

I know I look soft (I'd rather have you set me off)

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by [caumet](#)

Summary

Before Shane loses his nerve, he goes to give the water back to Rozanov. This time, when Rozanov intentionally puts his fingers over Shane's own, his senses come alive. It heats him up from the inside. This overwhelming urge to touch, to kiss, to be touched.

He wanted Rozanov to touch him.

Or: the one where Shane is tired of being boring.

Notes

Ahhhh!!! I have not written anything for years, but these two motherfuckers got me good.

I haven't felt this way about something since One Direction back in the 2010s HELP.

Part of me is just glad I'm not alone in my yaoi psychosis!

Anyway, here's my extremely self-indulgent take on Shane and Ilya, and the happenings on draft day. Shane is OOC, like I said, very self-indulgent here. I go pretty much play-by-play with the dialogue while they're flirting on the gym floor.

Any Russian dialogue that I use will be written in **** bold ****. I had it in Russian originally, but this made my brain feel better, with the flow of everything.

The title is from Take it! Take it! by Yaeger.

Thank you to my beautiful gf for reading this for me and tolerating my almost life-absorbing obsession with these two men. Thank you for the support - I love you.

I was also listening to [this playlist](#) that I made for Shane and Ilya while writing!!

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

Shane lies awake, very aware that he should be sleeping. His eyes roam around the room. He doesn't find anything of interest, not really. He pulls at the fingers on his left hand, not harshly, not to hurt; he wanted to ground himself somehow. There's a painting across the room, it invokes feelings of whimsy, or Shane guesses it's supposed to. He doesn't know shit about art. It looks nice on the wall, though. The clock beside his bed keeps ticking on.

Something won't settle in his chest; it's restless. Something is calling him away. His nerves feel frayed, picked apart by his own hands; his anxiety. He can't get the edges to stick back together, no matter how much or how hard he tries to. It's like he's a live-wire, skin crawling with this feeling that he can't quite name.

He knows part of it is because of Ilya Rozanov. Because of course it is. It's not like he's been basically obsessing over him since they met each other. (Even before.) Shane had found himself keeping track of his stats, watching games he wasn't even really interested in, and even watching fucking *interviews*. It was an all-encompassing *thing* that he couldn't shake.

Rozanov's play is captivating- something that Shane won't ever completely understand. It's not the way he would play, literally *ever*. But there's something about it that's really intriguing. Not only watching it happen, but being a part of it. On the receiving end of the chirps, the violence. Seeing the grin in real time, watching Rozanov skate circles around everyone else, just like he does.

Shane isn't the one to pick fights or taunt; he keeps his head down, and he uses his knowledge of the game to keep his edge. Of course, he sends players against the boards; that's just the nature of the game. But he only does it when he needs to get what he wants, when the violence is necessary. Rozanov, it seems, always deemed it so.

Shane tells himself that all of this is because he wants to win. He has to remind himself of this fact fairly often. But he's unsure of why he needs so much reassurance. He just wants to figure Rozanov out, learn him from the inside out. So he can win. Of course, it's so he can win.

Shane is famously known for being unsociable; he is painfully aware of the fact. But back in Saskatchewan, back at that game... He felt like he just *had* to introduce himself. Not only because they were literally the two most watched players for the NHL picks, but because... *Why did he want to talk to him so badly?* What had been going through his head? He presses his palms to his eyes. Something inside him is screaming, but he can't really be bothered to listen. (He doesn't want to.)

The reality of it is that he does know why. Knows more about himself than he lets on. Shane sometimes lets himself wonder if that fucking smirk is as delicious as it looks. There's this itch under his skin that he feels like he won't ever be brave enough to scratch. He feels like he's too *boring* to do it.

When Rozanov, all those months ago, had shaken his hand after that devastating loss. Grabbed tighter and leaned in, cocky half smile and stupid accent so close to his face his breath almost hitched. It felt like something cracked inside him. He was sure he was just

gawking like an idiot. Rozanov had raised an eyebrow at him in slight question. But the moment was so fleeting, Rozanov's gaze was pulled from him. Shane had only mourned the loss for a second.

Something settled in the back of his mind that day. Something dangerous, hot, and simmering. A feeling that he hasn't been able to shake since. Something toeing the line of desire... and *need*. It settles with the tension in his shoulders; he feels it when he pops his neck, crackling under the skin along the column of his throat, dragging across the skin of his chest with a flush. That same fucking itch he doesn't think he'll be able to scratch. At least not on his own. *Fuck*.

He runs a hand through his hair, hoping that will bring some relief to this... mess in his head. It doesn't. (It almost never does.) He rolls his eyes, pinching the bridge of his nose, and knows what he needs to do. He's so predictable and *boring*. He can always relax when he's in the gym. It's been a comfort throughout the years... A way to get away from everyone (everything). Midnight trips to hotel gyms where not every single part of him is managed. He takes a deep breath.

He gets ready almost mechanically, like he's done a thousand times before. (He has.) The hotel room feels much bigger than it is, in this moment. He thinks his skin feels too tight for his body. It's like something is about to burst from his chest. He kind of feels like screaming, and he can't quite put a finger on a singular thing that's causing it. (Other than Ilya Rozanov.) (Why is it always him?) He pulls his socks on, and then his athletic wear. Finishing off his routine like he always does with his sneakers. He grabs his phone and room key, and he leaves.

He finds his way to the gym fairly easily. It helps that he always gets a room on the same floor, exactly for situations like this one. Shane finds that he often needs to unwind after long days, whether it's his mother, the media, or just *everything*. He takes a deep breath as he uses his key card to open the door. His feet led him to the treadmill. It's how he starts every workout, a decent warm-up, easy. He puts in his earbuds just after he steps onto the machine. Presses play on his workout playlist, turning the machine on and starting at a walk to wake up his muscles.

He considers increasing the incline, wondering what speed he should choose. His lips purse in thought, debating. He knows his body pretty well, knows what will relax him. But there's that *edge* under his skin that brought him down here. Makes him unsure of himself. Trying not to dwell on it too long, he chooses his options and begins at a slower jog.

A few minutes pass, and he cranks up the speed a bit, so now he's running. Nothing crazy yet, but a speed he would go normally if he were doing his daily 6 am run. He breathes into it, trying to tune out of everything, even the music. He wants to let go of reality, just for a fucking *minute*. So he breathes and feels his body running, the pull of his muscles, his sneakers hitting the machine. He feels his skin beginning to sweat. It feels like relief. A routine, something he knows. When this day could have gone literally *any* other way and turned out better. Shane knows this; *is* this.

In his peripheral vision, he notices movement. He lets the presence roll off his shoulders, trying to recenter himself. However, Shane's eyes always seem to follow that motherfucker.

So, of course, it's Ilya Rozanov. Walking into this gym. That Shane's in. At exactly... Shane looks at his phone, 1:07 am. Oh, and then he steps up on the treadmill *right* next to Shane. And he's super normal about this situation. And his train of thought is normal about this, too. He swallows hard, debating whether he should look over at Rozanov or not.

His common sense loses that battle, and he glances over. And *fuck*.

There he is, Ilya Rozanov. Right there. Right beside him. He gives Shane a quick nod and then starts to run. Shane turns away from him, looking ahead. Tries not to let his pace falter. He attempts to ignore the man beside him. Because they're both just running to let off some steam at one in the morning. That's it, and this isn't weird at all.

And then it feels like Rozanov is trying to match his speed and run faster than him. Shane wants to roll his eyes and maybe also scream. Because what the fuck? (Obviously, he's going to outrun Rozanov. Obviously.) Rozanov doesn't even look at him as he increases the speed on the machine, just a bit faster than Shane's own speed. Shane, despite himself, *has* to increase his speed. He's petty and competitive, what can he say?

Rozanov is now sporting a smile, shaking his head, increasing the speed on his machine just slightly over Shane's pace. They exist like this for a moment, Rozanov waiting for Shane to catch him, smirk on his face. This time, Shane does roll his eyes, shaking off a laugh as he increases his own speed again.

He does not outrun Rozanov.

In the aftermath, Shane almost literally collapses from the effort he used during that run. He essentially rips out his earbuds, dropping them and his phone both on the floor beside him with a clatter. Sweat drips down his brow; he feels it trickle down the side of his face, too. Feels it everywhere, really. His entire body feels wet. It would honestly be gross, but it's better than this happening *under* a hockey uniform, so he'll take it. He licks his lips and tastes salt. He wants to flop to the floor. But he sits up like a normal person. Shane thinks he curses, but he isn't sure; his pulse is thrumming through his head. He thinks he did, because as Rozanov sits down across from him, he lets out a laugh.

Rozanov is breathing hard, the sound of it bouncing around the room. The sound of Shane's own harsh, almost panting, mingles with it. They're both sitting with their legs spread out in front of them. Rozanov's shoe is close to touching Shane's ankle. He doesn't know why that matters, but it does, it *really* does. Shane looks at Rozanov, stupid fucking smirk on his face, nursing his waterbottle. Damn it, that's what Shane had forgotten. He didn't bring his water with him. Then again, he wasn't really *planning* to have a weird running competition with the man who got first pick in the draft instead of *him*. Ugh.

"What a fucking day, huh?" Rozanov says, breaking the almost silence, his head falls back onto the machine behind him as he catches his breath. He's impossibly attractive. (The vibrato of his voice isn't really helping right now, either.) Shane hopes he's schooling his expression well enough as to *not* let Rozanov know that he's thinking about that. But by the way Shane's eyes are starting to wander a bit... he's not sure how inconspicuous he's being right now. He swallows. He thinks he mumbles something of a 'yeah, totally' back to him. Trying to cover any nervousness with a half-hearted laugh.

Then Rozanov decides to run a hand through his hair, and Shane follows the motion more intently than he thought he would want to. Rozanov seemed so... effortlessly masculine and beautiful; it was something Shane envied. It was something he just... wasn't. He can feel himself blushing, and hopes that the flush to his skin could be blamed on the impromptu race that they just had. He tries to hide it anyway, finding a new interest in the floor.

After another moment, Rozanov speaks again.

"Was it everything you dreamed of?"

Shane finds his nerve again, looking up from the floor and finding Rozanov's face easily.

"Almost."

Rozanov does this almost bitchy expression, tilting his head to the side and shrugging, mouth caught in a half smile.

"I'm sorry." The smile spreads across his lips fully as he takes another drag from his water bottle. Eyes never leaving Shane.

"No, you're not," Shane says, a half-laugh caught in his throat, almost subdued, but not quite. After another breath, Rozanov speaks again.

"Montreal is nice, yes?"

"Yeah, it's awesome."

"Boston is nice, too?"

"Yeah. I mean, I think so." Shane pauses a moment, "People like it there."

Rozanov nods. He then taps Shane's ankle with the bottom of his sneaker.

Shane's eyes follow the movement, suddenly very aware of his body and where he is, and *who* just touched him. He swallows the lump forming in his throat. That feeling under his skin is back with a force he almost can't handle. He feels his heart beat turn more into a staccato once again. He feels scrambled, like he's three feet to the left. He cannot believe this is affecting him this much. It was just a fucking *nudge* on the fucking *ankle*. What is he? A fucking colonial woman?

"We will uh.. We will be seeing a lot of each other."

Shane's brain comes back to earth.

"Oh. Yeah. Boston and Montreal play against each other often."

Rozanov takes a long pull from his water bottle, and Shane is telling himself that he's only staring at how his throat worked because he's missing his own water bottle. He doesn't realize that he's staring until Rozanov's Adam's apple comes to a halt. His lips dark, wet, and

glistening. The corners of his mouth quirked up a bit, and Rozanov extended his arm, shaking the water bottle for Shane to take.

At first, Shane waves him off. Sort of embarrassed that he had been caught. But Rozanov insists, looking at him expectantly, still shaking the bottle. Shane concedes, nodding. He reaches out for the bottle. As he's grabbing it, Rozanov's fingers catch on his own. Shane could swear it was intentional. It makes his breath catch. He's trying with all his might not to be affected by it.

Shane brings the bottle up to his lips, then, thinking better of it, he starts squirting water into his mouth. Rozanov's eyes do not leave him for a moment. He stops drinking, about to hand the water bottle back. His gaze, not for the first time tonight, fell to Rozanov's lips. And just under his heavy breath, Shane hears it.

“More.”

It strikes something in Shane, some cord he probably knew about but hadn't put a name to. A heat simmers low in his chest, unfurling into something almost unbearable. He feels frozen inside himself. Trapped under Rozanov's gaze. He feels like he's under a microscope, but he *wants* to be looked at. *Wants* Rozanov to analyze him, *wants* to do what he says.

He looks into Rozanov's eyes, then down to his mouth, then back up again. He blinks several times, hyper aware of everything he's doing. His cheeks grow impossibly warmer, flush probably creeping down his neck. The air thickens around them- tension extending to the point of fragility, where anything could snap it. Everything inside him felt like it was vibrating.

Shane watches Rozanov intently as he follows the soft command. Squirting water into his mouth once again. He swears he saw Rozanov's eyes darken slightly at his obedience. It makes him want to squirm. He's starting to breathe harder again, slightly. Shane hopes Rozanov doesn't notice.

There are some moments in Shane's life where it feels like everything zooms out. Where he's looking down on himself, and everything seems much bigger than it is. This is definitely one of them. He thinks of a time several weeks ago when he was watching one of Rozanov's post-game interviews. Of course, Shane was brought up; he almost always is at some point. Rozanov was always so nonchalant and almost always cocky during those interviews. He can't remember the question, but he knows Rozanov had answered truthfully, and most agreed with him: Shane Hollander was boring. The way he played hockey could be dull; not always predictable, but *boring*.

His thoughts venture into dangerous territory, places where he hasn't quite braved before. Letting his mind cross a boundary that he clearly set with himself. He looks Rozanov up and

down. His legs are open, and Shane finally lets himself look down. And *fuck*.

Shane decides he no longer wants to be boring.

His breath hitches as he looks into Rozanov's eyes. There's an emotion Shane can't place swimming in them. If Shane were to guess, he might say it was *desire*.

Before Shane loses his nerve, he goes to give the water back to Rozanov. Their eyes still won't leave each other. Maybe it's Shane's competitive nature, but he refuses to look away first. This time, when Rozanov intentionally puts his fingers over Shane's own, his senses come alive. This unnamed feeling feels like it's burning Shane alive, starting in his chest and moving throughout his entire body. This overwhelming urge to touch, to kiss, to *be* touched.

He wanted Rozanov to touch him.

Maybe he needed him to.

Shane doesn't let go of the water bottle.

Rozanov pulls, but when the bottle doesn't come willingly, his eyes shoot up to meet Shane's. Eyebrows raised in question, mouth open slightly in what seems like surprise. And Shane just *looks* at him. He feels like he's about to explode. He hopes he can ask the question without having to ask it. That Rozanov will *know*.

They are trapped in this stasis for a moment. The seconds feel like hours, the intensity of Rozanov's gaze is so penetrating, and he feels so *exposed*. Shane feels so out of his element; this is so *not* something he does. He briefly wonders what Rozanov thinks of him now. Wonders *what* he's thinking. The tension is so heightened that the air feels almost electric.

Shane feels like a fish out of water- literally and figuratively, breathing harder now. Rozanov's eyes are filled with something that Shane *still* can't quite name. It's infuriating. He's sure that he has the same look in his own eyes. *Desperate. Needy. Wanting*. Shane's eyes don't leave Rozanov's, not for a moment, and he *pulls*.

It's like a switch flipped in both of them, an electric shock emitting from their fingertips. The tension snaps in such a way that Shane feels like the moment was cracked in two. Then and now. Shane isn't actually sure who moved first. If Rozanov actually took his invitation, or if Shane was already moving. Shane didn't know; he didn't fucking care.

They meet in the middle, water bottle thrown to the side, lips colliding almost violently. It starts with all teeth and tongue, lips following the borderline primal desire that Shane feels bubbling inside him. Rozanov's hands are on him, one on the side of his face, thumb near the corner of Shane's mouth, the other on his bicep, steadying him. The skin in both places feels like it's on fire. They're both sitting up on their knees, leaning into one another. Shane breathes into the kiss, wanting to map out Rozanov's mouth with his tongue.

Shane is very unsure of where to put his hands. He's never felt so pent up and needy in his life; it's never been like this with women; he's never felt like his whole fucking body was an

exposed nerve. He repeats to himself once again that he no longer wants to be boring. He wants to *touch*, to feel. So he *does*.

It's like relief when his hands move up Rozanov's back, up his nape, fingers in his curls, Rozanov's groan in response as Shane's fingers dig into his scalp. His hands are in a frenzy; he needs to touch him everywhere. Shane finds his biceps, his large shoulders, the hard muscle under very curious fingertips. His senses feel like they're in overdrive, but suddenly, Rozanov isn't as steady, following Shane's lead. His hands wander, feverish in nature, seemingly on a quest to touch every inch of Shane's skin he can get to. And Shane wouldn't mind that at all.

Shane moans into the kiss, Rozanov's tongue hot and heavy against his own. Teeth barely grazing Shane's bottom lip. He shivers, feeling like a live wire. Rozanov's hands slide up underneath Shane's sweat-soaked shirt, hands over his abs, chest, fingers eventually brushing over one of his nipples.

Shane lets out a desperate sort of noise, ending on a moan. He feels embarrassment pool in his stomach, but clearly, Rozanov is just encouraged by the sound.

He pulls Shane impossibly closer, hands on his waist. They're now pushed flush against each other, chest to thigh. Rozanov licks into Shane's mouth, desperate, yet languid in his movements. Shane wants to suck on his tongue. He feels the pressure of Rozanov's clothed, hard cock against his hip; just as Rozanov changes his grip on him, almost bruising. Shane stutters out a gasp, parting from Rozanov for just a moment. Their eyes meet, and their breaths mingle in the limited space between them, hot and wanting. Rozanov licks his lips; Shane follows the movement intently.

"Very eager, yes?" Rozanov is teasing, and Shane rolls his eyes.

"Fuck off," He whispers back.

Rozanov claims his mouth again, it's fierce and full of need. Shane moans at the sensation of Rozanov's tongue on his own.

Shane's hands are doing anything they can to get Rozanov closer to him, hand on the back of his neck, fingers in his hair. He finds himself wanting to *pull*. So he does.

The noise that leaves Rozanov's throat is so guttural and full of want that Shane almost explodes. It drives him so close to the edge that he doesn't know what to do. So he breathes hard through his nose and puts his hands against Rozanov's chest to signal what he wants- what he *needs*. He's desperately trying to get Rozanov to the floor. He needs to be on top of him, needs to feel him everywhere. Feeling brave, he pushes him back. Rozanov makes a surprised noise but goes down gracefully. When he settled, he looked at Shane expectantly. Shane, in all his grace, clambers on top of Rozanov just after. Knees bracketing the sides of Rozanov's hips.

"**Shit**, Hollander." Rozanov is breathing hard, looking up at Shane as his hands find his hips once again. Shane thinks that might have been a curse. He barely even heard it, but it's so hot that Shane is almost dizzy with need.

Rozaov's hands find his ass, and Shane isn't as embarrassed as he should be about the noise he lets out. He's finding that he doesn't really give a shit about anything other than the feeling of Rozanov touching him. Long fingers digging into the meat of his ass, mouth open and needy, watching Shane on top of him. Wants him to *know* how insane this is, that he's making Shane so desperate, so fucking *needy*. Reducing him to a whining mess. Rozanov could take whatever he wanted, and Shane would *let him*. *Wanted* Rozanov to be greedy. *Needed* him to be. *Take it. Take it.*

He's pulling Rozanov impossibly closer, hands on the side of his face, kissing him harder. His hips twitch, cock grinding against Rozanov's hip. And *fuck*. His thoughts stutter to a stop, if they were even coherent in the first place. He's never been more turned on in his life, and he's so needy, wants and wants and wants and-

He grinds his hips intentionally this time, and Rozanov lets out an almost feral noise that makes Shane slip off the edge even more. (If that's even possible- he thinks he may be free-falling, actually). He experiments with rolling his hips harder, drunk off of Rozanov's moans. Shane moans back into his mouth when he finds a rhythm, seeking more friction. He starts to lose himself in it, hands on Rozanov's shoulders for balance, desperate for anything more. Rozanov meets his gaze, sweat still on his brow, and Shane licks his lips. He wants to lick the bead of sweat slowly making its way down Rozanov's neck. So he does, he's *hungry* for it.

"Fuck, Hollander, **sweetheart**." His voice is scratchy, like he just woke up, and Shane eats it up; he wants more of it. He knows he can't leave marks- or maybe he can. He doesn't know, but he *bites*. He feels the groan Rozanov lets out through his entire body. Sets him off like a stick of dynamite. Still rolling his hips, aching for more. He leans down, capturing Rozanov's mouth in his own again, biting down on his lip *hard*. He doesn't know what he needs, knows it's more, but he doesn't know how to get it. He's praying that Rozanov gets the message.

Rozanov hisses at the bite and reads Shane like an open book, clumsily flipping them over so Shane's back is hitting the cool ground. It knocks the breath out of him, slightly. Shane doesn't mind this *at all*. He's surprised the clumsy maneuver he attempted even worked; some shoddy signal that Rozanov seemed to understand- even when Shane almost didn't himself.

Shane thinks he's smiling, he's not sure, and he's not really aware of himself. All his mind is supplying is *Rozanov Rozanov Rozanov*-

With Rozanov on top of him, he opens his eyes. (He doesn't really remember closing them.) And he's a sight, indeed. Breathing heavy, eyes wide, wild, and pupils blown out with lust, his hands move. Shane is shivering with need. One hand grips his hip once again, and the other reaches up to pin his arms above his head. Which- why is that so hot? He whimpers at the contact, almost inaudible, but Rozanov definitely hears it, judging by the smirk on his face.

"Okay?" Rozanov's voice is softer than Shane would have imagined in this moment. His mind reels, the juxtaposition of where they are versus what Rozanov is saying, *how* he's saying it. The weight of his hands makes his brain feel even fuzzier than it already does. He feels *seen*; cared for, even.

Shane finds himself nodding, probably a little more enthusiastically than he should have, but feels on the verge of *begging* for something he can't even name.

"Okay." He feels himself saying. "More than okay." And it *was*. Shane doesn't know why he's so *on edge* by this position Rozanov has put him in. He would have thought that he would have found it motifying. (Maybe that's the fun of it, though.) He feels his whole body come alive with a flush.

(On the back burner of his brain somewhere, he's registering that Rozanov's hands can encircle *both* of his wrists with *one* of his hands. He will definitely be thinking *hard* about that for a *long time*.)

He chases a feeling, friction, *anything*. The feel of Rozanov's thick cock through his athletic shorts is intoxicating. He just wants more, *more, more-*

"Please," He whimpers. He has half a mind to be humiliated by that, but he's not. He's so eager for it, he doesn't fucking care. He doesn't really know what he's asking for. Shane feels Rozanov's response through his whole body, white-hot pleasure flowing through him as Rozanov *finally* grinds down onto him. Rozanov lets out a groan that pierces through Shane, and it goes straight to his leaking cock.

"Fuck, I knew you would be perfect for me." Rozanov's voice is strained, and the look in his eyes is so fucking *filthy*. Shane *whines*, even though he doesn't know what Rozanov is saying at all. He just needs- he needs-

Rozanov begins to grind his clothed cock along Shane's with purpose. Shane looks at his face, lips open, eyes closing with the same pleasure Shane is feeling. He looks beautiful, like this. Rozanov's hand leaves Shane's hip to steady himself with the movement. Shane mourns the loss of his touch. Very briefly, though.

Shane is so lost in it. All the feelings, the sensations. It's not like anything he's ever felt before. (Obviously, since this is his first time doing *anything* with a man.) He feels like every nerve in his body has been woken up, and Rozanov knows exactly where to press to make his body come even more alive. He is still *very* aware of Rozanov's hand on his wrists, and it tears another sound out of him as he grinds down onto Shane again. His cock feels like it's about to burst, hot and heavy and leaking against his shorts, against Rozanov.

It's so fucking hot to him that they had to have each other *immediately*. They couldn't wait for the clothes to come off. Rozanov wanted him, *needed* him. Maybe just as much as Shane wanted him. It shoots a pulse of pleasure through him, and he whimpers.

"Fuck," is really all he can manage, moving his hips up to meet Rozanov's. Rozanov grins, mouth opening in a half-moan. Eyes filled with something that Shane thinks he's mirroring. He wonders briefly if he'll last much longer. With Rozanov looking at him like that, he's not really sure. *Fuck*.

"Fuck, Hollander. **You are so beautiful.**"

It's a moan and then a mumble, but then Rozanov crashes his mouth into Shane's again. His lips are swollen from Shane's teeth, and they taste like salt. Rozanov's hips start moving with renewed purpose, even faster than before. Shane is going to fucking *lose his shit*.

Shane chases his lips, needs to kiss him. Rozanov responds in kind, licking back into his greedy mouth. His tongue feels so good. Shane wants it everywhere on his body. Wants *him* everywhere. Shane feels his pleasure beginning to crest as their kisses get a little more desperate, broken apart by pants and half-moans. Lips captured between each other, groaning into it like this is the last time they'll ever have each other like this. (And, Shane thinks sadly, it may be.)

Rozanov switches the angle again, and Shane pulls away from the kiss.

"Fuck! Fuck." His voice is barely above a whisper, cracking at the struggle to sound any calmer than he actually is. He doesn't know why he's trying to hold back now; maybe his embarrassment is catching up to him. *Not boring*, he reminds himself. "More," He says. No, *pleads*.

Rozanov's eyes gleam, a smile working its way onto his mouth. Sweat dripping from his nose onto Shane. Shane fucking *keens*. Everything is simultaneously too much and *not enough*.

"Fuck, yeah, **come on**, Hollander." Rozanov grunts.

Shane never thought his last name could sound sexy, but here they are.

His eyes wander down, looking at the veins in Rozanov's neck, the gold necklace swinging from his neck. He can see his chest flexing under the, for lack of a better term, *slutty* fucking athletic top Rozanov is wearing. Then, he watches. He looks at their clothed cocks sliding against each other. Rozanov's grip was back and harsh on his hip. Shane vaguely thinks about bruises on the skin there and shudders. He lets out a moan, and it sounds like some kind of half-sob. He wants Rozanov *everywhere*.

Rozanov must be a fucking mind reader because he takes advantage of that long neck of his and starts licking and sucking on Shane's jugular. It's filthy, Shane knows. It makes it even *hotter*. He wants to know what he tastes like to Rozanov, if he'll come back again for more. Wants to know if he finds this as intoxicating as Shane does. Rozanov runs his teeth over his pulse point, and Shane's back arches off the ground. Rozanov lets out a low chuckle. Knowingly gave a light *bite* to his neck. Shane groans. He wants marks; he wants to know this was real. He knows he can't have it, but he wants it so *bad*.

He feels Rozanov's hot breath on his neck, tongue mapping out his Adam's apple. Teeth grazing over tender spots. Shane shivers with need. Rozanov's hand moves from Shane's wrists, fingertips featherlight on the sensitive skin of his forearm, the curve of his elbow, his bicep. His hips pressed into Rozanov's, and they both groaned in unison. Shane *needs* to keep his arms above his head because Rozanov hadn't told him he could move. He whimpers with the implication. Rozanov's eyes shoot up, looking at his wrists still in place. Shane swears he feels Rozanov's cock twitch.

“Fuck, Hollander, you love it.” It’s barely a murmur, rough around the edges, dripping with lust and desire. **“Good boy... fuck,”**

Suddenly, he’s ricocheting towards the edge. The release he’d been chasing was right in front of him. Rozanov’s hips have started to lose their rhythm, so Shane thinks they’re both nearing the end.

Rozanov’s hands are everywhere, on the side of his face, one ventures back to his wrists, and Rozanov moans like it was punched out of him when he finds that they’re still above Shane’s head, crossed over one another, waiting for a command to put them down. When that hand travels back down his arms, his hand catches Shane’s jaw, making their eyes meet again. Rozanov murmurs something that Shane can’t hear, undoubtedly in Russian. His pupils dilate, and Shane finds himself mesmerized. Rozanov’s eyes close, lost in the sensation of their cocks rubbing together, and it’s *so much*.

“Fuck, god, M’close,” His lips move against Rozanov’s. Shane says it loud enough that it echoes around the gym. He almost doesn’t recognize his own voice. It made him smile. *Who’s fucking boring now?* His legs go around Rozanov’s hips, pressing him impossibly closer. “Oh god.” He says again, because apparently he’s got no vocabulary left.

“Me too,” Rozanov pants.

Shane feels himself heating up more if it were possible. The fact that *he* was getting Rozanov off made him slightly... *proud*? He wasn’t sure if that was the right word. But it made this all the more satisfying that he could make a mess of Rozanov, just like he could make a mess of Shane. He wants to hear it again.

“Fuck, yeah? Are you- shit- gonna come?”

“Fucking shit,” Rozanov moans, hips stuttering “Fuck Hollander- *yes*.” He bends forward, pressing open-mouthed kisses to his throat, moving up to his jaw, mouthing at the hinge of it. Capturing Shane’s lips, a desperate noise ripped its way out of Rozanov’s mouth.

Shane hums, feeling hot all over as his climax reaches its peak. His eyes snap shut, mouth hanging open. He forces himself to open his eyes; he wants to see Rozanov. Wants to see what he looks like when he comes. Comes from Shane’s cock grinding against his.

“Mmmf- Oh shit- I’m gonna- Rozanov-”

“Come on, Hollander.” There’s a slight playfulness to his tone. Rozanov pulls himself back a bit, fixing his wild eyes on Shane’s face. Shane can’t do anything but obey. *He won’t*.

“Rozanov-” Shane barely manages. His back bows as the crescendo of pleasure snaps. His body is seizing up. He feels white-hot pleasure rush through him, eyes closing, rolling back in his head. The noises he’s letting out are absolutely obscene. Some of them sound like Rozanov’s name. He feels himself come, hot, wet, and longer than he’s ever come before. It feels even longer listening to Rozanov’s obscenities. Eyes snapping open, riding out his high as Rozanov thrusts himself over the edge, *using* Shane’s cock to come. Shane moans, oversensitive and wanting more and more and-

He feels Rozanov come, hot and wet against him. Hips stuttering as he does. Rozanov lets out a deep moan, cursing and saying Shane's name as he does. The sound he lets out in response is probably embarrassing. He does not give a fuck. The noises that their clothed cocks are making against each other are absolutely *filthy*. It's slick and hot and *too much*. Shane whimpers, retaking Rozanov's mouth, tongue running over those kiss-bitten and spit-slick lips. Rozanov moans into it, kissing him back with as much force as he had left in him.

Rozanov's arms are on either side of Shane's head, balancing on his forearms as they kiss. It turns slow and lazy, as Rozanov's hips slowly come to a stop. When their lips part, they're breathing hard; it doesn't sound dissimilar to how they were earlier after their run.

Sweat drips from Rozanov's forehead onto Shane's lip. He licks it off almost immediately. Rozanov groans quietly.

"Fuck," Rozanov's lips are pulling at the corners, and a breathy laugh escapes him. He starts to get up. Shane *almost* begs him to stay where he was, just for a little longer. But he doesn't. He couldn't. He doesn't know what this is... but it's definitely *not* that. Rozanov pushes himself up off of Shane, and he misses his warmth immediately.

Shane waits. Somewhere in his mind, he can't *not* wait for Rozanov to tell him to relax. To put his arms down. He's stuck in the feeling; it's almost like molasses. He feels frozen again. Rozanov's eyes find him once he's up on his knees beside Shane. Still breathing hard, he murmurs a curse under his breath. Eyes wide in surprise, looking down at Shane. He says nothing, eyes tracing up and down Shane's body. He feels heat pool in his groin area again, despite just having come. The intensity of Rozanov's gaze was enough to make him feel hot again.

His hands wander, starting at Shane's ribcage. Making his way over the ridges. Over his pecks, brushing over his nipple through his shirt. Shane lets out a hiss in response. His hand travels over his chest, pausing to rest at the base of his throat. Shane swallows hard, watching Rozanov closely, awaiting his next move. Rozanov drags his hand along Shane's throat, a gentle touch creating goose-bumps in its wake. He works over Shane's jaw, and Shane is starting to get a little breathless from it.

Rozanov is watching him intently. He pressed his thumb against Shane's bottom lip, dragging the digit slowly across it. Fingertips circling his chin, he trails the back of his hand up the other side of his face. Shane's eyes flutter closed. He wants to feel everything Rozanov has to give him.

Hands move upwards still, through Shane's hair, finding their way back to his arms. Then, finally, fingertips press into the fragile skin of his wrists. Rozanov holds the pressure there for a moment. Running a timid finger over the delicate veins that litter the area underneath Shane's skin.

"Fuck," Rozanov murmurs. "Put your arms down, Hollander." The pressure from his wrists is lifted. Shane almost misses it. He flexes his fingers a few times, lifting his arms so he can

bring them to his front. Rozanov watches him, almost like he's asking for an invitation. Shane isn't sure what he's asking for, but he would give it to him.

Shane nods, in an almost unnoticeable way. But Rozanov sees him. In that moment, Rozanov reaches out to Shane, taking his wrists in gentle hands. It's so the opposite of what he experienced moments ago- fast, hurried, lust-filled, and desperate. This was almost sweet; it was soft. Rozanov runs his fingers over the joints of his fingers, his palms, and then helps release the tension in Shane's wrists.

Shane sighs into Rozanov's ministrations.

The contact ends soon after. And Shane is brought back down to earth. Back to the reality where he's just lying on a hotel gym floor with his rival and they just got each other off. *That he may or may not have initiated the entire fucking ordeal.* That the person he was before stepping into this hotel gym is gone. (But now he's less boring?) The reality in which he is *so fucked*.

He finds himself dizzy with the implications this will have; what they had just done *means*. Shane sits up slowly, head cradled in his hands. He feels like he could cry. The world is crashing down on him a little bit. (A lot a bit.)

But instead, he finds himself *laughing*. Because how fucking ridiculous is this stupid situation?

He hears Rozanov's chuckle, too. It makes the weight feel a little lighter.

"This is so..." Shane trails off, still caught in a chuckle.

"Yes," Rozanov says, smiling, "Yes, yes, yes," Rozanov's voice trails off. He thinks maybe, for once, Ilya Rozanov doesn't know what to say. For some reason, that brings Shane *immense* satisfaction. It's nice to see him flustered. But to be fair, he doesn't have many words to supply either. His mind is a little scrambled.

"No one can know about this," Shane says quietly. Laughter still on the tip of his tongue. He shakes his head, looking over at Rozanov.

"No, Hollander, I will go tell everyone," His eyebrow raises, still smiling. A look of what Shane thinks is disbelief lingers over his features.

He looks almost boyish, breathing hard again in the aftermath of his orgasm. His cheeks are flushed, and his blue eyes are a little hazy. Rozanov really is beautiful.

"I'm serious," Shane says, schooling his train of thought. He's not really smiling anymore. He doesn't have the emotional bandwidth to deal with an *outing* before his fucking rookie year.

"Hollander." Shane can physically feel the eye roll Rozanov gives. "I will not tell anyone." His eyes have a softness to them. It feels like his fingertips running over the joint of his wrist. Shane finds that he believes him. Trusts Rozanov.

“Okay,” Shane says, meeting Rozanov’s now pretty intense stare, “I believe you.” He bites the inside of his cheek, goes to pull at his left thumb again. Tries to breathe deeply, anchoring himself to the gym floor. He’s still heaving a little from their previous activities, heart still thumping a little in his chest.

Rozanov seems to relax a bit at Shane’s admission. Shane smiles a little, nodding. Suddenly, he is *very* unsure of what to do. Because what the fuck do you do after you just got off with your arch rival on the damn *gym floor*? He sighs.

“Well, I have an early flight tomorrow,” Rozanov says, cracking open the new silence they’re sharing in two. Shane appreciates it; he wasn’t sure he’d be able to say much. He usually ends up saying something wrong or awkward in a *normal* situation. He couldn’t imagine what he’d be able to muster right *now*. He nods in response at first, before finding his words again.

“Oh yeah, me too.” Finding the same place on the inside of his cheek, he bites down a little. He finds himself not wanting Rozanov to leave, about to ask him back to his room. He swallows down that *incredibly* stupid idea and watches Rozanov stand up. Wincing a little at what Shane is assuming the state of his shorts. There’s a half smile forming on Shane’s lips as he moves to stand up as well. Rozanov offers him a hand, and Shane stares for a moment, almost startled by the offer. He takes it.

As he stands up, he literally wants to crawl out of his skin. The experience was worth it, but holy shit, that feels horrible. He’s sure he cringes, too. But he attempts not to focus on it. Makes an effort to control his face and expression. Tries to divert his senses to the warm sensation of Rozanov’s hand in his own.

“That was fun, Hollander,” He had not let go of Shane’s hand. He lifts his eyebrows suggestively. Shane scoffs, blushing a little. (Can he seriously stop blushing? God.) He doesn’t grace Rozanov with an answer, just looks at him with an attempted casual expression. Then he nods a little. He’s sort of speechless, in a way. *What the fuck did he just do?* And then after meeting Rozanov’s blue gaze again: *Oh, I’m definitely gay.*

Rozanov gives his fingers a slight squeeze and turns around. But not before giving Shane a reassuring smile. It was a sweet gesture, like the tenderness earlier with Shane’s wrists, almost unnoticeable. Shane felt like his hand was ablaze. He tugs at his thumb, his feet back on the ground.

“See you next time,” Rozanov says as he walks away. He pauses to bend down and grab the now almost empty waterbottle that had been thrown earlier. It’s kind of funny, when Shane thinks about it, how this all started with that stupid water bottle. Rozanov looks over his shoulder and waves at Shane with his fingers. There’s a cheeky smile planted on his lips. Shane wants to kiss him again.

“Next time?” Shane hears himself ask. The words came out squeakier than he intended. He was definitely under the impression this wasn’t going to be a regular thing. Unless Rozanov was referring to the next game they’re playing against each other. A small flicker of *something* flutters through his chest. Hope? Desperation? Need? Shane isn’t sure. He hasn’t

really been sure about *anything* this *entire* time. (Except that he wants Ilya Rozanov, which is a terrible idea. But...)

Rozanov pauses, almost at the door. He turns around, a slightly confused expression on his face. He runs his hand through his hair, breathing harshly out of his nose. Shane tries not to drool too much, following the movement with his eyes. The expression morphs into something smug, like Rozanov knows he holds the power here.

“You will be seeing plenty of me, Hollander,” He says, voice almost a low rumble, heavy with innuendo. That fucking smirk is back. Shane swallowed at the implications of *that*. Rozanov obviously sees how Shane is affected, eyebrows twitching upward. The motherfucker *winks*. Shane feels the flush all the way down to his toes.

“Goodnight, Hollander,” He says, not waiting for Shane’s response. Which is probably a good thing, because what the fuck should he say? Oh yeah, I’ll see you next time. I’ll finally beat you at something. Can we jerk off together next time? I wish we had been naked so I could’ve felt you on my skin. Kiss me again, please. Like *what*.

“Goodnight,” Is all he can manage. Rozanov is already halfway out the door. He hears a breathy chuckle as the door shuts behind him. The door is almost annoyingly creaky, extending the moment longer than Shane would have liked.

And then Shane is alone.

Fuck.

He walks back to his room, trying not to be super obvious that he’s extremely uncomfortable. Because who knows who he’ll see in the hallway at, he checks his phone, 2:37 am. *Damn*. Time really flies when you’re having fun, huh? His hand flies to his face for that one. Cringing at himself, but he’s smiling anyway.

It doesn’t take long for him to get back to his room, unlocking the door and falling back on it as it shuts. He puts his head in his hands. His world is still kind of spinning. What the fuck had he just done? Before he completely melts down, he needs a shower.

His thoughts feel mechanical, almost like he’s forcing himself to move. He squares his shoulders, determined. He enters the bathroom, feeling calmer already at the thought of being clean. He feels like he needs the water *scalding*.

As he showers, wiping away the evidence of Rozanov's presence, his mind wanders. He thinks of solid muscle under his fingertips, soft lips on his jugular, wishing the grazing teeth would *bite*. Being so turned on, he doesn’t know what to do, the deep vibrato of a curse into his neck. He shudders, feeling his face heat up. He bites the inside of his cheek again, focusing on that feeling and the hot water pouring onto his back.

He’s supposed to be *panicking*! Why is he getting hard AGAIN thinking about this? He sighs. *Not boring, remember?* He takes a deep breath, trying to center himself. The soap smells like some type of flower he couldn’t ever name. He rubs it over his skin in practiced motion, trying not to think about how he wants Rozanov’s hands on him instead of his own.

As he gets into bed, he knows he'll have to deal with the fact that he had to get off *again* after his tryst with Rozanov. Shane *knows* Rozanov would be so smug about it, too. In the back of his mind, he's wondering if Rozanov had to do the same thing. He bites his lip, fighting a smile.

He feels much better, though, and clean. Centered. And he can finally breathe again. His thoughts aren't racing anymore; they're more at a jog if he had to pick a speed. He licks his lips, pressing his face into the pillow. He wants to scream into it. But he doesn't want to cause problems for the people in the surrounding rooms. Doesn't want any extra attention.

For a moment, he freezes, and he thinks about having the literal thought that he was *gay*. Which is something he had been *very* suspicious of for a long while. It's not like there hadn't been hints. Secretly searching up boys kissing on YouTube isn't exactly a straight thing to do. He's tried straight things, sex stuff, but *nothing* has ever felt like what he had experienced tonight. Not even with-

Fuck he forgot about his girlfriend. He's gay *and* a cheater. Shit. (Pick a struggle, Shane, seriously.) He had been so consumed with need, he didn't even *think* about her. Actually, he hadn't thought about her *all day* until just now. Well, he'd been hoping that she would break up with him, right? Dating someone is going to be complicated when he starts playing in the NHL. Yeah, he'll text her tomorrow.

He feels a little dirty about it. (Maybe he should shower again?) But he doesn't know if it would be productive for him to linger on the thought. He has other things to focus on now. One of them was his second (and last) Junior World Championship in six months. Another might probably be *seeing Rozanov again*. Playing hockey with Rozanov, who might be the only person he's ever felt like he's competing with. *Beating* Rozanov in his own hometown. (Also lots of other things not related to Ilya Rozanov. He just can't think about them now.)

He turns into his pillow, fighting a smile.

For once, he took what he wanted. He felt in control, and then so *not*, like he was out of his head. He loved every fucking second of it. *He wanted to feel it, all of it again*. Next time, Rozanov had said. Next time, next time, *next time*-

He wonders, as he drifts into sleep sometime later, if Rozanov will still call him boring when he's asked about Shane.

Shane thinks he still will. And that's okay.

He's fine with his moment of spontaneity being just for them.

Just for Rozanov.

End Notes

pls leave ur thoughts and feelings. I would love to hear them- let's go absolutely insane over Hollanov together!

Also, if you have any advice about tags/anything, it would be appreciated. I'm afraid I've never posted anything other than on Wattpad, which was about 10 years ago, LMAO.

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