

side effects may include: caring, falling in love, lying to yourself

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Summary

"Jesus Christ," Shane breathes, reaching out more slowly, fingers barely touching as he runs them over the bruising. He has bruised his ribs before; he knows how much it fucking hurts. "What's wrong with you?"

Rozanov answers that question, maybe, but it's quick and acerbic and entirely in Russian. Shane fantasies, for a brief moment, about taking him by the shoulders and shaking him until his teeth rattle.

"No, really," he says. "What was the plan here? You're practically allergic to wearing a shirt, but you thought you'd just fuck me from behind and hope I wouldn't notice that you didn't take it off?"

You thought I wouldn't notice that you were in pain?

Ilya is hurt. Shane doesn't care (lying). Sex is obviously the sensible thing to do here.

Notes

I am making an assumption here that they hooked up in hotel rooms in Boston prior to the tuna melt scene since Shane clearly hadn't been to Ilya's house before. If that doesn't seem right, rip I guess because the fic is already written.

I hope you enjoy reading about these these idiots (affectionate) as much as I enjoyed writing about them <3

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

Shane's eyes go right to Rozanov's crotch when he slips through the hotel room door. It's not his fault; Rozanov must have been halfway through changing when Shane knocked because he's still wearing a Raiders t-shirt, but no pants over his briefs. Shane swallows, his throat dry. Rozanov smirks.

"See something you like?" he asks.

Shane rolls his eyes, a well-honed reflex. "I hate you."

"Ah." Rozanov steps closer, backing Shane up against the wall. "So you do not want me to kiss you?"

Shane surges forward in response, biting at Rozanov's lip more than kissing him. Rozanov huffs a laugh against his mouth and Shane takes the opening to get his tongue in that annoying, arrogant, fucking gorgeous mouth. Fuck, he is so fucked, they've barely done anything and he can already feel all his blood rushing to his dick. Rozanov's hands are on his hips, fingers teasing the waistband of his jeans, and Shane groans into the kiss, hands fisting in Rozanov's shirt. Rozanov grunts, the sound short and sharp, and Shane stops because that's not arousal. He knows every sound Rozanov makes when he's aroused, every grunt and gasp and whine, and that's—

You're hurt.

He can't say the words. They stick to the roof of his mouth, too thick to swallow back down, but too—too much, too honest, they can't—to let out into the world. Rozanov will run—fuck, Shane might run—so he can't. He can't.

He can't let it go, either, even though he knows he should.

Shane puts his hands on Rozanov's shoulders and pushes him back a step. Rozanov goes, but he looks suddenly uncertain, brows pinching over his nose.

"Hollander?"

"Sit down," Shane says, making his voice firm. *I'm not taking no for an answer.*

Rozanov resist, resists, resist—then sits, stiff and carefully controlled, on the edge of the bed. He lifts a hand, palm up—*happy?*—but it doesn't go any higher than his elbow. Ribs, Shane thinks, eyes sweeping over him, but broken? Or just bruised?

"You are just going to stand there?" Rozanov asks, his own eyes sweeping over Shane, lingering pointedly on his crotch. Shane is still half hard, which he should probably feel a little guilty about, but even obviously hiding an injury, Rozanov is fucking hot. Shane steps closer and the way Rozanov's gaze tracks the movement really doesn't help.

Shane cups his cheek, thumb skating under Rozanov's lashes, then he curls his fingers under Rozanov's chin and tilts his head up. Rozanov's lips part before Shane even kisses him, always two steps ahead, always so fucking eager that Shane never thinks to question it. Why

should he? Rozanov has never hidden how much he wants Shane. He's not hiding it now, hands fumbling to undo Shane's jean while he arches up into the kiss. It would be hot, maybe, if Shane couldn't feel how straight he is holding his spine, how taut his neck is under Shane's hands.

Shane leans down further, deepening the kiss. His fingers dig into the muscles at the base of Rozanov's neck; a mockery of a deep-tissue massage. Shane relaxes them when he realises what he's doing, but Rozanov makes a sound in the back of his throat that makes him dig them in again. His own neck is starting to ache from the angle of the kiss, but he's not done yet. He's not sure he will ever be done with Ilya Rozanov, but that's it's own problem that he refuses to think about now.

They're both breathing hard when Shane eventually pulls away. Any other time, he might feel smug about the fact that Rozanov is definitely breathing harder. Any other time he wouldn't have an ulterior motive when he says, "Take your shirt off."

The tension Rozanov's shoulders were losing rushes back in to draw them tight.

"That is usually my line."

The lightness in his voice is so forced that Shane's throat aches just hearing it.

Shirt. Off. That's supposed to be his next line. It would be Rozanov's next line—has been Rozanov's line, more than once, always so cool and confident and certain that Shane will do what he says if he just presses his buttons hard enough.

"You can't, can you?" Shane pushes.

It's not a question. It's not even a challenge. He half expects Rozanov to take it as one anyway, but he just looks away, his jaw set. It's an expression Shane recognises, but one he thinks he shouldn't. It's—honest. As honest as they ever are with each other.

"Fuck," Shane mutters, more to himself than to Rozanov.

He reaches out and grabs the hem of Rozanov's shirt, pulling it up quickly, not giving Rozanov the chance to pull away. He tries anyway, jerking to the side then stopping abruptly, a curse hissing between his teeth. Shane kindly ignores the tear that slips out from his rapidly blinking eyes. He's pretty sure he'd be crying too if his ribs were this black and blue.

"Jesus Christ," he breathes, reaching out more slowly, fingers barely touching as he runs them over the bruising. He has bruised his ribs before; he knows how much it fucking hurts.

"What's wrong with you?"

Rozanov answers that question, maybe, but it's quick and acerbic and entirely in Russian. Shane fantasies, for a brief moment, about taking him by the shoulders and shaking him until his teeth rattle.

"No, really," he says. "What was the plan here? You're practically allergic to wearing a shirt, but you thought you'd just fuck me from behind and hope I wouldn't notice that you didn't

take it off?"

You thought I wouldn't notice that you were in pain?

Rozanov glares at him. Shane is sure, for a moment, that he heard the bit he didn't say out loud.

"Maybe I thought you wouldn't care."

Shane hears the bit Rozanov isn't saying out loud as well: *you're not supposed to care.*

He's right. Shane hates that he's right.

"Maybe I don't," he says, holding Rozanov's gaze. He gestures to the bed, still neatly made. "Lie down."

Rozanov doesn't move. The look on his face reminds Shane of being on the ice; of the split second before the puck drops, when all the ways the shift could go are spinning through his mind, a dozen moves and counter-moves and counter-counter-moves playing out, because nothing can be predicted but everything has to be predicted, and the only way to control any of it is to get the puck first.

Shane puts a hand right in the middle of Rozanov's chest, muscle and bone and the careful rise and fall of measured breathing under his palm.

"Lie down," he says again. *It's going to hurt if you make me push you.*

Rozanov's chest rises, falls, rises. Falls. He rolls his eyes, grumbling under his breath, but then—miracle of fucking miracles—he does as he's told. Shane looks around the room so they can both pretend that pain isn't leeching colour out of his face as he shuffles up the bed and settles against the pillows. And also because Shane wants to see if he can find—there. He snatches the instant ice packs off the desk and shakes them until he feels the cold against his skin. He tosses them up the bed, then kicks off his shoes and crawls after them.

Rozanov watches him. It's such a familiar, heavy gaze that Shane can almost pretend this is just like every other time they've fucked.

He will pretend—he has to pretend—that it's just like every other time they've fucked.

So it's fucking annoying when Rozanov raises his eyebrows and asks, "This is you not caring?"

Shane is halfway to gritting his teeth before he remembers his dentist's tutting at his last appointment and he deliberately unclenches his jaw.

"Do you want me to suck your dick or not?"

It's a rhetorical question. Rozanov answers it anyway.

"You know I love your mouth, Hollander."

He leers—or Shane assumes it's supposed to be a leer—but the effect is ruined when Shane presses an ice pack against his ribs and he winces. Shane holds the ice pack there for a long moment, waiting, and on Rozanov's next slow breath out, he relaxes. Shane grabs the second ice pack and places it on the other side of his chest.

"Now it will be fun for both of us," he says without meeting Rozanov's eyes. It's not supposed to be a confession, but it feels like one anyway.

Rozanov hums. "It will be fun once you get your mouth on my dick."

He's such an asshole. Shane should probably stop feeling positive feelings about that and go back to being pissed off every time Rozanov opens his mouth.

"Say please," he says, their script clumsy in his mouth. The whole night is backwards; none of this is supposed to be his lines.

Rozanov licks his lips. The role reversal doesn't sound at all clumsy in his mouth when he says, "Hollander, please suck my dick."

Shane smiles. "Good boy."

Rozanov flicks him and Shane stumbles through a laugh.

He only realises how tense he is holding himself when he gets his mouth on Rozanov's dick and his body relaxes. This is good. This is safe. He runs his tongue along the underside of the head and Rozanov curses, fingers twisting in Shane's hair. Shane looks up at him while he sucks gently, starting slow while Rozanov's dick grows harder in his mouth. He tongues at the slit and watches the colour come back into Rozanov's face, a bright flush spreading across his cheeks. Shane relaxes his jaw and takes him deeper. He holds Rozanov's hips down so he can't thrust up and that's fine, that's normal, it's just a coincidence that it stops Rozanov from hurting his ribs as well.

"Hollander," Rozanov groans.

Shane hums, knowing exactly what the vibration will do to Rozanov's dick. His own dick is heavy in his jeans, but Shane ignores it. He's not—this isn't about him. Rozanov is hurt, for fucks sake, it would be irresponsible of Shane to let him return the favour after this. It would be irresponsible of Shane to get off when he can hear every hitch in Rozanov's breathing, every choked sound torn out of him, and he can't be sure how much of it is pleasure and how much is pain. He can't be sure and Rozanov certainly isn't going to tell him. Better just to keep his mouth busy.

Rozanov's next breath stutters into a wheeze and Shane pauses, almost pulls off, but Rozanov's fingers tighten in his hair, holding him down.

"Is good," he pants. "Fuck, Hollander, so good."

It doesn't matter how many times he has heard those words before—ragged, moaned, encouraging, goading, full of promise—they go straight to Shane's dick just the same. He

shift, dick rubbing against the bed, the pressure nowhere near enough to satisfy his arousal. Shane closes his eyes and breathes carefully through his nose. He focuses on taking Rozanov as deep as he can, drool and precome easing the glide as he bobs. He gets a hand on Rozanov's balls, too, feeling them draw up tight as he rolls them between his fingers.

“Fuckfuckfuck, Hollander—”

Shane rubs Rozanov's thigh, a brisk *I hear you, I've got you, come for me*.

Rozanov swears again, something thick and Russian and drawn out into a moan as he spills into Shane's throat. Shane makes sure he swallows every drop. He licks over the shaft and the head when Rozanov's soft dick slips out of his mouth, clean up disguised as greediness, then he tucks Rozanov back into his briefs. There's a thin strip of visible skin where Rozanov's shirt has ridden up, the shadow of bruises just peeking out, and Shane doesn't hesitate—because it doesn't mean anything if he doesn't hesitate—before pressing a gentle kiss there.

Rozanov lifts a hand to the back of Shane's neck and tugs him into a kiss. He murmurs something in the space between their lips, but it's—it can't be something he knows, Shane decides. If he was meant to know, it wouldn't have been in Russian. It wouldn't have sounded so—not soft, that's not what they are, but.

Shane sits back on his heels.

Rozanov grunts, maybe with the shift of the mattress, maybe—probably not the distance between them. Shane stands up clumsily. He's clumsy again when he bends to grab his shoes and shove them onto his feet, not bothering to redo the laces.

Rozanov is loose-limbed against the sheets, eyes hooded as he watches Shane move away from the bed.

“What are you doing?”

Shane glances at him, then looks away before their eyes can really meet. It feels weird leaving without picking up clothes off the floor.

“I should go,” he says.

Rozanov's face pinches into a frown. He starts to lift himself up on his elbows, but Shane, driven by a zing of adrenaline that definitely isn't panic, or worry, or—he doesn't fucking know. It's not anything, but it makes him step quickly forward to put a hand on Rozanov's shoulder and press him back against the pillows. Rozanov sacrifices his attempt to sit up to grab Shane's wrist instead.

“You do not want to get off.”

It's a question, Shane thinks, but Rozanov doesn't say it like one. He says it the same infuriating way he says everything: like he is certain of it.

“I'm fine,” Shane says, which doesn't really answer the question, or not question, or whatever the fuck it was, but the point is that Rozanov is the one who isn't fine. “You should

keep that ice on for another ten minutes.”

Rozanov narrows his eyes. He doesn’t roll his eyes and say the team doctor already told him how long to ice his ribs for. He doesn’t drawl a sarcastic *thank you, Dr. Hollander*. He doesn’t say he knows how to take care of himself. He doesn’t say anything at all. He lets go of Shane’s wrist. There’s no reason for Shane to let his hand linger on Rozanov’s shoulder any longer, but it stays there for several more seconds anyway.

When he steps back this time, Rozanov doesn’t stop him.

It’s only Shane’s hand is on the doorknob that Rozanov says, “Good luck tomorrow.”

Shane wants to ask him if he’s planning to play with his busted ribs, but he already knows the answer. He clears his throat.

“Yeah, you too. You’re going to need it.”

The familiar banter falls flat. Shane tries for a smile instead, but he can feel how close it is to a grimace. He doesn’t know what he’s waiting for—he doesn’t know why he’s waiting for anything—so he nods to himself, turns the door handle, and steps out into the hallway.

Alone in the elevator, Shane tips his head back against the mirrored wall and exhales.

“Fuck.”

With Rozanov playing hurt, it’s not even going to feel good when Montreal kicks Boston’s ass tomorrow afternoon. Shane tries to pretend that that’s the only reason he cares, but he has to repeat it to himself twice before he comes anywhere close to believing it.

End Notes

Thank you for reading!

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