

You've got mail

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You've got mail

by [underfallingstars](#)

Summary

He sees the moment Rozanov realizes Shane has remembered what the package is, which is probably at the same fucking time that Shane himself remembers what the package is.

Shane's package gets delivered to his neighbour; it would have been less mortifying if his neighbour wasn't a nosy asshole with no shame. Sadly, Shane is into that

Notes

"I am sure this will not awake anything in me, and I'll be perfectly normal about it" and "I'm sure I can make this a short one" are on the top two things I should have known were wrong I blame Jacob Tierney and the whole cast for lacing this show with something that will never let me sleep peacefully ever again.

This wasn't meant to exist at all but it got me out of my writing slump so <3 thank you Sabrina for the prompt, I hope this was everything you dreamt off <3

Merry Christmas guys, see you all soon!!

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

He'd known the day was going to be a bad one the moment he tried to make himself a cup of coffee and he found the coffee maker had decided to die up on him overnight. Shane had tried to remain optimistic, despite that, even if starting the day without coffee seemed a little unappealing; his reflection in the mirror had been that of a man on the brink of collapse, after a night spent tossing around in bed, hyper-aware of every little sound around him, with absolutely no hopes of getting any sleep before sunrise, and that should have been another bad omen.

Still, he'd hoped.

Then, he'd forgotten his umbrella and only remembered when it'd started to rain on his way to work *and* he'd missed his bus, which forced him to walk to his office; his daily step goal and his workout routine probably appreciated the boost, but the same couldn't be said of his feet, trapped in shoes that were too new and too stiff for all that walking.

He'd managed to catch the bus back home, thankfully, only narrowly avoiding the bus driver closing the doors in his face, but by then his feet were dead, and killing him, cursing him as much as he cursed them.

Still, he'd had hope.

In Shane's experience, there's nothing that can't be made a bit better, nothing that clears his head faster, than some stretching and relaxation, and so he'd barely been home for five minutes before he was shrugging off his work clothes and putting on his gym ones to do exactly that with some yoga.

It was a valiant attempt, but also a short-lived one.

Shane can't have been doing yoga for longer than fifteen minutes when the first round of knocks on his door arrive. They cut, loud and sharp and bordering on obnoxious, through the muted, soft music he uses to set the mood and help him relax.

They seem to echo in his walls and make his bones vibrate inside his body, wrapped in the layers of muscles he's attempting to stretch. They shatter the peace that Shane had managed to build, had managed to achieve, and make his shoulders, that he'd pushed down from where they had climbed up to his ears, rise back up like they'd never gone down at all.

The silence that follows in their steps after they quiet down is welcome, and Shane breathes in deeply, holding the air in for three-seconds before letting it out slowly.

The silence dies a painful death when the knocking returns, louder and with a vengeance, the type of insistent that hints at someone refusing to back down. They are determined and unrepentant, determined to break down the door if Shane doesn't do something to put an end to it.

They burrow under Shane's skin until there's no way to ignore them and Shane's gotten his legs under him and he's standing and marching to the door before he even registers himself

moving.

The door swings open suddenly, almost violently, Shane's fingers wrapped around the knob tight enough that he can feel the metal biting into their flesh; the outside world spills into Shane's foyer, bathes his feet and shins with light, lets in the cold air slip in, unwelcome.

It frames the figure in the hallway like an apparition, casting an almost ethereal halo around it. It highlights the smug, handsome face of his neighbour when Shane opens the door, his chest raising rapidly, heart beating loudly inside it. It makes him look otherworldly, for a moment, and Shane's hyperaware of the hole by the inseam of his sweatpants' left leg, because he wasn't expecting visitors, wasn't expecting to hear from his neighbour this early into the day; there is, though, and he is, and his fingers are still wrapped around the handle, arm extended to keep the door wide open.

He manages to sidestep the urge to close it at once, because his parents raised him to be unfalteringly polite, but it's a close call.

"Rozanov," he greets instead, adding a sharp nod after the name that leaves him feeling a bit like an idiot. He has to concentrate to not squirm, not shift his weight from one foot to another. There was anger swirling in him, and some things he'd wanted to say to whoever was being a pest on the other side of his door, but he's forgotten what they were. He can feel their absence in his head like a phantom limb, distracting him. "What do you need?"

He knows it's..., curter than he probably would have been with any of his other neighbours, but the rest of the building has tenants consisting of lovely, sweet ladies, and a young couple with adorable children. His next-door neighbour, on the other hand, is loud and unrepentant about it, keeping Shane wide awake at night and refusing to apologize or compromise whenever Shane has tried to bring it up with him, instead apparently taking great pleasure in the sleep he steals from Shane.

Even now, there's a smirk curling at the corner of his mouth, teasing and mocking, amused, as he stands in front of Shane, like he wasn't threatening to bring down Shane's door just moments earlier.

Shane drags his eyes away from Rozanov's mouth, fixes them on the skin between Rozanov's brows, trying his best to keep them there.

He succeeds, for the grand total of two-seconds, the same amount of time that his neighbour stays silent, staring at him, before Shane loses the battle of wills with himself, his eyes dropping from Rozanov's eyes to take in the rest of his face.

It's a good face, that's the thing. It's handsome even if not entirely refined, its features on the rougher side, like a crooked nose and a wide forehead, thick eyebrows framing his eyes. It's also infuriatingly smug, in a way that works on him much better than it is wise for Shane's peace of mind.

It's a good mouth, too, Shane's eyes snagging on it, even if it's still curled at the corner, plainly laughing at Shane.

Shane disentangles his eyes from the curve of Rozanov's mouth, springing them back up to look at his face, but he's too late.

The smugness intensifies, the smirk widening, tantalizingly stretching across Rozanov's face.

The back of Shane's neck heats up and he hopes, desperately, that it isn't spreading across his cheeks. Knowing him, and his luck when it comes to his neighbour, he's probably bright red already, and should start praying for a miracle instead.

His hands itch with the need to close the door, put something solid between him and Rozanov's stupidly annoying smile, that one that sits so at home in his face that it's *unfair*, and Shane opens his mouth to keep himself from doing that, to distract Rozanov from Shane's slip up, but, before he can do either of those things, Rozanov takes a step forward.

"This is for you, Hollander," Rozanov's voice is deep, deeper than it has a right to be.

His accent curls around the syllables of Shane's name, like the fingers that Rozanov runs through his curls when he pushes them back. They are matted, darker than they usually are, and it takes a moment for Shane to realize they are damp with sweat, and a fraction of another for his eyes to drop to Rozanov's body. He's wearing a tank top, white and glued to his skin; his shoulders glisten with sweat, and Shane guesses he's probably gone on a run, or to the gym.

It's the safest option, the only path that Shane can allow his thoughts to follow, because it wouldn't be the first time Rozanov has come to knock on his door fresh off his own bed, cocky and annoying and with someone waiting in said bed for him to return after he's had his fill with annoying Shane. It's infuriating enough that it makes Shane dizzy, his throat dry and body tense.

It's starting now, again, so Shane averts his eyes from Rozanov's broad shoulders, and skims over the rest of him, his white tank top, worn enough that it's almost transparent with sweat, his grey sweatpants, and the box he carries under his left arm, which doesn't quite fit with the rest of Rozanov and makes Shane frown slightly before looking up at him again.

"What?" The crucifix that Rozanov wears around his neck glints against the stark white of his tank top, and Shane does his best to ignore it, push it out of his mind.

His frown deepens when Rozanov rolls his eyes hard enough to hurt himself. He accompanies it with a loud sigh and a click of his tongue as he takes a step closer to Shane.

"They gave me this, but it is not for me," Rozanov replies, clearly articulating each word, like it's Shane's the one that's speaking in a foreign tongue and might need a little help. He's staring at Shane too, eyes wide open and a pointed look in them, as he gives the box a shake. Whatever is inside, rattles. "It is for you, I think."

Shane's eyes obediently drop to the box. It is brown and nondescript, the flaps open at the top, although it's interior is not visible, not with how Rozanov is holding it. Bits of the cardboard are missing, probably torn when Rozanov ripped the tape off it.

“Uh, I’m not ex—” There’s no label on the box. It’s as bland and anonymous as it was the first time Shane glanced at it, but Rozanov’s face is still expectant, and something about it nags at Shane’s brain, disturbing the dust that had settled in the darkest, most unused corners of his mind.

Something about Rozanov’s expression, or maybe just his presence in front of Shane’s door, is enough to disturb the dust that had collected in his mind.

He sees the moment Rozanov realizes Shane has remembered what the package is, which is probably at the same fucking time that Shane himself remembers what the package is.

When Shane reaches for it, and he does reach for it, he doesn’t *lunge*, because that would be *embarrassing*, as if the whole situation isn’t already, Rozanov takes a step back. He stays just out of reach and even has the gall to grin at Shane, big and bright and devastating, the arm not holding onto the box raised with the palm of his hand facing Shane, like he is calming a wild thing.

He’s quick on his feet and the look in his face makes it clear that he won’t hesitate to wrestle with Shane for the box; he’s not really sure if he could take Rozanov in a fight, if his dignity would survive such a thing. Instead, Shane has to retreat to the relative security of his threshold and stare as Rozanov secures the package under his arm.

“It is big,” Rozanov says, glancing down at the semi-open box, brows arched over his eyes, seemingly impressed. Shane’s fingers curl around the wood of the threshold. Rozanov’s eyes linger on them, something like amusement filling his face. “Is this what you like?”

The heat in Shane’s cheeks gets worse, darker, more obvious, as Rozanov peers down at the box. He bites on the inside of his cheek and wills for Rozanov to just..., drop the whole thing, but Shane’s not one to get what he wants, it seems.

Rozanov’s face is expectant as he reaches for what’s inside the box, his eyes fixed on Shane. He moves ridiculously slow, like he’s telegraphing his moves, or maybe just plainly laughing at Shane.

Shane still hopes that it’s a bluff, but he should have known better, really.

“What are you doing!? Just put it back in!” He hisses, casting a frantic look around them as Rozanov starts pulling something long and thick and purple out of the box. It is fucking *big* too, because drunk Shane is apparently brave and adventurous and has no qualms about the limits of his body when he’s drunk on margaritas on Rose’s living room’s floor. Rozanov, the asshole that he is, does *not* put it down until Shane swats at him, making him take a step back and says, “Mine broke, okay? And I needed a replacement,” and drunk Shane is a horny bastard that shouldn’t be allowed unsupervised around Rose, but that’s not something he can tell Rozanov. “And why on Earth would you open the box?”

Rozanov shrugs, unbothered, like it’s perfectly normal to open someone else’s mail when it’s plain that it wasn’t meant for you.

“I was curious,” a smile, teasing. “Maybe someone sent gift.”

“Someone would send you a dildo as a gift?” Shane blurts out before he can stop himself. Rozanov’s smile widens, and Shane’s face feels warmer, but he pushes through, “and you couldn’t see what it was from the picture on the box?”

“It looked very big. I wanted to make sure,” he replies, and Shane hums, nods. He tries not to shift his weight when Rozanov’s eyes run over him from top to bottom, a spark of something in his eyes. “Can I ask question?”

“Sure,” Shane is the one to shrug then.

It isn’t like there is much left his dignity intact.

“Is this,” a slight shake to the box, and it’s contents, that rattle inside it, “because you can’t find men to fuck?” Rozanov asks, all earnest and serious, his Russian accent curling around the vowels in a way that made it hard for Shane to focus on the meaning of the words, instead of their sound.

When he finally does, Shane blinks, his brain screeching to a halt.

“What?” It comes as a croak, affronted, and, maybe, Shane’s dignity *can* still take a few more punches.

“You never bring anyone home,” Rozanov offers as an explanation, “no women, no men,” a pointed look at the box.

“I— This isn’t— You don’t have to—” Shane’s words trample over each other until he catches sight of how the corner of Rozanov’s mouth is ticking up, a tiny smirk that keeps growing the more flustered that Shane gets. “Oh, *fuck* you, man, you’re a fucking asshole.”

The smirk turns into a full-blown smile, crowned by a laugh that makes Rozanov throw his head back, highlights the long lines of his neck. Shane’s eyes drop to Rozanov’s shoulders and he drags them away before Rozanov can catch him in the act.

“Have fun, Hollander,” Rozanov says, eyes sparkling, as he hands Shane the box.

Laughter dances in the lines of his face when Shane takes it for himself, hugging it to his chest for all of the second it takes for it to turn weird and he shifts it to the side so he’s holding it with just one arm, like Ilya was before. It becomes awkward very soon, to be holding onto the box, hyperaware of Rozanov knowing what it contains, so Shane puts it on the floor, to the left of the door, and out of sight.

“Thank you,” Shane replies as dignified as he can, as he straightens. Rozanov lets out a puff of laughter, amusement clear in it, and Shane tries to not let it get to him. Rozanov’s eyes on him are still intense, though, and it makes the hair at the nape of his neck stand. “Now, if you’ll excuse me...”

He moves to close the door, hoping that Rozanov will let him put an end to his own misery, but—

“You can join, if you get bored of that,” Rozanov offers, hands buried in his sweatpants’ pockets, eyes half-lidded as he looks at Shane, who freezes. Rozanov scans him from top to bottom and back up, like he’s sizing him up. Whatever it is he sees, he must enjoy it, because he smirks, appreciative, a dimple popping just above the corner of his mouth. “You don’t have to only watch.”

Shane’s face is probably on fire, worse than it’s been during the length of their interaction.

“It was just one time!” He splutters, indignant. He realizes what he’s said, and implied, when Rozanov’s smirk widens; forget Shane’s face, he should probably set himself on fire and put an end to his misery. “It’s not my fault you like to— to—” Rozanov is leaning forward, rocking on the soles of his feet, a wide smile splitting his face at Shane’s embarrassment. It’s then that Shane realizes he, too, is leaning forward, and he snaps back up, standing straighter. Amusement dances in Rozanov’s eyes at that, deepens when Shane says, as prim as he can make it, “I work out in that room.”

He’d been unable to step back in it after catching Rozanov having sex with a man through the window in said room, because he’s the kind of freak that has sex with the windows and curtains wide open, even when his neighbour’s windows is almost close enough to touch.

If it had been just that, it would have been bad enough, but something that Shane could have probably shaken off. But he’d been rooted to the spot, mouth wide open as he watched Rozanov fuck that man into the mattress, his abs clenching and head thrown back. He’d still been there, frozen in the middle of the window, in plain view of Ilya, when the man in his bed had groaned, loud enough to make it to *Shane*, and Ilya had looked up, caught Shane standing there like a creep.

Shane would have expected Ilya— No, *Rozanov*, to be horrified, but the surprise had been there and then gone, a slight widening of his eyes that was almost immediately replaced by a whole body shudder as he’d snapped his hips forward, mouth open around a moan that Shane had felt in his bones, sewn into his marrow. When Rozanov had looked up, cheeks flushed, eyes dark, he’d searched for Shane, and he’d winked. *Winked*.

The good thing about the wink is that it had been enough to snap Shane from the stillness that had kept his feet rooted to the spot, blushing to his ears and embarrassed like he’d never been.

The bad thing about the wink is that it’s haunted Shane ever since, will probably haunt him until he dies. It’ll probably damn his soul for eternity, too, for the way he hasn’t been unable to stop thinking about it, or how Rozanov looked above the guy, fucking into him. Both images played on loop in the back of his eyelids that day as Shane frantically brought himself to the end. He didn’t even notice what he’d done until he’d blinked to find himself slumped against the wall, his cock softening and hand sticky and covered in cum, the echo of Rozanov’s moan in his ears, searing itself into his brain.

Nothing has ever made Shane feel as bad with himself as that moment, except maybe how every time he’s gotten off since then, he’s pictured Rozanov’s face as he fucked that guy, and how he’d looked when he winked at Shane.

“You could do a different work out, Hollander,” Rozanov says then, ignorant of the turn Shane’s thoughts have taken. Or maybe perfectly aware, as he says, “much more fun.”

And fucking *winks*. Again.

Shane doesn’t want to know what his face is doing. He doesn’t have to see it to be aware of it, though. He can feel his cheeks heating up, is pretty sure they are hot enough it can be felt through the air.

“I—” Rozanov seems even more amused, when Shane’s mouth opens and nothing comes out, when his throat works tirelessly around words that refuse to be said.

They have even left his brain, but Shane can’t give Rozanov the satisfaction of even guessing at that.

“You are invited, you know now,” Rozanov says, before Shane can string together a sentence, can scramble enough brain power to figure out how to speak again. He nods meaningfully towards the box, still out of sight, and also towards his own door, eyebrows arched high over his eyes in a completely innocent expression, “if your arm gets tired. Or if you want the real thing,” he adds, like an afterthought.

Asshole, Shane thinks, viscerally, with his whole body. He can feel himself flush with it, though, harder even when Rozanov’s smirk widens.

“I—,” he starts, “no, sorry,” Rozanov answers with an inquisitive eyebrow, “I don’t want to join your parade, thank you,” he feels a faint stab of guilt at that, a bad aftertaste left by the words on his tongue as soon as they are free, but he doesn’t take them back.

It’s the best he can come up with, when his brain is still struggling to come back online.

Rozanov hums, a contemplative look on his face, hands still buried deep in his pockets. It clears all too soon and Shane distrusts it more than he ever has something before.

Rozanov leans forward, a conspiratorial look on his face. It’s almost enough to make Shane lean forward to, until he catches himself.

“No parade for you, Hollander,” he says, tone serious, even when there’s a smile playing at the corner of his lips, a hint of a challenge in his eyes as he looks at Shane. Underneath it, hunger, that makes Shane’s throat dry when he spots it. “Just us. I promise I can do better than your fake cock.”

“It’s a dildo,” Shane offers, primly. He then kicks himself mentally for that, as Rozanov shrugs, unbothered.

“I can still be better than it,” he replies. “Want to try? You’d throw that to the bin, never need it again.”

“You’re so cocky,” Shane breathes out, unable to fight back the smile pulling at the corner of his own lips. It’s more disbelieving than anything else, but he sobers up when he sees Rozanov standing straighter, shoulders pushed back as he opens his mouth, “do *not* say it.”

Rozanov shrugs his shoulders, hands raised in front of his with his palms facing Shane.

“I don’t know what you’re saying,” he replies, his eyes wide and innocent.

He grins, satisfied, when Shane shakes his head, gives him a smile in response that’s endeared despite Shane’s best attempts for it not to be.

“Goodbye, Rozanov,” he says; he almost expects Rozanov to look disappointed, but he just nods, looking self-assured. Shane thinks that might be almost as bad.

“Goodbye, Hollander,” he replies, giving Shane a nod and a lingering look, before turning around and heading for his own door.

Shane closes his and breathes in deep as soon as he’s barricaded safely inside his flat. The surface of the door is rough against his forehead when he rests his head on it, heart beating loudly in his chest.

He finds there’s a smile on his face that he can’t quite wipe away.

“Get it together, Hollander,” he admonishes himself; he still can’t really get rid of the smile.

Sighing quietly, he pushes himself off the door, reaches down for the box to put it away. A cursory glance tells him everything he was expecting was in it, and he tries not to squirm, at the thought of Rozanov inspecting all of it before Shane even got the chance to do so. Did he think of Shane? It’s a dangerous road to walk, and a door that Shane only barely manages to shut close.

He’s about to take it to his bedroom when he sees it: there’s a card, peaking out of the toy’s box. Scribbled on it with some angular writing, when Shane pulls it out, is a phone number.

Shane stares at it, twirls the card between his fingers. Carefully, he sets the box down, and reaches for his phone.

His fingers barely shake, or his palms, sweat, when he types a quick:

hi :) this is Shane

The answer comes faster than he’d expected it, right after he locks his phone.

hi

i know. tired already?

Shane’s heart is a war drum in his chest. He has a feeling he’s still smiling, but he’s too busy typing to check.

End Notes

I hope Jacob has mercy on us this Friday, and I hope this was an enjoyable read <3 I hope to see you all soon again!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!