

Buyer's Remorse

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Buyer's Remorse

by [smugrobotics](#)

Summary

They're standing in front of the table of items being auctioned: a variety of MLH memorabilia, box seats for the season, a bottle of wine that's probably worth more than Shane's signing bonus—

—and a piece of paper, with six words printed across the top in big, bold letters:

HOLLANDER AND ROZANOV WINNER'S ROOM PERFORMANCE.

Notes

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- ▶ very mild spoiler warning
- ▶ dubious consent context

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

Playing hockey isn't the hardest part of being in the MLH.

In fact, it doesn't even crack the top ten. There are plenty of things for Shane to dislike about the life he's chosen—the diet, the packed schedule, the media—but standing around in a monkey suit, smiling and making nice for millionaires and billionaires? Definitely the worst.

Honestly, Shane thinks, tugging at his bow tie, he'd trade it for a puck to the face if he could.

At least tonight is for a good cause. Curing diabetes. Or—diabetes awareness. Maybe something about hockey for kids with diabetes? Shane isn't exactly clear; he'd only found out that he had to come to this thing last night, which hadn't left a lot of time for prep. His mom had called him on the ride over about the particulars, but his attention had kept drifting to hockey, specifically the power play that couldn't crack Boston's penalty kill and all the ways Shane could think of to knock Ilya Rozanov down a peg on the ice. So, obviously, Shane had missed a few details.

It doesn't matter; whatever they're doing for diabetes tonight, Shane is sure it's worthwhile. Why else would the MLH drag him here last minute? It's a little odd, though, that they'd only tapped him for an event this size. Usually, the MLH sends a chunk of the team together. It's good optics and has the added benefit of not leaving any of them stranded in the middle of a crowd of strangers, smiling stupidly at whoever comes up to make small talk.

Even one familiar face would be a relief. The League had to have sent *someone* else. But, as Shane scans the undulating sea of formal wear, he can't find a single familiar face. *Come on*, Shane thinks, urging luck to be even a little on his side tonight. *Anyone. Any team. I'll take anything.*

Shane's brain must have a direct line to Satan's ear, because not a moment later, Ilya fucking Rozanov is inexplicably standing in front of him.

I take it back, Shane begs silently, his heart suddenly pounding. *Anyone but him.*

But this time, no one is listening, because Rozanov stays exactly where he is. No, that's not quite true: Rozanov moves closer, crowding Shane's space and leaning down until he's close enough that Shane can easily hear his voice over the chattering crowd.

"We need to talk," is what Rozanov says, accent thick in the way it gets when he's arguing a call on the ice. He looks pissed, lips pressed thin, jaw clenched so tight that the muscles at the hinge are bulging out a little.

"What? Why?" Shane says, because this isn't the ice and he can't exactly tell Rozanov to go fuck himself at a charity event, can he? "Is something wr—"

Before Shane can finish, Rozanov grabs him by the bicep and yanks, tugging Shane along with him like a balloon on a string as he strides through the banquet hall. The abrupt change in momentum leaves Shane stumbling, barely managing to keep his feet under him and avoid the embarrassment of being dragged, toddler-style, through the room.

“Jesus Christ, Rozanov!” Shane snaps, but Rozanov ignores him, keeping his arm held tight until they finally stop and Shane can wrench free. “What the fuck is your problem?”

“Is not *my* problem,” Rozanov drops his hand and taps a piece of paper on the table next to them pointedly. “Is *our* problem.”

“What are you—” Shane starts to ask, but a glance down is enough to give him the answer.

They’re standing in front of the table of items being auctioned: a variety of MLH memorabilia, box seats for the season, a bottle of wine that’s probably worth more than Shane’s signing bonus—

—and a piece of paper, with six words printed across the top in big, bold letters:
HOLLANDER AND ROZANOV WINNER’S ROOM PERFORMANCE.

It takes Shane three tries to accept that those words are actually there, in that order, meaning exactly what Shane thinks they mean. His mouth opens, and for a moment, nothing but air comes out before Shane finally remembers how to speak.

“There’s no way. They can’t—” Shane stammers, looking for any hint of doubt on Rozanov’s face and finding only stone-cold certainty. “But that’s not even allowed anymore!”

“It is not done, yes, but it is still in the contracts,” Rozanov says, the flat resignation in his voice not shifting even a little to accommodate Shane’s desperate scramble for another explanation. “You read your contract, yes? Or maybe your mom read it for you.”

“I read my fucking contract, asshole.” Shane brings a hand to his forehead, rubs over the ridge of his brow as he stares down at the auction listing, his stomach crawling all over itself as he reads the estimate—1.5 million dollars.

No. This is not happening. The Dogs with Diabetes or whatever fucking charity this is can go fuck itself; no one is putting him in a Winner’s Room with anyone, and especially not Ilya Rozanov.

“How much can you throw in?” Shane asks, pulling out his phone to check his bank account, then into his email to find his latest brokerage statement. “I think I can probably get a quarter mil tonight, another half by the end of the week.”

Rozanov’s brow furrows, his eyes flicking like he’s trying to decipher a dead language on the fly. “Hollander—”

“How *much*?” Shane might be having a panic attack. His body is hot, his bowtie strangling him now. He yanks at it, wishing he could tear the fucking thing off.

“It does not matter,” Rozanov says, pitched low, but no less insistent. “You think this is an accident? Bad luck?”

“I don’t give a shit—”

“Hollander. This is a *message*.”

The background hum of laughter and clinking glasses grows loud around them as Shane unpacks Rozanov's words. A message. If that's true, then there's only one person who could be behind this fucked up situation and—yeah. This seems like exactly the type of underhanded, power-trip bullshit Crowell would try.

“The lockout.” Shane clenches his hands in fists, trying to hold onto his anger. “He's doing this because we backed the fucking lockout.”

“I think so, yes.”

“Fucking Crowell,” Shane spits, then lowers his voice when he notices heads turning in his periphery. “So, we say no. He can't tie us down and force us to fuck, doesn't matter how much he sells us for.”

“He does not want us to fuck, he wants us to—” Rozanov says a long line of Russian, then pauses, a deep line appearing between his eyebrows. “Break contract. You have heard about Hunter, yes?”

Yeah, Shane has heard about Hunter. Dropped from all his sponsorships with no official explanation, only a widespread rumor that Scott is shacking up with a man. Shane had assumed it'd been some bad luck with a pap, but the moment he connects that dot, others start lighting up in his memory.

The Captain of the Guardians put on waivers for poor performance. Jacob Behr, the Captain of the Hammerheads traded to the fucking *Centaurs* of all teams. Shit. And that's only the stuff Shane's heard about; who knows what else is going on behind the scenes?

“So, I'm fucked either way,” Shane says, his throat so tight the words come out strained and reedy. “I just have to choose whether it's you or the League bending me over.”

Rozanov's lips twitch up into a smirk. “If it helps, I have never had complaints. MLH, though...” Rozanov shrugs and the absurdity of that shifts something inside of Shane, loosens his anxiety so that it bubbles to the surface on a laugh.

Which is almost immediately smothered by the auctioneer calling out, in a smooth, sonorous voice:

“Ladies and gentlemen, bidding will commence in ten minutes.”

“Jesus Christ,” Shane says, his heart in a breakaway with no goal in sight. Rozanov is frowning at the auctioneer's platform, but with none of the nervous, panicked energy Shane can feel radiating out of his own pores. “How can you be so calm about this?”

Rozanov reaches for him, and Shane sucks in a sharp breath. The only time they touch is on the ice, bodies slamming into one another with targeted, single-minded violence. So when Rozanov's hand lands on his shoulder and gently squeezes, it's more shocking than a body check.

Shane expects a joke or a jab, maybe some chirping about Russians being stronger than soft Canadian boys like him. Instead, he gets the weight of Rozanov's eyes on his, trailing slowly down to linger on his mouth. Shane drops out of his spiraling thoughts, straight down into his body. Logically, he knows he's breathing normally, but every inhale feels rehearsed, performative—like Shane sprinted up nine flights of stairs and is trying to hide that he's winded.

"Is just sex, Hollander," Rozanov says, the warmth of his hand spreading into Shane's skin like he's passing on a fever. "It will be fine."

The knocking rap of the auctioneer's gavel jars Shane back into reality where Rozanov is pulling away and walking off to find a seat. Shane's not naive enough to believe him—but he's shocked by how much he wishes he could.

It's a fucking trainwreck.

No matter what Rozanov says, Shane can't just sit by and watch—but it's sickeningly clear the minute bidding starts how hopeless it is. Shane's only able to raise the paddle twice before the price climbs beyond what he can spend and still keep his lights on.

The room is lively, the auctioneer expertly keeping the crowd entertained in between announcing bids. It's too classy of an event for any crass jokes to be thrown around, but it still feels like the entire room is winking at him as Shane watches these people turn him into a whore.

It comes down to a bidding war between two people Shane doesn't recognize. Two strangers who want to see him spread his legs and get fucked. That thought is the last, nauseating straw and Shane breaks, shooting to his feet so fast he almost knocks over his chair. The bar is at the other end of the room, but not nearly far enough to escape the sound of the auctioneer calling out ever-increasing numbers. When the bartender comes over to check on him, Shane caves and orders a shot.

"—that's two million one hundred thousand, thank you sir, do I hear two million two? Two million—yes, thank you, two million two hundred thousand—"

Shane risks a glance back, his eyes immediately landing on Rozanov's light brown curls. He's still there, still watching. God—how can he stand the humiliation? How can he sit there and take it?

"Congratulations, sir, the sale is yours at two million five hundred thousand dollars," the auctioneer says, followed by the rap of the hammer on the podium. "And this concludes our event this evening. Congratulations to all of our bidders and a heartfelt thank you to everyone who joined us for this worthy cause."

There's a polite round of applause, and Shane gapes. Jesus Christ. Someone just dropped two million dollars on his ass. For *diabetes*. A laugh punches out of him as he watches the elite of New York shuffle out, congratulating one another and shaking hands.

Before he can turn to desperately wave the bartender down again, he notices Rozanov, standing in the thinning crowd, fixing his cuffs and looking around the room. For him, Shane realizes only seconds before Rozanov finds him. There's an entire banquet hall and three dozen assholes between them, and yet Rozanov drowns out every other detail vying for Shane's awareness, leaving only the two of them and Shane's heart, pummeling itself against his ribs.

And then Rozanov winks, and Shane knows two million dollars doesn't even come close to how truly fucked he is.

Somehow, the next week flies by in a rush of practices and games and meetings with his lawyer, and only three or four moments of deep, nauseating panic sprinkled in between.

The first meltdown happens Monday morning, when Shane wakes up to an email in his inbox informing him of a "contractually required appearance" he'll be making after his game against Boston that Friday. Shane closes his laptop and slides it under the mattress, then stands in the shower for half an hour trying, and failing, to stop his spiraling thoughts.

The second happens after he meets with his lawyer and is told, unequivocally, that the magical loophole Shane had hooked his hopes on doesn't exist. The contract is airtight, not the tiniest squidge of wiggle room to be found. Halfway through the meeting, Shane buries his head in his hands, so overwhelmed he's barely able to keep following as his lawyer lists the many reasons why he's stuck between a cock and a hard place, but the point is clear—the MLH doesn't fuck around about contracts.

Shane doesn't tell anyone besides his lawyer, definitely not his family or the team. How the hell will the other players look at him the same way if he did? The closer Friday gets, though, the more desperate he becomes. Wednesday evening, he pulls out his phone, scrolls down to his mom's number, and stares at it. He could tell her. Shane knows she'd throw herself at the problem with enough intensity she might actually get Crowell to back down—but Shane sits with his thumb frozen over the call button and can't bring himself to push.

It's not the embarrassment—though, Jesus Christ, that would be the most awkward conversation of his *life*—it's the worry that even she wouldn't be able to help him. The only thing worse than having to go through with this would be doing it while knowing his mom had tried and failed to stop it.

Shane's not going to do that to her. He's an adult. He can handle this himself.

It's the mantra he repeats in his head throughout the lead-up to Friday's game, the anchor that keeps him from unspooling all over the ice. He's not going to let his team down. He's not going to let this fuck up his game.

And he doesn't. The frenetic energy stewing inside him seems to actually improve his game. By the time the clock hits zero, Shane has two goals and one assist.

But it doesn't matter; Boston still wins, four to three.

The locker room is always quiet after a loss, so nobody side-eyes Shane sitting pale-faced and silent on the bench. He wonders how Rozanov is managing, wonders if he's celebrating with the rest of his team, loud and obnoxious the way Shane's always imagined him after a win, or if his smile is already peeling off his face like cheap wallpaper.

He wonders if Rozanov is excited.

"Hollander!" Coach's voice jerks Shane out of his thoughts. He's standing by the door, frowning, and waves Shane over impatiently when he doesn't immediately leap to his feet. There's a brief, heart-shaking moment when Shane thinks maybe Coach knows what's about to happen, but then he snaps, "You've got an appearance, Hollander. Get your ass moving."

The line strung painfully tight between his breathless lungs and roiling stomach eases. At least he'll be able to look his Coach in the eyes tomorrow.

"I haven't even showered," Shane says, but stands up and crosses the gallows-walk to the door.

"Don't waste your time sulking and you won't have to greet fans sitting in your own stink." Coach says and gestures to the facility ops guy in the hallway. "Go on."

Whatever small talk he and the intern exchange on the walk to the room is meaningless white noise, in the wind as soon as it's out of his mouth. There's not much time to fill because they don't go far, stopping a little ways down the hall in front of a nondescript room that's sometimes used by the massage therapists—but Shane knows it had a different use, once.

Rozanov is already inside when Shane finally opens the door, sitting on the end of the bed in his base layers, his sweat-damp curls still bunched and mussed from the game. "Hollander," he says, arching an eyebrow, and Shane realizes he's frozen halfway through the door. He overcompensates, taking a weird, clumsy step forward, yanking the door closed behind him.

Rozanov's eyes drag over him, top to bottom, like he's taking inventory. "Clumsy. Maybe you have a concussion."

"Fuck you," Shane says, the words out before he remember the context of where he's saying them. The words sit between them, lined up like an easy shot, and Rozanov's never been one to pass that up.

"Yes. Fucking me is how the Winner's Room works. I already know this." He pauses, eyes flicking to the shut door then back. "Do you know this?"

The words are mocking, but Rozanov's expression doesn't have any of the smug, winking arrogance Shane expects. He looks—curious.

"I'm sure we've heard the same stories," Shane says carefully, trying to keep his face blank. "I get the gist."

"You have not—" Rozanov's eyebrows pinch toward one another, a deep line appearing between them. "Junior teams in Canada do not do this?"

"Of course not," Shane says, disgusted, before the full implications of that question hit like a check to the head. He stares at Rozanov, horrified, imagining him mouthy and brash and infuriating, facing the Winner's Room at sixteen years old.

Rozanov ignores Shane's wide-eyed shock. "So, is your first time," he says lightly. "Lucky for you I am here, then."

Before Shane can form any sort of answer, the door clicks open behind him, and Shane turns to see Roger Crowell walk inside and, of course. Of course, it would be him. Who else would pay two million dollars to humiliate the two of them but him? The reigning asshole of the MLH.

Shane backs up as Crowell moves closer, wanting to put as much space between them as possible. He ends up stopping just shy of the bed—right next to Rozanov.

Crowell, with his silver hair and expensively tailored black suit, fills the room. His size and presence eat up the space around him, drawing the walls in closer around the three of them. He walks over to the only other piece of furniture—a wide, comfortable-looking chair—unbuttons his jacket and smoothly settles into it.

"Good game tonight, gentlemen. I appreciate you making time to join me. I'm sure you're both beat after that performance." Crowell sounds almost fatherly, and Shane's stomach twists around the juxtaposition of that voice with where they are.

"It's not like we had a choice," Shane says, his tightly clenched jaw not nearly enough to keep the words back.

"We all have choices, kid," Crowell says, with none of the smug, winking victory Shane expects. The words are cold and blunt, like a baseball bat to the stomach. "Ilya, there are supplies on the bed. Go ahead and get started."

The burnt metal flavor of adrenaline crawls up the back of Shane's throat as Rozanov stands. Shane flinches back, expecting to be grabbed, but Rozanov is only undressing, peeling off his compression shirt and tossing it to the side. Shane's eyes lock and hold on the wide, defined breadth of Rozanov's chest, sliding up along his broad shoulders to watch his biceps bunch and flex as Rozanov moves on to his pants.

Something breaks containment, clawing free, stricken and starving, from where Shane's locked it away for so long. His cock starts to fill, fattening awkwardly in his cup while he

follows the line of curled, damp hair on Rozanov's stomach down, down, greedily chasing it as Rozanov slides his pants lower.

There's no safe place to look—every inch of Rozanov is a trap. The moles that dot his skin like landmarks on a map that Shane wants to explore, the jut of his hip bones that are the perfect size for Shane's hands, his cock, hanging thick and heavy. Rozanov is uncut. Shane didn't know that. Shane didn't—

He recoils, wishing he could spit his strangled heart onto the floor. Anything to stop its panicked race to escape the terror clenching around it.

"I can't," Shane says, the horrifying suspicion he's been carrying from the start now confirmed: there won't be any gritting his teeth and stoically enduring this. If he goes through with it, if he lets this happen, lets Rozanov fuck him, Shane is going to like it—and they're going to *know*.

In the same instant that Shane tries to turn for the door, Rozanov lunges at him. It's impossible to tell who's faster—here or on the ice—but Rozanov has the reach. He grabs Shane by the wrist and yanks him forward, catching him against his chest. Shane is panting, struck still as his body shudders between the urge to escape and the urge to press closer. Rozanov's hand is warm under his chin, his grip unyielding as he tilts Shane's face up.

"Is just sex, remember? It means nothing."

Then Rozanov's mouth is on his, and Shane's not sure how he's supposed to remember his own name, let alone that this, *this*, is supposed to mean nothing. The first kiss is fleeting, Rozanov brushing their lips together, testing, teasing. "Yes?"

It's barely a nod, his chin pushing down slightly against Rozanov's hand, but it's enough. When Rozanov leans back in, the coy seduction is gone. He fits their mouths together with intent, his tongue sliding past Shane's lips as his hand slips up over the line of his jaw, burying his fingers in Shane's hair.

This isn't kissing—not like Shane's known it. Normally, Shane would be caught up in his own thoughts about what to do and how he should feel and how long was long enough. Now, it's like every soft moan Shane feeds into Rozanov's mouth takes a little bit more of his capacity for reason with it. He wants to be stronger, to hold out against the onslaught of his need, but the thread of his shame slips out of Shane's fingers, and he's lost in his own body, the throb of his cock and the prickling rasp of Rozanov's stubble somehow so much louder than any fear or worry ever could be.

"We had Winner's Rooms in the NFL, too, you know. But they're gone now, like the others."

Not louder than Crowell's voice, though. Shane jerks, but Rozanov pulls him closer, kisses him harder, his hand tightening in Shane's hair to keep him in place.

"It's a real shame, too. Nothing really drives home consequences quite the same way. Fuck up? Get fucked. Simple as that."

Rozanov is pulling at Shane's shirt, breaking the kiss only for as long as it takes to drag it up and over his head. Then he's back, and the edges of Shane's anger and humiliation that sharpen in his brief absence fuzz out again. Rozanov's hand drops to caress Shane's neck, then further. Shane groans as Rozanov drags a rough thumb across his nipple, squeezes at Shane's chest like he's feeling up a pair of tits.

"Makes someone think twice before slacking. Now, players think they can do whatever they want with no repercussions. Get his pants off, Ilya, I don't have all night."

The flash of tension Shane feels in Rozanov's shoulders is the only sign he hears Crowell at all. That, and his hands sliding to the waistband of Shane's pants, tugging them down as he backs Shane up against the bed.

"Sit," Rozanov says, and Shane drops so fast the bedframe squeaks with the impact. He hears Crowell laugh, but it's muted, distant—echoes in the tunnel of Shane's attention, now wholly fixed on the body in front of him.

Fuck. Shane wants to touch him. He imagines running his hands down the planes of Rozanov's chest, pushing against his stupid fucking muscles, and searching out the soft, secret parts of him where Shane could grip and dig his fingers in and leave bruises for Rozanov to find the next day.

More filthy, desperate impulses buzz in Shane's head, too many to name, but one clamors over the rest—Shane wants to put his mouth on Rozanov. To lick the salt from his skin and find out what the wet head of his cock tastes like. Shane wants to feel the weight of him on his tongue.

Shane lifts his hand, planning to wrap it around Rozanov's thick, straining cock, but Rozanov is moving, he's—

He's dropping to his knees between Shane's legs.

Shane's never had an erection while wearing a cup before, and it's not an experience he's eager to repeat—the thing feels like a fucking cage at this point. It's a relief when Rozanov tugs his compression pants down the rest of the way, taking his briefs along with them. Shane's cock is so hard it smacks against Shane's belly once it's free, leaving a smeared kiss of precome behind. There's a hitch in Rozanov's breathing as he watches, then he's licking his lips and leaning forward and—

"Fuck, wait, wait," Shane whispers, wanting to kick his own cock-blocking ass. "I haven't—they didn't let me shower."

Rozanov glances up at him, eyes gone dark in the low light, his mouth curling into that familiar smirk. "So polite," he says, gripping Shane's cock and dragging a moan out of him with a firm stroke. "Relax. Is fine." He licks a long line up the bottom of Shane's cock, as if to prove it, then wraps his sinfully hot mouth around the tip.

He's done this before is the last thought Shane has before his brain shuts down, shorted out by the overwhelming pleasure of Rozanov's lips and tongue and the tease of his throat Shane

can feel with every bob down. He falls back onto his elbows, gasping up at the ceiling. He normally looks at the ceiling during blowjobs, but this time, his eyes snap back to Rozanov immediately, helplessly. If he only gets this once, he needs to remember every detail.

The wet, red stretch of Rozanov's lips around his cock is mesmerizing, but what Shane can't get enough of is how much Rozanov seems to *like* this. He's making these deep, appreciative hums, so rumbling that Shane can feel them. He bites the inside of his cheek to keep from swearing at Rozanov, or telling him how fucking good this is, or, most tempting of all, begging Rozanov to let him come.

"Christ. Is this what Russians think winning is?" Crowell says, and Shane grunts as Rozanov's fingers suddenly dig in hard where he's gripping his thighs. "No wonder Sochi was such a shit show."

Shane considers the merits of murder as Rozanov pulls off, that jaw that'd been so open for Shane only seconds before clenched down tight. He crawls up onto the bed, urging Shane back with an insistent hand under his bicep, until Shane feels the cheap, thin pillows under the back of his head.

There's a familiar crinkle of foil to his right, and Shane's heart stumbles into his stomach when he looks over and sees Rozanov tearing a condom packet off the strip he's holding. Shane has known it this whole time, but for some reason, that makes it feel real—he's going to get fucked.

God, he wishes he were more upset about that.

"Turn over," Rozanov tells him, leaning back so that Shane can shift haltingly onto his stomach, unable to tell if the pinching pull in his chest is relief or disappointment.

"That's more like it," Crowell says, with sharp, startling anger. "You're competitors. Put him in his fucking place."

Instead, Rozanov puts Shane on his knees. He gets his hands under Shane's hips and yanks him up with a strength that makes it clear how easily Rozanov could throw Shane around if he wanted to, how it'd be nothing at all to pin him down and not let him up until Rozanov was done. It makes Shane's cock leak another sticky dribble down onto the duvet below. It's fucked up—*Shane* is fucked up, and how the hell did that happen? Jesus Christ, he's from *Ottawa*. They don't make that kind of fucked up, there.

"Hollander," Rozanov says, low enough that Crowell might miss it. He settles one hand on the small of Shane's back and the other drags over the crease of his ass, fingers slippery with lube. "Is okay?"

Shane can't answer that because it's *not* okay. This whole situation is so far down the spectrum, he can't even see okay from here. But Shane can wriggle back against Rozanov's fingers. He can reach and curl his hand around Rozanov's hip, urge him closer. Because Rozanov isn't asking if what's happening to them is okay, he's asking if Shane wants this.

And Shane has never wanted anything more.

Rozanov's fingers are thicker than Shane's—rougher, too. But they're slick and sure, and before long, Rozanov has worked two inside him, gliding smooth and easy. He keeps petting Shane's back with his other hand, murmuring soft encouragement whenever Shane remembers Crowell is watching and starts to tense up.

"Can you take another?" Rozanov murmurs, teasing Shane's rim with the third, but not pushing until he gives a shaky nod. He feels the stretch with the third, but it's good, like massaging into a sore muscle. Rozanov doesn't rush him, waiting until Shane breathes out the tension, working his finger in a little more with every hitching, helpless roll of Shane's hips.

He starts twisting his hand more, crooking his fingers, searching, and in the same moment that Shane realizes what Rozanov is looking for, he finds it. Shane *moans*, deep and uncontrolled, not thinking of anything past the lightning sparks of pleasure lighting up every nerve in their path. "Fuck—Rozanov!" he gasps when Rozanov presses even harder, worrying at it like a stuck button.

"Pathetic," Crowell says, but it ghosts right over Shane because Rozanov's fingers are sliding free, and there's a blunt, wet pressure rubbing against his hole. Rozanov's hand trails up until it settles, steady and soothing in the dip of his arched back.

"Breathe," he says, and as the air slides out of Shane's body, Rozanov's cock slides in.

"Oh my *God*," Shane buries the whine into the pillow, because trying to hold it back would be fucking impossible. Rozanov seems to be having a similar problem, a gravel-rough streak of Russian punching into the air as he bottoms out, grinds into Shane.

"Tight," Rozanov adds a second later, the only English that makes it out, but that one word has Shane's aching cock twitching, his hips jerking forward looking for friction.

Slow, controlled thrusts quickly pick up speed until Rozanov is fucking Shane for real. They're panting in tandem, counter-rhythmic as their bodies push-pull into one another and find the right tempo and, as Rozanov shifts, the right angle.

Once Rozanov pinpoints that weakness, he doesn't let it go. He strokes over Shane's prostate with every goddamn push inside, until Shane is pretty sure he's drooling. His cheek is mashed into the pillow, eyes screwed shut as moans and gasps and grunts shake out of him. He doesn't give a fuck what Crowell thinks right now, what he's saying—the man could be standing on his chair singing God Save the Queen, Shane still wouldn't hear him. Rozanov is overloading him with all the input he can absorb, stuffing him overfull with this thing he's craved for so long but never thought he'd taste.

Rozanov's hands suddenly slam down on either side of Shane's head, his stomach and chest blanketing Shane's back, his sweat shockingly cool against the heat of Shane's skin. His mouth is so close to Shane's ear that every time Rozanov's hips slap into him, a gust of warm breath tickles the damp strands of hair tucked behind it. Shane wants to turn his head, open his mouth for Rozanov's tongue, let him spit in it if he wants—Shane would do anything right now for more.

Except, there's a limit to what his body can handle, and Shane finds it when Rozanov takes his earlobe between his lips and sucks.

"Oh, fuck—oh—*God*—" Words dissolve on Shane's tongue as his cock jerks hard and he starts coming, shooting hot and sticky ropes onto his stomach with every spasm that wracks through him. When the last weak spurt forces its way out of him, his body goes as slack as a cut line, sliding up the bed with the force of Rozanov's last few thrusts.

"*Hollander*—"

The shout is muffled into Shane's neck, the vibration of his voice sinking into his lax, fucked out muscles. Rozanov presses Shane down into the bed, his heavy warmth just shy of suffocating. Shane has to work to breathe under his weight, but it's worth it. Shane's head is quiet underneath Rozanov's weight, like he's blocking out the world as they come back to themselves. Shane wonders if good sex always does that, or if it's something unique to tonight, to them.

Shane manages to swallow the soft, protesting noise that tries to break free when Rozanov finally rolls off him, silently turns over to watch him dispose of the condom—fuck, Shane hadn't even realized he'd put one on. Hadn't said anything about it, either.

Another tally mark in the 'Shane is Fucked Up' column.

Sighing, Shane rolls onto his back—and realizes Crowell isn't in his chair anymore. He isn't in the *room* anymore.

"Did he fucking leave?" Shane says, pushing up onto his elbows. He can feel the slip of lube between his cheeks as he shifts and tries not to show it on his face.

"Yes. I think when you came on my cock, but, it is hard to say. I was very distracted."

"Fuck off," Shane says, throwing an arm over his face to hide his grin. He feels like he's stepped off a roller-coaster, the same giddy, fear-drunk excitement, the same urge to climb back on. He peeks out in the space under his elbow when he feels the bed shift, his eyes sliding over Rozanov's naked body, drinking him in. He looks as long as he's able, until Rozanov finishes gathering up his clothes, and Shane has to look away or get caught.

His eyes land on the chair again, clenching that fluttery feeling in his stomach into a more familiar shape.

"You think he got his money's worth?" Shane asks, sitting up and swinging his legs over the side of the bed. He's pretty sure he already knows the answer; tonight had been way more than Crowell had bargained for.

"Mm. No," Rozanov says, echoing his thoughts as he slowly walks around the side of the bed, until he's right in front of Shane. "But I did."

Shane's heart squirms its way up out of his chest and lodges itself somewhere in his throat, making it hard to swallow, so there's nowhere for the words sitting on his tongue to go but

out.

“You sure about that?” Shane asks, and Rozanov smiles.

“Maybe not,” he says, reaching to stroke a knuckle under Shane’s chin, then up to brush over the corner of his mouth. “Maybe next game, we should check. Just in case.”

It’s funny—all his life, Shane thought he was better at ignoring bad ideas than other people. That he had a knack for seeing where a path would lead and stepping off the ones headed for disaster. It turns out that’s not quite the truth—Shane has simply never had anything tempting enough to keep him walking.

Not until now.

“Yes?” Rozanov asks, stroking over Shane’s lips with the pad of his thumb, tapping his nail gently against Shane’s teeth like he’s knocking on a door.

“Yes,” Shane sighs, and opens.

End Notes

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