something told me to come

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by Tizniz

Summary

"Hollander." Rozanov says, voice quiet to match the atmosphere.

Swallowing, Shane curls his fingers towards his palms, hiding the shaking there. "Rozanov."

"It is late."

"Yeah."

"Why are you in gym?"

"Why are *you*?"

Rozanov shrugs, a casual little thing, "Something told me to come."

Notes

Hellllllo

This is not the oldest of my hoarded stories but the other two are sadder or really heavy and I just didn't wanna put that in the world today. So you get this little thing I wrote not long ago.

As the tags say, the boys are still in their fuck buddies stage, and it's some random All-Star game, but let's be real: these two are in love haha

I just adore them. Hence why I keep posting and writing about them. I'm obsessed. It's a problem. I never want to get rid of it.
Ha, just like Ilya and his 'problem'.

Anyways.

ENJOY!!!!!!!!

See the end of the work for more notes

Shane rolls onto his back, releases a long breath of air, and wills his brain to *shut the fuck up*.

It had been running non stop since he went to bed...two hours ago, according to his phone, which is too bright in the dark room and makes him squint.

God, tomorrow is going to suck if he can't fall asleep. And with how things are going, he has a feeling that he isn't going to fall asleep anytime soon. Shane's fingers itch towards his phone again, a brief surge of desperation nearly having him text Rozanov and asking him to come fuck Shane so hard that he passes out from exhaustion.

But Shane doesn't give into that. Because he can't. He and Rozanov are...nothing. They're nothing. Even though Shane's heart had been beating like crazy when he'd caught those hazel eyes from across the hotel lobby. Shane had to apologize to the nice receptionist checking him in for the All-Star Weekend since he had heard absolutely none of what she'd said, too distracted by the sight of Rozanov.

They aren't playing on the same team, again, this year. Which is good. At least, Shane thinks it is. Sure, he'd love to experience playing with Rozanov instead of against for once, but this is better. Less distracting.

Shane groans and throws an arm over his face; he just wants to sleep. He needs to sleep. He's got a skate in the morning. And a workout. And then there will be some media that his mom has set up. All of which will go a whole lot better if Shane could just sleep.

When he checks his phone a little while later and sees it's been another half an hour of no sleep, Shane finally gives up and climbs out of bed. He throws on a hoodie and some shorts, shoves his keycard into his pocket, and slips out of his room.

He passes no one as he makes his way down the gym. Not surprising. It's the middle of the night. Too late for even the partiers to be awake.

The gym is quiet too, but different from the stiffness of the hallways that Shane had walked through to get here. It's a comfortable quiet that has Shane's shoulders dropping. He takes a seat on one of the benches by the weights, stares at them and wonders how much he should lift. Or maybe cardio would be better. Anything to tire himself out.

But he *is* tired, is the problem. His body is screaming at him to go back upstairs, climb into bed, and go the fuck to sleep.

It's his brain that's the problem. It won't shut up.

Shane sighs, rubs his face, and tries to focus. He can do a few sets. Won't hurt him. Maybe it'll satisfy that cruel little voice in his head long enough for him to sleep.

Before he can even reach for one of the weights though, the gym door glides open and another body steps in.

He knows instantly, without having to look, that it's Rozanov. But Shane finds himself looking anyway, eyes sliding across the floor towards a pair of feet clad in slides, up legs that give way to thighs he's far too familiar with, covered by a pair of shorts similar to Shane's. After that is a torso and broad chest, hidden behind a blank tank top, a golden cross resting in the center, before Shane's eyes find a face he cannot get out of his head. Hazel eyes catch his and Shane can't look away.

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Swallowing, Shane curls his fingers towards his palms, hiding the shaking there. "Rozanov."

"It is late."

"Yeah."

"Why are you in gym?"

"Why are *you*?"

Rozanov shrugs, a casual little thing, "Something told me to come."

Longing stabs Shane in the chest; was Rozanov here for him? No. Surely not. Because how would he know Shane was here?

"I couldn't sleep." Shane confesses, his voice sounding small to his ears. There's no way Rozanov doesn't catch it too. "I thought..." He shrugs, more jerky than Rozanov's. "I dunno."

"But you are tired." Rozanov states, doesn't question, a tiny frown on his lips. "You look ready to fall over."

How the fuck is it Rozanov can always read Shane so easily? It's not fucking fair.

"Ah," Rozanov says before Shane can comment, and he's stepping closer to where Shane is sitting, stopping when the tips of the toes of their shoes barely touch, "Your mind." He taps Shane in the middle of the forehead, "It is not being quiet, is it?"

And just like any time before, Shane finds himself unable to resist answering. He shakes his head, "Too loud."

Rozanov clicks his tongue against the back of his teeth, "We will fix then."

"I'm not...I just..." Shane tries to get words to work as Rozanov takes hold of his hand, prying his fingers back from his palm so their fingers slot together. He's pulled to his feet. "I

mean..."

"We are not having sex, Hollander." Rozanov says, already leading Shane out of the gym. "I will not have you fall asleep while I'm fucking you." He keeps his voice to barely a whisper, their joined hands hidden between them as they walk towards the elevator. There's no one to see them. Shane doesn't pull away.

Somehow, Shane isn't surprised when Rozanov pushes on the button for Shane's floor. Of course he knows where Shane is staying.

As the elevator carries them upwards, Rozanov turns towards Shane and reaches into Shane's pocket, sliding the keycard out that he somehow knew was there. Because he knows Shane, as much as either of them try to deny it.

"We go to your room, because you will have it set up to your liking."

Shane finds himself blinking away tears. He nods. The first thing he did upon entering was make the necessary adjustments to the hotel room so he could be comfortable. Or as comfortable as he could be in a place that isn't his. How the fuck did Rozanov know that? He mentally shakes his head. He literally just thought about how Rozanov knows Shane. Of course he figured out Shane would set up his hotel room to his liking.

The Russian just smiles and leans in, kissing Shane swiftly and sweetly, pulling back as the doors slide open. It's a bit of a surprising move, considering they don't typically kiss like that. Although, they also don't do…whatever this is that they're doing right now. Shane doesn't think he and Rozanov have ever met up and *not* had sex.

Shane goes silently when Rozanov leads him down the hall and towards Shane's room. Says nothing as the door is unlocked and they enter the dimly lit room, only the glow of the one corner lamp providing them with a little bit of light.

"Okay." Rozanov says, kicking his shoes off and using his toes to straighten them next to Shane's. He's done that since near the beginning. Shane only had to tell him once and then the other time Rozanov said he made a face and so he does it every time now. Shane's shared a room with Hayden for *years* and is his best friend and has never done that with his shoes. Shane doesn't linger on that thought.

"Lie down."

Shane blinks at Rozanov, then glances down at their hands, something twisting in his chest as he lifts his gaze once more. He doesn't want to let go of Ilya's hand. It's so stupid. He can survive without holding the man's hand. Does every day, after all. But tonight…tonight, he can't.

Just like how he can't think how he shifted from considering the man *Rozanov* to *Ilya* in a matter of one single glance.

Ilya is already smiling at him, "I am coming too, *malysh*. Do not worry."

The thing in Shane's chest loosens and disappears. He turns and heads for the bed, relieved that Ilya follows, their hands still joined.

Climbing into bed is a bit awkward, simply because Shane refuses to let go of Ilya's hand. He doesn't know why. He can't explain why. But he thinks he's maybe a little scared that Ilya will disappear if he does.

What if this is all some dream or hallucination that Shane's overtired mind has produced?

They get settled into a comfortable position though, Ilya's arms wrapped around Shane with teir joined hands resting against Shane’s chest. Ilya’s own chest is pressed to Shane's back, their legs tangled together. Shane's body melts into the embrace and bed.

"Better?" Ilya asks, voice a low rumble in Shane's ear.

"Mmm." Shane hums in reply, eyes drooping closed. He can't quite reply with words, finding himself already drifting off.

Ilya's chest vibrates against Shane's back with laughter. There's a featherlight press of lips to the spot behind Shane's ear. "Sleep, *malysh*. I am here now."

Shane falls asleep within seconds.

love you.

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