

## Should Have Known Better

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# Should Have Known Better

by [Pickle\\_Chips](#)

## Summary

“But you should get tested, it’s important. I go every three months. Like the dentist. My dick is very healthy.”

“Well...good, I guess.” Shane didn’t have a rebuttal. It was a good point actually. “Wait, you go to the dentist every three months? I thought it was supposed to be six?”

“You cannot possibly be this boring, Hollander.”

—

Shane is tired, but he’s not missing a chance to see Ilya after a New York charity game. Canon compliant, deleted scene type short fluff.

Shane wouldn't miss a night with Ilya. He wouldn't, and he wasn't about to pretend he would. After all these years, he had made his peace with what his priorities were. He'd miss dinners, and parties, a movie premier (once), calling his mom, after game rituals, drinks with his teammates, well deserved ice-baths, and almost anything else (provided it didn't effect his playing) for an hour with Rozanov. He wasn't *proud*. But tonight... well he had missed about all of those. And Shane was frankly cranky.

He had skipped lunch because, well. He had preferences for how he liked sex and hadn't seen Rozanov in more than two months. Then he had played a brutal game against the Bears. It was a skirmish, for charity, so it shouldn't matter but he hated the blood boiling feeling of watching Ilya across the ice, seemingly unphased by seeing him, crooked smile coming as easy as ever. He hated the taste of copper in his mouth as he took a bad fall in the fourth quarter. His hamstring hurt. His knee hurt. His ass hurt, and not in the fun way.

He had watched his teammates commit to huge pasta dinners and he watched them go with more than a twinge of jealousy that came directly from his stomach. He took a shower, and he found himself fantasizing both about Ilya (a familiar kind of shame) and the take-out he was going to smash after (brand new.)

He had basically stormed through Rozanov's hotel room door about an hour ago. His hair was still damp from his after game shower. He thought he even registered a look of surprise on Rozanov's face before slamming into him, and then slamming into the couch, all things hard and fast and crashing. He vaguely noted that this room wasn't up to Ilya's standards, maybe he had booked a second room just to fuck in. Fine.

"Holla-oof," Rozanov had greeted him, before being cut off by Shane basically tossing him against the flimsy Hilton wall. He looked as delicious as ever, Shane noted with more than a bit of envy and annoyance, he had also clearly just showered with low slung joggers and a black T-shirt Shane thought he must get tailored to cling to his biceps just so like that.

Ilya had responded to his violence in kind, strong hands gripping Shane and lifting him off the ground, slamming him onto the hotel couch in a way that felt unstructurally sound. Shane bit his lip.

"Out for revenge for your loss, Hollander? I can show you some moves, if you're looking for a mentor." Ilya had quipped, making quick work of Shane's jeans. Shane didn't have time for this, he grabbed him by the nape of his neck, pulling him down.

Somewhere under the primal taking and shoving and kissing with teeth Shane felt a deep gratitude that Rozanov seemed fine with anything he threw at him. On the ice it was like he could read his mind in the worst way, blocking him, always one step ahead, one millimeter closer, but here Shane felt greedy for it. He pushed and Ilya was there to catch him. He bit and Ilya bit back, He didn't need to explain, say "I want it rough tonight," he didn't need to say anything. It was choreography. It was a play. Rozanov knew his positions so well.

Shane thought he was going to get exactly what he wanted, Rozanov, hard and fast and with minimal posible quips, until about 15 minutes ago when he had his leg hauled up on

Rozanov's shoulder, everything slicked and aligned and perfect and-

"Wait," Shane had said, reluctantly, "stop." His leg was killing him, throbbing pains shooting through the muscle of his thigh. Somewhere in the back of his mind he registered how instantly Ilya stopped, no comments, no hesitation. Shane had been with girls who needed to be stopped five, six times before they got the hint. He wondered if this meant he had literally never stopped Rozanov before, and surmised that probably he was mostly saying "yes yes please" with every cell in his body instead.

"Not good?" Ilya asked, sliding his hand from under Shane's ass up his leg to his ankle, which rested on Ilya's shoulder.

"No," winced Shane, "it's uh, god it's *really* good-" Ilya smirked, Shane scowled, "My hamstring, I think I sprained it tonight."

Recognition flooded Rozanov's face, and if he would allow himself the luxury of imagining it, Shane thought he saw a smidge of relief there too. Ilya surveyed him, laid out beneath him, raw and hard and breathless, and ran his hand up his inner thigh with a practiced ease.

"Here?" He asked, rubbing his thumb down the tight muscle. Shane shivered, winced.

"Yeah, but I could, turn - "

But Ilya was already moving away from him, perfect naked ass lit by the mediocre hotel lamps.

"You need ice." He called over his shoulder, "This terrible hotel is for business meetings. It has a fridge."

Shane blinked taking in the suite for the first time. It did look like a business hotel, they had crash landed on the living room portion but there was a small fridge where Ilya was heading, with a hot plate and a sad looking Mr. Coffee.

"I don't want ice," Shane called, reaching for a forgotten couch pillow to cover his erection. Damn Ilya for seeming perfectly at ease this naked, coming back holding an ice pack and his cigarettes, dropping both on the hotel coffee table. He stole the pillow out of Shane's hands and spread his legs. Shane could feel himself blushing.

"You're in a bad mood, Shane Hollander." Ilya told him dryly as he gingerly moved Shane's dick away from the cold and pressed the ice pack just right into Shane's thigh. It actually felt much better, Shane could feel himself unclench. Ilya reached for his cigarettes but struggled stupidly trying to light them and still hold the ice pack against Shane's thigh.

Shane sighed, took his lighter, lit it for him. Ilya looked sincerely delighted by this, like he might even laugh. Shane scowled deeper.

"What has crawled up your ass?" Rozanov asked, moving his leg to stretch it out in just the way you were always taught in sports medicine.

“Not you, apparently.” Shane could hear how petulant he sounded. Now Rozanov really did laugh, a short staccato sound.

“Night is young! Lighten up. It is not so bad to lose to me, you do it all the time. This one didn’t even count.”

“No, Jesus, it’s not that I-“ Shane shook his head. “It’s nothing. I cut my foot and my leg hurts and we lost and I have been all over McCullers about that fucking trick shot of his and he won’t- anyway, a skipped lunch and I haven’t eaten so I’m just not chipper, that’s all. How long do I have to lay like this before you’re satisfied that my leg won’t fall off if you fuck me?”

Rozanov blinked at him, pausing to ash his cigarette in a plastic cup

“What’s that stupid American word people say... You’re *hangry*, Hollander.” He looked amused. Shane felt like throwing something.

“Look, I can go, if you-“

But Rozanov wasn’t looking at him, he was looking at his phone. “What do you put on your pizza? Do not say pineapple.”

“What?”

“It is not a complicated question, Hollander.”

“You can’t order pizzas, Rozanov! What if they see *me in here*? What if -“

“Hide in the bathroom if you want. Do you like cheesy bread? I am getting cheesy bread.”

Shane could not believe the absurdity of his life as he repositioned the couch pillow to cover his dick as the fully naked Rozanov casually put out his cigarette and handed him the napkin where he had transcribed his order. Shane sighed.

“See if they have ginger ale.”

Ilya nodded and called the place, “Hello, I’d like to place an order? Uh, Lee. L-E-E. Yeah, so, cheesy bread...”

Shane listened as he listed off enough pizzas for a party of ten, plus ginger ale and coke for good measure and hung up before he started in on him again.

“Lee?”

“You try spelling Ilya over the phone to Mr-“ Ilya affected a terribly bad New York accent “*I’m walking here*, see how far it gets you.”

Shane snorted, then giggled stupidly, foul mood finally punctured by the terrible accent layering and the 20 minute promise of Mario’s Pizzeria. He sat up, still clutching the ice pack to his groin.

Ilya was rummaging around in the fridge.

“Vodka, Hollander?” He pulled out a bottle from the freezer, two glasses. In truth, Shane hadn’t drank it since that night after the awards, and to him it still tasted like shame but, when in Rome. He reached out his hand for it as Ilya flopped down on the other end of the couch.

“Now what?” Shane muttered, half to himself.

“We sit. We eat pizza. We fuck. Is it your first night on earth, Hollander?” Ilya asked, mirth lighting up his face. He seemed to be enjoying Shane’s bad mood, his desperation to get back to fucking, his agitation at his loss.

“I like pineapple on pizza fine, by the way.” Shane said, aware that he was sounding huffier than he meant, “it was invented in Canada.”

Ilya shrugged, “AK-47 invented in Russia, doesn’t mean I need to have one for dinner.”

“I think those might be slightly more evil than the pizza.”

“Roughly the same.”

A small pause. Shane could feel the heat rising in his cheeks. He knew, that by being here, waiting for this pizza, wanting Ilya after food, sticking around he was admitting something. That he liked this, that he wanted this, that he wasn’t choosing it because it was simply here. That he planned for it and didn’t want to leave without it and it was true, god dammit, he did want Rozanov more than he was willing to admit. He could hear the ice melting in his vodka and he could feel the shame lighting up his face.

“Not all Canadian inventions are so bad,” Ilya said, “bottomless strip clubs are good.” He said.

Shane snorted. “Oh great, yeah, thanks. God, I should get tested after this.”

“You don’t have sex at the strip club, Hollander, you watch. They dance.”

“I know, I just meant-“

“But you should get tested, it’s important. I go every three months. Like the dentist. My dick is very healthy.”

“Well...good, I guess.” Shane didn’t have a rebuttal. It was a good point actually. “Wait, you go to the dentist every three months? I thought it was supposed to be six?”

“You cannot possibly be this boring, Hollander.”

Shane was saved from the lameness of whatever rebuttal had cooked up by the lobby calling to tell Ilya the pizza was there, and Ilya throwing his clothes on to grab it. Before he left he dipped down and kissed Shane, and the gesture was so sweet and fast that Shane touched his lips the moment the door swung shut.

While Ilya was gone Shane tried to tidy up enough for them to eat. He pulled on his sweat pants, his shirt, moved the nonsense off the coffee table. He saw that Ilya had left his phone here, face up and he felt oddly warmed by it. He never lost sight of his phone, not with their texts on it threatening to expose him for everything. But he figured in some way, they were safe here. What would he need to hide from Shane?

Ilya returned, at least four pizza boxes and sodas precariously perched in his arms, square of cheesy bread already hanging from his mouth. He closed the door behind him with his foot and dropped the boxes on the table. He loudly proclaimed some word in Russian that Shane hoped meant “eat” because he simply could not wait another moment. He attacked the pizza with gusto he thought he only had for attacking, well, Rozanov.

“Don’t choke,” Ilya said, mouth full of food, “hard to explain to cops.”

Shane nodded, not even pausing to think of the horror THAT would be, and he didn’t stop for three slices and two cheesy bread squares.

“Better?” Ilya asked, finally standing to clear the boxes.

“God,” Shane sighed, “yes, Christ.”

“You can eat before you see me Hollander, I wouldn’t judge your figure.”

“I know it’s because- “

Ilya raised a hand “I know what it’s *because*, I was making a joke. I was just saying, it’s alright. Come as you are. I wouldn’t judge.”

Shane blinked at him. It was rather... nice, in his way. He had sincerely never made Shane feel any way about his body, about what he could or couldn’t do, not that there was much they hadn’t done. “Thank you?”

“I’m a very nice guy,” Ilya said solemnly.

Shane rolled his eyes, then got up and washed his hands.

“So, now what?” He said, uncertain in uncharted waters. He did still want Rozanov, actually, with a painful need that was only growing, if only to shut up his stupid perfect mouth, but it he knew he wasn’t exactly at his sexiest stuffed with so much pizza he thought he might pop. Were there people who looked sexy eating? Not that Shane knew.

“We digest. Finish vodka. Sit. Like people. What music do you like? Don’t say something boring.” Ilya was fuzting with a little speaker from his bag.

“What music counts as not boring? All that European techno club stuff?” Shane asked, watching Ilya’s fingers with a little too much interest.

Ilya shrugged.

“I like all kinds of music. I’m very cultured. I contain multitudes.”

Shane scoffed.

“Anything with a bass loud enough to knock the pictures off the walls, I’m sure.”

“What, you would prefer I pumped up for a game by listening to Sufjan Stevens?”

Shane felt his mouth drop open. THAT he knew how to say? He had privately congratulated himself on his taste for liking that album when an old girlfriend had shown him last year, he was more of a hot 100 pop rock kind of guy normally. He could *not* fathom Ilya Rozanov of all people running around with quiet indie music in his headphones.

“How do you-“

“What, am I not permitted to *feel the Illinois*, Hollander?”

Shane glanced at the hotel door as if maybe looking at it again would reveal that he had entered in another dimension and he could escape back to saner zones beyond it.

“Feel away?” He offered.

“Nah, not tonight,” Ilya had the speaker working and it was playing something in Russian Shane couldn’t identify but was pleasant in a makeout music kind of way.

Ilya also washed his hands, made a show of rinsing his mouth out with vodka and then yanked Shane by the back of his shirt, pulling them both into the bedroom.

Rozanov kissed him, slower now, and his hands hit his hips, and oh, the feeling had not abated, the urgency was right there. Shane was back in it, like they had never paused, like he had never winced, like no time had passed since the first time he gazed too long at Rozanov’s neck, his hands. He was on the bed, he was naked, his dick was in Ilya’s hand, and *fuck*.

Rozanov carefully kept him in positions that didn’t hurt his hamstring, but he certainly didn’t hold back, fucking Shane into the mattress with his hand held between his shoulder blades, pausing to bite him on the shoulder in a way that made Shane burn with the knowledge it would be sore tomorrow, a reminder, a souvenir. Ilya came hard inside him, and Shane felt sad when he pulled out, like he could keep fucking him forever, like in a perfect world he would fall asleep with Rozanov’s dick inside him so they could just keep going throughout the night uninterrupted. Then his own orgasm came, hard and all over Ilya’s hand and the shame seeped in from the edges.

He took a minute to catch his breath, Ilya laid on top of him, arm slung over his chest in a way that felt almost, almost protective.

“I don’t have any cash,” Shane mumbled.

Ilya wrinkled his brow in confusion. “... the fucking is on the house, Hollander.”

“No!” Shane covered his face in his hand, “no, I meant, to pay you back. For the pizza. I can bring some. Next time.”

Ilya surveyed him with a look Shane couldn't pin down, he wanted to trace the lines of his brows. He wanted to ask 1000 questions. He waited.

"I am a millionaire. I can afford pizza." Rozanov finally mumbled, closing his eyes. "But you can order next time."

Next time. Shane knew he shouldn't, knew this should be the last time, knew they all should be, but he was tired and sore and full and he didn't want to fight himself tonight. He reached over and tangled his fingers into Ilya's, holding his hand. He expected to be brushed off but Ilya squeezed his hand back and closed his eyes, and Shane thought he might be softly snoring by the time he slipped out the hotel room door, stealing one last piece of cheesy bread for the walk home.

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