

Got a Bad Desire by Design

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Got a Bad Desire by Design

by [Clearpearls](#)

Summary

Subs don't play in the MLH, but Shane Hollander *will*.

(Or, Shane Hollander falls into subdrop at World Juniors. Ilya Rozanov brings him back.)

Notes

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

Subs don't play in the MLH.

Shane knows this. Even pee-wee hockey players know this. Doms are better at controlling the ice. They can handle the pressure, can dish out and take hits for the team without a second thought. They don't have to worry that a chirp will go too far mid-game, and they will crumble next to the boards, kneeling like their strings have been cut. They don't have to manage a thousand different expectations in their heads, knowing they will inevitably fail to be perfect at every play they make and every rush up to the net.

So—

Subs don't play in the MLH, but Shane Hollander *will*.

When Shane had taken the dynamics placement test at thirteen, he'd sat down with a pencil sharpened to a perfect point and a singular thought in his head: *I have to be able to play hockey forever.*

It didn't matter that he liked to curl up at the foot of the couch when his parents were watching TV. It didn't matter that he always nuzzled into the pressure of a hand on his neck instead of recoiling in disgust. It didn't matter that being given specific instructions felt like a lifeline instead of a challenge. It especially didn't matter that he liked to be told he was good—that he was perfect.

Shane loved hockey more. He could give up any part of himself for it.

He has. He's tucked everything away in a tight little box, and he's thrown the key away so long ago that he doesn't even miss what's inside. Now, he's so close to the MLH draft. After the World Juniors Final, he'll go to prospect camp. Boston and Montreal both have been eyeing him for a while, and he needs to perform well in the next games to solidify their trust in him as a top pick.

He's fine. More than fine, actually. He knows some subs that don't regularly scene can drop. Their hormone levels become unbalanced, and they spiral, shaking and shutting down until they get what they need.

Shane is different from those subs, though. He gets what he needs. His mother and nutritionist have a meal plan for him, and his job as a good athlete is to follow it to the letter. It's a piece of cake and feels great to know he's taking care of himself just like they want him to. Every time he says a firm no whenever someone badgers him to go out for late-night fast food, pride rushes through him.

Shane's even got an automated text set up on his phone that tells him '*you've done so well!* :)' every morning after he finishes his first workout. The praise makes him warm. Once he sees it, the itch under his skin (if it's even there in the first place) settles.

He sets rules for himself: wake up at 6 AM every day, go for a run and see the sunrise, at least two workouts a day to maintain muscle mass—the list goes on. The rules keep him safe. They guide him. They make him good. He doesn't need to worry about how he'd feel breaking them. Because he never will.

Shane takes meticulous care of his gear as well. It's his armor on the ice. The weight of it soothes him, pads pushing down on his shoulders and helmet fitting snugly around his head. The logo and name plastered across his chest mean that he belongs. Not to a dom but to his team. And that is even better. Each time he folds the fabric up and sees his name on the back in big, blocky letters, his heart sings with the reminder that he is worthy. Hockey chose him, and it's his duty to be exactly what the sport needs.

It's easy, all things considered.

Until Ilya Rozanov.

—

World Juniors is the highest the stakes have ever been for Shane. Every country even remotely passable at hockey has sent its best to Saskatchewan, but Shane knows Canada can

and *will* win. They've spent days on the ice, running drills and building stamina until every rush forward with the puck leads to a shot on the goal.

The only thing standing in their way of a gold medal in the tournament is Russia. Shane has watched them (*him*) practice from the stands and tried to tamp down the anxiety that inevitably bubbles up. There are two major problems:

1. Ilya Rozanov is, perhaps, in some respects, a better player than Shane.
2. Ilya Rozanov, like everyone else in elite hockey, is a dom.

Well, problem might be a strong word. Irritation, maybe? Fixation?

Whatever it is, it leads to Shane fumbling his way into a conversation with Rozanov in some back alleyway behind the rink. Shane rattles off something awkward about how much he likes watching Rozanov's hockey, and Rozanov just... stares at him, sucking on a cigarette.

Shane waits, shoving his hands into his hoodie pockets and rocking back and forth on his heels. The secondhand smoke is choking his lungs, and he tries not to make a face.

It's embarrassing as hell, and Rozanov eventually responds with a single word: "Yes."

The rest of the conversation doesn't flow much better, but Rozanov keeps his gaze on Shane the whole time. A weird part of him alights at the attention.

He's done so well, made it so far, that someone of equal caliber in the hockey world is aware of his presence in a special way. At least, a way that *feels* special. He's caught a few glimpses of Rozanov watching him from the stands, too. He knows he's not alone in this... tether.

There's a pull in Shane's gut, a sudden drive to push against Rozanov and his expectations for Shane's hockey. To beat him in this first game together and prove that he is someone worth looking at and worth chasing.

To be *good* in a different way. One all too foreign to most subs. But Shane isn't most subs. He couldn't be here if he was.

Fuck, he can't let himself—

He shakes the thoughts away.

“You won't be so nice when we beat you,” Rozanov says, leaning against the wall.

It's easy to spit out the perfect response to that.

“That's not happening.”

—

Turns out, it may, in fact, be happening.

Shane wakes up the morning of the final game not to the sound of his usual 6 AM alarm but to the sound of his mother knocking on his door. The sun is suspiciously high in the sky, and he fumbles for his phone to check the time. Except, his phone is dead. He whips around to look at the hotel clock on the nightstand and—

It's 8 AM.

He is two hours behind in his routine.

Fuck. He's already disappointed himself and the team. Nausea wells up in his stomach, but he pushes himself out of bed anyway.

He's fine. It's just one mistake. He'll be good for the rest of the day.

His mom frowns at him when he finally opens the door, dressed for an emergency run on the treadmill. He can't look her in the eyes. There's an uncomfortable pressure at his temples—a kind of dull pain he's never quite felt before. He hopes it will go away.

Later in the locker room, the pain gets worse. Shane is unfolding his gear. Everything is crisp and in perfect condition. Until he gets to his stick. There's... a crack right down the center. Shane stares at it. An echo of that fracture pulses inside him.

He picks up the stick, and it promptly splits apart. For a moment, he can't do anything but freeze up in horror. He'd picked the stick out specifically for this tournament. It's carried him—the team—through a winning streak.

Hockey runs on rituals, and so too does Shane. The thought of playing in the final game in a few hours with a totally new, unproven piece of equipment terrifies him. His stick is an extension of himself, connecting him directly to the puck as he speeds across the ice. He needs his grip on the shaft to be second nature. He needs to trust the blade to find the puck as easily as breathing.

If he can't do that, he will fail his team. He won't be good for them, and he *has* to be.

The equipment manager offers him a replacement. Shane instinctively wants to refuse, but refusing means losing before he even plays. He won't do that either.

Stepping out onto the ice for warmups, Shane takes a few practice shots on goal with the new stick. One misses, and he never misses in warmups. He stares down the net, frozen, until his goalie teammate cocks his head and starts to skate toward him.

“Hollander, you good?” he asks.

Shane can’t burden his teammates—not with a sudden meltdown in his head over a fucking hockey stick. He can’t trust himself with words at the moment, so he throws back a thumbs-up and skates a few laps around the rink, trying not to think about anything at all.

The minutes inevitably tick down, bringing Shane face to face with Rozanov once again at the center of the ice.

“Good luck,” Shane says, trying to be polite. He stares down at the ice.

He hears Rozanov laugh. “No need for luck, Shane Hollander,” he answers. “Russian hockey is better than luck. Watch.”

This time, a laugh startles out of Shane. He glances up at Rozanov, and somehow, in that split second, misses the puck falling to the ice. By the time he notices, it’s too late—Rozanov has already stolen away with the prize.

Well. There it is. Confirmed before his eyes.

This game is doomed. It has been since this morning when Shane had failed at something as simple as waking up on time. It’s all his fault for not being good enough. For being distracted.

Shane plays terribly. He’s slow, second-guessing every pass. He can’t find the right angles whenever he shoots. He hits the bars of the net more times than he can count. His brain will not shut up, and there’s a constant droning in his ear.

He doesn’t know why he is falling apart. He is better than this—*needs* to be better than this. He can barely look his teammates in the eyes after every failed shot on goal.

Meanwhile, Rozanov makes good on his promise. By the end of the game, he gets a hat trick, skating in close to Shane on the final buzzer to chirp him.

“Shane Hollander, shame you took night off,” he says.

The words sting. Shane has even disappointed Rozanov now, and that somehow makes the hurt simmering underneath his skin a thousand times worse. Shane is supposed to be his equal. At least, that’s what the media says. Together, they can push the sport (and each other) forward. Now, with this disaster of a game, that future is slipping away.

But Shane wants it. He can’t let him—

He’s grabbing Rozanov’s shoulder, vision growing spotty.

“I—” he stutters out. “I’ll be better.” It’s as if he *has* to say the words. Like, if Rozanov doesn’t hear them, then things will be bad. Really bad. He’s not sure how he is so certain—that he’ll lose this forever when it should be his, needs to be his.

The thought steadies his hand. He’s shaking, and he hasn’t even realized. Yes, Rozanov is rightfully his. Shane has earned him, right? He’s done so well all these years, and the outcome of this game shouldn’t matter at all.

Yet, it does. It *does*.

“Hollander,” Rozanov says, glancing at Shane’s glove resting on his shoulder. His brows are furrowed. Shane flinches away, drawing his hand back.

God, he’s so out of it. He’s ruined so much. Rozanov obviously doesn’t want Shane to touch him. They aren’t anything to each other. Especially not now that Shane’s messed so much up.

“I’m sorry,” Shane whispers. It’s like someone else is possessing his body, speaking words he’d never, ever say out loud to anyone. “I just... needed to be good. I don’t know what’s—”

All at once, Shane is aware of everything around him. The crowd is screaming. The lights in the arena are too bright. They beat down, blinding, and he squints. He can’t stop blinking. Then, suddenly, there is reprieve. Rozanov moves closer, angling his taller frame to cage Shane in against the boards.

The cacophony rushes away. All Shane is able to do is look back at Rozanov. There’s nothing else—just the sound of his heartbeat and the press of the boy in front of him.

“Breathe,” Rozanov says, offering Shane a lifeline.

Shane takes it. He allows a full gulp to fill his lungs.

“Good. One more.”

Shane shudders. The words sink low, pooling like liquid gold in the pit of his stomach. He’s good. He’s being good again. He takes another breath. He needs to. Rozanov is waiting.

He wants... he wants to slip to his knees. It wouldn’t be so bad, would it? He thinks Rozanov would take care of him well. He might put his hand in Shane’s hair and stroke his fingers through the strands. He might hold his chin in place and make Shane count each inhale.

“Do you,” Rozanov cuts himself off. He frowns, mouth moving over invisible syllables. “Do you have dom?”

Shane’s thoughts are running slow, but the question sets off muted alarm bells. It would be bad if he had a dom, right? That’s something that he can’t have if he has hockey. He needs to tell Rozanov so. It’s important for him to know that.

“No. I don’t. I’m not—”

Rozanov furrows his brows. “Shane Hollander, you are dropping.”

“That’s not possible,” Shane responds automatically.

He can’t be dropping. He gets what he needs from hockey. He’s just overstimulated. His hands are shaking because he’s been anxious all day about the game. Not because he needs to submit to anyone, much less Rozanov.

The thought of kneeling had simply crossed his mind. He won’t actually entertain it.

Shane can’t look at Rozanov anymore. It’s too dangerous. He turns his head away, avoiding his gaze.

“*Is* possible. And serious.” Rozanov says it so softly, as if—as if it actually means something to him if Shane is in the middle of a drop. He rests a gloved hand on Shane’s shoulders. Shane stops himself from pathetically sagging into the touch. “I... will help? Need you back normal if I am going to beat you fair.”

“Help me?” Shane repeats.

“Room 1105. Come after—”

Before Rozanov can finish, there are hands on Shane, prying him apart from Rozanov. Shane instinctively wants to protest, to thrash, to cry out. He’s not *done*—oh. His teammates. They are still on the ice. He is still on the ice.

They probably (hopefully) think he and Rozanov had been about to fight. Instead of... whatever it has turned into.

“Fuck off,” one of his teammates shouts, spitting at Rozanov’s feet. The other guys spirit Shane away from the boards, while Shane attempts to shove everything he’s just experienced back into the neat, small box in his head and never, ever open it again.

Rozanov laughs to himself, apparently amused by the whole ordeal. He waves from across the ice and yells, like an asshole, “See you soon!”

Shane will *not* be seeing him soon.

—

Hours later, Shane, regrettably, finds himself standing outside of Rozanov’s room.

He doesn’t want to be there. It’s just—he hasn’t been able to stop shaking since he left the ice. He’s been able to hide it from his teammates, disappearing into the shower for a while and then locking himself in his hotel room. He likes to be left alone after big losses, and the team knows that. This is different, though.

Now, Shane can’t even stay on his feet. He wobbles, slouching against the door. Fuck, he’s so pathetic. A few failures and he can even barely function at the end of the day. Tears threaten to spill down his cheeks, but he blinks them back.

He just wants to play hockey. That’s all he is, all he’s good for. He’s never wanted to deal with being a sub. He’s tried to control it, tried to be good, and hasn’t he? So, why? Why is everything he’s built falling apart at the seams?

He doesn’t need help. He doesn’t. He should suck it up, go back to his room, and force himself to sleep no matter how rubbed raw his soul is. He’ll wake up in the morning, and it’ll all be better. He’ll be normal again.

Yet, his feet won't move. They keep him captive at the doorstep.

Maybe, just maybe, it won't be so bad to knock. Rozanov might already be asleep, and then the problem will solve itself.

But maybe... he will be there.

Shane raps his knuckles on the door. Within a second, it swings open. Rozanov stands at the entrance.

"You are here," he says, eyes unreadable. He is not wearing a shirt. Shane tries not to stare.

"Can—can I come in?"

Rozanov opens the door wider in lieu of an answer, and Shane steps inside, hardly breathing. Even though it's a standard hotel room, the lights give off a muted warmth, illuminating the shadows in soft orange hues. Shane makes it just past the bathroom before the sight of Rozanov's gear piled up in the corner freezes him.

He really shouldn't be here. They've just played against each other mere hours ago. Now, Shane has followed Rozanov's lead like a siren song and come inside to... do what exactly?

Shane stares down at the floor because that's safer. He doesn't know how this is supposed to go, so he stands there, probably looking extremely silly. Fuck, he's still shaking. He can't do this after all. Maybe he should turn back around. He'll talk to Rozanov later. Explain that it has all been a big misunderstanding.

But Rozanov finally speaks, and the thoughts slip away.

"You are going to look at me, Hollander."

Shane tries. He can't get his head to lift very far up. Eye contact is hard for him on a good day. Now, it is almost an insurmountable task to even move his gaze off the floor.

"If not eyes, then—face."

That's doable. Shane can surely look at Rozanov's chin. He has a dimple there that creases inward when he smirks. Shane doesn't know how he remembers that, but he does.

A few cycles of breath pass. Shane dials in, focusing on Rozanov's dimple like it's a lifeline. He catalogues the tiny wisps of facial hair around it. There are three small strands poking out. He wonders if Rozanov would like to know about them. He tucks the thought away as soon as it comes.

Rozanov, for his part, is silent. He simply regards Shane, letting him stand there in silence.

Then, there are words. Confusing words.

"You will hold my helmet, Hollander. Very important to me, no?"

His... helmet? Shane forces his head to jerk up and down. He hopes it looks like a nod.

"You will keep it safe in hands until I say so. I know you will do it well. It is a boring task, and you are Shane Hollander. Boring is you."

"What the fuck?" escapes Shane's mouth, but in truth, holding Rozanov's helmet sounds like something that would be... good to do. Like something he should do. It's easy. He can sit still and rest something in his hands. All he needs to concentrate on is the weight of it. No hockey. No team expectations. No potential weight of an entire franchise and country resting on his pathetic shoulders.

Shane wants it. He can do well at this. He can do well. He stumbles, body itching to move forward. Once the helmet is in his hands, he will feel better.

“Slow,” Rozanov says. “I will give. You will tell me ‘red’ if you need to stop.”

He snatches the object from the pile of gear and places it into Shane’s outstretched arms. When he touches the smooth plastic, Shane feels his chest deflate. All the breath punches out of him in one big exhale.

“See? So easy.”

Shane makes some sort of affirmative noise. He feels odd. Like he’s slipping off a cliff. But not falling, like he has been the whole day. Instead, he’s—floating. A little.

“...’s nice,” he hears himself say.

“Hollander,” Rozanov answers. “So tense. I see you shake your hands.”

Shane looks down. His hands are indeed shaking. The plastic helmet rattles with each tremor.

“I—”

Rozanov gives Shane a once-over, then comes to some kind of decision. “It will be better if you kneel. More comfortable to hold helmet than standing. Also better view for me.”

Shane has to stop himself from sinking down onto his knees as soon as the words leave Rozanov’s lips. He can’t do this. Following a vague order from Rozanov is one thing. Kneeling is another, distinct sub thing. Shane doesn’t do sub things. He doesn’t need to. He shouldn’t need to.

Rozanov already has enough fuel to destroy his career. He can't add any more to the fire. No matter how warm the flames feel.

He stares at Rozanov, willing his face to give nothing away. Rozanov just tilts his head and—*fuck him*—smirks.

He knows. God, he knows.

“Need help?”

Shane shakes his head.

“I think you do, Hollander.” Rozanov places a hand on Shane's hair, right at the root of it. It burns. Rozanov pushes down. The pressure is light, almost guiding.

Shane's goes down. His knees find the floor, but it's... not hard? He looks down. A pillow is tucked under his legs, fabric silken and soft. Oh. When had that happened?

“It is comfortable, yes?” Rozanov asks. Shane blinks, hands still clutching the helmet.

“Yes,” he says, cautious.

“Then rest. It is not so bad to stay for a while.”

The floating sensation starts up again. Yes, rest sounds nice. Knees bent and hands holding. Shane can be good at that. It's all he has to think about. Nothing else.

He feels something light brush through his hair. Rozanov's hand, petting. Shane doesn't want to do it, not really, but his body moves faster than his brain and then he is pushing up into Rozanov's palm, seeking pressure.

Rozanov meets the challenge. He bears down, grabbing at a few strands and twisting.

Shane lets out a noise. It sounds so pathetic.

"Hollander, your hair is sensitive. Did you know this?" He punctuates that question with another pull. "Or am I first to know?"

"I didn't know," Shane whispers. His eyes grow heavy, and he bends over, cradling the helmet to his chest. The metal and plastic poke into his skin, but the sensation grounds him. He's aware of the ache in a distant, soft way, and the weight brings him back to when he was young and cuddling stuffed bears in his sleep and feeling so, so safe. "I've never really... had anyone touch it before."

Shane is safe now, too. The warmth pooling in his heart agrees. Rozanov continues to card through his hair, leaving tiny sparks of *good* in his wake. "Well. Lucky for me. If whole world knew how soft, then you could not get hands out of it, Hollander."

That is simply not true. Shane opens his mouth to protest, but a well-timed pull turns it into more of a whimper. It's a raw, terrible noise, and he hates it. Rozanov surely does not want to hear Shane making those sorts of embarrassing sounds either. In this too, Shane can't control himself. He can't be good. He immediately clacks his teeth together and bites his tongue, silencing himself.

"No," Rozanov says, frowning. He slips a hand out of Shane's hair and brushes it down the side of his face, resting it against the crease of his lips. "No hiding noises. I want to hear."

Shane shudders, caught. His heartbeat pounds out a wild rhythm. He wonders if Rozanov wants to hear that too—if it will mean something to him that Shane, at his physical core, is so affected by this. By him.

Rozanov is *touching* Shane, focused on Shane, and it is so absurd how it feels so right.

This is the most reckless thing Shane has ever done, but maybe, just maybe, this is better than what Shane can get from hockey. Here, within the walls of Rozanov's room, he can allow himself to let go. To know he will be taken care of. To know he can (hopefully) please someone in return.

It would be nice, too, Shane thinks, if he had something to hold inside his mouth. He's doing well and holding the helmet carefully, just like Rozanov has asked him to. He can do something more. Rozanov already has his hand hovering at Shane's lips. It wouldn't be hard to slip it inside.

Shane nudges against the waiting palm, asking.

Within a breath, Rozanov actually presses inside. Two finger slots themselves over Shane's tongue, pinning it down.

"You are so soft inside," Rozanov says. "Go down so perfect."

Perfect. Shane is perfect.

He lets himself whine. He lets himself suck. Rozanov tastes like salt and sweat, and Shane is a man starved, biting and licking at the skin to get another drop. He's certain he looks ridiculous in his eagerness, but he glances up at Rozanov and only sees a pleased smile on his face.

"Feels good?" he asks.

Shane hums around the fingers. He can't talk like this, but he doesn't need to. Rozanov knows what he needs. Yes, he's known right from when he pressed Shane up against the

boards hours ago.

Shane closes his eyes, and calm washes through him. Everything is simple like this. He kneels. Rozanov keeps him steady with the helmet and his fingers.

Seconds pass. Minutes, perhaps. He drifts. The world is far away, tucked behind a misted shroud of gossamer.

Then, awareness trickles back. Warmth—on his neck. A light stroke at his pulse point. Oh.

Rozanov's other hand has abandoned Shane's hair in favor of holding his nape in a loose grip. He rubs small circles into the skin, rough then gentle. The pressure makes Shane shiver. He tilts his head back, wanting more, exposing the line of his throat for Rozanov.

To take.

And Rozanov *does*.

In a rush of heat, he fits his mouth to the curve of exposed skin, slotting into Shane like he's meant to be there. Shane almost drops the helmet. Rozanov cradles him so close, tugging him against his chest. He nips, teeth worrying and tongue soothing in equal measure. Shane lets him have his fill, eyes slipping closed and sinking further into that soft, wispy place.

He's never had this. He never knew he could have this.

He doesn't know how he can live without it now.

"So eager for touch," Rozanov whispers. He punctuates the sentence with a kiss to Shane's collarbone. "You get more. Since you are being so good for me."

But—instead of giving Shane *more*, he slips his fingers out, leaving Shane’s mouth hollowed out and wanting. Shane whines, confused, and slumps forward.

“I have things to tell you first. Listen.”

Shane tries his best to suppress a glare. His lips pucker into a pout, but he still directs his attention to Rozanov. He’ll be touched again soon. Rozanov has promised. He just has to stay put for a minute more.

“You hold my helmet so well,” Rozanov says, staring into Shane’s eyes. His pupils are dark, burning coals heavy with focus—focus on Shane. “So still. Take such good care. Just like I asked.”

Shane hasn’t been praised for something so simple in so long—not since he was a child. It’s silly, but the words burrow themselves into his heart. He’s only holding an object in his hands. It does not warrant such kindness. Especially not from someone like Rozanov. Shane tries to be so good all the time. He’s a diligent player. He does everything he’s supposed to to manage himself outside the rink. He does not act like a sub. He’s perfect, in a way, at playing perfect.

Doms don’t need to be assured or comforted at every turn. They move through the world with complete conviction. They simply *are*, and that is enough.

Shane can’t remember the last time anyone told him he was good—good for just *being*.

“Nice, you know? You do not have to do anything but sit here,” Rozanov says. “You can let go... what hockey wants, what team wants, what world wants. Does not matter. I am here. I just want you to be boring, Shane Hollander.”

Boring. That... actually sounds nice. For once.

“I—think,” Shane whispers. “I need that.”

Rozanov laughs, folding his hands over where Shane is clutching the helmet. “Yes, you do.” He pushes down and uncurls Shane’s fingers from their tight grip on the plastic. “Let go now.”

A puppet worn and broken with over-use, Shane allows Rozanov to fully sever his strings. He drops the helmet. Rozanov has told him to. He is weightless, again, and it feels—it feels like freedom. There is no draft looming on the horizon. There is no humiliating loss hours ago on the ice. There is just him and Rozanov, breathing together on the floor of a Saskatchewan hotel room, tied together by nothing and everything.

Rozanov keeps a steady grip on his wrists, keeping him close, keeping him from flying so far away that he can’t be caught again.

Shane twitches, settling into the hold, but he can’t stay in that blissful place forever. He is aware, suddenly, of a new problem.

He’s hard. He’s *leaking*, actually. His shorts have bunched up between his legs and stained themselves dark. Fuck.

It’s shameless. It will ruin everything.

Rozanov has been generous with his attention so far, yes, but Shane can’t expect him to cross the line into real, true intimacy. Truly, Shane doesn’t need this part of submission. A few orders, some gentle touches, and kneeling should be enough to set him right. It is more than he’s ever allowed himself to have.

Rozanov shouldn’t indulge him. For both their sakes.

But, as Shane has observed on the ice, Rozanov lives to press up against expectations.

His gaze drifts down, down, down, zeroing in on the evidence of Shane's arousal. Humiliatingly, he points at the bulge and lets out a low whistle. "We should take care of this, no?"

Shane wants to combust. He wants to blip out of existence. Rozanov shouldn't be acknowledging it. Shane can't behave himself if he does.

"I am going to touch you here," Rozanov says. He hovers a hand over the waistband of Shane's shorts. Shane can't breathe. His lungs have forgotten how to suck in air. He'll forget other things soon.

He'll—they'll both undoubtedly be ruined forever if this goes any further.

"Tell me color."

Shane shouldn't say 'green.' He should stop this. Now. But—

He needs this. Rozanov is offering it, telling him he's been good enough to have it. Shane has been shuddering apart all day with how much he needs to have it.

Biting at his lip until he tastes blood, Shane makes his choice.

"Green, green, green—"

He repeats the word until it has no meaning, until he is just an ache begging to be soothed.

"Good." Rozanov's voice anchors him. "Shh. Shh. 'S okay. You are so good, Hollander. I will take care now."

“P-Please,” Shane says. He hopes it doesn’t sound too much like a whine.

Rozanov slides a hand underneath Shane’s shorts, shoving the thin fabric down, down, down, until Shane is totally bare.

Again, he whistles. Shane crosses his arms over his eyes, unable to bear the sight of his own arousal. It is humiliating.

“No,” Rozanov says. “You will look.”

Steeling himself, Shane obeys. He lowers his arms and glances down.

His cock is swollen, dusted red and wet at the tip. It’s a pitiful sight. He’s grown so desperate with need that he’s twitching without any stimulation.

Fuck. He never stares at himself like this. An occasional eyes-closed jerk-off in the shower is all he grants himself. No nonsense. Just quick relief from the tension that inevitably simmers inside him after a game.

“I’m—I need—”

Shane can’t find the words. He’s sweating, skin damp with want. Everything narrows down to the heat burning through him. Rozanov is *still* not touching him. He can’t last much longer. He’ll surely fall apart.

“I know what you need.”

Rozanov, finally, finally, wraps a hand around Shane’s cock, and Shane practically sobs. The noise is almost wounded, ripped straight from his throat. He slumps against Rozanov, twitching into his chest and mouthing at the warm skin he finds there.

Shane ruts against Rozanov's hold, hungry for it, but Rozanov tightens his grip and locks him in place. His cock pulses, searching for stimulation and finding none. He whimpers and thrashes and *he needs, he needs, he needs*—

Oh.

Shane freezes.

He should be still. Rozanov is waiting for him to submit. Fully.

No matter how much he whines or twists or begs, he is no longer in charge of his own pleasure. The more the realization settles, the more Shane unspools. Rozanov will take care of him, but he has to let him first. He allows himself to loosen, relaxing back into that gentle place from earlier.

“Good,” Rozanov acknowledges.

He drags his hand up, then down Shane's cock, slow enough to make him shiver. The calluses on his palm rub against the flushed, sensitive head, sending shocks of pleasure-pain through Shane. He cries out. It is too much. It is nowhere near enough.

“Count strokes,” Rozanov orders.

“Wha—”

“Twenty-four. For jersey number. You will come then.”

Shane barely has a moment to process that before Rozanov *tugs* at his cock, slicking his hand across the shaft's curve and leaving a trail of flames in his wake. Shane shakes apart, burning.

The slide is so, so wet. There's a soft squelch on the up-stroke, and it is perhaps the most humiliating sound Shane has ever heard.

Rozanov stops. His brow lifts. Shane has to do something, right, to get more? What does he need to—

Oh. Oh, yes.

“One,” he says.

Immediately, Rozanov rewards him with another stroke. This one is rough and fast, Shane barely has time to let out a full breath before it's over.

“T-two.”

Another pull, this time agonizingly slow. Shane feels every minute twitch of Rozanov's fingers, every tiny bit of pressure which he deigns to give. Shane twitches, throwing his head back in a mixture of frustration and overstimulation.

“Three,” he grits out.

Rozanov smiles. “So good. Best.”

He delivers the next five strokes in rapid succession. Shane raises his hips to meet them, thrusting greedily into the warm grip and hoping he manages to call out each number. He's never been so warm. A trail of spit is leaking from his mouth.

He can't be bothered, though. Right now, he is counting. He is being good for Rozanov. That is all that matters. That is all that has ever mattered, maybe. He's not sure, outside of this moment, what he's ever been concerned about, really.

The next tugs cut through Shane, fully rearranging him into something mindless. Rozanov twists and thumbs at the head, slicking his fingers with Shane's pre-cum. Shane squeezes his eyes shut and cries out.

"Nine, ten, eleven, tw-twelve..."

Rozanov pauses, gripping Shane. "Halfway," he says. "I am impressed."

Shane writhes at the praise, meeting Rozanov's gaze, and *oh*—Rozanov's pupils are blown wide and his eyes are darting around, tracking every small movement Shane is making, like Shane and his pleasure are the only things that matter to him right now.

That is all Shane needs to truly lose himself. He is nothing whole. Just a body, a feeling, an intake of breath, offering itself up to waiting hands.

Hips stuttering, Shane feeds his cock into the circle of Rozanov's fist. Rozanov gives him more strokes. His toes curl. He whines out each number, shuddering.

He is not sure how much longer he can last. Pressure is building, and it needs—no—it *has* to be released. He looks down, sees the reddened, swollen tip of his cock peeking through Rozanov's fingers with each slide, and fights the urge to come.

No. He must be good for Rozanov. He can follow instructions. Rozanov has told him he'll come with twenty-four strokes, so that is what he will do.

"Four more," Rozanov says.

Rozanov grips the base of Shane's cock. He dips his head down and pokes out his tongue, licking a thin strip across the slit. Lighting crackles up Shane's spine, and he tips his neck back, panting.

“T-twenty-one,” he chokes out.

Tears prick at his eyes. He’s so close.

“Twenty-two.”

Another swipe of Rozanov’s tongue. Another wonderfully rough tug at his cock.

“Twenty-three.”

Shane *can’t*—he has to come—he won’t last—

“Twenty-four. Fuck, *fuck*—”

With a final press, Shane falls apart. He spills over Rozanov’s fingers, sobbing, clinging, mouthing at whatever skin he can find. He’s so light, like he’s been lifted out of his body and he’s hovering somewhere above. He has no thoughts running through his head. He’s just Shane. He’s safe. He’s satisfied.

All he needs to do is lie there and bask in the aftershocks of his release.

He thinks he hears Rozanov murmur, “Good, did so well, so perfect,” but his eyes are slipping closed, and the pillow that has appeared underneath his head is so very soft.

Cuddling into it, he tries to whisper, “Thank you, thank you,” to Rozanov, but he’s not sure it comes out right.

Everything is blissfully warm and quiet. Sleep finally claims him, and he makes no effort to resist.

—

Shane comes back to himself in snatches of consciousness.

He blinks. Arms are wrapped around him, rubbing steady circles of pressure into his back. He nuzzles into their warmth. He wants to stay there forever.

His eyes fall closed, again.

Next, an almond is being pressed into his mouth. He chews, automatic, and tilts his head up. It's Rozanov, looking down at him, eyes unreadable. He offers a water bottle, and Shane gulps the liquid down with gusto, throat parched.

He should probably say something. But—in a minute. After he rests for a bit longer. Quiet is good right now. Quiet means he can't mess anything up.

“Hollander.”

Rozanov breaks the silence.

“Back?” he asks.

Shane is able to nod without too much trouble. He's back. His muscles are starting to feel less like ice cream left outside on a hot summer day.

“Okay,” Rozanov says. His voice has lost some of the spark from earlier, sliding into an odd tenor of tentativeness. “Feel good?”

Shane stretches out his arms. There’s no pain. No tension at all. “Yeah, ‘m good.”

Rozanov nods. At some point, he’s put on a shirt. Shane, oddly, bristles at the sight of it. He’d gotten used to the bare chest.

“I,” he starts, knowing he should say something, should acknowledge the *thing* that has just happened between them. “I, um, thank you.”

Rozanov looks at him. “You are welcome.”

“It’s never gotten this bad. Before. So, um, I appreciate it. You helping me out.”

Shane wants to explain further, but he also wants to never talk about it again. It’s done, now. He dropped. Rozanov took him out of it. That’s it.

“It is no problem.”

Dropping is probably like a paper-cut. It bleeds in a gush of red, alarming everyone, but then heals itself with ease. Once the wound scabs over, it won’t reopen.

Shane’s drop had felt all-consuming a few hours ago, but in reality, he’d only needed a bit of kneeling, praise, and pleasure from Rozanov to get back to normal. He feels great now—quick and energetic. He probably only needed this once. It had just built up and spilled over, but now he’s back to steady waters. He’d gone eighteen years without submission and been fine until today, so he’s proven his needs are mostly fulfilled.

This night with Rozanov has simply closed a slightly-open wound. Now, Shane is in the clear. Now, he can focus on hockey again.

“I probably won’t need this again,” Shane tells Rozanov. “I don’t really feel the urge to, uh, go down, like, ever.” He stands up and gathers himself. A part of him tenses at leaving the room, but he should probably get back before anyone realizes he’s missing. He's fine now. He can't monopolize Rozanov's time when he doesn't truly need his help any longer.

Rozanov squints. “Okay,” he says. “We will both be in MLH soon. If we have game together, maybe we can do again. Is normal. To need this. No big deal.”

Normal. The word rings in Shane’s ears. He bites his lip.

Maybe, maybe—next time they see each other, he could let Rozanov take care of him again. If it’s no big deal, anyway. Rozanov sounds like he won’t mind.

The thought of having that again, although he won't *need* it, makes Shane shiver.

Shane allows himself to smile. He looks back at Rozanov.

“Okay,” he says. “Just one condition.”

Rozanov lifts a brow.

“I’ll have to score more goals than you.”

Rozanov laughs, throwing his head back.

"You are on, Shane Hollander."

End Notes

Hello! I'm slowly getting back into writing fic after a few years, and these two will not leave my head at the moment. Here we are! Hope you enjoyed. ❤️

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