

play destroy

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by [kneeinjury](#).

Summary

Shane is silent for so long that Rozanov leans, slouching against the doorframe, and raises his eyebrows at him expectantly. “Yes? You are selling bibles?”

“You fucked my girlfriend.” It tears out of him.

“Ah,” Rozanov drawls, as if the thought is just now occurring to him, “yes. I did.”

↳ [based on a tweet](#)

Notes

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

In the end, Shane never says anything to Rozanov about the shower. He flushes and takes a deep breath when Rozanov follows him to the lockers, but he can't bring himself to look up, can't open his mouth more than a fraction of an inch. He just swallows around something hard and thorny in his throat, presses his lips together, and puts his other shoe on.

Whatever Rozanov wanted from him disappears down the shower drain, and Shane drives back to Ottawa.

It's not like he never sees him. Like he said after the draft, Montreal and Boston play each other often, and even if they weren't in the same conference, Shane and Rozanov's little manufactured rivalry gets pulled out and touted at every PR event the league can think of, so Shane has to get used to the consistent irritation of Ilya Rozanov in his life.

Maybe the tension is because they're so different; Rozanov is a consummate shit-talker, never lets a language barrier stop him from maintaining a near-endless stream of persistent chirping no matter who's around. Anyone is a potential target, nothing is off limits.

Shane wouldn't know how to chirp effectively even if he wanted to. He knows it's bad because JJ has taken to thumping him on the back like a proud older brother every time Shane gets irritated enough to tell someone blandly to go fuck themselves.

And the most annoying thing about Rozanov is he's too goddamn talented to just write him off as a pest. Loud, yes. Obnoxious, yes. Foul-mouthed and offensive in two languages, of course. But he's too fucking fast and his hands are too fucking soft and he's nipping at the heels of Shane's point total too closely for him to be anything but a genuine threat, so ignoring him is simply not an option.

"Hollander! Maybe you forget, it's been so long since you come to Boston, we do not put puck in goal for you. Is point of game, yes? You will get there," Rozanov tells him genially after a disastrous forecheck attempt that left Montreal with a penalty to kill. He skates off before Shane can do anything more than glare at him, and Shane just watches as he glides gracefully — too gracefully, frankly, for a player of his size, it's obscene — back to the bench.

Ignoring him is definitely not an option.

“Sorry about your goal, boys,” Shane hears coming up behind him. He bends over and props his stick on his knees, drifting slightly while he watches a cluster of striped shirts deliberate over alleged goalie interference across the ice.

“Eat a dick, Rozanov,” Hayden drawls, resting his chin on the butt of his stick.

Rozanov circles them smoothly. “This your new liney, Hollander? блять. Ugly fucker, ah? I think maybe they get pretty wing for pretty center, this is very sad.”

“Fuck *off*, Rozanov,” Shane snaps, praying the flush of exertion is enough to cover any other reddening that might be happening on his face.

Rozanov just winks at him before obeying.

Hayden snorts. “He’s in a good mood.”

“Maybe he got laid last night,” Shane grumbles, trying not to picture it.

“Nah, he just likes you the most,” Hayden says, and taps Shane on the ass with his stick.

It gets to the point that people off the ice start to notice it. He’s on a third date with one of Hayden’s sister’s friends at some stupid gastropub downtown staring at the menu trying to figure out if the garnishes on the beef tartare count as macrobiotic in nature when she brings it up.

“So, Rozanov is a big fan of yours, huh?” She looks at him over the rim of her pilsner, blue eyes bright behind long lashes. There’s something nearly impish about her, a humor that seems like it’s constantly just on the verge of going a little too far, and she makes Shane laugh a lot.

“What?” he asks, the beginning of a smile playing on his mouth.

Noémie grins and shrugs. “He was up your ass last night, couldn’t get enough of you.”

“Oh,” Shane says uselessly. “He’s always like that, honestly.”

“Really? That’s cute,” she makes a little *aw* face and turns back to the menu.

Cute. Shane has used a lot of words to describe Rozanov over the years, most of them in the privacy of his own head, but cute has never been one of them.

“He’s an asshole,” he says, trying to shake it off, but Noémie laughs and shakes her head, dark blonde curls sliding over her shoulder. He wants to wrap his finger in the one on her collar bone, defined in a perfect tight S shape.

“Nah, he’s just pulling your pigtails,” she says, and Shane stills. He blinks several times, trying to clear the odd haze that seems to cloud his vision all of a sudden. Noémie looks up at him oddly.

“Oh, come on, Shane, don’t tell me you’re a—”

“No, no,” Shane frowns, shaking his head vehemently, “I have no problem with— with gay people, or my own— I don’t care, honestly. My dad loves k.d. lang.”

Her shoulders relax. “Okay, good. I would have had to kick Hayden’s ass if he’d set me up with a Conservative.”

Shane scoffs. “I use pride tape every year.”

“The bar is in hell.”

He laughs, staring over her shoulder at the snow drifting slowly outside the window. He wonders if it’ll stick. He wonders if it’s snowing in Boston.

If he wasn’t so goddamn annoying, Shane would be inclined to believe Hayden and Noémie. Rozanov becomes something of a touchstone for Shane, a nearly soothing consistency that helps to reorient the world when his grip gets so tight it starts choking out oxygen. He loses a game, Rozanov is there to chirp him about it the next time he’s in Boston. He wins one, Rozanov will be in Montreal soon to find a way to make it embarrassing for Shane. He gets a hat trick and coasts into a hot streak right in the thick of the playoff push and two weeks later Rozanov finds him at the All Star Game to circle him like a particularly indolent tiger shark,

yapping his head off about how sweet it is that Shane's really taking this playoff dream seriously this year and how much Rozanov hates to crush a kid's dreams, but such is life.

But this, he can't really get a good read on either way; at the social events Rozanov is as sunny and handsy with Shane as he is with the rest of the All Stars, loud and obnoxious, of course, but possessed of a general gregariousness that Shane finds both hard to tolerate and impossible to dislike. He feels completely off kilter.

"Hollander, you are like princess, you know this?" He's beaming at Shane, a mostly-empty beer bottle dangling from the hand he's got slung over Shane's shoulder, and Shane frowns and tries not to flush, hopes it looks like Miami sun.

"What?"

"Princess! With the beast! Just like princess, you were fucking beauty today," Rozanov croons at him, reaching up with a hand dripping with cold condensation, and Shane realizes as his fingers pinch his cheeks together that Rozanov has swapped beer bottles when he wasn't looking. "I am almost okay to lose this weekend, when you play like this. Your hands." He darts a glance over at the ginger ale tightening in Shane's grip.

"Oh," Shane says, squished. He shakes his head away from Rozanov's hold, blinking furiously as his stomach starts to tighten and roll in on itself, sending a tingling feeling running all the way down through his fingernails and leg hair.

Most of the other guys are camped around them at the hotel bar in varying states of sobriety, all clapping each other on the back with the ease that tracks them through the weekend, any real sense of competition left at home in their franchise gear.

Rozanov is still smiling at him, loose and golden and Shane wonders how many he's had. He didn't think Russians could get drunk. That's what Kholodov told him when he was a rookie, at least, and Shane knows better than to discount freaky goalie wisdom when it comes from someone like Kholodov.

But Rozanov is looking at him with eyes a little too bright, flush a little too warm across his cheeks, and Shane wonders what he sees. He can feel his gaze drifting, magnetized to the bow-shaped curve of Rozanov's upper lip, and has to consciously yank his eyes away. When he looks back up, though, Rozanov is looking at *his* mouth.

One of his fingers brushes against the hair on the back of Shane's head, sending a shiver crashing into his nervous system, and he has to fight not to let his eyelids shutter.

"Roz! We're doing shots!"

It's a half a beat before Rozanov turns his head, and the loss of his eyes on Shane's face feels like the floor falling out from under him. Shane swallows down a mouthful of spit and turns toward the bar.

A cold, damp fingertip drags along the nape of his neck.

Even after the sun goes down, the night is hideously sticky. Shane peeled off his dumb fucking sport coat early in the afternoon, and it's still collecting sweat hanging over his elbow as he makes his way back up to the hotel from the beachside bar. He scuffs lazily at the asphalt of the parking lot, feeling oddly worn out and hollow. Florida always puts him in a bad mood.

"Even in Miami, you cannot have good time."

He looks up. Rozanov is propped up against a light pole at the far end of the lot, the cherry of a cigarette whiling away between his fingers.

"What?"

"Still mad, at game, at bar, at beach. All Stars is supposed to be fun, yes?"

"I'm not mad," Shane says, and his tongue feels like dead weight in his mouth. "Why would I be mad?"

Rozanov shrugs, takes a drag. "You tell me."

A singular beer rattles around in his head when he shakes it: seventy-four calories, three point three carbohydrates, four point one percent ABV. A concession to the bye week, to the shot accuracy loss, to having to stand on the beach with no idea what to do with his hands. And now this: Ilya Rozanov, in his ear again, making shit up to be annoyed with Shane about.

"I thought we—" he snaps his mouth shut and physically bites his tongue. *I thought we were cool?* Jesus fucking Christ, Hollander.

Rozanov tilts his face toward Shane, shadow falling over his glacial features. This feels like a shakedown.

"Never mind," Shane says tonelessly, and sticks his hand in his pocket to find his hotel keycard, only for his fingers to close around some lint and a gum wrapper.

"This is your problem, Hollander, you are too fucking pretty. You think you get everything, is easy for you, no problems. Hollander ask, okay, yes, he get it, nobody ask questions, nobody tell him no. блять."

His face is tighter than Shane has ever seen it, eyes flat and steel blue. One side of the perfect, artistic curve of his upper lip is ticked up higher than the other, and Shane curls his fist in his pocket, digging short fingernails into his palm when his hand makes an abortive movement. The skin of his thumb burns a bit.

With the way the light is falling from the buzzing yellow streetlamp overhead, Rozanov looks like the cover of a detective novel from the 20s, or playbill art for some one man show about an alcoholic journalist that his dad would be really into. Shane blinks.

“What the fuck are you talking about?”

Rozanov just flicks a fall of ash to the ground lazily.

“Easy?”

Rozanov lifts his head, lids low, and his stare feels like it puts a real, burning hole into Shane’s forehead. “Yes. Is easy. All of,” he lifts his hand and makes a sloppy circling motion with his index finger in Shane’s general direction, “all of it. Your life.”

“You’re fucking drunk.”

He shrugs, apathetic. Or trying to be. “Maybe. Maybe not.”

That’s not what you’re supposed to say, Shane thinks hysterically. This whole weekend has been so disorienting, Shane feels like he’s lost an eye, like he’s been robbed of his depth perception and all the stability that goes along with it.

“None of this is easy for me, you asshole, nothing is ever *easy* for me. I’ve had to—” he bites his own voice off, shaking his head and looking away from the morose slouch of Rozanov’s mouth. “You don’t know anything about me.”

For some reason, that makes Rozanov wince. He blinks several times and rubs a hand over his face roughly.

“Okay, Hollander,” his voice is scraped raw. Too much to drink, too many cigarettes, too much time thrumming and pulsing and vital around everyone they know, exerting effort Shane doesn’t know how to find.

Putting in work was never a problem for Shane, before.

He stares at the smoke siphoning away from Rozanov’s hand into the night and wishes he didn’t wish for things. Rozanov watches him too closely for someone as drunk as he’s supposed to be, but Shane doesn’t see that. He only sees the thumbnail biting into the skin of a knuckle, index finger rough and dry and cracked even here, even drenched in humidity and day drinking, and thinks it’s amazing that that finger was gliding smooth and comfortable along the back of his neck four hours ago.

Noémie picks him up from the airport after Miami with a tall plastic cup in hand, full of brown-green juice from his favorite smoothie spot.

“Oh, my god, you’re the best,” Shane says, taking it from her while she hums fondly at him.

“I don’t know how you eat that shit, I really don’t.”

“Well, it’s juice, so I don’t eat it, technically,” he says around the straw. Noémie rolls her eyes and pulls onto the freeway.

“Make sure you donate your body to science so we can all see what your guts look like when you die, I bet it looks crazy in there.”

“Don’t talk about my guts while I’m eating.” Shane makes a face.

Noémie slaps the back of her hand at his chest. “So you *are* eating!”

“I literally just got back, can you leave me alone?” He reaches for her wrist, but he’s laughing, and so is she, and he lets her pull his hand into hers and lace their fingers together.

They beat Boston on home ice; Shane’s shoulder gets tweaked a little in a scuffle with St. Simon, but he wins the puck back and sends it bar down three seconds later, so he’s not too put out by it.

Rozanov doesn’t speak to him all night.

They face off against each other a couple of times and his eyes are just as hot as ever, so blue it hurts to look at them, but instead of the chirping Shane has come to find familiar he just spits on the ice and looks down at the glaring red of the faceoff spot beneath them.

Shane loses the puck both times.

The dressing room is buzzing with the usual post-win energy, lust for celebratory hedonism running from the rookies to the vets, but Shane can't seem to muster up the same enthusiasm. He begs off the bars by mentioning his shoulder, and while it does hurt, he only spends ten minutes in physio getting poked and prodded by one of the trainers. She tapes him up and says to ice it but that she's not particularly worried, and Shane nods vacantly before heading out the garage, keyring digging painfully into his palm. His suit is sloppy, shirt untucked, tie and belt clutched in one hand, and he feels vaguely nauseous.

When he gets home, all the lights are off and the living room feels bigger than it normally does. He turns the tv on while he gets ready for bed and stands in the doorway to the en suite with his toothbrush in his mouth for five minutes while he watches the recap of the game on SportsNet.

Even the commentators have something to say about Rozanov's subdued behavior.

10:14AM

Do you think you're the best boyfriend in the entire world

10:19AM

What?

10:22AM

You heard me

10:31AM

I mean if we're speaking statistically, probably not

10:46AM

Well would u like to change that

“Couldn’t you have just hired movers? I thought lawyers were supposed to make good money.” Shane stands in Noémie’s living room staring at the sectional she wants in a different corner.

“I’m a junior associate, asshole, and why would I do that when I have a perfectly good meathead boyfriend who only uses his muscles like twice a week?” She hands him one of the lime seltzers he likes and grins at him.

“*Meathead?* I’m going home,” Shane says, and turns toward the front door before Noémie catches him by the elbow, laughing and kissing at his jaw.

“No, you’re right, I’m sorry. You’re not a meathead. You’re too neurotic to be a meathead.”

“Never heard that one before,” he says mildly. “Are we rearranging the whole room, or what?”

“No, I think I just want the tv under the window instead,” Noémie says, pointing at the wall across the room from where she’s standing. Shane frowns.

“Won’t it block all the natural light?”

She squints at the window for a moment and then shrugs. “I don’t know. I just want to not have the glare when I’m trying to watch tv during the day.”

Shane wonders how much tv she’s watching during the day. He rarely turns his on before dinnertime, and even then, mostly on the weekends. He shrugs back at her and says “okay.”

The sofa’s not particularly heavy, just bulky and awkward, and it takes a lot of shuffling and swearing between the two of them before they get it to the right position. The rug gets kicked around and folded a lot, and almost trips Shane twice before he reaches down to fix it. In the tussle, a white rectangle has slid out of the cushions of the couch, and when Shane picks it up he finds it’s a hotel keycard in a little paper sleeve, *Le Centre Sheraton Montreal* printed on one side. He frowns. Why would Noémie be staying at a hotel downtown? And why the one right next to Metros arena?

He flips it over and feels his heart sink to his shoes. Written in the hasty but clear handwriting of a harried travel manager, he finds:

5037

Rozanov

It's another month before he's in Boston again, and the fleeting warmth of a false spring lays teasingly over the city. The glossy walnut of Rozanov's front door is sun-warmed under his fist as he pounds at it furiously.

When it swings open under his hand, Shane is somehow surprised to see Rozanov standing in front of him; this whole plan was so stupid it seemed like some macho revenge fantasy, something that would never actually come to pass.

But here he is. In Boston. Staring at Ilya Rozanov's bare chest and blue eyes, completely unsure what his next step is.

Shane is silent for so long that Rozanov leans, slouching against the doorframe, and raises his eyebrows at him expectantly. "Yes? You are selling bibles?"

"You fucked my girlfriend." It tears out of him.

"Ah," Rozanov drawls, as if the thought is just now occurring to him, "yes. I did."

Shane spent the whole plane ride down, the bus ride to the airport, the Uber ride to the address he'd dragged out of the second line defenseman they'd acquired two months ago from Boston, the walk up the driveway— every moment until now, he had spent picturing this confrontation. Not once did he consider the possibility of Rozanov happily admitting to having sex with Shane's girlfriend.

Shane gapes at him stupidly for a long minute. When it starts getting weird, Rozanov's face begins lifting, brightening. Amusement settles in his eyes and his mouth ticks upward at the corners. Shane's hands curl into fists of their own volition.

"If you want me to know how much you hate me, then do it like a man and just beat the shit out of me, all right? You don't need to try to fucking ruin my life like this, you *asshole*."

Rozanov blinks at him, rapid fluttering of long blonde lashes over irises that seem improbably blue all of a sudden. Shane grinds his teeth, and then Rozanov is *laughing*.

“Is not your life I want to ruin, Hollander,” he says, and he’s so obnoxiously handsome while he laughs at Shane’s misery that Shane wonders for a moment if perhaps in a past life he was the head orphan crusher at the orphan crushing factory.

“What?” he says, voice sharp and bitter.

Rozanov’s laugh fades to a smile. “You very pretty when you’re mad, you know this?”

“What the hell is happening,” Shane says flatly.

“Do you want to know what I did to her?”

For a moment, Shane thinks that this is it, this is going to be the first time he tries to lay hands on a man off the ice, because the heat pumping through his veins is so loud he can’t hear anything, and he wants to put his hands around Rozanov’s throat, he wants to push his face into the dirt, he wants to stick his fingers in—

And then the urge fades, nearly as quickly as it came, because Shane realizes with a sick, cold lurch that he’s not even upset that Noémie slept with someone else.

He’s pissed that *Rozanov* slept with *her*.

Shane moves forward, propelled by the rage still yet to sink back beneath his skin, and plants a hand on Rozanov’s firm, bare chest to shove him back into the foyer of his own house, swinging the door shut behind him so nobody has a chance to get a better look at the two biggest stars in the NHL yelling at each other in broad daylight. Rozanov just continues to grin at him, falling back into the house easily.

In the back of his mind, there’s an awareness that Rozanov shifted under Shane’s touch like that because he wanted to. Shane’s been on the receiving end of one too many of his body checks to think that his own bulk is enough to push around two hundred pounds of Russian in his own home. Something in him warms. He swallows the thought.

“You’re fucking sick,” Shane spits at him.

Rozanov tilts his head at him a bit. “She says something like that too, I think. Was kind of hard to hear, though, her—” he gestures broadly toward his own face, “—head was sort of in pillow, so... who can be sure.”

Shane gapes, mouth opening and closing. What the fuck is wrong with this guy?

“Do you want to know? I can tell you, if you want,” he says casually, walking toward the main area of his house with his hands in the pockets of his stupid fucking joggers. Shane glares at his back as he toes his shoes off by the door. He takes a step, then turns back to make sure they’re lined up evenly.

“I can tell you everything I did to her. Might take a while, but game tomorrow is afternoon, so. We have time.” Rozanov shrugs, leaning back against a smooth marble countertop. Shane looks around and realizes that he’s followed him into the kitchen, drawn to the deep timbre of his voice and the shifting of rolling muscles under the skin of his back.

He doesn’t say anything. He feels numb. Rozanov takes this as tacit permission to keep talking. Maybe it is.

“I’m in Montreal, yes? Three weeks ago, four? Yes. Is boring city mostly, but a good club downtown, maybe you have been. Ciel? Good DJ, Swedish. Tall, weird face—” he shakes his head, distracted, “I’m seeing this pretty girl, she is dancing alone, is very sad. Lot of hair, blonde hair, nice pretty hair, is this nice thing I like when girl straights— straights? She makes her hair straight.”

He frowns at Shane, clearly looking for the right word. Shane swallows.

“Straightens.”

Rozanov beams at him. “Straightens. Girl straightens her hair, she goes dancing, hair is curly at face and neck. Is cute, I think.”

Shane can’t even speak. He’s in Ilya Rozanov’s kitchen on a Thursday evening listening to a half-naked Ilya Rozanov describe in detail what he likes about Shane’s girlfriend’s hair, because Ilya Rozanov fucked Shane’s girlfriend. It defies logic.

Rozanov is still talking. Rozanov is *always* talking.

“...all alone, and she says her lame boyfriend is in bed because he is very bad at hockey and needs hundred hours of sleep before he plays game.” Rozanov glances up at him expectantly, and the smooth openness of his face makes him look oddly young for a moment. Shane knows he’s expecting some clumsy, spitting retort, but frankly all the nerves in his body have gone completely numb, and he just stands there frozen until Rozanov shrugs and continues.

“And I am thinking maybe she looks familiar, but does not matter, because she has no one to dance with her, so yes, of course, I dance with her. I am gentleman. And so I tell her she is pretty, is terrible her stupid boring boyfriend is not here, and maybe she still can have fun night without him because I am here.”

Still, Shane can offer him nothing. Rozanov starts to look almost gleeful, and goes rummaging through his fridge, pouring Shane some water and kindly adding a slice of lemon before handing it to him and continuing.

“I am gentleman, of course, so I am very sweet to pretty girl and tell her I want to touch her and she says okay, yes, please touch me, so I am touching her, and she asks me come home with her, and I say yes of course, and then I am in her house and she is so wet, Hollander, you would not believe how wet this girl is—”

Shane takes a painful gulp of his water.

“She is tall for girl. Almost as tall as me, I think.” Rozanov pauses, cocks his head at Shane, eyes a little too bright. “Anyway, I am eating her pussy and she makes pretty noises, she comes so fast, I thought maybe is not real at first but—” he grins, huffs a little laugh through his nose and spreads his hands wide as if to say *come on*— “this has never been problem for me.”

“You’re fucking— you’re insane,” Shane stammers, blinking rapidly as if to clear the image of Rozanov standing in front of him describing how he ate Shane’s girlfriend out.

Rozanov shrugs and pours himself a glass of water. His throat must be dry from this long exercise of the oral tradition. Shane wonders if Greek orators ever waxed poetic about eating pussy.

“Maybe. Was good sex, though, she is very hot. I was maybe not my best for her, though, was very... thinking about other things?”

“Distracted,” Shane says distantly.

“Distracted, yes, was very distracted whole time, looking around her room while I am fucking her, I am thinking maybe he has left shirt here, or socks. She does not have pictures of you so I have nothing nice to look at— I am fucking her from behind,” he explains generously, “nice ass but I like a pretty face, of course. Anyway. No pictures of you, was hoping maybe jersey with your number, or—”

Shane flinches, his whole body going hot and cold as he tries in vain to process what exactly Rozanov is telling him. It doesn’t go down smooth.

“You *knew*! You knew the whole time, you fucking asshole.” And Shane understood this, maybe from the moment he showed up on Rozanov’s doorstep, maybe before, that Ilya knew exactly who he was fucking from the moment he laid eyes on her. But hearing it straight from Rozanov’s mouth— the mouth he used to make Noémie come, Shane reminds himself acidly — makes something in him jolt with a hated electricity.

And then he feels dizzy as it hits him belatedly that, yes, Rozanov knew he was fucking Shane’s girlfriend, but more crucially— confusingly, hornily?— he was thinking about Shane the whole time.

“You... why were you...”

“Oh, my god, Hollander, you are supposed to be high IQ guy?”

“You were thinking about me while you were having sex? With my *girlfriend*?”

Rozanov makes a pert face, shrugs again, nonchalant, broad shoulders rippling in such a distracting movement that it takes Shane another beat to hear him when he says, “I can just show you, if is easier for you to understand.”

Blanching, Shane says, “what.”

And then Rozanov stalks toward him so slowly it reminds him of one of his nature documentaries, the beautiful high definition ones that he likes to watch before bed. It reminds him of the way a leopard pads silently through the underbrush on its way to put its teeth into the neck of the nearest glossy-eyed prey animal, so Shane can't move. Maybe if he's very still he'll survive this, he won't be seen and will be able to slip away into the night without feeling the rending flesh of something fundamental being changed in his very marrow.

But then Rozanov is right in front of him, and his hand is on Shane's chin, and he's grabbing his face and tilting it up so that Shane has to look at him. And then he's saying:

"It was like this."

Rozanov leans down and puts his open, wet mouth right over Shane's pulse.

Shane's mouth drops open, jaw working as his chest constricts, but he can't make any noise because Ilya Rozanov is fucking kissing his neck.

And also, in addition to that, as a side note— Shane is quite suddenly harder than he's ever been in his life.

The slow movement of Rozanov's tongue working over his skin hits him like a club to the back of the head. He feels dizzy, lightheaded; his hands rise of their own volition, reaching for the closest source of stability, which unfortunately happens to be the firm, muscled planes of Rozanov's triceps. He makes contact with a hiss, and the sound seems to spur Rozanov into motion, because the next thing Shane feels is a pair of hands folding around the small of his back, a gentle push guiding him forward.

Forward right into Rozanov's body.

"Oh, god," Shane says uselessly. The rigid line of his cock has to be noticeable against Rozanov's hip; he hasn't gotten this hard this fast since he was a teenager.

The mouth on his neck moves upward, tongue dragging along the line of his throat until there are teeth grazing roughly across his jawline, pressure just shy of enough to leave marks.

"Oh, my god." There's nothing intelligent in Shane's mind, he has no reserves left to pilfer through; all of his sensory reception has been narrowed down to the heat of Rozanov's mouth, and the distance it's closing as Rozanov tilts his head to kiss Shane properly.

If Shane's teammates are to be believed, Shane lives a nearly monastic lifestyle, with no time or patience for clubs or parties or hookups or casual sex, and while it's true that he doesn't enjoy the kind of socialization he's usually expected to participate in after particularly vicious wins or losses, it's not like he's untouched or whatever it is JJ likes to call him. He has a girlfriend. A girlfriend that he has sex with.

The Drew Barrymore movie, with the pervert teacher, Mitty snapped his fingers, calling from a stationary bike during one of their particularly aggressive inquisitions, Never Been Kissed! That's you, Hollsy!

Shane had just rolled his eyes and continued racking weights. He had been kissed more times than Mitty could shake a stick at.

But kissing Noémie is nothing like this— nobody has ever kissed Shane like this. This is a hostile takeover of his mouth, Rozanov's tongue opening him up before he even has a chance to consider his options. Dimly, Shane thinks that it wouldn't matter if he was presented with a ten page menu of choices, because his body is making the decision for him. He goes soft and pliable without even thinking about it, caving to the instinct to let Rozanov back him into the countertop behind him.

Nothing has ever felt like the broad hands wandering from his spine to the back of his neck, coaxing him further into the kiss, nor the solidity of the body against his, a wall of heat and brawn, warm salt-scent just familiar enough to send his head spinning.

His hands find purchase in short curls, still slightly damp at the ends from the shower, and then he's tugging Rozanov closer, opening for him consciously, enjoying the slick slide of tongue over teeth.

Enjoying.

I'm enjoying this, he thinks, I like this, I want this, I want more of this. What *this* is, exactly, he's not a hundred percent sure, but there is a horrible suspicion in the back of his mind that if Rozanov were to pull away from him now he would have an unspeakably embarrassing reaction. He lets his hands slide down a bit, curious, to press against the sides of Rozanov's face, like a picture frame, and then further down, resting tentatively on the hammering pulse in Rozanov's neck. He's rewarded for his bravery with a heavy grunt into his open mouth.

And then— a twitch, right up against his painfully hard cock, from what he's just now registering is Rozanov's equally hard cock pressed flush to his. It's a matter of biological instinct, he soothes himself, that he lets out a soft, agonized moan at the feeling, the knowledge of where the feeling came from.

"So sweet," Rozanov murmurs against his chin, dragging his tongue languidly along the line of Shane's jaw. Shane's own dick gives a twitch.

He tries to push back, gain some ground, and Rozanov surprises him by allowing it. Shane presses his hands to the broad chest in front of him and moves forward until they're walking, still attached at the mouth, into the living room. It's not until they almost trip over a side table that he pulls away and realizes he doesn't know where he's going or even really what he's doing, but the moment of confusion is cut short by Rozanov kissing a wet line across his throat and easing him forward toward the back of the giant sectional until Shane's hips are pressed against it and his back is covered by a long, warm line of handsy Rozanov.

He arches into the feeling, the newness of being touched by someone bigger and broader than he is, someone capable of pushing him around and holding him down, and shudders when sharp teeth glance flirtatiously off his jugular.

"This is where I eat her pussy."

At some point Shane will examine the rude, bitter heat that flashes through his stomach at the reminder, but right now is not the time, because Rozanov's mouth is pressed against the curve of his neck and his hands are wandering from Shane's chest to his hips to his aching dick, and a horrible, high-pitched whimper escapes him at the frisson of pleasure that ripples down his spine when one broad palm wraps around him through his clothes.

"You want?" Rozanov's voice is low and rough in his ear, too close for comfort. Shane shivers.

"I—" his throat closes. He doesn't know what he wants. He wants to know what's happening to him. He wants to know what Rozanov's hand feels like on his bare cock. He wants to get his mouth on Rozanov's neck. He wants to figure out what to do with the rigid length he can feel pressing into his ass right now. He wants this day to never have happened.

"I want you to touch me." Maybe in another life Shane is someone who can say it without screwing his eyes shut against the sound of it.

A hard breath rushes out of Rozanov's lungs and coasts over Shane's shoulder. "Да. Да, yes, yes. Just—" his hands are underneath Shane's shirt, running hot and firm over his skin until he reaches Shane's chest, squeezing and groping like—

"They're not—I'm not a *girl*," Shane snaps suddenly.

Rozanov laughs, soft this time against his skin. "Да, Hollander, this I know." Shane's hackles begin to go down. "But you have very pretty tits."

There's something rough in the way he says it, harsh and possessive, like he has a right to call them that, to hold them the way he is, to touch Shane like he owns him. Shane's mouth goes dry.

"I— fuck you," he says weakly, but his body is melting against Rozanov's all the same, nipples tightening under the grasping pressure of his hands.

The back of the couch meets his hips again, hard and bruising as Rozanov continues to feel him up with great enthusiasm. He thinks of Noémie's couch in Montreal, the one he moved into a different corner, the one that dropped the hotel key card, the one that shifted his world on its axis.

That's where Rozanov ate her pussy.

His mouth opens and closes, crackling sounds of attempted air leaving him every time he tries to ask for something and finds he can't do it. Rozanov's hand drifts up to his throat, gently palming it until he can surely feel the insane chase of Shane's pulse beneath his skin, and he presses until the side of Shane's face is flush with Rozanov's own cheek, stubble scraping his skin pleasantly.

"You want me to show you?"

More crackling air. Shane nods. Rozanov gets to his knees.

When both their hands fall on his belt buckle, Shane finally moves, lit up by a task he feels like he can complete, and his pants are undone and shoved down around his hips in a half a second. He ignores the quiet chafing sound of a laugh below him very graciously.

“Not going anywhere, Hollander,” he feels murmured against the skin of his back. Then a kiss, close mouthed and chaste. A very odd sensation after what happened in the kitchen.

It moves lower, opens, spreads across the waistband of his underwear and dampens the elastic. It should be uncomfortable but Shane struggles not to arch into the feeling. His hands cover Rozanov’s, planted low on his own hips, as the heat on his skin graduates to a feverish glow, and teeth find his tenderest flesh.

There aren’t a lot of soft places on Shane’s body. He spends enough of his little free time trying to evacuate his brain through the endless, familiar ache that feels like a duty nearly ethical in nature at this point that at twenty-four, he’s essentially shed the last of his baby fat from his body.

Rozanov finds him where he’s soft, though. Mouth on the dip of his spine, hands circling his hips to press at the inside of his thighs, spreading him open and then pushing him gently to bend over the back of the couch. He presses his thumbs into Shane’s ass, the curve that bounces stubbornly when he’s trying to fit into a pair of jeans right off the rack, and his teeth follow as he peels the briefs from Shane’s body, licking at each inch of revealed skin while Shane struggles to breathe.

“God— I—”

Rozanov murmurs something unintelligible against him, mouth moving softly against the naked curve of one ass cheek, and then he’s spreading Shane open and dragging his tongue roughly over his asshole.

“Holy *shit*, ” he keens, and drops forward to let the couch catch some of his weight as an electric shock shoots right up his spine. Rozanov licks at him, overly wet, and it occurs to Shane in a vague, distant way that he’s purposefully getting Shane wet and loose, that this is a prelude.

He reaches around, wraps one broad hand around Shane’s dick, strokes down firmly, squeezing just enough to drag a weak sound from Shane’s lungs. Shane tries to fuck into it, hips jerking minutely.

But then Rozanov is dropping his jaw and getting his mouth on as much skin as he possibly can while his other arm loops around to stabilize Shane from below, and all he can think about is the heat burning him up from the inside out, the need he feels prickling at his mouth and fingertips.

“Fuck, Rozanov, *fuck*—”

The heat pulls away.

“Блять, don’t say Rozanov, you sound like Pike,” Rozanov says bitchily. Shane can’t see. He’s maybe gone blind. If he doesn’t get touched in the next zero seconds he’s going to die.

“What?” he says, bleary and hoarse.

“My face is in your ass, *Shane*.” One hand claps him on the hip hard. He yelps softly.

Ilya. Ilya.

“Well, don’t talk about my liney while you’re eating my ass, Jesus.”

Ilya mutters something in Russian and then goes back to sucking on the rim of Shane’s hole. His head drops heavily at the sensation and he notices for the first time that his dick is fucking *dripping*.

“Shit, oh— wait, fuck, your couch—” Shane tries to back up, lift his hips away so he stops leaking pre-come all over the nice gray chenille of Ilya’s sectional, but he just ends up shoving his ass back into his face.

“Блять, Hollander, you are very bad at getting your ass eat.” Ilya pulls away, rubbing at his nose.

“Ate. Eaten,” Shane says instinctively.

“Whatever, fuck, just—” he rises, leans in to kiss Shane again, which—

“Ew, no,” he makes a face and dodges it, pressing a hand to Rozanov’s chest carefully.

“Oh, my god,” Ilya says quietly, rolls his eyes, and sticks his thumb in Shane’s mouth unceremoniously.

The immediate impulse to complain instantly quiets with the pressure on his tongue, and he doesn’t want to examine why he doesn’t stop himself from sucking without being told, it just feels like the right thing to do.

It must be, because Ilya’s jaw drops a little and a pause holds in his eyes, a surprise that borders on reverence. The image is obscured a bit because Shane also can’t really control it when his eyelids start fluttering.

“*Shane*.”

The depth of his voice, already resonant and rich, shifts, roughens; it’s like he can feel it against his bones, his teeth. His teeth. Shane bites down a bit, sinking one incisor into the pad of Ilya’s thumb.

“Aht,” Rozanov tuts, curling his fingers beneath his chin firmly, “be nice.”

It’s easy, like this. With someone taller and stronger than him— and Jesus, it makes every hair on his body stand up, to think that after all the fucking training and lifting Shane does,

Rozanov is still perfectly capable of pushing him around without breaking much of a sweat—holding him down, telling him what to do. No decisions to make, no schedule to keep.

Just be nice.

Something hazy creeps in at the edges of his vision, and he distantly hears Rozanov take a sharp breath in.

“Hey,” he says, “not right now.”

Shane blinks when the thumb withdraws from his mouth.

“What?” He sounds stupid even to himself.

“Take your pants off.” Ilya kneels again and shifts Shane’s feet around, lifting until his socked feet emerge from his wadded up jeans. His fingers pause for a moment on the tops of his socks, but before Shane can say anything, he just pats them twice and stands back up with Shane’s jeans and underwear in his hand.

“We can go lie down,” he says quietly, and this time, when Ilya leans in to kiss him, Shane doesn’t pull away.

Rozanov’s bedroom is smaller than he anticipated. Maybe it’s the depth of the lowering dusk beyond his window, or the heat slowly pressing in on his skin, but it feels snug, like a sanctuary meant only to contain a bed and Shane and Ilya. He turns, watches as Rozanov lays his jeans neatly across the dresser and wonders.

Shane goes easily when Ilya plants a hand on his sternum and presses gently, bare ass meeting the bedspread.

It’s a very nice mattress, just the right balance of firm and bounce, and if Shane were a little more lucid he’d make a mental note to remember to ask Ilya where he got it from.

Right now he has to focus on getting his hand on Ilya’s dick.

When he looks up from the nice spring of the mattress, he’s confronted with Ilya Rozanov’s perfect, sculpted, naked body.

Shane’s seen Rozanov naked before. Wet, naked, hard, looking at Shane like it’s his fault, like it’s his opportunity to take. He didn’t know what to do with it then. He’s not really sure he knows any better what to do with it now, but he knows he’s not going to do *nothing*.

So he puts his hand out and rests it on Ilya’s hip, and draws his thumb through the cut of muscle that slopes downward, and watches when Ilya’s eyelids flicker at the touch. Heaviness lingers in his limbs, sweet sluggish leftovers from the way Ilya ate him out, and he lets it drag his hand down, fingers glancing off thick musculature.

“I w—” he chokes a bit. “I want...”

Ilya doesn’t wait. “You can have it.”

He laughs a bit, harsh and awkward. “You don’t even—”

“Shane. Anything.”

It’s too earnest, it lands askew on his ears. Ilya reaches out to cup Shane’s chin in one hand, tilting his face upward, but Shane looks away as his face heats.

“Can I...”

Ilya’s silent, dragging a thumb across the ridge of his cheekbone. Shane swallows hard and shifts forward on the mattress, leaning in while his palm glides back upwards, skating over Ilya’s thigh until it rests next to the base of the hard cock in front of him.

It’s a nice dick. Shane’s seen a lot of dicks over the years, albeit in a different context, and this is a nice one. It curves upward a bit, bobbing under its own weight, thick all the way down, wide and blood-dark at the head. Shane’s seen a lot of dicks, but this is the first one he’s ever let himself touch.

He feels compelled, as if by an external force, to wrap his fingers around the root, to drag his thumb along the vein on the underside, to press in gently against the soft weight beneath it. Ilya’s breath hitches above his head, and he doesn’t think fast enough to refrain from glancing upward at the sound, feeling an electrified flip in his stomach at the sight of Ilya’s drawn brows, the slight part of his mouth, the focus in his eyes.

“You—”

Shane cuts him off when he leans forward and presses his mouth to the leaking head, allowing his lips to part just enough to taste the bitterness there for the first time.

Whatever Rozanov was going to say gets swallowed thickly, audibly, and Shane allows the sound to spread like warm syrup over his head.

He drops his jaw and accepts the weight of it heavy on his tongue, and something clicks into place.

Ilya graciously lets Shane have a silent, still epiphany with the throbbing head of his cock sitting inside his mouth, and he’s trying very, very hard not to move, Shane can tell, but there’s really only so much a man can take, he knows, so he slowly curls his tongue around the underside. He focuses so hard on watching his teeth that he almost can’t do anything but that, running his tongue along the smooth, firm ridge and the full vein beneath it.

For a moment he gives a soft suckling, pleased with the way Ilya’s cock fucks a little further into his mouth with a shuddering movement, as if he can’t even help it.

Shane lets his eyelids drift half-shut, softening enough to let his jaw loosen further. His fingers, circled around the base, suddenly feel cool and wet, and when he looks down he sees the shine of his own spit dripping onto his knuckles. Something about it sends a lightning bolt of satisfaction ricocheting down his spine. He hums, pleased.

The vibration of it must be just a bit too much, because Rozanov pulls him off gently, palming his cheek and tucking a hand beneath his chin to tilt his face upward. Shane tries not to whine but he doesn't think it works very well, if the amused smile on Ilya's face is any indication.

"You are perfect even at this, детка, but I want to touch you now, yes?"

Somewhere in the back of his head, Shane is rolling his eyes. His first time sucking dick and it lasted for like two seconds, he knows it wasn't *perfect*, but if Rozanov would just let him *practice*, then he probably would be soon. But then his brain catches up. *I want to touch you now*, Ilya says, and—

"Please," he murmurs.

"Okay," Ilya smiles at him with a softness around his eyes, and then gently manhandles him facedown onto the bed, stripping the shirt Shane forgot he was still wearing as he goes.

His legs go easily with the firm hands shifting them around, propping him up so his thighs are spread and his hips are tilted back, and Shane presses his face into the pillow beneath him and braces himself.

Ilya lays his tongue against Shane's asshole again, but this time, he just pushes it right *in*.

Everything sharpens.

"Oh, god," he says again, again, again. It seems like it's the only thing he can say, his brain feels like it's been liquefied and poured out his ears. Every sensation battering at the weakening receptors of his nervous system is brand new. "I didn't—"

I didn't know sex could feel like this.

Shane thought he knew what sex was. At sixteen, it was sweaty and fumbling and awkward and expected, something he did because he spent his first year in the O listening to the older guys talk about it in the dressing room and, after learning that the average age for boys to lose their virginity in Canada was 15, figured he needed to maintain his stats holistically and catch the hell up.

After that it was mostly about box-ticking. Handjob, check. Blowjob, check. First base, second base, third base, home run, check, check, check. It didn't matter how much he liked it, or wanted it, or how often he thought about it when it wasn't happening.

This, however.

What Ilya's doing to him right now feels like it shouldn't even be bound by the same definitions as the sex Shane's had before.

It's like he's got a direct access pipeline to the pleasure center of Shane's brain, knows exactly how hard to grip the flesh of his waist, when to tug gently on his weeping cock, where to sink his teeth in to make Shane's nervous system go haywire. There's no reprieve,

no moment to catch his breath; every second is an assault of sensation, and Shane feels like he's drowning.

Everything's completely different.

It's a couple of broad fingers, prying at the tender furl of his asshole, lube slicking around and warming quickly. One slides in, easy and quick and so good Shane doesn't know what to do with it. He's played around with a couple of his own fingers before, sure, he's not a Mormon, but there's nothing that could have prepared him for the way it feels when he's held down by the physical weight and the awareness of Ilya's body over him. A hard shudder wracks through him, and he jolts in surprise when Ilya makes a soft cooing noise at him, petting the back of his neck with one hand and murmuring "no, is okay, you are so good for me." It almost makes Shane want to cry.

Tears do spring to his eyes in the next moment as another finger pushes in alongside the first, thrusting and scissoring to open him up more, and Shane can't help the way his hips hitch back into the feeling, the fullness.

"Yes?" Rozanov says, and it should be sarcastic, it should be a dry exposé of the desperation filling Shane like a balloon, but it isn't. It's exploratory, curious, attendant. There's a bit of a raw, carved-open feel to it, the way the single, soft syllable lands on Shane's skin, and he pulses around the fingers inside him.

"Yeah."

And this is the other thing he doesn't know what to do with: this version of Ilya Rozanov, the understudy for the obnoxious, cocky, asshole chatterbox Shane has come to consider something of a pillar of his professional life over the years. This Ilya, the one working a third finger into Shane's hole as he lays a wet, open kiss on his spine, is too tender, too gentle with him. It makes him want to scream, want to kick his legs and wrestle Rozanov into the bed, makes him want to melt into the sheets and dissolve into nothing more than a *thing* for Ilya to play with, with his soft voice and devastating fingers and infuriating, cooing encouragements.

It makes him shiver. Ilya fucks into him carefully, dragging out a white-hot sensation Shane was never able to get to himself, and a helpless whining sound comes out along with it. He can't keep doing this.

"Please, can you... please."

His knees are trembling, his face is leaking spit and tears into the fabric of Ilya's pillowcase, and he can't bear to look over his shoulder as he rocks his hips back into the fullness, begging for something more.

Rozanov mutters something to himself so unintelligible Shane genuinely can't make out whether it was English or Russian, so instead of responding he just whines again and reaches back blindly to where he thinks Rozanov's dick might be.

“Okay, okay, I know,” Ilya's voice is impatient but the hand that soothes over Shane's lower back isn't.

There's a shuffling, sheets rasping over sheets as Ilya moves forward, grabs Shane by the hips and hitches him up, maneuvering his body easily until he's arranged like a sculptor's model, limbs tucked around himself to Ilya's liking.

And then there's quiet, and there's a warm pressure at his hole. It doesn't move, doesn't push forward, just rests there like a reminder.

The known quantity of what sex was, who he was during sex has been completely shattered. Shane doesn't know the sound of the voice currently whimpering into the damp fabric of the pillow, he's unfamiliar with the way his limbs are supporting him, he's never been wrung dry like this, never felt so full of desperate wanting that he can feel all his control slipping from his sweaty fingers.

“I want you,” Ilya says quietly.

At this point, Shane should know that like he knows his own name. Rozanov's weeping cock is pressing at the flushed wet skin of his entrance and his breath is hot on the back of Shane's neck and he's the one who started this whole thing anyway, the one who fucked Shane's girlfriend to get his attention, the one who kissed Shane's neck, the one who bent Shane over the back of the couch to eat his ass. The one who's chased him around the ice for nearly five years just to call him pretty.

It shouldn't come as a surprise to hear him say it out loud, and maybe it isn't, as such.

But it's still something of a natural disaster to hear. *I want you*. It could probably break Shane's bones if he let it.

So Shane takes a breath that feels like it might kill him and shifts, pressing back, and swallows so hard it hurts, and says “please.”

To some degree, it does kill him. An old version of Shane falls away entirely and he realizes in a distant, detached way that he's going to have to make room for the newness of what's happening to him. A redefined view of the world and what got him here.

It's the aching, hot bruise of Rozanov's cock pushing inside, opening him up, pressing a hurt sound right out of his lungs and into the cotton of the pillowcase. Shane can't breathe. He can't think, can't move.

And it's insanity, really, that Shane is now an instrument in this, that it's not just one of those things that's happened *to* him, that he's asking for it and asking for it in a way that will ensure he gets it.

Maybe he's experiencing a psychotic break. There are few other logical explanations the Shane of two hours ago could give for the state of his reality right now, with Ilya Rozanov's big hand splayed between his shoulder blades as he presses him facedown into his mattress.

With Ilya Rozanov's thick cock pressing all the way into him while Shane steadily leaks precome onto the sheets. He's never gotten this wet in his life. He's so fucking *full*.

"Oh, my god," he says, or tries to say. It comes out more like a whine, and he would kick himself for it, but he's busy focusing all his mental energy on trying not to come in thirty seconds just from having a dick up his ass for the first time in his life.

A lot of stuff is suddenly making sense for Shane.

"You are okay?"

Shane can't answer for a moment, and he feels the tension take hold of Ilya's body above him.

"Shane?"

"M'okay," he slurs into the pillow, and he can't bring himself to look, but he just knows in his gut that some shit-eating grin is crossing Rozanov's face at the fucked-out sound of Shane's voice.

A hand smooths gently over the small of his back, soothing him like a horse, and he finds he doesn't mind it. "Are you okay to fuck you?"

"If you don't fucking move I'm going to fucking kill you," he manages, and the conviction is there, but he definitely still sounds like someone getting fucked within an inch of their life, which, given the fact that Ilya has yet to *do* anything, is unfair on a really cosmic level.

"Okay, okay, just not before game tomorrow."

"*Ilya.*"

The hand on his hip spasms a bit, gripping tighter, short nails finding purchase. Shane's cock lets out a blurt of precome, twitching at the feeling. And then his gut is dropping out from under him because Ilya draws back slowly, shifting until his cock is halfway out, and then fucks back into him, sending Shane's mind shattering into useless shards of nothing.

"*Fuck,*" he grits out. He closes his eyes against the novelty of it as Ilya picks up a rhythm, gentle at first, then rocking into a pace that drives all the thoughts right out of Shane's head.

He feels like he's being split open, stuffed full of more than he thought his body could possibly take, and every thrust of Ilya's cock sends him right up to the edge before the loss of it drags him back again. "Oh, my *god.*"

Ilya's hands are warm at his hips, on his thighs, tracing a soft curve over the back of his neck. He reaches down to drag one finger from the base of Shane's cock all the way up to the head, pressing with his thumb at the slit until Shane is sobbing.

He takes the first kiss like a bullet to the spine. Lips, gentle but firm, over the wing of his shoulder blade, and he gasps. Coasting over his trapezius, pressing into the muscular dip along his vertebrae.

And Rozanov is too close to him, fucking him too energetically, to avoid the *sounds* of it. The harsh breaths chafing through his lungs, the dampness panted into Shane's skin, the arrhythmic moaning that vibrates from Ilya's body right into Shane's. He's never felt the physical presence of someone else so acutely.

He realizes a bit distantly that he's being fucked right now, well and truly *fucked* in a way he thinks probably not a lot of people will get to experience in their lives. He wonders if this was how Ilya fucked Noémie. For some reason he doesn't think so.

It starts to build to something distinct, hazy pleasure taking the shape of something brutal and irreversible as Shane watches with his hands tied, which is of course when Rozanov stills inside him.

"Turn over," he says, patting at Shane's hip with short, rapid little movements. If Shane didn't know better he'd think Rozanov was shaking.

He shoves himself back onto his dick, voice breaking. "Just fuck me, I can't—"

"No, want to see your pretty face," Ilya whines, curving over him, dragging his tongue up the side of Shane's neck. "You will make me come, just being so pretty."

A cold shiver runs down Shane's spine. It's disconcerting, how many new things he's learning about himself today. As if learning that Ilya Rozanov wanted to fuck him and that he wanted to fuck Ilya Rozanov wasn't enough, now he's discovering that it turns him on when Ilya Rozanov calls him pretty.

Though— maybe that one isn't a *total* surprise.

Ilya hooks his thumb inside the rim of Shane's asshole as he pulls out, fucking it into him a little bit to soften the loss. Shane huffs anyway, dislodging Ilya's hand in his haste to turn over and get filled up again.

Ilya doesn't waste time, pressing the thick head of his cock against Shane's hole before he's even really settled, one of his thumbs digging into the soft spot behind Shane's knee as Ilya folds him in half.

"That's it," Ilya breathes into his mouth, kissing open and wet at the way his lower lip trembles, "pretty baby, so good for me."

"Oh, Jesus," Shane keens, shutting his eyes against the surge of uncomfortable arousal that grips him at the base of his spine. His hands find Ilya's face, tug him in a little closer, demanding more of the greedy, possessive kissing that takes him all the way out of his head.

His head is spinning, maybe. It's really remarkable that even at this point in his career, Shane's never really gotten hit hard on the ice, never hard enough to take any serious damage. So he can only imagine this is a little bit what it feels like to be concussed, this hot, swelling, oppressive buoyancy that fills his skull from the inside. There's a cliff running up to meet him faster than he can process, and every bruising, thrilling shove of Rozanov's cock inside him is another footstep hitting the ground.

“I’m gonna come,” he wheezes, tangling his fingers in the sweat-damp curls at the base of Ilya’s skull. He shuts his eyes against the burning swell of it.

“Yes, yes, yes, please—” wet and hot and panting against his face. A kiss to his cheekbone, his temple, his forehead, his nose. He moans into it, earning him another deep, wet kiss to the mouth, and that’s it.

All it takes is one quick brush of Ilya’s hand over his cock; he doesn’t even properly grip Shane, and that’s when he notices that yes, Ilya is shaking, and the realization hits him like a train at the exact same time as his orgasm. His whole body going fuzzy, white hot, burning—maybe something like the way an explosion would feel, he thinks.

“Oh, god, I’m coming—” his lips brushing against Ilya’s with every messy syllable.

“Fuck— yes, let me feel it, блять, Shane.”

His hand, still cupped in a trembling crescent over Shane’s length, already shiny and wet from where he’d been leaking everywhere, flexes as spurts of come hit his palm and fingers. Shane rocks his hips erratically, torn between rutting up into Ilya’s hand or fucking down onto his cock as he comes virtually untouched.

“Oh, my god, Shane,” Ilya groans, sounding a bit awed. “You are so good, that’s so good.” He runs his fingers down Shane’s twitching length and Shane whines when one last weak spurt of come pulses out of him.

Rozanov is still fucking into him, propped up over him with a dumb look on his face as he watches Shane come down like he can’t do anything else. They’re both panting, hearts thudding erratically, sweat-slick skin glancing off skin with every movement.

And he’s already come, and he’s so sensitive it almost hurts, so the punishing beat of Ilya’s cock inside him should have stopped feeling good by now, and he should probably be demanding he take it out.

But it hasn’t stopped feeling good, so he tightens his legs around Ilya’s waist and draws his head down with a hand curling behind his neck, voice hoarse and fucked-out as he sloppily presses what surely can’t even count as a kiss to Ilya’s panting mouth and slurs, “w’you come in me?”

Later, he’ll wonder what in god’s name possessed him to say something like that, and if he says it out loud he’ll have the privilege of hearing Ilya snicker and say something about how the best dick on the east coast will do that to anyone, and then of course he’ll have to shove Ilya hard in the ribs, which will lead to a wrestling match that Shane will pretend not to be pleased to lose.

Right now, he just gets to whimper a little when Ilya shoves into him hard and comes with a long, loud moan right in his ear, and melt into the bed at the feeling of the cock inside him twitching and pulsing and filling him with come.

Time tilts a little. He's aware of the unpleasantness of Ilya pulling out, unfortunately aware of the pathetic noise he makes when it happens. He feels a warm damp cloth over his belly, gentle on his soft cock and between his legs.

He's aware of his own grumbling when Ilya makes him sit up and drink a half glass of water, and of the windy sigh that could come from either of them when the water is finished and the washcloth is discarded and their bodies are tucked together as sweat cools between them.

The ringing in his ears finally calms down enough for him to realize that there's some sort of white noise playing, slow and repetitive like ocean waves. He swallows around an odd salty taste in his mouth.

"Was trying to fuck you at all star game," Ilya says quietly, and Shane can hear the sleep in his voice, wants to follow it down.

Wait.

"What? Weren't you sharing a wall with Scott Hunter?"

Ilya shrugs, jostling Shane gently. "Yes. Could have been nice treat for him, like when old dog will die soon."

Shane stares at the wall, thinking back to Ilya's damp fingers on the back of his neck, the unfamiliar bruised look in his eyes as he let a cigarette burn down between his fingers.

"You're really bad at flirting."

"Что? Нет, иди нахуй. Am amazing at flirting," he sits up a bit, indignant, and Shane falls back into the pillow behind him. "You are bad at seeing flirting."

"Maybe. Didn't seem like flirting to me."

"Well, maybe... is different from regular flirting."

"What do you mean?"

Ilya sighs, laying back down so he can tug Shane back into him, and makes a clicking noise with his tongue. "I don't know."

The line of his profile is lit faintly from some sort of built-in lowlight system, a soft orange glow running along the baseboards around the room, and Shane peers at him as best he can, looking at the odd tightness around his mouth. There's a tension there that looks ill at ease on the face Shane has known since they were sixteen. He looks younger.

The silence drags on for a few moments before Shane breaks it without even intending to.

"I think I'm gay."

"Go to sleep, Hollander."

"I have to go back to the hotel."

"Oh, my god. I know, I already set alarm."

"I should break up with Noémie."

Ilya lifts his head to squint at Shane in the dim light. "You are not break up already?"

Shane clears his throat awkwardly, shifting against the long warm line of Ilya's body. "I mean. Not really. We had like, a— we said we were going to take a break and I asked her not to call me for a while, but we didn't actually, like... break up. I don't think." He avoids Ilya's eyes.

"Oh, my god."

"There was a lot of information to process," he says weakly.

"And I am insane one? Ничего себе."

They're both quiet. There's a heavy, syrupy feeling of contentment weighing him down right now, softening the edges of his brain where anxiety and hypervigilance normally live, but all of his thoughts seem to be landing instead on the pressure of Ilya's arm around his waist, the slowing of his pulse under Shane's hand. He can freak out later.

"I'm going to freak out later, probably," he says.

"I know."

"That doesn't— you're not..."

Ilya swallows, throat bobbing beneath Shane's palm. "Is okay. I'm will... What is word for waiting long time?"

"Patient?"

"Да, patient. терпеливым. I can do this." He licks his lips and then whispers as if to himself, to practice, "patient."

Out of all the words in the English language Shane could have used to describe Ilya Rozanov, patient has never before crossed his mind. But he doesn't say anything.

Five years. Maybe it's true.

End Notes

- Ilya's english isn't as strong as it is in canon bc I truly don't think he would have worked as hard at it if it hadn't been a bridge to Shane which he had given up on in this fic until he just decided to get evil about it
- Ilya insists on sending noemie a wedding invitation a few years later
- Greek orators definitely waxed poetic about eating pussy
- Ty to [al](#) for beta/hype man duties, and to [sushi](#) for help w most of the Russian. anything that's wrong is because i tried to do it myself, got as far as the instrumental case and then got scared

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