

## Riz em with the Tism

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| Characters:      | <a href="#">Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Ilya Rozanov</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
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# Riz em with the Tism

by [herefortheplotjk](#)

## Summary

Shane is just trying to figure out how to be social... and Ilya can tell he's nervous. So he offers a helping mouth - erm, hand. Hey, why not both.

## Notes

I've watched the show too many times.  
I've read too many of the fanfics.  
This is a slippery slope that I'm happy to fall down.  
Find me later in a padded room.

I don't speak or know any Russian... google translate helped me with ONE line here in which Ilya LOVES Shane's freckles :)

Shane had kept to himself for most of the evening's event. He didn't care much for social activities after award ceremonies and often found himself separated from the crowd. He'd find a lone table in the corner to watch from a distance as his team mates talked about nothing, yet found ways to laugh in authentic ways.

He studied the hand motions, body language, and expressions of his peers, internalizing the rhythm and patterns that he saw so that when he was ready, he'd be able to participate without hesitation.

"Hollander." A deep Russian accent interrupted his focus and he shook his head to center himself in the present.

"Rozanov." Shane replied.

"You are alone tonight," he was swirling his vodka over ice in his hand, while leaning on the table with his other, "with your ginger ale, not talking to others. Why?"

Shane counted down from five in his head, avoiding looking at Rozanov in the eyes. He could not have another repeat of the non-verbal flustering that he'd experienced post-game after their loss. After counting down, he glanced up to meet the Russian's gaze. "Just being a boring Canadian."

"Boring, yes, but maybe something different too." Rozanov said, holding Shane's stare, "I think, maybe, you are also, how you say..." He mumbled something in Russian, eyes bouncing around the space surrounding Shane's head which gave him time to look. Shane looked at his eyes, his mouth, every part of his facial expression and body language. How did he look so relaxed, so calm, while engaging in such brutal conversation, attacking his safe space. Shane continued looking over Rozanov's features when he realized he'd been staring. "You are nervous, Hollander." A smile was plastered on Rozanov's face.

Shane cleared his throat and shuffled on his feet, trying to find his balance as he felt his equilibrium shift internally. He couldn't identify exactly what he felt in the moment, but nervousness sounded right.

"I'm not big on crowds." He confessed, "You seem to be good at navigating them." His eyes trailed up Rozanov's body again, assessing his form, assessing how he stood so relaxed. Shane tried to imitate it, pressing his elbows to the table, resting his weight and bending at the hips slightly, unintentionally leaning closer to his table mate.

"We go some place quieter then, yes?" Rozanov's face was closer now. Shane couldn't be bothered to overthink it when the Russian's smell enveloped his senses. He always loved how he could see the smells that came off of him, in particular. The crisp, dark blue, clean smell, mixed with the dark murky smell of his last cigarette. It was a smell that he could feel in his bones, that called to him like a siren song. The smell took over his ability to speak coherently. Completing his "social triangle" as he called it - looking into both eyes, then to the mouth, then back up to both eyes - he nodded. It was always important to show people you were

paying attention, and his social triangle was how he did it. He could only hope that Rozanov knew that he *was* listening, and that he *was* interested in wherever this man wanted to go.

"Wait here, follow me after." Rozanov instructed.

"How long am I supposed to wait for?"

"For enough time for people not to notice." Roz said this as though it were common sense, Shane tried not to be offended but his next words came out defensive.

Shane stood straighter, "No one has noticed me all night, I think we're safe."

"Eh, Hollander, I think that is not true." Shane loved the way Rozanov's face held a teasing smirk, but he couldn't quite decipher who was noticing him. He looked around the room frantically to see who's eyes were on him before the other man cleared his throat calling his attention back. "Thirty seconds, meet me in the hallway."

Shane nodded and brought his glass of ginger ale to his lips, downing it in one gulp. Twenty five seconds, and he could follow that dark smell of ecstasy that was calling him to the hallway. Twenty seconds, he could wait. He could follow the rule that was set, he knew time as a constant, unlike the rest of the world he operated in.

Music cut through the thoughts in his head, and everyone migrated to the dance floor. Screw the rest of the time, he thought, no one is looking.

The door to the hallway swung open with a bang, startling Rozanov. The look on his face seemed angered to Shane, but he started walking toward him with excitement. The juxtaposition of behaviors had Shane backing toward the door.

"You followed." The Russian's accent was thick, slow, the syllables rolling off his tongue and mixing with the smells that Shane loved so much. A sensory symphony that he couldn't ignore.

"You told me to."

"You always do as you are told?"

"No." The one word answer sounded shaky, breathy, even to his own ears. Rozanov had him backed against the door he'd just come through, and they were closer now than they were at the table.

"What do you want, Hollander?"

"I don't know." He answered honestly. He wasn't sure what he was doing here, but he knew he didn't want to be anywhere else.

"Do you want to go back to party? Or do you want to stay with me?"

"I don't want to go back to the party."

"Hmm. Do you want to stay in hallway, or go to my room?"

Shane hesitated. He always knew what to say in an interview. His mother had prepared him for every part of any interview with reporters, sponsors, fans, all of it. He'd never prepared for this.

Rozanov saw the hesitation and rephrased his original offer, "My room is more private, less people. Is good yes? To be with less people?"

"Yes." His response was still shaky, but more confident than before. They'd been in a situation like this before after they'd filmed the promotional commercial, but this felt more charged. It felt different, and he couldn't figure out why. Rozanov was the first man he'd ever felt this open with, this safe to be himself, this understood by another person. Everyone else seemed to allow him to fluster and flounder in social situations, but not him. This Russian man had found a way to communicate with him in a way that made sense, in a way that allowed him to express what he wanted, what he needed.

"Go to your room, change, get comfortable, and then come to my room, yes?"

"What's your room number?"

"1524."

"1524?"

"Yes, why do you have that smile on face?"

"Because that's right next door to mine."

Shane barely had time to change into three different *comfortable* outfits because he wasn't sure what comfortable actually meant in this setting. He knew they'd probably be taking their clothes off rather quickly, but wasn't too sure. So, he'd need to wear something comfortable that was easily removed, but also not obviously for that reason alone. He landed on his Adidas joggers and matching hoodie. He didn't necessarily need a shirt underneath, the hoodie was soft on his skin, and they were shirtless together quite often... He stopped second guessing himself when he heard a knock at his door. Panic rose in his throat and his heartbeat skyrocketed as his bare feet padded toward the door. He looked through the peephole to see Rozanov standing on the other side.

He slowly opened the door and the other man walked in confidently.

"You take too long to get ready." He'd taken Shane by the hips, walking him backward into his room.

"No I don't."

"You do," The backs of Shane's knees hit the bed, "but is okay, I come to you."

"Oh, thank you for your hospitality." Shane attempted to roll his eyes but Rozanov grabbed his jaw in a rough hold.

"Now is not time for attitude, Hollander." His accent was thick, his voice deeper than normal. The vodka he'd been drinking tinted his breath with something sweeter than normal, but not unwelcome mixing with the scent that was him. The scent that was Ilya.

Shane smirked and locked eyes with the other man. "Okay." Was all he could think to say. Rozanov slapped his cheek where he'd been holding his jaw and murmured, "Good boy," before pulling him in for a devastating kiss.

Rozanov tasted as good as he smelled. A sensory kaleidoscope began behind Shane's eyes as his tongue danced across the Russian's, tasting the Vodka and faint smoke on his lips, as he felt firm hands bruising his hip and gripping the back of his neck, as the moans escaping the Russian's mouth echoed around the room, creating a symphony of colors for him in the most euphoric way.

Shane's knees buckled and the two fell onto the bed, still attached at the lips and pressing into each other fully. Shane's hands trailed under Rozanov's shirt feeling the tight chords of muscles up his back and onto his shoulders. Roz lifted up to remove his shirt, leaning back down slowly to trail his nose up the side of Shane's neck, nuzzling behind his ear and mumbling something in Russian.

"Please." Shane whimpered, not sure what he was asking for, but thankfully, Rozanov always understood him.

Roz bit down on his neck just hard enough for Shane to gasp, and then soothed it with his tongue. Roz trailed his hands down Shane's stomach to run his hands back under his hoodie, prolonging the release that he knew Shane was chasing, roughly trailing his fingers over his tone muscles, "No extra layers, I like." He said against Shane's neck. "Off, now."

Shane lifted himself up with Roz straddling his lap, pulling his hoodie off as the other man followed suit. Roz brought his hands up to trail gently against his cheeks and he felt himself flush under the gentle attention. "Krasivyye vesnushki," he whispered, before pulling Shane in for another deep kiss.

He always felt his inside turn warm and gooey whenever Roz spoke Russian, he couldn't explain it, but something in the deep timber of his voice made everything feel warm, made his body feel charged with excitement and anticipation. It was overwhelming but in the most magical all consuming way.

"Scoot." Was said against his lips as Rozanov pulled away, tugging off Shane's hoodie and reaching for his waistband. As Shane scooted up the bed, his pants were pulled lower on his hips before being removed and thrown on the ground. His eyes tracked to the crumpled pants and he let out a huff, "You want to fold clothes or you want your cock in my mouth?" His eyes darted back to Rozanov's and his brain went silent.

"I want my cock in your mouth." His heart was beating fast, but he didn't feel the same nervousness that normally accompanied it. He felt static in his limbs, heat radiating from his neck and shoulders across his chest, tension building that could only be released by Roz's mouth.

"I thought so," He said with a wink. Rozanov kicked off his pants before leaning back down to press his fully body against Shane. Heat embraced him like a warm cocoon, alighting ever nerve ending, casting blues and yellows behind his closed eyes as he basked in the calloused hands and plump lips exploring his body. Roz's lips ventured down his throat, to his chest, hands trailing roughly down his sides gripping at his hips to raise him enough to pull off his boxers. Shane didn't even notice when they were thrown to the floor in a crumpled heap with his joggers.

His breathing was becoming heavier, gasping as Roz took him in his mouth. "Oh shit, Rozanov," he gasped as he felt the back of his throat give way to him. Rozanov hummed in response, sending vibrations through his throbbing cock and lower abdomen. One hand went to rest gently in the thick curls bobbing between his legs, his other arm thrown over his eyes, unable to watch the display that was causing the red hot pins and needles prickles at his face. His freckles were on fire with the heat. "Fuck, FUCK, I'm so close."

Rozanov pulled away for a moment, looking up at Shane, holding his hard cock close to his mouth, "What do you want, Hollander."

"I want you to keep going." He said with a huff.

"Yes, but do you want more?"

He froze. His arm left his face and he looked down at Rozanov, who was looking at him with an insatiable glare, a smirk playing at his lips. "W-What is more?"

Rozanov moved the hand that was resting on Shane's stomach slowly, trailing down his abdomen, through the thatch of hair between his legs, trailing his fingers around the base of his cock and then lower to cup his balls. Shane let out a groan when he squeezed lightly. "This could be more," he paused and look up at him, "or," his hand shifted slightly as his fingers trailed lower, keeping his balls cupped in his hand as his fingers gently pushed between his cheeks searching for his hole. Shane jumped at the sensation, "Or no?" He asked, still keeping his eyes trained on Shane, looking for a gasp or his knitted brow, the tell tale signs that he was enjoying it. As if on cue, Shane's head fell back with a gasp as Rozanov's finger trailed over the tight ring of muscle.

"Oh fuck," he let out on a groan.

"Oh, I think you like it." Roz said with a smile.

"I want more."

Rozanov immediately got back to work, sucking at Shane's cock with vigor and running his finger around the puckered hole in a teasing circle. Shane did his best to hold still, but couldn't stop the rocking of his hips as he got closer to the edge. He felt the blue sparks of

electricity building in his face again, trailing down his neck and shoulders, radiating all the way to his fingers and into his abdomen.

“Fuck - Roz - I'm - I'm -”

Rozanov hummed again and opened his throat, bobbing in shallow thrusts to keep him locked fully in his mouth as his finger pressed past the tight muscle and rubbed gently against his prostate. Shane lost control of his own body, grabbing Rozanov by the curls and pulling him tighter to his body, pressing his nose firmly to his pelvis and groaning deeply in pleasure.

“F-fuck, Roza-nov, God,” he stuttered as his orgasm hit him like a Florida defensemen smashing him into the boards.

As the orgasm cleared his senses, he came back to his body and muttered an apology, soothing his hands down Rozanov's shoulders as he raised himself up to kiss up Shane's body.

“So you like more then?”

“I like more a lot.”

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