Boyfriend Hoodie

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Boyfriend Hoodie

by Anonymous

Summary

Shane accidentally steals Ilya’s jacket. And he just decides to... not give it back.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

It doesn’t happen on purpose.

Rozanov leaves after coming to Shane’s place for the first time. He’s honestly very nice, during and after taking his gay virginity, and Shane feels a bit like he’s floating.

Rozanov was good at what he did, making sure that Shane was okay and felt good (more than good) while also being addictively firm and dominant. It made Shane feel a way he’s never felt before, not outside of their interactions, not even in his fantasies. Even the way he was infuriating was aggravatingly sexy. After all his worries, it had been even better than Shane could’ve expected.

He goes to see Rozanov out, and Rozanov leans in for a sweet kiss, gentle and almost reverent. Shane feels so happy he can’t really breathe, let alone think.

So it isn’t until a minute or two after the stairwell door closes behind Rozanov with a thunk that Shane realizes he’s still holding onto Rozanov’s hoodie.

He’d been meaning to give it back to him, but he won’t deny he was kind of clinging to it a bit like a security blanket. It was warm and thick and smelled a little like him.

After his brain realizes, it takes a second to come to the following realization that Rozanov is definitely gone by now, so Shane can’t give it back. Twin feelings of worry and delight twinge in his stomach at the same time.

He needs to keep track of it, hold onto it until he can give it back to Rozanov. That implies that they’re going to see each other again.

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Shane hangs the hoodie up in his closet, pretending like he doesn’t even care that it’s there.

He can’t stop thinking about it.

It just hangs there, in between his other clothes, and Shane periodically remembers it, pictures it.

It’s stupid, because it’s just a plain black hoodie. It has a black embroidered logo on the front and the tag is in Cyrillic, but that’s all that distinguishes it. It probably isn’t anything special. Rozanov may not even realize it’s missing or want it back.

The day after he puts it in the closet, he takes it out and smells it. He knows the smell will fade soon and he can’t help it. He reminds himself that no one will know whether he did this or not, they don’t even know he has it, so no one can make fun of him.

The scent lingers for now. He buries his face in the collar and inhales deeply. It smells like Rozanov, like the spicy cologne that he wore that night. Faintly underneath that are traces of the man himself, the smell that he knows from being pinned to the bed with his nose in Rozanov’s throat. The smell of skin and sweat and man, the lingering scent of a hockey player after a game.

He takes in a few deep gulps. The skin at the back of his neck prickles, embarrassed, yet turned on. His hand goes to his lap. *Fuck*.

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Shane washes the hoodie and hangs it back up. It definitely doesn’t smell like Rozanov anymore. He hates that he’s kind of sad about that.

He still can’t help but think about it, back in the corner of his closet. Can’t help but feel a slight tinge of shame, in addition to the thrill it gives him.

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Rozanov was an asshole at the Olympics.

He wouldn't talk to Shane and acted like he was a nuisance, even though Shane *knows* that he doesn't really feel that way about him. His assholery has always been more catty and foreplay than this. At least when it was directed at Shane.

He doesn't know what crawled up Rozanov's ass and died, but it doesn't mean he should get to be a dick to Shane over it.

Still, he could tell something was going on, and he hates that it makes him worry. He thinks about the hoodie in the back of his closet.

Rozanov doesn't deserve him to hold onto it. He should just get rid of it. Even if he remembers and wants it back, Shane shouldn't care. It's just a black hoodie, it can be replaced. Rozanov is rich as hell.

Shane goes home and he doesn't touch it. He purposely thinks about not thinking about it. Whatever.

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Rozanov was still a dick at Vegas. The sex was good, though.

Shane had almost forgotten how good it feels. Whenever Rozanov touched him, especially skin to skin, it made his head go hazy. He would've gone to his knees in that shitty bathroom if Rozanov had really told him to. Which is bad.

Then Rozanov had made Shane touch himself while he just watched. That made him feel like electricity was pounding through his veins.

The sex was good, yeah, but Rozanov was distant after. He wanted Shane to go, he could tell. And they didn't even kiss...

He knows Rozanov likes kissing. Liked kissing him.

He gets back to Montreal and finds himself rummaging in the closet.

He pulls out the hoodie and ignores the part of his brain that's telling him he's stupid, childish, to pull it to his chest. He holds it close, taking a few deep breaths.

It does feel like a security blanket, in a way. The material is thick and soft.

He slips it on.

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Shane likes wearing the hoodie. It's not stupid, it's just a cozy hoodie. It's big and warm, enveloping him like he's smaller than he really is. Who cares if he wears it when he needs a little comfort, or when he's feeling an ache for skin on his skin? He doesn't really have time or the luxury to touch other people, so this will do.

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They have sex again. And over and over again.

Shane pretends like he doesn't have something he needs to give back. He doesn't really, the hoodie is basically his now. Rozanov clearly doesn't care about it or even remember it. There's nothing for him to be embarrassed about.

What they have is good, really good.

Until it’s too much.

Rozanov at his house was too soft. It was almost... domestic.

He asked him to stay, spooned him from behind, and made him a fucking tuna melt. What the fuck? He’d called him *Shane*.

And yet he talked easily about all his conquests, how many girls he gets all the time. Shane couldn’t help but think about how barely anyone else has touched him the way Ilya has. Especially not lately.

Ilya, no, Rozanov, wants a girl to settle down with. And they can’t be doing this.

When Shane gets home, he grabs the hoodie that’s resting on the corner of his bed and he buries it in a pile in the back corner of the closet.

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Rose is amazing. She’s really a wonderful person, and he likes spending time with her.

But he goes home and he feels unsatisfied. He works out, he watches the sports channel... he wears the hoodie.

He shouldn’t have pulled it back out. He should’ve gotten rid of it, donated it or thrown it out. But the itch under his skin gets worse and this is the only thing that somewhat soothes it.

He even... Well, he won't admit it to anyone, but he finds his hands drifting downward when he wears it once. It's not strange, it's basically just his comfy loungewear. He's allowed to jerk himself off at home, alone, lounging. He's feeling so pent up.

He gets a grip around himself and he tries to think of nothing, just the sensation of a hand and a little lotion on his cock. It's slick and tight. His face sinks into the hoodie. It's soft and it hides him. Various images flash through his head and he tries not to focus on them. It doesn't matter what gets him off in the end.

And maybe that's not the last time he does that.

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Rose breaks up with him, and he feels bad that he feels free.

She says he shouldn't feel bad about it. She really is a good person.

Ilya looks good at the All-Star game. His shirts, when he does wear them, show off his chest. And he plays with the kids so nicely.

It's amazing to be on the same team as him. Shane feels like he's flying, and he knows Ilya feels it too with his broad smiles and their nearly telepathic communication on the ice.

Even if he was a bit of a dick in the hotel room, Shane feels like they're really making progress. He felt close when they held each other, when Ilya opened up to him. It makes something like hope flutter in his chest.

They fuck before a game for the first time, Shane throwing on clothes to go and meet him even as he texts back that he won't.

He doesn't feel bad when he goes home and puts on the hoodie afterward.

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Ilya is in Russia and his dad is dead. Shane aches to think about him. He knows they had a complicated relationship, and it's clear that Ilya is hurting.

When Ilya calls for the first time, Shane is in bed. He doesn't realize until after he's accepted the call that he's wearing the hoodie, but Ilya doesn't seem to notice it. He just starts talking about Shane's glasses.

He's glad to see Ilya, even though he's pretending like nothing gets to him. He wants to make him happy, easily pulling off his clothes for him. Ilya's fetish for his glasses is a bit embarrassing, even though it also fills him with warmth.

After that, Shane packs the hoodie in his away bag for the first time when they go to their next game. It feels like breaking a seal to bring it outside his house, into the real world. It feels freeing, like he's breaking down barriers he's put up.

He feels closer to Ilya when he wears it, all the way in Russia, even though there's no legitimate reason for that.

When Ilya calls again, he's wearing it. He sits in the stairwell, letting the sound of Ilya speaking Russian wash over him as he's wrapped up in his clothes.

***

Shane is recovering at home.

It's frustrating, not being able to move or do much, being knocked out of the season, and with his parents hovering around. But at least he's healing, and he's feeling better.

He often wears the hoodie, a secret under his sling. It was nice of Ilya to visit him in the hospital. He's a bit embarrassed by how he asked, but he hopes Ilya does come to the cottage over the summer. For now, he has the hoodie to hold him through this.

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Ilya looks at him, eyes narrowing. "Is that my hoodie?"

Shane feels trapped, mouth dropping open. He didn't even think about putting it on earlier.

Ilya is at the cottage, something that makes Shane light up inside whenever he thinks about it. Fucking thanks to Scott Hunter for losing his mind and deciding to kiss a guy on the ice. Everything feels so much more possible now, even if it's all still so out of reach.

"... Maybe," he gets out.

Ilya's eyes dance, and a smirk starts growing on his face. "And why do you have a hoodie of mine, Hollander?"

"... You left it."

Shane's heart rate is pounding in his ears. Is this a step too far? Does he look too obsessive, does Ilya think that he stole it? Did he *not* steal it?

Ilya stalks in closer, looking down at him and tracing a hand over his chest. It drifts down and cups Shane's waist, bunching up the fabric. Then his fingers slide under the hemline to start exploring up Shane's abs, his stomach. He tilts Shane's head back with the other hand and kisses him, slow and powerful. Shane's knees feel weak.

Ilya pulls back, the hand at his face reaching behind him to go into the collar. He twists it and pulls at the tag, looking in delight at the Russian text on it. Shane's face is very red, he

knows, but he holds still, hanging on for Ilya's next words.

"You look good in my clothes," comes the heated response. Ilya's eyes are half-lidded, his pupils dilated. Shane lets his own eyes flutter shut as the hand under the hoodie trails heatedly up his chest.

"You look so small and cute," Ilya crows.

"I'm not that much smaller than you," Shane protests, but he can't focus too hard as Ilya's nails brush over his nipple.

"You are, you are so small that it's a miracle you don't get knocked around on the ice more," Ilya teases, lips at Shane's throat while he gropes Shane's chest. "Probably because you are goody two shoes and don't get into fights." He lands kisses over his neck. "Mm, you look good wrapped up like this. A present for me."

He sucks a hot, wet kiss into Shane's neck. Shane's hands fly to Ilya's back, holding him tight against him. Ilya huffs a laugh into him but keeps kissing, ending with a bite that could've actually made Shane fall over if he wasn't clinging to Ilya's shoulders and Ilya didn't have a good hold on his torso. Fuck, he can leave marks now.

He can feel Ilya's smile against his neck, huge and toothy, and the hot breath of air he lets out as he laughs. Both of Ilya's hands are on his waist now, underneath the fabric and holding him firmly.

"I will leave more clothes here and you will wear them," he says. It's not a question, it's a command.

"Okay," Shane breathes, pulling desperately at Ilya's shoulders. He wants him closer.

"And I will fuck you in this." Ilya starts walking, pulling him to the bedroom. "Just this."

Shane shivers. “*Please*.”

End Notes

Ilya definitely asks later how many times Shane has gotten off while wearing his hoodie. He's disappointed to hear that Shane hasn't even fucked himself in it, just jerked off, and makes Shane fuck himself with a dildo while wearing his clothes later.

Also, I wrote this whole thing and then looked back before the scene and realized it wasn't a hoodie that Ilya was wearing. But it works best with a hoodie, so that's what it is.

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