

Breakin' all the rules, like they weren't made for you

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by [mickeysmyheart](#)

Summary

“What happened with Scott Hunter? I need to know everything. He played horribly, just like two days ago in Boston,” Rozanov says rather quickly, his English has been slowly improving— or it just sounds like it is because they go months without speaking most of the time.

OR

Ilya FaceTimes Shane after his game to find out why he fought with Scott Hunter.

Notes

hiiii so i just quickly wrote this fic about ilya texting shane asking about the fight with scott hunter because of a tweet i saw that i will link below

hope you enjoy this! ♡

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

based off of this [tweet](#)

Shane is being pulled away by his teammates after fighting with fucking Scott Hunter after the annihilation the New York Admirals just faced against the Montreal Metros. He never thought he'd fight with Scott of all people. He actually admired Scott. Shane looked up to him.

So maybe he shouldn't have teased Scott about how badly he played but they lost 5 to 1, that's just unlike him so Shane couldn't help himself from ribbing him about it since he thought it would be in good fun. He sees Rozanov taunting players all the time and he knows he can be an asshole but now that Shane's gotten to know him a bit, he realized that Rozanov just acts like an asshole— well, most of the time— and having that persona on the ice is fun for viewers.

What Shane didn't expect was for Scott to basically confirm all of his fears— that someone knows about his and Romanov's— well, whatever the fuck they are or have going on. *You're starting to sound like him.* Shane felt ice in his veins yet he was hot all over. How dare Scott say that to him and insinuate something like that— even though he's right about him and Rozanov. He also felt weirdly protective of Rozanov at that moment. That was new and it kind of scared Shane.

After leaving the ice, getting undressed, showered, and dressed in his jeans and hoodie, Shane leaves the arena to head home— happy that this game was a home game for him. He peeped at his phone and saw some texts from *Lily* but he didn't open them yet, wanting to wait until he was completely alone before opening them.

At home, once he's settled on the sofa, he opens the text thread.

Lily

Good game but was against New York so I'd have to stop seeing you if you lost

Lily

You are fighting Scott Hunter. Why are you fighting Scott Hunter?

Lily

Did that get you as hard as I am watching you fight Scott Hunter?

Shane chuckles at the three texts and before he can respond, another one comes in.

Lily

Are you home yet? I want to see you. FaceTime?

This is new. They've never FaceTimed before.

Jane

Ok

That's all Shane texts back before an incoming FaceTime call comes in from *Lily*.

Shane accepts it to see a shirtless Rozanov propped up against his headboard in what must be his bed in his Boston apartment. He looks way too fucking good, Shane stops himself from straight up moaning at the sight of him.

"What happened with Scott Hunter? I need to know everything. He played horribly, just like two days ago in Boston," Rozanov says rather quickly, his English has been slowly improving— or it just sounds like it is because they go months without speaking most of the time.

Shane chuckles, thinking that Rozanov must have had that all prepared to ask him once he got home, that thought makes him smile and his heart squeeze in his chest. "It was a fucking shit show," Shane tells him.

“Yes,” Rozanov confirms. “Tell me. What did Scott Hunter say to you to get you to throw hands?”

“*Throw hands?* Who taught you that?” Shane eyes him teasingly.

“Your mother,” Rozanov quips back in his usual obnoxious ways. “C’mon, tell me, Hollander, I do not have all night.”

Shane rolls his eyes at him and he can see the small, soft, smile on Rozanov’s face. “I was just fucking with him after the game but it was lighthearted. I told him that I hope next time we play, he decides to show up,” Shane tells him.

Rozanov laughs, and Shane can’t help but smile watching him. He’s so beautiful when he looks all carefree like this. Shane shakes those thoughts away when Rozanov says, “I admit, that is a good one, Hollander.”

“Thanks,” Shane rolls his eyes, smiling softly.

“What did he say back to make you go at him?” Rozanov asks again, nodding his head at him.

Shane feels kind of shy to tell him, he just knows Rozanov is going to be an asshole and tease him for it. He sighs and says, “He said *you’re starting to sound like him.*”

Rozanov’s eyebrows rise slightly, a playful smile on his face as he realizes that Scott meant Shane was starting to sound like him. Here we go... “You want to be me so bad, now you talk like me, Hollander,” he says in that teasing, playful tone of his. His smile is sickeningly beautiful and Shane wishes he could jump through the screen and shut him up with a kiss.

“Fuck off, Rozanov,” Shane snaps back without any real heat to it.

Rozanov laughs. “You miss me so much that you are ragebaiting Scott Hunter like me?” he teases again.

“You fuckin’ wish,” Shane says back, trying to squash down that feeling of how right he actually is. He does miss him. *A lot*. He tries not to think about the fact that they’re playing against each other in Montreal in a few days, a couple weeks prior to the Olympics that are coming up in Russia.

Rozanov’s smirking at him, his eyes flicking from his eyes down to his lips. “Tell me what you are thinking about,” he says, eyeing him.

“How much of an asshole you are,” Shane lies.

“I already told you that you are bad liar,” Rozanov says. He sees right through him— *how the fuck does he keep doing that?* When Shane doesn’t reply right away, just chews on his bottom lip, Rozanov asks, “Are you thinking about our game in three days?” even though he seems to be able to read Shane’s mind.

“Maybe,” Shane says because he can’t help but be a little shit back to him.

Rozanov smirks, “Are you as hard as I am right now?”

“Show me,” Shane finds himself saying, which *for once* seems to throw Rozanov for a loop.

Rozanov doesn’t reply, instead he pans his phone down his body— his perfect fucking body — down to where there’s an obvious tent under the blanket that’s loosely placed over his lap. “You see more when you strip down too,” Rozanov tells him, bringing the camera back to his face. “Go— get in your bed, I want to see you.”

Shane's such a fucking cock slut, he does exactly what Rozanov says but can't help but throw in a "Fuck you," as he goes, which makes Rozanov smile.

Shane puts his phone down on his bedside table propped up so that Rozanov can watch him slowly undress himself— and watch him fold his clothes. He's always patiently watching him which shouldn't endear Shane the way it does.

Once Shane's in just his briefs, he gets onto his bed, sitting up against the headboard and adjusts his phone on the bedside table so that Rozanov can see him properly in the bed and he doesn't have to hold the phone.

Rozanov did the same because now Shane has a better view of his face *and* his body. "Take those off," he tells him.

As smoothly as he can, Shane removes his briefs, tossing them onto the floor. He's fully naked in front of Rozanov on camera, his cock hard and already leaking in anticipation for what Rozanov wants to do with him like this.

"*Fuck*," Rozanov moans, his eyes scanning his entire body, eyes fixed on his leaking cock before he looks up into his eyes. "You are already wet. That is very hot, Hollander."

Shane feels himself blushing and wants to tell him to go fuck himself but he can't seem to because unfortunately that worked on him. His cock twitches at the compliment, desperate for some attention. "You gonna keep yourself covered up the whole time?" he asks instead, wanting desperately to see that big cock again.

Rozanov smirks as he tosses the blanket aside, exposing himself to Shane. It shouldn't be as fucking hot as it is. "This what you want, Hollander?" Rozanov teases, taking his hard cock in his hand and giving it a lazy stroke.

"Fuck," Shane moans. He desperately wants to touch himself too but he doesn't. He realizes it's because he's waiting for Rozanov to tell him to and boy is that fucking with him mentally right now.

Rozanov reaches for something then he sees him putting some lube into his hand and stroking himself again— this time the movement is more fluid and the noises his slicked up hand is making over his hard cock is diabolical.

“Please,” Shane finds himself moaning softly, watching Rozanov jerk himself off as he watches him.

“Please, what?” Rozanov asks, because he *always* seems to have to *hear* Shane say the words.

Shane doesn’t even know what he’s begging for really. He knows he wants to touch himself but he wishes more than anything that he can have Rozanov in his bed with that perfect cock down his throat.

“Tell me what you want, Hollander, I do not read minds,” Rozanov says impatiently. *Wrong, you can read me like a book*, Shane thinks.

He decides to push away his fear of voicing what he wants and asks way too softly, “Can I touch myself?”

Rozanov’s lips twitch before they turn up into an insanely sexy smirk. “Da— yes,” he says quickly, nodding for him to go ahead.

Shane immediately takes his cock in his hand and gives it a stroke. He moans softly at the friction, before using his precum to stroke himself again.

“*Fuck*, you are so wet you probably don’t need lube,” Rozanov moans, watching him with hooded eyes, stroking himself.

More precum spills out of Shane at that and he'd be embarrassed about it if Rozanov didn't just moan at the sight of it, "Fuck, Hollander. Go faster."

Shane actually doesn't use any lube, even though he could use it, seeing the way it's affecting Rozanov to *not* use any is enough to get Shane's cock wet enough to stroke himself harder, faster. Rozanov matches him, both of them stroking themselves faster as they keep their eyes locked on each other.

Shane's eyes travel from watching Rozanov touch himself, up his perfect abs and tits, up to his neck that Shane wants to leave a thousand hickeys on, and to his filthy fucking mouth. Those perfect lips are parted slightly and he's breathing heavier as he strokes himself faster.

"I can't wait to fuck you in a few days," Rozanov tells him, Shane's eyes looking into his, seeing how fucking gone Rozanov looks. Shane's cock leaks more at the sight of him like this and can only imagine how good he'll look as he's fucking him. "You are thinking about it too," Rozanov adds, watching him. "You want this cock inside you, Hollander?" he asks, waving his dick a once before going back to stroking himself, his thumb going over his slit and moaning deeply at the feeling.

"*Jesus Christ*," Shane moans a bit too loudly, increasing the speed of his hand.

"Yes?" he asks, needing to hear Shane say it.

"Yes," Shane says. "I want your cock inside me, fuck, need you to fuck me now, Rozanov, please," Shane begs. He sounds fucking desperate but he can't seem to care right now, not when Rozanov is looking at him like that and looks seconds away from coming.

"*God*, Hollander," Rozanov moans. "Are you—"

"I'm close," Shane tells him, knowing what he's asking.

“C’mon, Hollander,” Rozanov says, practically fucking his own hand. It’s so fucking hot, Shane’s about to come just from the sight alone until he hears him say, “Come for me,” then he can’t stop.

Shane moans, “*Fuck, Rozanov*,” loudly into his empty bedroom, as he strokes himself through his orgasm, coming all over his hand and stomach.

“*Oh God, Hollander*,” Rozanov moans, coming hard into his hand and stomach as well after seeing Shane come apart.

They clean themselves up and then both reach for their phones, bringing them closer to their faces, looking at each other with lazy smiles. Shane can’t help but think about how beautiful Rozanov looks and how badly he wants to kiss him.

“Three more days,” Rozanov tells him softly, reading his mind again.

“Yeah,” Shane says back.

Rozanov smiles at him and Shane can’t help but smile back at him. “Goodnight, Hollander,” he says.

“Goodnight,” Shane says. He sees the shy little smile on Rozanov’s lips before he ends the call.

Shane tosses his phone onto the bed next to him, hiding his face in his hands. He removes his hands and lets out a soft laugh. He’s so fucked.

End Notes

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