

## Ever Thought of Calling When You've Had a Few

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# Ever Thought of Calling When You've Had a Few

by [Trigonometrical](#)

## Summary

“Hollander,” Rozanov breathes. His voice curls down the phone line like shavings of dark chocolate, and the phone pressed to Shane’s ear makes it sound as intimate as a whisper.

Shane clears the crackles of sleep from his throat and props himself on one elbow. “Is everything okay?” he asks, taking a deep breath. They’ve never called each other. That’s not something they do.

Ilya calls Shane after Boston wins the Stanley Cup.

## Notes

Oh Ariana, we're really in it now.

Inspired by [this edit](#) by coconutkola\_ on Instagram, which has ruined my life. Title from "Do I Wanna Know?" by Arctic Monkeys.

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

**June 13, 2014 — Montreal**

Shane can't be caught smiling over Boston's Cup win. He can't, and he knows that in his body like he knows how to breathe, how to find his opening on the ice. Montreal hates Boston, and Hollander hates Rozanov, and Shane hates anyone but himself holding the Stanley Cup. His smile shouldn't be there at *all*, let alone be something soft and tentative, tugging at the corner of Shane's lips like two long fingers sliding into his mouth.

The tears in his eyes, Shane could explain, even if his locker room cred would take a significant hit. Frustration over being bested by Ilya Rozanov, *again*, the fucking asshole. If his teammates came back from the kitchen to a smile, though? If Hayden asked about it, and Shane had to make something up about why he was happy for Rozanov? That would be it. Even if he hasn't spoken to Rozanov since the Olympics. Even if Shane's convinced he didn't *actually* do anything wrong. Rozanov had been a dick for no reason, lashing out at Shane because Shane had been the first one to stop by.

Hollander hates Rozanov. He hates Rozanov for making him feel small, and stupid, and a little naive. He hates that he'd *cared* about Rozanov, and he hates that he still fucking cares, that he can't stop caring. He hates that he's smiling, soft and secret, as Rozanov hefts the Cup over his head and shouts, skyward and defiant.

He hates that he's opening his text messages, even though his brain says, *stupid, stupid, stupid*.

The text thread with Lily is only three rows down, despite not having talked for months. Shane ignores that as he starts to type.

**Jane:** Congrats  
**Jane:** You were great out there.

They're normal texts, boring and impersonal. Similar to what Shane's cousins post on Facebook on his birthday. Rozanov won't respond, and Shane doesn't panic about it, his heart beating against his ribs like the wings of a panicked bird. They aren't—*weren't*—boyfriends, or friends, or teammates. They weren't anything.

Shane presses his phone to his chest just in time; one of the twins vaults herself over the back of the couch, screaming, "Uncle Shane!" directly into his ear. If he's smiling, and feeling like he got slammed into the boards, it's because of her.

—

Shane jerks awake to the sound of his phone ringing, his heart pounding as he fumbles in the dark to pick it up. The room is pitch black, not even a faint hint of dawn starting to peek over the Montreal skyline. He can't see shit.

He slaps the phone on the bedside table, managing to silence the noise. At first, Shane thinks it's an alarm he forgot to turn off. A reminder for a new ad campaign, a strategy meeting in

an hour. But Shane registers the time, 4:15am, half a second before realizing it's a call. The phone nearly slips out of his grip, whacking Shane in the nose before he manages to pick it up.

"Hello?"

"Hollander," Rozanov breathes. His voice curls down the phone line like shavings of dark chocolate, and the phone pressed to Shane's ear makes it sound as intimate as a whisper.

Shane clears the crackles of sleep from his throat and props himself on one elbow. "Is everything okay?" he asks, taking a deep breath. They've never called each other. That's not something they do.

Rozanov hums an affirmative. "Is okay," he says, alongside the distinctive spring-creaking sound of a large body flopping onto a hotel bed. "Wanted to hear you."

"You're fucking kidding me," Shane mumbles, pulling the phone away from his face to check the time again. Instead of returning it to his cheek, Shane turns on the speaker. "It's *four a.m.*, Rozanov."

"Not for me is not," Rozanov says, sounding smug. Sounding *drunk*.

*For the love of—* Shane rubs at his eyes, pressing hard enough that sparks shoot behind his eyelids. "Shouldn't you be celebrating your big win?" Shane says. Proud it comes out just this side of petulant.

Rozanov sighs dramatically. "Did that already," he says. Shane can imagine his dismissive hand gesture, as if Rozanov's flicking the night away from his body. He gets so loose after a couple drinks. "Now I'm in hotel."

Shane does quick mental math; it's only 1 am in Los Angeles. Late for a normal person, certainly, but not for a team celebrating the Stanley Fucking Cup. "Already?" Shane asks, because he can't help himself.

Rozanov hums. "Yes," he says simply. "Was boring without you there."

There's a flutter in Shane's chest, and he presses the heel of his hand to his traitorous heart like he's worrying at a bruise. "You're always calling *me* boring."

Rozanov hums again, but doesn't clarify, even after the silence starts to make Shane itchy.

"What do you need, Rozanov?" Shane asks again. "I'm going to hang up th—"

"What are you wearing?"

"Fuck off," Shane says quickly. His mouth moves before his brain even processes what Rozanov *said*. When he finally catches up, Shane's heart kicks in his chest. "I'm not doing this with you."

Rozanov makes a sad, pitying noise that doesn't affect Shane in the slightest. "Why not?" he pouts. "You're getting hard, yes?"

He is. But it pisses him off that Rozanov can tell.

"Rozanov."

"Hollander," he purrs, soft enough that it feels like fingers trailing down Shane's spine. "Tell me what you are wearing."

Shane sighs and scrubs a hand over his face. Fine. *Fine*. "Boxer briefs and an old t-shirt. I was *sleeping*."

"Hot," Rozanov says, overpronouncing the *t* at the end. "What color?"

Shane can't tell if it's an intentional callback, or if Rozanov's too drunk for that level of finesse. Whichever it is, it makes Shane's face boiling hot. Shane's dick twitches, and he rests his palm over his briefs to calm himself down. It doesn't help.

"Navy blue, why?"

"So I can picture it," Rozanov says simply. "Black ones are nice, but, hmm. Blue ones, is easier to see how wet you get."

*Fuck*. Shane digs the heel of his hand into the soft skin above his cock, and his hips twitch into the pressure.

"Are you really calling me for- for *phone sex*?" Shane asks, as if there's any reasonable doubt at this point. Certainly not with the way Rozanov is breathing into the phone, certainly not with the way Shane's hand is cupped over his own dick. "There weren't any hot women in LA to fuck?"

Rozanov sighs and mumbles something in Russian, slurred even more than usual. To Shane, it sounds like he's speaking around a mouthful of marbles. If he strains, Shane can barely pick out the sound of fabric shuffling together, denim against a hotel comforter.

"What?"

"Wanted you," Rozanov says, presumably clarifying. "But you are not here to suck my dick, so. *Ring ring*."

Shane's hand flexes, his fingernails gently scratching the crease of his thigh. His leg hair's standing on end, and his cock's rapidly filling his underwear. *Fuck*. His arousal always boils like an unwatched pot; Shane blinks, and he's suddenly half hard.

"Go suck your own dick, Rozanov."

"Ah, but you love it so much."

There's more fabric shuffling on Rozanov's end of the phone; an undershirt, maybe, so damp with sweat that it looks two shades darker. Or maybe Rozanov hasn't undressed that far—maybe it's one of his hideous silk shirts. The one with the leopard and the palm trees, maybe.

Not that Shane keeps tabs on what Rozanov's wearing, when he's not on the ice or in Shane's bed.

"Sometimes," Rozanov continues, out of breath—from fighting the buttons, maybe, or maybe from his hand stripping his cock—"think you'd suck my dick all night if we had time. You, *fuck*, almost like it more than bottoming, but is hard to deny you that too."

The words zip straight to Shane's gut—which, it's a little humiliating, that the condescension makes his dick hard—because Rozanov's not wrong. Shane loves sucking his dick. It's what gave him away that afternoon in the showers: how badly Shane wanted to drop to his knees and worship that beautiful cock. A decade of showering with teammates, no incidents, and then—

Shane grunts, rocking into his hand, his cockhead smearing fluid all over the fabric of his underwear. It's highly noticeable, as Rozanov predicted, which prickles at Shane's scalp. Fuck, this would be better and worse if Rozanov could *see*. The facefucking he'd give Shane would almost be worth his smug bravado afterward.

"You'd like this hotel room, Hollander," Rozanov says, interrupting Shane's fantasy. "Soft carpet. For your shitty knees."

Shane rolls his eyes. "My knees are *fine*, Rozanov. Got cleared by—fuck—the team doc already." With instructions to take it easy for the next two weeks, but now's not the time to go over his after visit summary. He kicks off his briefs, hissing at the first slide of his bare palm over his aching cock. It has the added benefit of causing Rozanov to exhale shakily, once he's confirmed that Shane's touching himself, too.

"They'd better be," Rozanov says. "You have many more blowjobs to give me."

"Don't have to be on my knees to blow you," Shane retorts, though in the grand scheme of things, it's pretty weak. "You've got a bed, yeah?"

"Is true, you look pretty between my legs wherever I let you. On a bed, in the shower, in your filthy stairwell when you made me miss curfew—"

Shane scoffs, "Asshole," though he's sure Rozanov can hear his smile. That had been a fun one. "Maybe I'd be in charge for once."

"Oh yeah?" Rozanov says, disbelief and something else foreign and exciting coloring his tone. "Like how?"

Shane pushing the filthy words out of his mouth feels like a newborn calf taking its first steps—hesitant, with the instinct of a prey animal that needs to run soon, and *fast*. He swallows. "I'm just as strong as you. Could hold your hips and- and swallow your whole cock. Finally get you in my throat. I've been pr—"

Shane cuts himself off, but Rozanov curses, always more perceptive than he pretends to be.

“Fuck, Hollander,” he groans. His voice is *broken*.

Rozanov spits loudly, then there’s the telltale wet sound of him fucking his fist. Shane matches Rozanov’s tempo without meaning to. His own cock arcs up toward his belly, heavy and full, impressive when it’s not being directly compared to Rozanov’s fucking beast.

“Have you been practicing with your big dildo?” Rozanov breathes, sounding awed. Sounding *wrecked*. “Wanting to take me so deep?”

Shane had only tried once, and the taste of the silicone made him gag more than the size did, but, *yes*. He hums affirmatively, which makes Rozanov swear again.

“Going to kill me,” Rozanov mutters. He sounds end-of-third-period winded. His cock is probably that beautiful purple-red shade it gets when he’s close, the color that makes Shane’s mouth water. “Want to fuck your face.”

“Y-yeah?” Shane replies, shaking his head when his voice cracks. He polishes his palm over the head of his cock, gathering the wetness there to spread down his shaft. “Just my mouth?”

Rozanov exhales, loud and heavy and masculine. “Everywhere,” he says, as if he were whispering into Shane’s ear. “*Khochu tebya*, want it. You open so easy for me everywhere.”

“No I don’t,” Shane protests weakly, though his dick jumps in agreement. He’s glad Rozanov isn’t here to see how worked up Shane’s gotten from this—

*(but oh, imagine if Ilya were here, in his bed, grasping Shane’s jaw in the palm of his hand as he worked Shane open with the other)*

—how Shane arches greedily into an imperious word and a rough hand on his cock.

“You do,” Rozanov presses, with a soft chuckle that morphs into a cut-off little gasp. The noise is going to haunt Shane’s dreams all summer. “Is not a bad thing, how much you are gagging for it.”

Hot shame pools in Shane’s gut, a direct line to the mounting pressure in his groin. He’s so fucking close, he can taste his orgasm behind his teeth. “You called *me*!” he huffs. “You want this just as bad.”

“Yes, I do,” Rozanov agrees easily, each word punctuated by the punishing, wet sound of his tightened fist. He inhales deeply, as if to say more, but cuts himself off with a shuddering moan. Low, and deep in his chest, a punched-out blissful sort of sound. One of Shane’s favorites after the roar of a packed arena.

Shane’s traitorous heart fills in the gaps Rozanov doesn’t say, even though it drives a wedge of panic into the base of his skull. *Yes, I am also gagging for it. Yes, I miss you. Yes, out of all the people here, I am wishing you were with me instead.*

Shane whines high and tight in his throat, his body crunching in on itself as he spills messily over his fist. He can feel it in his *toes*, and his hips rock forward for one more slide, then another. Drawing it out the way Rozanov would, until Shane shakes from the overstimulation.

“Good boy,” Rozanov says. He ‘s winded, like he really had been here, actively fucking Shane into his own mess just to hear him whimper. If he had been, Shane would have whacked him with a pillow. *Good boy—!* He’s not a fucking *dog*.

“Fuck off,” Shane says instead, laughing as he wipes his messy hand on his boxer briefs. He tosses them across the room before they contaminate the bed any further. “Holy shit, dude.”

“Holy shit, dude,” Rozanov repeats, his accent warping the vowels in a way that flutters in Shane’s chest. “Add it to Perfect Shane Hollander’s talents: good at phone sex.”

“You’re drunk,” Shane deflects, though the praise settles over his body like a warm blanket. “Surprised you could get it up at all.”

Rozanov says something in Russian that Shane assumes means, *how fucking dare you!*, with how ruffled his feathers sound, and it makes Shane laugh, which makes Rozanov (presumably) curse him out even harder.

When the laughter and the cursing dies out, and they lapse into comfortable silence, Shane asks, “You heading back out tonight?” There’s still plenty of time for championship-winning debauchery.

“Mm, no,” Rozanov mumbles sleepily. He yawns, sounding slightly farther away from the phone. “Big day tomorrow. Autographs, TV news, many people want to talk to me.”

Shane rolls his eyes, but does nothing to dampen the smile on his face. It’s not like anyone can see. “Goodnight then, Mr. Popular.”

Rozanov makes a sad little noise. “No,” he mumbles, right on the edge of consciousness. “Stay on the phone?”

Shane’s breath catches. “Wh-what?”

“Until I am asleep,” Rozanov adds. Barely more than a whisper. “Please? Don’t want to—“

He trails off, and Shane can’t tell if Rozanov is searching for the word in English, or if he’s drifted away. Shane isn’t sure which one he’d prefer.

“—Alone,” Rozanov finishes.

The chirp’s easy, and right on the tip of Shane’s tongue. *What me to tuck you in, too, baby boy? Read you a bedtime story?*

“Okay,” Shane murmurs instead. “I’ll stay.”

Rozanov sighs happily, and Shane's heart gives a miserable little *tha-thump* in his chest. This is so fucking stupid.

"Drink some water before you go to bed," Shane adds.

"Russians do not get hangover," Rozanov says proudly, though it's interrupted by a big yawn. More fabric rustles as Rozanov slides under the covers with the grace of a giant bear. "Not like weak Canadians."

"*Weak?* Next season Montreal's gonna beat your ass!"

"I would like to see that," Rozanov says, but it doesn't sound sarcastic. It almost sounds genuine.

This is *so* fucking stupid.

Shane closes his eyes, blinking away the tears gathering there. They can't do this. Next week, Shane will see him at the MLH awards, and things will go back to how they're *supposed* to. Montreal versus Boston, Hollander versus Rozanov, Shane versus his traitorous fucking heart.

"Goodnight," Rozanov mumbles sleepily. Shane stays on the phone until Rozanov's breathing evens out, a soft and steady presence on the other end of the line.

## End Notes

EDIT: I have a tumblr now because I got tired of lurking and needed to better curate my feed. Find me at [trigonometer](#) if finding's what you wanna do.

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