

Still Interesting Enough

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Still Interesting Enough

by [Ce_ann](#)

Summary

Rozanov's attention was always fleeting, never really guaranteed. Only resting on Shane for as long as he remained interesting.

He could always find someone else.

Someone less boring.

The thrill and the danger of sneaking around had kept Rozanov around for as long as it did but now it seemed to have come to an end.

And maybe it was better that way.

OR: In which Shane goes into subdrop after Vegas and worries that Rozanov might have enough of their arrangement.

Notes

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

The room was spinning. Shane blinked slowly. Why was the room spinning? Next to him he heard fast, deep breaths. Rozanov, his mind supplied.

His head was heavy and he felt like he was underwater. Every noise and sensation so far away.

Movement startled him as the mattress dipped with the shift of weight. He immediately missed the warmth next to him.

Sounds of running water could be heard as Shane pushed himself into a more upright position. The mess on his stomach was starting to cool.

Thoughts were passing by but he could not quite grab them. He shook his head, trying to clear it.

The bathroom door opened as Rozanov walked back into the room with only a towel wrapped around his hips. Looking everywhere but at Shane.

A cold washcloth was tossed onto his stomach. The impact sending shockwaves through his entire body. He watched as Ilya poured vodka into two glasses, picking one up and swirling the amber liquid around.

"Your reward."

Shane shivered. Since when was the room so fucking cold? Oh, right, the uncomfortable mess on his belly. Shane's body felt on autopilot as his limbs started moving on their own. His hands picking up the washcloth as he struggled to stand on shaky legs.

Shane felt exposed and fought the urge to cover up as he slowly tried to clean himself. Searching for his boxers and hastily pulling them on. Giving up on his half-hearted effort and ignoring how sticky he still felt. How disgusting he felt.

Why was Rozanov not looking at him?

Unsteady steps brought him to the small table as he picked up the glass and emptied it in one go. The vodka burned as it made its way down his throat and he fought to not let it get back up.

"I have early flight tomorrow. Need sleep." Declared Ilya, still avoiding his eyes. His voice distant and dismissive.

Shane sucked a sharp breath in. Of course he wanted Shane gone as soon as possible.

Rozanov was never one for much small talk after. That's how it had always been. Still Shane couldn't help but wish to stay.

His mind urged him to say something. But no word could escape his lips. His mind unable to come up with a reason to stay a little longer.

Every fiber of his body wanted to scream as he dressed himself. His hands were shaking as he tried to tie his shoelaces but ultimately gave up on it. Lingered by the door for as long as

possible. Willing his voice to be even as he called.

"I'm gonna head out now."

"Goodbey, Hollender."

He was hoping for Ilya to call him back. To look at him. To tuck him into bed and hold him. But why would he? Shane was nothing compared to the models and superstars Rozanov usually had in his bed.

The light outside the hotel room was too bright for his sensitive eyes. He nearly collapsed as he reached the elevator. Resting his weight against the wall.

He pulled out his phone. Shane should text something. Say something. But his heart was pounding.

The same word circling in his mind over and over:
Boring. Boring. Boring.

God. Why was his head so foggy?

Shane knew he wasn't as interesting as other people. He couldn't capture the attention of an entire room like Rozanov. Lift the mood and make people laugh like Hayden.

Ilya probably didn't even want to sleep with him specifically. Probably just looking for someone to blow off steam and celebrating the win with.

Slowly he slid down the wall to the floor as all energy left him.
Shane felt so empty.
Used and dirty.

Where did these thoughts come from?
What was happening to him?

His phone started buzzing but he couldn't muster up the strength to look at it.

Shane always knew that this thing with Rozanov couldn't go on forever.
He probably should have ended it a long time ago. But now that didn't matter anymore.

Rozanov's attention was fleeting, never really guaranteed. Only resting on Shane for as long as he remained interesting.
He could always find someone else.
Someone less boring.

The thrill and the danger of sneaking around had kept Rozanov around for as long as it did but now it seemed to have come to an end.

And maybe it was better that way.

Still his entire body was shaking.

Suddenly the elevator door opened back up.

"Hollender, you forgot room-" Rozanov started before he interrupted himself.
Caught off guard at the sight before him but swiftly crouching down to Shane.

A gentle hand found his chin, lifting his head up.

Since when was his vision so blurry?

"Hey. Hey. Is ok."

Soft hands wiped tears of his cheeks. Shane hadn't even realised he started crying.

"What is wrong?" Rozanov's accent thicker than usual as he tried not to panic.

"Cold. It's so cold-" He tried to say as sobs started to erupt from his body.

Realisation dawned on Ilya as he swooped Shane into his arms. Burrowing his head into his shoulder. A steady hand stroking up and down his back as Shane fought to get enough air into his lungs.

"Deep breaths. That's it. In and out."

Shane was in a daze as Ilya slowly pulled him onto his feet and led him back to the hotel room.

He was carefully placed back onto the bed. Ilya's hands never leaving his body as he started to undress him.

"I'm sorry. I don't know-" Shane started before being softly interrupted.

"Is okay, my fault. Is subdrop." But only being met with Shane's confusion.

"Hollender, you know what subdrop is?"

Shane slowly shook his head.

"During sex you get ah lost in head? Floaty. Should have taken better care of you, bringing you back down."

He spoke softly as he caressed Shane's hair.

"I fix it now. Make you feel better again. Next time, I will pay more attention."

Next time. Ilya was thinking about doing this again. Maybe Shane was enough after all.

He was coerced to lie down and strong arms wrapped around him from behind.

Rozanov's voice soft and soothing as he whispered into his ears.

"You did good. So perfect, so perfect for me."

Finally, Shane let himself relax into the soft pillows.

End Notes

Hi!

English is not my first language.

I apologise for any mistakes. Hope you guys liked it.

Open to any kind of feedback!

Please feel free to tell me if anything sounds stupid :)

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