Maybe You're a Bad Idea, But I'm Loving Every Minute of It

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Maybe You're a Bad Idea, But I'm Loving Every Minute of It

by Waste_the_night

Summary

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He sits up on his elbows. "My what?" He looks down his body, like he's trying to figure out what Shane is talking about.

Shane climbs into his lap, cupping Rozanov's face in his hands. "Beauty marks… these." He pokes the prominent mole that rests on his cheek. The one Shane has been dreaming about since the moment they met as teenagers.'

AKA - Shane is a little bit obsessed with Ilya's moles... Sex ensues.

Notes

This is dedicated to Connor Storrie and all his beautiful moles and beauty marks. I just know Shane is in love with them the way Ilya is with his freckles.

This takes place in the show universe since it's Connor as Ilya.

* Title from 'Hunt Me Down' by Ellysse Mason

See the end of the work for more notes

Boston, 2015 -

Jane: When we win tonight, I want to try something.

The three dots appear right away. Was he looking at their texts just like Shane was?

Lily: You will not win

Lily: But sure

Lily: You win – we have whatever boring sex you want

Shane rolls his eyes and pockets his phone. They just arrived at the arena and now Shane has even more incentive to crush Boston.

Later -

It's not the blowout Shane was hoping for, but Montreal wins 5 – 4 in overtime. Rozanov scored two goals. Shane scored a hat trick. He's on cloud nine.

He quickly showers at the garden and then again more thoroughly at the hotel. He opens himself on his fingers under the spray thinking about what's to *come* later tonight, nearly passing the brink twice, but stopping himself just in time. He wants to save it all for Rozanov.

He gets into the uber and checks his phone. He texted him ten minutes ago.

Lily: Boring sex it is…

Like always, Shane has the uber drop him off a few blocks away from Rozanov's building. Just to be safe. Shane wishes they had somewhere more private to be together when they're in Boston. But he knows Rozanov would laugh at him if he asked to meet at a hotel. '*Is not necessary, Hollander. You are too paranoid*.' He can hear him say it so clearly in his head.

Rozanov is waiting for him at the back door. They wordlessly take the elevator up to Rozanov's penthouse. Last time he was here, Rozanov had mentioned he was looking at houses. He had joked that Shane could help him out because house-hunting was probably the kind of boring thing he's into. He's not wrong. He never sent him any listings, though. It was stupid for Shane to think him and Rozanov would talk about anything that wasn't sex or hockey.

"You really want this, don't you?" Shane tilts his head, confused. "You were on fire tonight. Desperate to win…" He closes in on Shane, placing his hands on his hips and starts walking him backwards towards the bedroom. "… Was hot."

"Yeah?" Shane blushes. He can't help it. The praise – it gets him every time. He snakes his hands under Rozanov's hoodie, feeling over his abs. "Blaming me for losing the face-off, eh?" He snarks, feeling proud of his effect on Rozanov. "I was too distracting."

Rozanov doesn't reply. Instead, he pushes him down onto the bed. Shane got so lost staring at Rozanov, that he didn't even notice they made it all the way across the apartment. "You won, Hollander – take your prize." He holds his arms out, presenting himself to Shane. "How do you want me?"

The power is a little intoxicating. Shane is used to giving himself over to Rozanov. Letting him take him apart piece by piece. It's what he loves. But tonight, he has plans. Plans that involve getting a taste of what Rozanov always has. "Take your clothes off." He tries his best to sound tough, like when he's on the ice. It sort of works.

Rozanov takes a second, examining Shane with the same intense stare he was giving him in Vegas. Shane's cock twitches in his pants. Then he complies. At a painstakingly slow pace, Rozanov starts to strip all his clothes, until he's only in his boxer briefs - the white fabric almost see-through, showing off the impressive package trapped underneath. Rozanov squeezes himself. "This is what you want, yes?" He begins to stroke his cock over his boxers. It's driving Shane insane. "You want me to fuck you?"

Yes! Shane knows it's wrong to so desperately want Ilya Rozanov to fuck him, but he can't help it. No one compares. He's tried to replicate Rozanov's signature brutal yet tender pace when he's alone – but he can't quite get it right. Part of him never wants to. Never wants an excuse to give Rozanov up. It's terrifying. "We'll get to that. First –"

"Does boring sex require you to be clothed?" Rozanov cuts him off, scanning Shane's fully clothed body. He has a point. He's very warm in his sweater and jeans.

"Fine." Shane stands up and begins to strip, folding his clothes and placing them on the dresser. He turns back once he's in just his boxer shorts and socks. "Get on the bed." Rozanov doesn't move, not hesitating, just taking the moment in. He has this amused grin plastered across his face. Shane musters up his best intimidating glare. The same one he gave him on the ice hours ago during their face-off. The face-off he *won*. "Bed." Shane crosses his arms across his chest.

"You are cute." Rozanov then ruffles his hair and kisses the top of his head. *Asshole*. He finally listens and climbs onto the bed – showing off that otherworldly ass of his. It's honestly unfair a man with an ass like that is a top. "You do not want to fuck me, do you?" He asks, peering over his shoulder, on his hands and knees. The switch between their usual positions is not lost on Shane. But that's not what he wants. Not tonight. "I'm not prepared." He aims for joking, but Shane can hear the very real trepidation in his voice.

Shane imagines Rozanov doesn't bottom often, if ever. In their years of hooking up, they've never switched. Which has always worked for them. Why change it up? "No." Shane replies simply and sees the slightest bit of tension in Rozanov's shoulders ease. "Turn around."

This time he complies right away. He returns to stroking himself through his boxers. "Off?" He questions, pulling out the waistband with his free hand and letting it playfully smack back against his stomach.

"Not yet." Shane shakes his head. Having '*that*' out will only be a distraction. Just the outline is working to pull Shane's focus. He forces his eyes up to the array of moles along Rozanov's chest and arms. The highlight of tonight's 'boring sex' as Rozanov put it. Shane wants to connect the scattered marks all over his body. He wants to build a topographic map of Ilya Rozanov and burn it to memory. "Your beauty marks…"

He sits up on his elbows. “My what?” He looks down his body, like he’s trying to figure out what Shane is talking about.

Shane climbs into his lap, cupping Rozanov’s face in his hands. “Beauty marks… these.” He pokes the prominent mole that rests on his cheek. The one Shane has been dreaming about since the moment they met as teenagers.

“That’s what does it for you, Hollander?” Rozanov asks as Shane continues to run his fingers along the marks on his face, down to the patch on his neck. “My spots?”

With the way he says it, it makes Shane wonder if Rozanov is self-conscious of the sheer number of moles he has like Shane is with his freckles. He didn’t think Rozanov was capable of being self-conscious about anything. “They’re called beauty marks for a reason.” He drags his lips across a row of three on his collarbone.

“Я не такой красивый как ты.” Shane has no idea what Rozanov is saying, he never does, but for some reason the words send a thrill down Shane’s spine. The affect this man has on him needs to be studied. And Shane intends to study him in depth tonight.

He sticks his tongue out to lick at the cluster of moles at the center of his chest, then circles his tongue around his right pec, purposefully avoiding his nipple. There are no marks there. He can’t hide his smirk as he gives the same treatment to the other side of his chest and Rozanov’s whole body tenses underneath him. “Relax.”

The Metros flight isn’t until the afternoon and he has his own room back at the hotel. They don’t have all night, but they have some time for Shane to indulge. Rozanov sinks back into the mattress, letting his arms splay out beside him. “Fine.”

Shane immediately continues his trail of connecting the dots along his skin with his tongue. He slides down Rozanov’s right arm first, dipping into the crease of his elbow and then taking three fingers into his mouth, each with matching marks on the second knuckle. He sucks on them, letting his tongue curl around the thickness probing the back of his throat.

His own cock is pulsing, begging for attention. But Shane ignores the urge to grind against Rozanov. The last thing he wants is to embarrass himself by blowing his load before they even start. Not again…

Shane gives Rozanov's other arm the same treatment, then starts licking at the sea of moles on his chest and stomach. There are a few larger ones across his ribs. Shane closes his lips around one and sucks the skin into his mouth. He repeats the action on the other three moles leading down to Rozanov's hip.

"Hollander –" Shane loves how out of breath he sounds. He bites down on Rozanov's thick thigh hard enough to leave a mark of his own. The thought of Rozanov having a reminder of their time together in the morning makes him moan into the other man's skin. " – you are trying to kill me." His hips lift up, a large wet spot forming in the fabric of his boxers. Shane has to convince himself not to mouth at it. Not yet.

"Deserved." He licks down to his knee and kisses the mark there. "For being such an asshole." He moves on to Rozanov's other leg and then sits back on his knees to admire his handiwork. There is a sheen of spit all over Rozanov, making him shine in the otherwise dark room.

"You done?" He asks. He seems frustrated. *Good*.

"No. That was only half." Rozanov rolls his eyes and says something dripping with annoyance in Russian. "Turn around." He does, lies flat on his stomach with a disgruntled huff. Shane sees him rut his hips into mattress. "Hey – none of that. I'm still going to need that later." Shane lifts his hips off the bed. This ass, *fuck*.

"We will not have time to fuck if you keep this up." His English really has improved. Shane's not sure why, but he's oddly proud of him for that.

"Then shut up and let me work." First Shane splays his hands across his broad shoulders, feeling over the stars of the Ilya Rozanov constellation along his back. It's a feast for the eyes. He's gorgeous. Shane, thankfully, doesn't say that out loud. Instead, he kneels over his back and starts mouthing down his spine.

He goes down each of Rozanov's arms again and then the back of his strong legs. He's breathing so heavily underneath him, fighting the urge to writhe against the bed. Shane can see it in the way he's holding his hips up. Is this what he looks like when their roles are reversed. Honestly? It's really fucking hot making Rozanov wait for it. He won't beg; that Shane knows *for sure*. But this is satisfying enough.

Once Rozanov's back is slick with as much spit as his front, Shane pulls the waistband of Rozanov's boxers down to cup around his stunning ass. "Okay – last one." He kisses the single mole on his left ass cheek. Then briefly wonders if he's seen any on Rozanov's dick. Hard to notice when it's in his mouth or ass. He'll remedy that next time. Now – he needs to be fucked by this stunning man.

"Finally…." He sighs, turning around to push Shane onto his back and climb on top of him. Someone's desperate… "Happy?" He asks, pinning Shane's wrists above his head. "My – beauty marks turn you on that much?" His accent is thick on the foreign words he just learned today. Like always, it only makes Shane harder.

"You have no idea." That's the issue, isn't it? Rozanov doesn't know what he does to Shane. They don't talk about *this*. They can't talk about it. It's all about the sex, about pretending none it matters to them. But Shane knows better. He knows that from the moment he had Ilya Rozanov alone to himself, he would never be able to let him go.

Rozanov kisses Shane like he's trying to suck the air straight from his lungs. His tongue is licking the roof of his mouth and he's pawing at Shane's shoulders, his biceps, his neck. It's so intense, he's a little dizzy once Rozanov finally pulls back to take a breath. "I get to fuck you now, yes?"

Shane smiles, not sure why he's so fond of *this man* of all people. But fuck, he really is. "Yes. You did so well…" He bites at his lip, his mouth dry from overworking his tongue for the last twenty minutes. "Thank you."

"You won, Hollander. Is fair." He kisses him again, this time just a quick peck. "Do not get used to it."

"Asshole." He shoves Rozanov off of him and takes his boxers off. He keeps his socks on. Rozanov likes it when he wears them during sex for some reason. He also strips, throwing his

boxers across the room, while Shane folds his and places them beside the bed. They are embarrassingly wet. But so are Rozanov's by the looks of it. *Hot*. "I'm – um – I'm already prepped."

Rozanov twists onto his side. He places his hand on Shane's neck and slowly drags it down his chest, taking a quick break to fondle his pecs like he always does. He eventually makes it to Shane's groin, breezing past the insanely hard cock resting on his stomach and dips his fingers into the crease of Shane's ass. He feels over his hole that is begging to be filled. "Did you think about me?"

He circles the rim with the pads of his fingers, not entering yet. "You know I did."

"Da. I do." He says, very smug.

He nods his head towards the nightstand, signaling for Shane to grab the supplies. Which he does in record time. He's worked himself up enough with all the foreplay – he needs to have Rozanov in him *now*.

Rozanov lathers three fingers in lube and returns them to their rightful place between Shane's legs. Then two fingers are pressing into Shane. The sting feels so good. It's unfair. He spreads his legs further, resting his knee on Rozanov's stomach. He kisses his chest and neck as he starts to move within him, spreading him open with practiced strokes.

Shane moans, eyes rolling back in his head when Rozanov effortlessly finds his prostate. "Fuck, Rozanov –" He lets out an approving groan, adding a third slick finger. "I'm ready." He's been ready since he left his hotel. "Please fuck me."

Rozanov lingers for another minute or so, lazily fucking his hole with his thick fingers. It's not until Shane starts to tug at his neglected dick, desperate for friction that he pulls out, eyes focused on the show playing out in front of him. He does love to watch. Shane never thought he'd be so comfortable being looked at the way Rozanov looks at him. But the Russian has this way of erasing all of Shane's inhibitions. "You will not last if you keep that up."

“Fuck off.” Shane replies, stroking himself quicker to spite Rozanov. “Put it in and I’ll stop.” He’s being a brat, can hear it in the way the words are whined out of him. It’s a tone that only comes out of him around his rival. There’s a lot of Shane that only shines around him.

Rozanov grabs the condom from the nightstand and rips the package open as he once again climbs on top of Shane. “Нуждаешься во мне.”

“Wait –“ Rozanov immediately stills, looking down at Shane with concern-laced eyes. Then he follows Shane’s gaze to his dick and the two moles on the left side of his shaft.

“Hollander –“ Rozanov rolls his eyes, but Shane can see his lips quirk up into a quick smile. Shane kisses the tips of two of his fingers and presses them to the moles, giving them the same attention he gave the rest.

“Okay. *Now* I’m done.” Shane says, a little smug. He won tonight. He deserves to be.

“Not with me.” Rozanov slips on the condom one handed, with practiced ease. Shane’s not sure how he does it so effortlessly. Shane always fumbles with the damn things when he tries to put one on himself. But that could be because his hands are usually shaking when he’s with women.

Shane doesn’t have the chance to let his mind wander, because soon Rozanov’s cock is pressing into him and Shane is transported to heaven. His head lulls back into the pillows with a shared groan. This is it. This is what he’s been waiting three weeks for. This is all that matters now.

“Okay?” Rozanov asks. Even after years of hooking up, of learning each other’s bodies and boundaries so intimately – he still asks every time. Shane’s comfort is his top priority. It never fails to make Shane’s stomach flutter. The care, the consideration, the intimacy. It’s honestly the sexiest thing about Rozanov.

He nods, unable to form words at the moment. Not when he’s being split open on Ilya Rozanov’s cock. He starts to move, Shane meeting him with his hips. They get into the solid rhythm that Shane loves so much. Strong, precise, deep strokes that send sparks down

Shane's spine; making him leak onto his stomach. "Jesus Christ, Rozanov. Don't stop." He moans, pulling the other man down into a heat-fused kiss.

Rozanov kisses down Shane's jaw to his neck, burying his head to lick at the sensitive skin behind his ear. With this new angle, Shane has a front row seat to the galaxy of moles all along his back. He presses his fingers into them, feeling the way Rozanov's skin is tacky with dried spit. Now, on the other end of the foreplay, Shane sees how gross this must feel for Rozanov. Oh well. That's what he gets for losing.

Shane wraps his legs around Rozanov's hips, bringing his knees up to give him the perfect angle to spear against his prostate. His body jolts off the bed and he lets out a moan that is way too loud for where they are. Rozanov, maybe noting the volume, captures his mouth and swallows the gasps and whines that continue to fall out of him, pleasure steadily building inside him. He's not going to last. "Rozanov." He pleads. "I- I'm close."

Somehow, through his pleasure haze, an idea crosses Shane's mind. With the way he's being fucked within an inch of his life and the added friction on his cock trapped between their stomachs, Shane knows he needs to make his move *now*, before it's all over too quick. He smacks Rozanov's shoulders and he stops immediately, all nine inches of that incredible cock of his buried deep inside him. "Too much?"

"No…" He licks his lips, willing his body to calm down. "Get on your back." He commands, although his voice is far from intimidating. "I'm gonna ride you."

Rozanov curses something in Russian, then pulls out gently, the complete opposite way he was just fucking him. Shane grabs him by the shoulders and flips them, straddling his hips.

It takes a few seconds for Shane to maneuver his hips to hover above Rozanov's cock. Gripping the base behind his back, he guides the tip to his hole, which has been clenching, begging to be filled again from the moment he pulled out. Sighing, Shane sinks down onto Rozanov. He feels fuller than he's ever been at this angle.

"*Fuck*." They curse in unison. Shane takes a second to adjust, breathing through his nose. The stretch is obscene in the best way. How could he ever give this up? Rozanov paws at Shane's thighs, seeming to be just as feral as he is. It's a nice sight – to see Rozanov so unraveled.

Shane begins to move, rolling his hips in the way he practiced (more than) a few times with his dildo. It doesn't compare, not even close – but Shane wanted to be prepared for this moment. And by the stifled noises Rozanov is making under him, he'll say it was worth it.

Rozanov grabs Shane's hips and thrusts up into him as he sinks down. The sound of their skin slapping together fills the room, more prominent in this position. It's not long before Shane starts to feel his orgasm build again. "Rozanov, *fuck*, please –" He moans, picking up the speed of his hips. "Touch me."

Rozanov wraps a strong, calloused hand around Shane's cock and starts pumping his fist in time with their thrusts. Pleasure floods Shane's veins. It's perfect. *He's* perfect.

"I'm coming." Shane whines, wanting to at least give Rozanov a warning before he makes a mess of him. In thick ropes, Shane paints Rozanov's stomach and chest, connecting the moles with his release. There's *a lot*. It's been a week since he got off last. The sight of it causes another few pathetic spurts to drop out. He's boneless, lost in the ecstasy of the past hour. He wants to thank his team for winning tonight and gifting him this. Not actually, of course. But in his head, he mentally salutes them for their efforts.

Rozanov pulls Shane down into his lap as he thrusts up two, three more times before he stills, buried deep as he can go. He comes with a choked off groan. Shane's vision is a little blurry from the sheer force of his orgasm, but the view of Rozanov coming apart underneath him, covered in his release has Shane clenching down on him involuntarily.

Rozanov hisses and lifts Shane, causing his over-sensitive, softening dick to fall out of him. Shane always hates this part, the emptiness after. If he could, he'd have Rozanov inside him always. Never let him leave.

Shane rolls over onto his back. They take their time coming down from their impeccable highs. Eventually Rozanov starts to laugh, looking down at his desecrated body. "So, mess is okay on me?"

"I guess so…" Shane laughs too, blissfully happy in this moment. "That was okay, right? You… You didn't mind that I –"

“Hollander.” He cuts him off. “Was hot. I enjoyed it.”

“Cool. *Cool*.” He smiles, turning on his side to admire the art he made all over his rival. “You should shower.”

“Da, I should.” He slaps the center of Shane’s chest as he crawls over him to stand beside the bed. “Come –“ He pulls Shane up by his arms. “You can wash my spots you love so much.”

This night just keeps getting better.

End Notes

The Russian phrases are ~ (These were taken from google translate. I'm sorry if they are wrong.)

'Я не такой красивый как ты' = 'I'm not as beautiful as you.' // 'Нуждаешься во мне ' = 'So needy for me'

As always, kudos & comments are highly appreciated.

Thanks for reading! <3 More Hollanov smut to come! ;)

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