

call me by your name (tell me you love me in private)

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call me by your name (tell me you love me in private)

by Anonymous

Summary

ilya gets shane to wear a ROZANOV jersey. that's it, that's the fic.

Notes

thought about shane wearing ilya's jersey, blacked out, wrote this in two hours, googled how to post anonymously, hit post. enjoy lmao

title from lil nas x's MONTERO

A home game against the Voyageurs, and Boston in an uproar, hungry for payback after Montreal—or, more accurately, Hollander—fucking trounced the Raiders the last time they met on the ice.

Ilya's been looking forward to it for weeks.

Hollander tries to chirp him during their first faceoff—*I think my mom brought Valium if you're nervous, Rozanov*—and Ilya wrestles his own goofy smile into a smirk for a rebuttal—*aw, still bringing your parents to away games?*—before winning the faceoff, maneuvering deftly across the ice and, only a few moments later, scoring the first goal of the night.

After the game there's the requisite trash talking in the locker room, and a few minutes wrestling with his English for the press, then a brief back and forth with Hollander via text:

Jane: 333

Lily: Like hat trick!

Lily: I think there is some mistake with the hotel.

Lily: Should be my room number, not yours

Lily: Because it was me who scored the hat trick, yes?

Jane: You're such an asshole

Lily: :)

Jane: I've changed my mind. Don't come over.

Lily: :)

In the hallway on the way to the parking lot, while he's searching his duffel bag for his remote start, he passes Desirée, Mezzy's fiancée. "Awesome game tonight," she says, polite and friendly, slowing but not stopping as she goes by. She's wearing a Raider's jersey, MEZRICH across her back. The standard uniform of a WAG, nothing notable in it.

But it gets him thinking.

It's fucking freezing outside, and the car hasn't warmed up enough when he slides into the driver's seat. He'll have to drop it a few blocks away from Hollander's hotel and then walk—the bright green paint job isn't particularly discreet, especially parked outside the Voyageurs' hotel. It's a detour that'll cut into their time tonight, which is too bad. He should have thought ahead.

The drive is quiet, for once—it's supposed to snow, and Boston drivers seem to have decided to stay home rather than risk getting stuck behind a slow-moving plow once the weather picks up. But it's still clear now, so Ilya cuts smoothly through traffic, like he's still on the ice.

He's still thinking about Desirée. Not so much the woman herself—he makes it a policy not to get involved with teammates' partners because the fallout is so annoying. More—the way she'd worn the Raiders' jersey, the name across her back like a declaration.

He's got his duffel bag on the floor of the passenger seat, is the thing. He has a general sense of what's in there: an extra phone charger, deodorant, a couple of protein bars, among other things—and a ROZANOV jersey, clean and unworn but rumpled from having been in there for weeks.

Sometimes, when the Raiders win a game or the Voyageurs win but Hollander decides his two goals should have been five, Hollander is especially malleable. Wants to be told what to do. Wants there to be consequences for the things he's pissed at himself about, and wants Ilya

to be the one to give that to him. And Ilya—god. Ilya gets high on that feeling, of being able to gift something to Hollander that probably no one else ever has.

Maybe—well.

The logistics are an issue. He's not going to carry the duffel into the hotel like he's planning on staying the night—that's not the kind of thing he could talk his way out of, if he ran into someone from the Voyageurs in the elevators. He could just carry it, say it's a gift for the woman he's here to hook up with, if anyone asked. Lean into the cocky asshole routine, *yes everyone loves to wear a Rozanov jersey, even women in Boston love this*. But then he thinks about Hollander asking about it when he gets in the room, figuring out what Ilya's hoping will happen, shutting down before Ilya's had a chance to warm him up a little. So that's a no go.

This is the kind of thing he should save for a game in Montreal, when nobody would notice or think twice about an extra ROZANOV jersey in his own suitcase, he thinks.

He finds a parking garage a few blocks from the hotel and pulls into a spot. Looks down at the bag.

He's never been good at playing the long game, not with anything that isn't hockey. Too lazy, maybe. So he shrugs out of his coat and hoodie and into the jersey before putting everything back on.

It's a stupid idea, but he's had a lot of stupid ideas in his life, and they've mostly worked out okay for him.

Plus, it's cold out. Another layer wouldn't hurt.

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“Absolutely not.”

“Hollander.”

“Fuck no.”

He hadn't let himself think too much about this on the walk over, but now that he's here, and Hollander is breathing shakily in Ilya's arms, glaring, he finds he wants it more than he's wanted anything in a long time.

It's a challenge. He played like he was on fire tonight, and maybe he had been, with Hollander across from him at center ice, sharp as a tack and looking like a fucking wet dream. Every time Hollander stole the puck from him it felt like a match being struck on his skin. And this feels like an extension of that—the sharp taps of a faceoff, winner takes the puck.

Or, in this case—loser wears the jersey.

Hopefully.

Once again, he's briefly annoyed with himself for not planning ahead. He should have thought about this on the walk—how to get Hollander to agree to it. But he knows he does some of his best work on the fly, a side effect of being the best player in the league of a sport in which its players fly.

Pressing close, he sucks lightly at the hinge of Hollander's jaw, not hard enough to leave a mark but just enough to earn him a tiny moan. When Hollander tries to reach for Ilya's sweatpants, Ilya bats his hands away—and Hollander acquiesces immediately, letting his hands fall to his sides. Bingo.

“I am not asking,” he says into Hollander's ear, voice pitched low, not quite whispering. He circles one of Hollander's wrists with his fingers and squeezes. “Is not a request. Put it on.”

Hollander looks livid, jaw clenched tight. But—fuck—his eyelids flutter before he closes his eyes and takes a deep, unsteady breath. Ilya lets go of his wrist so Hollander can tug his tee over his head and reach for the jersey draped over the chair.

Oh, *fuck*.

Hollander looks—well. Ilya isn't sure he has words in English or Russian to describe how fucking good he looks, pissed as hell, cock straining at his sweats under Rozanov's jersey. The jersey's a little too big for him, open at the neck, slumped down his shoulders. Black looks incredible on him. Ilya could swear that Hollander's freckles stand out more now than they did just a moment ago. He wants to count them with his tongue.

But first: he swears under his breath and kisses him, pressing close, getting kind of sloppy with it. "Fuck, Hollander," he mutters, and then swears again, in Russian this time. This is—shit. Shane Hollander in an Ilya Rozanov jersey, hard as a rock and fucking panting for it. Fuck.

He palms Hollander through his sweatpants, head pulled back so he can watch him moan. "This is a very pretty look on you, Hollander," he says, teasing, "Do you want me to sign my jersey for you? If you have a Sharpie, I will do it."

"Shut up," Hollander snaps, shoving at Ilya, looking furious and so, so turned on, "Shut up —"

Ilya shoves his tongue in Hollander's mouth to quiet him. He lets Hollander relax, rucks the jersey up a little so he can grip Hollander's sides while they make out. Holds Hollander still and grinds slowly against him until they're both moaning. He thinks, giddily, that he can practically taste Hollander's sounds on his tongue.

"Bed," he says, when Hollander starts to get restless, shoving forward a little against Ilya's grip, trying to speed up the friction against his cock. "C'mon—"

"Yeah," Hollander says, starts to move—but Ilya grabs him by the waist first and tugs at his sweats and briefs. Then he lets go, turning so he can lean back against the wall to watch

Hollander climb, a little unsteadily, onto the bed. For a second, he's on all fours, cock hanging heavy and red between his legs, Rozanov's name plastered on his back, and Ilya has a brief moment where he's sure he's going to come untouched where he stands, just from seeing this.

He's definitely not going to last very long. Decides he doesn't care—this is making him feel too insane. It might kill him.

“Lean back,” he says, and Hollander does, settling himself against the pillows, knees spread. “Touch yourself. I wanna. *Fuck*. I wanna see you.”

Hollander looks like he's trying to stay pissed. There's a part of him that's still on the ice from earlier, trying to win, desperate not to lose. But he watches Ilya step out of his own sweats and kneel on the bed in front of him, and his lips part, the muscles in his jaw relaxing, and Ilya sees the fight leave him entirely.

He gets a hand on his cock, but doesn't start stroking, just grips himself lightly, waiting. Ilya swallows. “Your nipples, Hollander,” he says, trying to keep his voice steady.

And Hollander does it—leaves his right hand circling the base of his cock and lets the other one wander up to his chest, the movement pulling the jersey up at an angle, giving Ilya a peek of his left pec. It's almost demure, like he's a girl doing her first shy striptease, letting Ilya see half a tit, her nipple partially hidden under her fingers. Coy. Never mind that his cock is leaking now, drooling a little onto his fingers, and his pelvis is tilted up in a way that lets Ilya catch a glimpse of his hole.

He watches Hollander roll his own nipple between his fingers for a moment. Then he asks, “You prepped for me?”

Hollander hums a yes, like he's too turned on to actually speak. Ilya leans forward and licks in between Hollander's fingers, relishing the feel of the pebbled skin on his tongue, before he sucks two of those fingers into his mouth. “Show me,” he says, pulling off and licking at Hollander's nipple again, biting it lightly just to feel him twitch.

He has to pull back to watch. “Fuck,” he swears, eyes glued to where Hollander is fucking petting his own hole, circling it like it’s a clit, fingers shiny with Ilya’s spit, before he shoves both fingers in.

Ilya groans. There’s no way he’s surviving this.

He lunges for the condoms and lube on the nightstand, and then takes a moment to reward Hollander for this display by leaning over and wrapping his lips around his cock, sliding down so he’s kissing Hollander’s fingers, still wrapped loosely around the base. Then he pulls back just enough so he can suckle at the head of Hollander’s cock, rolling the velvety soft tip against the inside of his cheek, poking at the slit and flicking the head with his tongue, like he would if he was going down on a girl.

“Look at you,” he says, when he pulls off. Hollander’s still fucking himself with Ilya’s spit, because Ilya didn’t tell him to stop. “You’re so fucking *wet*.”

Hollander moans, a soft nnn that goes straight to Ilya’s cock.

Ilya wasn’t planning this—the jersey had felt like a big enough risk—but there’s something in the way Hollander is watching him, eyes half-lidded, that makes him feel like going for another shot. He tugs on Hollander’s wrist, lines his cock up to his pinked up asshole, watches it kiss the head of his cock. “You get so wet for me, Hollander. Like a girl.”

“Yeah.”

“Want me to. *Fuck*. Want me to fuck you? Like a girl?”

Hollander’s nodding, both hands splayed out on the bedspread beside him, mouth slack. “Please, yes—“

So Ilya presses in, just a little, teasing Hollander’s hole with the head of his cock. Letting it pop in and out of the rim, watching Hollander’s face. “This why you let me win tonight, huh?”

So you'd have an excuse to let me play with your— your pussy?"

"Fuck, Rozanov."

He slides all the way in, leaning forward to suck on Hollander's nipple again. "No bra under my jersey, fuck, you couldn't wait for me to get here so you could get your little titties sucked ____"

They don't do a little of dirty talk, usually, but tonight Ilya feels insane, totally unable to shut up. And the look on Hollander's face, the way he already looks like he's about to come—it's working for him, too.

He's fucking into him, ramping up slowly, trying to make this last. "Touch yourself, Hollander," he says, "Your—*fuck*—your clit. Rub your clit for me."

Hollander does it. Uses one hand to steady himself against his belly and then brings his other hand up to roll his fingers over the head of his cock. Like it's a fucking clit. Holy shit.

"Yeah," Ilya says, finally out of words.

He thinks about asking if Hollander wants to wear his jersey to a game, to sit in the box with the other WAGs. *Wives and girlfriends*. The idea runs a jolt of sick, nervous heat through him, because it's on the tip of his tongue, but it's too much—too much like asking something he can't ask.

And he doesn't want to think about that, so he distracts himself the best way he knows how. "Turn over," he says, and then fucks into him hard from behind, one hand on Hollander's hip and the other shoving down between his shoulder blades, the letters of his own name pressed between his palm and Hollander's skin, like a secret.

He comes way too fast, can't help it, completely fucking lost. But he fucks Hollander even as his cock softens inside him, and then to make up for it he flips Hollander over while he's still

coming down from his own high and swallows him down to the root. Shoves two fingers back inside him and listens to his bitten-off moans, the way his breaths get shorter and shorter as he nears climax.

Ilya pulls off at the last second, jacks him hard with his hand. “Come on, baby,” he says, pleased with the results of the split-second decision: Hollander crunches forward, face screwed up in pleasure, cum striping the front of the jersey as Ilya strokes him gently through his orgasm.

He’s fucking beautiful. It’s nearly enough to make Ilya hard again, or to make him weep.

He’s too worn out for either option, though, so he just presses his still-damp hand to Hollander’s chest, leans up so he can kiss him while he’s still gasping a little. “See? Did not kill you. I think you liked it, yes?”

“Oh, fuck off, Rozanov.”

Ilya laughs and flops down on the bed, warm and sated.

They lie there for awhile, just breathing, listening to the hum of the hotel heating system and the city below. After a moment, Hollander tilts his head up off the pillow and looks down at himself with distaste. Snorts. “God. This is so nasty.”

Ilya can’t help leaning over to kiss him again, trying not to linger and failing miserably. “No, is good. I will sell it, I think. Better than an autograph. Rozanov jersey with Hollander’s c—“

“Don’t fucking finish that sentence, I swear to god.”

“I can buy a new car with this, yes? Or—hmm, maybe two. Is a lot of cum.”

Beneath the annoyed glare, Hollander is blushing, hard. He gets like this sometimes when Ilya flirts with him, like it's not the sex that he's embarrassed by. Ilya tries not to find it charming.

“Don't worry, Hollander, I won't say that we are... fucking. Maybe you have a lot of my jerseys in your little landlord apartment in Montreal, how do I know? Maybe you buy in bulk. You lose a game against me, so to make yourself feel better—“ But he doesn't get any farther than this before Hollander makes a noise he's never heard from him before, nearly a shriek, rolls over onto him and smacks a palm down over his mouth.

“Shut the fuck up, Rozan—“

“Help, help, police,” Ilya complains, shaking Hollander off momentarily, “This man who keeps jerking off to my jerseys is trying to kill m—“

“Oh my god,” Hollander says, grappling with him still, “Will you shut up.” But he's grinning, and when he flops back down his socked toes press against Ilya's ankle. He huffs out a resigned laugh. “Fucking gross.”

Ilya wants to kiss him so badly, but he doesn't. He's already pushed his luck way too far tonight. “Fine,” he says lightly, running a hand through his hair, “I won't sell it. You can keep it. Will be worth a lot when you retire, so you can buy a big painting of me to put in your house.”

“Lucky me,” Hollander says.

—

In bed that night, Ilya looks at his phone. There's a text from Hollander.

Jane: What the fuck am I supposed to do with this?

Lily: I can think of a few ideas :)

Jane: I can't throw it out, the hotel staff don't sign NDAs or anything

Jane: I'm not taking it with me

Lily: Wear it back to Canada.

Lily: I hear it's cold there. Layers are important

Lily: And you do not even have the good feelings of winning a hockey game to keep you warm :(

Jane: Fuck you, seriously

Lily: Wear it. Send a pic

Hollander doesn't respond to that one. Ilya can picture him, eyebrows furrowed in annoyance, mouth quirked up in the tiniest reluctant hint of a smile.

The house is cold—too big, and annoying to keep heated. He burrows down under the comforter and closes his eyes, too tired to get out of bed to turn up the thermostat. With the lights off, and his eyes closed, he can picture Hollander almost perfectly. Wishes he couldn't.

His phone vibrates. He's not proud of how quickly he grabs it off the nightstand, blinking owlishly at the sudden bright light when he opens the messages app.

It's a photo from Hollander: a black suitcase on the hotel's suitcase rack, half-packed. Tucked in next to what looks like a toiletry bag is the jersey, folded carefully, the white 'R' of his name stark against the dark fabric. In the foreground of the photo is Hollander's blurry hand, middle finger stuck up.

Ilya can't help himself—he laughs, delighted, warm all over.

God. He's so fucked.

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