

So easy to know (and forget with this kiss)

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So easy to know (and forget with this kiss)

by [Curbside Picnic](#)

Summary

“No. I did have to. You were upset. Is not okay for you to be upset. Ever.” Shane blinks at him. Rozanov blinks back. Neither comment on his words – on the lines they cross, ever so slightly. When Shane doesn’t protest, Rozanov smiles sweetly, swiping his thumb over the man’s bottom teeth. He feels along the ridges of each tooth, pressing his blunt nail into the gums behind them. “Sweet thing. You come to me if you feel this way, yes? I will make it all better.”

Shane has a hard week, resulting in a meltdown. He calls Ilya. Ilya decides to fuck it all better. Spoiler: it works.

Notes

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



It's been an off week.

Shane has them sometimes – who doesn't? Though, Shane has them more often than not. They come to him in waves, like the tide against the shore. They press in on him, and much like the tide, they crest when the moon is high in the sky, and Shane is alone in his bed. He can always feel them coming; days in advance – days when the tide has receded and he feels clearheaded and focused, when his morning smoothie tastes like protein powder instead of ash and his shoes don't feel like they're suffocating him. It was the same this time around; days ago, three or maybe four, he'd woken with that stiffness in his chest. The one that tells him the tide is coming in, that he'd better take a deep breath because he'll be underwater soon.

The thing is, when he was young, Shane didn't have off weeks. His default setting was an off week. If he was lucky – really lucky, like a winning streak in his games and a new company wanting to promote him and his clothes fitting right – he'd have a good week. The kind where he would take a deep, deep breath, and let it out slowly, and not have to think all that hard about what his face looks like and whether anyone is staring. But it's been years since off weeks were his usual, and he hasn't felt quite like this since before–

Well, before Ilya Rozanov.

Since Rozanov, his off weeks have petered out. They'd become stale and short, quick bouts to overcome and move on from. Maybe it was the way Rozanov looked at him sometimes; that gooey, warm look where his lips would purse and his eyebrows would pinch a little. That look that would knock something loose in Shane's chest (something that was always there, since he was 9 years old stumbling after his "friends", laughing too loud or at the wrong time). Maybe it was the way Shane could turn off his brain with him. Rozanov had this way of working Shane up in just the right way. Pissing him off, baiting him into quick, short

breaths and a funny frown, before pushing him down to his knees and turning his ever-buzzing brain off. Or maybe it was just Rozanov.

But Vegas was nearly five months ago, when Shane put on a show for him, pressing warm hands onto his own skin before pressing them onto Rozanov's instead. Nearly five months since he stepped out of that hotel room and couldn't stop thinking *we didn't even kiss we didn't even kiss we didn't even kiss*. Nearly five months since Shane climbed into his own hotel bed with scratchy sheets and too-firm pillows and curled into a tight little ball to ease the ache in his stomach. Five months, and Shane is having an off week.

His skin is too tight, but sort of loose. Like he can't press it tight enough, can't get it to pull taut over his muscles like it should be. His hands are sweaty inside his gloves. He pushes his leg out hard and fast and pivots, taking the puck with him. It just misses an interfering stick, though Shane doesn't know whose. His eyes feel sticky and dry in their sockets. Dunno when he last blinked, staring down at the dark ring of a puck against the blaring white ice. He dodges a check, swift and quick and faster, faster, swinging his stick and—

Coach just benched him from the game.

Shane had begged not to be, had bartered and pleaded and swore — “no really, I’m fine, honest, I promise, I can do this, I’ll concentrate—” and Coach had shook his head and said “I’m not punishing you, Shane. You did good, okay? You did good. Now go sit down and take a breath. You look like you’re gonna be sick, kid.” So Shane had sat down on the bench, hands clenching his stick so tight the knuckles became white and the stick creaked with the pressure. His ears were ringing. His stomach rolled, knotted and dense like a rock sat in his abdomen. He’d worked out for nearly an hour longer than usual this morning, till he couldn’t catch his breath and the sweat on his back made the skin itch. His limbs felt heavy, now. So did his eyelids. His ears were ringing so loud, fuck. Hayden took a seat next to him, muttering something, but Shane didn’t hear much over the roaring crowd.

“-take a breath, man. Hey.” Shane blinked, glancing over. Hayden looks back at him, eyes a little big and a little worried. “We’ve got the game in the bag, alright? There’s no coming back for them, after your shot. So just breathe, Shane. C’mon.” Shane blinked again, and glanced at the scoreboard. They were up 2 points to nothing, and the game was nearly over. JJ had the puck, timer counting down, racing across the ice. The crowd exploded as he shot, hard and fast, and nailed it into the goal. Shane flinched at the noise a little, chest tight. Hayden pressed a hand down firmly on the small of his back, and tucked his head close.

“Go get changed,” He said, close and low to be heard over the noise. “Go home. Take a breather, yeah?” Shane swallowed tightly and nodded, standing stiffly. He shot JJ what he hoped was a proud smile as the man waved from his spot on the ice, and made his way out.

The locker rooms are blessedly silent, and Shane cannot breathe.

He strips as fast as he can, skin pebbled with gooseflesh against the chilled air. He pulls on his socks, pulls them off, puts them back on inside out so the seam doesn’t touch him. Slips his legs through sweatpants, slips his arms through a t-shirt. He shifts, flinches. Rips the tag out in a sudden fury. Relaxes. Slips on his shoes, his sweatshirt. His phone buzzes in his locker as he grabs his back. He can see the screen flash *Lily* and he swallows down the lump

in his throat. He blinks and suddenly he's outside, hunched in the back waiting for a car he didn't call for. He thinks he called his mom, let her know he's going, he'll call her later, yeah he'll remember to eat something, love you too mom—

His phone is still in his hand, and it sits like a weight pulling him down. *Lily*, it says, like a beacon of light on the screen. '*good game*' the latest text reads, and Shane can hear the accent just by thinking about it. The low rumble Rozanov's chest would make if he'd said it out loud. He sucks in a breath. Clicks on the contact. Reads the thread.

Lily

tell Pike I say he looks stupid in new gear

can see you shaking. you are that excited to play against Sabres?

boring team. boring game. they are no good.

good goal. make them cry

benched? why? you give him a win and he benches?

are you okay?

good game

Shane trembles. Smiles despite himself. Grows warm at the thought of him watching his game at home, in a hotel, in a bar. A breeze shakes him from the heat, dusting snow over his cheeks. He clicks open the message bar and hardly thinks about anything when he begins typing. His ears are ringing still, like someone hit him over the head or something. He doesn't think he took a hit, but it's hard to think at all right now.

Jane

Thank you. It was a good one.

Are you in town

Can I come over

Did you enjoy watching?

It's not even a minute before the reply pings his phone in his hand. Shane fumbles to open it.

Lily

always enjoy watching you play

even when it is against boring NY. booooring team.

you are fine? why benched?

Shane trembles, quaking a little like he can't keep steady. He curls up, crouching down with his back to the wall. He can hear the stadium clearing out on the other side of the building, and knows it's not long before the teams file out the door just to his right. Hayden will probably try and convince him to let Jackie and him drive him home. Or maybe his mom will come and find him still here, curled up in the dark. Maybe she'll take him home. Run him a bath. Make him some tea, and put on a movie, and tell him to take a deep breath. Shane clicks call.

It rings for a few seconds, and before he can end it, he picks up.

"Hello? Hollander?" Rozanov mutters. Shane's breath hitches oddly, and he sways on the balls of his feet where he's crouched. He sinks down lower until his butt rests on the compacted snow, just dusted over concrete. He trembles harshly, but hardly feels the cold.

"H-Hi," Shane stumbles out, realizing he hasn't spoken. His voice cracks. He clears it roughly, wincing at himself. Awkward. Stupid. Fuck, what is he doing- "Hi, sorry. I don't, um. Know why I called."

There's a long pause on the line. Shane breathes in raggedly, closing his eyes. He imagines laying in bed, under layers upon layers of big fluffy blankets and soft sheets. He imagines a body beside him, warm and solid and pressing him down. Grounding him. Keeping him still and stable and safe. Shane's throat clicks and whimpers, high and sudden, startling himself.

"Hollander." Rozanov's voice filters through, firm and steady. Shane nods, even though he cannot see him. "Is okay. Can call whenever." There's another pause as Shane soaks that in, chest loosening from this alone. "You are alone?"

Shane nods again, though Rozanov can't see. "Yeah. I mean, um. I'm at the rink, still. The game ended- but you knew that. Um. Just, I can't-" Shane sucks in a breath. "Are you in town?"

The reply comes much quicker this time.

"Yes," Rozanov confirms. Shane curls tighter, pressing his forehead harshly into his knees, and clutching his phone to his ear like a lifeline. "I am in town. You are at Keybank, yes?" Shane mumbles out some kind of confirmation. "Good. Come over."

He squeezes his eyes shut and chokes a little on the next breath. "I'm- um. Maybe not. No, I shouldn't. I'm. 'm not." He pauses, shuddering. His head feels fuzzy. His skin is tight, hot, cold, too much of everything. He shifts his shoulders roughly, trying to shake off the feeling. "I'm not-" He tries again, hoping to convey something, anything.

"Hollander," Rozanov cuts in. "Come over." It's not a question, or a request. Shane's body loosens.

"Can you... Please," Shane whispers aimlessly, not really sure what he even means to say. Rozanov murmurs something Russian into the microphone, low and steady. Shane's chest shudders. Did he remember to grab his keys? Did he even bring them? No, his mom drove. Does he have a car to take? Should he call a cab?

"Yes," Rozanov says firmly, an answer to a question Shane hadn't even really asked. "Yes, I will come. Stay put. Do not move, yes? Stay, Hollander." The line goes dead, and Shane doesn't move. Time passes oddly, liquid but not. Like molasses. Like the tide. It crashes over him in waves, like his bad days, like his off weeks.

Days ago, he'd felt this coming on. He'd done an interview with GQ on Tuesday, done a photoshoot right after for Rolex. They'd directed him this way and that, sliding their hands all over him and moving him around like a doll. He'd gone home and showered, and woken up Wednesday with a headache and a bad feeling. His smoothie had gone down with difficulty, and his morning yoga had made him feel tight and sweaty and sick. He did another interview. Took a picture with a fan on the sidewalk. Called his mom. Done another interview. Practiced. Gave Jackie a hug on his way out the door. Slept on the couch because his bed was too much, too scratchy, too soft, too everything. Got up Thursday. Practiced. Interview. Smoothie- did he have a smoothie? Did he eat at all? Practiced more. Packed. Flew to Buffalo. Checked into his hotel. Called his mom. Scrubbed his body clean in the shower, then did it again. Put on his socks. Took them off. Did a phone interview. Regretted it. Went to bed.

Shane's crying, he thinks. It's absentmindedly, not for any real reason. He doesn't feel right. Everything is bad, is wrong, is too much and not enough. Rozanov isn't here yet. His team is inside, celebrating. His phone buzzes in his pocket, over and over. A phone call. Shane tucks his face into his knees a little more, cups his shaking hands over his ears and closes his eyes.

There's hands on him, soft and big and so warm. He blinks blearily and whimpers, high in his throat, when his eyes meet brown ones. Rozanov slips his hand down over his shoulder to clutch tightly at his arm, hauling him up, soft and sure, onto his feet. His other cups firmly at the back of his neck. Grounding. Shane shudders. Blinks.

"Is cold," Rozanov murmurs softly. He tilts his head, gesturing lightly to come with him. "We go now, hm? Get warm. Come with me, дорогой." Shane liquifies, sinking into his side as he's led to a car. To Rozanov's stupid, flashy, ugly car. Shane smiles as the door is opened for him, smiles some more when he climbs into the squeaky leather passenger seat. Rozanov takes the driver's seat, shutting the door behind him. Bathed in a sudden warmth, and a just as sudden silence, Shane sags. He hums. His legs become jelly, limp where they're tucked up into his chest, snowdusted sneakers on the expensive seat. He sways a little and looks over to find Rozanov already looking at him with big brown eyes.

“Okay?” Rozanov murmurs, and Shane nods.

“Okay,” he confirms. Rozanov narrows his eyes a little, and starts the car. The radio switches on, some kind of grungy Russian rock song coming on low. The man reaches out slow and cups his hand on the back of Shane’s neck again, pressing tight on each side. Shane sighs.

“I’m,” Shane starts aimlessly. Rozanov waits. There’s a beat, and Shane takes it to breathe in slow, counting each moment, *one two three four five*, before letting it out. He swallows, and tries again. “Thank you for picking me up. I didn’t want to... I don’t want to go back to my hotel.”

Rozanov tilts his head in some semblance of a nod, or maybe an acknowledgement. Shane continues softly, “I’m sorry for-” and he is quickly stopped with a squeeze on the nape of his neck. Rozanov shakes his head firmly, looking over in disapproval.

“Do not apologize,” He says sharply. Shane’s mouth shuts with a click. “Я всегда приду, когда ты позовешь. It is good you called. Now we can go, yes?” Shane nods along slowly, lethargic and aimless. The tide recedes, just a little. Water slipping back from the shoreline, bringing sand and dirt and everything else with it. Rozanov moves to pull his hand away, and Shane jerks, catching him before he can.

“Can you-” He starts, and restarts. “Just. Please.” Rozanov looks at him for a moment, and smiles. He nods, scratching his blunt nails over the coarse hairs leading to his skull, and rests his palm heavily on heated skin. Shane sighs. He leans back, resting easy as Rozanov pulls out of his parking spot and begins to drive. Whatever Rozanov has put on the radio – Spotify, maybe, or does he listen to Apple Music? – shifts from grungy rock to a crooning jazzy song. Snow dusts the windshield, and flickering lights pass the windows. Shane’s body is buzzing. Numb. He’s full of fizzling rocks, crackling sand. He’s made up of tide-pools, bursting in one place and another. He reaches out and tucks cold fingertips into the space between Rozanov’s thigh and the seat beneath it. Neither mention it.

They pull into a parking lot, and the car turns off. They sit for a beat, maybe two, and Rozanov turns to him with imploring eyes.

“Hollander,” he begins, and Shane focuses on the space just to the left of his eyes, zeroing in on a mole he’s kissed time and again. “Listen to me.” He blinks, and nods. The hand on his nape tightens, another reaching out to grasp his chin, firm but soft. His face is directed carefully. It’s not like his photoshoots, like Rolex and UnderArmor and Nike, hands prying his smile out like they’re carving into him with manicured nails and makeup brushes. Rozanov is so soft, so steady. Their eyes meet.

“Дорогой. You pay attention, да? You do as I say.” Rozanov murmurs. “We will go inside, now. You will get comfortable. You will take a shower, and then you will get comfortable in my bed.” He pauses, waiting for a response. Shane hums acknowledgement, swaying side to side, front to back. He clenches his hands, opens them, stretches his fingers, clenches them again. Rhythmic. Soothing.

“Good. Хороший мальчик. I will order you dinner, and you will eat it. You will drink some water, and I will put on a boring show that you will like very much. You are listening?” He

slides his hand back from his chin, then, and cups his jawbone tenderly. Shane blinks, and shivers. He nods, or he thinks he does, swaying as he is. He loosens his fists, dragging them over his pant legs. Rozanov rumbles in the back of his throat.

“Hollander, I want words,” Rozanov says, “*Shane*. I do not know what is going on, and I want to help, but I cannot do that if you don’t tell me. I do not want to, uhm... Перешагнуть? Over-step. Hm?”

There’s a pause. The hood of the car is sprinkled with snow, dusty and blowing back and forth with the whipping wind. The cold is beginning to creep into the car. He shivers, clicking his seatbelt off so it’s off his chest. He can breathe looser now. He curls over all the way, then, and tucks his forehead against Rozanov’s lap, nose pressed in the crease of his thigh. He can feel the man tense, shift, swallow. The hand on his jaw slides down, slips back, and rests between his shoulder blades.

“Please,” Shane murmurs with wet lips, “Take me inside.” Rozanov hums, purrs, pushes him back, patting him lightly on the cheek in what Shane imagines is silent approval, and takes the key from the ignition.

“Come,” The Russian tosses over his shoulder as he climbs out of the car. Shane follows obediently, stepping into the frosty night air outside. He shivers. The cold feels nice against his heated, buzzing skin. Rozanov rounds the car, Shane’s bag in hand, and ushers him into the backdoor of the hotel. They climb the stairs slowly, one step at a time. Shoulder-to-shoulder. Shane blinks, and they’re in front of a door, Rozanov unlocking it with a jarring *beep* of his keycard. Shane shrinks back from the noise. Rozanov tosses him a nearly apologetic look, and leads him inside. It’s warm. He toes his shoes off.

“Go. Shower. I will call for food, да?” Rozanov tells him. Shane goes quickly into the bathroom, grateful for something to do. To get the dried sweat and grit off of his skin. He scrubs harshly at himself until he’s pink and tender, boiling in the steaming bathroom. The mirror is fogged over when he’s done. He towels off slowly, sure to get every drop. He dresses just as slow. He doesn’t put on his socks this time. Leaves the hoodie off, too. Rozanov is sat on the edge of the bed when he comes out, phone discarded beside him. The remote is limp in his hand as he glares at the TV, no doubt internally berating whatever shitty reality show is on.

Shane comes to stand in front of him, and only then does Rozanov look up. He eyes him slowly, dragging his gaze from bare toes to still-trembling hands to pink cheeks. They make eye contact. Blink at one another. Shane quivers, and just as Rozanov shifts to make room for him on the bed, he gets a lapful. Shane tucks his nose into warm skin, clutching at the man’s shirt, knees crammed against bedding. Rozanov coos, big hands coming to press them closer together. He snuffles.

“Oh,” Rozanov tuts softly, “Oh, okay. Easy, дорогой. All better now, hm? After your shower?” Shane keens, strung tight in the back of his throat, let loose like a wail. Rozanov hums, brows knitted where they’re pressed against short black hair. “Hollander. Talk to me. What is wrong?” Shane hunches, rocking a little in his lap.

"I don't know," He blurts, and shoves his face against Rozanov's clavicle like he can hide there forever. "No. No, I do know. I'm sorry. Fuck. It's just me, I'm just- I'm just *like this* and everything is- everything is so wrong, it's so bad right now. I'm fine, 'm fine." Shane quakes in Rozanov's arms, eyes growing heated with unshed tears. Rozanov coos at him again, pulling him away gently. He cups Shane's face in large hands, frowning.

"Is not 'fine'. You are upset. What do you mean wrong? Bad?" Shane's face pinches. He shakes his head. Rakes his hands up and down Rozanov's back, pressing his fingertips into the ridges of his shoulders. He clenches his thighs tightly until he can feel the strain in already exhausted muscles. Exhales until his lungs protest. Then speaks.

"I have... off days. Off weeks. This is just one of them," He starts slowly, thinking hard to find the words. To find words that don't make him sound crazy, or neurotic, or high-strung. "Everyone keeps touching me." Rozanov pauses at that, quick to retract his hands. Shane whines an immediate complaint, flinging himself forward to catch them before retreat. "No, *no*, that's not- I don't mean you. I'm sorry. I don't mean you."

"I'm just, I- have these days, these weeks, where everything is so much and I can't breathe. I had these, um, these interviews and I hate interviews because they're just an opportunity for them to judge me, really, that's all it is, and I know I should be grateful, but-" Shane shakes his head. "It's all just- just bullshit, really, making uncomfortable eye contact and making sure I'm smiling enough and being interesting enough and I hate it. I hate them. And my- my mom booked multiple photoshoots this week and normally I can handle them but they kept *touching me* and I didn't like it but I'm not supposed to admit that." Shane sucks in a deep breath, avoiding Rozanov's imploring eyes.

"And I know I won the game, I know I scored. But my skates were too tight and the seam of my sock was touching me wrong. And I woke up this morning off schedule, um, I was a little late waking up and my sheets are all scratchy instead of soft, and my smoothie didn't taste right, and I think maybe I'm just- I'm just-" He peters out, stutters devolving into mumbles, and suddenly he's crying. Rozanov melts, pulling Shane back into him. He rocks them slowly back and forth, and Shane just... cries. Unsure how long, or how loud, or if Rozanov is upset that his shirt is all wet and his fuck buddy/hockey rival is currently a blubbering mess on his hotel bed at 11 o'clock at night.

Rozanov lays them back on the bed at some point, Shane pinned to his chest, curled up with hands clutching at warm skin and tear-stained cheeks tight against his chest. His heart beats steadily. Shane sags into him, cries eventually turning into sniffles and sighs. The TV warbles some crappy home renovation show in the background. '*A boring show you will like very much*', Rozanov had said in the car. Shane slips his bare feet in between Rozanov's firm thighs, warming them where they're trapped against the bed. Rozanov murmurs words in Russian, bits of English here and there, nothing in particular. He cards thick fingers through soft hair, and presses kisses to Shane's flushed wet cheeks when he's finished crying.

"Breathe, Малыш. That's much better, don't you think?" Rozanov coos. "Food will be here very soon. Get comfortable under covers. We will eat in bed." Shane pouts without thinking, scrunching his nose at the thought. Rozanov snorts, rolling his eyes as he carefully detangles them from one another. "Yes, I know. So unhigh-un-. Ugh. So dirty."

Shane smiles without thinking, chest feeling lighter than it has in days. In months. Since—Vegas. “Unhygienic,” He supplies softly. Rozanov shoots him a look, amused and irritated and relieved all wrapped in one. Shane smiles back at him.

“Да. Yes. Whatever,” Rozanov grumbles. He leans forward, then, and presses a slow, tender kiss against Shane’s lips. When they part, he pats Shane’s cheek lightly, rolling off the bed to check his phone. Shane watches him with sore eyes and flushed cheeks, admiring the look of him. Broad shoulders and meaty back, his stupid Boston Raiders t-shirt falling over his shoulderblades handsomely. Sporty sweatpants, bare feet. Shane eases his way up the bed, resting his back against the headboard. He pulls the pillow from its place beside him, still rumpled from when Rozanov last slept, and hugs it to his body. He breathes in deep, washed in the smell of sandalwood and leather and *Ilya*, and waits for him to come back to him.

It doesn’t take long. There’s a knock on the door, and Rozanov retrieves their meal with muttered thanks and a generous tip for the late hour. He holds up the bags proudly as he saunters toward Shane and the bed, wagging his eyebrows. Shane snorts, and makes grabby hands at what he assumes is his bag. It’s handed over easily.

“Thank you,” He says politely, and Rozanov repeats it in Russian, notably more mocking than the sincere tone Shane had used. Shane kicks at his shin as he climbs onto the bed beside him. Rozanov rocks his shoulder firmly with his own, and tears open his own bag.

“You are very welcome,” Rozanov says magnanimously, “You owe me now, Hollander. Was very kind of me. Very...” He glances at Shane, who mutters a quick *generous* under his breath. He nods. “Generous. Very generous of me.” Shane rolls his eyes.

“Asshole,” He decides, and opens the box. He pauses. Stares down at the contents. Looks up at Rozanov, who watches him back cautiously. “You... got my order?” Rozanov cocks a brow at him, taking an overly-large bite of his own meal. Some kind of stew, maybe. It smells spicy. Shane swallows sharply. Looks back down at his rice and orzo, his chicken, his salad. His go-to order at his favorite restaurant in Buffalo. “How...?”

Rozanov knocks their shoulders together again, leans over, and presses a slobbery kiss to Shane’s temple. Shane splutters, shoving at him in bewilderment. They grin at each other.

“Was not hard to guess,” Rozanov shrugs, “You are so boring. Protein this, healthy that, blah blah blah. So. Rice, chicken, salad.” Shane stares at him for another moment. He sets his box aside slowly, and Rozanov frowns at him. He reaches out over the man’s strong, stubbled jaw, and brings him closer. He leans forward and kisses him softly. Rozanov responds immediately, enthusiastic as ever. Shane pulls back, pressing another quick kiss to handsome lips, and smiles.

“Thank you,” He stumbles, “For... not just for the food. I mean...” Rozanov grins boyishly. His cheeks are dusted pink. “Really. Roz- um. Ilya. Thank you.” They stare at one another for a long moment. Rozanov reaches his own hand out and tucks his thumb into Shane’s bottom lip.

“Нежная вещь,” He purrs, “Do not thank me. You were upset.” Shane protests immediately, frowning deep and pouty.

“You didn’t have to-” Rozanov huffs, pressing his thumb firmly into Shane’s lip until it dips into the warm heat of his mouth. Shane goes blessedly silent, eyes going a little wide and a little gooey. Rozanov shakes his head sharply.

“No. I did have to. You were upset. Is not okay for you to be upset. Ever.” Shane blinks at him. Rozanov blinks back. Neither comment on his words – on the lines they cross, ever so slightly. When Shane doesn’t protest, Rozanov smiles sweetly, swiping his thumb over the man’s bottom teeth. He feels along the ridges of each tooth, pressing his blunt nail into the gums behind them. “Sweet thing. You come to me if you feel this way, yes? I will make it all better.”

Shane swallows thickly, nodding aimlessly in agreement. Rozanov hums. Thrusts his thumb into Shane’s mouth to gather saliva, and pulls it out with a *pop*. Shane shudders a little, fork forgotten in his hand. He sits, dazed, as Rozanov slips the wet finger over his pink lips.

“Tell me you understand,” Rozanov demands, hushed, but controlled. “Hol-lan-der.” He enunciates slowly, eyes catching Shane’s. The man trembles.

“I understand,” he mumbles, lips moving against the thumb pressing over them. Rozanov narrows his eyes, shakes his head.

“Understand *what?*” The man demands. Shane swallows. Furrows his brows. Presses a gentle kiss to Rozanov’s thumb, wet from his mouth, tasting of salt. He doesn’t answer. Lost. Rozanov huffs, catching his face. He crowds in closer, his container of soup or stew or whatever he ordered placed on the side table for the time being. He brings their faces close, hot breath ghosting over his own thumb, over Shane’s heated skin. “Hm. Do you need me to help you?”

Shane’s breath hitches. Rozanov nods succinctly, mind made up. “Yes, you do. Poor Hollander. Don’t worry, щенок, I’ll help. You say, ‘If I am upset, I will come to you.’ Say it now.” Shane trembles.

“If... I’m upset, I’ll come to you,” He whispers. Rozanov rumbles low in his throat, almost a groan. He curls his thumb into Shane’s mouth again, digging it tight into his flexing tongue. Shane’s hips jerk, fingers curling in the pillow pressed to his chest.

“Good. Good boy. Now, you say, ‘I will not apologize for being upset.’” He cocks a brow, shooting Shane an immediate expectant look. Shane frowns. Hesitates. Suckles at the thumb in his mouth until it pulls back, forcing him to speak.

“I won’t apologize for being upset,” He rushes out. Rozanov grins.

“Yes, very good,” He praises, genuinely warm. Shane swallows thickly, mouth filled with slick saliva. His chest fills with molten rock, dripping down into his tummy. He clutches the pillow tighter. “Now... now you say, ‘I will not cry, unless it’s with your cock inside me.’”

Shane quivers, tongue dragging over his thumb. His eyelashes flutter over heated cheeks. His hips shift, fingers scratching at the pillow he is suddenly very grateful to have in his lap. Rozanov stares, waits. Intense and barely patient.

“I...” He hesitates. Rozanov drags his thumb sharply over his teeth, into his gums, pressing in and out real slow. Shane sighs, reedy. “I will not cry, unless...”

Rozanov grins, purring, “Unless?” Shane swallows.

“Unless your cock is inside me,” He finishes, hushed. Rozanov grins, approving.

“Good boy, Hollander. Is very good.”

Rozanov’s eyes are half-lidded, and he leans in slow and steady, tongue darting out to lick over the seam where Shane’s lips enclose over his own thumb. Shane shudders sharply, visibly. Rozanov dips his thumb in slowly one last time before pulling it away. He sucks the thumb into his own mouth, tasting Shane, before turning away, picking up his stew, and taking a bite as though nothing had happened. Shane gapes after him. A beat passes, then two. Rozanov shoots him a pointed, amused look, and Shane’s jaw snaps shut audibly. He sniffs, picks up his food, and takes a bite. The TV drones on, the Property Brothers talking about hardwood floors and how what’s-her-face wants a beachfront house. They sit that way for a while. Barely paying attention. The buzzing comes back under Shane’s skin, but it’s dull and fuzzy, staticky instead of a beehive. The tide has receded. For now.

“You are tired?” Rozanov breaks that silence. Shane hums, finishing a bite of his chicken. He swallows. Contemplates, takes stock of his body and how it feels. He’s lethargic, but not tired. Exhausted physically from the game, from the meltdown, from everything, but not really sleepy. Not ready for bed. He shakes his head minutely, but Rozanov sees anyway, like he sees everything. The man nods.

An ad break cuts off the show, flashing Shane’s face back at the both of them. The camera swivels, showing off his handsome suit, the shiny watch around his tanned wrist. He smiles out from the screen, the narrator spouting this and that about hockey star Shane Hollander and his love of a good Rolex. Shane’s face pinches. He doesn’t like to wear watches, actually. He doesn’t like anything on his wrists. Rozanov nudges him, pulling their eyes to meet. He shoots a smirk.

“Hot shot,” He says teasingly, and Shane narrows his eyes, wondering where he learned that term. “Captain Shane Hollander.” Shane sniffs, flicking an eye roll his way, and sets his box of nearly-finished rice on the bedside table.

“I hate doing photoshoots for them,” he confesses. Rozanov quirks an eyebrow, and Shane continues, “They’re so touchy. It’s always the same team, and the director for the shoot smells like cabbage and he always tells me I’m ‘big money’, whatever that means, and the team all gathers around me and prim me up like a Ken doll and shove their makeup brushes up my nose and I— god, I hate doing them. Why do I even have to wear makeup? It’s an ad for a watch, just film my wrist and let me go home.”

Rozanov breaks into a boxy grin, shaking his head. He snorts, devolving into snickering laughter, and it’s not long before Shane can’t help but follow suit. He doesn’t feel the usual wave of self-consciousness he always gets when he laughs – the feeling where he’s not sure if he’s even laughing at the right time or volume or why he’s laughing at all. It comes naturally this time.

“Big Money,” Rozanov repeats wildly, and Shane grips the pillow tight against his chest for a second before flinging it out and smacking him in the face with it. Rozanov squawks, fumbling to set his finished meal aside so he can grip the pillow, ripping it from Shane’s hands. Shane clambers up onto his knees, trying to take it back.

“Возьми это!” Rozanov declares, and shoves the pillow over Shane’s face, sending him back onto the bed. He erupts into laughter, struggling with the pillow and Rozanov’s hands. They battle, Shane laid back over the bed, arms outreaching to stop the onslaught as Rozanov tries from different angles. He kicks his legs out, pushing Rozanov back just enough to wrench the pillow back out of his hands. He dons it like a shield as Rozanov climbs over him, hands gripping fabric, knees framing Shane’s hips.

“Yield!” Shane laughs, and Rozanov roars, charging to get the pillow.

“I do not know what that means!” Rozanov returns, and Shane laughs so hard his hands weaken, and the pillow is wrestled back out of his hands once more. Rozanov presses it beside Shane’s face, then, pinning his hands when he tries to reach for it. He leans down, dark eyes bright, a toothy grin over stretched lips. Shane catches his breath.

“You give up?” Rozanov asks, cocky as always. Shane surrenders, going limp on the bed beneath him, and they grin at one another for a long moment. “Good. I win. Like always.”

Shane scoffs, jerking his knees up just a little to jostle the man on his lap. Rozanov snickers, gripping his wrists tighter against the bed. He leans down, pressing a slow kiss to Shane’s lips, and like a switch, the buzzing turns off entirely. They hum, lips pressed together, in sync. The hold on his wrists loosens, large palms sliding up instead to thread fingers through one another. Rozanov slips his tongue into his mouth, just a flick over slick lips, before pulling away. Shane arches up to chase after him, but is unsuccessful.

“My reward?” Rozanov teases lowly, eyeing Shane spread out beneath him. Shane rolls his eyes, thinks *asshole*, and knows that Rozanov knows he’s thinking it. The man cocks his head a little. He squeezes their hands together tighter, calluses catching, knuckles creaking.

“I like you doing as I say,” Rozanov purrs, “When I tell you to stay, and you stay. I tell you to shower, you shower. Dress, and you dress, drink, and you drink. Is very good, Hollander.” Shane shudders, going pink in the cheeks. He resists the urge to plead for another kiss, and resists the urge to admit that yes, he does as Rozanov says, yes, he likes it too, please, order him around some more, please, make the buzzing go away. His eyelashes flutter.

“I say, hm, Hollander, say this, and you say it. Do you not?” He waits, barely patient, until Shane nods minutely. He smiles, faux sincerity. His eyes are darker than before. “Да, I know. I know you do. Should we try it some more?” He doesn’t wait for an answer this time, curling over Shane’s body where he’s perched, knees bracketing hips. Shane swallows with a click of his throat, and waits, trembling, for it. Unsure what it is he’s waiting for, but knowing it will be good, that it will *feel* good, because it’s Ilya Rozanov, and it always feels good with him.

“You say... ‘Tell me what to do, Ilya Rozanov,’” He murmurs. Shane sucks in a heavy exhale, lets it out really slow.

“Tell me what to do, Il-ya Roz-an-ov,” He enunciates clearly. His mouth floods with saliva just from the weight of the words. Saying the name feels like having him in his mouth. Like he can taste him on the back of his tongue. Rozanov purrs in approval.

“Mm. Yes, I will, do not worry. I know you cannot think so easy on your own. Is hard, big hockey player, so many things to focus on. So many things to do,” Rozanov thinks aloud. He stares intently down at Shane. “у меня есть ты, Hollander. You say so, yes? You say, ‘I’ll do anything you tell me to do’, now.”

“I’ll do anything you tell me to do,” Shane rushes out, chest tensing with short breaths. Goosebumps spread over his skin where heated flesh meets soft fabric. He flexes his hands against Rozanov’s steady grip on them. Not fighting, just testing the strength. It feels good.

Rozanov groans quietly in the back of his throat, “Yes. You will. Hm. We test? Like science?” Shane’s eyebrows knit together, and he nods.

“Hypothesis. Or a theory,” he supplies, and Rozanov nods succinctly at the words.

“Exactly. Hollander. I will tell you to do, and you will do. Like this, see? Not just words. I will say, ‘Hollander, get on your knees,’ and you will get down for me. I will say, hm, ‘Hollander, suck my cock,’ and you will do that, too.”

Shane quakes underneath him.

“Not how a hypothesis works,” he points out aimlessly. Aimless protest that neither of them actually care about. Rozanov stares at him blankly. Shane sighs. Shifts. Nods. “I’ll do whatever you say,” he promises.

“Good. Good boy. Not just easy stuff, though, нет? You get on your knees for me all of the time. I will say, ‘Hollander, open your mouth for my cock, and do not swallow,’ and you will, yes? I will say, ‘Hollander, do not cum until I say,’ and you will hold it, because I said, and you listen.”

Shane closes his eyes, shivering. His cock is hard, though he can barely feel it, blood rushing down so fast his head feels fuzzy. The buzzing under his skin has disappeared entirely, replaced with pinpricks of feverish heat. The tide has receded. He needs to be kissed right now, before he loses it.

“Answer me,” Rozanov murmurs, hot breath ghosting over his lips, and Shane must mumble some sort of agreement without thinking, because Rozanov smiles greedily down at him.

“Хорошо, щенок. Okay. I will get up now, and you will not follow. Take your clothes off.”

He climbs off of him, and the second he’s out of reach, Shane begins stripping himself bare, fumbling over bedsheets as he does it. He toes off his sweatpants, shrugs off his t-shirt, folds them both with trembling hands. Distinctly grateful that he didn’t put his socks back on. One less thing to think about. He hesitates at his briefs, glancing up at Rozanov who stands tall at the end of the bed, watching. At his nod, he slips those off, too. Naked now, he stretches back

out on the bed, humming at the feel of the blankets beneath him. Rozanov swallows so loudly, he can hear it from across the bed.

“So hot,” the man rasps. Shane flushes further. “Good, Hollander. I would have you touch yourself for me—” Shane whimpers high in his throat immediately, and Rozanov smirks as he continues, “-- but that is not what you need right now, is it, дорогой? Come here.”

Shane bends at the waist, up onto his knees, before falling forward to crawl to him. Just like Vegas. He arches, delicate under the warm lights of the hotel room, sure that the shadows show his back dimples. His hips tilt, cock bobbing, dripping onto the bed, as he comes to stop in front of Rozanov, mouth salivating. He’s close enough to touch, but Rozanov didn’t say so yet, and that’s part of this game, too. He waits.

“I want you to get me wet,” Rozanov murmurs, “Like you are wet. Just your mouth on my cock. No hands. Do you understand?” Shane keens, shoving his face forward to nuzzle at the hot bulge in front of him. He sucks in a deep breath, inhaling the heady scent of him. He opens up. Mouths at the fabric, sucking hard where he knows the head is, hoping to God he can get a little taste. It’s not enough. He reaches forward to take it out before remembering himself, and peeks up at Rozanov to see if he notices. Of course, he did. But he only smirks, slipping his own hands down to shove his sweatpants off. Only his briefs in between them. Shane chuffs, craning his neck to suckle at the wet tip leaking through the dark fabric. Rozanov jerks, groaning, hands shooting out to card through dark hair.

“You want it?” He growls, “Come, щенок, put your mouth on me. I know you want it. Do as I say.” Shane moans, toying with the waistband with his teeth, and Rozanov helps him lower it just enough to get his cock out. Immediately, Shane sucks the head between his pillowy lips, tongue easing into the wet slit. They both groan. Shane savors the taste of him, salty and musky and *Ilya* and it’s so, so good. He swirls his tongue around the ridges of his head, under his hood, before slipping down, down, down, until he’s got as much as he can take down his throat. His cock kicks against the bed from the feeling. He doesn’t move to touch himself, doesn’t even undulate his hips like he normally would. Rozanov didn’t say so.

He devotes himself to it. Unsure how long he goes, Shane pays time no mind. He has orders, a mission, Rozanov’s cock in his mouth, red and angry and begging, and he doesn’t need to think about anything anymore. Rozanov mutters in Russian above him, thick fingers slipping through sweaty strands of hair, over the nape of his neck with a heavy grip, down between flexing shoulder blades. Shane groans around him, and the cock in his mouth jerks, spurting salty precum onto the back of his tongue. He sucks it down, swallows over and over to make a tunnel of hot, slick heat. Rozanov snarls, gripping at his hair.

“You tap my thigh if you need me to stop,” Rozanov says firmly, and their eyes meet for a moment, Shane’s gathering tears. “I am going to fuck your throat, now, малыш, щенок, *fuck*—” He rolls his hips forward, forcing his cock further inside, until there’s only the sound of Shane’s saliva squelching with each push. Shane whimpers, cock jerking against the bed, and he squeezes his eyes shut just to focus on the feeling of it. The taste of it. Rozanov moves slow, but deep. Careful to ensure he doesn’t hurt Shane. When he meets no protest, he rumbles out a curse and presses a little more until there’s an audible *click* as his head pushes

past the ring of Shane's tight throat. The man keens, the sound reedy and high and unlike him. Shane echoes it.

"F-Fuck, Holl-an-der—" Rozanov chokes out, pulling out to let Shane catch air. Shane gasps and coughs and jerks back forward, trying to get it back in his mouth. Rozanov groans. He obliges. "Good- is good, fuck, you are so tight for me, so wet, как киска, hm? But better? God. That's right, baby, just like that. Is good for you, hm? Just need my cock in your mouth, to- *ah*— feel better? I give it to you, do not worry. Anytime you want my cock, you have it—"

He holds Shane there for a moment, all the way down, nose pressed to scratchy blond pubes, before he pulls out entirely. Shane gargles on air, sucking it in heavily. His eyes are bleary. Face is splotted red and pink, flushed. His cock is wet, streaking pre all over the bed. Rozanov will have to leave a generous tip for the cleaning crew when he leaves tomorrow. He taps his cock-tip against Shane's puffy lips, smearing saliva and precum and sweat all over him. Shane stares up at him with big brown eyes, looking fuzzy in the head and a little absent.

"Good fucking boy," Rozanov growls. He cups Shane's face between big hands, leaning down to give a sloppy kiss to his dirtied mouth. When he pulls away, Shane sighs lightly, looking pleased. He is pleased. Pleased, but empty.

"Rozy," Shane whispers, pleading. Rozanov grins, patting his cheek lightly. He pushes him back and up a little, onto his knees. Shane follows readily. Rozanov climbs up onto the bed after him, pressing them together from knees to cocks to chests. Shane sags, tucking his nose against Rozanov's sweaty clavicle. He breathes deeply. Rozanov glides blunt nails down feverish skin, smiling teasingly against the side of Shane's face when it makes goosebumps erupt. He presses the heel of his palm heavily against Shane's tummy, just behind where his reddened, begging cock sits. Shane jerks, tightening his abdomen.

"So empty here," Rozanov murmurs low into his ear, "You need my cock, Hollander? I am so big, go so deep. Your greedy hole needs filling, малыш." Shane whimpers, nods, presses his open, salivating mouth against the notch between the man's collarbones. "Yes, I think so, too."

Rozanov pulls back, clutching Shane's jaw to keep him from following after him. He gazes at him for a second, sucking his bottom lip between his teeth, gnawing in thought.

"You will do as I say," He reminds him softly, "And you will repeat after me, when I say it. I want words, Hollander. Understand?" Shane nods. Shifts on his knees. Rozanov leads him onto his back, curling over him, one hand on his jaw and the other still pressed firm over his tummy.

"I understand," Shane answers breathlessly. Rozanov smirks.

"That's right," he murmurs, mostly to himself. He presses harder, firmer, against Shane's tummy. Blunt nails scratch over his happy trail, light dustings of hair leading down to his swollen cock. Shane arches up into it, groaning. "So empty, Hollander, need it so bad, hm? Need me to fill you up?"

Shane groans again, longer, lower, flinging his head back into the pillow. He nods. Rozanov grins, knowing and amused and such an asshole, such an attractive, infuriating asshole.

“Say it,” Rozanov teases. Shane squeezes his eyes shut, and when he doesn’t respond fast enough, the hand slips up and over his cock, pinning it to his tightened abdomen. Shane surges, moaning. “Holl-an-der—” Rozanov coaxes, and Shane acquiesces.

“Want it,” He gasps out, rolling his hips up to try for some sort of friction. Rozanov denies it readily. “Fuck. Okay, okay, yes, I want it, need it, ‘m empty, fill— fuck, *fill me up* you asshole—”

Rozanov laughs, catching him in a filthy kiss. The thing about Rozanov is that he kisses like he fucks, does everything like he fucks. With that intensity that makes Shane’s toes curl – in the rink, in joint interviews, in bed. He focuses everything he has on whatever he’s doing, puts his entire body into it, all his attention pinpointed into this one thing. And when he’s kissing Shane, it’s like they’re playing hockey. Fighting for the first spot, shoving each other down and around, groaning and gasping and clambering to win. Shane loves it.

And Rozanov kisses like he fucks, he really does. He thrusts his tongue into Shane’s mouth, slow and undulating, licking over every corner of his mouth like he wants to taste everything. He sucks Shane’s lips into his mouth, worries with his teeth, bites a little just to hear him react. Presses his hands into him, runs them up his sides, rakes nails over his skin to leave little red lines. He likes to watch Shane squirm.

Rozanov releases him with a nip, snickering when Shane bites back in defiance. “Don’t worry, Hollander. I will give you what you need,” he promises. “You want my fingers? Hm? Or my cock?” Shane swallows thickly, and Rozanov rocks forward to press a quick kiss to his lips. “Or... you want my *tongue*?”

Shane doesn’t have a second to respond before Rozanov is crawling down his body, licking and sucking at heated skin the whole way. He pauses at Shane’s chest, laving his tongue over his nipples until they peak. He pinches the hardened nubs, pressing his grin against each pec when Shane squirms. He grows bored quickly, moving down further until he’s ghosting over Shane’s twitching cock. He tongues at the slit for a moment, and laughs when Shane wheezes like he can’t get air.

“Answer me,” Rozanov urges, looking up at him. Shane gasps for breath, doesn’t answer. His eyes harden a little, narrowing, brows pinching. His lips purse, and he reaches down to grasp Shane’s cock with a vice-like grip, right at the root. Shane surges, knees kicking up, trying to squeeze shut but being stopped by the broad shoulders between them.

“F-uck—” Shane snarls, and Rozanov sneers up at him.

“Answer me, Hollander,” he demands, “or you get nothing. You understand? Be good now, щенок.”

“I— what? Fuck,” Shane blubbers, trying desperately to undulate his hips for friction, for relief, for anything. “Anything, fuck, *anything* Rozanov just fucking do something—”

Rozanov scowls a little, gaze heated, and rolls his wrist. Shane grits his teeth, knees kicking. His thumb flexes, the heel of his palm pressing incessantly against the vein running along the bottom of Shane's dick.

"Your cock!" Shane relents, "Fuck, I ch-choose your cock, Rozy, motherfucker—" Rozanov grins, toothy and mean, and strokes his hand up from root to tip. The movement coaxes a thick bead of precum out. He rolls his palm over the wet slit, spreading the sticky liquid. Shane tips his head back, face pinching wildly, hips jerking into the tight grip and finding no relief. Rozanov pouts mockingly up at him.

"Good fucking boy, Hollander," he grinds out. Shane whimpers.

"You remember my hypothesis? My hypothesis is... you like when I tell you what to do. You want me to order you around. Make you... hm. *Submit*. Yes?" Rozanov waggles his eyebrows up at him, beginning a slow stroking rhythm on his cock. Shane breaks a sweat.

"Yes," Shane rushes out, "Okay. Okay."

"I know," Rozanov soothes, "Is hard. People demand so much of you, do not ask if you want it or like it. Is not fair." Shane swallows, eyes stinging a little at the words. Despite the condescending nature of it, he doesn't feel talked down to, doesn't feel ashamed or mocked. If anything, he feels remarkably seen... given the circumstances. "And then it becomes too much, да? And you need me to help you shut it all off. Help forget."

Shane bites his lip, tears prick at his eyes. Rozanov thumbs at the ridge of his cock, swirling it around the head. He nods, pouty lips. His eyes are softer, but still molten heat and honey brown.

"I know," He hushes when Shane snuffles. "But you did good. You scored a goal, won the game. Called me instead of going to hotel alone. Took nice, hot shower when I told you, ate all your dinner. That's *good*, Hollander."

Shane sags into the bed, letting the words and the feelings wash over him. Rozanov keeps his strokes slow and tight. He drags his palm, tightens at the root and loosens up at the tip, sliding messy fingers over Shane's wet, dripping slit. Shane licks his lips, whimpers. His body is buzzing, lava pooling in his belly, just where his cock sits. He feels breathless, gasping for air over and over. His mouth is flooded with saliva, dripping a little out of the corner of his lips. Rozanov smiles.

"And now you sit here," Rozanov continues, "All spread out, pretty on my bed. You take my cock down your throat, do everything I ask. Beg me for my cock, tell me you are so empty, need filling. Do not worry, *милая штучка*, I will take good care of you."

He releases him, then, and surges up to press a greedy kiss to Shane's slack mouth. He licks up the saliva dripping from his mouth, and they moan into one another, sharing hot air, rumbling chests pinned against one another. He pulls away a little. Forehead to forehead, now, Shane gazes up at him with big, gooey brown eyes. He's teary, mouth open and wet. Rozanov groans deep in his chest.

“Now,” he whispers in their shared air, “I will open you up, first with my tongue, then with my fingers. You will hold your legs up for me, let me do as I please. I will make you feel good, and as reward, you will moan for me. And then I will give you what you really want. Да?”

Shane agrees enthusiastically, cock pulsing in Rozanov’s slowing hold. He remembers himself a little, taking stock of his body and how it feels. Buzzing and warm. Good. So, so good. His head is fuzzy, stuck full with cotton, feeling muffled from his thoughts. A mantra replaces any anxiety, a whiny voice even in his own head, *Ilya Ilya Ilya*. He curls his toes, flexes his fingers, sucks in a deep breath.

“Please,” he braves, “Please, make me feel good. Give it to me. Please.”

Rozanov’s breath hitches audibly between them. He hangs his head down, nosing at Shane’s thundering pulse. It paints a handsome picture for Shane to gaze at; the man’s broad shoulders curving attractively, arching over Shane. His ass – his wonderful, wonderful ass – in clear view. Shane’s cock jumps. Rozanov sighs into his ear, and releases his hold on Shane entirely. They make eye contact.

“Ты уничтожишь меня,” he mumbles, swallowing loudly. Shane’s brows furrow, not understanding. Rozanov hums. “Killing me. Fuck.”

He shimmies down the bed, and Shane does as he was told – he hooks his hands under each knee, curling already-trembling fingers, and holds his legs open just enough for Rozanov to fit between them once more. He goes lower, though, eye-level with Shane’s – with all of it. Shane squeezes his eyes shut for a moment to breathe, prepare, and looks down to watch as Rozanov leans forward and licks at his hole. Shane jerks, a noise punched out of his throat he hasn’t made before. Rozanov pulls back, grinning wildly, eyes going bright and fierce. He bites lightly at the crease between Shane’s ass and his thick, corded thighs. He mumbles something indecipherable, and dives back in, getting to work.

Shane drifts.

It’s so much sensation, new and wet and hot, pressing over him, into him on all sides. He thrashes, head turning this way and that on the pillows, sweat-slick hair mussed. His adam’s apple bobs as he chokes on a whine. Rozanov hums and groans below him, thumbs digging into him so hard Shane swears they’ll leave little bruises. He doesn’t have another game for two weeks, tonight marking the end of the playoffs. No-one will see but him, staring into the mirror, placing his own fingertips where they sit just to feel the sting again.

At some point, his hand laces through Rozanov’s. They clutch at each other, a lifeline. The sound of it is disgusting. Loud, squelching, wet. Rozanov literally slurps at him, sucking on the puffy rim of his hole over and over in pulses until Shane’s voice is cracking in his gasps. They’re not loud, not necessarily. But they’re loud enough. Rozanov snarls against him, and digs his finger in beside his undulating tongue. Shane quakes.

“F-Fuck I- ohmygod–” Shane gasps. Rozanov curls his finger inside, starting a relentless rhythm that has them both groaning. Soon after, he adds a second, then a third, licking at the stretched and sensitive skin where his knuckles meet Shane. “*Roz–*”

Rozanov straightens up, and grins. Shane huffs at the sight of him; he's covered in a sheen of sweat from his curls down to his cock, face literally dripping with saliva and Shane's precum. His eyes are wild like he's in the rink, knocking Shane against the wall just to share his air for a second. He pumps his fingers at a brutal pace, and Shane seizes up, curling into himself.

"I'm- gon' cum I'm gonna cum—" he keens, and erupts into a wail when Rozanov snatches his cock by the root and stops him. His legs lock up, hands releasing his knees to clutch at Rozanov. He digs his nails in, scratching at him, cock weeping in his grip. "*Why*—? Why I was good, Rozanov I was— I—"

"Noo," Rozanov coos, letting Shane push and pull at him. He stops fucking his fingers into him, but holds them there still, deep inside. "No, honey, is not punishment. Very good, you are right. You are so good for me, дорогой, малыш, so good." Shane catches his breath slowly but surely. He snarls up at Rozanov, who meets him steadily.

The man tuts, "I know," and pulls his fingers out entirely. Shane clenches around nothing, tears beading up immediately. "Poor thing," Rozanov croons at him, "Do not cry. I will give you what you need. Breathe, Hollander. There you go." Shane sucks in air until he's got a fixed flow, nodding along until they're both satisfied.

"Please," he begs nonsensibly, "I need it. Need you. Please give it to me."

Rozanov kisses him softly, and reaches for a condom from the bedside table. Shane blabbers out some kind of complaint, but Rozanov tears one off anyway.

"No," he firmly denies, "I would, Hollander. Another time, certainly? But you will not like it after, if I cum in you without one tonight. You are... sensitive right now."

Shane takes it lying down, head too fuzzy to offer any real argument. Rozanov is probably right, anyway.

"Kay," Shane mumbles. Rozanov coos at him again, just the right side of condescending – in that way that he does, that makes Shane's chest fill with indignation and heat and butterflies. Rozanov lowers himself onto Shane, pressing them together from head to toe, and guides his cock into him. Shane sucks him in readily. They moan in sync, Rozanov clutching tightly at any part of him he can get his hands on. Shane returns the feeling tenfold, hands groping him; hair, cheeks, jaw, pressing kisses to his face and whining into his ear while he pushes all the way in.

"Yes— Yes, thank you, thankyou fuck that's— yeah—" Shane blabbers, "Rozy, Ilya, ohmyfuckinggod you're so- deep, you're so fucking big holy shit—"

Rozanov sets a brutal rhythm. It's long and slow, inching all the way in and then all the way out. Each thrust punches the air out of Shane's lungs, and he sucks it back in with a gasp every time he pulls away again. At this angle, his cockhead hits that spongy spot deep inside Shane every time. Shane's body jolts without permission, and Rozanov growls Russian words and English curses into his ear every time he feels it.

Soon enough, the pressure builds hard and fast, and Rozanov speeds up. The incessant *slap slap slap* of skin against skin fills the room. It's hot and sticky between them. Shane gags on his own moans, nails raking into Rozanov's back, leaving angry marks. Rozanov snarls, face pinching, and he leans down to nip at Shane's pecs, mouthing at his peaked nipples, laving his filthy tongue all over Shane's neck.

"You do as I say, yes?" He rasps. Shane nods wildly, hardly hearing, brain numb with feeling. "Yes, you do. You will. We will— fuck, we will prove my hy-po-the-sis—" He cuts off with a groan. "Like this, see? Hollander, you listen? I will c-count down, and when I say so, you will cum for me."

Shane mewls against him. Rozanov's hips speed up to an uncompromising pace. His hand snatches Shane's chin, directly his attention.

"*Shane*," Rozanov purrs, "You ready, щенок? You going to cum all over yourself for me? I don't even have to touch you. Can— *ah*— I can just put my tongue in you, taste your greedy hole for myself. Stick my cock in you, fill you up, make you *happy*. Is all you need. Just me, hm? I'll make it all better, Hollander. Turn your brain off. Just get you all wet and filthy, fill you up, your mouth, your hole—"

Shane sobs, cock jerking, and Rozanov presses their open, gasping mouths together. He licks into him, sucking on his tongue. Bites at already bitten lips. He pulls back and watches.

"When I say, you cum. Hm? You ready, baby?" Shane nods, thrashes, cock leaking like a faucet, smearing precum between their tensing bellies. Rozanov shoves deep inside him, deep, as deep as he can get, his cock-slit crushing that perfect spot inside Shane. They groan in unison.

"*Cum*, Shane—" Rozanov grinds out, and Shane—

Shane does. Immediately. His body seizes, head tossing back. He keens, throat spent from whining and groaning, wheezing out what would've been a moan. His cock kicks and spurts, rope after rope of cum splattering between them. His hole tightens, a vice, around Rozanov's cock, and he follows suit within a second. Legs going numb, falling limp on either side, spreading wide hips open to let Rozanov rest on him. He pulls out slowly, pressing kisses to Shane's face, his neck, his chest as he goes.

Shane goes a little empty.

He floats. Maybe only a few moments, though it could be longer. Time disappears, everything disappears. It's just him. The buzzing under his skin is long gone, and the tide has disappeared entirely. He floats, warm and sated. Safe. Hands grasp him, move him, clean him up. There's kisses pressed here and there, featherlight and gently over his fluttering eyelids. Another kiss to his lips. Something is put to his lips, not soft like Ilya – water, dripping into his mouth, cold and delicious. Something damp laves over him, taking away the stickiness. He's dressed. Placed under the covers. He floats.

He comes back to Rozanov propped up beside him, changing the channel. His hair is still mussed from Shane's groping hands, but he's dry from sweat and the many other fluids from

the night. He's shirtless, warm shoulder against Shane's. Shane blinks at him. Leans over. Tucks himself into the crevice of his arm, and is welcomed readily.

"Hello," Rozanov greets him softly, "Is better now?"

Shane nods. Doesn't bother finding words. They sit for a long time like that; episodes go by, Rozanov flicking between channels when he gets tired of the ads. He puts a water bottle in Shane's hands, watches him drink the entire thing with a critical eye. Shane downs an apple sauce pouch that mysteriously appears on the bed. Doesn't even complain when Rozanov hands him a chocolate bar ("*you need glucose, Holl-an-der-*") and a bag of Lays chips ("*yes, I know, not so healthy. Blah blah blah. Just eat.*")

Eventually, he stops drifting entirely. He comes back to himself in waves, not unlike that tide, but he feels different this time. Grounded. Anchored from the churning sea. Rozanov notices, like he notices everything about Shane. Knocks their arms together. Shane quirks a smile his way.

"What happened?" Rozanov murmurs after awhile. At Shane's hesitation, he shrugs. "You do not have to say. It is personal, I am sure. I just... would like to help, if I can. Easier to help if I understand."

Shane stares at him for a moment long enough to turn the air uncomfortable. Finally, he turns back to the TV. The Loud House theme song plays on low volume.

"For the record, I haven't gotten that bad in years," he starts. Rozanov startles, evidently having expected to be met with more silence. "I... have these days. Used to be weeks, really. Weeks on end where everything was wrong, like my body was too small to fit all of me inside. When I was little, um, it was all the time. I didn't really get it. My mom took me to the doctor, one day, because I'd just finished hockey practice and the coach had said I did really good, but I'd cried the whole way home in the car. She was all worried, I guess. 'Cause I wouldn't let her touch me, and I—"

He swallows. Shakes his head. "The doctor said it was autism. Well, actually, at the time the official diagnosis was 'Asperger's Syndrome', but they don't say that anymore. It's autism now." He peaks over to look at Rozanov, who watches him patiently. He doesn't look surprised. Shane isn't surprised he's not surprised. "It took some getting used to. The term, I mean, not the— not living with it. I've always lived with it, obviously. But sometimes, like this past week, I get sort of overwhelmed, I guess. Overstimulated. Sometimes something sets it off, sometimes it just comes out of nowhere and I'm hyper-sensitive."

They sit with that for a moment. Rozanov hums, and leans over to press a surprisingly tender kiss to his temple.

"I figured," he offers gently. Shane sighs. "Is not what you want to hear, I am sure. I knew there was something a little different with you. Not a bad thing. But you fold your clothes before you let me fuck you, and you have same gross smoothie every morning, and you are boring." He shrugs. Shane snorts. They smile at each other.

“Is not a bad thing,” Rozanov repeats, quieter, “But I am sorry you have to deal with it. I am...” He swallows heavily. “I am glad you called me. I want to help.”

Shane flushes pink, inexplicably pleased. Rozanov hums, tilting his head a little.

“Sometimes I have off days, too,” he confesses quietly, “Is... депрессия?” Shane recognizes the pronunciation, pouting as he thinks. *Depressiya*. Depression? Their eyes meet, and he’s sure that’s what Rozanov meant. Brown eyes look imploringly at him, expectant and sort of nervous, and Shane offers him a smile.

“Yeah?”

Rozanov nods.

“Yeah.”

They sit that way for a moment. The TV clicks, the Loud House hour ending and RugRats coming on instead.

“I’m sorry, too,” Shane offers. Rozanov nods.

With the warm, dim lights of the hotel room surrounding them, the soft jeers of laughter coming from the TV, and the hum of cars buzzing by outside, Shane curls into himself under the comforter. Rozanov is a furnace beside him – a comforting presence. Shane’s brain goes quiet, his muscles relaxing entirely, nearly numb as they fade from his notice. He falls asleep.

Tomorrow will be a better day.

End Notes

дорогой -- sweetheart

малыш -- baby

щенок -- puppy

Хороший мальчик -- good boy

Хорошо -- good

милая штучка -- cute little thing (literal translation) ; sweet thing

Я всегда приду, когда ты позовешь -- I will always come when you call

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