make a mess of me

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make a mess of me

by takupaku

Summary

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Rozanov is quiet long enough for shame and dread to invade Shane’s mind, his stomach twisting under the force of it, but then Rozanov soothes him, too, as he plants another kiss on Shane’s nape, and then two more, each one wet and hot.

“You want me to make a mess of you? Fuck, Hollander”, Rozanov groans, sounding almost painfully turned on. “You’re going to fucking kill me.”

Or, after losing a game against Boston, Shane asks Rozanov to fuck him without a condom.

Notes

this is supposed to be set somewhere during the montage in the beginning of episode 4 but tbh this is purely PWP so i didn't think too much into the canon timeline, i just wanted shane to get a load in him because he deserves a little treat 😌

The door of the hotel room has barely closed by the time Shane is all over Rozanov. Their lips meet in a heated clash, and Rozanov immediately spins them around to press Shane against the wall, the push harder than normal, spurred by his latest win – the adrenaline of a close game still rushing through his veins.

The deafening roar of the bell and the announcement of Boston's victory still echoes in Shane's ears. He'd felt nothing but bitterness on the ice, but the disappointment of his loss melts away at the first touch of Rozanov's tongue as he licks greedily into his mouth and claws his way underneath Shane's shirt to squeeze at his chest. Shane yields to the oppressive force of Rozanov's mouth with a breathy groan – his hands rise to cup Rozanov's face, his fingers inching to tangle into his blond curls.

There's something infuriatingly addictive about Rozanov and his mouth – the shape of his lips, the wet heat of his tongue, the shameless moans muffled somewhere between them. Whenever Rozanov actually opens his mouth there's a good 75% chance he'll either piss Shane off or turn him on, often both at the same time, but sometimes he doesn't even need to *say* anything to achieve either goal. A text is enough, or a simple glance across the ice or under the watchful gaze of an ocean of reporters. And yet Shane yearns for it all the same; yearns for more, always *more.*

Rozanov is like a drug Shane couldn't quit. It scares him, sometimes, when he allows himself to even think about it, and he often didn't. It scares him how much he needs this, how much he *needs Rozanov* – these stolen moments between them just as invaluable as the air in his lungs. Shane pushes it down, drowns his secret under the intoxicating force of arousal, forcing himself to forget, to ignore. It becomes easier when Rozanov bites at his lips and cups his hardening cock through his sweatpants, giving him a teasing squeeze.

It's easy to not think, when Rozanov touches him. Terrifyingly easy.

"Were you hard the whole game?" Rozanov asks, rolling his tongue across Shane's parted lips in a filthy gesture. He begins to rub against Shane's cock, the weight of his palm both heaven and torture. "My last goal make you wet? Couldn't wait to get my dick in you, hm?"

"Can't wait for you to shut the fuck up and fuck me", Shane corrects, aiming for something rough and landing somewhere far too breathless, far too needy. Rozanov laughs and grasps Shane by his jaw with his free hand, tilting his head back until it thuds against the wall, forcing him to meet his eyes.

“Oh, I will fuck you”, Rozanov coos, his lips curling into a taunting grin. “I will fuck you so good you won’t remember you lost to Boston.”

Shane clashes their lips together, silencing Rozanov’s running mouth. Rozanov smiles into the kiss, but Shane tears it down with a bite as he begins to push Rozanov towards the awaiting bed. They remove their clothes hastily during the short journey, kicking their shoes and throwing their shirts onto the floor before Shane is the one who finds himself pushed down, Rozanov immediately following suit.

Rozanov yanks Shane’s sweatpants off alongside his underwear, but before Shane can do the same Rozanov’s fingers curl around his wrists and he pins him down onto the bed. Now fully naked, save for his socks, Shane tests the strength of Rozanov’s grip, and finds it relentless.

The realization makes a shiver run down Shane’s spine. His lips part around a sound that’s something between a moan and a whimper, and it coaxes Rozanov to press down harder. Rozanov leans down to kiss Shane’s neck, the light press of his lips a stark contrast to the weight of him, almost chaste. Shane bucks against Rozanov impatiently, but Rozanov doesn’t yield. His mouth trails to Shane’s ear, and his teeth soon follow, nibbling and sucking at the sensitive patch of skin like it’s a piece of his favorite candy – or maybe a fucking cigarette, knowing Rozanov.

Shane tries to free his hands again but Rozanov’s grip adjusts to the movement, tightening in tandem with Shane’s while he peppers kisses and soft bites all over Shane like he has all the time in the world to do it.

“Rozanov”, Shane huffs out in warning, but he still cranes his neck for Rozanov as he dives down again, his kisses now open-mouthed and filthy against the arch of Shane’s throat. A part of Shane is concerned about the possibility of bruises and teeth-marks he couldn’t afford displaying, but a far stronger part aches for each one, aches for anything Rozanov would give him. But he needs *more.*

Rozanov ignores him, though Shane can feel the curl of his lips against his flushed skin. He’s enjoying himself – enjoying drawing this out, and making Shane beg for it. Rozanov liked when he begged, and he *made* Shane beg far too often, and far too easily.

Shane twists against the bed, managing to nudge his knee up until it presses against Rozanov’s still-clothed crotch. It’s not a slam, but a deliberate roll, holding enough force to draw a broken moan out of Rozanov and make him chase the pressure, his hips immediately rocking against the meat of Shane’s leg. His grip loosens because of it, and Shane uses the opportunity to flip them around, now straddling Rozanov.

Rozanov's eyes meet his, narrowed in a way that's both playful and dangerous. It makes Shane's insides boil with want, and he finds himself smirking as he peers down at Rozanov, his brows pointedly raised. He lays himself on top of Rozanov, seeking his mouth again, and for a moment Rozanov allows it. Shane suckles on his tongue while Rozanov's hands trail to his ass, his fingers spreading to grasp at him, squeezing tight. Then Rozanov proceeds to use his grip to his advantage and spins them around again, drawing a breathless noise out of Shane – almost a laugh.

They wrestle for a bit, sharing heated kisses and greedy touches in-between each roll and attempt of subjugation. They're evenly matched, both in height and strength, but Rozanov plays dirty, and it's frustratingly appealing to let it happen. It's partly why Shane quickly ends up on his stomach, Rozanov's full weight on top of him, pressing against his back. His hands are pinned down once more, but from this angle it's harder to twist himself free, and the feeling of Rozanov's hard cock pressing against his ass is too distracting to even consider it. He could do it, if he wanted to, but pretending he couldn't is– *enticing.* And arousing to a maddening degree.

"Going to behave now?" Rozanov murmurs, the dark edge of his tone sending another shiver down Shane's spine.

"Do you want me to?" Shane asks – not quite shy, but close.

There's a visible shift in Rozanov's demeanor; the way he holds his body, how his next breath seems to catch at the back of his throat as he pauses to digest Shane's question, and what he's really asking. Then he proceeds to whisper something to himself in Russian that sounds almost derogatory, but it's breathed out in awe, lust transcending language. Rozanov leans down, his lips meeting Shane's nape; the kiss akin to an offering of worship, and the thought makes something painful and hot twist in Shane's belly.

"No", Rozanov confesses, his voice low with lust. "But you still will, won't you?"

Shane knows he should protest, if just to prove Rozanov wrong, but he can't – they both know he can't. He wants it too much to risk delaying the inevitable.

Rozanov thrusts against his ass, the roll of his hips deliberate and teasing, and Shane's legs fall apart in an instant. He hangs his head low, pushing himself back against Rozanov like a dog in heat, chasing the hot weight of his still-clothed cock.

"Fuck me", Shane whispers – both a plea and a demand. "Like you promised."

Make me forget – about the game, about the future, about how much I need you.

Rozanov makes a noise of pure want, and Shane echoes it as he's pressed down by his nape while Rozanov digs into his pockets for a packet of lube and condoms.

Rozanov often took his time with him, prepping him for far longer than Shane had the patience for, but now his movements bleed with impatience, the twist of his fingers rougher than usual, and Shane loves every second of it. He hardly needs it – he'd taken the habit of using toys for a whole week before any game against Boston, but he still loses himself in the wonderful stretch of Rozanov's fingers as they press into him and tease his prostate like it's his fucking job, his stuttering moans partly muffled by the thick blanket he's shoved against.

Rozanov's mouth keeps running as he works – he tells Shane he's pretty, he tells him he's a slut, he tells him how tight he is, how he can't wait to fuck him, and Shane finds himself begging again, his voice hoarse with need. Then, finally, *finally,* Rozanov's fingers retreat as he leans back momentarily to remove the rest of his clothes while Shane props himself up, his spine already curling into a deep, inviting arch.

Rozanov's cock, already flushed and wet at the tip, pokes against Shane's hip as he reaches for the condom he'd pulled out alongside the lube, but something about the sight of it makes Shane freeze up this time.

Before reason can interject, Shane makes an abrupt noise and says "No."

Rozanov immediately stops, concern appearing amongst the pleasure plastered all over his face, which Shane is quick to soothe – though he finds it hard to ignore the wave of dangerously fond warmth that blooms in his chest for Rozanov's perpetual attentiveness.

"I want to–" Shane tries, swallowing thickly as he stares at the condom in Rozanov's hand. "Without it."

Rozanov stares at him, his mouth slightly agape. Then his chest stutters in tandem with his quick inhale, but he still pauses to confirm the madness of Shane's demand. "Are you sure?"

There's so many things present in Rozanov's expression – excitement, lust, worry, something almost tender and bewildered at the same time – and Shane can't stand to look at him any longer. He turns his head as he nods, pressing his face against the bed as if to hide from the shame of his desire for it. It's a bad idea, it's a terrible idea, but he *wants it.* He's wanted it for

a while, never quite daring to voice it, or even think about it. But now he can think of little else.

"It'll make a mess", Shane says. He tries to sound suave and playful, like Rozanov always did, but it comes off more shy than that, almost timid. "I'll hate it."

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Shane breathes out a quiet sound of relief, his shoulders slacking. In a moment of bravery he twists his head in order to look at Rozanov again, his lips curling into a careful smirk as he wiggles his hips in a way that he hopes is seductive. "As long as you fuck me first."

Rozanov barks out a sharp laugh.

"You are a brat", Rozanov says, in a way that leaves no room for objection – harsh and fond at the same time. Shane would've teased him about his ever-growing library of new English words if Rozanov's hand wouldn't have connected with his ass immediately after, the slap heavy and loud in the space between them. It draws a startled moan out of Shane that then breaks into something drawn-out and desperate when Rozanov pushes him back down by the shoulder and lines his cock with his hole.

Rozanov pushes into him with little resistance, leaving Shane gasping and clawing at the sheets as he's slowly filled up. Rozanov exhales harshly as he bottoms out, his other hand grasping at Shane's waist, holding him still as he takes a moment to steady himself. His fingertips dig into the bruises Shane had suffered in the rink when Rozanov had slammed him against the boards like he wants to claw them out, or replace them with the shape of his fingers.

"You will be good for me, hm?" Rozanov asks him. He pulls back, and then immediately

thrusts back in, the strength of it nearly knocking all the air out of Shane's lungs. "Then show me how good you take it."

"Oh, *god"*, Shane whines, his eyes fluttering closed as Rozanov begins to fuck him in earnest, his pace relentless and rough – *perfect.* All the noise in his head disappears, every speck of doubt and shame forgotten under the force that is Rozanov and his cock, *his bare cock,* claiming him over and over again.

Rozanov has fucked him like this before, with his ass in the air and his face pressed against the sheets, but to be able to feel *all of him,* with no barriers between them, makes it different. It's more intimate, somehow – more real, more filthy, more *something* that makes Shane's face burn hot. He surrenders to the feeling, letting lust take over any remaining logic or reason. It renders him dangerously pliant, dangerously willing to let any noise pass his lips, each breath and moan louder than his last.

Rozanov is loud, too. He sucks air between his teeth, moans and hisses as he loses himself in the heat of Shane's body, shameless in his own desire. Shane wonders if he feels it too, the sudden shift in intimacy, or if fucking without a condom is just that much better for him. And yet all that matters to him is that Rozanov likes it, that Shane *feels good* to him. Despite his shit-stirring ways Rozanov always made sure Shane enjoyed himself during sex, and Shane wants Rozanov to enjoy him too, but most of all he wants Rozanov to say it, to tell him–

Shane's train of thought shatters as Rozanov suddenly leans over his back, bracing his arms against the bed to get more momentum to his thrusts. It changes the angle into something better, *deeper,* but Shane still finds himself missing the weight of Rozanov's hand holding him down. He compensates by obediently staying in the position Rozanov had forced him into before, his hands still tightly clutching at the sheets, and he's rewarded by a change in pace as Rozanov's fucks him harder for it, the slap of skin against skin becoming louder by each thrust.

"Is good for you, Hollander?" Rozanov asks, his tone almost goading, partly overtaken by a lust-drunk sweetness; a genuine desire to verify. "You like being fucked like this?"

Shane nods frantically. He wants it all, wants every inch, every second of connected skin. Rozanov's cross drags across his sweaty back as he leans down to offer a quick kiss on Shane's nape, the quiet jingle of metal drowning under the force of his hips and the noises he pushes out of Shane, each whimper and moan melting into a desperate song of pleasure.

"Tell me", Rozanov demands. He sounds breathless; already close to coming, and Shane finds himself nearing the same edge, the heat in his belly scorching hot. "You like my bare cock in you?"

“Yes, *fuck*–”, Shane breathes out, pushing back against Rozanov, his legs spreading wider for him. “Feels good. So fucking good.”

Rozanov curses under his breath, as if in agreement. He slows down for a moment to pull at Shane’s shoulder, coaxing him to rise and lean against his arms. Rozanov’s hands slide down, over the arch of Shane’s back and the streak of sweat pooling at the dip in his spine before they settle over his hips, grabbing tight.

“So pretty”, Rozanov whispers as he begins to fuck into Shane again, his thrusts sloppier, *desperate.* “So fucking perfect.”

Rozanov’s words trail into heated mumble – some of it in English, some in Russian. Shane can’t make out any of it, not when Rozanov’s cock bears down so perfectly against his prostate, turning every working cell in his brain into mush. His cock hangs heavy between his legs, streaks of sticky pre-come already staining the sheets. Shane wants to wrap his fingers around it and force himself over the edge, but he knows Rozanov likes to watch him come untouched, so he doesn’t.

Not like he needs to, because it only takes a couple more thrusts and breathless groans from Rozanov to bring Shane to a breaking point.

“Fuck, I’m gonna come”, Shane whines, his voice breaking halfway. His lips remain parted as his eyes squeeze shut, his body tensing under the approaching wave of his orgasm. “Oh, fuck–”

Rozanov makes a guttural noise in response. “No. Not before I make a mess of you."

Rozanov’s demand tears a desperate groan out of Shane’s throat. His body heeds it with a quickness that feels like instinct, as if a wall had been suddenly put down between his release and what Rozanov wanted. Shane’s thighs tremble as he struggles to keep himself up, the force of Rozanov’s thrusts nearly knocking him down.

“You want me to fill you up? Make you nice and pretty for me? Stuff you full of cum?" Rozanov hisses. He squeezes Shane’s waist hard enough for new bruises to bloom, and then lets go just to bring his hand down on Shane’s ass again. The smack is loud, and it hurts, and it feels so fucking good that it makes Shane’s cock weep and pulse in desperation, another lust-drunk noise spilling from him, followed by Rozanov’s name. Rozanov must like it because he does it again, and then leans over Shane’s back to grab him by the nape and press him against the bed, the slam of his body almost feral with need. "Tell me, Hollander. Say you want it.”

“Yes, fuck, I want it, *I want it.* Please–”

And *fuck,* Rozanov gives it to him. His hips stutter as he groans, obscenely loud and filthy as he empties himself inside of Shane. The feeling is indescribable – Shane has tasted and felt Rozanov’s cum on his skin before, but to feel it spill *into him* and have it claim him like this is a sensation so intense in its intimacy alone that for a split second Shane feels like he’s suspended in time, like he’d suddenly been shot to some higher level of existence. A sound is punched from him unlike any he’s ever made before, and it’s only then that Shane realizes he’s coming too, hard and untouched, just like Rozanov liked, ruining the bedsheets even further.

His legs give out immediately, the strain finally becoming too much. Rozanov follows after him as he collapses on top of Shane, flattening him against the bed, his cock still buried deep. Normally Shane would’ve protested it, especially when it lands him straight on top of the pool of his own cum, but now all he can do is try and catch his breath, his chest heaving heavily under the force of his orgasm.

Rozanov is no better. His ragged breaths warm Shane’s sweat-slick skin as he buries his face into the crook of Shane’s shoulder and neck with a content noise. He offers a kiss on the same spot, and then one on Shane’s nape while his hands run down Shane’s body in an almost soothing manner, his fingertips counting the curve of his ribs. Shane keeps his eyes closed and allows himself to enjoy the aftershocks of pleasure and the warm weight of Rozanov on top of him, if just for a little bit.

Eventually, once both of them have sucked enough air into their lungs to function again, Rozanov leans away from him, and Shane has to bite back another whimper when the movement causes his cock to slip out of him, leaving him empty and aching – already missing it, already yearning far too much.

Shane expects Rozanov to waltz into the shower without further fanfare like he always did after sex, but instead Rozanov settles behind him, seeming to be in no hurry to leave this time. Rozanov’s hands land on Shane’s thighs, feeling him up in silence.

“Fuck”, Rozanov breathes out then, sounding completely in awe. His hands dive forward, cupping Shane’s ass and spreading him apart. “Look at you, hm? All filled up.”

Shane’s face flushes scarlet when he realizes what Rozanov is talking about – what he’s looking at. It’s already overwhelming to *feel* Rozanov’s cum running down his thighs, leaving him a complete fucking mess, but for Rozanov to actually watch it dribble from him and *then* run his thumb over his hole just to see him clench and release even more of it is just too much for Shane to handle.

Shane squirms, trying to get away from Rozanov, but Rozanov keeps him still, adamant to resume his gawking.

"Stop", Shane stammers, embarrassment diving deep into his belly now that his mind is no longer clouded by the intoxicating force that was Rozanov's cock, but Rozanov continues his admiration with no sense of shame. He teases the sensitive rim with his fingertips, circling around it like he wants to soothe out a sore muscle, and when Shane turns to look at him he finds that Rozanov's lips have curled into a playful smirk – both teasing and infuriatingly charming.

"You look very pretty like this, Hollander", Rozanov muses. He adds pressure, just enough to make his thumb dip into Shane's loose hole. It tears a strangled hiss out of Shane, but his hips still tilt towards Rozanov's hand in order to chase the feeling, somehow still greedy for it despite the jolts of overstimulation nailing into his gut. "I should take picture, so I will always remember it."

Shane kicks at Rozanov. Rozanov laughs, finally easing up. He grins down at Shane as Shane flops onto his side in order to properly glare at him – and escape the sticky spot on the sheets.

"Shut up", Shane says halfheartedly. "You're so gross."

"You like it", Rozanov points out smugly. He reaches towards Shane, dragging his cum-covered fingers across the mess sticking to Shane's stomach. Shane watches, equal parts aghast and turned on as Rozanov licks the mixture of *them* off his fingers, and swallows obscenely.

"Jesus Christ…" Shane mutters around a disbelieved chuckle, which Rozanov takes with a look of pure fucking delight. He leans down to kiss Shane, his mouth landing on his jaw. Rozanov's eyes are bright with mischief as he cages Shane against the bed once more, his nose nudging against Shane's flushed cheek as he squeezes himself close.

"You still mad about losing?" Rozanov asks then. "Or do I need to fuck you more?"

Shane barks out a dry laugh, shaking his head to himself. He feels sticky and gross and tired and he wants nothing more than to take a shower and retreat to his room to inevitably question his life choices, but then Rozanov kisses him again, this time on the mouth, and his exhaustion – and the everlasting shame attempting to rise its head again – suddenly means very little.

“Don’t try your luck, Rozanov”, Shane warns, his words partly muffled against Rozanov’s mouth – but it’s not a no, and Rozanov takes that as a challenge. He pushes Shane onto his back, his eyebrows raised in a suggestive manner.

“Oh, I don’t have to try”, Rozanov says. “Will make you come hands-free again now that I know how much you like my bare cock.”

Shane pauses then, his thoughts trailing to what had crossed his mind before, the nagging presence of uncertainty resurfacing. Rozanov is quick to notice it, which prompts him to lean back from Shane, giving him free reign to speak his mind. Shane wishes he wouldn’t – wishes Rozanov couldn’t read him so well, wishes he would just let him wallow in his own self-pity and let him pretend it didn’t exist in the first place. But Rozanov just looks at him expectantly, unwilling to let his silence slide, and eventually Shane caves in, his lips slowly parting.

“Was it… good for you, too? Without–?”

Shane trails off, suddenly feeling awkward for even attempting to ask. His eyes immediately avert from Rozanov as Rozanov pauses to digest his question, his smirk suddenly replaced by a frown.

“What?” Rozanov asks, sounding genuinely confused. “Hollander, I nearly came as soon as I put my dick in you. You could not tell? Of course it was good.”

Shane opens his mouth again, and then closes it because he realizes he has no idea how to respond. He nods quietly, his shoulders slacking as relief floods into his muscles. Then he realizes, helplessly, that the heat of embarrassment coiling in his gut melts into something else, something far too joyous and giddy. His lips curl upwards under the force of it, completely out of his control, but Shane tries to hide it by attempting to pull Rozanov into another kiss. Rozanov lets him, at least at first – then he snorts to himself and flicks Shane’s temple with his finger, drawing a surprised noise out of him.

“Ow”, Shane complains, pulling back from Rozanov. “What?”

Rozanov gives him a pointed look. “You’re lucky you’re pretty. Not much action in here”, he says, gesturing at Shane’s head again. “Maybe I fucked the smart out of you, hm?”

Shane scoffs, playfully shoving at Rozanov.

“Careful. You’ll make me mad again”, Shane warns, but his tone is far too affectionate for his threat to land, and Rozanov tells him as much.

“Oh, I’m terrified”, Rozanov deadpans. Then he grins again, glancing down at Shane’s cock – which, *somehow,* had begun to stir in interest again. “So does that mean I need to calm you down again? You need your perfect ass ruined even more, Hollander?”

Shane makes a face at the reminder of the state of himself, suddenly far too aware of the slickness sticking to the insides of his thighs. Rozanov guides his legs apart without a care in the world, far too nonchalant of the mess he’d made – the mess Shane had *allowed* him to make. Shane feels mortified even thinking of the poor hotel staff that would have to clean the sheets. Maybe shoving them into a garbage bin or straight-up burning them would be a better choice at this point.

“At least I won’t have to sleep in these sheets”, Shane huffs out.

“Maybe I will give them to you. As, ah–” Rozanov pauses, searching for the right word as he leans down to kiss Shane’s neck. “Souvenir.”

“You’re disgusting.”

“Again, you like it.”

“Just shut up and fuck me again.”

Rozanov laughs. “Brat.”

Shane smirks – far too fondly. “Asshole.”

Rozanov mirrors his expression, the curve of his lips softer than usual. Shane is thankful that he only sees a split second of it, or else it might’ve burst the dam of unspoken truths he’d kept tightly buried somewhere deep in his heart. It’s still there in the back of his mind, prodding at his sense of guilt and attempting to rouse it again, but each stab is held back by the firm press of Rozanov’s perfectly shaped lips and his teasing smile – at least for now.

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