

u might want to get tested

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u might want to get tested

by [toomuchplor](#)

Summary

Lily: U might want to get tested

Jane: Hilarious. Fuck you.

===

Set in the liminal situationship timeline between episodes 3 and 4.

Notes

With thanks to the Heated Rivals Refuge Hall Discord crew who all agreed that we need more fic about Ilya in his slutty era/decade, which led to me feeling strongly that a slutty Ilya probably would have an STI scare, which led to me having feelings about how calmly Shane would handle that, which led to this fic. (Also, Allure made me want to include some barebacking stuff. So there's that.)

Special shout-out to my alpha/beta crew: lately, Citrusses, Allure, and Xen. Dream team? And hat-tip to Allure for the title suggestion which is perfection.

This fic uses a work skin to format text conversations; if you hide the custom skin to read this fic, it may impact your reading experience, but you do you. Huge thanks to Smug for helping me figure this shit out because I know fuck-all about coding and skins.

See end notes if you want specifics on the STI content before engaging.

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

"We good?" asked Hayden, knocking Shane's side with his closed gloved fist.

The game was starting, they needed to go.

Just a minute earlier, Shane had been about to lead the way to the rink, and then he'd checked his phone one last time, like an idiot, and now his head was — fucked. Not where it needed to be.

Shane shoved his phone back into his locker and forced himself to stop thinking about it. Hockey was good for that, usually. They were playing Miami, who sucked, but it wouldn't do to get cocky this early in the season.

Shane had a lot of practice compartmentalizing. Some stuff just didn't fit into compartments.

Mostly stuff related to Ilya *fucking* Rozanov.

The game wasn't great.

They won. At least they won.

Two hours until wheels up, a late arrival in St Louis, and then they had to get at least a few hours of sleep before an afternoon video meeting.

Shane needed to get his head back where it needed to be. He needed to deal with this. He dropped heavily onto his hotel bed, pulled out his phone, and reread the last message, the one he'd gotten right before the puck dropped.

Lily: U might want to get tested

Jane: Hilarious. Fuck you.

Rozanov would know by now that his dumb little ploy hadn't worked, hadn't made Shane throw the game with distraction.

Lily: Not joking

Lily: Team doc said tell all your sexual partners, so I am telling you

Lily: U just need some pills, is not big deal

Jane: Are you fucking kidding me????

Jane: Like are you SERIOUS

Jane: Did u give me the clap????

Jane: DUDE.

"What's up?" said Hayden from the other bed, because apparently Shane had not been calmly and silently reacting to this information.

"Nothing," Shane snapped back. "Just. Fucking. Nothing."

"Okay," said Hayden, holding his hands up, then going for the remote. "Oh, have you seen this tree house show? I want to build a sick-ass tree house like this for the kids when they're bigger."

"Sick," echoed Shane, getting up, taking his phone into the bathroom. Hayden probably thought he was going in there to jerk off. Whatever.

Shane actually did take down his pyjama pants, but mostly because he wanted to do a dick inspection. He remembered health class, at least a bit, and he knew that he wasn't likely to have missed having a huge open sore on his penis. If he had anything, he was probably asymptomatic, at least so far. And anyway, Rozanov always wrapped it, at least when they were fucking.

But they didn't use condoms for blow jobs. Fuck, they were probably supposed to, right?

Shane couldn't see anything wrong with his dick. He checked it again, just to be sure, then he checked his balls. All seemed normal, fine.

That tracked, really. Clearly the actual problem was with his fucking *brain*.

Jane: What STD is it?

Jane: Jesus fucking christ I cannot believe this shit

Lily: clamidya

Lily: *chlamydia

Lily: Girl in Detroit

So Rozanov got something off one of the girls he was apparently always fucking, apparently *without protection*, like a fucking *idiot*. Of course.

And by the transitive property of being a dumb-ass, that definitely made Shane a dumb-ass as well.

Jane: Are you not being safe when you fuck other people

Jane: You're such a fucking asshole

| *You put your diseased dick in my mouth???* |

Shane didn't send the last one because he couldn't have a text on his phone talking about dicks in his mouth. While he glared down at his screen, Rozanov texted again.

Lily: I told you, it is not big deal

Lily: You tell doctor, you get pills

Lily: All fine

Lily: Also, condom broke

Lily: Happens sometimes with massive 9 inch cock

Shane sighed and deleted the last text automatically. If he had a loonie for every time he had to delete a mention of Rozanov's supposedly massive dick, he could drop Rolex's sponsorship deal.

Jane: I guess we're both lucky that you didn't catch something worse

Lily: Calm down

Lily: I will be more careful with my giant cock in future

Jane: No you won't

Jane: Asshole

Jane: Don't bring it near me again. Fuck you

Lily: See you in Montreal in a few days 🙄

Montreal was actually really good about making sure it was easy for the players to talk to the medical team alone. Shane had heard it wasn't that way everywhere, that some places management had a weird open door policy where every guy's health stuff was the team's health stuff.

"Um. Can I bump up some screening tests?" Shane asked, alone in the office with the guy who handled most of the day-to-day stuff. Gary, Shane thought.

"Yeah, of course," said possibly-Gary, typing away, not really looking up. "Anything got you concerned? Feeling sick?"

"No, no, I feel fine," said Shane. His face was hot. His skin prickled horribly. "Uh. Just. Heard from a hook-up?"

"Oh," said Gary. Or maybe Greg. He stopped typing immediately and looked at Shane, which was fucking horrible. Greg's eyebrows went up, but Shane didn't know if it was surprise or sympathy. "What are we looking for?"

"Chlamydia, apparently," Shane said. His heart was pounding, which was so fucking stupid. You couldn't tell from a blood test that someone got chlamydia off another guy. This was probably even a good thing when it came to keeping up appearances; there were always these rumours about how Shane didn't seem to chase girls enough.

"Okay. You'll be okay," said Greg-Gary, nodding. "This is a known contact, I take it? Like, she's tested positive?"

"Yeah," said Shane, though he realized as he said it: Rozanov hadn't actually said so.

"A few questions, then," said Greg. "Any burning or discomfort when you pee? Any discharge? Pain in your testicles?"

"No," said Shane, his jaw clenched. "None of that."

"And you know how it's spread?" asked Greg, sounding a bit like he really fucking hoped so.

"Yeah," said Shane, because he had Google, for god's sake. "I mean, we always — we uh. We used protection. The one time we hooked up. Except not with. Mouth stuff."

"Yeah," said Greg, wincing a bit. "I know it's not something people think about, but you can get it from oral sex. You should really use a dental dam. I'll give you a few today."

"I don't think I'll be needing any," Shane said. "I'm not seeing her again." He didn't think he put too much emphasis on the pronoun. He thought it sounded natural.

"You should use them every time unless you're both tested and fully monogamous," said Greg, getting some stuff out of a drawer marked SEXUAL HEALTH. "I know it can feel like a mood-killer but you gotta protect yourself, Shane. I promise, this shit happens. That's why we test you guys regularly." He pushed the stack across his desk at Shane.

Shane nodded, hoping to end this conversation. He was fairly sure he'd never have sex again after this.

"We'll run a full panel to be safe, okay? In the meantime, I need you to be totally abstinent so we're not spreading anything further. No sex. Just a few days."

Shane nodded again. Seriously, abstinence for the rest of his life. Done.

"Okay. If your test does come back positive, it's not hard to treat. But we'd then have to reach out to any partners you've had since your exposure. You can do it yourself or we can do it for you, but it's really important. And we're going to need a timeline on when you last saw this girl, just in case we might need to check you again."

"I'm not seeing anyone else," Shane said automatically, then winced. "I mean, not since. Her. There's nobody else to contact."

The guy — fuck, *was* it Greg? or was it, like, *Steve*? Shane couldn't ask *now* — levelled a look at Shane.

Shane looked back steadily. His pulse was so loud in his ears.

"Okay," the other guy said, finally. "Blood first, then pee. Right arm or left?"

After that, it was fine. Shane stared at the ceiling and thought about hockey while he got his blood drawn, while he peed in a cup.

The only other weird moment was when Steve — it was Steve, Shane confirmed finally, when Steve had to sign a form for him — gave him a sheet to fill out where he had to tick off all the kinds of sex he was having.

☒ **Vaginal**

☐ **Oral**

☐ **Anal**

☐ **Mutual masturbation**

Shane stared at the list for a long horrified moment, then ticked off the first, second, and fourth ones. He looked up to make sure Steve wasn't paying attention, then hovered his pen over the third one.

Would it matter if he was dishonest? If he ticked it off, Steve would probably assume Shane was topping a girl anyway. But what if there were follow-up questions?

"All done?" said Steve, and took the sheet away, and that was that.

Jane: Tested negative

Jane: Fuck you anyway

Lily: Also negative here

Lily: Good news for my visit, yes?

Jane: you've gotta be fucking kidding me

Jane: did u know we are supposed to use protection for mouth stuff

Jane: of course you didn't know, you're the one who fucked up

There wasn't an answer; probably Rozanov was getting on the plane, or maybe just surrounded by other Raiders and not able to text freely. They were scheduled for a morning skate tomorrow, and the Metros had the ice in the afternoon.

Weeks earlier, Shane had moved around an interview with GQ and a phone meeting with his agent, telling his mom that he needed time to get his mental game in place before facing Boston.

That had been bullshit, of course. Shane had wanted a free evening because he'd known the Raiders would be flying in a day early.

He should call his mom and find out if it was too late to move stuff back. It would probably be good to have a legitimate reason to ignore Rozanov's texts.

Except she would ask questions, of course. She was accustomed to Shane's routines, and having time to focus before a Raiders game was a long-standing habit for him. It had always been a little reassuring, actually, because it fit in so nicely with everyone else's idea of him and Rozanov, that they hated each other, that Shane reserved a special level of spite for Rozanov and his team.

And, okay, he *did* fucking hate Rozanov right now. Rozanov hadn't even *tested positive*. He'd obviously thought it would be funny to get Shane all worked up before he even knew there was a reason to tell him anything. Maybe there hadn't even been a broken condom and a girl with chlamydia at all. Maybe Rozanov had just thought it would be a good laugh to have Shane go pee in a cup and get the safe sex talk from the team medic.

| *Maybe we could meet for dinner tomorrow?* |

He backspaced, deleting the text to his mom, then started trying to type out a text to Hayden instead, but he knew Jackie was having bad morning sickness and the baby wasn't sleeping, and he didn't want to make a nuisance of himself. JJ was a bad idea; he was always up for a hang but he was basically a series of bad choices personified. Shane couldn't actually fuck up this game.

It was fine. Shane would stay in, read his book, maybe watch a little TV. He didn't need plans. He could turn off his phone, or block Lily like he should have done years ago. He could just *be sane* about this, like he was about every other thing in his life.

He would be fine.

Lily: Checked into hotel

Lily: Know anyplace to find action in this city?

Lily: ?

Lily: Don't be shy, Jane

Lily: I know ur not out

Lily: U r never out when I am in town

Lily: Jane

Lily: I will let you murder me

Lily: Or I can stab you from behind

Lily: Or from the front if u want

Lily: Jane

Lily: Hollander

Lily: 🙄

Jane: Fuck off

Jane: Seriously

Lily: I told you, I will be more careful

Lily: I have been careful

Shane stared at his phone for a long time. His sternum ached, like he'd taken a hit to his chest. His cock was half-hard in his jeans. He shouldn't have looked at his stupid phone. He shouldn't have—

What did Rozanov even *mean*? Was he saying he wasn't fucking anyone else right now? Or was he admitting that he'd been playing a stupid joke all along, and he was sorry for it? Was he just saying anything he could think of to get Shane to go down the back stairwell of his place, open the door into the alley, let Rozanov in?

Shane put the phone down on its face and tried to think it through. Thinking things through was never easy when it came to Rozanov. But the facts as Shane knew them were:

- 1 - They had both been tested recently and they were both clean.
- 2 - Rozanov had said he'd be more careful. No matter what that actually meant, it sounded like a good thing.
- 3 - Shane was going to have the worst fucking night of his life if he had to sit alone in his apartment and listen to his phone going off over and over while Rozanov escalated to dick pics.
- 4 - Shane might have a terrible day tomorrow if he let Rozanov come over. Certainly he'd be sore. He'd probably be pissed off. But.
- 5 - If Shane let Rozanov come over, he would definitely have a good night tonight.
- 6 - Maybe he could make Rozanov explain himself. Maybe he could get Rozanov to tell him something true for fucking once in his fucking life.
- 7 - Shane's cock had gone from half-hard to fully hard just from thinking about having Rozanov here. *Fuck.*

Jane: Fine. But I need to be asleep by midnight.

Thinking wasn't just difficult when Rozanov was around; it was *impossible*. Shane somehow always forgot that until it was happening; possibly the part of his brain that should have been hitting record on his memory was just as wiped out as the rest of him by the reality of Rozanov, by the breadth of him, the heat, the scent.

They were naked in Shane's bed, the throw pillows launched everywhere around the room until it was just the sheets under Shane and Rozanov over him.

Rozanov was grabby; he was always fucking grabby, and *fuck* if that didn't do it for Shane. Shane was used to his body being a tool, a means to an end. Even when he did stupid shirtless photo shoots, it wasn't about *him*, it was about the product or how he looked holding it.

But when he was with Rozanov, Shane felt like a *subject*. Rozanov squeezed and held and pinned him, and he did it all with such hunger and need that Shane went mindless and pliant without meaning to. It was so good: to *be good*.

Rozanov started kissing down Shane's chest, his hand wrapped around Shane's cock; he was going to suck Shane off, or start to. *Fuck. Fuck.* They were supposed to be using protection for that.

"Stop," said Shane, pulling gently at Rozanov's curls. "Hang on, stop."

Rozanov stopped instantly, lifted his head, smiled crookedly. "You gonna come already, Hollander?"

"No, it's," said Shane. "I want to use a dam."

"You want to—" It was clear Rozanov didn't know this word. The Boston medical team sucked, apparently.

"A dental dam?" Shane said. "For oral."

Rozanov's eyebrows furrowed the way they did when Shane spoke too quickly or talked about anything other than hockey.

"It's like a condom, but flat," said Shane. "It's safer."

Rozanov sat up slowly, still frowning. "You said you test negative," he said. "No?"

"I did," said Shane. "It's just — you're supposed to do it every time."

"But right now," said Rozanov, "we are both clean. We know this. I have not fucked anyone else since my test. You have not fucked anyone else since your test?"

"Yeah, but," said Shane, trying and failing to remember his argument. "It's just. What we're supposed to do." But even as he said it, something was breaking open inside his head, and that something sounded a lot like *we don't have to use a condom*.

"None of this is what we're supposed to do," Rozanov said. "But if you want dammit —"

—"Dam," Shane said.

"If you want to damn it," Rozanov said, separating the words carefully, "we can do this." His mouth quirked. "Maybe you last longer this way?"

"Fuck you," said Shane, fighting a stupid smile back. "Fuck you, you're such a dick."

And then they were kissing again, and writhing against each other, and Rozanov was being a little gentle with him, which was — okay, it was how Rozanov was, was the thing. He'd push until Shane hit a limit, and then he'd retreat into softness until Shane showed him he wanted more. *You're okay? You like? It's not too much?*

It was rarely too much by the time Shane was being fucked or sucked. It was always riding the edge, perfect, on the brink. Breathless.

Rozanov paused this time when he sat up, licking his lips. "Okay, okay," playing up the Russian the way he did when he was being funny. "Where are you keeping these things? Is with your dildo collection, Hollander?"

"Nah, just," said Shane, taking Rozanov by the chin and redirecting his gaze away from the bedside table. "You're right. This time, I mean. We can skip it. Just — next time."

"Next time," said Rozanov, deep and sexy and suggestive, and then he dropped onto his elbows alongside Shane, grabbed Shane's chest, and swallowed him down bare.

Shane had never thought of it before — *idiot* — but now he felt like he was freshly aware of the intimacy of a blow job: the wet and swallow and heat of Rozanov's mouth around his cock, nothing between them, just Shane's hard length sliding in and out of Rozanov's body, stopping up his smart words, reducing him to groans and gasps and saliva-smacks.

Shane's stamina was much better than it had been when they'd started fucking years ago, but it still didn't take long before he was on the edge of coming again. He reached down and tapped the nape of Rozanov's neck to get his attention, and Rozanov came up with lewd swollen lips and dark pupils, panting and smiling. "Should I turn around?" he asked. "You could suck my cock while I suck yours?"

"No," said Shane, though that did sound fucking great, and he loved it when they did that — when Rozanov was on top of him and fucking his mouth and sucking him off, and Shane felt so goddamn *managed* and *full* and *horny*. "No, I want you to fuck me."

Rozanov grinned, always childishly pleased when Shane asked for what he wanted. "You have been thinking about this," he suggested, sitting back and working his cock showily. "You have been missing it? You want me to fuck you until you shout, Hollander?"

"I," said Shane, and hooked a knee up. "Have you ever — I mean. We're both clean."

Steve would be so dismayed that the actual outcome of Shane's brush with sexually transmitted diseases was a request to be fucked raw for the first time.

Shane didn't fucking *care*, because suddenly all he could think about was how it had felt having Rozanov's mouth on his bare cock, and how much more intense and hot it would be to have Rozanov's bare cock in Shane's ass.

"I —" said Rozanov, slowly. "I have never. With a man."

"If you don't want to," Shane said, hastily, his throat going tight.

"No," said Rozanov, before Shane could go on, "no, is not — not something I thought you would — it is messier. I think. For you. Afterwards." He lifted a shoulder and then palmed Shane's thigh, the inside tender part. "For me, I think, it would be — very, very good."

"I don't care about the mess," Shane said. "I mean. Tomorrow is laundry day anyway. And I always shower after. So."

Rozanov's mouth slanted and his eyes danced in the way they did when he thought Shane was funny. "If you are sure," he said, "I would like this. I would *really* like this, Hollander."

"I think I'd like it, too," Shane said, smiling.

Rozanov looked down at him for another loaded moment before exhaling hard through his nose and grabbing Shane by both thighs, spreading his legs forcefully. Shane gasped a breath and let his knees drop wide in invitation, so relieved to be back to this, the simplicity of *this*.

It was good; it was always good. Rozanov started him out on his back to open him up, fingers in Shane's ass and mouth on Shane's cock, and then Shane turned over while Rozanov slicked

himself. Bare.

"You're sure?" said Rozanov, hand resting on Shane's hip, not going for it yet.

"Yeah," said Shane. Sweat prickled along his hairline. His hands were hot where he fisted the sheets. It was hard to catch a full breath. God, he was so fucking primed for this.

It didn't *feel* that different, at least not after the initial push where the heat of Rozanov's cock was so much more apparent. After he was in, Shane realized he probably couldn't really tell the difference.

Except he *knew*, and that was — incendiary. Fucking mind-meltingly hot.

Except he kept thinking that Rozanov was going to finish inside him, leave himself there.

Except that it was incredibly obvious that this felt different to *Rozanov*.

"You okay?" Shane asked, looking back over his shoulder, because Rozanov wasn't moving.

"Shut up," said Rozanov, his jaw locked, his eyes screwed shut. "Don't — don't talk."

Shane grinned, feeling the smile split his face open. God, it was so rare that the tables turned like this. He had Rozanov on the boards. Slowly, Shane raised his ass up just a little, making Rozanov slide in further. Rozanov's breath shuddered out and his mouth moved — probably not realizing Shane was watching — in a silent *wow wow wow*.

"You're not going to go off already, are you?" Shane asked, so amused that he was pulled out of the usual mindlessness of being fucked. "We haven't even gotten started, Roz."

Rozanov's eyes flew open and locked with Shane's. "Is a lot," he said, as though that much weren't already apparent. "Don't worry, I have very good control."

"Okay," said Shane, and wiggled his hips because it had him feeling a little bratty, seeing Rozanov on the edge of losing his shit. Usually he didn't get there until Shane was almost completely gone himself.

"Mm," said Rozanov, shutting his eyes again. "Hold still."

"Make me," said Shane, which was a mistake.

Rozanov moved with his usual mix of speed and strength, shoving Shane down by the nape of his neck, knocking him off his elbows so his shoulders and the side of his face were flat on the mattress.

Shane flailed his arms out instinctively, but Rozanov was faster, snapping up both wrists behind Shane's back in his own two fists. Rozanov used the helpless forward weight of Shane's body to brace himself as he pulled his hips back, then drove forward in a ruthless snap. Shane couldn't stop the explosion of breath and noise that escaped him at this, Rozanov's hard *bare* cock driving perfectly against his prostate. He gave up any idea of resisting in a heartbeat, his shoulders going soft, his arms sagging, knees spreading.

Rozanov let go of his wrists, sensing his capitulation, and took hold of Shane's hips instead, steadying them both as he fucked in and out a few more times.

"Is okay?" said Rozanov, bent over him now, whispering in his ear like he didn't want anyone to hear him asking.

Shane nodded, feeling his mouth open and wet on the bed, mindless. "More," he managed. "Hard."

"You need it," said Rozanov, still curled over Shane, but starting to fuck him in little sexy hip circles.

Shane nodded again. This wasn't news.

"You want my cock," said Rozanov, speeding up.

Shane nodded, breath harsh, fast. It was so *good*; not just the familiar hardness and fullness and drive of Rozanov in him, but the lewd knowledge that there was nothing between them. That Rozanov hadn't ever had this before. That Shane was the one giving it to him.

"You want my spunk," said Rozanov. "You want to keep my come inside you."

"God," Shane choked out, thinking about it.

Rozanov was pushing up behind him again, running his hands down the span of Shane's back — sweaty, slick from their close contact — and grabbing as he went. Squeezed Shane's traps, his sides, his ass. "Oh, Hollander, you want it so bad," Rozanov said in that long-voweled way he said shit when he was really losing it.

Shane had nothing to say to this. He turned his face into the mattress and tried to muffle the sounds that kept escaping him.

"You think if I go deep enough, you could keep it until tomorrow? You could keep it until we're on the ice together, and you will be skating around with my — my —" punctuating this with hard deep thrusts, now, "—my come leaking out of you. Nobody will know but us. We will both know. While everyone watches. My spunk mixing with your sweat."

Shane's mind went blank with white-hot longing, well past any point of embarrassment. He just angled his ass up, grabbed a pillow to hug and possibly shout into, and then Rozanov really fucking let him have it: slap of hip to ass, frantic and deep and fluid.

Usually this would be when Rozanov paused, or reached around, or changed positions so it would be easier for Shane to jerk himself off, but Rozanov's always-working mind seemed to have left the building for once. He was just fucking Shane like an animal and making the small hurt-sounding moans he made before he — when he was about to —

"Oh, fu-u-u-uck," said Rozanov, seizing up, squeezing Shane's ass so hard it would definitely leave bruises. This didn't feel any different either, at least not at first, and then Rozanov rolled his hips a few times, and they both groaned as they felt the fresh slickness of it, Rozanov's cock sliding through his come, inside Shane's body.

Shane could almost come from that alone, but he didn't have time to work himself up to it, because Rozanov was pulling out — slippery, fuck, so *slippery* — and then shoving him over onto his back, dropping down between Shane's thighs and putting his fingers where his cock had just been.

"You are mess," said Rozanov, voice low, purring, breathless. "Look at you," nipping at the insides of Shane's thighs where they were wet with lube and come. "Messy dirty boy."

Shane wanted to grab his cock, but he also wanted to keep listening to Rozanov, watching him down between his legs with his red mouth and white teeth and dark eyes. "Roz," he said, panting. "Please."

"I am fair-minded man," said Rozanov. "I make you messy and leave my spunk inside you. You can do same to me."

Shane didn't need telling twice. He grabbed his cock in his fist — fuck, he was so *wet* — and worked it fast and hard. Just a few times, and then Rozanov was moving close and sucking on the head while he stroked Shane from the inside, and that was — yeah — enough — more than enough. True to his word, Rozanov let Shane come over his full lips, his chin, and then he took Shane's length in his mouth and swallowed the rest. Inside him.

"God damn," said Shane, when he had words again. "Oh, ow, enough with the fingers, Rozanov."

"If I take out my fingers, you will make even bigger mess."

Shane felt a sudden qualm. "Is it — gross? Do you mean it's —"

"No, no," said Rozanov, hasty to reassure, withdrawing his fingers at last. "I only mean — is the mess I usually throw out with the condom, this is all."

"Okay," said Shane, subsiding into the mattress with relief. "Fuck. That was — I mean. Good."

"Yes," said Rozanov, coming up the bed and flopping down beside Shane. "It feels like you are sucking me in. Without condom."

"So it's like you're getting a blowjob and fucking me at the same time?" Shane asked, impressed.

"Yes," said Rozanov. "And your asshole is like. Tight ring. Gliding up and down my cock at same time."

"Jesus, Rozanov," said Shane, embarrassed and also a bit turned on. "Shut up."

"You like it when I tell you," said Rozanov. He grabbed Shane by the nape of his neck to pull him in, kissing his eyebrow, the tip of his nose, as Shane came close. "You like to hear about how it feels, I think."

"Mm," said Shane. "Well, we probably won't get to do it very often like that, so I'm glad you enjoyed it."

Rozanov didn't argue, just tucked Shane's head onto his big shoulder and stroked his fingers through Shane's sweaty hair. Shane could hear his heart pounding slow and hard under his ear. It was a good sound.

But the longer he lay still, the more he became aware of how slippery and sticky he was, lower down. Shane rubbed his thighs together, unsure if he was more disgusted or interested in the sensation. He cleared his throat quietly; more came blurted out. Disgust won.

"I need to shower," said Shane, sitting up. He glanced at his phone on the bedside table — they didn't have long before Rozanov needed to be back for curfew. "Will you be here when I get out?"

Rozanov lifted his head to look at the time himself. "Yes," he said. "I will take quick shower after you're done, then go."

Shane nodded and headed to the shower.

They kissed at the door; they were doing that more often, now. Shane didn't want to think about why.

"I'm still pissed off at you," Shane said, aware that his anger was being actively undermined by the way Rozanov was nibbling his neck.

"You will get over it," said Rozanov, all confidence. His phone buzzed. "Uber is here."

He went, and Shane stood at the top of the stairwell to watch him go, the easy athletic way he took the stairs two at a time, the way he shouldered the door open and lifted a hand in greeting to the unseen driver.

The Metros won.

When they did the line-up at the end of the game to shake hands, Rozanov did a little smirk that probably looked like their usual public enmity, but that made Shane instantly hear the echo of his words: *my spunk mixing with your sweat*.

"I think we really found our rhythm," Shane said to the CBC mic shoved in his face, a few minutes later. "I think we figured out how to get behind their lines."

Jane: I forgot to ask you

Jane: was there really a girl

Jane: like was there really a situation

Jane: or were you just fucking with me

Lily: ...

Lily: why do you think I would lie about this

Jane: Because you thought it was funny to work me up?

Jane: Jesus why do you do anything

Jane: If you hadn't even tested positive yet why did you tell me about it

Jane: Why didn't you wait until there was something to tell

Lily: U are very boring about ur health

Lily: I thought u want to know things like this?

Lily: Was wrong to worry about my girl? 🦊🦊

Lily: To try and protect you? 😭

| *if you care so much maybe you could stop fucking all those girls* |

| *so I just have to keep taking risks if I want to keep doing this?* |

| *you wanted me to be safe?* |

| *I don't belong to you* |

| *I keep thinking about how it felt when you came inside me* |

Jane: No, I was just wondering

Jane: See you in a couple weeks

Jane: Or not

Jane: If you're busy with a new case of genital herpes by then

Jane: 🤔

Lily: 🤔

End Notes

Ilya has a known contact with a partner who tests positive for chlamydia and is exposed because the condom broke (maybe? -- it's hard to tell when he's bullshitting tbh). Both he and Shane do ultimately test negative, which they dumbass-logic into a good reason to have unprotected sex immediately afterwards.

More generally: the fic features the use of the words "clean" and "diseased" to describe negative and positive test results respectively. (Again, the author does not endorse this attitude because sexual health status shouldn't be tied to shame.)

If any of the above would suck for you to engage with, do not engage.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!