

eighty-one

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by [no_ilya_thats_gross](#)

Summary

He has to admit, he feels fucking ridiculous.

The sweater isn't much different from his own. The texture is the same, the fit is the same, but something about it feels entirely wrong. Blasphemous, somehow, like the hockey gods should strike Shane down for even thinking about putting it on.

But here he is, pacing around his hotel room, wearing nothing but an Ilya Rozanov Boston Raiders jersey.

Notes

this would not be more than an idea without your lovely comment. 💕💕

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

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The sweater isn't much different from his own. The texture is the same, the fit is the same, but something about it feels entirely wrong. Blasphemous, somehow, like the hockey gods should strike Shane down for even thinking about putting it on.

But here he is, pacing around his hotel room, wearing nothing but an Ilya Rozanov Boston Raiders jersey.

He checks his watch, then wishes he hadn't when panic floods him. 8:50. He has roughly ten minutes to decide whether or not he's actually going to go through with this and he's already been going back and forth on it for thirty.

He toys with the hem of the sweater thoughtfully, weighing his options.

The problem is, he has no idea how Rozanov might react to this. He knows how *he* would react, which is why he bought the stupid thing in the first place, but as much as he can picture Rozanov enjoying it, he can also practically hear him mocking him already.

Shane checks his watch again. Seven minutes.

He tugs at the neck of the sweater nervously, skin suddenly feeling too warm all over. He checks his reflection in the mirror by the desk, trying to ignore how bizarre he looks in a Boston sweater and focus on the rest of his appearance.

His hair is a mess from running his hands through it. His skin looks flushed. He feels nervous, clammy, stupid for even considering this.

Five minutes.

He could take it off and pretend this never happened. Bury the jersey at the bottom of his suitcase and ignore it until he can get home and throw the stupid thing away.

There's a quiet knock at the door and Shane's heart jumps into his throat. He glances at his watch again. Rozanov is only three minutes early, but Shane had been counting on every second of those three minutes to make his decision.

He glances over by the bed where his suitcase is sitting, then at the door. Does he have time to take off the sweater and hide it? Rozanov is waiting on the other side of the door, out in the open where anyone could see him.

Another knock, slightly louder this time, and Shane swears quietly and hurries for the door. He opens it just long enough to stick a hand out and yank Rozanov into his room.

"Get *in*," he hisses, closing the door quickly behind him.

"Is not my fault you did not answer first time I—" Rozanov begins, then stops abruptly, eyes going wide.

Shane remembers what he's wearing and immediately feels himself go red. Rozanov's gaze is fixed on the sweater, eyebrows raised, face unreadable as he slowly takes a step closer, hand reaching out a little as though he's going to grab it.

It occurs to Shane that he's never seen Rozanov speechless before. He rubs the back of his neck uncomfortably and avoids eye contact at all costs.

"Sorry," he mutters for some reason, swallowing hard and taking a step back. "I don't know why I thought—I mean, I'll just..." He reaches for the hem of the sweater again, moving to take it off.

"Stop," Rozanov says hurriedly, and his voice sounds rough, like gravel. Shane immediately stops, but he still fidgets with the bottom hem of the sweater uncertainly. Still avoids Rozanov's gaze. He waits for Rozanov to say something else, but nothing comes.

Rozanov does, however, take a hesitant step forward. Then another. Shane glances up at him and his body floods with relief. Rozanov definitely doesn't look like he's going to mock him. He looks... god, he looks *gone*. Wrecked.

Rozanov takes another step forward, right up into Shane's personal space, and Shane can't believe he ever considered taking the sweater off. Hell, if it gets this reaction, he may *never* take it off. He watches as Rozanov reaches out again.

His hand hovers just above the Raiders logo, fingertips twitching with uncertainty before he finally makes contact.

"Do you—" Shane begins, but Rozanov grabs a handful of the fabric and yanks him forward to crush their mouths together before he can finish his question. Shane forgets every reason he'd been nervous as Rozanov kisses him desperately; his hands are everywhere, all over the sweater, tugging at it as though there's any possible way to get Shane closer.

Shane ends up pinned to the door as Rozanov paws at the sweater with one hand and holds him tightly by the jaw with the other. He sucks on Shane's tongue and Shane's legs turn to jelly. It makes all the sense in the world to just sink to his knees.

Rozanov lets him. He lets go of the sweater reluctantly and sinks his hand into Shane's soft hair instead, petting him gently as Shane scrambles to undo his jeans and yank them down just enough to get his mouth on Rozanov's cock.

"So pretty, all dressed up and on your knees for me," Rozanov groans, gripping Shane's hair more tightly and rocking his hips forward. "Wearing my number *как будто ты принадлежишь мне*. Fuck, Hollander," he adds when Shane looks up at him through wet eyelashes and swallows around him.

Shane works his way back up the length of Rozanov's cock until he can suck gently on the head, tongue digging into the slit, before sucking his way back down again.

Above him, Rozanov's breath shortens to fast, ragged bursts, knuckles white against the door and Shane has never felt more powerful than he does now, on his knees.

“Fuck, too much,” Rozanov says when Shane moans around him, gripping him by the hair again and hauling him up into a filthy kiss. “Need to fuck you,” he says, guiding Shane over to the bed. Shane nearly trips over his own feet as Rozanov sits down hard, pulling him forward by the waist.

Without warning, Rozanov flips Shane onto his back, shoving the sweater up to expose his skin. Warm hands slide over his ribs, then pin him firmly in place, hungry gaze locked on Shane’s face. “Stay still,” Rozanov orders, dragging callused fingers down Shane’s stomach, eyes devouring every inch exposed beneath the crumpled fabric. Shane fights not to writhe on the spot with how good it feels to have Rozanov’s attention and hands on him.

“Fuck, Rozanov, please....”

He’s not even sure what he’s begging for, but he thinks maybe Rozanov does. He always does, anticipating Shane’s every need before he can figure it out himself.

“*мой хороший мальчик*,” Rozanov says, and wraps a large, callused hand around Shane’s leaking cock. Not for the first time, Shane wishes he knew Russian. “Making a mess of my sweater, aren’t you?”

Shane nods helplessly, hips rocking up into Rozanov’s hand before he can stop himself.

“So hard for me already,” Rozanov murmurs, curling his fist tighter around Shane’s cock as he strokes deliberately, drawing out a desperate whine from Shane’s lips. With every stroke, Rozanov’s gaze turns darker, his breathing roughening as he leans in close. Heat prickles under Shane’s skin when Rozanov’s voice drops to a growl. “*Ты так сильно этого хочешь, не так ли?*” he breathes against his ear, fingers slick with precome as he drags his fist down in time with Shane’s ragged gasps.

“Oh, *fuck*,” Shane whines. He has no idea what Rozanov is saying, but the sound of it is driving him crazy. “Keep— keep talking,” he begs.

“*Хочешь, я расскажу тебе, как много ты для меня значишь?*” Rozanov asks, slick fingers sliding down to Shane’s entrance. “*Рассказать тебе, какой ты красивый?*”

Shane chokes on a whimper when Rozanov’s finger slides inside him. His thumb circles Shane’s rim, coaxing him open as he presses deeper. Seconds stretch into eternity before Rozanov presses another thick finger in with maddening care.

Shane reaches out, fingers twisting in Rozanov’s shirt, eyes wide as he pants out desperate, half-intelligible pleas for more, overwhelmed by the slow burn spreading through his body.

Rozanov stills his hand, pinning Shane with a look. “Open your legs for me,” he commands. Shane scrambles to obey, thighs falling open as Rozanov pushes both fingers deeper. The stretch burns, sharp enough to draw a choked gasp from Shane’s throat. Instantly, Rozanov’s eyes flare with dark satisfaction, withdrawing his hand just enough to build aching anticipation.

Without warning, Rozanov leans in to mouth at Shane's bare inner thigh, teeth scraping gently. Heat rushes through Shane's body as Rozanov bites down, leaving a neat, reddening mark. Shane jerks involuntarily at the sting, breath catching in his throat as Rozanov's tongue soothes the newly formed bruise. This rough tenderness spins his nerves fractal-sharp, heart hammering wildly in his chest.

They normally have an unspoken "no marks" rule, but Shane doesn't give a fuck right now. All of their rules could fly out the window for all he cares, as long as Rozanov keeps touching him, keeps fucking him open on his fingers.

"More," he manages to say after a moment, and Rozanov's eyes search his own. "Please," he adds when Rozanov doesn't move.

"On your stomach," Rozanov says after a moment, and dimly, Shane wonders if this has to do with the sweater— if Rozanov wants to be able to see his name and number splayed across Shane's back while he fucks him. He flips over onto his stomach. When Rozanov swears quietly, he thinks he may be right.

Shane stays perfectly still, waiting impatiently while Rozanov rummages through the nightstand drawer. He focuses on his breathing, tries to get his heart to stop thudding quite so painfully in his chest.

It's all a lost cause when Rozanov finally presses the tip of his cock to Shane's hole. He chokes on a gasp and tries to stay still, no matter how badly he wants to press back against him, take him deeper, faster. But Rozanov is always gentle at first, always takes his time so he doesn't risk hurting Shane.

Shane thinks maybe he wouldn't mind a little hurt, as long as Rozanov was the one doing the hurting.

Shane is a trembling mess by the time Rozanov bottoms out. Judging by the shaky hand that grasps at the back of his sweater, Rozanov isn't much better off.

"*мой*," he whispers, and Shane gives a full-body shudder. "*мой, мой, мой*."

He has no clue what Rozanov is saying, but the emotion in his voice is overwhelming. He pulls out abruptly, leaving Shane gasping in frustration.

"What—" Shane begins, feeling lost and utterly confused when Rozanov collapses on the bed next to him.

"Changed my mind," Rozanov explains. "Want to see that pretty face. Come here." He nudges and manhandles Shane until he's on top of him, straddling his hips, and Shane's face heats up, but he goes along with it anyway, sinking back down on Rozanov's dick. He's pretty sure he'd do anything Rozanov told him to.

"Oh, *fuck*," he breathes, lifting up a little before grinding back down. The new angle is overwhelmingly good, sending sparks of pleasure up his spine every time he moves. It doesn't take long before he's riding Rozanov hard and fast, just like he wanted.

“Come here,” Rozanov says again, and yanks him down by the neck of the sweater into a kiss, hips rocking up to meet his. Shane breaks the kiss with an embarrassingly loud whine, rhythm faltering, and Rozanov grips his hips and keeps him moving.

“That’s it, Hollander,” he praises, and Shane steps that much closer to the edge. “Come for me.”

“Holy shit, Rozanov—” Shane chokes out, and just like that, he’s coming all over himself, back arching and body shaking as Rozanov keeps fucking him.

He’s flipped onto his back in seconds, Rozanov above him, necklace jingling quietly as he fucks Shane harder, chasing his own orgasm.

Shane reaches up, winds his hand into Rozanov’s hair, and pulls him down into another kiss. He fucking loves when Rozanov gives in and just *takes*, when he finally focuses on himself. It makes him feel used in the best way.

Rozanov’s teeth catch Shane’s bottom lip, then his jaw, then his neck. Shane lets his head drop back, giving Rozanov full permission to kiss and suck and bite wherever he wants. He feels his cock twitch, making a valiant effort to get hard again, as Rozanov keeps nipping at his jawline.

“*Я хочу остаться здесь навсегда,*” Rozanov whispers, and Shane groans, clenching down on him all over again involuntarily. He’s doesn’t think he’ll be able to hear Rozanov speak Russian without getting hard ever the fuck again. “Fuck, Hollander. *Ты создан для этого.*”

His pace picks up, goes a little erratic, and Shane knows he’s close.

“Come on me,” Shane says without thinking, but as soon as he says it, he knows immediately it’s exactly what he wants. “Oh, fuck, please, Rozanov—”

Rozanov looks stunned, but he hesitates. “Is what you want?” he asks, and Shane nods frantically.

“God, yes. Want it, want *you*,” he begs, and watches eagerly as Rozanov pulls out and takes off the condom. His mouth waters as Rozanov start to stroke himself hard and fast. He gets his other hand in Shane’s hair and holds on tight, using his grip on him to pull him forward.

“Going to come all over you,” Rozanov promises, and when Shane whimpers desperately, he leans in close and sticks his tongue out. Shane latches onto it immediately, sucking it into his mouth.

When Rozanov pulls away and starts groaning, Shane knows he’s about to come, but the first splash of it on his bare stomach still shocks his entire system. The next hits the sweater right on the Raiders emblem. Shane stares, feeling drunk as Rozanov hisses through his teeth and strokes himself a couple more times, the last few drops of come landing on Shane’s thighs and Rozanov’s fingers.

Looking completely drained, Rozanov reaches for Shane's sweater to wipe off his hand. Shane catches him by the wrist before he can think about it. Rozanov looks between Shane's face and his own hand a couple times, eyebrow raised, asking a silent question.

Shane nods wordlessly, immediately. He wants whatever Rozanov will give him. Rozanov swallows audibly, looking stunned again.

"Open," he orders quietly, bringing his hand up, and Shane eagerly opens his mouth for Rozanov's fingers. "Fuck, Hollander, you will kill me," he groans, watching Shane suck his fingers clean. Shane just hums around his fingers, eyes fluttering closed. As soon as he lets his hand go, Rozanov's mouth is on his again, this time slow and careful. Shane kisses back clumsily, his entire body feeling heavy and uncooperative.

Rozanov collapses on the bed next to him, burying his face in the crook of Shane's neck. "*Ты идеальный*," he murmurs, placing little kisses wherever he can reach. Shane nuzzles closer. Stifles a yawn. Rozanov chuckles. His hand comes up to pet Shane's hair again, slow and familiar.

"Sleep, *мое солнышко*," he whispers, placing a gentle kiss on Shane's forehead.

Shane lets his eyes close again, and for the first time, he doesn't wonder if Rozanov will still be there in the morning.

He already knows.

End Notes

every time I write something new, I think "this is the filthiest thing I'll ever write." but this show is Doing Something to me.

god, okay, there's so much russian.

как будто ты принадлежишь мне - as if you belong to me

мой хороший мальчик - my good boy

Ты так сильно этого хочешь, не так ли? - you want this so badly, don't you?

Хочешь, я расскажу тебе, как много ты для меня значишь? - do you want me to tell you how much you mean to me?

Рассказать тебе, какой ты красивый? - shall I tell you how beautiful you are?

мой - mine

Я хочу остаться здесь навсегда - I want to stay here forever

Ты создан для этого - you were made for this

Ты идеальный - you are perfect

мое солнышко - my sunshine

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