You're Here to Win, Friend

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You're Here to Win, Friend

by verbaepulchellae

Summary

“You want a sandwich? I make really good tuna melts.”

“I haven’t had one in ages,” Shane admits and then grimaces. “I’m on this diet actually, it’s macro-biotic, so… you know.”

Rozanov stares at him, frowns. “Hollander, what? Macro… What are these words?”

Shane laughs. “It’s for performance.”

“‘It’s for performance,’” Rozanov singsongs back. “No, too boring. Shane Hollander, I will not accept you can be defeated by bread.”

Notes

Got inspired thinking about how the iconic Tuna Melts scene might play out in the show, and then it spiraled into this. Spoilers I guess for the book (kinda) and assuming the show, kinda. I also fell in love with and got carried away by Shane's use of "Rozy" in the show, so that's definitely in here.

Title is from Rill Rill by Sleigh Bells.

Thanks to Shan and Anna for beta'ing!

See the end of the work for more notes

Shane's getting bleary now, as he always does while Rozanov is fucking him, hitting deep and relentless and focused in a way that knocks Shane completely out of his mind, sends him careening down into a space that is just pleasure and want and breathless entreaties that are met with a firm, giving warmth.

There's nothing like this, whether it's with Rozanov leaning over his back, panting against his neck, holding his hips and pistoning into him, or like now, terrifyingly, with Shane astride him, controlling the pace, controlling the depth, giving it as good as he ever gets it if Rozanov's face is anything to go by. This way, at least, until Rozanov growls and rolls them, bending Shane in fucking half as he sets up that punishing, relentless, perfect rhythm that Shane can't get enough of.

"Fuck, that's it, Rozanov," Shane hears himself groan and Rozanov's laugh is breathless above him. His crucifix drags against Shane's mouth and Shane's parts his lips, lets it touch his tongue.

"You gonna come, Hollander?" That soft "o" in his accent drives Shane crazy and he is right on the edge.

"Oh god. Oh fuck, Rozy." He's nearly there, grabs at Rozanov's neck and hauls him down desperate for his mouth. Rozanov gives him what he wants. Shane's so close, he's so-

"Untouched, yes? Show me that trick, sweetheart. Show me how you do it hands free."

"Fuck, yeah I'm gonna– god I'm–!" His orgasm crashes over him, interrupting the soft blip in the back of his mind that snags on Rozanov's words. Doesn't matter. Doesn't matter when he's spilling all over his chest and neck and he can feel Rozanov lose it too. Rozanov catches his jaw and holds him in place to kiss roughly as he jerks and spills into him.

"Jesus fuck," Rozanov breathes between hungry kisses, not letting up on Shane yet. "Fuck, Hollander, so fucking hot, every time."

"Fuck, I know," Shane pants and braces for Rozanov to pull away. It's been unclear, the last few times they've been together, if Rozanov will linger and kiss him for a bit or if he's wound too tight and too restless to stand being too close to Shane in the aftermath.

Shane likes the former, can tolerate the latter. They've proven over the past few years that this is just sex. Great sex. Sex that Shane doesn't let himself think too much about when they're not having it because there's something hungry and deep inside him that wants it all the time, and that he definitely can't have.

Rozanov keeps kissing him though, settling on top of Shane so that Shane's legs bracket his hips. He cups Shane's face, kisses slowing to an easy, almost lazy drag of lips. Between them, Shane's cum feels slick and hot and he should feel grossed out but he loves it. Rozanov drags his fingers through a pool of it on Shane's clavicle and then paints it across Shane's lower lip. His eyes are hot on Shane's mouth and Shane darts his tongue out to lick it, and smirks at

Rozanov's low moan and the way he kisses him again, hungry, greedy, like he's trying to steal back the taste.

"Want to shower?" Rozanov finally asks, nudging Shane's jaw with his nose so he can kiss at Shane's pulse point.

"Oh, uh, yeah," Shane says, trying to grab the loose threads of thought that feel so content here and pull himself back together. "That sounds nice. And then I'll head out."

Rozanov pulls back just a bit to look at him and Shane can't help but drag a rough hand through his curls. He feels his mouth tug in a smile and sees the expression mirrored on Rozanov's face.

"Or stay."

"What?"

"Stay, for a while. Or the night."

"I…" What does he say to that? Rozanov does not stay. *He* does not stay. They fuck, they chat for a minute or two and then they leave, because this is just sex. Really hot, insanely good, can't give it up sex, but Shane never thinks beyond that, because when he has, it hurts. At the end of the day, they are Hollander and Rozanov, pitted forever against each other by fans and media, and maybe their own pride too.

"What, you have another date?" Rozanov says at his silence, eyes sparking with that playful edge that drives Shane crazy. "Night before big game, Mister Popular?"

"Shut up," Shane chuckles. "Why would I stay?"

"Well," Rozanov says and kisses him again. "Much more comfortable here, I think, than hotel. And, we have never put 'twice in one hour' to the test. I think we should, hm?"

"Oh, wow. Uh, sure."

"Good." Rozanov kisses him again, squeezes his jaw with that affectionate roughness that always undoes Shane, and then rolls off him. "Come on, I have amazing shower."

Shane follows dutifully into Rozanov's en suite and takes a moment to admire the marble of his bathroom, before Rozanov is pulling him under the spray. They make out for a bit there, and Shane indulges in the hot water and the way Rozanov's mouth is slow and greedy against his, keeping Shane right where he wants him as they kiss. They haven't made out like this before, after sex, and without hands falling immediately to belts and zippers and each other's cocks. Shane likes it. He loops his arms around Rozanov's shoulders and buries his hands in his wet hair and just lets himself enjoy it.

They're toweling off when Rozanov says, "I'm hungry. You hungry?"

"Oh, uh, yeah I guess. But-"

“Good. Let’s eat something.”

Shane trails after Rozanov, who pulls sweats and a black tee on and waves Shane towards the bedroom to put on clothes before he joins him in the kitchen where Rozanov is taking things out of his fridge.

“You want a sandwich? I make really good tuna melts.”

“I haven’t had one in ages,” Shane admits and then grimaces. “I’m on this diet actually, it’s macro-biotic, so… you know.”

Rozanov stares at him, frowns. “Hollander, what? Macro… What are these words?”

Shane laughs. “It’s for performance.”

“‘It’s for performance,’” Rozanov singsongs back. “No, too boring. Shane Hollander, I will not accept you can be defeated by bread.”

Shane hesitates, fuck. He’s stuck with this diet for so long, and he can hear his mom’s voice in his head. But Rozanov’s looking at him with a challenge in his eyes, hands poised over the loaf of bread and cans of tuna, and… fuck. Fuck, Shane wants to eat a sandwhich with him.

“Come on, Hollander,” Rozanov whines when Shane is quiet for too long, torn. “It’s just a sandwich."

“Ok,” he says, trying for put out but not succeeding at all. Rozy’s face splits into a grin, which he clearly tries to hide by turning his back to Shane, but Shane sees it.

“Good. Because it would be very rude to not accept my hospitality.”

“Oh yeah?” Shane laughs, he sidles up to Rozanov’s side and leans against the counter. He nudges Rozanov’s leg with his toe and Rozanov turns to grin at him, hesitates just a moment, and then presses a quick kiss to his mouth. Shane shouldn’t feel this giddy about breaking his diet with something that Rozanov is making him, but whatever. He feels unreasonably giddy about a lot of stuff they do.

“Yes, would have been so rude.” Ilya says after another brief kiss. “There are drinks in the fridge, grab what you want.”

When Shane opens the fridge, he’s expecting some light beers, some vodka, probably water and coke, and those are there but also… a six pack of Ginger Ale sitting untouched right at the front of the drink shelf. Shane hesitates, feels his brain blip again.

“Did you… buy these for me?”

“What?” Rozanov says too casually. “Oh, the Ginger Ale? Yeah, you like it, right?”

Shane is at a loss for words for a moment. “Thanks,” he says. And then, “Coke for you, right?”

“Da, that’s right. Thanks.”

When he closes the fridge door, Rozanov is not looking at him, incredibly focused on the sandwiches that he’s layering tuna and cheese on, squeezing some lemon over the top of. Shane gets the distinct feeling Rozanov isn’t looking at him on purpose. There’s the faintest flush on his cheeks, but that could be from sex, or the heat of the shower, anything really.

Shane cracks open his Ginger Ale and takes a sip; opens the coke and slides it onto the counter next to Rozanov. He gets a hum of acknowledgement, but Rozanov still won’t quite look at him. This is so weird. Shane feels the creep of uncertainty but he pushes it down. They’re just hanging out. After fucking, sure. And they haven’t really ever hung out before, but it’s fine. It’s nice. He’s found he’s always liked these small, in between moments. Losing their shit filming their first big endorsement commercial, racing up the stairs at Shane’s apartment, wrestling… he’s never really had a friend like Rozanov.

Not that Rozanov is his friend. Shane’s never really had time for friends who were more than teammates, no time for hanging out and goofing around. Besides, even if he did, it wouldn’t be Rozanov. But still, it’s… Shane likes it, even though he wishes he didn’t.

“There’s uh, a game on, I think.” Shane says, to break the silence because Rozanov is really really honed in on these sandwiches.

“Yeah? Turn it on, I’ll join you.”

“Ok.”

Shane wanders over to the beautiful, plush green couch and stands while he finds the right channel for the Colorado game. He doesn’t really know where to sit. He hears Rozanov open the oven, the slide of a metal baking sheet on the rack and then soft footsteps coming up behind Shane. Rozanov’s hands fall on his shoulders and he squeezes roughly, like he’s appreciating Shane’s build as much as he is working his tension out.

“Ready in ten minutes.”

“Hm?”

“Tuna melts.”

“Oh. Cool.”

Shane leans back into Rozanov’s bulk and likes how Rozanov takes his weight so easily. He kisses Shane’s neck and pushes him towards the coach. Shane goes and Rozanov drops down next to him, legs spread and nudging Shane. Shane isn’t sure if he should lean back into Rozanov or keep his space. Doesn’t know why he has to question every little thing, but he does. He just… there’s a dangerous line between seeing this for what it is, and pretending this is something it isn’t, and Shane’s not stupid. He thought, for a moment sometime back in 2014, after they’d first fucked that maybe there was something more under the surface. But there wasn’t, and he doesn’t need there to be, maybe even want there to be, because Rozanov

is still a dick and neither of them are out, and besides, fucking your arch rival is a scandal that very few careers in the NHL could survive, let alone… anything else.

Rozanov has shown him exactly where the line is that he won't cross: he doesn't like to talk much, and he doesn't want to cuddle. And so Shane thinks that maybe as long as he toes along this side of it, knows exactly where Rozanov will yield and where Shane will slam into his walls, Shane can enjoy what he and Rozanov have. He doesn't need more and won't pretend that it's an option.

"So," Rozanov says after a beat, rubbing a hand over Shane's head, letting his hand fall to the nape of Shane's neck. "Where to after Boston?"

"Florida. And then Dallas, and up through the midwest."

"Ah. Pretty girls in Texas."

Shane feels a pang in his gut and looks down at his hands. "Sure. Pretty girls everywhere." He's seen the magazines, heard the commentary, seen the kind of girls that show up in candid photos of Rozanov when Shane image searches for him late at night: thin, usually blonde, usually curvy and soft in all the right places.

"Yes, but very hot in Texas," Rozanov says and Shane can feel his gaze on him. "You got a girl out there? Or anywhere?"

"Uh," Shane says and shifts a bit on the couch so Rozanov isn't touching him. God, he's never been good at this kind of locker room bonding. Tries not to wince at how out of place it feels here. "I find it hard, being so high profile. I don't really… date."

"No, but you fuck, don't you?"

Shane looks up at him and shrugs a little helplessly. "Yeah, of course."

Rozanov is studying him, face unreadable. Shane searches his face for the cracks he can usually find, but Rozanov isn't giving him anything.

"I fuck," Rozanov finally offers. "Lots of women. And you."

"Don't I know it," Shane mutters.

"I like women. And I like you," Rozanov clarifies and is looking at Shane intently. Shane doesn't know what to say, doesn't know what to make of Rozanov's impenetrable expression. He knows Rozanov fucks other people, of course. But he also doesn't really want to talk about it.

"Lucky me," he settles on at last.

That makes Rozanov snort and shake his head. He finds the back of Shane's neck again and hauls him back into him.

“Yes,” he says roughly. “You gotta girl you see often? I never see anything about you with girls.”

Have you looked? Shane wonders for a wild second and then just shrugs.

“I keep it pretty private,” is what Shane finally says because there really aren’t a lot of women. A few, sure: pretty, eager women who want to kiss him and suck him off and fuck him, but it’s… Shane never feels great after, feels neither sated nor hungry for more, or anything really. He just feels a little sad, and kind of empty, and left wishing something would click. Click like it does with… fuck.

Rozanov makes a sad little maou at him and gets up. “You are so fucking boring, Shane Hollander,” he says with just a hint of an edge.

Yeah, Shane thinks, kind of sadly as he watches Rozanov saunter back to his kitchen. He is kind of boring. He’s pretty quiet, he likes routine, he does exactly what he needs to in order to keep sponsors, and his coaches and his mom and the rest of the Metros fans happy. He does as he’s told and carries the torch forward for all the kids at home looking up to him. All the kids and their parents who want to see them train hours and hours a day throughout their childhoods, tear muscles and play on injuries and obsess over hockey until they too can make it big, until they too can have the fame, the notoriety, the nice watches and good suites and diets that keep them at peak performance. He’s really good at being the person he’s required to be, so good that only one person sees through that mask. And that person asks so little from Shane, rather demands that he just be, just feel, just stop thinking and give in to what he wants rather than figure out what everyone else wants, and has shown him again and again that that’s enough. But he also doesn’t want anything more than this. And that’s… fuck.

“Fuck,” Shane breathes and runs a hand through his hair. “Come on, Hollander, get it together.”

And he does, because Rozanov is coming back over carrying two plates, carefully arranged with sandwiches and chips and a pickle each. He hands one plate to Shane before he drops down next to him with a contented noise.

Shane looks down at his plate for a moment and then carefully lifts one half of the tuna melt. It smells so good, when did he last have one of these? He takes a bite and–

“Oh my fucking god,” he groans.

“Good?” Rozanov chuckles.

“So fucking good, holy shit, Rozy.”

Rozanov grins at him, really grins, eyes crinkling, mouth wide and easy. He’s so handsome like this, boyish and carefree, loose in a way that he rarely is. And he’s watching Shane eat with a soft fondness in his eyes that nearly makes Shane miss his mouth when he tries to take another bite of his sandwich because wow.

“You sound like you do when I’m fucking you,” Rozanov teases him. “It’s just a sandwich.”

“Well.”

“You should let yourself go more. World will not end.”

Shane shrugs, not quite sure what to say. “I think you just want me off my game.”

Rozanov laughs. “Like I need you off your game to beat you.”

“Fuck off, asshole.”

They eat in silence for a while, and Shane tries not to feel anxious about enjoying this, enjoying a deviation from so much that has been routine for him for the past five years. When they finish, Rozanov puts his plate on the table, and Shane mimics him. His nerves kept him eating slowly, and he didn’t touch the chips because there’s really only so much sudden change he can take, but he feels full and happy, and oh, he likes that Rozanov hooks an arm around his neck again and pulls him close, closer, until Shane is leaning into him… cuddling. They’re cuddling, and Shane turns to rub his nose against Roznov’s bare shoulder and Rozanov kisses his forehead and just holds him.

Shane has to close his eyes and will his heartbeat to slow. This is nice. It’s really fucking nice as Rozanov drags his fingers through his hair lazily and kisses his forehead and cheekbone from time to time. And then, as Shane is feeling lulled and lazy and happier than he can remember feeling in a long time, Ilya’s hands wander down, down his back, over his hip, to rub him over his jeans. *Fuck*.

Shane endures the slow, lazy pace until he can’t. He rolls so he’s straddling Rozanov again and fuck… Rozanov is so pretty, as he leans his head back into the couch cushions to look up at Shane. So beautiful as he pants against Shane’s mouth as Shane takes control and pulls their cocks from their pants, strokes them together. He’s flushed and his eyes are glassy as Shane kisses him and kisses him and holds Rozanov’s face the way Rozanov sometimes holds his, and that makes Rozy moan, makes him writhe under him and Shane gives him what they both want. Fast, harsh strokes, their cocks pressed together perfectly, dripping perfectly together and sliding against each other like they were made for it.

“Come on, Rozanov,” Shane grits out, because he’s going to come again.

Rozanov’s eyes flutter and he blinks up at Shane with such a soft look.

“Make me come, Hollander,” he rasps. Oh, Shane loves his voice so raw and ragged like that. He kisses him and mumbles goading, hot encouragement against his mouth. He loves that he gets to see Rozanov like this, all his, just like this.

“Let’s go, Rozy. Come for me. Come on…”

He presses his forehead to Rozanov’s and breathes against his mouth. Rozanov’s eyes blink open and Shane can’t help but grin at him.

“Ah,” Rozanov pants, sharply. “Ah. Fuck, Shane-”

Shane.

It bowls Shane over and he yelps into his own orgasm, the combined wet heat of their releases spilling over their cocks and his fingers and Rozanov's stomach.

Holy fucking shit, Shane thinks, fighting to open his eyes, fighting to gain control of his brain through the orgasmic haze because there's no way… but when he looks down at Rozanov, he's blinking up at Shane with such an uncertain, vulnerable look on his face that Shane knows he heard him right.

"Rozy," he whispers. "Ilya."

Ilya pulls him down roughly to kiss him, lips hungry and maybe a little apologetic all at once. Oh fuck, Shane thinks, as he kisses him back, tries to lose himself in his kisses the way he normally does. But he can't.

Shane.

Shane.

Rozanov never calls him that. Fuck, it's too much, Shane can't fucking handle this. Can't fucking handle that his name on Rozanov's tongue makes him feel so many things. That Rozanov- that *Ilya*- makes him feel so soft and so willing to throw caution to the wind around his diet, about their routine, about how they are with each other and what they do and don't do, and what they do and don't talk about, what's standard and easy to maintain versus whatever the fuck just happened because Shane feels so wildly out of control he feels like he's going to throw up. *Fuck.*

He's on the line that Rozanov drew years ago, he's over it. He's crashed past it, and he's fucking fucked. He has to go. He can't stay. He can't stay here with how raw he is and have Rozanov shake him off and see him out. He won't survive it.

He presses one last quick kiss to Ilya's, fuck, to Rozanov's mouth and shuffles back, stands.

"Okay," He says, still feeling dizzy with how hard he came. "Okay. I should go."

Rozanov blinks up at him, still sprawled on the couch, cheeks flushed, hair a mess, mouth and eyes a little wet.

"What?" He sounds like he wants to laugh but it comes out hoarse. "Go?"

"Yeah. Gotta focus for tomorrow. Thanks for… all of this." Shane says with a sweep of his hand. God, this feels awful. The way Rozanov's looking at him makes him think he's fucked up, that he's already given himself away, that he's let Rozanov down, but like… what the fuck was that? Shit, what the fuck are they doing? Why would Ilya… fuck.

Rozanov looks up at him for a long moment, and Shane watches his face slide closed and cold and distant.

"Okay," Rozanov says simply, like he always does. "You know where door is."

“Yeah. I…” *Shut up*, Shane’s brain tells him. *Shut up before you say anything else stupid*. “See you on the ice.”

“Okay,” Rozanov says again, finally moving and looking everywhere but Shane.

Okay. Shane feels sick to his stomach, and he goes. Out in the hall, he rubs his eyes and doesn’t let himself cry. Why the fuck does he feel like he just fucked up? Not about the food, or about getting too close to Rozanov, well maybe that, but also for leaving. He shouldn’t, it’s what they do. He takes a steadying breath and then another.

He’s not paid by Rolex and Reebok and fucking CCM to lose his shit and crash out over Ilya Rozanov. He’s paid by them to beat him, to win, to keep this crisp clean image of a handsome, serious, talented player, someone desirable and admirable. And that doesn’t include not… that’s never been…

He can’t have what he wants for a lot of reasons, but first and foremost has to be his career. Everything he’s worked for. He has to keep that front and center. He can’t let himself want impossible things. He can’t let himself go down a rabbit hole of Rozanov’s slip that Shane is sure means nothing to him the way it could mean something to Shane.

He rolls his shoulders back, doesn’t take out his phone to text Rozanov, doesn’t turn around and go back to him. He’s got this.

He’s Shane fucking Hollander.

End Notes

Comments give me daily doses of serotonin that are vital to survival in this big old world <3

I'm currently spiraling over hollanov on tumblr if you want to hang

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!