

Rough

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Rough

by [AC91](#)

Summary

5 times Ilya was rough with Shane, and 1 time he was so gentle, Shane didn't know what to do with it.

Shane skated around the scrum, snatching the puck that had been lost in the shuffle and clearing across the rink, readying himself to shoot it into the goal –

He recognised the familiar sound of Rozanov's grunt before he fully registered that he'd smashed into him, pinning him against the boards for what felt like a long moment. He felt a dull ache course through him at the contact, reflexively pushing back against Rozanov like muscle memory.

Shane blinked as Rozanov pulled away, laughing, clearly pleased with himself for throwing Shane off his game. Shane tried not to look disappointed as Rozanov put distance between them, already missing his heavy panting in his ear, doing everything in his power to not let himself get hard. Not in the middle of a game he was trying to win.

"Too hard, Hollander?" Rozanov taunted.

Shane answered honestly, as he always did with Rozanov.

"Not even close."

And it wasn't. Shane knew Rozanov could be rougher, and he knew in an instant that that was what he wanted.

Rozanov seemed to realise it too, if the way his eyes flicked down to Shane's mouth quickly before he skated away was any indication. Shane followed, the way he always did, determined to catch up and score.

He checked his phone the second he got back to the locker room, smiling when he saw the text waiting for him.

How hard do you want it?

Shane didn't even take off his helmet before he was texting back.

So hard I can't walk properly tomorrow.

He wished more than anything that he could have seen Rozanov's face when he read that message.

Shane gripped the sheets desperately, pressing his face into the pillow to try and keep as quiet as possible. It was probably too big a risk, meeting in his hotel room like this, so many players from the league milling around the hallways for the awards show tonight, but

Rozanov had texted his room number to him, and Shane had almost run out of his hotel room without his shoes, like a moth to a flame.

“Fuck, Hollander,” Rozanov panted into his ear, kissing his neck before dipping lower to bite his shoulder.

Shane pushed his hips back into Rozanov’s, unable to stop himself from moaning at how *good* he felt. His whole body felt like it was on fire, like Rozanov was illuminating parts of him that Shane had never felt before, that he didn’t even know existed before him. Before this.

Rozanov somehow pressed tighter against him, his arm snaking around Shane’s body to grab him by the neck, squeezing just a little when Shane cried out a little too loud, warning him wordlessly of the assortment of players that could pass by and overhear them at any moment.

He couldn’t help it. His entire body felt like it was buzzing with electricity, every part of him completely consumed by Rozanov and his white hot touch. Shane felt like he was burning alive, from the inside out, as Rozanov fucked him so hard it felt like he was slipping out of consciousness altogether.

Shane moaned, so low and so loud Rozanov’s thrusts faltered for a split second, unable to control the orgasm threatening to rupture through him. He moaned again, probably even louder than before, because Rozanov’s hand moved from his neck to his mouth, two fingers pressing against his lips –

Shane sucked them into his mouth, moaning gratefully with pleasure at the feeling of being full, completely full. Shane bobbed his head, taking Rozanov’s fingers deeper into his mouth, flicking his tongue like he was sucking his cock. Rozanov made a strangled, desperate sound as his hips moved faster and harder, scissoring his fingers inside Shane’s mouth and pushing his ring finger inside along with the other two. Rozanov said something Shane couldn’t understand, probably in Russian, his voice gritty and low into his neck.

He wished he could record these sounds, listen to them in his headphones all the time, *all* the fucking time, a constant reminder of what he could do to Rozanov. What Rozanov did to him...

Rozanov’s thrusts became a filthy, desperate grind as he moaned *Hollander* in his thick accent, pulling his fingers out of his mouth –

Shane heard the sound of the slap before he felt it. He cried out loudly in shock, pushing back against Rozanov and moaning desperately.

“Again,” Shane begged. He couldn’t even bring himself to feel embarrassed at how desperate and pathetic he probably sounded.

There was no point. Shane knew this was how Rozanov liked him best. Needy and desperate and moaning for him.

And he was right. Rozanov complied immediately, smacking him again, twice, three times, harder and harder each time. His thrusts became more brutal, somehow even rougher as he fucked Shane like he was punishing him.

Shane loved it.

He came with a muffled shout, grinding his cock into the mattress as Rozanov fucked him, his hand gripping his ass so tightly he hoped he'd have bruises he would have to lie about in the locker room showers tomorrow.

He could feel Rozanov coming, following Shane over the edge. Shane had worked out years ago that making him come made Rozanov come, and it had become his favourite part of all this; coming because of Rozanov, which made Rozanov come. It was so fucking hot that it still made Shane blush when he thought about it. He turned his head to watch Rozanov, his face red as he stared at Shane, his eyes wet and bleary, looking exactly how Shane felt.

Fucked. Wrecked. Desperate for more.

"Jesus," Shane mumbled, not even caring about how sticky and filthy he was against the sheets. Rozanov's sheets, at least. At least this wouldn't be his problem.

Shane closed his eyes, aftershocks of his orgasm still pulsing through his cock. He felt so good, still feeling the sting in his cheek from Rozanov's hand and the dull ache in his ass.

"Are you okay?" Rozanov breathed, his forehead pressed against Shane's shoulder blades, running his hand delicately down Shane's side, so gentle that he could hardly believe that was the same hand that had just spanked him to orgasm moments ago.

"God, yes," Shane moaned as Rozanov's hand moved lower, caressing the cheek he had just hit.

3

"What was that, Hollander?" Rozanov smirked, skating up next to him. "You are so distracted by my good looks you forget how to play hockey?"

Shane scoffed, refusing to look him in the eye. He looked too good like this, sweaty and cocky and pleased with himself for scoring a hat trick before the end of the second period. Shane couldn't afford to get distracted. Not when the Metros were so far behind. Not even by Rozanov.

"You wish, Rozanov," he said flatly, hoping he would skate away and leave him alone.

"You know what I wish, Hollander?" Rozanov smirked.

Shane already knew what was coming before he opened his mouth.

"You on your knees," Rozanov murmured.

Shane glanced around, making sure nobody was within earshot before he focused on Rozanov.

“Would rather be over your knee,” he said, before he could talk himself out of being so forward.

It was worth it. Rozanov's face slackened for a moment, shock clear on his face as he processed what Shane said.

He loved that he could do this – make the usually unflappable Rozanov speechless. Shane couldn't help but smile proudly as he skated past him, happy to have the last word for once.

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Shane thought he'd gotten away with it until the third period. He and Rozanov scuffled for the puck, Shane covering it until he could get a clear shot across to JJ –

He felt a hard slap on his ass as Rozanov skated by him.

Shane tried not to react, skating to catch up and elbowing him as he passed him. He knew what that meant.

He'd be getting spanked after the game.

4

“Fuck,” Shane moaned, burying his face into the duvet, trying to centre himself.

He could feel Rozanov shuffle around behind him, whimpering softly as his hands trailed down his back, massaging his ass gently before moving down to his thighs. Shane gasped when he felt Rozanov's mouth just below his left ass cheek, his tongue leaving a trail down to his already loose hole.

Shane reached behind him, sighing in relief when his hand landed in Rozanov's hair. He didn't push him away or pull him closer; he just wanted to feel him. Rozanov didn't discourage him, his hands roaming over Shane like he needed to touch every inch of him more than anything in the world before one hand pressed him down firmly to the mattress by the small of his back.

“More,” Shane begged, too far gone to care about how embarrassing he might look or sound.

Not that Rozanov would have made fun of him for it. Rozanov *loved* it, begging him to be louder, to beg harder. Things that Shane would have done for him without asking.

He felt Rozanov settle behind him, taking a deep breathe –

Rozanov's hand came down on his ass so hard Shane cried out in shock before he cried out a second time in pain.

Rozanov's hand massaged his ass cheek, burning hot and aching, as he humped the duvet. They'd done this a few times – a swift slap on the ass here and there, but Shane had never experienced someone setting aside time strictly to spank him.

He felt so good that he felt like he wasn't even in his body. He felt like he was sitting in the chair he had put by the fireplace nearly three years ago when Rozanov had admitted to him that sometimes he just liked to watch him.

“Okay?” Rozanov asked, his hand slowing and letting Shane catch his breath.

Shane did the only thing he could do right now.

He begged.

“Harder,” he mumbled, hoping Rozanov could hear him. “More.”

Shane didn't have to turn around to see his face; he could feel the way Rozanov's dick twitched against the inside of his thigh.

“Harder?” Rozanov echoed, clearly amused. “That was too soft?”

Shane finally turned his head, looking at Rozanov. He was knelt over him, still holding Shane down, his cheeks flushed, his lips swollen, his hair sticking out in every direction, sweat making his curls sit wildly.

He had the fleeting thought that Rozanov looked beautiful.

Shane sighed, reaching back again, needing to touch him. Rozanov met him halfway, grabbing his wrist with his free hand.

“I just need more,” Shane tried to explain.

It wasn't sufficient, but to his surprise, Rozanov just nodded, ducking down to kiss his shoulder blade.

And maybe that shouldn't have surprised him. Rozanov always seemed to know what Shane needed before he even did.

“You want rough,” Rozanov said, maybe really to himself as he rose up onto his knees behind Shane, his hard cock standing so tall and proud it took everything inside of him to not beg Rozanov to fuck him.

“I want rough,” Shane echoed, feeling drunk as he braced himself for it.

It didn't come, not straight away. Rozanov gently tapped his ass cheeks a few times, alternating sides, dipping his fingers down to his hole and sliding two fingers inside him before pulling out and gently smacking his ass again, over and over for what felt like hours.

Shane almost fell asleep.

Not sleep – but something like it. He felt like he was completely outside of himself as he watched Rozanov intently study him, so focused on making him feel good that Shane almost forgot where he was.

He screamed when Rozanov smacked his left ass cheek so hard the sound quite literally echoed in his own ears.

Shane was torn between humping the sheets to get some friction against his cock and raising his ass in the air to beg for another slap. Rozanov decided to give him both; he pressed Shane down harder into the mattress as he gave him a second slap, even louder and harder than the first.

His whole body felt alight. Shane could feel his orgasm building from this alone; he pushed back against Rozanov, a silent prayer to –

The third slap was the hardest Shane had ever been hit in his life. He came hard, shooting hot and wet across his brand new blue duvet that he had bought because it reminded him of soft blue eyes, unable to think about anything other than Rozanov's hands on him.

“Fuck me,” Shane begged, his orgasm still coursing through him.

Rozanov didn't need to be told twice. He pressed inside Shane, grunting lowly as he fucked him hard and fast. Rozanov had been edging them both for so long that neither of them had really stood a chance; Rozanov came with a staccato *Hollander*, and Shane gasped as he had a second orgasm, straight after the first, his body *aching* with need.

He didn't feel Rozanov pull out or lay down next to him. All he could feel was the buzz of his body and Rozanov's hands, caressing his way down his back, over his ass, down the backs of his thighs and back up, over and over, until Shane didn't feel anything anymore.

>>>

Shane jerked awake, blinking in confusion as he looked at Rozanov. His hands were still moving softly over Shane, but they were covered by a blanket now, warm and safe and spent.

“I fell asleep,” Shane mumbled.

“No,” Rozanov corrected. “I make you come so hard you pass out.”

Shane rolled his eyes at how smug he looked, but he couldn't deny how good he felt.

“It was fine,” Shane dismissed.

Rozanov's eyebrow shot up, something Shane only ever saw when he had successfully annoyed him. Usually in bed. Usually during sex.

“Was fine?” Rozanov repeated, forcing Shane by his shoulder to lay flat on his back so he could crawl over him. “You blacked out, Hollander. I made you come twice hands free.”

Shane rolled his eyes, but he couldn’t stop his hands from reaching for Rozanov’s hips, relaxing at how right they felt like this; Rozanov between his spread legs, his cock hard against his own, his intense blue eyes locked on Shane’s.

“I wanna do that again,” Shane admitted.

Rozanov’s smug smirk toned down to a genuine smile as he leaned forward to kiss him, wet and messy and intense. Shane leaned up to meet his lips, pulling Rozanov closer to him by his hips. He smiled as Rozanov began rolling his hips into his as he moved his mouth down his neck.

“Next time,” Rozanov promised. “You are bruised.”

Shane’s cock twitched; he could feel the soft spurt of pre come leaking from his tip at the confirmation that he was bruised. There would be *no* explaining that one in the locker room come Wednesday night.

“One more,” Shane begged.

He could tell from the way that Rozanov stared at him that Shane was going to get what he wanted.

Rozanov always gave him exactly what Shane needed.

5

Rozanov felt amazing; he always felt amazing. Shane gasped as Rozanov snapped his hips harder and faster, his fingers dug into Rozanov’s shoulders as he watched him fuck him roughly.

Shane had been thinking about this for weeks. He’d been so desperate for Rozanov since the last time he’d seen him, needing something that he wasn’t sure how to ask for.

Something he knew he could ask for, that Rozanov wouldn’t say no to.

Not when they’d flirted with it lightly over the years.

Rozanov leaned down to kiss him, grabbing Shane’s chin to move him where he wanted him, and Shane figured it was now or never.

“Slap me,” he breathed.

To Rozanov’s credit, he didn’t falter. Shane moaned as Rozanov’s hips continued snapping into his, his rhythm familiar and perfect. Shane bit his lip as he debated taking it back,

debated pretending he didn't say it at all, when Rozanov moved his hand to his cheek, caressing him softly –

Rozanov slapped him. It wasn't hard by any means, but it felt...naughty.

Shane could tell by the way Rozanov was watching him that this was turning him on even more than he already was, his cock pulsating with need inside Shane.

"Harder," Shane begged, too far gone to care that he sounded so pathetic and needy.

Rozanov bit his lip as he looked down at Shane, grabbing his chin tightly and moving his face back up to him, his hand flattening against his cheek –

The second one was harder. Perfect. Shane closed his eyes, the dull ache in his cheek coursing through his entire body.

The third slap made him bite his lip harshly, making Rozanov bend down to suck his lip into his mouth, a warning to be gentler to himself, Shane knew.

The fourth one was a little milder, but Shane could only stare up at Rozanov, totally at his mercy as he fucked him and slapped him, taking exactly what he gave him.

The fifth slap was just on the right side of too rough. Shane couldn't stop himself from moaning loudly as he came, clenching hard around Rozanov's cock, his nails digging into his biceps. Rozanov moaned as he held Shane's face tightly in his hand, staring into his eyes as he came, watching him intently.

"You're so red," Rozanov murmured moments later as they came down.

Shane would have blushed if his face wasn't already burning.

+1

The scrum was getting out of control.

Shane could hear the refs screaming at both teams, telling everyone to drop their hands and skate back to their own benches. No part of him considered following those orders as he hip checked Kane away from JJ, shoving Dubek out of his way and –

He stumbled as he was shoulder checked, standing up straight and locking eyes furiously with Rozanov.

Shane wasn't in the mood tonight. They were losing; his team were bickering, their coach was riding them, and Shane felt so fucking out of control it took everything in him to not fall to his knees for Rozanov and beg him to silence the noise in his head right then and there. It had all become too much lately, and maybe not having an outlet was causing issues. It had been nearly four months since he'd felt Rozanov's hands on him.

“Calm down,” Rozanov ordered.

To the crowd, to their teams and to the public, it would have looked like a threat.

Something in his eyes told Shane that he wasn't speaking to him like they were on the ice. Shane tried to relax the tension in his jaw, but the tension in his head was too strong to let go of so easily.

“Make me,” Shane said, spitting towards Rozanov.

He raised an eyebrow as he considered Shane, leaning forward to skate closer when a ref skated between them, holding out his arms to keep them apart.

“Rozanov, Hollander, get your boys under control,” he ordered.

Shane turned away, grabbing at Hayden and trying to break up the fight, wishing more than anything he could just disappear.

He felt Rozanov watching him intently for the rest of the game.

>>>

Shane shoved Rozanov back against the wall as hard as he could, desperately trying to bet a reaction out of him. Rozanov just seemed to watch him as Shane grappled with unzipping his pants, desperate for something, anything, to distract him from the uncomfortable itch under his skin that told him that he didn't deserve to be where he was, that he was failing.

As team captain. As his mother's son. As a man.

Maybe if he asked nicely Rozanov would pin him down and smack the bad thoughts right out of him. Maybe he'd fuck him so hard he'd black out and forget his own name, or maybe –

Rozanov seemed to have enough. He grabbed Shane's wrists, stilling him and looking into his eyes. Shane tried to look away, overwhelmed with the attention and the way Rozanov wasn't even trying to match his intensity, but Rozanov held him by the chin and gently turned his face towards him.

“You are upset,” he said.

“I'm not,” Shane said, but it felt like a lie as he said it. He didn't know why; the Metros had won tonight. Everything was the same as it always was. There was nothing to *be* upset about.

Rozanov didn't challenge him on it, thankfully.

He just kissed him.

He pulled Shane close and kissed him so tenderly, so passionately, that Shane slowly felt all the tension leave his body. He held onto Rozanov like a lifeline, letting him guide him up to

his own bedroom, barely registering the stairs or taking off his clothes or even that they were lying down right now.

Shane felt like he was catching his breath for the first time in weeks as Rozanov moved down his body, unzipping his pants and stripping him of them, pushing down his underwear and settling between his legs, swallowing him down with ease.

Shane gasped as he watched Rozanov work his cock, his arms wrapped around his thighs, holding him down firmly as he licked and sucked. He couldn't keep his eyes off Rozanov, who was still watching him carefully as he got him off. Shane slowly lost his composure as Rozanov cupped his balls, squeezing them gently as he took him further down his throat, moaning around him.

His orgasm caught him off guard. He reached down to bury his hand in Rozanov's blond curls, looking much longer and fluffier than usual. Shane pulled tightly as he came, aware of the way Rozanov swallowed wildly around him.

Shane screwed his eyes shut as Rozanov pulled off of him, kissing his way slowly up his hips, his stomach, his chest, his neck...

By the time Rozanov was kissing his lips, Shane almost felt okay again. Rozanov seemed to sense it, because he settled in between his hips and reached into the drawer for a condom, kissing Shane's neck as he teased his tip at his hole, pressing in so slowly Shane could have cried.

Rozanov fucked him slow, languid and thoroughly, watching him carefully. Shane had no idea what for, but by the time Rozanov was jerking him slowly in time with his thrusts, pulling his hand away every time Shane tensed too hard, he was in tears.

Real, desperate tears that Rozanov brushed away from his cheeks.

Shane didn't even want to come. He just wanted this moment to last forever.

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