

say you want me now

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by [attxntionreadxr](#)

Summary

It's perfectly reasonable to put on a suit to meet your rival/first time hookup.

Based on a tweet I found, wondering what would happen if Shane hadn't realized how silly putting on a suit to meet Ilya would be.
(Title: Magnolia by Meadowglade)

Notes

I haven't written on this account since 2021. Thank you to Heated Rivalry for revitalizing my fanfiction writing. Profite-toi, mes amis! (Pardon my poor French, it's my second language)

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

Shane was running on fumes at this point, as evidenced by his fingers fumbling with his Reeboks. Trembling ever so slightly, he leaned down to pick up the sneaker that had fallen from his clammy hands, cursing under his breath.

He could feel the warmth of Rozanov's stare against the side of his head, cheeks heating up embarrassingly quickly.

"We can forget that happened in there, okay?" Shane said firmly, tugging the loops of his shoelaces to tighten the knot as he spoke, avoiding the other man's eyes, torso, his entire body.

The locker room was too stuffy, too bright. Somehow, he could still hear the water rushing past his ears, Rozanov's hand languidly gliding-

"Is what you want?" The accent cuts through Shane's brain fog as he hazards a quick glance to his right. The Russian center was standing in front of the crimson locker several feet away, a towel wrapped tightly around his waist. Shane could only look at him in sporadic glances, trying to focus on pulling himself together and getting the hell out of here.

Rozanov had a slight smile behind his stonefaced expression, his blond hair slicked back from the shower. There was still glistening water creasing down his abdomen for fucks sake. Shane wasn't staring. He had just assumed. Given the shower and everything.

"Yeah, for sure," Shane tossed the affirmation out carelessly, he hoped. All he could hear in his head was; "not here", the plaintive phrase he had uttered just before rushing out of the shower. He couldn't believe he'd said it, couldn't believe he hadn't simply cursed the smug bastard out and left. There had been a man jerking off in front of him in the locker room showers and he had just stood there, staring and slack-jawed.

He heard a chuckle from a few feet away and had to stop himself from gritting his teeth. Shane kept his eyes focused on his other shoe, his head trained down and away from the man beside him, refusing to offer anything more.

"Ah, wow, you are a really bad liar," Rozanov laughed, his accent making the words sound thicker, heavier. There was a beat of silence before Shane heard shuffling, the sound of slides scraping against the floor. He glanced to the side, barely concealing a look of surprise as the Russian was suddenly closer, stopping barely a foot away. His eyes swept Shane's locker, taking in the few items he had brought to the commercial shoot that afternoon.

Shane's stomach hadn't stopped churning in these few minutes alone together, his mind replaying every second that had transpired in that shower two minutes ago.

"What is your room number?" Rozanov had this bored tone of voice, as if there were places he had to be, more important things to be doing. But as Shane straightened up, Rozanov's eyes were trained on his face with a burning intensity that made him want to crawl out of his skin. Rozanov cocked his head to the side as Shane met his eyes, the slight smile cutting ever so slightly deeper into his cheekbones.

Shane dragged his gaze up the taller man's torso, abdomen sharp and chiselled, collarbones shining with residual water. His expression was almost hungry, a deeper want hidden behind intense blue eyes.

Shane swallowed hard, inhaling through his nose to prepare the insult he had brewing on his tongue. It was academic, cutting, ruthless and straight to the point. It would send Rozanov running, Shane was sure of it.

"Fourteen ten?" He fought to keep his face neutral, unable to tear his eyes away from Rozanov's, cursing himself ferociously in his head.

Why the fuck would he give the man his room number? Why didn't he just tell him to fuck off, as he had fully intended to?

His mouth was dry and his face was burning at this point, watching as Rozanov adjusted his towel, flipping the hem down so it fit snugly against his hipbones.

Shane was fucked.

"So," the Russian began, voice still carefully casual. "If I come to fourteen ten tonight at... nine o'clock?" Rozanov tapers off, head still tilted to the side slightly in a silent question. Shane clasps his sweaty hands against his knees, almost bracing for impact.

"I might open." His voice was weak, pathetically so. Rozanov stares at him for a moment, his icy stare washing over Shane's entire body.

"I might knock." There's a hint of a smirk playing on the Russian center's lips, shrugging as he turned his back to Shane. The Montreal player dropped his head before squeezing his eyes closed, sucking in a breath he didn't know he was holding.

The slam of a locker closing snapped his eyes open, staring down at his Reeboks. His eyes flick over to Rozanov for a split second, catching himself quickly. Shane didn't look up from the floor until he heard the sound of retreating footsteps, still reeling.

The issue at hand was the fact that Shane Hollander wasn't gay. Isn't gay. He's had girlfriends, sure. Of course.

He was the second overall draft pick, drafted to Montreal in his rookie season. He was the youngest hockey player signed to multiple brand deals; he was a damn hockey phenom.

Shane Hollander sure as fuck wasn't gay.

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Infamously straight Shane Hollander stood in front of his hotel room's closet. He was only supposed to be here for about a week, but the innate need for familiarity drove all his travel

clothes onto hangers in this tiny closet.

He ripped through each article, feverishly snapping each metal hanger against each other like a particularly determined shopper on Black Friday. His face was screwed into a concentrated grimace, chewing anxiously on the inside of his bottom lip.

“Fuck,” He muttered, mumbling curses as he shot a look over at the clock on the nightstand. Seven twenty-two. An hour and a half until...

He shoved the thought to the back of his mind, pushing it neatly between the memory of the curve of Rozanov’s neck and his piercing gaze stabbing through Shane’s flustered psyche. He had been replaying the afternoon obsessively, recalling the tilt of the other man’s head as he ran his hand back and forth along his cock. It was filthy, mortifying. Hot.

Shane’s hand grabbed a white shirt automatically, pushing his arms through the crisp fabric as though if he kept moving, the thoughts would quiet. He knew that this shirt was one of his only nice articles of clothing, and he supposed it was appropriate for the occasion.

Everything else he owned was some form of athletic wear, worn and lightly stained from near constant use. It felt odd to put on a t-shirt and shorts as if he was on his way to bed. Shane stepped to the side, looking at himself in the mirror with his dress shirt half buttoned.

His hair was sticking up in weird places from running his hands through it anxiously, his face flushed and slightly paler than normal. He met his own eyes for a moment, then had to look away, overwhelmed by the brightness behind his irises. He turned the tap slightly rougher than he had meant to, water rushing into the sink. Water splashed against his face as he tried to ground himself, the coolness helping a little to soothe his nerves.

Shane resolved to avoid the mirror from then on, too overwhelmed by the idea of checking his appearance. He knew that he’d spend the next hour fumbling between outfits and, by his luck, end up in boxers and socks by the time Rozanov showed up.

His belt buckle glinted against the warm light from the hotel lamps, sliding the leather through his belt loops with absent-minded movements. The suit jacket and tie were similarly slipped on, Shane piloting himself as though moving through a dream. His mind was too preoccupied, racing between disbelief and anticipation.

He stopped just short of dress shoes, reaching for them before pausing. Maybe it was a little too much, he mused, not that he was going anywhere tonight.

Shane Hollander sat by his bed, fingers tapping nervously against the side table, shaking the lamp chain ever so slightly. The clock beside him read eight fifty-seven.

The tie felt tight, but Shane couldn’t think to lift his hands to loosen it, shifting slightly in his chair. He looked down at his lap, pausing before looking up at his reflection in the black screen of the television.

He stared at the rigid figure reflected back at him, underexposed and highlighting the neatly buttoned suit jacket and white of his dress shirt.

Shane felt his stomach drop and his mouth followed suit. He stared at his reflection for a split second, sucking in a sharp breath.

“What are you doin’, dude?” He breathed to himself, dumbfounded at the idiot staring back at him in a full suit and tie for a hookup.

Shane began to scramble to his feet, fumbling with the button holding his jacket closed. He tripped over his feet, stumbling past his bed when he heard it as he passed the door.

Two solid knocks against his hotel room door.

Shane froze. His head turned to the solid wood door, a cold terror washing over him. His hand had landed on the handle before he could think to stop it, turning the knob and opening the door as if possessed.

Ilya Rozanov stood in the hotel hallway, bright blue eyes flicking over to meet Shane’s.

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Ilya had debated telling Hollander that it was his idea to do the commercial shoot together, reassured by the man’s slight smile at his words. He wasn’t exactly known for subtleties nor tactfulness. Not to the presses, or general public anyway.

Ilya enjoyed goading people, coaxing reactions out of them that they would never usually allow themselves to have. Whether it was curses flying across the ice or silently daring a Canadian rookie to make a move.

Ilya hadn’t been entirely planning on that interaction in the showers, but there was something exciting about Hollander’s tightly coiled being. There was something intoxicating about watching him stumble over himself, self-assuredness found on the ice vanishing into thin air as his eyes fixated on Ilya’s body.

He had felt it after the draft, sitting across from each other in a hotel gym, sharing a drink of water and brief congratulations. He was riding high off securing the number one draft pick, throwing light jabs at the second pick as they spoke. Ilya remembered seeing the flush across Hollander’s cheeks as he tossed a wink his way, redness blooming underneath his freckles.

He was astounding to look at, brown eyes seeming to shine under the fluorescents. He felt excitement bloom, pretending not to notice Hollander fumbling with his shoes as they exited the showers, running through his earlier admission. “Not here”.

Ilya drummed his fingers against the railing in the elevator, watching the numbers go up as he collected himself.

Yuna Hollander nearly joining him in an elevator on his way to deflower her prodigal son was not ideal, but thankfully, God simply had a sick sense of humour as the doors closed

between them.

Ilya's suede jacket felt almost too heavy on his shoulders, and he briefly considered taking it off despite the slight chill. He almost felt too dressed up, tank top and jeans feeling performative. Thankfully, clothes could and would be shed when he arrived, so the issue was unimportant.

The elevator glided to a gentle halt, Ilya's stomach rising and falling with its momentum. He could feel the pull from across the hall, his eyes sweeping the hallway and doors, searching for fourteen ten.

He pushed aside the nervousness brewing in his abdomen, ignoring the inappropriate enthusiasm pushing against his skin as he arranged his face into a neutral expression.

Shane Hollander was a curiosity that Ilya needed to satiate, nothing more, nothing less.

He stopped outside the door, numbers catching the hallway lights. He reached a hand forward to connect his fist with the wood, only hearing the shuffling after he had knocked twice.

It sounded like someone had gotten up in a hurry before he had even made himself known, he thought to himself. Ilya had no time to realize this before the hotel room door opened and revealed the Montreal player.

Ilya stepped forward into the room, closing the door behind him lightly as his eyes roved over Shane's body. He tried his best to contain the smirk across his face, taking in the ridiculousness standing before him with blazing cheeks.

Shane Hollander was standing in front of him in a suit and tie, his jacket rumpled as if he had been trying to shed it in a rush. His hair was sticking up in every direction, and his face was a bright crimson, noticeable even in the dimly lit hotel room.

Shane Hollander, Ilya thought to himself, had put on his nicest suit to hook up with him. His gaze was fixated on something just past Ilya's right shoulder, avoiding his eyes as his arms hung limply by his sides.

Ilya was the first to break the silence.

"I see you didn't chicken out."

"I'm not-, I'm not a chicken," Hollander snaps, another flush running up his neck. There's something about his tone, firm but shaky. He spoke like he had to push each word out with his breath, carrying it across the room. Ilya couldn't help the grin that broke across his face, and Hollander glared back at him. "I had nothing else to wear." The lie is weak, the man's clearly full closet a glaring reminder of such.

Ilya cocked his head to the side to make this point, raising his eyebrows.

"I'm flattered," He drawled, circling the smaller man until he turned, slowly backing him up against the wall. Hollander was warm, radiating a nervous heat that made Ilya lightheaded.

Hollander ducked his head slightly, still not meeting Ilya's eyes, his own dark with something the Russian couldn't place.

"This is such a bad idea," Hollander breathed, shoving his hands in his pockets. Ilya had his own resting against the man's sides, sliding between his jacket and shirt, the button coming loose easily. He can smell the faint cologne on Hollander's clothes, a clean scent falling against his nose.

Hollander's chest was rising and falling, shifting his tie from side to side in a mesmerizing motion. He was breathtaking, reminding Ilya of the draft night.

He had stared for far too long at the other man, memorizing the smooth lines of his tailored suit. He was visibly nervous that day, quickly avoiding Ilya's gaze as he was in this moment. The uptight, perfect Canadian boy.

Even now, the lines of his suit hugged his body in all the right places, stealing the air from Ilya's lungs as he roved his gaze over every inch of him.

"What is?" Ilya's question hung between them as he brought a hand up to cup Hollander's chin, lifting his head to meet his eyes. That darkness in his eyes remained, something separate from the lingering embarrassment written across his cheeks.

They were sharing breath now, Hollander's eyes flickering back down to his chest. Ilya leaned in, lips barely brushing each other.

"How long you sit here, all dressed up?" He asked quietly, not bothering to contain his smirk. Hollander jerked back, their eyes finally meeting with a blazing defiance that made Ilya's smirk more pronounced.

"Fuck you," He hissed, the heat dimming as his gaze flitted between Ilya's eyes and his lips. He tried to shift his head, but Ilya's grip on his chin tightened slightly to halt his movement.

The Russian finally connected their mouths, the press of flesh on warm flesh sending electricity down his spine. He felt Hollander tense for a split second, then relax, leaning into the kiss with a soft moan. Ilya's hand found his tie, pulling down lightly on the fabric.

They're cute, the noises Hollander makes. Clipped at the end, as if he was trying to shove them back into himself.

"You look so proper, Hollander," Ilya teased, separating their lips to poke fun at the other man, biting back a laugh at his scowl. Hollander's eyelashes were shining slightly in the light, looking up through them in a way that made Ilya's stomach drop.

Shane Hollander was already hockey's golden boy, their rookie season taking the sporting world by storm. His face was plastered on every hockey magazine and brand ambassador page, companies vying for a piece of Canada's crown jewel. Ilya remembered gritting his teeth through yet another commercial with Hollander's face, cursing the "perfect Canadian boy".

Now looking at him, eyes dark, half lidded and his dress shirt rumpled, Ilya understood. Hollander's cheeks were still flushed, his mouth slightly open and glistening.

Their lips connected again, this time with a feverish intensity that had Ilya forcing himself to breathe. Hollander was still reserved, tightly wound as he always was, but his lips moved in sync with Ilya's. Ilya brushed his tongue against Hollander's bottom lip, revelling in the shiver he felt against his chest.

He felt pressure against his hips, fumbling fingers hooking over the hem of his jeans, slipping against his belt buckle. Heat rushed from his head downwards quickly, and he stopped for air, tilting his head so their foreheads were resting against one another.

Hollander's eyes were wide, dark and wanton as Ilya helped to loosen the buckle. His suit jacket had been tossed to the floor sometime in the last minute, Ilya hadn't noticed between the feeling of Hollander's chest against his and the hands brushing against the smallest of exposed skin between his tank top and jeans.

There was an unspoken question in his gaze, a silent plea. Ilya responded in earnest, drawing his own hands up to gently push the other man's shoulders down, forcing Hollander to his knees.

He was breathtaking to look at, black hair framing his bright eyes as they looked up at him. Ilya felt an overwhelming rush collect in his head, taking in Shane Hollander on his knees for him. The sight was beyond what Ilya could have possibly imagined, carding his fingers through the other man's hair as his cock was pulled free.

A groan escaped his throat, deep and impatient. It was stolen from his lips as Hollander wrapped his own around the head, his mouth almost unbearably warm. It took all of Ilya's willpower not to lean forward, his fingers tightening in Hollander's hair as the man worked eagerly. The sounds were obscene, borderline pornographic, as Ilya inhaled sharply through his nose.

Pleasure shot up his sides, curling solidly in his stomach. Hollander hummed as Ilya let a sigh escape, the vibrations sending electric currents across his skin.

It didn't take long for that coil in Ilya's stomach to tighten impossibly, forcing him to gently push Hollander back, bringing him back up to his feet.

"Bad?" He asked, brown eyes round and wide in a way that made Ilya almost feel sick with want. Ilya shook his head briefly, silently praying that his voice would come out steady.

"No, too much, too good," He breathed, the previously building pressure slowly subsiding. Hollander grinned, a wickedly proud smile spreading across his face for a moment before it was subdued. He leaned his head back against the wall, eyelids fluttering slightly as he caught his breath. Ilya took the opportunity to press a kiss to the side of his neck, slipping against the slightly dewy skin.

He could feel the hard-on pressing against his own, having slipped his underwear back into place.

“The suit was a stupid idea,” Hollander gasped quietly as Ilya worked away at the sensitive skin below his ear. The Russian laughed, a deep chuckle that had the other man twitching at the stimulation against his throat.

“It’s sweet, Hollander,” Ilya said, pulling back to cock his head to the side. “Mr. Businessman, all dressed up to get fucked.”

He said the last word quietly, biting Hollander’s earlobe to drive the point home. A moan fell from his lips, emboldening Ilya to continue as he ran his hands over Hollander’s skin, having loosened his shirt enough to slot his hands underneath the fabric.

“Is this your first time with a man?” The question drew a nod from the other man, his hands finding Ilya’s hair.

“You?”

“Ah, no,” Ilya said, shifting backwards a touch. Hollander’s eyes darted back and forth quickly, searching his face with an intensity that made Ilya want to shrink. He grinned instead, toothy and wide.

“My coach’s son back in Russia. I like danger.” There was an air of truth to it; the appeal was in that mutually assured destruction, the knowledge that to incriminate one was to incriminate the other.

Ilya supposed that was why Hollander was so attractive, the pinnacle of hockey values would be perhaps so terrified of this getting out that there was no doubt or fear of discovery. He felt a twinge of guilt, watching as Hollander stripped off the pristine suit, neatly folding each article to rest on the hotel chair.

It was fascinating to watch the beautiful man before him, so careful in every facet of movement.

A whirlwind of energy and precision on the ice transformed into a reserved coil about to spring loose.

He was so tense as Ilya ran his hands up his naked torso, legs straddling either side of him. Ilya worked methodically to soften the man below him, savouring every little sound surrendered to his ears, every moan, breath and whimper. Hollander shook as he got close, expletives tumbling out faster than his bitten lips could conceal them.

“Fuck, Rozanov,” He whined, tightening his grip in Ilya’s hair as he moved his head up and down fervidly, pressing his tongue on the underside of his cock. “I can’t-” Ilya let his jaw go slack, taking the entirety down as Hollander choked out a gasp.

He pressed his hands squarely down against his sides, keeping Hollander still as he threw his head back against the pillows. Ilya could feel him start to get absurdly stiff, a different coil beginning to fracture. Ilya briefly considered teasing him again, getting in another jab about the suit.

But feeling Hollander trembling underneath him, hearing the man's laboured breathing and barely constrained whimpers, it was cruel to bring him to the edge just to lose it.

At least, for his first time.

Hollander let out a cry, a shuddering breath punched from his lungs as he came, his hips pushing against Ilya's firm grip. Ilya flicked his eyes back up to Hollander, feeling almost drunk off the sight of the man falling apart under him.

It was a dangerous feeling, high and unbearably hot. The grip he had in his hair loosened, Hollander's entire body relaxing into the hotel bed. Ilya released his cock with a pop, eliciting a groan.

"Special occasion for you, huh?" Hollander laughed at the jab, his head tilted back against the pillows, cheeks flushing slightly. The sound was considerably lighter than anything Ilya had ever heard from the Canadian, soft, gentle. Ilya couldn't help himself, pushing himself up to press their lips together again. They were damp and messy, but neither man cared.

Ilya felt pretty damn special having Canada's golden boy dollled up for him; it was indescribable.

He wondered if next time Hollander would be in a cocktail dress. He wouldn't put it past him at this point.

End Notes

I haven't written smut in many years so forgive any inaccuracies. I may be back to write more hollanov, but don't count on it. Thanks for reading and remember to leave a kudos and comment if you please :).

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