bed, on his side, so he can keep his wet hair off his pillow. There are at least a couple good options here. This last one, maybe. His dick looks... well, not as good as Rozanov’s probably, but good enough. Good enough for what Rozanov needs it for.

The toilet flushes, and Shane looks up. He quickly switches back to his messages and hits send before he can change his mind. He sets his phone down on the bed just as Hayden opens the door.

“What the fuck is wrong with you?” Shane asks with a grin. “You have toddlers at home, you don’t know how to piss without it being an emergency?”

“Fuck off,” Hayden says, “I didn’t realize how bad I had to go until you were in there.” He crosses the room and grabs his phone off the bed. “Why did you text me, weirdo? You could’ve just told me the name of the place.”

Shane frowns. “What, I didnt—”

Wait.

“Oh god.” Shane scrambles off his bed. “Hayden, please don’t open that.”

Hayden looks up from his phone. “What? Why?”

“Uh—” Shane looks down. His face is burning, he’s sure of it. “I... I think I accidentally sent you something that was supposed to be for... someone else.”

He glances up and Hayden is grinning from ear to ear. “Mister Hollander,” he says, wagging a finger at Shane, “did you send me a *racy photo*?”

Shane has never wanted to sink into the floor more than he does right now. He wants the Earth to open up and just swallow him whole.

“I, uh...”

“Oh my god, wait.” Hayden’s eyes widen as his smile does. “Did you actually? Was it for—” He looks down at his phone for a second before meeting Shane’s eye again. “Was this for *Boston Lily*?”

Shane looks away. “Uh—”

“Is it...?” Hayden trails off. “You know. Full hog?”

Well. There’s no point in lying further. Shane nods, eyes trained on the floor.

“Dude.” Hayden scrubs a hand over his face and laughs. “Wow, I feel weirdly powerful right now. I have a picture of Shane Hollander’s dick on my phone!”

Shane looks up in a panic. “You’re not—”

“Relax, man,” Hayden says quickly. “Obviously I’m not gonna do anything with it. It’s just... it’s kinda funny, right?” He’s still fucking grinning. Shane wants to flush himself down the toilet.

“Okay,” Hayden says, holding his hands up in surrender. “Too soon. We’ll laugh about this in five years.”

“I don’t think I’ll ever be able to laugh at this,” Shane says, completely serious, but Hayden chuckles anyway.

“Here, I’ll just delete it,” Hayden says, unlocking his phone. “Or...” he hesitates, then holds it out to Shane. “Maybe you better do it.”

Shane takes a step back, bumping into the edge of his bed. “I... Just give me a minute. I don’t want to look at it yet.”

“It’s *your* dick,” Hayden points out, brandishing his phone. Shane stumbles his way, backwards, around his bed.

“I know, I just, um...” he grabs the pajama pants sitting on top of the comforter, still folded from when he’d pulled them out of his bag. “Just gonna change.”

He rushes into the bathroom and shuts the door, leaning up against it and letting his head hit the wood. *God-fucking-damnit.*

And the worst part is that the next thought that enters his head is that Rozanov is *still* waiting for him.

Shane hangs his towel up on the rack and pulls his pajama pants on before opening his messages again. The least he can do is tell Rozanov not to keep waiting for him.

Shane [8:33pm]:

Sorry

Never mind

“JESUS FUCK!”

Shane pulls open the bathroom door. Hayden’s looking down at his phone, jaw wide open. He looks at Shane.

It takes approximately two seconds for Shane to realize, with horror, what Hayden’s looking at. “You said you weren’t gonna look at it!”

“You just texted me!” Hayden says, pointing at Shane’s phone with his own. “Twice! Why the fuck would you do that?!”

Shane looks down at his own screen to see two texts, directly underneath the picture of his dick. That he’d just sent to Hayden. Not Rozanov. *Hayden.*

Maybe he should request a trade. Somewhere in the west, like LA. They don’t play Montreal very often. He wouldn’t have to see Hayden more than once or twice a year. It would be one or two times too many. He doesn’t think he’ll be able to sleep here tonight.

Shane silently closes the bathroom door again, this time leaning forward to rest his forehead against the back.

“I am so sorry,” he says into the door.

There’s a sigh from the other room. Then a pause. Then—

“You know,” Hayden says thoughtfully, “now that I’m looking at it, I gotta say: Boston Lily’s a lucky girl—”

Shane throws the door open. “Jesus Christ, Hayden—”

* * *

Lily [8:36pm]:

What is taking you so long?

Jane [8:36pm]:

My life is over

I just sent it to hayden

Lily [8:37pm]:

Hayden pike???

Jane [8:37pm]:

Yes

And now i need to transfer

Lily [8:37pm]:

Dramatic

Let me see

Jane [8:37pm]:

No!!!!!!

This is the worst day of my life

I'm going to bed

Maybe i'll wake up and this will be just some fucked up dream

Lily [8:38pm]:

Hayden pike got to see and i didn't?

This is no fair

Jane [8:38pm]:

Good night

Lily [8:38pm]:

Unbelievable

Lily [8:39pm]:

Fine

I will find new highlight reel to watch

Lily [8:46pm]:

This was good one

[Shane Hollander Top 20 Goal Compila...]

https://youtu.be/s_2qyR...

Lily [8:47pm]:

Number 8 did it ;)

Jane [8:51pm]:

I hate you

End Notes

I found a note on my phone that I have no memory of writing, that just said "Shane accidentally sends Hayden a nude meant for ilya?". And thus this fic was born.

Thanks so much for reading!

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