

Give Me Your Skin (I Need Your Warmth)

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Give Me Your Skin (I Need Your Warmth)

by [RighteousPunk](#)

Summary

Lily: Wanna do actual bet?

Maybe it was Shane's competitiveness being struck like a match at the mere thought, maybe it was because their one and only bet, six months before in Las Vegas, had resulted in Shane touching himself for Rozanov.

The result was the same: Shane did not consider what kind of terrible idea Rozanov could come up with before replying.

Jane: What kind?

Lily: Accuracy shooting competition

Jane: Ha

I always beat you there

Lily: Not this year

This year I win

And you wear my jersey

Or: Shane loses a bet and has to wear Ilya's jersey.

Notes

When I first started watching HR, I confidently said I wouldn't be writing fics for it, and well, here we are. Omega Shane has been calling my name and I couldn't resist the call. Hope you all enjoy this silly, short fic!

This was beta-read by [Purri](#) !! Thank you so much and don't hesitate to check out her amazing hollanov fic!!

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

Shane wouldn't do it.

He wouldn't open the package that had been delivered to his hotel room only a few minutes before, the flat plastic square put down on his bed, staring back at him with a proud smirk. A Russian one.

He grabbed his phone, ignoring his urge to throw the thing in the bin entirely.

Jane: I won't do it

Lily: You will

You promised

Jane: I didn't promise shit

Fuck you

Lily: You lost bet, yes?

For a moment, there was no follow-up, like Rozanov *actually* expected him to confirm that yes, he did lose. By half a second. For the first time in five years.

Lily: So you wear it at party

Jane: 🙅

Lily: 🙄

Shane was *not* going to do it.

He was sure the content of the package could make someone else very happy. He could give it away. Or he could burn it. That would be good for his nerves, probably.

Still, he couldn't deny that when he opened the plastic and he brought the fabric to his nose and it smelled like *new*, there was a little pinch to his heart.

This whole thing had started just a month before.

Well, actually, it had started five years before, the first time Rozanov had knocked at his door to hook up. He was young, thinking with his dick and his hormones, and hadn't thought the whole thing through back then. Shane had been far from imagining that Ilya's strong alpha pheromones would be enough to render his scent-blocker useless, showing his biggest rival

the truth of who he was: an omega who desperately pretended to be a beta to keep his spot in the NHL.

It was only on their third hook up, after Ilya had first knotted him, that Ilya had proposed this became a more regular arrangement. Seeing each other every time they were in the same city, to help Shane avoid unexpected heats. Because Ilya might be the most insufferable person Shane knew, but he was fucking nice sometimes. Which made him even more insufferable.

So, a month before, after years of regular hook-ups, Shane hadn't been very surprised when he had gotten a text from *Lily*.

Lily: See you at all-star game? ;)

Jane: You bet

Lily: Wanna do actual bet?

Maybe it was Shane's competitiveness being struck like a match at the mere thought, maybe it was because their one and only bet, in Las Vegas, had resulted in Shane touching himself for Rozanov and it had been the hottest thing he'd ever done. Maybe he was hoping for Rozanov to get a taste of his own medicine.

The result was the same: Shane did not consider what kind of terrible idea Rozanov could come up with before replying.

Jane: What kind?

Lily: Accuracy shooting competition

Jane: Ha

I always beat you there

Lily: Not this year

This year I win

And you wear my jersey

Jane: Definitely not

Lily: Come on

For after party

It is costume party this year

Was it? Shane had gotten the invite, but hadn't really opened it yet, just skimmed through the title in the notification. He'd been busy with other stuff. Texting Rozanov with one hand and stuffing *himself* with a knotted dildo up his ass, actually. So, what kind of party was the All-

Star game after-party hadn't been much of a concern at the moment. Had they moved this year's game to October just so they could get pictures of players in costume? It would be good for promo.

That didn't change the fact that Shane didn't really plan on showing up for more than an hour, making the rounds and being in bed before things became a bit too... *rowdy*. The part of the night that Ilya loved best, according to the many, many articles and Instagram posts Shane had caught glances of over the years.

The part of the night Shane was terrified would lead him to let his guard down, and accidentally reveal his true identity.

Jane: I'm not going to that

Lily: This year you are

Wearing my jersey

Jane: Won't happen

Cause I'm not going to lose

Lily: Ok ;)

Shane hadn't even realized, at the time, that he hadn't even picked a prize if he won. Maybe that's what had damned him. For the first time since they had been competing against each other, Shane had lost the accuracy shooting competition.

And he was now heading to the party wearing a *Rozanov* jersey, something that would make his teammates disavow him, or worse. It wasn't like he'd lost a bet to *any* player. He'd lost it to his biggest rival, and if he just said it was a bet, it implied communication, which Shane couldn't even admit to.

He texted Rozanov right as the elevator door opened, thankfully empty.

Jane: How the fuck am I even supposed to explain this

Lily: Show me

Shane rolled his eyes as he took a quick picture in the elevator's mirror. He looked absolutely ridiculous, with the jersey almost reaching his knees. Had Rozanov ordered a size too big on purpose, to push the humiliation further?

Lily: Pretty

Jane: Asshole

How will I explain this?

Lily: You're smart boy

Figure it out

“Omg, dude, are you dressed up as a Rozanov’ puck bunny? That’s awesome.” Shane almost dropped his phone as Jake, a guy from the Red Wings he had teamed up with that day, entered the elevator, dressed as some kind of... boxer? He was only wearing shorts and two gloves thrown over his shoulder. Shane hadn’t even heard the cabin stop, too focused on his phone.

Even *texting* Rozanov was becoming dangerous. If someone lingered a second too long on the texts they were sharing... Hockey players might not always be the sharpest tools in a shed, but it wouldn’t be hard to put two and two together.

“As one of his fans, yes,” Shane smiled as he could, the name making him uncomfortable.

“Fucking genius,” Jake commented.

Shane cringed internally. Sure, if only he had any idea what he was doing two minutes ago. At last he had gotten that out of the way. From what he knew, Jake ran his mouth enough that everyone at the afterparty would know what Shane was dressed as in the first... ten minutes, if he was being generous.

Jane: I’m your fan, apparently

Lily: Of course you are

Biggest fan of my cock

For fuck’s sake. Shane coughed to hide his embarrassment as he put his phone back in his pocket. Maybe at least his outfit wouldn’t bring too much attention. Maybe everyone there was too used to seeing jerseys around to notice it was quite unusual at a *Hockey Players* costume party. Or to take a moment to see *who* exactly had picked the laziest outfit and was wearing a Jersey in a room filled with people with thought-out, elaborate costumes.

“Hollander?” Scott Hunter’s voice made Shane startle. “Very funny,” he commented with a raised eyebrow that sent shivers down Shane’s spine. This had been the worst idea. He should take it off. Better pretend he had no costume than to wear *this*.

“Thank you,” Shane faked a smile. “Love your costume, Mr Hunter.” He was wearing a Captain America outfit that suited him well, going as far as having a shield tied behind his back.

“None of that,” Hunter rolled his eyes. It was far from the first year they’d teamed up together in the All Star game, yet Shane had never lost the habit. “You lost a bet or something?”

Shane never liked the way Scott always seemed to see right through him, his allusions to Rozanov over the years too subtle for him to truly know if he actually *knew* something or if he was just playing with the rivalry between them.

“Yeah, something like that,” Shane said. “I need to get a drink,” he said almost rudely, but eager for this conversation to end.

He didn’t like Scott’s expression as he nodded with an amused smile. “I’ll talk to you later then.”

“Sure, later,” Shane said non-committally, still hoping to get out of here as soon as possible.

His phone buzzed a second after he was served his usual ginger ale, and he looked around to make sure no one was watching before he opened it, fighting back the urge to see what Rozanov could have sent.

Lily: Nice jersey

Jane: Where are you?

A stupid question, considering he wouldn’t go see him in public. Maybe he just wanted to see Rozanov’s costume. Maybe he just wanted to lay his eyes on Ilya.

Lily: You miss me?

Jane: Fuck you

“No, but I will fuck you later,” a voice whispered in Shane’s ear, making him shiver.

“You can’t say that type of shit here,” Shane shushed back, frantically looking around.

“You’re making it weird,” Rozanov said coolly, leaning on the bar next to him. “You’re wearing my jersey. Of course I have to say hello.”

“Well, hello, Rozanov,” Shane rolled his eyes.

“Hello, Hollander,” Rozanov smiled, the sight enough to twist something in Shane’s guts. “Whiskey. On the rocks, please,” he asked the barman as he came around, giving Shane a few seconds of reprieve before Rozanov’s piercing gaze was on him again. Rozanov had opted for a classic werewolf costume, but instead of going bare-chested like most would, he was wearing a tasteful suit, white shirt open to reveal a chest covered in fake fur.

The fake pointy ears that covered his real ones would have looked silly on anyone, yet somehow Rozanov managed to make it look good. Almost real, like his true nature of a predator finally was allowed to shine through. And Shane was nothing but his helpless prey, having to clear his throat before he spoke again.

“No vodka?”

“They don’t have the good stuff here.”

Shane mused, taking a sip of his ginger ale.

“How does it feel, wearing winning Jersey?” Rozanov asked suddenly, making Shane spit out his drink.

“Fuck off.”

Rozanov grinned. It was so fucking annoying that Shane couldn’t kiss it off his face.

“I want to fuck you in this,” Rozanov whispered, and it took all of Shane's restraint not to look around like a fool again. Something that would definitely end up being suspicious if he couldn’t keep his cool. “Meet me in the bathroom.”

The order was calm, not a suggestion by any means. A whimper grew in Shane's throat, something he could not fully contain, his instincts taking over to make him obey whatever his alpha asked of his body.

Just the thought of Ilya bending him over and fucking him hard and fast made his hole wet.

“No,” Shane forced out, gripping on his drink to ignore the way his body pulsed with need and want. “Not here.”

“Why not?” Rozanov pouted.

Shane almost whined a “*fine, let’s go*” at the sight of the lust in Rozanov’s eyes, his gaze not leaving him one instant as he lifted his glass to his mouth to take a sip of his whiskey.

“Too many people,” he gritted through his teeth. Journalists, players, NHL officials. Too many people who should never, under any circumstance, *know*, unless Shane wanted his career to lay in the dirt.

“Hollander, you are so boring,” Rozanov sighed. “Text me bedroom number. And *keep* the jersey on,” he added, inching to whisper in Shane’s ear, making him shiver as he left him alone at the bar.

Motherfucker.

This felt, as it always did, like a bad idea. Anyone could see Rozanov walking to his door. The hotel was filled with hockey stars, and though there was supposed to be some kind of level of security, journalists still sometimes managed to sneak up the hotel floors for a scoop.

He had texted his room number to *Lily* a few minutes before, along with the code for the room, and it was at that moment that Shane suddenly didn't know what to do with himself.

Ilya had said to *keep* the Jersey on, did that mean he was supposed to take off the rest? Shane’s hands lingered on his belt. Did that make him look too... eager?

Who was he kidding?

He had invited this *rival* to come to his room and fuck him. It wasn't the first time, and it would be far from the last. No one knew as much as Rozanov how much Shane liked to be fucked, no one but him and a few other people on this earth even knew he wasn't the beta he was pretending to be.

If anyone knew how much slick was dripping down his hole and his thighs as he removed his pants and his underwear, revealing his small, useless cock, there wouldn't be an end to the mockeries.

A weak omega thinking he could lead his team to the Stanley cup. No matter that he *factually* had, once, and that he was in a good position to repeat the feat, people's perception of him would change. He wouldn't be called talented anymore, but *lucky*, lucky to have never been found out, lucky his suppressants worked so well he could fool recruiters, lucky his opponents instincts probably guessed he was an omega and didn't go as hard against him as they would have against someone else.

He was so lost in thought as he observed himself in the mirror—wondering if Rozanov had chosen a size too big because he assumed Shane was bigger than he was, because he didn't see his omega frame as smaller despite knowing the truth—that he barely heard the door open.

“Pretty,” Rozanov groaned in his ear as his hands traveled to his waist, having snuck up behind him without Shane hearing. His scent overwhelmed Shane, engulfing him, making him melt into the embrace without a second thought.

He had removed his suit, the sleeves of his white shirt rolled up, uncovering his strong arms as they roamed Shane's chest. Shane guessed he had removed the fake hair chest too, because the feeling of Rozanov's chest against his back was familiar, the touch he knew so well he would recognize it in the darkest of nights.

“Fuck, Hollander, you smell...” Rozanov grunted, letting his tongue trail over Shane's scent gland like he couldn't resist. His sharp teeth grazed the soft skin, just enough to make Shane quiver with need, but nothing more. Because he could never do more.

It was just—

Shane could never be claimed. Because the scent of the alpha who claimed him would forever be engraved on his skin, whoever smelled Shane would smell the other too, and would know without a doubt what Shane had been concealing all his life. It would be obvious that the undertones of flowers that Rozanov had once described to him belonged to him, and the strong, musky scent of an alpha—in Ilya's case, forest moss and lakeside—had to be someone else's.

No lies, no suppressants, nothing could conceal the truth, and the whole world would know, without a doubt, who Shane was. Maybe they would even see the deepest of truths, the one Shane barely admitted to himself—that Rozanov was probably his true mate, and he was

condemned to never know his love, but only his touch, and that was only if fate didn't come running and forced them apart for good.

Still, when Rozanov's teeth almost drew blood from their sharpness, he let out a whimper of need, a prayer for more, something deep and animalistic that betrayed his true desire.

"Smell like you are wet," Rozanov purred, their eyes meeting in the mirror freezing Shane in place, the weight of Rozanov's desire crashing hard on him. His hand trailed down his chest, stopping at his waist and engulfing it like closing his two hands around his waist might be enough to circle it. "If I touch you, I will find your hole wet, yes?" Rozanov asked, the crude words only making Shane slicker, a self-fulfilling prophecy. "All wet and wearing my jersey," Rozanov added without waiting for Shane's confirmation, fingers dancing down, disappearing behind Shane in the mirror, only for him to feel the pad of his index circling his rim a moment after.

"Fuck," Shane groaned, warmth running through his body as Rozanov pressed his finger in, a knife cutting through butter from how ready to be knotted he was already. Rozanov's gaze hadn't left Shane, like he had decided to catch each and every one of his expressions as he slowly pumped his finger in and out, the dance too slow for Shane to bear. "We don't have all night," Shane grunted.

"Oh? You have other plans maybe?"

"You know I don't," Shane grunted as Rozanov added another finger.

"I don't know," Rozanov said, seemingly unaffected by the idea, which churned something in Shane's stomach for some reason. He knew Rozanov's was famously fucking around. Not openly with men, of course, Rozanov had made it clear why, but Shane knew he saw other people. And though he was happy to pretend it didn't do anything to him, he liked the thought away from his mind. Rozanov, on the other hand, didn't seem to have to pretend about not caring whether Shane was seeing other people.

"Who the fuck do you think I'm going to invite here?" Shane said instead of letting his hurt show. "It's not like anyone can know—*fuck*," he grunted as Rozanov's finger grazed his prostate.

"No one can know what? That you only like Russian fingers?"

"Fuck *you*," Shane grunted.

"You could have made plans at den hole," Rozanov said, adding a third finger with the words, Shane so slick it entered easily, his walls accommodating for the push like they were made for it. And they were, in a sense, no matter how much Shane had fought back against that.

Shane let out a sound of bewilderment. There was nothing enticing for him about those places, where he could be knotted through a hole in the wall for anonymity. Yes, his body *needed* the knot, and those places were made for this but he could never imagine... He had thought about it, once, at the very beginning of his career, a week his suppressants had failed

and he'd gone into the most miserable heat of his life, having to allege sickness to not compete. But the idea of submitting his body to someone he didn't know was simply unfathomable for him.

"You could even wear my jersey," Rozanov continued. "No one will see. But getting another alpha's knot while wearing my jersey... you would not like it, yes?"

"No," Shane said, a little too distracted by Rozanov's fingers playing with the nub of pleasure to form a coherent sentence.

"No, you just want my jersey and my knot," Rozanov affirmed with a smug, proud grin.

"Fuck you, I don't want your jersey," Shane protested, but making no move to try to remove it.

"Yet you look so good wearing it," Rozanov said, pressing a hot kiss on Shane's neck. "Get on bed," he instructed, slapping his hand on Shane's ass cheek, making Shane whine but finally allowing him to turn around to grab at the lapel of Rozanov's shirt and kiss him hard, pushing him back until he hit the bed and sat down on it.

Shane didn't waste a moment before straddling Rozanov's hips, the shape of his cock tenting his pants calling to him but his need for Rozanov's lips somehow stronger. Rozanov let him have his fill, like he'd been craving the touch too, rocking his hips up to try to meet Shane's but not pressing him further, the movement more reflex than purposeful.

"You are going to kill me," Rozanov breathed out when Shane let him go at last, looking deep into his eyes. He muttered something in Russian, making Shane frown as he had no idea what could be saying. The meaning became transparent, though, when he turned them around, pushing Shane to the side to straddle him, still wearing all his clothes and pressing his erection against Shane's thigh. "I need to fuck you," he said in English.

Shane felt hot all over, so as Rozanov stood on his knees to unbuckle his belt, he reached for the bottom of the jersey in the hope of finally removing it.

"Do not think about it," Rozanov groaned, catching his hands and pinning them above his head. "Bet said you have to wear my jersey."

"At the *party*," Shane reminded him. "We're not at the party anymore."

"I won bet, I make rules."

"That's not how it works, asshole," Shane protested, trying to fight against Rozanov's grip but not too hard.

"Yes. It is. Do I have to tie your hands before I fuck you?"

The thought made Shane shiver, and for some reason, it wasn't because the idea revolted him. He'd never been a *letting go* guy, but as Rozanov strengthened his grasp around his wrists, he considered it for a second.

Rozanov must have caught the sliver of desire in his eyes, because he grabbed at his belt with his free hand, and lifted it from his pants in one smooth motion.

“Yes?” He asked to make sure, and there wasn't much hesitation when Shane nodded frantically. Rozanov grinned like he'd won the biggest prize. “Turn around,” he decided.

Shane frowned.

“I want to see my number when I fuck you,” he said, making Shane roll his eyes but obey anyway, getting on his knees and joining his hands in front of him.

Rozanov was on him in an instant, his hard cock pressing between Shane's asscheeks, the wetness probably staining Rozanov's briefs. In an expert motion, Rozanov tied his hands with his belt.

“So pretty,” he rasped when he stood on his knees again, his hands kneading through the skin of Shane's ass like bread and revealing his slick hole. “Pretty color too,” he said, fingers grazing where his hand had slapped earlier, the skin still a little sensitive to the touch. Shane let out a grunt when Rozanov slapped him again, like he enjoyed the way Shane's ass jiggled when he did. He probably did.

Shane's thoughts were clouded with lust, his body screaming his need to be knotted, yet Rozanov seemed to be willing to take his time.

Shane did not expect for his teeth to suddenly be grazing the mark he'd left on his cheek, almost biting as if to tempt Shane to ask for it. He was so far gone, he might.

“Please fuck me already,” Shane begged instead, all shame lost as his hole kept clenching over nothing.

“You are ready for my cock?”

“Yes,” Shane begged, and finally, fucking finally, he heard the sound of a condom wrapper opening, and a moment later, the fat tip of Rozanov's cock pressed against his rim, pushing deep inside him inch by inch—nine of them, as Rozanov had made sure he knew—until his hips were flushed against Shane's ass, the fabric of his pants he hadn't bothered to remove against skin.

He was so impossibly deep, it always amazed Shane that his body could even accept so much of Rozanov. The man knew him well by now, and he stayed there for a moment without moving, waiting for Shane's body to naturally relax around his cock before he pulled out almost to the tip and slammed back in, making Shane groan.

It was like his body never truly got acclimated to it, like every time they met, he still needed a moment of adjustment, for the shape of Rozanov's cock to be carved inside him again.

Would that change if they met more often? Shane did not think so. Rozanov's cock was one of a kind, and more importantly, Shane lived for the stretch. He did not want to imagine a

world where he did not feel torn apart, where Rozanov wasn't allowed to rut faster and faster into him as Shane's body slowly opened itself for him.

"It sucks," Rozanov said suddenly.

"What— what does?" Shane managed to breathe out, brain too fuzzy to try to guess what Rozanov might mean.

"That you are best hockey player in the world. You cannot carry pups," he said matter of factly, like it was the only thing preventing him from knocking Shane up. "Maybe when you retire you can carry pups," Rozanov continued, slamming hard into him, his hips setting such a crazy pace it was insane he could still talk when Shane was barely able to form a coherent thought. Only images could form in his brain, Rozanov spilling his seed into him, Shane's womb growing with life. Shane had always considered this his biggest fear, but if he was retired... Shit, suddenly the idea didn't seem so bad. "You would look so pretty pregnant with my pups." Rozanov's hand trailed under Shane's belly, caressing the skin, a dire contrast to the way he was fucking into him hard and fast.

"You would give me your pups?" Shane asked, the thought making him feel light-headed. Since when was he into *that*?

"All my fucking pups," Rozanov said without hesitation, his thrusts growing more erratic. "You would want that?"

"Yes, fuck, Roz—" Shane didn't know if it was the way Rozanov's cock hit his prostate right at that instant that cut the word, or if it was a pet name that he couldn't have stopped from spilling out.

Rozanov didn't seem to hear it though, Shane's walls clenching around his cock too much for him to handle, his knot pulsating in Shane's hole, proof that it was about to grow. "Fuck, Hollander," Rozanov grunted, thrusting somehow harder as he folded himself over Shane's back, the cold metal of his fly grazing Shane's ass. Shane could feel his heat through the fabric of the jersey, almost enough to replace the skin on skin contact he desperately needed.

With each thrust, Rozanov's knot inflated more, catching on Shane's rim, the pressure almost painful yet exactly what Shane needed. Shane was a mess of whines and whimpers, begging through crude sounds for more, remembering exactly how much Rozanov's he was.

His for the taking, the knotting, wearing his fucking Jersey like he was his fucking trophy.

Shane's movements restrained for Rozanov to take what he wanted, to get all the pleasure he needed out of Shane's body. The bet hadn't only earned him power over Shane's attire, but over him. Completely.

Suddenly, Rozanov's thrusts stopped, and he came deep inside him, Shane whining as he could feel the condom getting filled but the ropes of cum not spilling into him like his body needed. He knew it was important, he knew he would hate having to clean up, yet his instincts took over as he let out a sob.

Despite his grunt and the slow rutting Rozanov did as he spilled, he heard Shane's whine, and his hand caressed his waist before coming down his cock, stroking him a few times like trying to soothe him more than anything before Shane spilled into his hand, coming undone and falling headfirst on the mattress, the clenching on his hole the last of what Rozanov's cock needed to be fully milked.

"Fuck," Rozanov let out as he fell over, bringing him along as he laid down on the side, knot still buried deep inside Shane as his arms closed around him, spooning him and pressing his lips to Shane's neck, not kissing the soft skin but simply inhaling his scent.

In his hazy state, Shane barely registered the belt being removed from his wrists, but suddenly his fingers were linked with Rozanov's, brought to his stomach as the alpha held him against him.

How long it took for Rozanov's knot to deflate depended on how long it had been since the last time he had fucked, sometimes taking as little as a few minutes and the longest being almost an hour—that time had been after he had been injured and hadn't been able to fuck for weeks.

But considering Rozanov was in great shape, Shane didn't doubt that in just a few minutes—"You can sleep a bit," Rozanov's grave voice slurred into his ear.

"You sure?" Shane whispered back, his body already heavy.

"Yes."

Shane barely had time to consider the implications of that before he was already asleep.

Shane was woken up by movement behind him, the sudden emptiness making him whine as he turned around, blinking away the blur of his sight to get a glimpse of Rozanov removing the condom to throw it away.

"Did I wake you?" Rozanov asked softly when he caught Shane's movement. "Sorry."

"S nothing," Shane managed to mumble, though his body missed Rozanov's heat already, and it took all his will to not beg him to *stay*.

"I have to go back to my room," Rozanov said, coming back to the bed to press a soft kiss to Shane's lips.

"Okay," Shane said, hoping Rozanov couldn't read the sadness in his tone.

For a moment, he thought he was hesitating, but he only carded his hand through Shane's hair before leaving.

Shane sighed as he moved, his body pleasantly aching, a phantom of the touch they'd just shared, and removed the jersey to get cleaned up.

When he came back to the bedroom, he saw the jersey, and after a moment of hesitation, he brought it to his nose.

Ilya's scent was all over it, he realized as he inhaled deeply.

He should throw the thing away.

The bet was over.

Yet, instead, Shane put it on again, before getting back in bed, deciding to ignore the first ray of sunlight shining through his closed curtains.

No one would know that the scent of his alpha helped him fall asleep again. No one would know that the smell of forest moss and lakeside made him dream of home.

End Notes

Thank you for reading !

Kudos and comments give me life <3

Don't hesitate to come chat with me on my twitter [@NoxAtThe118!](#) !

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