

with a temper like you

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by [starblushed](#)

Summary

Lily: What did Hunter say to piss you off?

Me: What?

Lily: You got in a fight with him last night.

Lily: Why?

Ilya confronts Shane after the fight with Scott Hunter on the ice, and edges the truth out of him.

Notes

Episode 3 drove me insane, Scott and Kip had a cute storyline but I fixated on my beloved Shane Hollander, as one does, and wrote this in like 2 hours. Thank you for reading and hope you enjoyed it!

Title comes from [Sienna](#) by The Marías.

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

Lily: What did Hunter say to piss you off?

Me: What?

Lily: You got in a fight with him last night.

Lily: Why?

Shane sighed, placing his phone on the bedside table, undoing the top button of his dress shirt and dropping his face in his hands.

He had never gotten into a fight like that on the ice before, but he couldn't get Hunter's words out of his head. *You're starting to sound just like him.* Hunter didn't even need to say his name to get Shane's blood boiling, to get his thoughts to go blank and irritation and anger to take over his brain. What the fuck was wrong with him?

His phone beeped again. Scowling, Shane picked it back up.

Lily: I'll get it out of you tonight. :)

Me:

Lily: What room?

Me: 1890

Lily: See you. ;)

Shane was in LA for a sponsorship party by CCM happening tonight, and Rozanov had probably already landed at the airport. They had already planned to see each other after the party, which Shane was somewhat starting to regret. Rozanov would make fun of him for the rest of time if he found out that Shane got into a fight because Scott had indirectly mentioned him.

He sighed, there was no point thinking about that. Surely he could distract Rozanov tonight so he wouldn't ask further, and after that, their schedules were packed enough that they probably wouldn't see each other for weeks, and Rozanov would forget about it. Surely that would work.

Redoing his shirt button, he looked in the mirror and sighed. He always felt a bit ridiculous in these fancy outfits, today he was in a full deep navy suit with a white shirt for tonight. At

least he looked okay and the suit was fairly comfortable. Not like he'd be spending all night in it.

A delicious shiver wormed its way up his spine, he hadn't seen Rozanov in what felt like forever. He had gone to a guy's place last month for the first time in a long time, but it just wasn't the same. No one he met could satisfy the aching hungry cavern in his chest the way Rozanov did, could piss him off and put him right back together, could push him and pull him and really challenge him.

Rozanov was just good at sex. Rozanov just knew how to play his body like an instrument, after all this time. It wasn't anything more, *he* wasn't anything special.

Straightening his collar, Shane sighed and walked into the elevator, pressing the button to take him to the ground floor where the party was taking place. The crowd was huge, a mix of people he vaguely knew and had never seen before. It was easy as ever to put on his polite mask and smile through greetings and small talk, to let his mind race behind the scenes. What about what Hunter had said pissed him off so much?

Did Hunter...know?

No way Hunter knew about them. It was just an observation, a coincidence. New York had just played Boston, and Rozanov had obviously also antagonized Hunter as Rozanov always did, and Hunter had associated the two of them together. It couldn't be anything more than that. Right?

It had to be. No one would know, no one could know. They were so careful. It's not that he thought Hunter would be disgusted, but this was hockey they were talking about. Shane always assumed everyone would be horrified if they knew he was fucking a man, let alone a rival hockey player. God. If he kept thinking about this, he'd explode.

Luckily, or maybe unluckily, right as he felt like he was about to spiral, Ilya Rozanov walked through the doors. Luckily, because Rozanov always managed to capture all of his attention and soothe the whirlwind in his mind. Unluckily, because Rozanov somehow looked impossibly more handsome than the last time they had seen each other, and Shane genuinely felt lightheaded. What the fuck, Rozanov in that suit should come with a warning sign. It was a deep burgundy, almost black, and fitted to his body perfectly. His golden hair was swept back, and had his shoulders gotten even bigger?

Like usual, they didn't interact at all in public, Shane making sure to avoid him at every turn, heart thundering in his ears. He wanted to run and hide – he felt too exposed, like everyone could read *Ilya Rozanov will be fucking me tonight* on his face. They could only be together in the dark, in locked rooms, in secrets and shadows.

And that was fine with Shane. Really, if it wasn't for fucking *Scott Hunter* getting under his skin. Was Shane actually starting to sound like Rozanov? He couldn't stop thinking about it, and he really, really didn't want to talk to Rozanov about it.

The rest of the party passed in a daze. Shane didn't know how he got through it without overthinking himself into passing out, but he collapsed against his closed hotel room door

and held his head in his hands. He just had to avoid Rozanov's questions for one night, and then everything would go back to normal.

As if summoned, someone knocked on his door. It was Rozanov, he always knocked the same way, firmly twice in quick succession. Shane opened the door, and the suit was even more devastating up close. Rozanov wasted no time backing Shane up against the opposite wall and kissing him.

Yeah, that guy last month couldn't even compare.

Shane loved kissing Rozanov, loved the way he had to tilt his head just slightly up, loved the way Rozanov's left hand always slid to the dip in his waist, loved the way Rozanov lightly bit at his lip as if he was toying with him, teasing him the way he did on the ice.

"What did he say?"

Well. So much for avoiding it.

"Hm?" Shane reached forward to kiss him again, but Rozanov darted out of the way, tilting his head arrogantly.

"Hunter. What did he say?"

Shane scoffed, "Don't be an asshole."

Rozanov shrugged, sliding a hand to Shane's tie and tugging him over to the bed. "I'll find out soon," he said, pulling Shane on top of him as he kissed him again. *Jesus*. If Rozanov kept kissing him like that, Shane was almost worried he would tell Rozanov anything he wanted.

Rozanov kept his mouth busy on Shane's throat as he slowly stripped him out of the suit, pushing him against the pillows, chuckling as Shane tossed him lube and a reasonable number of condoms, nipping at his favourite spot on Shane's sensitive inner thigh as Shane turned over, getting on his knees, feeling the familiar quiet in his brain and anticipation in his spine.

Rozanov started slow – he was always careful about this part, making sure Shane was stretched enough to take him without any pain, but he seemed to be going extra slow today. Shane didn't exactly mind this part, but he wanted to get fucked until he stopped thinking, until *you're starting to sound like him* stopped running through his mind.

Shane gasped as Rozanov tilted his fingers down, rubbing against that sweet, perfect spot inside him. "Tell me."

"W-what? Rozanov – "

"What did Hunter say?"

Shane squirmed, pleasure lancing up his spine, fuck, he couldn't think like this – "You *asshole*."

Rozanov bit at his thigh slightly harder, “Tell me.”

“No,” Shane gasped out. Fuck, Rozanov’s hands felt really, really good, he wanted – *no* – he whined as Rozanov pulled his fingers out. “Fuck. You’re such a dick.” Shane felt Rozanov’s smile against his back as he slid his fingers back in, sighing in contentment. There was nothing like it, nothing like Rozanov’s perfect hands inside him (except for his dick). “Fuck me,” he said, trying to sound demanding, but his voice was too weak for it, shaking in his desperation.

“Tell me and I’ll fuck you,” Rozanov insisted.

Shit. It was like a *game*. Shane’s competitive streak blazed hot, excitement and lust coursing through his veins, making him even hotter. Jesus. If Rozanov wanted to play, Shane was going to put up a good fight – he was going to win.

“Hey, it’s okay?” Rozanov whispered, voice a lot softer, that gentle way it always got when he was checking in on Shane, the tone that had always made his heart speed up just a tiny bit.

Shane nodded, turning back to look at Rozanov. “I’m good. Not gonna tell you, though.”

“Sure,” Rozanov teased, massaging at the bundle of nerves intensely as Shane gasped and shivered, falling so his chest was fully on the bed and his back was arched in the way he knew drove Rozanov crazy. “Let’s see about that.”

Rozanov was good in bed, but Shane really didn’t expect him to be this patient. Time melted and shifted under his hands, under his teeth on Shane’s thighs, under the soft kisses to his back. It felt like he had been teasing Shane for *hours*, like Shane’s brain was leaking out of his dick. His cock lay untouched but he was so, so hard, Rozanov would stop every time he got close, leaving him whining and empty and desperate. His body felt flayed open, every inch of his skin hot and sensitive and burning, building and building until he was so close he wanted to be for it.

No, he could hold out. He really could – until Rozanov added another finger.

“What did he say? Tell me and I’ll give you what you want.”

“Fuck,” Shane gasped.

“Still okay?”

“Mhm, *Rozanov, please* – ” He was so close, again, it had to be the fifth or sixth time he had been close, he couldn’t count, couldn’t think, except for the pleasure soaking up his brain, he wanted it so bad, he needed it, he didn’t care about winning anymore, he just needed more, “Rozanov – I want it – ”

Shane whined, writhing in Rozanov’s hold, but those big hands held him down, held him still, kept him at Rozanov’s mercy. “Of course you want, Hollander. Tell me and I’ll make you come.” He pressed his fingers harder against that spot inside, Shane needed it, he just

wanted to – he couldn't do it. Fuck, he just wanted Rozanov, wanted him now, he didn't care anymore, could barely think, barely breathe with how badly he wanted it.

"Fuck!" Fuck, he couldn't take it, he just wanted to *come*. "He said I was starting to sound like you."

Everything stilled.

Rozanov pulled his hands out of Shane, and Shane sobbed, *what was he doing, he agreed*, "No, no, you said – "

"Shut up." Rozanov grabbed onto Shane's hips and flipped him over, folding Shane in half and pressing his dick against Shane's hole. "You want my cock?"

"Yes, *yes*," Shane sobbed, he was going to get *fucked*, finally, he felt so loose and open and empty, he needed Rozanov inside him now. Rozanov looked so good, he hadn't even taken his clothes off, just pulling the zipper of his pants down to expose his hard cock. He was gorgeous, shirt soaked with sweat, hair a mess, lips swollen and eyes wild. Shane needed him. "Now!"

"Demanding," Rozanov teased him, but listened, and *God*, how could this feel so good every time, like he was finally complete as soon as Rozanov was inside him? Shane let out a tiny gasp, trying to urge Rozanov to go faster, but he was powerless in this position, spread open just to take it. "Fuck, Hollander."

"*Harder!*"

"Hunter just mentioned me and you got into a fight," Rozanov cooed, finally driving into Shane in the way he wanted, the way he craved, hard and deep. "*Fuck*. That's hot."

Maybe Rozanov was just as messed up as he was, because it turned Shane on too. It got him hot when Rozanov acted like an asshole, when they riled each other up and snapped at each other and competed to be better, to be the best. Rozanov pushed Shane's legs even further back, and Shane couldn't help it, he had been teased and played with for hours, he couldn't take it anymore, coming with a strangled moan as his vision turned black, vaguely aware of Rozanov following him over the edge as he shuddered apart against him. "Fuck."

Rozanov laughed, letting Shane's legs down and sliding out of him. Shane winced, arching his back as he stretched, muscles protesting at being held down for so long.

"You were like an angry cat," Rozanov grinned, arms above his head as he stretched too. "Good boy Shane Hollander getting into a fight."

Shane tried to ignore the shiver that went up his spine at that. Jesus. Thank God he couldn't get hard again after an orgasm that intense – Rozanov would never let him hear the end of *that*.

"Barely a fight," he protested.

"Looked like fighting to me," Rozanov said. "Didn't matter. You destroyed them on the ice."

“Well,” Shane shrugged. “It was already a beatdown before we got to it.” A cold feeling replaced the syrupy pleasure in his spine. “You think. Do you think he knows?”

“Hm?”

“Like, about us. That’s why he said that to me.”

“Hunter is an idiot.” Rozanov rolled off the bed, running a hand through his hair. It was a lost cause. “Relax. Like anyone would believe him, even if he knew. Which he doesn’t.”

“Yeah.” Shane took a deep breath, trying to calm his brain down. There was no way he knew. They were discreet. It was fine. Everything was fine –

Rozanov leaned down and pulled Shane into a kiss.

Yeah.

Yeah, everything was fine.

“Hey.” His voice took on that silky-sweet gentle tone again, the one that soothed all of Shane’s raw, frazzled nerves. “Relax, Hollander. No one knows.”

“Mhm,” Shane whispered. “Yeah. Yeah, you’re right.”

“Early flight tomorrow,” Rozanov tilted his head to the door. “You okay?”

Shane looked at him, with his perfect suit and messy hair and handsome face, at his kiss-swollen mouth and bright eyes, with his marks all over his body, with the phantom ache of him deep inside. Thought about the weeks stretching ahead where they wouldn’t see each other, about all those lonely nights in front of him. Thought about the kiss. “Yeah, I’m good.”

End Notes

Hello and thank you for reading !! Please let me know if you liked it, I appreciate all kudos and comments :) I have more Hollanov planned as well, some AUs and some post-TLG :)

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