What are you doing, dude?

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What are you doing, dude?

by Swoonoveryou

Summary

Shane is still wearing the suit when Ilya shows up for their first hook-up

or

Shane wears a suit to a blowjob

Notes

Hello thereeeeee! I've crawled out of my hole to write Hollanov fic, who cheered? I know I did.

I was actually incredibly nervous to post this because I've been overthinking their characterization and trying everything in my power to make sure it's correct because I'm madly, deeply, insanely in love with these characters that Rachel created and Jacob took care of and I wanted to do this right. Plus, Shane in his suit fucking killed me and I was like what if he got caught with that on and what the thought process behind that was.

Also look at me writing something canon, a rare thing but I do have AU ideas.

ANYWAY this is Jordie approved (my bestest friend) so I hope you all enjoy

See the end of the work for more notes

This is a bad idea.

This is a terrible, horrible, no good, very bad idea.

Shane steps out of the shower, drying off and repeating the same thing over and over.

He doesn't want anything.

He just wants to hang out.

Settle the feud. It's fine, it's all fine.

Shane's cock twitches at the mere thought of the Russian man's voice. His tone that sometimes Shane can *feel* more than he can hear or understand.

It's fine. It's all fine.

He stands in front of his drawers, looking at all the neatly folded clothes he put away when he got there and decides his navy blue shirts and shorts might be too offputting. It's also almost midnight and he would rather not look like he's going golfing.

He stands in front of the closet, looking at all the suits he ironed for the press conferences and whatever else he was gonna need a suit for and thought about it.

God were these really all his clothes? Did he seriously not have anything casual?

What if this wasn't casual, what if it were serious? How serious could it be for almost midnight.

Midnight dinner.

No, no, they aren't going to dinner.

Maybe a drink.

Again, Shane, midnight is approaching.

Shane took the suit out of the closet before he could second guess it.

It was a silly thing really, if Rozanov was gonna be here, he would have by now. It's been two hours since…Shane can't think about it.

He can't think about the miles of golden glistening skin dripping with crystals. He can't think of bold blue eyes staring at him, at *all* of him, or plush lips being swiped over by a perfect thick pink tongue…

Fuck what the hell did Rozanov want from his anyway? What could he possibly be coming to Shane's room to discuss?

Strategy maybe. Maybe he wants to borrow one of Shane's books, or one of his many note sheets. It would give Shane something to talk about but then again, it was Ilya Rozanov, he was the best in Russia. One of the best but still, he was up there.

Shane chewed on his lip as he slipped the familiar suit pants over his freshly washed legs and starts thinking about his own game. What he could have done better, what he should encourage his team to do and try, some team building exercises perhaps.

He carefully buttoned his dress shirt and his mind traitorously drifted back to wet curls and V-lines that should be illegal in the public area.

What could Ilya fucking Rozanov want from him? He wishes he could send a bird with a note so he could ask.

It would be cool to hang out with him, see if the hate is actually something real or something made up to drive them apart even further.

It only made Shane want to crawl closer.

The distance, the imaginary wall between them made up by a league that had a fetish for rivalry. The Asshole and the Golden Boy, bound to be enemies, get butts in chairs, the whole nine.

Shane didn't see it that way. He didn't have any enemies in hockey, it was like a dear friend to him. Sure he wanted to win, beat others and be the best he could possibly be because failure is not an option and this is the only thing he knows. So he has to be good and he is, he's really good, he's excellent.

Rozanov is too. He's good, quick on his feet, strong, *thick*…stop it Shane.

He blinks and all he sees is a happy trail in his direct line of sight.

Fuck fuck and now it's hot. He blinks again, ridding the image and thinking of slamming people against the board on the ice. That eases it, there's way less boners against those boards.

He blinks and *fuck* he's wearing a suit. A fucking suit and there's a good chance Rosanov is gonna do something crazy to him like show him another glorious up close look at his cock.

Whoa.

"What are you doing, dude?"

Shane blinks again. That's what this is. *Fucking hell this is a hookup! And he's wearing a three piece suit, SHIT!*

Shane loosens the tie at lightning speed, barely getting it unknotted before ***knock knock knock***

And his life is now officially over. Rozanov will laugh at him for 10 minutes, turn to leave, never speak to Shane again and he'll never get the chance to know what his lips feel like.

Where are these thoughts coming from?

Go answer the door Shane.

Shane swallows every single nerve he has ever had, wipes his sweaty hands on his very pristine pants and opens the door.

Rozanov is standing there and Shane is trying very hard not to just ogle him. He pulls him in quickly, because God forbid anyone sees him sneaking into Shane's room at almost midnight.

The heat in the room is immediately turned up when Ilya's eyes land on Shane, his loose tie and his full fucking suit.

Shane can practically hear Rozanov blinking at him but he doesn't dare look up.

Maybe he won't say anything, maybe he'll just spare Shane the misery and humiliation and he'll just leave quietly.

Rozanov clears his throat and Shane looks up and into his eyes. *Fuck he's beautiful.*

Rozanov is smirking, the usual one Shane sees right before he throws somebody shoulder first into the boards so Marley can take the puck all the way. It's almost evil in a slow, syrupy sort of way that makes Shane blush. Rozanov licks his lips, taking a step closer.

He smells like soap and that really expensive cologne Shane smelt on him at the draft. He likes it, it's not too much, not too overpowering.

"Wow Hollander, wild night?" Rozanov croons slowly, his voice deep, accent curling around Shane's last name in a way that it's never escaped any other lips.

Shane could lie, he could, this would be a great excuse but

"Ah no, just…" Damn, he should have lied. Rozanov raises his eyebrows, waiting for the end of the sentence. Shane doesn't even know how it ends.

The back of Rozanov's hand swipes softly against his cheek, wiping the sweat that lingers. He's directly in Shane's space now, his other hand finding purchase on Shane's waist and he feels himself being backed into the adjacent wall.

"You dressed up for me, yes?" Rozanov asks, his eyes exploring the planes and dips in Shane's blush and nervous eyes.

Shane can only swallow.

"Don't flatter yourself, Rozanov." He manages to get out, finally looking up and trying (and succeeding) not to whimper at the sight before him. Every one of his senses is ignited when he looks at Rozanov. His mouth dry, lips quivering, eyes begging to close, scent surrounding

him. His hands find Rosanov's arms, *god his arms*, using them to bring him closer and bucking into the squeeze on his waist.

"Are you hot?" Rozanov says, nuzzling his nose and Shane's head falls back against the wall. His brain suddenly quiets, quieter than it's been all day.

"Very." And it's the God honest truth. Rozanov's eyes scan him, his hand pulling the tie from around Shane's neck, letting it fall to the floor.

He should refold that *fuck.* Rozanov takes Shane's jaw, making him look up at him and he realizes what's about to take place.

He wants it more than anything in the world.

Even sleep and he really values his sleep before a flight.

"This is such a bad idea." He whispers without an ounce of fight in him.

"What, your suit?" The is and the was tense still confuse Ilya a bit with the English.

Shane smirks, eyes glassy but locked on his, jaw relaxed in his hand.

"What, you don't like it?"

Rozanov laughs a little.

"I would prefer it off but…" He trails off, shrugging and looking at Shane's lips. They're asking for it and Rozanov only needs to be asked once before he's diving in head first.

Fuck yes. Shane decides immediately, melting into the quick kiss and instinctively leaning in for another. It's so sweet, tasting a bit like coke. The noise itself is obscene enough to make him twitch in his suit pants and realize he's been half hard this entire time. The hell is this man doing to him.

Rozanov pins him to the wall, removing his jacket and revealing the best set of arm muscles in the NHL and leans back to capture Shane's lips.

It gets heated fast and Shane's suit jacket and dress shirt are all unbuttoned as they kiss, experiment and then Shane drops to his knees on pure raw instinct.

He has to, *has to* get this man's cock in his mouth. It doesn't matter that he's never done it or that Rosanov notices and asks him questions about it. His voice soft, reassuring.

"Let me?" He responds when Rozanov asks if he wants to let him continue while his hands explore Shane's bare back and shoulders. Shane pushes him back with strength that makes Rosanov smile brightly.

He does also take the time to hang his suit back up, he might need it. Rozanov doesn't rush him, he just watches, a smile on his face that Shane can't figure out but locks it away to remember later.

“Wish you could have left the tie on, that would have been hot.” Rozanov says when Shane crawls on the bed beside him.

It is perhaps the greatest 30 minutes of his life. So much so that he doesn’t think about any of the logistics, the facts or any other outcomes other than Rosanov made him cum in less than five of those minutes, he made Rosanov cum with Shane’s last name on his lips and Shane loves the taste of this man's tongue.

Reality hits after it’s all said and done and one thing about logistics; they’re always there.

“Of course I’m not going to tell anyone, Hollander. Especially not about your little suit.” Rozanov reassures him, laughing at the end. Shane rolls his eyes, sitting back on the bed.

“You’re such an asshole.” He says, loud enough for Rozanov's dramatic laughter. Shane flips him off as he’s putting his clothes back on, giving Shane another kiss.

“Next time, navy blue, yes? And a matching tie? We make this theme. You dress up, I undress you, deal?”

Shane tosses one of the pillows at him but he’s smiling when Rozanov smiles.

“Goodnight Hollander, thank you for show.” He winks and Shane blushes but he’ll never admit it.

“Good night Rozanov. You’re an asshole, I have regular clothes.”

“Boo, boring.” Famous last words as he exits the room, leaving Shane in a heaping pile of embarrassment and complete and utter satisfaction. He slumps down against the bed, staring at the ceiling.

He’s never going to wear that suit again.

Rozanov returns to his room and immediately gets back in the shower. That suit shouldn’t have done all the things it did to him but alas, here he is, a desperate hand around his cock as he gets off to the imagery of Shane on his knees in his best press conference suit, giving Ilya all of his pleasure.

Ilya wanted, he wanted so bad and he’s never wanted anything as bad as this.

That’s trouble, it’s seriously bad but the guy wears a suit to a hookup, what the fuck is he supposed to do other than be obsessed? Sexually of course. Shane’s got a great mouth, cries when he feels good and whimpers Rosanov’s name like a prayer.

He wants.

“Stupid fucking suit.” He mutters in Russian, biting his lip as his orgasm crashes over him like a tsunami.

He slumps against the wall completely exhausted before cleaning up quickly and getting out.

He throws himself on the bed, flips off Marley, who's giving him a knowing smirk and turning off his lamp.

Shane Hollander and his fucking suit. Ilya had to dream about it.

End Notes

What do we all think? I'll read your comments from my place on the couch at the cottage if you would like to leave them

Thanks <3, until next time friends <3

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