You Got Me Dizzy (I Can't Even See My Way)

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Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander, Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Explicit Sexual Content, Anal Sex, Dom/sub Undertones, Light Dom/sub, like Im not even sure if that's accurate idk, THIS IS SAID IN JEST. russian fetish, from both freaks involved, Crying During Sex, Subspace, ilya hears shane speaking the worst russian youve ever heard and gets so hard he throws up, Soft Dom Ilya Rozanov, Sub Shane Hollander
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You Got Me Dizzy (I Can't Even See My Way)

by servetas

Summary

“More,” Rozanov grunts in English, but Shane is transfixed on the bead of sweat rolling down his temple, down to his tense jaw. “Say more, Hollander.”

“Mm, more–”

“No, more– Блять–”

“No more?”

“Ни хрена себе– Say more Russian, Hollander.”

or, Shane knows how to say about four words in Russian, and Ilya loses his mind

Notes

ALL RUSSIAN PROVIDED BY GOOGLE TRANSLATE AND OCCASIONALLY REDDIT. This has been in my head ever since ep4 and ilya being so impressed that shane knew what papa meant as if thats not one of the 10 universal words please stop being horny guys that's enough.

disclaimer. have not read the books. about ilya's team, I know in the book it's the boston bears, but in the show it's the boston raiders so I had to pick one sorry if there's some sort of discourse idk about that but it was genuinely eenie meenie miney moe

See the end of the work for more notes

If Shane was in any way capable of thinking about anything other than Rozanov's hipbones digging into the backs of his thighs, he might have been annoyed with himself for not even remembering what he was angry about anymore.

It's usually easy to remember, because it's always one of three things with Rozanov – the three that he is willing to argue with him about, anyway, as he was planning to do when he showed up at the hotel, before Rozanov grabbed his chin like it had been his God given right. It can't be that Rozanov kept bullying him on the ice today, crashing into him and tripping him with a cocky smile on his face, because the Boston Raiders were not playing today. It also can't be that Rozanov picked a fight with Hayden or any of his teammates mid-game, as he tends to do, just to irritate Shane, because the Boston Raiders were not playing today.

So, through process of elimination, Shane suddenly groans, pushing Rozanov's sweaty face away from his even sweatier neck. Some sort of punishment, he thinks.

"I can't, ah, fucking believe you thought it was okay to sext me during the game," he says, words barely legible to his own ears, legs spasming around Rozanov's waist. Rozanov glances at him once, as if he'd forgotten Shane was there, and suddenly smiles, distracted, as if Shane's being ridiculous. "It's not fucking – ah, funny!"

"I am gentleman, Hollander," Rozanov grunts, but at least seems to understand that there is some heat behind Shane's words. He moves his face away, opts to sit up on his knees and *really* get to work – Shane idly asks God to curse *and* bless Rozanov at the same time, a common occurrence as of late. "I warn you for what will happen after game. Is called notice."

"Notice– You're not my fuckin' landlord," Shane gasps, hands flying up to dig into the headboard behind him for support.

"Mm, but you can be," Rozanov's smile is filthy, open-mouthed and slack and *so* cocky that Shane wants to jerk his leg out of Rozanov's grasp and kick him in the ear. "I can live in this," he elaborates, gestures down with his eyes, at where their bodies meet, mouthing at Shane's meaty calf playfully. "Mr. Landlord."

The breath that Shane lets out is positively embarrassing, shuddered and too loud, and way too amusing to Rozanov for his own liking.

"And it was not *during* game. Was after," Rozanov continues, and it makes Shane want to pull his hair out. Or his. "If I text *during* game, you will not see it because you are good boy and you leave phone in locker room. Right?"

Shane closes his eyes, trying to will himself to let *good boy* go unanswered. *"You* leave your phone in the locker room. *Everybody* leaves their fucking phone in the fucking locker room."

Rozanov laughs, but it doesn't sound humorous. "You are cursing at me?"

Shane swallows, trying to disguise it with a scoff. "You– ah, you've *got* to stop sexting me before we play. Before– practice. It's, uh– distracting."

Rozanov sniffs, giving a particularly delicious thrust as if to prove ae point, one that has Shane's mouth falling open with a shuddered groan. "Tell me you don't like it."

Shane can barely hear, let alone understand. "What?"

"Tell me you don't like it when I sext you before game. Tell me."

He's sure his whole face is red, eyes boring into Rozanov's in challenge. "Fuck you, Rozanov," Shane mumbles, brain occupied elsewhere. Down south.

"Stop pretending to be mad," Rozanov tells him, their faces close, tone serious enough that Shane just has to look up, forced to listen. "You are not mad. You like my attention."

Shane swallows in response, hiccupped *mm's* that he hopes Rozanov will take pity in.

Of course, he doesn't. "I'm talking to you, Hollander," Rozanov says, their noses occasionally bumping, his long crucifix smacking Shane in the jaw repeatedly, deliciously. There's too much going on, entirely too much. "You want me to apologise for making night exciting? Mm? You want to go home to knit or whatever you do after game?"

"Knit," Shane mumbles, turning his head to the side and away from Rozanov's dark eyes – he needs to breathe, somehow breathe through the insane pleasure, the relentless physical and mental stimulation.

Rozanov doesn't like that, surprisingly. He grabs Shane by the chin, turning his head back so he can look at him again, trapping him in blue. "You think if you make me mad, I will fuck harder?"

Shane *tries* to breathe. "Am I making– ungh, you mad?"

"Da."

"How am I– *ohhh…"*

"You don't listen," Rozanov won't let go of his chin, but the touch is soft, an opposing sensation to the harsh tone, and Shane's brain is melting through his ears, it seems. He's not sure if Rozanov *wants* his words to sting, but they don't, not even a little bit. Shane feels warm, feels the need to prove himself, feeling so competitive that it makes him feel dizzy. "You think I will not leave you here with legs open, Hollander. Right– uh, now."

"No, I listen," Shane whines, hands flying up to grasp at Rozanov's back, as if to anchor him down. "Please, I'll listen. Just– Come on."

The way Rozanov is watching him should be overbearing, almost scary, but the only thing Shane is scared of is how much he wants to show off, keep those eyes on him at all costs. "Look at you," he says, quietly, so much so that Shane almost misses it, almost thinks it wasn't meant for him to hear. Then, pointed, "You will listen to me?"

Shane nods wildly – *anything, anything,* he thinks, because Rozanov has started to really build a rhythm, almost as if he's trying to fuck the answers out of him.

“Yes?” he pants, blinking sweat out of his eyes. “Say sorry.”

“God, Rozanov.”

The breath that escapes Rozanov sounds like laughter, but Shane can barely focus on anything other than his shaking thighs, the pressure in his belly. *“Now* you are embarrassed,” Rozanov tells him, at which Shane has half a mind to try and cover his face with his hands – but Rozanov grabs them before he can, the gentleness of his touch a pleasant surprise, placing them at the back of his own neck instead. He’s still watching him like a hawk, looking for something. “Finally some shame, Hollander,” he groans then, looking down briefly, then back up, expectant. “You are sorry?”

God. Whatever, Shane thinks. “Yes. I’m s– sorry.”

“For lying.”

“When did I– *ah!”*

“When you pretend my text made you mad,” Rozanov provides, ever so cool – Shane briefly wonders if he’s the only one having sex right now, if Rozanov thinks he’s in a couple’s therapy session. For non-couples and weirdos. Or whatever they are. “You lie. You are sorry?”

“Oh, God– *Yes,* I’m *sorry!”*

“For?”

“I’m sorry for lying to you– Please, Rozanov, come *on!”* Shane hiccups, face hot from exertion, or embarrassment, or both.

Rozanov is *laughing,* the asshole. Shane really must be the only one having sex right now. “I forgive you,” he coos, tone mocking – at least that’s what Shane thinks – grabbing Shane’s forearms and really locking his arms around his neck, knees digging into the mattress. “How can I be mad at *Shane Hollander?* Canada sweetheart, da?”

Shane feels like crying. It’s crazy that even attempted insults can turn him on so much when they come from Rozanov, turn him into a pliant mess, not even realising he’s nodding his head until Rozanov leans close and digs his nose into is cheek, prompting him to stop moving. He starts thinking about whether it was supposed to be an insult, whether Rozanov means it.

“You like this? Mm?” Rozanov grunts, his mask slipping and some sort of strain finally showing on his face, and he knows the answer – Shane sounds too embarrassing to his own ears for that not to be the case, a whiny and mumbling mess. When he doesn’t get an answer, though, Rozanov switches to Russian, as if that will help at all, *“Тебе это нравится, Hollander? Скажи мне.”*

And it helps. Shane does not have enough humility to be embarrassed at his own reaction, the way his name sounds in Rozanov’s heavy Russian accent causing his head to loll to the side,

brow furrowed in his concentration not to finish this right here and now.

Rozanov keeps talking, saying things Shane does not understand and does not need to, because the effect is the same. His eyes feel wet with overstimulation, his mouth falling open whenever he catches his name, head nodding at its own accord when he hears a word he understands – *good, yeah, shit, God, fuck.* And when Rozanov seems to ask him a question, one he doesn't understand, one he is only able to translate as heat coiling low in his stomach, all he knows is that *he was asked a question,* and that Rozanov is expecting an answer. In his fever to please, Shane nods wildly, all breath when he says, *"Da! Da!"*

Their rhythm falters, and Shane visibly mourns the loss of momentum, his shame intact enough to *kind of* reign in his whines in protest. He forces his eyes open with great difficulty, breathing heavy as he looks up at Rozanov, his mouth half-open and crucifix dangling dangerously close to Shane's nose, face still enough for Shane to briefly wonder if *da* doesn't mean *yes* like he had thought, to wonder if he just called Rozanov's mother a donkey, or asked for directions to the library.

It's Rozanov's heavy breathing that gives him the answer. Shane wracks his brain, desperately trying to push down his primitive urge to manually shove Rozanov's dick back in and out and rifle through his extremely tenuous grasp of the Russian language, picked up primarily through Rozanov's quiet grunts in his ear or his angry exclamations on the bench, his brain an annoying mantra of *please, please, please*. "Пожалуйста," he says, quietly, immediately aching to hear the word from Rozanov's lips, the way it's supposed to sound, smooth and beautiful.

But it does it for Rozanov. He says something else – it could have been Russian, or English, or Swedish. Shane can't tell, because he's distracted by the restored rhythm of Rozanov's thrusts, his breath knocked out of him as his head is scooped up in one strong arm, resting in the cleft of Rozanov's elbow, a bulging bicep squishing his cheek in a way that makes him feel like he's floating.

"Блять," Rozanov groans, and Shane agrees in his head – *fuck, fuck, fuck.* He wants to say it, wants to see Rozanov's reaction. But Rozanov keeps talking, erasing any sort of premature plan or thought from Shane's brain.

He catches *sexy,* which is not unusual for Rozanov to say, and which Shane has willed himself to take with a grain of salt when his legs are in the air. He shivers all the same, mouth falling open and leaving a wet patch on the part of Rozanov's bicep that's pressed against the side of his mouth, scraping it with his teeth, neck too restricted to fully bite. He nuzzles instead, his little *ah, ah, ah's* muffled into Rozanov's veiny skin, until he lets go of his head and uses his newly free hand to press one of Shane's thighs up instead, knee hooked over a broad shoulder.

"More," Rozanov grunts in English, but Shane is transfixed on the bead of sweat rolling down his temple, down to his tense jaw. "Say more, Hollander."

"Mm, more–"

"No, more– Блять–"

“No more?”

“Ни хрена себе– Say more *Russian,* Hollander.”

Shane’s crying. His brain’s floating, too high to say anything in English, let alone Russian, and he’s not sure he wants to when he considers how riled up Rozanov got from just two butchered words – if Shane says anything more, he’s sure he’s gonna come prematurely and ruin whatever game they’ve got going on here. But Rozanov’s eyes are boring into his in a way that’s got him light-headed, and if he wasn’t already crying, he thinks doing anything that would make Rozanov stop looking at him this way would really get him to start.

He thinks, he really tries, as much as he can, Rozanov going too deep and cutting off a few attempts, too good. “Ah–” Shane starts, too euphoric to remember his own name, let alone how you say *good* in Russian. “Хороший,” he says eventually, relishing in Rozanov’s immediate groan, feeling too good, too full to care about how wet his cheeks feel. “Хороший– *fuck.”*

“You like that, yeah?” Rozanov says in Russian – Shane understands that one, hearing it on average more than anything else. Rozanov’s accent is adding onto everything, riling him up even more, that and the sounds they’re making, the sting in his eyes, how *deep* Rozanov is. It should be too much, but it’s just right.

He just needs a little more, just a little *more.* “Более,” he pleads, his breath hiccupping in his throat when Rozanov’s eyes snap up to watch him. Shane feels like he’s about to be eaten whole. “Более, Rozanov, *please.”*

“Please?” Rozanov grunts, his fingers digging into the back of Shane’s thigh, almost painful. “How you say *please,* Hollander?”

Shane barely hears him through the ringing in his ears, barely understands.

“Come on,” Rozanov says – Shane knows he just needs a little more, a little more just like he does. “You know it, Hollander. You want more? Ask for more. Ты хочешь, чтобы я кончил?” And Shane nods, although *come* is all he understands, and he’s promised to listen, promised to be good. “Ask me. Давай, малыш.”

Baby. For all Shane knows, he could have just been called a piece of shit, but he’s pretty sure it was *baby,* and it’s all he needs, truly all he needs. “Пожалуйста,” he says, again and again, the word deteriorating in his mouth the more he repeats it, more butchered and slurred every time. “Пожалуйста, пожалуйста, пожалуйста–”

The sounds Rozanov is making are positively filthy, unreal, and when Shane’s legs are suddenly both hoisted up and he’s folded in half he can’t take it anymore, painting his own chest, some of it hitting his chin, white hot with his mouth open and neck outstretched and tense, the sounds coming out of him completely involuntary as Rozanov keeps it up, not stopping for a second.

“Ещё немного, малыш,” Rozanov groans, and fuck if Shane knows what he said. He doesn’t even know if his legs are still attached to his body, barely knows where he *is* – he feels like

he's floating, or swimming, eyes in a permanent state of wetness. *Baby,* his brain provides. "I need one more. One more, Hollander."

"I don't *know* any more," Shane sounds like he's drowning, tears rolling down his cheeks, pure desire and euphoria, having half a mind to be mortified at how whiney he sounds. Rozanov's mouth is doing that thing though, one side playing up like he's amused, or something that Shane doesn't want to think about, the rest of his face red and sweaty, and if Shane's brain was working he'd push the wet hair away from his eyes so he could look into them.

"I *know,* малыш," Rozanov is sort of laughing, dragging the words out in a way that's supposed to be soothing – and is – as much as he can with how hard he's going. The fact that Shane is *not* embarrassed, but instead gazes up at Rozanov like he hung the moon is what *makes* him embarrassed. Or would. If he could think about anything else but Rozanov's beautiful smile. "I know, you did so good, you speak so beautiful," Rozanov soothes, and it's truly just what Shane needs, lips parting with ecstasy, chest swelling with pride. "So– Mm, so good."

Shane would say he's panting with exertion, although he's not really *doing* all that much, lying there folded up and just taking it, the sweat on the backs of his thighs mingling with the sweat on Rozanov's shoulders. He just wants to please, wants to hear that cooing tone again. "Пожалуйста," he tries, quieter and timid now that he's slightly more aware of the way he sounds.

Rozanov's eyes are dark. His mouth is twisting with effort, breaths and sounds escaping him that make Shane want to cry even more. "Ты мне нужен," he says, slowly, eyes boring into Shane's in a way that makes him feel penetrated in more ways than one. "Say it."

Shane swallows.

"Say it, малыш. Ты мне нужен."

Baby. Shane is almost disgusted with the way he preens, not even worried about what Rozanov is making him say, just wanting to please, mouth slack and swollen as he tries to repeat Rozanov's diction, lips clumsily wrapping around the words, "Ты мне нужен."

Rozanov almost chokes on the sound he makes, something deep, rumbling in his chest. "Again."

"Rozy," Shane whines – it's starting to become too much, and he doesn't want it to stop, doesn't want Rozanov to get there and roll off him.

"Ну же... Again."

But he concedes, fresh tears obstructing his vision. "Ты мне нужен. Ты мне нужен."

Rozanov comes, pushing Shane's thighs up so he can lean down and press their foreheads together, thrusts slowing and eventually stilling so that Shane can finally breathe, stealing oxygen straight out of Rozanov's slack mouth. Rozanov's eyes are closed, but Shane can't

tear his away, straining to make out the details of his face despite the proximity – his tense jaw, flaring nostrils, the beautiful moles, eyelids shut in a way that makes Shane miss the beautiful blue.

When Rozanov opens his eyes, panting, there's a glint in his eye, a smile as he laughs quietly and regards Shane with amusement – and maybe something else, something Shane wills himself not to think about. "What happened?" he soothes – Shane doesn't want to say *coos,* he doesn't – gently wiping the tears away from Shane's cheek with his thumb, grazing against the wetness threatening to escape his waterline. "Mm? Too much?"

Shane sniffs. He shakes his head in embarrassment, more so that Rozanov stops touching his face – because he's sure he's gonna start crying again, more than anything else.

Rozanov looks like he thinks about moving his hand, but ultimately can't help but softly swipe his thumb across the soft, thin skin under Shane's eye, just one last time. It's too good, so Shane sniffs again and turns his head to the side, digging the heels of his palms into his eyes much more harshly, a punishment.

Rozanov says nothing. He watches him for a second, watches him dry his eyes almost angrily, before he pulls out with a grunt and rolls up the condom, tossing it away – in the bin, Shane hopes. He's too exhausted to crane his neck and check, breathing out deeply as Rozanov collapses on his back next to him.

As his senses come back to him, Shane wants the ground to swallow him whole. They don't really say anything for a while. There's the occasional sniffle from Shane, head turned to the side so Rozanov can't see the red skin around his eyes, the red tip of his nose, and the sound of them catching their breaths, until some rustling finally gets Shane to turn his head, where Rozanov is already looking at him.

He looks back for a bit. Swallows dryly. "You wanna… talk about it?" Shane asks quietly, nose stuffed and voice nasally. Rozanov smiles, watches him for a beat, which makes it even worse.

"It's okay that you cry," he ultimately shrugs, his eyes soft and sincere, although he's still smiling. "I am *good."*

"Fuck off," Shane sniffs, a wet laugh. "I cried waiting for it to be over," he mumbles, rubbing his eyes again with the back of his hand.

"Mm. Well. Sorry it was so bad," Rozanov says, his tone so humorous that you'd think the possibility of him being bad at sex is comical at best. "Unless you want to talk about bad Russian accent," he says after a beat, shrugging again at Shane's groan. "Not a big problem. We will fix it."

Shane's answer comes muffled behind his forearm, "I am never speaking Russian again."

"Why?" Rozanov asks earnestly. Shane drops his arm, looks his way. "Is sexy," he says, burrowing closer, the knuckles of his fist grazing against Shane's side playfully. "I didn't know you know so much."

Shane hums. “Are four words really that much?”

“Mm, for horny Canadian, yes,” he tells him, and Shane should be embarrassed about the big smile that blooms in his face, hands coming up to obstruct Rozanov’s view.

“Shut up,” he says behind his hands, peeking through his fingers at the sound of Rozanov’s laughter. There’s something nagging him, something that makes him turn on his side, reach out and let his fingertips shyly play with the hair on Rozanov’s forearm, sucking in the last of the moisture in his nose. Rozanov’s head lolls to the side to get a look at his thoughtful face. Shane clears his throat, “What, uh, did I say?” he asks carefully.

Rozanov keeps watching. He glances down at Shane’s anxious fingers twirling in his arm hair, and Shane almost wonders if he even spoke considering how quiet it is, Rozanov blinking as if he’s expecting something to happen. Finally, he shrugs. “You said a lot,” he provides, ever so helpful. *“Yes, please, more, you’re the best, you have best dick, once you go Russian*– I can’t repeat this one.”

“I did not say all that.”

“Yes, you did,” Rozanov smiles, clearing his throat. “What do they say? The body language is, eh, transversal.”

“Universal.”

“Da.”

Shane can’t stop smiling. Whatever. “No, but, uh…” he tries again, his curiosity too great to let it go, to let him just sit there and bask in the glow of Rozanov’s lax face. “What, uh– What did you make me say? In the end.”

Rozanov is rolling his eyes before Shane’s finished talking, waving his hand in the air. “Does not matter.”

“What?” Shane laughs, his eyebrows knitting together as Rozanov grunts and reaches an arm out into the bedside table, almost knocking over the full ashtray. “Come *on,* I wanna know. Oh, do you really have to smoke *now?”*

“Yes, you are annoying me,” Rozanov’s already got a cigarette perched between his lips, fumbling with the lighter.

Shane hums, watching as Rozanov stills and relaxes with the first drag. It somehow relaxes Shane, too, the way Rozanov’s shoulders lose their tension. But this is still nagging him. “You’re really not gonna tell me,” he deadpans, not even a question.

Rozanov pointedly blows out the smoke, not cruel enough to do it in Shane’s face, but cruel enough to ignore him completely.

“Wow,” Shane says, his small smile betraying him. “How would you like it if I made you say something in French and didn’t tell you what it meant?”

“I never repeat if I don’t know what it means,” Rozanov informs him, tapping a finger against the mattress matter-of-factly. “And I probably will know what it means.”

Shane’s cheeks are starting to hurt. “Really?”

“Is French,” Rozanov shrugs. “Easy. You know one word, you know all.”

“I’m learning so much tonight,” Shane says, unable to stop the flirtation from seeping into his tone – he’s too enamoured, feels too good to be scared of what it means. “So much apart from the *one* thing I asked. I almost don’t *want* to know what you got me to call myself in such a vulnerable state.”

Rozanov’s smile looks involuntary, so small that if Shane’s eyes weren’t obsessively glued to his face, he might have missed it. Rozanov looks at him, briefly and thoughtfully, before he swallows and takes another drag. “Is nothing bad,” he says quietly, flicking off the ash in the ashtray.

Shane itches his bottom lip with his teeth, heart swelling at the sight of him, the side of his face. He thinks about it before he speaks, quiet, almost shy, “Are you embarrassed?”

“I’m tired,” is Rozanov’s reply, and he itches his junk – Shane tracks the movement. “Is not after your bedtime? This is not hotel, Hollander.”

“Mm, it literally *is* a hotel,” Shane mumbles, but forces himself to sit up anyway, hearing the exhaustion in his own voice for the first time tonight.

“Is not *your* hotel,” Rozanov tells him. He watches him get dressed wordlessly, eyes unreadable as Shane pulls his black briefs up his sore legs, past the red marks and bruises, both looking at each other to a degree that Shane hopes *could* be considered normal. By any metric at all. “You, ah, have practice tomorrow?” Rozanov finally asks careful.

Shane pulls up his sweatpants. “Why, so you can send me a picture of your dick?” he counters.

“Eh, yes.”

“First thing,” Shane replies, picking up his shirt. “You?”

“Yes. Not needed, of course,” Rozanov stubs his cigarette out, smoke leaking out with his words. “Winner is winner.”

“Gonna hold you to that when you lose,” Shane’s shirt is over his head, and he’s grinning as he sticks his arms in. “Gonna make *‘vinning’* even better.”

Rozanov head snaps towards him at lightning speed, face blank. “Ah, you making fun of my accent now?” he says – stands up even, nude, and Shane’s laughing, cheeks pink and sore. “First you *beg* in Russian and now you mocking it, Hollander?”

“Only one *begging* in Russian was *you,”* Shane tells him, swallowing dryly at the newfound proximity. He’s fully dressed and Rozanov is the one that’s naked, but Shane feels bare,

something about the way Rozanov is watching him. The sudden spike in his heartbeat almost makes him nauseous. “You still not gonna tell me what that meant?” he asks, voice uneven.

Rozanov hums, reaching out and sprawling a hand over the side of Shane’s right thigh, fingertips grazing his ass. His other hand rests on the small of his back, his eyes raking over his chest, his jaw, his mouth, his eyes. “We make deal, Hollander,” he more so tells him than asks, raising both eyebrows. “You *win,”* emphasises this, making sure to give his worst imitation of Shane’s accent, “and I tell you what ты мне нужен means. Okay?”

The side of Shane’s mouth is playing up, eyes alternating between Rozanov’s blown pupils and his lips. “When will you tell me?”

Rozanov scoffs. “You want to hear I will fuck you again soon, then I say I will fuck you again soon. Okay. *That’s* when I tell you.”

“You think you’re God’s gift, Rozanov,” Shane says, although internally, he feels like he’s gonna burst from joy, the prospect of seeing Rozanov twice in such a short timeframe making his knees weak. “Maybe I don’t want you to fuck me again soon. Maybe I’ll be too busy celebrating with my team.”

“You always want,” Rozanov dismisses, like implying otherwise is ridiculous at best. “And since when we celebrate losing? Is culture thing?”

Shane can’t take it anymore – he inches forwards, placing a soft kiss on Rozanov’s lips, then another, just to wipe that cocky smile off his face. And maybe for selfish reasons. It does the opposite, anyhow, Rozanov’s smile growing even wider. “You know, Rozanov, if you weren’t so cocky, people might actually like you. Gotta work on it. Unattractive.”

“You like cocky, Hollander.”

“How do you say *I hate you* in Russian?”

“Я люблю твой хуй.”

“Why are you smiling so much?”

“Say it.”

“What does it *actually* mean?”

“I love your cock.”

“I’m leaving,” Shane says, pushing Rozanov’s hands away when he tries to grab his waist – but gently, as if to show him that he wouldn’t actually stop Rozanov from holding him and preventing his walk towards the door, his leaving. Rozanov doesn’t try again, though, which may be best for both of them. “I really should let you sleep. You need all the rest you can get.”

“I am stopping this,” Rozanov announces, his face playful when Shane chances a look over his shoulder, one foot shoved into one shoe. *“I’ll* be bigger person. I think you *maybe* have

chance to score. *Something."*

"Fuck you."

"Shane Hollander is being rude?" Rozanov takes a step forward, clicking his tongue once as if to reprimand him. Shane watches him walk forward, slowly, idly thinking he's never gonna get there. "We say *goodbye* when we leave."

Shane chews on the inside of his cheek, eyes blinking rapidly. "I'm sorry, Rozanov," he says, even though he really isn't. "Goodbye."

Rozanov hums. He stops at a healthy distance, although it doesn't matter – Shane's heart is thrumming either way. "You know it in Russian?"

Shane smiles before he can help it. "Not really," he admits. "You never say goodbye to me. You know. Because you're an asshole."

"Ah, yes, I am asshole," Rozanov nods, pursing his lips in thought. "Well, is до свидания. Goodbye."

Shane doesn't really want to say it, because if he says it he's gonna have to leave after, but he wants to see Rozanov's reaction, wants to do it for the chance of getting another proud smile out of him. "I've heard that before, I think," he says instead. "What does it *actually* mean, put it in my butt?"

"No, it…" Rozanov is laughing, swiping a thumb over his nose self-consciously. "It means goodbye. Well…" he shrugs, and Shane struggles to keep eye contact, through no fault of his own. "Is actually more like… until we meet again. So."

So. Shane just nods. He thinks he might truly have to kill himself if he gives Rozanov the smile his face is threatening to break into, all teeth on display. God. "Alright," he says, nods again. "Can you say it again?"

Rozanov pauses. "До свидания."

"До свидания, Rozanov," he says carefully, cheeks feeling hot.

Rozanov is smiling, nodding idly, thoughtfully. "Розанов," he corrects, his own name rolling off his tongue in a full-blown Russian accent, and Shane kind of wants to kiss him on the nose, the cheek, the chin, the side of his mouth.

He's not smiling anymore, he thinks. "Розанов," he repeats carefully, the back of his neck feeling uncomfortably hot.

Rozanov swallows, head barely nodding as he maintains eye contact. They must look really bizarre, Shane thinks, standing there staring at each other, Shane swaying a little bit, Rozanov completely still, completely nude.

He can't take it anymore. "'kay!" Shane says, having half a mind to rip his eyes away, blindly reaching for the doorknob. "This was, um. It was fun."

Rozanov just nods.

“Yeah, I’ll, uh… I’ll see you. Soon. Okay. Thanks. Or, uh, спасибо. Alright.”

Shane wonders if he’s ever spoken that much in his life as he shuts the door behind him, resting his head on the cool oak, forehead sweaty and impossibly hot with embarrassment. The walk to the elevator is slow and trancelike, and he misses twice when he tries to press the button, his mind somehow both going a mile a minute and erased of any sort of useful thought.

“До свидания, Розанов,” he says once in the elevator, quiet, watching his mouth wrap around the words carefully in the mirror, seeing his cheeks turn pink in real time. “До свидания, Розанов. До свидания, Розанов.”

End Notes

Ты мне нужен means I need you :) thanks for reading!

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