

My #1 Fan

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My #1 Fan

by [gallavivh](#)

Summary

“You look like my fan.” Shane’s eyes snapped open. “It’s not too late for me to leave. You know that, right?” Rozanov pulled back and looked at him, grin wide on his face as his first finger entered Shane. “Yes. But you won’t.” Shane struggled to hold the annoyance in his face as Rozanov’s finger moved quicker. “You like this. You like looking like I picked you from the crowd, to be my prize.”

The 2014 Las Vegas chapter but Ilya has Shane wear his Boston jersey

Notes

Completely inspired @hollanovs on Twitter. This is her tweet:
<https://x.com/hoiiianovs/status/1982382804156477486?s=46>

I've only written porn once before so apologies if that is blatantly obvious. I'm much more a reader than a writer.

I saw a TikTok like two weeks ago by an actual NHL WAG and she said that this trope is very inaccurate because they literally cannot take their jerseys and just do whatever they want with them so we're gonna ignore that.

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

Shane hurriedly knocked on the hotel room door. Immediately it unlocked, and he stepped inside. "Here to congratulate me?" Rozanov said. "I guess." Rozanov spread his arms out, as if to say *Well*. "Congratulations," Shane said flatly. "Thank you." He said, before turning on his heels and walking towards the bedroom. Shane followed impatiently, but asked. "So, what do you want?"

Rozanov smirked slightly before grabbing the duffle bag he had placed on the floor at the end of the bed. "I want you," he started, as he placed the bag on the bed, opened it, and reached in to grab something. Before Rozanov had even straightened it out completely, Shane saw it was unmistakably Rozanov's *real* Boston jersey. One of them, anyways. "No fucking way!" Shane nearly shouted. "Is my special night, Hollander." "No. I'm not doing that." Shane said firmly. Rozanov smirked, like he had anticipated an argument and already had que cards prepared in his mind for what to say to get his way. "I won the award. I get reward, yes? You do want me to fuck you tonight?" Shane froze for just a second too long. Obviously he wanted that. But to do this for it? Is he that desperate? Rozanov raised his eyebrow, apparently wanting a verbal response to that. Shane won't dignify him with one. "How do you even have that? They don't let us take them." Rozanov scoffed. "Is one jersey, Hollander. They give me like 30. They will not notice when I bring it back." God, Rozanov had planned this. Maybe since his last game. Maybe even before that.

"Who- who else has done this?" Shane asked. "I have no idea. Is not the most original idea, maybe someone else in the league." Rozanov said, sounding annoyed. "I meant with you, asshole. How many people have you fucked in your jersey?" Shane spat. He cannot believe he's actually considering doing this. But he will not be a repeat performance for Rozanov. "No one." Rozanov said, smirking again like he knew Shane was about to cave. "No one? So you came up with this bright idea just for me?" Shane said, sounding like he didn't believe him. "Yes. No one else has done this with me." Rozanov said. Shane lowered his gaze to the jersey. Rozanov was practically presenting it to him, holding it straight so that every aspect from the Boston logo, 81s, and C in the corner could only confirm Shane's worst nightmare that it was as real as it gets. "Okay." Shane said as quietly as he could. Rozanov's grin turned wicked, only further making Shane wanting to tell him to fuck off.

Shane slowly reached for the jersey, but Rozanov pulled away quickly. "Get naked first. Then I will let you put it on." *Let me*. Shane thought. As if this was some high fucking honor that comes with the privilege of getting fucked by the great Ilya Rozanov. As if Rozanov could have chosen anything more humiliating than this. Shane closed his eyes, taking a deep breath to try and show Rozanov just how annoying Shane found him and his fun idea, then he began taking off his suit. Rozanov was staring at him, almost indescribable by anything but *hungrily*. Shane could feel his cheeks and ears burning at the thought. Rozanov *had* picked this scenario just to fuck him, so he obviously wanted it just as much as Shane. And if he wasn't lying, and he hadn't done this with anyone else, then Shane felt Rozanov had more reason to be embarrassed than he did.

Shane took a minute to finish undressing, and when he did Rozanov made an obvious show of slowly looking him up and down. Grinning with Shane's cock twitched, and began to stiffen. Shane rolled his eyes, reaching his hand out for the jersey. Rozanov placed it in his

hand, infuriatingly slow but letting his hand caress Shane's for much longer than necessary. If Shane was going to back out, with any of his pride remaining, now would be the time. Instead, and rather predictably, he turned the jersey upside down and slipped it on. His skin felt like it was practically burning, like he was all but covered in tar and feathers. He kept his gaze straight, avoiding Rozanov's. The jersey fell over his ass, and the arms were ridiculous over his, with his fingers barely sticking out. Great, more humiliation.

"How does it feel?" Rozanov asked, Shane could hear the grin in his voice, still avoiding looking at his face. "I hate this." Shane said simply. "Your dick does not. He is an iron rod." Rozanov said. "So do something about that." Shane said, finally looking at Rozanov. Rozanov immediately closed the gap between them, kissing Shane finally. As they kissed, Rozanov ran his hands up and down Shane's arms, moving the fabric of the jersey with them. Rozanov's name felt heavy on Shane's back. Shane had a brief second of realization, how horrifying the idea of someone knowing that he was willing to wear a *Boston* jersey, *Ilya Rozanov's* Boston jersey, for no other reason than because he was *asked* to. He gasped at the thought, and Rozanov took it as an invitation to push his tongue down Shane's throat.

Finally, Rozanov turned them slightly so that Shane was against the bed, and Rozanov pushed him down on it. He kissed Shane one more time before pulling back to retrieve the lube and condom he had so thoughtfully placed behind the pillow. He stretched himself over Shane's legs on the bed, pulling back until he was on sat back on his feet. Shane tried to not be too impatient in the seconds it took for Rozanov to finally open the bottle of lube, and get a generous amount on his finger. As Rozanov moved, Shane felt the fabric of his suit, reminding Shane that Rozanov was still fully clothed, meaning he felt the need to draw this out as long as possible. Rozanov scooted back to get in a better position to begin opening Shane, and Shane had to remind himself to keep his breath steady. Rozanov moved Shane's legs apart slightly, finally reaching behind Shane and getting his hole wet with lube. His face was serious, almost with a hint of fondness. Shane closed his eyes, content for a moment to just feel the feather light teasing Rozanov always found necessary to do when he opened Shane. Rozanov bent down until they were chest to chest, not stopping his finger. His breath was hot on Shane's ear when he said, "You look like my fan." Shane's eyes snapped open. "It's not too late for me to leave. You know that, right?" Rozanov pulled back and looked at him, grin wide on his face as his first finger entered Shane. "Yes. But you won't." Shane struggled to hold the annoyance in his face as Rozanov's finger moved quicker. "You like this. You like looking like I picked you from the crowd, to be my prize." Shane shuddered. He hoped it was because of Rozanov adding a second finger, and not because of his words.

Shane had nothing to say to that, he had no real defense. He certainly could have fought this idea off harder. So instead he just complained, "You're still dressed. How are you going to fuck me like that?" It came out far more whiny than he had planned, and Rozanov, of course, noticed and chuckled. "Let me open you, then I will take care of it." He leaned forward, kissing Shane more as he continued opening him. Eventually, after a few minutes of scissoring his fingers and adding a third, Rozanov got the hint that Shane was ready and that they could get to the point.

Shane didn't try very hard to stop himself for whining when Rozanov stood up to undress, and he didn't feel much shame when he propped himself on his elbows to watch. Rozanov was always a show off, so when he was finally naked he looked Shane in the eyes before

giving his hard cock a few strokes. Shane wanted to be annoyed, to make a show of rolling his eyes. Instead he couldn't pull his eyes away, barely even registering that his mouth fell slightly open. Rozanov slipped the condom on, then pushed slightly on Shane's arm, indicating for him to flip over. Shane went all too eagerly. He felt his breathing pick up with anticipation as he felt the bed dip as Rozanov moved between his legs. He moved his arm under Shane's stomach, pulling Shane up until he was on all fours. Rozanov moved closer, letting the head of his cock brush Shane's hole. Instead of entering him, Rozanov stopped and moved his hand to Shane's back. He ran his hand slowly over his own name. Shane was quickly running out of patience for Rozanov's weird need to see him like this. Before Shane could complain, Rozanov muttered something in Russian. It didn't sound particularly mean, but Shane still spoke. "Yeah, yeah." Though they both knew Shane had no idea what Rozanov had said. "So impatient." Rozanov said, in English. Shane opened his mouth to respond, but Rozanov was already pushing inside him. "Fuck." Is all Shane could settle on. Rozanov's hands were firm on Shane's hips, he waited for Shane to adjust to the full feeling, and when Shane bucked his hips against Rozanov's, Rozanov knew it meant Shane was telling him to go.

Shane breathing became increasingly labored, as he felt Rozanov's strong hands on his hips, holding him tightly as he bucked into Shane. Rozanov straightened himself slightly, hitting Shane's prostate head on and causing Shane to moan far louder than he usually allowed himself. He leaned forward, catching the hotel pillow in his mouth. Shane could hear the soft thud of Rozanov's crucifix hitting his own chest as he moved forward into Shane. "No. Let me hear you." He spoke, Shane obediently let the pillow drop from his mouth. He moaned slightly quieter as Rozanov stroked his prostate again, and leaned more into the pillows in front of him so he could take his weight off of his arm and begin stroking himself in time with Rozanov's thrusts. As Shane felt his orgasm build, Rozanov muttering to himself in Russian, something that Shane had learned by now meant he wasn't going to last much longer.

On his next thrust, he hit Shane's prostate once again, sending Shane over the edge and cumming on the hotel comforter. Before he had even finished making his mess, Rozanov was cumming into the condom. For a split second, Shane thought about staying on all fours to save the jersey from getting his cum on it, as it had been mostly spared. But Rozanov collapsed on his back, pushing him into the mess and Shane didn't feel very sorry that now Rozanov would be washing it out before he could return it.

After a moment, Rozanov snuck a small kiss onto the back of Shane's neck. Before Shane could process the oddly tender gesture, Rozanov was pulling out of him and standing to remove the condom. Shane knew the moment he turned over Rozanov would complain about the mess *he* pushed Shane into.

Shane rolled over and sat up. "Ack." Rozanov said. "You have made a mess." He frowned at Shane, as if Shane should apologize, like this was his idea. "Yeah well, I'm sure you can afford some detergent." "Give it here." Shane slipped the jersey off of himself. He felt, weird. He didn't enjoy wearing it, obviously. But the way Rozanov had treated him when he was wearing it. Like Rozanov had some sort of *claim* over him. For a moment he considered throwing the jersey at Rozanov's head. A final *Fuck you, I didn't want to do this*. Shane knew

that wasn't true. He just hoped Rozanov didn't know it wasn't true. He handed the jersey to him, and Rozanov bent down to stuff it back in the bag.

Rozanov sat down on the bed next to him. Shane knew that this is the time he's supposed to leave. Walk out and pretend that nothing happened and then he could see Rozanov whenever he sees him next. Instead, he asked. "Are you heading back soon?" "Back?" Rozanov asked. "To Russia. For the summer." He clarified. "Yes." Rozanov said simply. "Oh." They were silent a moment, then Shane couldn't help but ask, "Why?" Rozanov shrugged. "It is home." "But...do you like going there?" Rozanov didn't answer. Instead he closed his eyes. "I should sleep," he said finally. "Oh. Yeah. I should... I need to get going, anyway." "Yes." Rozanov replied, not meeting his eyes.

Shane grabbed his suit from the pile he left it in, then headed to the bathroom. He didn't have much to clean this time, as the jersey took the blunt of his mess. But he took a wash cloth and wiped what left over lube there was between his cheeks, and then needlessly fixed his hair.

"See you," Shane called out, as he headed for the door. "Goodbye, Hollander," Rozanov replied.

End Notes

I know very little about hockey and a little too much about yaoi

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