

rush & roulette

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rush & roulette

by [Calico](#)

Summary

Based on [That Clip](#) which essentially re-wired my brain; Shane living his best sex-starved life in yet another hotel room with Ilya, as all the while their plausible deniability wears gossamer thin.

Notes

Writing this felt inevitable, somehow... Thank you to [Thistle&Bee](#) and [Nacho](#) for helping file off the ragged edges.

Updated note: wow thank you guys, glad this one's ringing some bells! Because someone asked--YES this is set in a hotel not in Shane's appt because *this was written in December off some incredibly dark couch footage*, and it wasn't until weeks later it became apparent where The Couch was situated. So if it pulls you out too badly, feel free to headcannon that Shane bought himself that couch some time after this night for No Reason Whatsoever, He Just Likes Leather Couches Okay? XD

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

CLACK

The force of it rattled him in more ways than one: slammed against the boards by Rozanov, not much harder than any other player, but with a cocky deliberate look in his eye that reached into Shane's chest and set up a scorching beat. It was a look that flicked the rest of the world to stand-by. A look that said *later*. And then Rozanov was gone, leaving Shane's body warm with memory, sharpening every nerve.

He told himself it was technically no different than getting barged by any other player, but the keen knowledge Shane had of what that muscular form felt like beneath Rozanov's uniform, of what that targeted force was capable of... it was different. It was hot. It drove him insane. The rest of the game sped by, a dreamlike blur that Shane knew he technically played but did he really? Did he? Fuck, that *look*.

Later. Later. Going through the motions post-match, locker room, press statements, while the rapid-fire beat in his chest drummed later, later—

Lily: 609

(The text arriving when Shane was already stretched out on his hotel bed, freshly showered, working two fingers and half a bottle of Liquid Silk into his own ass, trying in vain to take the edge off while he built up the nerve to send his own text.)

—until later was now, he needed him *now*. Hair still damp, body aching beneath a clean t-shirt and track pants, Shane still felt like the world was on pause; shifting his weight from one foot to the other outside door 609, for what seemed an interminable wait but was probably just a few excruciating seconds—

“Hollander.”

Unpause.

Time rippled forwards once more, wild now. The sweet gruff familiarity of Rozanov's voice was another rush, near blinding Shane as he ducked inside the hotel room and pressed the door closed behind him.

“Rozanov, I—“

“Mm. Whoa. Look at you.”

Look at him? Look at *Rozanov*, louche and composed, lounging at the eye of the storm in Shane's mind; that same stretchy black tank Shane had peeled off him a hundred times, clinging to his chest like he'd just worked out, slouchy sweatpants riding low on his deadly hips. He looked ready for the gym, ready for action, all crisp clean sharp definition in the middle of Shane's blurred and chaotic world.

Shane's ears caught up with his mind. "What? Me?"

Rozanov's gaze turned amused. "You are shaking. Did you run here?" Mock concern filled his tone. "You need electrolytes?"

Shane jerked his head in denial. "No. I need—" Fuck, his mouth was watering as his gaze travelled down Rozanov's chest; he felt like a dog on a leash, salivating on command. In the demure low lighting he couldn't see if there was a bulge beneath those baggy sweatpants, but there must be. Surely. He couldn't be the only one this badly affected. His own cock had been so hard he'd had to tuck it behind his waistband to walk. Now his whole body was clamouring with it, a tense pulse in the pit of his stomach arrowing downwards, intensifying the hot wet throb behind his balls. Almost making him stagger.

"I need—"

With a start, he realised that instead of coming closer, Rozanov was backing away, leading him further from the door instead of closing the gap between them. Unbearable.

The room was a similar layout to Shane's downstairs, tastefully expensive and reassuringly anonymous: oversized pseudo-homely leather couch right here amongst the dark shiny expanses of TV, minibar, floor-to-ceiling windows; a shadowy bedroom beyond. Maybe Rozanov meant to lead him straight into that bedroom. Right now Shane's legs weren't sure they'd carry him that far.

Whatever was crossing Shane's face, Rozanov saw. He smirked and leaned against the plush back of the couch, spreading his arms across the top of it, displaying himself in a way that could never be mistaken as unconscious.

"You need?" One of Rozanov's hands slid down with showy slowness, closed around the bulge that Shane *had* known was there, mapping it. His eyebrows quirked up, eyes darkening at Shane's evident discomfort. "This?"

Shane managed a jerky nod this time, mouth flooding. Fucking Pavlovian.

"Come. Get it."

The light in his eyes was the same as when he'd slammed Shane against the boards that afternoon. Shane felt it ringing right through him as he crossed the floor towards Rozanov, palms sweaty, fingers twitching.

Distantly he knew he owed Rozanov some sort of snarky remark or comment - some currency paid towards their shared debt of not acknowledging the intensity of this, some *banter* - but he couldn't muster the words, the rush that had filled him on the ice in that shoved moment was back, overpowering speech, dissolving thoughts. Making it easy.

There was just that look in Rozanov's eye as Shane surged towards him and kissed his impossible mouth. There would be time for sarcastic comments later - or maybe there wouldn't be - but right now all Shane could feel was relief as Rozanov's hands came up to cup his head, didn't push him away. The rush of it drowned out the usual clamour of his

brain, as Rozanov's arm closed around him, as he kissed Shane back, Rozanov's hot hard body pressing against his own.

It was a kiss that did little to dispel the gnawing physical turmoil inside him.

"What do you need?"

"You," Shane managed.

Now Rozanov sounded amused again. "I can see." Drew back to look at him, voice low. "You want to suck my dick, or...?"

"Inside me," Shane mumbled, hating himself for not being able to face off at that moment and meet Rozanov's knowing gaze, but his cheeks were burning, his breath was short, he just needed, needed *him*.

"You want me to fuck you on this hard floor?" Rozanov asked, as if genuinely curious. "Or you think you can survive to reach bed...?"

He was teasing, Shane realised. Here was Shane, so turned on he could barely breathe, and Rozanov, in that scratchy deadpan voice, was *teasing*.

"Floor," Shane said.

Something crossed Rozanov's face at that; arousal with a hard edge, a flare of unguarded triumph.

"Oh, Hollander," he drawled, like he especially enjoyed those syllables rolling off his tongue. "We can do better than that." His hands slid down to shape Shane's ass, reverent for a moment, and then his grip firmed and he hoisted Shane up, lifting him. The dizziness spiked as their cocks pressed together through too much soft filmy fabric, and Shane heard himself make a truly pathetic noise.

Rozanov carried him all of five steps around to the other side of the couch, before setting him down on a blanket with a performance of deliberate, overdone care—steadyding Shane on his knees, helping him balance as the blanket and cushions shifted beneath him, solid hands enclosing his swaying shoulders.

Despite himself, through the haze of lust, Shane found that tiny act of thoughtfulness *did* something to him. He'd never mention it - certainly didn't want to draw any attention by thanking him - but in truth, Rozanov's random gestures of care always meant more to Shane than he liked to admit. He collected them, adding them like grains of sand to a secret balance in his mind; a set of imaginary old fashioned weighing scales which, on occasion, teetered dangerously close to its tipping point.

Whenever that happened, Shane would hurry to weigh down the other side with cold hard truths. *He doesn't even like you*—was a couple of pounds. *You'd never choose this life*—a couple more. *You're one of so many people he takes to bed*—yeah, okay, that reliably sank the balance back into the safe zone.

It was difficult to remember those hard truths when Rozanov was touching him, though. Then things felt less simple. When Rozanov was stroking Shane's face and gazing down with proprietary hunger, as if Shane had invented the whole concept of sex just to make Rozanov's day... it could feel downright complicated.

"There," Rozanov said with satisfaction, as Shane refocused on Rozanov's eyes, resisting the urge to nuzzle his face against that warm, broad chest. "Now you will not bruise knees while I fuck you. Turn around."

Fuck. *That* was simple. Shane turned gratefully away, kneeling up taller, and folded an arm over the back of the couch. His heart was pounding, blood rushing in his ears as he reached back and pushed down his sweatpants and briefs in one, baring his ass, leaving the rest of his clothes in place.

Rozanov made an approving noise, crowding close behind him, and Shane heard the rustling of Rozanov's clothes being stripped away, the low snap of elastic, before the heat of him was suddenly everywhere. Rozanov's thumbs swept down the cleft of Shane's ass and encountered the lube he'd been using - earlier, unable to resist furiously fingering himself in those blurry minutes between reaching the privacy of his own hotel room and receiving the text notification marked *Lily*.

"Ohh. You already."

Rozanov's thumb delved inside, a testing pressure that made Shane gasp and yet was also nowhere near enough.

"I... already," he managed, craning back needily even as Rozanov's thumb withdrew.

Rozanov made a rough, incredulous noise. "You are so fucking hot. I am so hard for you."

There was a surge of movement behind him and for one raw heartbeat Shane thought Rozanov was going to take him bare. An uneasy pulse of want swept through him at that idea, the shocking forbidden intimacy of it—but Rozanov wasn't, there was the crackle of cellophane as always, the familiar faint scent of latex reaching him milliseconds before he felt the blunt pressure of Rozanov's sheathed cock poised to prise him open.

"So hot," Rozanov muttered, almost complaining, as he pressed Shane forwards against the back of the couch, and this was—fuck, it was everything, the thought of opening up around Rozanov's dick, it was all he'd needed since that targeted shove hours ago—and yet still, Rozanov paused, on the brink of breaching him, breath harsh on the back of Shane's neck. "This is what you want?"

"Yes," Shane pleaded, trying to shift his legs further apart in the confines of his pushed down clothes, arching his spine.

He heard Rozanov spitting in his hand, working more wetness around his hole, but this wasn't the slow fastidious prep of last time, Rozanov considerate beyond words, ensuring Shane was insensibly pliant before pushing inside—this was hurried, demanding, Rozanov panting behind him like the end of a sprint, easing in slowly but with his weight behind. This

was Rozanov barely pausing to let him adjust to that first unbelievable stretch before he was sinking in to the hilt. This was *perfect*.

“Is—okay?” Rozanov gasped, buried deep, hands running up Shane’s chest beneath his t-shirt, groping him restlessly, dragging the fabric up.

“Yeah, fff-fuck me,” Shane said, voice blessedly muffled as Rozanov tugged the shirt over his head, and then the wonderful hot smooth expanse of Rozanov’s chest was pressed against Shane’s shoulder blades, letting him push deeper still.

Rozanov’s hips nudged hard against Shane’s ass and he wanted to cry out, it felt so good. He needed this. He was so full, after so long. The smooth thick length of Shane’s dreams, stretching him, filling him up, making him pant. He’d missed this, fuck, there was nothing like it. His own fingers, his dildo, even the additional new hyper-realistic dildo he’d caved and bought a few shameful weeks ago—none of it compared. The sensation of Ilya Rozanov’s hard cock pushing up into him, driving out every anxious thought and uncertainty he’d ever suffered, replacing the permanent tension Shane carried within him with this blazing stretch, this sublime overwhelm—

“You okay?” Rozanov repeated, sounding doubtful now, and Shane realised he was gripping the back of the couch like a life raft and making a whole variety of noises, largely pitiful moans and whimpers, nothing much resembling human speech at all.

“Yes,” he hissed, and was almost completely undone when he felt Rozanov’s breath puff against the back of his neck, a careless kiss. God he loved that, the lightest casual brush of Rozanov’s lips contrasting with the obscene intrusion of his dick sunk deep in Shane’s ass.

“I only fuck people who want it.”

“I want it.”

“Tell me.”

“*I want it*,” Shane insisted, wriggling back against him, shifting himself on Rozanov’s dick in a movement so needy and embarrassing he felt himself flush all over. It felt good though, undulating until Rozanov’s cock was pressing right up against that glowing spot inside him, the one that made Shane’s breath hitch and his mind go *yes, yes, and—and—and—*

“Oh you really fucking want it,” Rozanov breathed, and started to move.

Shane braced against the back of the couch, moaning in earnest as everything he’d been fixating on all day - all season, all year - unfurled beautifully in front of him; Rozanov gripping his hips with those big commanding hands, fucking his ass, his generous mouth closing in behind Shane’s ear.

It was unreal, how perfect this felt, how perfectly Rozanov met his needs—this one specific need that Shane couldn’t satisfy anywhere else. Everything that came before - the anticipation of seeing him again, the adrenaline and hostility on the ice, the jolt of nerves at the sound of that damned text notification - all of that seemed to have been leading only to

this, his whole day a chaotic puzzle for Rozanov to solve with the sweet slide of his dick inside him, his low noises of appreciation, his grasping hands. It all resolved in this moment, Shane's body getting what it permanently ached for. He could hear the pleasure Rozanov was taking in fucking him as vividly as his own body thrilled at being fucked; this was everything, overwhelming, fucking magical. And he could tell Rozanov felt it too, in the driving thuds of his hips against Shane's ass, in their shared unsteady marathon breaths, the grunted syllables tumbling haphazardly between them.

The rush of it.

"Fuck," Rozanov bit off, pounding him harder, one hand gripping the back of Shane's neck and pressing. Holding him down and giving it to him hard and fast, pushing his face into the cool impassive couch cushion; the curt compression made Shane feel dirty, used, anonymous almost, and fuck, how he *loved* that, submitting to Rozanov's strength, the shocking thrill of feeling Rozanov's cock swelling inside him as he held Shane down and fucked him like the whore that he—

"Oh God, fuck, Hollander—" Rozanov's ragged voice was an entreaty now, almost a prayer, snapping Shane out of his mazy dark thoughts and into the inescapable truth of it: Rozanov knew exactly who he was pinning over this couch and fucking the hell out of, and Rozanov gloried in that knowledge.

"*Rozanov*—" It felt good to say his name like that. So good. Too good. He sounded desperate. But in this moment Shane's self-consciousness was entirely unlatched from his voice. "Yes, Rozanov, fucking yes, fuck me, yeah—"

"You think you can do it again? Make mess of this couch, because my dick feels so good inside you? *Hollander*?"

His name again, wrapped in the wrecked velvet of Rozanov's growling voice, brought him to the surface. "Yeah, if you—keep going, fuck, please—"

—and Shane didn't want this to end, wanted to stay locked in this moment forever, the heated rushing perfection of it, getting what he wanted, overwhelmed but safe - pinned and taken by someone who cared more about how Shane's body wanted to be treated than Shane did himself - but it was too good to last, every slam of Rozanov's dick sending him higher, an inexorable jolting climb. He probably *would* come hands-free again at this rate—and then Rozanov was reaching around after all, closing his big fingers on Shane's cock and stroking him greedily, and that felt so fucking good Shane came in three seconds flat, shocked into it, a dizzyingly sudden ascent.

His own helpless noises were eclipsed by a moan that was barely recognisable as his name; Rozanov following immediately after. Shaking behind him, skin wet, chest heaving as Rozanov climaxed inside him.

Reflexively, breathlessly, Shane imagined Rozanov's load shooting deep in his ass, if he *had* fucked him bare, how that would feel, knowing—but no, that wasn't where they were, yet. Might never be. Shit, *would* never be, because that was for couples, people who didn't close

the door on a hasty hot encounter like this and then go off and fuck a dozen other people to take the taste away.

Just like that, Shane's rush started to fade.

"Ugh," Rozanov declared, collapsing on top of him, reaching down to hold the condom on. He kissed the back of Shane's neck, his shoulder, the messy panting slide of his mouth sending shivers down Shane's sweaty spine. "*Fuck*, Hollander, you are impossible. Hot - impossible hot."

Shane rested his face against the couch cushion, not yet ready to speak. He grunted as Rozanov pulled out of him, the familiar wave of self-conscious regret shimmering under his skin. For all he loved the feeling of being fucked while it was happening, the feeling of *having been fucked* - and pulled away from, left aching and empty - was a lot more discomfoting.

Rozanov disappeared, and a moment later Shane heard a tap running.

Shane pulled his briefs and sweatpants back up, then stripped the blanket from the couch, feeling guilty all of a sudden. He'd been so thoughtless, in the heat of the moment. Just doing whatever felt good. This blanket was not fit for sitting on now; he bundled it up and left it by the foot of the couch, wincing. He'd have to remind Rozanov to leave a hefty tip.

He hunted down his t-shirt, which Rozanov had apparently balled up and thrown with full strength across the other side of the hotel room. Near the huge expanse of window, where the low-lit glossy room was reflected against the twinkling darkness beyond.

Shane retrieved his t-shirt, pulling it on over his sticky skin and then standing there, by the window, staring down at the lit-up nighttime city, an ache twisting in his chest now instead.

He wanted—he didn't know what he wanted. He didn't have words for what he wanted. It was messy. It was like the weighing scales in his mind had been upended, the positive and negative contents dumped out and mixed together. He felt crazy with uncertainty, and there was absolutely no one else he could consult about it. He was on his own.

On his own with Rozanov - a man Shane increasingly suspected couldn't even be honest with himself. Which probably made two of them.

Shane swallowed, gazing down into the night, unseeing. Gamely, he gave honesty with himself a try. He... kept coming back, even though he knew he shouldn't. Even though he knew it wasn't good for him. His *body* felt so good after a session with Rozanov, but staring into the glittering cool darkness of the cityscape he could admit his heart was being hollowed out.

Fuck, they had to stop doing this.

Every encounter these days was a risk, and each seemed to wear more holes into their already-threadbare plausible deniability. And those risks—if he started to list them it would make him nauseous. Getting caught, that was the biggest one, he told himself. Except it

hadn't stopped them yet, had it? And it wasn't driving Shane's sudden need to get out of here. No, that was something else, something that even now he didn't dare name.

He gathered his resolve - as soon as Rozanov returned from the bathroom, he would leave - and then he heard Rozanov's tread behind him, saw the gleaming reflection of his long nude body in the glass, his tousled head, and his conviction instantly wavered.

He was *so* fucked.

"You are dressed," Rozanov said, sounding offended about it.

Shane cracked a diffident smile. "Never really got undressed."

"More's the pity," Rozanov drawled, reaching for him from behind. His lowered voice triggered a landslide in Shane's resolve; rocks falling, everybody run. "I thought you would come shower now."

Bad idea. Right? "I should probably... shower downstairs."

"Boring. Plus you smell of sex," Rozanov said, his scratchy voice languid now, pleased with himself. "You look like sex. Very obvious if anyone meet you in corridor. They will know."

Shane shivered, half with the horror of that thought, half with undeniable pleasure at Rozanov's obvious attempts to get him to stick around. Even though Rozanov was no longer hard, no longer looking to get off, he still—wanted. Shane. Here.

Rozanov's hands sneaked under Shane's t-shirt, palming his belly, sliding up to grope his pecs, pulling him back against his chest once more. "Disgusting," Rozanov murmured, running his fingertips over the sticky skin, making Shane shiver harder. "Unhygienic. I will not allow."

Shane's eyebrows lifted, the charred remnants of his resolve taking another direct hit. "Unhygienic," he said, with an impressed smile. "Now there's a long word."

Rozanov pinched his nipple in retort, and Shane inhaled sharply. "I know many long words. *Submission. Spontaneous ejaculation,*" he said, a light sweet emphasis on the clinical syllables, like a dusting of powdered sugar over some hard-worked creation. "*Refractory period.*"

Shane started to laugh despite himself, and turned in the confines of Rozanov's arms to face him, putting them nose-to-nose. Rozanov's hazel eyes were twinkling, though his mouth was serious.

"Now that's an oddly specific selection of long words," Shane said.

Rozanov shrugged. "Is on need-to-know basis," he said, his gaze darting down to Shane's mouth. His hands had managed to stay under Shane's t-shirt, and now were moulding to the base of his back, shaping the sides of his waist, holding him close. Keeping him.

Shane felt abruptly breathless. "I—I should go."

“*Niet*,” Rozanov said, and kissed him, soft but deliberate, before drawing back. “Shower. With me.”

Shane opened his mouth to object—but that just gave Rozanov opportunity to kiss him again.

Bad idea, bad idea, but the push of Rozanov’s tongue into his mouth made the rest of his thoughts indistinct, sluggish. Rozanov’s very presence reached in and drew Shane’s faded post-coital glow back to the surface, made that discomforted sensation in his chest untwist.

“Okay, okay,” Shane said eventually, when Rozanov pulled back and gave him an inquiring glare. “Shower.”

Rozanov walked backwards, drawing Shane with him. They made some stumbling progress, colliding with the couch on the way past, and belatedly Shane realised that Rozanov was expecting him to steer. Like some fucking trust game, Rozanov was just blindly striding backwards, placing his faith in Shane’s hands to get them safely to their destination. What a fucking idiot.

It made Shane want to kiss him again, so he went ahead and did that, marvelling anew at how readily Rozanov kissed him back. It made their progress even more haphazard, as Shane narrowly swerved them round a doorway and into a warm-toned marble-and-bronze bathroom. It was empty; Rozanov hadn’t even unpacked his toothbrush. And yet here Shane was, stumbling forwards with his tongue in Rozanov’s mouth, bumping him against the shiny counter, colliding hard enough to make him hiss and then chuckle.

“Next time, I drive,” Rozanov declared, and Shane did his best to ignore the downright flutter of heat that went through him at that: *next time*.

The shower did feel damned good, hot water blasting down on both of them, wetting Rozanov’s curls and running down Shane’s face, filling the glass cubicle with steam.

Shane took a handful of expensive-smelling hotel soap and washed himself, because that was what they were supposedly here to do.

Rozanov watched him.

Shane soaped his chest, under his arms, his belly, his ass, rotating under the spray to rinse away the suds afterwards. He was aware of Rozanov watching more intently than ever. He palmed the half-hard length of his cock, trying not to linger, rinsed that too. This wasn’t—

“So,” Rozanov said abruptly. “About that... refractory period.”

Shane’s cock gave a hopeful twitch. He swiped water back from his face and tilted his head, looking up at Rozanov through his wet lashes. “What about it?”

Rozanov tapped his fist lightly against the tiled wall, making a frustrated noise. “Come here.”

“I am here! Could not be more—mmph.”

He was back in Rozanov's arms and being kissed, overwhelmed once more with the sensation of strong wet muscle, sliding wet skin, Rozanov's hungry mouth running over him, feverish again. Rozanov's cock was also only half-hard against Shane's thigh, and yet when Shane ground against it Rozanov swore in a language Shane didn't even recognise.

"I should leave though," Shane put in eventually, because he owed himself that much - later, he would kick himself if he hadn't even said it.

Rozanov drew back to press their foreheads together, bending Shane back so his body shielded Shane from the overhead blast of water, and scowling. "Do. Not. You. Fucking. Dare."

The vehemence took Shane aback even as it turned him on, and he exhaled an awkward noise of acquiescence into the scant space between their mouths. "Okay! Okay."

"We fly out tomorrow," Rozanov said. Steam clouds were rising around them as the hot shower pounded Rozanov's gleaming shoulders, making the tiled room feel unearthly and ethereal, untethered to normal rules. "Early."

"Yeah—us too."

"So," Rozanov said, as if that settled it.

Shane tried not to grin. "Kay."

"You go now, I will not have you again until three weeks," Rozanov said, which seemed somewhat redundant.

"I get it."

"I want you *again*," Rozanov told him, nudging his now-hard cock against Shane's wet hip for good measure, and Shane nodded jerkily as a laugh died in his throat.

"You've got me," he whispered, almost quieter than the rushing water.

The corner of Rozanov's mouth lifted. That should feel less like the sun coming out, Shane dimly knew. "Yeah?"

It sounded almost shy, which was so utterly preposterous that Shane didn't know what to say in return—so in lieu of answering, Shane stepped forwards, lifting his face to kiss Rozanov again and propelling them both back under the spray.

Keep it simple.

For a while that was all there was, the world reduced to this encircled private space of drumming water and swirling white steam, Rozanov's hot mouth on his, his greedy hands sweeping over Shane's body. Shane stroked his hands down Rozanov's sides, lingering at the slanting dip of his waist, capturing pools of running water in his palms and then dispersing them once more. The freedom to touch him was driving him crazy. It was mindless, purposeless; perfect again. Impossible and new, to have Rozanov available to caress like this

- urgent but with the edge taken off, but not leaving, not yet, not yet - and Shane found himself luxuriating in it, claiming this rare opportunity to explore.

Rozanov's body felt wonderful beneath his hands, and his mouth—Shane had been thinking about Rozanov's lips every damned day since last time. Here in the swirling steam, tasting Rozanov's soft gasps and unsteady sighs, Shane could quietly admit that - to himself, at least. Not to Rozanov. Never to him. The risk was too great, of being dismissed, of being called predictable, boring.

Shane couldn't even admit to himself that there was an even greater risk: what if Rozanov said something similar back? Then they'd really be screwed.

Rozanov arched beneath Shane's exploratory touch, sinuous at first and then more vehemently, his kisses turning sharp, breath catching. The next thing Shane knew Rozanov was pushing him back against the shower wall and sinking to his knees, one hand lingering to roughly grope Shane's chest, the other guiding Shane's dick right into his mouth.

And oh, fuck, fuck, now Shane was relieved he'd come already or that would have been *it*, over, the final countdown. Rozanov's mouth always felt incredible, but this, the satiny heat closing around already hot, wet skin, the circling of Rozanov's wicked tongue, when he started to suck—it felt phenomenal.

Shane drew in great lungfuls of steam-saturated air and closed his hands in Rozanov's sodden wet curls, rolling his head back against the tiles. His hips pulsed forwards as Rozanov took him deeper.

"Fuck," Shane breathed, closing his eyes, and was assailed by what this must look like from afar, Rozanov on his knees blowing him, all red swollen lips and glinting golden skin. A fantasy; too good to be true.

Phrases from their earlier conversation haunted him.

Now you will not bruise knees while I fuck you—and yet Rozanov was kneeling for him on this hard floor, bruising *his* knees, for Shane; *Next time, I drive*, as if Rozanov was already thinking ahead to their next time together, before this one was even over; *You're impossible*, and Shane didn't even know why that was repeating on him, but something about that choice, that word, it was the wrong word, wasn't it? It wasn't a word that sat comfortably within a quick mindless fuck but Shane didn't feel like it had been a mistake by Rozanov either.

None of this... none of this felt like a mistake.

As if he could hear his thoughts, Rozanov made a guttural noise - a low reverberation that Shane felt around his cock rather than heard above the running water - and took him right to the back of his mouth. He swallowed against it, massaging the crown of Shane's cock with the velvet tension of his soft palate, easy, deliberate. Again and again.

Shane clasped a fist to his mouth to keep from shouting out. His knees were getting weak. His other hand fanned open repeatedly in Rozanov's hair, clasping a fistful of wet curls and then releasing again. He felt Rozanov butt his head against Shane's palm, as if he was

seriously enjoying this, like, at a Shane Hollander level of cocksucking enjoyment—and hot on the heels of that thought came the realisation that usually it would have been over for Shane by now. Usually Shane couldn't take more than a couple of minutes of this before he'd be coming in Rozanov's mouth; he'd never thought Rozanov might want longer than that, to keep on sucking him, but maybe. Maybe, if this was anything to go by - as Rozanov knelt there keenly working him with lips and tongue, gulping and bobbing his head, pulling back to gasp and then ducking down again for more - maybe Rozanov enjoyed this just as much as Shane did.

The thought made Shane incredulous with pleasure, the searing glitter of it - not just for what that meant right now, which was this earth-trembling experience, but for what it could mean in future, to know this about Rozanov, this delicious incendiary thing. To be fair, every new piece of information he gathered about Rozanov felt like this to some extent, but this in particular - if true - was electric. Unbidden, his mind stole forwards to scenes of long, lazy blowjobs on rare afternoons off at his apartment—before catching himself and putting those images determinedly out of his mind.

He stared down instead, carding his fingers through Rozanov's wet hair as Rozanov sucked endlessly, cheeks hollowing, moving his head beneath Shane's hand.

It really, really seemed true.

Fuck, Shane's knees were actually about to give way.

"I want—" he said loudly; closing his hand in Rozanov's hair and hauling his head back. The world juddered and swung around him as his dick slipped free of those beautiful reddened lips, as Shane sucked in deep breaths of steamy air. "I... uh..."

For a moment Rozanov just stared up at him, glazed and panting. Fuck, how could someone look so much like a drowned rat, a rent boy and an angel at once? That mouth! Those eyes, blown dark. That expression, an intense micro-sowl, like Shane had interrupted him right in the middle of his favourite fucking activity, Jesus.

Shane pulled Rozanov hurriedly back to standing, near swooning against him. He was too turned on to speak clearly. "I nearly..."

"You can," Rozanov breathed, husky now, in a rush himself. "In my mouth. You don't have to stop." He bit his lower lip, considering, then added, as if it had just occurred to him, "You can be rough." His eyes gleamed. "I can take it."

Shane closed his eyes against a new slew of images, of fucking Rozanov's mouth vigorously until he came, of Rozanov swallowing him down, *taking it*. Of Rozanov wanting it *rough*, letting Shane steer them into another uncharted territory, heedless; another fucking trust game.

Shane's cock jumped against his hand, and he belatedly realised he'd reached down to grasp it. Rozanov's dark eyes tracked the movement, and he wet his lips as Shane tugged slowly; he looked like he was imminently about to sink to his knees once more.

Shane found he was shaking his head. "That's... a tempting offer," he said, almost laughing at the degree of understatement, but the words tripped on, spilling out of him unchecked. "But I want... I want..."

Rozanov leaned closer. He was so big, looming over him, making Shane's mouth go dry. "What do you want?"

Wordless, Shane turned to face the shower wall, reaching behind himself to bring Rozanov closer. He wanted *more*. He was thinking about those big fingers, or fuck, Rozanov's mouth against his hole, his probing tongue, *that* would assuage the yearning ache inside while he stroked himself off, cramming his wrist into his mouth to stifle his groans—but then his hands were moving of their own volition, lining up Rozanov's hard wet cock along the crease of his arse, encouraging him to rut against him, slick and suggestive.

"Oh fuck," Rozanov said faintly, getting the idea straight away, crushing Shane forwards and thrusting against him, and they both groaned.

The wet slide of skin against skin, wetter still under the cascading spray, was impossibly enticing.

"Yeah," Shane whispered, starting to stroke his own cock in helpless jerks, rubbing his thumb over the head, squeezing.

"Oh," Rozanov was breathing hard, "yeah. This, too. Your ass is so hot. I want to fuck you again."

"Yeah," Shane said, writhing back against him, rubbing up and down like a dog in heat.

"Always, always want," Rozanov muttered, nuzzling Shane's wet hairline, panting against his ear, calling up an incomparable craving inside him.

Dazed by it, Shane licked his lips, tasting shower water, and tipped his hips back. He could feel the shaft of Rozanov's cock pressed against his hole, slippery and hot. It would just take one instinctive rearrangement, one angled push. "...Go on."

Rozanov thrust against him, then forcibly stilled. "I can't," he croaked, hands like iron on his hips. "I do not have."

Shane's voice seemed to be coming from far away. "I know but I—I don't mind." His hole was aching again, frustration lancing through him. The reckless thought of it - of Rozanov lining himself up and sliding back in right now, all smooth wet skin, nothing between them, being able to feel every inch of him - was making him feel faint.

Rozanov groaned under his breath. "Is... not safe," he gritted out. "Is risk."

Shane's voice was almost a whine. "I don't care."

"I care," Rozanov growled, with such heat in it that Shane blinked, snapping out of the hazy trance.

“Fuck, sorry,” he said, forcing his hand to drop his erection and *trying* to stop pressing backwards - it was hard, it still felt so good - and hung his head forwards, water pouring down the side of his face, trying to collect his wits. Fuck, okay, that was embarrassing.

Rozanov was still right behind him, still hard as a rock, sliding his dick between Shane's buttocks, so close to where Shane wanted him that he thrummed with renewed frustration. Rozanov was trembling, Shane could feel, though whether it was lust or anger or something else he could not tell. Rozanov gave one more deliberate, slow, grinding thrust against Shane's ass, so tantalising it made him whimper, then stilled as well.

His hands travelled up to Shane's shoulders, and Rozanov turned him back around.

Shane squinted up at him. The charm of Rozanov's streaming wet curlicues of hair was at odds with his thunderous expression.

“You would let me,” Rozanov said slowly, dangerously. He gave a harsh, disbelieving laugh. “You give me hard time for smoking. But you would bareback with fuck-buddy.”

The word tripped some alarm in Shane's brain, switching off all his filters. “I'd do it with *you*,” he snarled, and instantly wished he hadn't.

Rozanov's eyes widened, then narrowed. Shit, shit, shit. “I am fuck-buddy,” Rozanov said bluntly.

“No,” Shane said, swiping water out of his own eyes, fixing on a pattern in the marble behind Rozanov's ear. “No, actually you're not, but—but just—forget it, it was a stupid impulse, it doesn't mean anything.”

Rozanov didn't look convinced. “But is risk. Is—is *roulette*, Hollander. Game of chance. If you—look,” he said earnestly, pressing one hand to his chest, staring intently into Shane's eyes, devastatingly sombre. “I am clean. I test. But not everyone does. And you do not know, you could be unlucky. If you let even one person fuck you—“

“But I'm not,” Shane interrupted, too loudly. “No one else is—Jesus Christ—*no one* else is fucking me and I'm not... there's only you,” he blurted, then clapped a hand over his mouth and groaned behind it, squeezing his eyes briefly shut. “Fuck. Forget it. Never mind. Can we not talk about this now? Please?”

Rozanov was still staring intently, water dripping down his face. “What?”

“Please,” Shane said.

He didn't resist as Rozanov reached up and moved his hand away from his face. He felt raw, exposed - humiliated by the lecture itself, cringing at the fact Rozanov had thought it necessary, and downright appalled at what he'd then inadvertently revealed - and then he was being kissed, Rozanov's lips brushing his cheekbone, the side of his mouth.

“Only me?”

It was soft, milder than Rozanov's voice ever usually went.

Shane swallowed, blinking hard, still unable to look at him. He felt like he'd royally fucked up, like his body had betrayed him and his mind had failed to pick up the slack, and yet - what was the point in obfuscating now?

"Yes," he said hoarsely. "Only you."

And this was where it would get weird, right? Rozanov would pull away, wary that Shane was getting in too deep, taking it all far too seriously as usual. If only Shane *had* been seeing other people, he would never have been susceptible to some wildly awkward fantasy of exclusivity, would certainly never have dreamed of revealing it. Fuck, fuck, what a fucking mess.

Rozanov stepped closer, pushing him back against the shower wall, pressing against him from shoulder to hip; lining their cocks up and nudging them together; lowering his mouth to capture Shane's. Behind them, the water pattered down harmlessly.

It didn't feel like he was pulling away.

"Is—is that alright," Shane muttered, against Rozanov's lips, and Rozanov hummed assent and kissed him again, no other reply forthcoming.

Eventually Rozanov drew back and found Shane's ear with his mouth. "Come with me now," he said, accent thickened. "Bed. I am not going to fuck you bare," he said, excruciatingly matter-of-fact in a way that made Shane squirm, "but I am going to fuck you until you come on my dick, Hollander. Long time. Until you are shouting my name. Begging me. You understand?"

Just like that, the world was a shimmering rush once more.

Mutely, Shane nodded, barely noticing as the water shut off and Rozanov led him through to the bedroom, chucking him a towel, allowing him just the slightest pause to dry off before tugging him forwards again.

And then Shane was being pressed down into the massive cool hotel bed, head sinking into a soft compression of pillows, his knees slung over Rozanov's shoulders, and Rozanov's tongue was brushing his ass. Teasing, circling, long enough that Shane's hips started to shift of their own accord, long enough that Shane felt like the residual water evaporating off his skin had turned to sweat once more.

"Please," Shane gasped, locking his ankles behind Rozanov's neck.

He felt Rozanov grin against his hole before dipping his tongue inside.

"Ah! Fuck."

"Mmmh. Ask nicely."

It was a while before he could muster up the breath to do so.

"I w-want you inside me," Shane said, as clearly as he could. "I want you to... do what you said."

"Fuck you until you're shouting my name," Rozanov supplied.

"Mm hm. That."

Rozanov surged slowly up over him, kissing his stomach on the way up, the crease of his thigh, his ribs, skating over one nipple, palming his pecs almost absently, before settling his hip into the crook of Shane's thigh and aiming his cock - condom held firmly on, slicked thickly with lube - exactly where it was wanted.

"Okay?" Rozanov murmured.

Shane gritted his teeth and wriggled, nodding hard.

"Okay," Rozanov said, apparently satisfied, and pushed back inside. And Shane should be used to it by now, the *give* of his own body, accepting Rozanov's cock as it slid all the way in, but—

"Ah, fuck," Shane hissed, squirming on him, welcoming the thick stretch once more, how it seemed to strike right to the heart of him. "Yes, that's... that's..."

Words failed him again.

Rozanov had chosen this angle deliberately, it seemed, folding Shane's leg over his shoulder and crushing him flat into the mattress, hips starting their leisurely roll. *Insultingly* slow. And yet all Shane could do was lie there and take it, arching helplessly up beneath him, thanking God for the stretches he'd done earlier at the gym; he was, he thought wildly, literally taking this lying down, panting and moaning for it, clawing at that statuesque back as Rozanov pursued some personal best at fucking him, deep and slow.

"Ah, fuck, that is—infuriating," Shane gasped, throwing his head back and digging his nails into the bunched muscles of Rozanov's shoulders. He could get purchase on them, but he couldn't lift his hips against Rozanov's weight, couldn't do more than shove blindly up against him, with very little effect. "Faster, *please*."

"Is good pace," Rozanov replied, with a shit-eating grin. "Feel good to me. You feel good." He wet his lips, still smirking down at him. Not even breaking a sweat. "So tight for me. So good. Desperate."

"I'm not desperate," Shane said, without conviction. "Jesus. Fuck. Ah. *Ah. Faster*."

In answer, Rozanov reached a hand up and pushed his fingers through Shane's, palm to palm, and pressed it into the pillow above his head. He shifted his weight forwards as he did so, a languid heavy slide with pulsing hips, and Shane groaned as the breath was crushed out of him, cock straining against his belly.

"Faster?" Rozanov mimicked, smiling widely again as Shane bucked and squirmed beneath him, seeking more. "Harder?" His voice deepened. "Come on. I want to hear it."

“Please... h-harder and, and faster.”

Rozanov complied for a few transcendent seconds, making Shane shudder and keen with pleasure, before slowing again.

Shane almost choked around a frustrated growl.

“Of course - if I’m your only one,” Rozanov said wickedly, “you must make sure to get it just how you like it from me. Only chance.”

“Fuck you,” Shane gasped, heat racing to his face, and Rozanov gave him one of those unreadable smiles, somewhere between smug and tender, and leaned in close.

“Yes, Hollander,” he said, as if that was what he’d been waiting for, and kissed him.

Stars exploded through Shane’s mind and he kissed back frantically, almost panting with relief when Rozanov squeezed his hand tight and doubled his pace. That was better, that was it, Rozanov’s tongue in his mouth as he pounded him, gave him exactly what he needed, solid smacking strokes that felt just—so—right—

Rozanov’s free hand worked between them, claspings Shane’s cock, not stroking so much as holding it steady while his hips did the work.

“Fuck,” Shane bit off, breaking the kiss again to grit his teeth and squeeze his eyes shut. Fuck, fuck, fuck. He was going to come again, it was building now, and fast. Rozanov’s hand and his hips together were a magnificent combination, expert and driven, clever and wicked, and there was nothing, nothing, that Shane could do to hold out against them—and why was he even trying? When Rozanov made him feel so damn good? What was the point of resisting any of this?

“Say—it.”

“*Rozanov*,” Shane moaned, as his balls tightened and the staccato beat of pleasure inside him became a crescendo. “Fuck, Rozanov, that’s it, you, you—”

“*Hollander*,” Rozanov interrupted harshly, as Shane started to succumb; and then they were groping for the finish line together, clutching each other, panting into each others’ mouths as Shane came between them, Rozanov finishing deep inside him.

“Fuck,” Rozanov was saying, over and over, turning his face so that the words evaporated as hushed gusts against Shane’s temple. He was panting hard, slippery with sweat, one hand wrapped around Shane’s thigh, holding him down until his hips finally stilled. “*Fuck*.”

Shane lay back beneath him, pulse drumming, utterly spent. “Fuck,” he echoed softly.

Rozanov mumbled some indistinct reply. He was still holding Shane’s hand above his head, fingers tight enough to cut off the circulation.

Shane cast around for something else to say, but his mind was a glorious blank. There was nothing but this. Rozanov was still inside him, on top of him, and he could feel his pulse

everywhere. It would surely get uncomfortable soon. But Rozanov didn't seem minded to move off him yet, and trapped beneath him like this, sweaty and dishevelled, with his hand and foot going numb, was the most comfortable Shane had felt all night. If that was fucked up, he'd worry about it tomorrow. Rozanov had literally fucked the worry out of him.

He grinned at that, and must have shifted slightly, because it caught Rozanov's attention.

"What?"

"Uh. Nothing," Shane said, still grinning.

Rozanov grinned back, searching his face with his gaze. "Is not nothing," he said eventually.

Shane cast around for something else to say. Something less incriminating than *I could lie here with you forever*. "I... don't want to move."

"So don't."

"Mm. Well. Gonna have to at some point."

Rozanov made a contented noise. "You are right. They will not let you on plane like this." He gave a demonstrative push with his hips, and Shane gasped at the renewed jolt of sensation through his ass, startlingly intimate, before Rozanov was reaching down, still grinning. Easing slowly out of him, kneeling back, stripping off the condom and leaning across the bed to dispose of it.

He returned to survey Shane's collapsed state amongst the crumpled sheets, sitting back on his heels, his grin shifting into something softer, more thoughtful—wistful, almost.

"Look at you," Rozanov said, under his breath. "*Not* fit for airport."

Shane imagined what Rozanov was seeing, and swallowed. "What time do you have to leave?"

"Six."

Seven hours away, approximately. "Huh."

Rozanov stared at him for a long unreadable moment, then pressed his lips together. For a moment it looked like he might say something else. Then he jumped down from the bed. Disappeared off to the bathroom again; more water ran, an especially inviting sound right now, as various bodily fluids cooled on Shane's torso. He was almost certainly back to 'looking like sex', as Rozanov had put it.

Shane wanted to follow him back into the shower. He also had an intense impulse to roll over and bury his face in the hotel pillow, pretend to be asleep, in the hope that Rozanov might steal back into bed and stretch out against him. That had happened - on rare occasions - before, not that either of them had mentioned it since. Shane had never worked out what precise alchemy of exhaustion and residual need resulted in those times. Would Rozanov, right now? If Shane seemed destroyed enough - or conversely, if Shane seemed nonchalant

enough? - might Rozanov crawl in alongside Shane and flop down against him, enfold him, trap him beneath his weight again? What an... inconvenience that would be.

What a risk.

Unfiltered and unfettered, Shane's thoughts tripped back to Rozanov's lecture on safe fucking sex of all things—and that one damning word, *roulette*.

Shane didn't gamble, for so many reasons. But he suddenly had a sense that he was gambling now. With Rozanov, with his own desires, they were spinning the chamber with every encounter. They were pushing at the boundaries of their unspoken agreement, continuing this high stakes game; and so far they kept emerging intact, but it was starting to feel like an unbelievable series of lucky escapes.

Shane blew out a breath, trying to steady his shaky thoughts as they spiralled. He felt like he was navigating blind again, in the uncharted spaces between orgasms, between words; in these taut uncertain places where nothing was named, and where invisible lines kept being redrawn.

And he hadn't—okay, yes, the physical risk, that perilously impulsive moment in the shower. He *had* swerved towards it, in a way he couldn't condone in this clearer-headed aftermath—but the other risk, the one curdling in his stomach now, hadn't been physical. It was in the implication of what he'd admitted to Rozanov tonight, that there was no one else, that he didn't *want* to be with anyone else, didn't want Rozanov to be with anyone else either. No matter how he cut it, even raising the suggestion felt unforgivable. Edging them a notch further along some unspoken continuum of intimacy, whether they liked it or not.

And where did that lead? Where, for them, could that possibly end up? It wasn't like there was some prize of *happily ever after* that they might be lucky enough to win, if they just kept playing the odds.

They could only lose, in a series of increasingly messy ways.

Fuck, Shane had to get out of here.

He sat up and swung his legs out of bed, grabbing the damp towel and roughly rubbing himself down, trying to remember where he'd shed his clothes - the bathroom floor? Back by the couch? - and then Rozanov was wandering back into the room with his own towel around his waist, and Shane froze like he'd been caught in the act. Heart pounding, again.

"You are leaving?" Rozanov's gaze zipped up and down him, missing nothing.

"Better had," Shane said, and then, clearing his throat, suddenly inevitably wavering, "right?"

Rozanov padded closer, until he was looming above and Shane had to prop his hands behind him and lean back to look up at Rozanov's face. He seriously was a mountain of a man from this angle.

Wordlessly, Shane let his knees fall open. Rozanov insinuated himself between them like he belonged there. The soft brush of towelling against the inner aspects of Shane's knees made his skin prickle all over.

One of Rozanov's hands ghosted against the side of Shane's face, tousling his hair. Shane let himself lean into the touch, even as he doubted himself for doing so.

Rozanov's mouth tilted in a half smile. "Is a few hours yet." His fingertips meandered over the side of Shane's face, almost aimless. "Not a good time to be caught leaving my room."

"Is there a good time...?"

Rozanov shook his head solemnly, turning his mouth down. "*Niet*. Better not to leave at all."

It was a deadpan joke, Shane distantly knew. The way his heart clenched was immaterial.

"Good point," he said faintly, and all at once he knew how this was going to go. Again. There would be no discussion, no acknowledgement, no awkward naming of inconvenient facts.

There would just be this: occupying the same space instead of choosing to move apart.

He couldn't even find the energy to berate himself, to compose another lecture on avoiding disaster. The stakes were getting higher, but they wouldn't acknowledge that either, not when the unofficial line was this facsimile of matched convenience, of simple need. The promise of mutually assured destruction, Shane thought, as Rozanov grinned impishly and crawled on top of him, pressing him back into the bed. Fuck, he felt wonderful. Rozanov lost the towel on the way up, and the renewed gift of his body was truly delightful in spite of Shane's racing mind, all warm heavy damp limbs and sure, possessive hands.

Rozanov arranged Shane to his satisfaction and draped himself on top, pillowing his head on Shane's chest, then tilted back to look up at him.

"Power nap," Rozanov said, pronouncing each word distinctly, his expression daring Shane to disagree.

"Sure," Shane said, hiding his own smile. "Just make sure you set like, a dozen alarms."

"Obviously I already did this."

"And ummm," Shane said, finding his own hand was wandering, sliding down the indented slant of Rozanov's shoulder, giving his bicep a slow thoughtful squeeze, "wake me up with plenty of time before we have to leave?"

Rozanov's eyes crinkled at the corners as he grinned up at him, a rare unguarded flash of something real. "But of course," he said, dropping a kiss to Shane's chest before gazing up from beneath his lashes. "Or you wake me."

Shane stared down at him. He knew every plane of Rozanov's face now, every twitch of those full lips, every mood flickering through his intent dark eyes. And yet he still had no idea what really dwelt behind them. Maybe this was all, as advertised, nothing serious.

Shane sank his fingers into Rozanov's damp hair, gave the nape of Rozanov's neck a slow stroke, and watched the ripple of sensation pass through his expression. He didn't seem so impossible to read, right in this instant. He looked... content. In this tiny space they'd managed to carve out, where awkward questions were glossed over or evaded entirely—Rozanov looked at peace.

"Sounds good," Shane said softly, and switched off the light.

In the dark, he felt Rozanov's mouth press another unhurried kiss to his chest, and shivered. And this felt *so* good - and sort of momentous, as Rozanov rested his cheek comfortably against Shane's chest with a wordless little nuzzle - but again Shane knew it would go unremarked. Had to. Or else.

Abruptly, his sense that they were pushing this thing to the brink surged. It was unarguable, surely? And yet Rozanov probably would argue it. And Shane would let him, despite all the evidence to the contrary.

But no, Shane thought, letting his fingers ruffle through Rozanov's hair, tracing the gorgeous topography of Rozanov's face in the dark - Rozanov not merely tolerating his touch, but silently leaning into it - this *was* getting complicated, even if neither of them would admit it out loud. Despite the stakes getting relentlessly higher, despite there being no rational prospect of victory... they were still playing to win. And Shane finally realised something else, in the quiet darkness, fingertips brushing Rozanov's lips, receiving a soft kiss in return.

No matter how long the odds, Shane could no longer imagine a world in which he'd willingly stop playing.

End Notes

Always nerve-racking posting in a new fandom for the first time! Let me know what you think / come say hi on tumblr, I am having a whole time of it there: [@ukcalico](#)

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