shed some light on me, please

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by gwand

Summary

Being a professional hockey player means being in top shape at all times. He does his best to look like it, and he likes it when he feels good with it. He's pure mass and muscle, the kind that's unforgiving on the ice, and a blur on his skates. He wouldn't trade a damn thing for this body of his.

But sometimes, a stray cog fucks with his system and makes him wonder how it feels to be soft, too. How it feels to be delicate.

Notes

shane hollander my neurotic flower you are so dear to me also this might be OOC because i'm struggling to characterize both hollanov for other people lol

the timeline is stupid think of this as sometime before the cottage or something

title of course from my moon my man (feist) all the songs from the show are BANGERS

See the end of the work for more notes

Being a professional hockey player means being in top shape at all times. At least, that's what Shane's routine and diet says so. He does his best to look like it, and he likes it when he feels good with it. He's pure mass and muscle, the kind that's unforgiving on the ice, and a blur on his skates. He wouldn't trade a damn thing for this body of his.

But sometimes, a stray cog fucks with his system and makes him wonder how it feels to be soft, too. How it feels to be delicate.

The first few experiences he's had with women gave him a good enough time, but throughout those encounters, he's had fleeting thoughts and wondered silky skins and curvy shapes on his body, too. Shane knows it's fucked up, but he also knows he couldn't help it. It's his best kept secret, not even something Rozanov knows, despite all the years they've been together, or sort of, casually hooking up.

It all comes to a standstill when he passes a store from one of their seasonal trysts. He's mentally calculating the time it'll take to feel Rozanov's lips on his skin again when a clear display catches his gaze. The store itself is nondescript, or how much an underwear store for *women* can get nondescript, but Shane can feel how his breath gets knocked out of his lungs the moment he sets his eyes on the clothing article shown on the glass.

It's a *panty.* A women's white lacy panty. With *ribbons.*

Shane feels rooted to the spot, hands hanging on his sides while his heart beats loudly inside his chest, doing overtime to keep pumping blood to his cheeks, making him flushed as a ripe tomato. He can't move, and he *doesn't* want to, because now he's imagining the lace on his own hips, clad on his own thick thighs and ass. It's exhilarating.

It also makes him want to puke, makes him feel like there are eyes on the back of his head right now, ready to pounce and vomit headlines that will surely be dragging his name down through the mud. He turns around, and got out of there in record time, the telltale scratchy texture of the lace burning in his palm.

He goes on with his life, through practice, the gym, hockey, practice, and hockey again, but the image is there on the back of his mind, waiting for just the right moment to pounce, unbidden and unannounced. It's not until a few weeks later that he's scrolling through his shopping cart that he remembers his newfound fixation on a particular type of clothing, and he explodes at the thought. He quickly takes his laptop and sprints to his bathroom floor, and opens an incognito browser to fully commit to the deed he is about to do so.

He's ten seconds in and he quickly closes the tab, inhaling several gulps of air before conceding and agreeing that yes, he wants that, and yes, he needs to have that. A few pairs get added to his cart later that night.

Shane is pacing. It's uncharacteristic and very not him, but he can't help it. He's back in his apartment in Montreal, and Ilya Rozanov is nowhere to be found. They'd agreed to meet up

tonight, what with not seeing each other for weeks, and Shane is buzzing. He cannot wait to pin Rozanov down on his bed and take what he *needs*.

To be fair, Shane might be overreacting here because the Boston Raiders won this round tonight, which, *fuck them, they're lucky I kissed the ice,* and the post-game celebrations shouldn't take this damn long, *Ilya*.

It's seven minutes later that a knock echoes across the otherwise silent room that brings Shane back to the present, hyperaware of how he's pacing and how sticky he feels and remembers that, yes, in his hurry to go home and in his hopes to get fucked, he forgot to take a proper shower in the locker rooms and forgot to take a proper shower in his own damn home. Fuck Ilya Rozanov.

"Hi," he squeaks when Rozanov steps past the threshold, bracing his hands on the hem of the hoodie he's wearing and digging his nails in his palms.

Rozanov looks past him and surveys the room, giving him a brief, "Hollander," before strutting towards his living room like he owns the place. Shane trails after him like a dog.

"Do you mind if I, uh, use the showers for a bit?" Shane fidgets, standing on his own living room like a stranger to his own living space. "I kind of forgot— and I uh, would really like to, right now, but—"

"Hollander." Shane shuts up. "Am not leaving. And unless you throw me out of your door like a poor man, I will be right here."

Shane blushes, and Rozanov clocks him like a hawk with its prey, but Shane mumbles a barely there *okay* before running to his bathroom and taking one of the shortest showers of his life, eager to get the show on the road and to settle his racing heart. He aches, and he catches himself multiple times straying his hands downwards, steadfastly reassuring himself that the real thing is literally right outside this bathroom door, and touching himself will take longer than necessary than taking the damn shower.

So, he perseveres. He towels himself dry as fast and steadfast as he can, and takes a second to look at himself in the mirror, the flush becoming almost permanently etched on his face whenever Rozanov is anywhere around him, his freckles darkening under the low light. He's alright, and he will be alright, once he gets outside and actually touches the man for real. Only that he completely forgot about the fact that his opened package was lying on his coffee table earlier that morning, long forgotten in a hurry between arriving to the arena on time and thinking about getting dicked down by his rival after the game.

In his defense, there were never any real time to dwell with his repressed desires between the times that he's giving towards his sport and his body, the package forgotten, intentionally and vice versa. Every time the innocuous box appears on his periphery, he just pretends it doesn't exist and is not real, but it's inevitable.

Shane just wished now wasn't the perfect fucking time for that, especially with his arch-rival fuck-buddy in his living room, still standing and looking down at the table, as if trying to

burn down the harmless pairs of panties neatly laid down on display. Shane just wished the ground would swallow his apartment whole.

He outright whimpers. He's frustrated, and he's pent up, and Rozanov is just a few feet away from him to give him what he needs but now he's fucked it up because of his stupid life decisions and because of his stupid desires and fucking panties and –

"Hollander," Rozanov is standing before him in an instant, hands cradling Shane's face and stroking soothing fingers across Shane's cheeks. "You are okay, you are fine, right here."

"No— you, you'll leave, and—" Shane can feel liquid bubbling up in his eyelids but he refuses for them to surface, his own hands holding Rozanov's own, trying his very hard to either cup them closer to his face or push them away, he doesn't know either way.

"Shane," Rozanov says quietly, steadily, and Shane looks away, fighting against Ilya's hold. "You can tell me. You can talk to me."

He stops squirming and stands still, looking Rozanov in his deep green eyes when he says: "I will listen."

It's in that moment that a dam burst open, like all of the floodgates circling Shane's lungs magically disappear and he feels like he can breathe again, the lush forest in Ilya's eyes helping him calm his nerves and anchor him back to the ground again, his flight or fight instinct subsiding.

His voice rumbles low when he whispers to Ilya: "You won't rat me out?"

"I am not even sure I understand that correctly," Ilya murmurs back as he nuzzles Shane's temple with his own cheeks, his hold firm against Shane's neck. Slowly, like he's afraid to spook a frightened animal, he guides Shane towards the direction of the couch, humming along the way as Shane closes his eyes and lets Ilya do whatever.

"You know it's okay to tell me," Ilya suddenly says seriously, his eyes staring Shane down directly in his own, but averts just as fast, shrugging his shoulders in nonchalance that Shane has grown to recognize as false, "or don't. We do not have to talk about this again. If you want to."

And Shane gets blinded then. By the utter realization that he trusts this man, and not in a cautious way, but *completely*. He experienced a brief second of flashbacks of the years they spent together and how Ilya is right there by his side, never faltering. One look at Ilya's eyes made him realize that the other trusts him, too, in more ways than one. Shane feels lightheaded.

"I want to."

"Hmm?"

"Tell you. I trust you." The only times he's ever been brave is when hockey is on the line. All his life, there's never been anything that speaks to him as much as hockey does, it's his life,

it's his, inherently. Right now, though, he's come to realize that he's brave when he's with Ilya Rozanov, too. All those years ago, back in the dingy alley of Saskatchewan, when he approached the intimidating ace of the Russian team; back in the draft, when he met Ilya again; and all these years of finding themselves in each other's embrace time and time again.

And now, sharing this part of himself with Ilya comes naturally as breathing. It's exhilarating. To want is one thing. To need is another. But to feel completely accepted and seen, it's a different world entirely.

"Do you like them?"

Throughout the course of Shane's spiral, he fails to notice that he's completely crawled towards Ilya's space out of pure habit. Ilya takes the initiative for what it was and drags Shane closer towards his own lap, looking under his lashes towards Shane who's helpless to do anything but lean in.

"Yes," Shane answers breathlessly, and resigns himself to the mortifying ordeal of exposing his *lingerie* kink to one Ilya Rozanov. "I like myself the way I am. I love this body, I… I like sharp cuts and pure mass, but sometimes…"

Ilya hums encouragingly, going back to nuzzling along Shane's face and rubbing small circles along his naked back.

"I would wonder how it feels to touch soft skin and smooth muscles on my own body. I want to be delicate, not enough to break but delicate enough to be called…" Shane whispers the word in Ilya's temple, his heart fluttering in nervousness and excitement at the very thought.

"What was that, *lyubimyy*?"

Shane whimpers, lighting up with the term of endearment, skin heating up.

"…pretty. I want to be called pretty." For the second time that night Shane felt like he could breathe again, like he's resurfaced from the water and had taken his first gulp of air in a long time.

"Oh, sweetheart. You are plenty pretty for me. The prettiest," Ilya's accent ramps up a notch with the words, plucking Shane's heartstrings and settling into his very own corner in Shane's lungs. He whines, and the other man barrels on with his words, getting filthier by the minute.

"And if buying you *panties*—" Shane groans and taps the side of Ilya's head lightly, muttering *don't say it like that*, "makes you feel prettier even though you already are," Ilya grunts as Shane squeaks loudly, momentarily off balance as Ilya carries him effortlessly towards the bedroom and dumps him carefully on the bed, "then I will buy a hundred more to make you feel even beautiful."

"Ilya," Shane moans, unabashedly, but he doesn't care anymore. He's right where he wants to be and he's getting everything he's ever wanted right in his arms.

“Maybe next time, you will wear them for me,” He starts unwrapping Shane’s towel around his hips like a Christmas present, eager for more. “I like the lacy one, I can see it will fit you perfectly.”

Suddenly, Ilya’s face is pressed right against his groin, lips a tantalizing inches away from his cock, “right here.”

With the last of his self-control shredded to bits, Shane grasps Ilya’s curls and grinds up against his face, gasping out Ilya’s name as he made contact with his aching and rigid hard-on.

“Ilya, Ilya, I want… ah…” Ilya wastes no time taking the head of Shane’s cock in his sinful mouth, licking along the beads of pre-cum pearling at the tip. “Please.”

Ilya groans, and the sound travels through Shane, from the tips of his toes to the ends of his sweaty hair, making his eyes cross with pleasure and desire. He bunches the sheets with his other hand, whines and whimpers free-flowing from his lips. He’s incredibly gone, and judging by the way Ilya eyes him from his position below, he’s not alone.

Ilya lets Shane’s cock pop out of his mouth with an obscene sound, quickly replacing his mouth with sure strokes of his hands. He places reverent kisses and bites along Shane’s belt, and Shane feels the telltale tightening in his guts from the kisses alone.

“But then you will be too hard your cock will peek out, testing the lacy material of your panty,” Shane moans when he realizes Ilya isn’t finished, and it’s making him lose his composure, fast.

“Ilya…”

“You will wet your panty right here,” Ilya licks the point of his dick, and Shane groans, “and I will be a happy man to clean it all up.”

With that, Ilya gets to work, this time clearly with the goal of making Shane reach his high. He’s efficient, both his mouth and his hand working overtime to get Shane off, the obscene sounds of slurping and sucking and Shane’s loud moans echoing around the bedroom.

“Ilya, I’m gonna come,” Shane is pleading now, his pleasure too pent up to be restrained, and with Ilya and his inherent talent with sucking dicks like it’s an Olympic sport, he won’t last long. “Gonna… Ilya, please.”

Ilya hums and closes his eyes, and that’s the only permission Shane needs before he locks up completely and comes inside Ilya’s mouth, his swallowing and licking of Shane’s cock adding to the sensations and milking Shane completely. He goes boneless when Ilya pulls off mere seconds later, but felt like hours.

He drags Ilya up by the collar of his shirt, which he’s frustratingly come to realize that the other man is still completely clothed with while he’s butt-assed naked as the day he was born. He ignores that though, in favor of kissing Ilya full on the mouth while he tastes his own come against his lips. It’s intoxicating. Ilya just deepens the kiss further, filthier.

“You too…”

Ilya is still out of it though, dragging his kisses and mouthfuls along Shane’s jaw towards his ear and down his neck.

“What?” Shane huffs and reaches down to cup Ilya’s still raging hard-on, and he delights in the moan that he gets when he squeezes Ilya lightly. It’s cut short when Ilya grabs his hand though. And he freezes, dread filling his system.

“Shane, no,” Ilya cradles his face, and yeah, he’s been doing that a lot tonight, Shane’s embarrassed to admit that he loves every bit of it. He leans into the touch, lips trembling, just barely holding on to the sob that’s threatening to crawl out.

“It was not about me, *lyubimyy*,” he’s speaking so quietly again, afraid Shane might run if he does so otherwise, even though this is technically Shane’s apartment in the first place. “I want this moment to be about you.”

Shane makes a confused noise, angling his head to better align their foreheads together, their noses touching each other.

“We have plenty of time later for each other, but right now, this is about you. Want you to know that I see you, and I still want you.” Ilya says the words so earnestly that Shane’s beginning to feel emotions well up in his chest again. This is the closest they’ve ever been to expressing their feelings to each other, and Shane will take whatever he can get from Ilya, no matter how small they are.

“Promise?” Shane asks, closing his eyes and basking under the afterglow with the man he yearns to be with, though he doesn’t know it yet. May never know of it.

“I promise.”

End Notes

also imagine this as hollanov right right
twt gif

please tell me if i missed any tags, thanks for reading :)

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