

light me like a cigarette

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light me like a cigarette

by [probsnothawkeye](#)

Summary

Go on and light me like a cigarette / even if it might be something you'll regret / You've got me now, now, now / Swallow me down, down, down down

or

The Tuna Melt Scene, revised

Notes

Hello hello!

I got. *VERY* into the Game Changers series over the past week and a half. I read all 6 books and watched all of the show that's out so far and I just. Had to write about them actually I love these gay hockey boys so much.

Dedicated to J- who has fallen down this Heated Rivalry rabbit hole with me. Thank you for trusting my opinion and watching this show, J <3

Title and summary from No Shame by 5 Seconds of Summer

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

2015

Shane Hollander was once again on his phone screen, sultry stare and wet shirt, promoting... Something, Ilya wasn't entirely sure— his attention was solely focused Hollander's face. His stupid, beautiful face.

It was summer once again and Ilya was back in Russia. Back with his father and the weight of the world on his shoulders. Back to clubbing with Svetlana and trying to pretend he was actually interested in going home with any of the women that were attempting to catch his eye. Back to pretending that Shane Hollander was just a means of release and not something more than that.

"You're brooding again," Svetlana said with a pout, snatching his phone out of his hand. Her eyebrow shot up upon looking at the screen. "Are you seriously thinking about Hollander on your time off? Jealousy doesn't look very good on you, you know."

"Who said I was jealous?" Ilya grumbled, snatching his phone back. "It's just advertisement. Nothing to be jealous over." Svetlana raised her eyebrow again, clearly not buying it. "I have no reason to be jealous of Hollander or his stupid advertisement! I could get a million advertisement deals if I wanted. Hollander is nothing special."

The lie tasted bitter in his mouth.

It didn't matter how much Ilya wanted to deny it: Shane Hollander was special to him. It wasn't just the fucking or the rivalry or the feeling of playing against someone (almost) as good as him. No. It was the way Hollander would kiss him on the crown of his head after they had sex, the intensity in his eyes on the ice, the softness in his smile when he was talking about the things he cared about. Stupid, boring Hollander had stolen Ilya's heart— and try as he might, he couldn't hate him for that.

Texting 'Lily' while in the middle of a commercial shoot was unprofessional, Shane knew this. Summer was the time he was meant to forget about Ilya Rozanov and focus on other things: brand deals and training and laying in the cottage, wishing that someone else was there with him.

It didn't make sense— wanting Rozanov at the cottage. The cottage was Shane's space to relax and be himself and to think about something *other* than hockey (not that he had ever been particularly successful with that); having Rozanov there would throw all of that off.

"Shane, we're ready for you," one of the camera men said, startling Shane out of his thoughts. He quickly shoved his phone into the waiting hands of a PA, slightly embarrassed that he had been caught texting like a school kid.

Then again, it was much easier to smile for the camera when thinking about how he'd reply to Rozanov later. It was easier to smile when thinking of Rozanov in general, though the

serious, sexy look the commercial crew was going for was in danger of being broken. He preferred the commercials where he could smile— where he could picture Rozanov in his mind and know for certain that the take would look good. With commercials like these— using sex to sell a cologne that definitely didn't smell like the ocean backdrop they had him in front of— it was hard to stay serious. They reminded him too much of the commercials he did with Rozanov for CCM, all the silliness of it beating out the seriousness.

And there he went again, in danger of smiling and ruining the take.

“Alright, I think we got what we needed!” the director yelled, releasing Shane from his commercial prison. “You were great, Shane. Can't wait for you to see how this turns out.”

Shane couldn't wait to get back to texting Rozanov.

“You are model now, yes?” Ilya asked, staring Hollander down on the ice ahead of the face off. The various advertisements Hollander had done— many of which had been done *shirtless*— had been haunting Ilya all summer. Now that he was back in Montreal, the sight of Hollander's face was even more prevalent; stupid advertisements. “Should try wearing clothes next time. Probably warmer.”

Whatever Hollander planned to say was lost as the puck was dropped and Ilya was skating away with it. *Good*. Let him throw off Hollander's groove the way Hollander had been throwing him off all summer.

Without even being there.

Ilya decided not to look too closely at that.

While he would never say it aloud, Ilya *had* missed Hollander— missed playing against him, of course. There was something electric about playing against Shane Hollander; the drive, the passion, the sheer amount of *skill* Hollander had on the ice. No one could bring out Ilya's competitive spirit quite like Hollander could. Playing Montreal always had Ilya pushing himself harder than playing against any other team. He wanted— *needed*— to beat Hollander on the ice; it made what they did together *after* all the better.

Montreal had won 2-1. One goal for Ilya Rozanov, two for Shane Hollander. The numbers were repeated over and over again— by his coach, by his team, by the press—

“Two goals, Hollander. You must feel so proud.”

—by Ilya Rozanov himself as he nipped at the skin of Shane's neck.

“Rozanov—”

“Is all they could talk about,” Rozanov growled into Shane's ear. One had was squeezing Shane's ass, the other reaching around from behind to grab at Shane's chest. If you asked

Shane how much he liked to be manhandled by Ilya Rozanov, he'd never admit it; especially not to Rozanov. "The reporters after the game. As if beating by one goal is some amazing feat. As if two goals isn't next to nothing for Shane Hollander."

The desire to be bratty surged in him as Rozanov toyed with his nipple. "That's still more goals than you tonight."

Rozanov bit his neck harder, making Shane keen. "I am going to be scoring in bigger way now, though, *da?*" Fingers that had previously been squeezing started to gently stroke up and down the crack of Shane's ass, making him whimper. "What do you think they would say if they could see you like this? Voyageurs golden boy Hollander, desperately begging for my cock?"

Shane wanted to argue that he wasn't begging for anything, but they both knew that wouldn't be the case soon. Try as he might, Shane could never resist begging for Rozanov— begging for anything the other man would give him.

2016

Summers had never been particularly *fun* for Ilya. Russia was home, except that it wasn't, except that it was. America was *not* home. Except that it was. Except that it wasn't— and wasn't in even more ways than Russia wasn't.

Sometimes he thought about not coming back to Russia during his summers; what was here for him but pain and hiding? Svetlana was in Boston, his mother was in the ground. There was nothing here for him except the fading memories of a father he didn't *hate* but most certainly didn't love. It was getting harder and harder to see him like this— to see the man he once feared become so lost in himself; there was something much scarier about that. His brother, of course, was no help. It didn't matter how much Ilya paid him, Alexei couldn't be bothered to care about their father, not the way he needed to be cared about. If his brother didn't care and his father didn't remember, then why was Ilya in Russia at all?

His phone buzzed, the answer to his question staring him straight in the face.

Shane Hollander was in Ottawa. With his loving family and his friends and his— Ilya cut the thought off, not wanting to think about Hollander possibly being with anyone else. He had no right to be so possessive over Hollander. They weren't *together*, not exclusively. And Ilya definitely didn't want to be exclusive. Which is why he was in Russia, looking for beautiful Russian women to sleep with. He didn't need to be in America or in Canada or in Shane Hollander's arms.

If he thought that enough, it might even become true.

Shane was buzzing after the first game back against Boston. This summer had dragged on endlessly and Shane found himself missing Rozanov more than he wanted to admit. He certainly could never admit it to Rozanov, king of casual. It was becoming more difficult for

Shane to keep it casual, but he kept reminding himself that it *had to* and that he *shouldn't want it any other way*.

Telling Hayden he was leaving, trying to keep cool when he brought up Lily, all of it had Shane on edge as he made his way to the location Rozanov had texted him. It was Rozanov's home—his *real* home, not like the flat Shane rented in Montreal to avoid bringing Rozanov home. Going to Rozanov's house felt like crossing a boundary, one that excited Shane as much as it made him nervous. He had been thinking about Rozanov all summer, counting down the days until this moment, and now he was here, being let into Rozanov's house, being kissed in the way he had been missing for months now.

Sex with Rozanov felt better than any sex with women could. It made him understand what everyone was talking about when they talked about sex—about how it could be fun and downright *magical*. Sex with women never felt like this for Shane. The feeling of Ilya Rozanov fucking into him fully eclipsed the feeling of fucking into a woman, having Rozanov's dick in his mouth was a million times better than having a woman's mouth on him, hearing Rozanov grunt out his name so much more exciting than the breathy sighs of his name that women had let out before. Shane felt amazing when he was with Rozanov. He felt complete.

They collapsed onto the bed afterwards like they always did, some sadness starting to creep under Shane's skin as he thought about leaving. It was just supposed to be a hookup, but all Shane wanted to do was stay here, under the blankets, cuddled close to Rozanov's chest.

"I should go," he said, trying to will himself out of this beautiful bubble of a moment they had created.

"Or you could stay."

"What?"

Rozanov shrugged, like it was the easiest thing in the world to offer. "You could stay. Afternoon game tomorrow, nowhere to be until then." Shane tried to protest, tried to use *Hayden* of all people as an excuse to do the thing that Shane didn't even want to do. He wanted to stay more than anything else and that was a dangerous thought to have with your rival-turned-hookup. Leaving would be the best option, the *smartest* option.

"Stay."

He had never been a smart man.

Ilya had often wondered what it would be like to wake up with Shane Hollander in his arms. He tried not to think about it, but he couldn't help it— and now that it had happened? Ilya wasn't sure he would ever want to sleep alone again.

That thought scared him—just a bit—as it tapped into the thing that he had been trying to hide from for so long: he cared about Hollander. He might even *love* him. And he couldn't go

around falling in love with his rival who would almost certainly never love him back. So he did the only thing he could think of: offer a tuna melt. Food would take his mind off of things for sure— even if those things would come crawling back the moment he sat down on the couch, an ocean of space between where they sat. They talked about hockey, inching closer to each other until the tuna melts were done. Then they were sitting closer— too close for Ilya’s fragile heart after such a wonderful morning. He then turned to his second distraction tactic.

Talking about women with Hollander felt like pulling teeth on both of their parts. Ilya hated saying what he was saying, hated pretending like Hollander didn’t mean anything more than a casual fuck. He hated seeing the way Hollander clammed up, clearly not wanting to talk about this— he almost seemed *hurt* by it, but that couldn’t possibly be right. Why would Hollander be hurt by him trying to create the distance he knew they both needed? Ilya may be falling for Shane Hollander, but he didn’t need to make Hollander aware of that— didn’t need to scare Hollander off.

They finished eating in silence, Hollander clearly uncomfortable and Ilya kicking himself for getting so nervous and trying to push Hollander away. That was the last thing he wanted, especially with so little time left for them to spend completely alone. Ilya fought off the urge to grab Hollander’s hand as they walked back to the living room together, still in silence that was beginning to suffocate Ilya. This time when Ilya sat down on the couch, he couldn’t help but pat the space beside him, internally glowing when Hollander took the hint and settled into Ilya’s open arms, head resting against Ilya’s chest. Hollander was warm against his shirtless body, hair soft as he ran fingers through it.

And then Hollander started kissing a trail down Ilya’s stomach, hands going lower and lower and lower until Ilya couldn’t help but pull the other man onto his lap.

Hollander looks beautiful like this, Ilya thought, staring up into Hollander’s eyes and holding back a groan as he started to jerk Ilya off in earnest. Seeing Hollander above him, feeling his hand on his cock, hearing his breath starting to turn into small moans— it was all too much, all too quickly.

“Shane!” Ilya groaned as he came, the name feeling right in his mouth as he did. It took a moment for him to realize why he shouldn’t have done that, panic starting to set in until—

“Ilya.”

It was whispered like a prayer between them before Shane’s lips found his own again, kissing him with a tenderness that he wasn’t expecting.

But god did he love it.

They ended up with space between them on the couch once again after that, eating tuna melts that Shane had to admit were very good. He wanted to ask Ilya questions, to find out if this meant as much to Ilya as it meant to Shane, but then—

Then he remembered their conversation from before. About women. About how Ilya still fucked women, about how Shane didn't. About how Ilya slept with him for *convenience* rather than anything else.

"I should go."

"Hollander—" The name cut Shane right to the core.

"I'm sorry," Shane stammered out, feeling like an absolute idiot. When Ilya had asked him to stay, he thought— well, it hardly mattered what he thought because it clearly wasn't true. It didn't matter that Ilya had called him Shane like it was a promise to be kept between them, or that he had finally done what he had wanted to do for so long and called him Ilya instead of Rozanov. These were foolish thoughts— he never should've stayed. "I can't do this."

"Hollander—" Ilya started again, and Shane felt like he was going to lose it. Or cry. Or both. Ilya hadn't even gotten up off the couch as Shane started to panic, looking around for his clothes. He pulled his t-shirt over his head, getting ready to leave when he heard Ilya behind him. "Shane." Shane's heart stopped in his throat. "Tell me what is wrong."

Shane was trying to leave. Every alarm bell was ringing in Ilya's mind, and yet he could do nothing but call him *Hollander*, like he hadn't just given into his heart's desire to call him Shane. Ilya tried to stay calm, disaffected, but it wasn't working. Shane was still going to leave.

Ilya forced himself to his feet, catching up to Shane as he got back to Ilya's bedroom, pulling his shirt back on as he looked for his jacket. "Shane," Ilya called, heart aching, especially when Shane tensed. "Tell me what is wrong."

"I can't do this," Shane said again, this time a heartbroken whisper of a thing.

"So you have said," Ilya took a step closer to Shane. "But you do not tell me what you mean. What is wrong, Hollander?" Shane flinched, and Ilya took a step back, starting to piece together a puzzle of his own— unintentional— design. "What is wrong, Shane?" Shane didn't answer, but he also stopped trying to leave. Ilya took another step closer, reaching out his hand and taking Shane's into it; his heart broke when he saw the tears streaming down Shane's face. "Oh, *moya lyubov*."

It was easy, after that, to pull Shane into his arms. They stood like that for a moment— Shane crying into Ilya's shoulder and Ilya fighting back tears of his own. Eventually, Shane steadied enough for Ilya to walk him back to the couch, sitting cross legged on the cushion so that he could be facing Shane. "Will you tell me?"

"I can't," Shane said again, sounding hollow and dejected. "I— I'm really sorry, Ilya. Rozanov. Fuck, I don't even—"

"Ilya is fine," Ilya said, grabbing Shane's hand and kissing the back of it. "More than fine. It is... It is like gift to me."

“Your name?”

“You calling me it.”

Perhaps it was too honest. It was far too late for Ilya to take it back, though, and he didn’t want to. He wanted that moment back— Shane above him, whispering his name as Shane chased his own pleasure. Something had shattered it, and Ilya wouldn’t stop until he put it back together. “Did I do something?”

This startled Ilya. “What?”

“Before, when we were talking...” Shane trailed off, not quite looking at Ilya. “I know we’re supposed to be casual but hearing you talk about those women, expecting *me* to have done the same— but then you’re calling me Shane and it’s just— I’m just—” Tears were gathering in Shane’s eyes again. “Was I too much? Should I not have stayed— was it all a test and I failed it?”

Ilya thought he had understood before— thought that perhaps he was too quick to try to go back to their former ‘normal’ by calling him Hollander when that wasn’t what Shane wanted. But now, he was confused. “There is no test, Shane. What makes you think—”

“I thought you cared,” Shane blurted out. “About me, I mean. You asked me to stay and I thought... I thought maybe things were changing. But then you’re telling me you still sleep with women and that you’re expecting to get married to one one day and I’m... I’m not like that. I never really was. And I know I had no reason to think this way, but I couldn’t help it. I really thought that maybe you—”

“Cared,” Ilya finished, taking Shane’s hand into his again. “Of course I care, Shane. This is not...” Ilya trailed off, feeling ashamed of his own cowardice making Shane feel this way. “You mean so much to me, Shane Hollander. So much. And it scares me. When I’m scared— when people are too close— I push. I did not expect that you would care if I pushed. Thought it would be better for both of us. Now... Not so sure.”

“Now... Not so sure.” Ilya wasn’t looking at him, but Shane could see the pain in his eyes anyway. He scooted a bit closer. Ilya did the same. Shane reached through the small space between them, fear coursing through him alongside a spark of hope.

Ilya took his hand, pulling Shane into his arms again.

“I did not want you to go, Shane,” Ilya whispered, hand tracing up and down Shane’s arm. “I still do not want you to go.”

“I don’t want to go,” Shane admitted softly. “But that’s why I have to, right?” He wasn’t supposed to *want* this much, especially not of Ilya Rozanov.

“Why would you have to if neither of us wants?” Ilya sounded genuinely confused by that, looking down into Shane’s eyes with more confusion than anger or sadness. “If you do not

want to leave and I do not want you to leave, then you stay. That makes most sense, *da?*”

When he said it like that, Shane almost believed it made the most sense. But that fear from before was still coursing through him, choking the hope in his chest. “And when you don’t want me to stay?”

“Shane—”

“When you find a someone you actually want to keep— someone you can show off, someone who is as exciting and extroverted as you, someone who can give you all the things that I can’t... I can’t be here when that happens, Ilya. So it’s best for me to leave.”

Shane moved to stand up, but Ilya tightened his arms around Shane. “You think you are replaceable? That I will get bored and trade you in like used car?” Words stuck in Shane’s throat, so he nodded. “You are not replaceable, Shane Hollander. Not to me. I say the things I say before because I was scared. Scared to lose you by feeling so strong. But if that is not case and you also feel like this...” Ilya pressed a kiss to the crown of Shane’s head. “Then please. Stay. Where we *both* want you to be.”

It felt too good to be true. Ilya Rozanov, all but promising himself to Shane— it couldn’t be true. And yet, staring up into Ilya’s eyes, Shane saw nothing but fondness and devotion.

And something that looked a lot like love.

“If I stay—” Ilya squeezed him once again. “No more women for you. Or other men. Is that okay?”

“*Da*. You are only one I need, Shane. I promise you.”

Tears were pricking at Shane’s eyes again, happy ones this time. “Then I’ll stay.”

End Notes

Thank you for reading! Comments and kudos are always appreciated but never required. I will likely be playing around some more in the Game Changers universe since I loved all the books so much so look out for that! In the meantime if you want more from me you can check out my podcasts *Tales from the Fringes of Reality* and *Forged Bonds* wherever you get your podcasts! Work is currently in progress on writing for my next show, but that's definitely getting sidetracked by gay hockey romance <3

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!