

I think I might be gay

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by [Lupin71](#)

Summary

Shane Hollander liked things a certain way. He needed them to be just right. This could be a blessing at times, making him a better hockey player, but then it also made having friends difficult. He never seemed to be able to scare off Ilya Rozanov though. No, Rozanov didn't scare easily.

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This is a story about Shane being autistic, gay, and falling in love when he really shouldn't have.

Notes

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

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

Hey Guys! I loved episode 6 of Heated Rivalry. The scene with Ilya after being discovered, his conversation with Yuna, and the freak out he had at the dinner table really left me more intrigued than ever with Shane Hollander as a character. And so I wrote this as a sort of exploration of his character.

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This first chapter is a case study of Shane Hollander, and how I believe he may have dealt with his social issues growing up, and entering into his rookie season. I'll be continuing this story along the canon timeline for the most part, but with added elements, and some extra scenes for the two boys. Stay tuned for updates :))

Enjoy :)

This wasn't a new phenomenon. This was concerning on brand for him, actually. From the time he was a little kid tripping on his shoe ties until now, he has had the tendency to freak out like this. Shane knew this, his mother knew this, and his father did too. It was a part of the reason he didn't have the easiest time making friends. It wasn't that he didn't try his best. He did. But he could never get over himself.

He likes things a certain way. He needs consistency. Patterns. If something comes out of the blue, he doesn't take it well. It was why, when he was a child, his mother had to tell him the plan for the day, week, sometimes the month. If she told him one thing, like they would be going to the grocery store after they left the ice rink, but she needed to get gas on the way there, it triggered something inside of Shane. He would start to lose his breath and hyperventilate. If it got really bad, he could even black out temporarily.

He had wished many times growing up that he was different, that he could control it. His mother learned the language of Shane Hollander very early; she knew how to handle him. When something was out of her control to fix, if the traffic was bad and he was going to be late to hockey practice, she could help him cope.

She taught him breathing techniques, she read books about it, and she talked to experts. She was a grounding force in her son's life. Consistent, patient, understanding. Shane didn't know

what he would have done if she had been any different than Yuna Hollander.

Of course, no matter how amazing she was, it couldn't change him. It couldn't change the way he was, his odd habits. the way that he needed things to be done.

Before, when he was still playing hockey for fun, without any prospects on the horizon, the issue arose from little things, the way his shirt rubbed against his arm, the sound of his mom's car blinker being mismatched to the blinking light in the car ahead of them. But as he got older, as hockey became more intense, the triggers increased.

They were multiplying like flies. He couldn't have more than one portion of food at each meal. Ever. This was a rule he had set for himself after having a panic attack over getting a second portion. He had been hungry still, but the second portion had made him feel like he would heavily fall through the floor, and so he made this new rule. Once a rule was made up in his own head, he could not break it.

Shoes could never be worn past his home entrance. This was obvious before; it was his mother's rule. But it turned into an imperative aspect of his life. Almost a hyperfixation. He couldn't have his friends from school over anymore. They didn't understand, and Shane didn't know how to explain, how to ask. So he stopped inviting them over.

Shane had to check all the doors in the house to make sure they were locked every single night. Again, obvious. a basic safety thing. The problem arose, however, when he couldn't stop himself from checking.

He would stand by the same door from anywhere between thirty seconds and five minutes. He would try and turn the door handle to make sure it was locked. Once he had checked it, he would stare at it to make sure the locking mechanism was facing the right way. It was, but what if it wasn't all the way turned? He would need to make sure the lock was all the way turned by applying pressure on it. Then he needed to re-test the lock by trying to open the door. The cycle could repeat itself over and over, and when he was finally satisfied with the front door, he would need to move on to the back door, then the side door.

By the time he had checked all the exterior doors, he would think back and be unsure whether the front door had really been locked, if he had done it that night, or if he had imagined checking it. And the cycle would repeat again.

Some of the door handles in his house became so worn down by him that David had to replace them, since they were too loose to use properly.

He needed short nails. If he didn't have short nails, his skin would begin itching, and he would start to feel claustrophobic.

He couldn't listen to other people brushing their teeth, it grated on his nerves, and it made his teeth hurt. He would plug his ears if anyone around him was brushing their teeth.

He had to fold his clothes immediately after having taken them off. If he didn't, he would be unable to move on to another task. He would keep thinking back to his pile of clothes in the corner. This was a problem when he slept with his girlfriend for the first time.

She had been mentioning the possibility of taking their relationship further recently. It had taken him some time to catch on to what she had meant when she said that she was "ready for more". Truth be told, he hadn't really considered the possibility of sex when he had asked her to be his girlfriend. They had met at a house party that Shane had been pressured into going to, and she had kind of 'chosen' him. She stayed by his side that whole night, put her number in his phone.

After asking his friend what he thought all that meant, his friend had laughed and called Shane dense. His girlfriend solved his dilemma, though, by being the one to text him asking to meet up. The two of them got along fine, in Shane's opinion. She could go on and on for hours about any topic that interested her, and Shane never had to say anything at all. This was good because he had no clue what he would even say if she let a second go on in silence.

So he asked her to be his girlfriend. It had felt like a right move after three dates, Shane was old enough, he thought, to have a girlfriend. His parents were happy for him at least. Most of his teammates seemed to have something to do with some girl, and he figured he should, too.

Then one day, she was taking off her clothes, and the next thing he knew, she was taking off his clothes too. It had been fine, nothing mind-boggling or out of this world as he had heard. He figured he was just distracted, though. After all, his clothes had been in a pile in the middle of the floor, he had kept glancing over to them from the bed while she was stroking his dick in her hand, whenever he tried to stay focused and redirect his attention to her, and what she was doing, he would be distracted all over again.

He figured it was a poor first try on his part. They had both finished, eventually. But he figured they needed more time to get to know one another. Now, she was a pretty girl. Shane knew this, but she had a nose piercing. It was pretty to look at. But when he was pressed on top of her and mid-thrust, it became a curse rather than an ornament because his nose would rub against it. Then he would want to pull away. She always had her hand around his head, pulling him toward her.

He knew from magazines that breasts were a favorite part of girls' bodies, he tried to suck her nipples, and hold them in his hands. They were soft and pretty, but she seemed to exaggerate how good it felt to have them touched and fondled, because when she would return the favor, he didn't feel nearly so out of control as she clearly got.

A few weeks into their relationship, she had broken down crying one day, talking about how she had something to tell him, and she was so sorry, and it was an accident. He had been halfway through his plate of food. They had met for lunch at her request when the waterworks started, he started to get concerned about whether people might have been looking towards them, and what they would think? Eventually, she came out with it, that she had had sex with one of her guy friends. She paused after saying this, like she was waiting for something. So Shane didn't say anything, hoping that whatever she was waiting for would happen so she could go on.

It wasn't until she had taken his hand and asked if he was going to say anything that he realized it was his turn to talk. Only, he hadn't been sure what to say. With her he never had any idea, but he was at even more of a loss right now. He supposed that he had technically been cheated on, although it didn't feel like he had been.

He knew that what she had done had been an accident, and she didn't mean to. At least that was what she told him. And she promised never to do it again, that the boy had been a jerk, and she didn't want to lose Shane. He accepted all of this news and, when it was clear she still needed him to speak, he simply forgave her and asked if she wanted to get dessert after this. He wouldn't have any dessert, but he knew that she liked sweet treats, and after the emotional fiasco she had put herself through he figured it would make her feel better.

Shane had begun to learn over the years how to adjust to his insights about other people. He had noticed that those around him could see what was left unsaid, and it had made Shane feel like an outsider a great deal of the time, for not being able to understand. But, patterns he could understand. He had his own personal patterns which he did not stray from, and he learned to pick up on the patterns of others to make up for his lack of ability to pick up on the more subtle things.

He and his girlfriend were okay, for a while, after that. For a teenager, a while came out to be a few months long. Until, of course, Shane felt that keeping her in a relationship with him would be a poor judgment call.

He realized this after the NHL Draft left him with a guilty pit in his stomach and a cloudy head. He and Rozanov had the kind of encounter at the hotel gym that he wasn't good at dissecting. It was full of unsaid words, empty spaces in conversation, and accidentally brushing hands. Shane didn't know what to make of it. He had felt as though he was in a great ocean, and a life raft was a mile away when he and Rozanov interacted.

Except, it didn't leave him with a tight chest and a sweaty forehead. All he knew, however, was that he had completely forgotten he had a girlfriend at all when he was with Rozanov. So he decided that she would be able to do better without him. She took it in stride. At least, he thought she did. There were a lot of tears, and begging, she wanted one more night with him. He had been unsure whether he should have parting sex, the way she wanted, or if a clean break was better. He ended up giving in; he so rarely knew exactly what people wanted from him, but he knew that she wanted to sleep with him. So they did. It went about as well as normal.

Later on, Shane would wonder if that was why she insisted that they have sex that night, so that it could be easier for her to move on from the disappointment he was in bed.

He actually became quite sure of it. Shane knew he was nothing special in the sheets. It may have just been beyond his abilities to predict what a partner would like. At least, that was what he told himself. Except, he never had too many issues when it came to Rozanov. The two of them clicked when it came to intimacy. Shane noticed this right away from the first time they were together in his hotel room.

It had been a long day of advertisement shooting; normally, Shane isn't interested in finding a hook-up partner after he's been doing things all day. In fact, he relies on those hours before bed to reset and put his mind back in order. He gave up processing time to hook up with Rozanov. And a part of him thinks that maybe he shouldn't have.

He had been unhinged in a way that he never thought possible. His whole life, he had been called uptight, unsociable, a 'high IQ Hockey player', which was a nice way of saying his

impressive hockey skills make up for his lack of any other skills. That wasn't the case when he was with Rozanov. There were times that night that he felt out of control of himself, but it didn't make him freak out or panic. It was exhilarating. Moreover, he had been fully present in the moment.

Shane wanted to be on his knees; he thinks that he could very well live down there, so long as Rozanov is the one above him. The heavy weight of his dick on Shane's tongue had quieted the buzzing that had been ringing in his ears all day. When Rozanov had pulled him up, Shane had almost protested, but decided to hold his tongue. He had been rewarded for his patience when Rozanov let Shane suck on his dick while lying on the bed. The way other men talk about going down on a woman must be because this is how they feel. Then Rozanov had been about to leave, and Shane had been disappointed.

Shane remembers nights, few and far between, with random women. There was one night that a woman had sucked on him for at least six minutes; he had counted the seconds, before he had pulled her off and let her leave. She had already come, but Shane couldn't seem to, and he had no desire to keep trying.

Rozanov, however, pressed the right buttons. He was also an asshole, but Shane didn't mind. he was kissing and licking Shane's cock into his mouth, and gripping his peck with so much force that only a man could give to him. There was nowhere for Shane to go. he felt as if he was trapped in the most delicious way, and Rozanov had looked up to him with Shane filling up his mouth, and it had been so obscene that he had needed to look away. He came embarrassingly fast. and then they were laughing together, as if they both were sharing in some inside joke, and hadn't just had the best sex of Shane's life.

When Rozanov left, it had been with the excuse of a flight to catch to next day and a smile, but Shane had felt a pressure come down on his chest.

Shane's rookie year was filled with a lot of pressure from the fans, his family, and himself. He wasn't sure why he had decided that it would be a good idea to take on more pressure by beginning a secret 'affair' with what the press was calling his rival. He still wasn't sure why the public had collectively decided that him and Rozanov hated each other, and were enemies. Maybe because they played on rival teams, and they were always playing catch up to each other in both goal amounts, and awards. Rozanov had been chosen as the number one draft pick.

When Shane had learned this those years ago, he had had a minor freak out session. He had seen his entire career flushed down the drain, and set back four years. For as long as Shane Hollander had made it his goal to go straight from the junior leagues into the NHL, he had planned to be number one in everything. he wanted to be the best of the best. And for the most part, he was, except when Rozanov was. Yuna had found him in a back hallway with his hand clutching his chest. He had been having trouble getting a full breath of air in his lungs. She was used to helping him through his episodes though. and she had gently guided him through his breathing until he could calm down, and then she talked him out of his panic. He couldn't meet her eyes through out most of the interaction. Shane had been filled with so much shame at his inability to lose with grace. Why couldn't he just relax, it hadn't been the

end of the world. It wasn't even the end of his career. Coming in second place was an amazing accomplishment, was what Yuna said.

But, for so many years he had been the top of every competition, the fastest, the strongest, the most goals, the best times. Coming in second had felt unbelievable, like he was living in someone else's reality.

Rozanov was the first to ever challenge him. And he continued to do that, all through their rookie season, they were climbing the ladder, each trying their damndest to get to the top first. Shane had won this time. He won the Rookie of the Season award. He had been proud. When he'd marched down the stairs into the crowd of people, he had been looking forward to maybe showing off his trophy to Rozanov.

He had finally won something against him. He could, maybe, stop feeling the humiliation of having broken down over his failure in the draft. While walking down the stairs, he hadn't been sure what he was supposed to do though, until his mom had reminded him to hold up the trophy. To show it to the people. When he did, they all cheered for him.

Rozanov wasn't anywhere to be found though. Not while Shane was by the bar with a ginger ale, not while taking shots with Scott Hunter and the other rookie, not when Shane was getting pat on the back by every other important person in the league. They finally came face to face on the rooftop, when Shane had been wanting fresh air. However, that interaction had been sour. It was like so many failed conversations in Shane's past. He didn't understand what Rozanov was saying for most of it. He could tell only that he was unhappy, because Rozanov disappeared when he was unhappy. That was a part of his pattern. But his words were up and down, and then they were yelling at each other, and Shane wasn't sure why. He never could tell anything about anyone.

Rozanov would go home for the summer. Shane loved to go home for the summer, so he wasn't sure how to decipher Rozanov's locked jaw, and harsh glance. He knew that he would see him again next season though.

It was when he reached out for a parting hand shake that things truly went south, and north, maybe even east and west too. His mother had taught Shane from a very young age to shake people's hands in greeting and in goodbyes. He was taught to make eye contact with the gesture. Shane had always been grateful for the lesson, as it gave him a routine hi and bye. If he didn't know what to do, where, to look, how to stand, what to do with his hands. He could always give a firm handshake and make eye contact, and this would give a satisfying conclusion to most interactions.

However, that is not what Rozanov took this gesture to mean. Because now Shane was being backed up against a wall. His back hit the concrete with a soft thud, and Rozanov's hands were threading through his hair and tugging his mouth up over his own. It was heated, and fast. With his thigh pressing up in between Shane's legs, he began to float a little. Without knowing why he pulled Rozanov closer, drove his tongue into his mouth, felt Rozanov's hand come up to rest and tug against Shane's throat.

Suddenly though, he was reminded of the reality of their situation. They couldn't be doing this, no now, not here. And Shane jerked away. Rozanov went in for another kiss before

Shane quickly flipped them around. Shane didn't understand what was happening in Rozanov's head, he didn't seem to understand that they could not be doing this. He had a crooked smirk on his face, as if Shane was changing positions to continue whatever this was. But Shane walked away instead. His heart was pounding and he had waves crashing in his ears.

What if we were seen?

"See you next season!" Rozanov called out in a lilting voice. It was when he seemed to finally realize that Shane was really leaving, that he wasn't turning back around, that he seemed to let out one more word "Hollander?".

But Hollander was already long gone. He was in the stairway staggering down. He couldn't breathe properly. As if all the air in the hallway had been sucked right out.

He shut the door tight behind him once he made it to his hotel room. Once the door was shut he began to shuck his clothes off. They were itching his skin, he was in pain with them rubbing his elbow and knee joints. Once they were off and in a pile on the floor, Shane had to bend over clutching his knees before giving up entirely and sitting on the ground. His inability to fold his clothes or place them where they belonged in that moment was a testament to how far gone his mind was. Tears stung the corners of his eyes, but he was determined not to let them fall. He was stronger than that. He needed to be stronger than that. He needed to calm down. Now.

Deep breath in.

Deep breath out.

In.

Out.

The buzzing wouldn't stop.

The edges of Shane's vision began to fade away.

Suddenly Shane was plunged into darkness.

Chapter 2: Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Hey y'all! I want to explore, really, a lot of the themes that have come up throughout the episodes of 'Heated Rivalry', but in a way that feels natural to the characters and story. This chapter will start to introduce Shane's going into subspace. And I plan to continue this story and explore more in future chapters. Thanks guys!

When Shane thought back to that night years later, he would be filled with a sense of incompleteness. He had left things between himself and Rozanov open, hanging, as if they were standing on the edge of a cliff together, but with miles between them.

Shane wasn't sure what to do about it, though, except to leave it open and free. Rozanov texted him. A lot. Well, a lot compared to how much they should be texting, which was not at all.

He seemed to want to close the deal between them, to fuck. But Shane knew better. He didn't want to be the fool in this situation, so he kept his distance. He never set a meeting time, and he never agreed to do anything. Rozanov was all talk. He was teasing him; Shane was used to being teased. But he didn't think that he could handle falling for a prank like this and face the humiliation of it all.

So when Rozanov asked for a meeting place, Shane told him to go fuck himself. When Rozanov sent dick pics, Shane put the phone down and tried to ignore the images and memories flashing through his mind.

They kept up this game of cat and mouse for years; it was the longest length of time anyone had ever spent trying to get Shane in bed. Most people flirted for a few hours (at the club), or sometimes a few interactions (in group situations), while Shane remained clueless. They had long moved on by the time Hayden or JJ would ask Shane about it, and that was when Shane realised that those weird looks and touches had been flirtatious and suggestive.

He didn't like weird looks or getting touched anywhere; mostly, it left him feeling itchy, trapped, and sometimes lopsided rather than turned on.

It was Shane's inability to ask Hayden or anyone else to cross-reference Rozanov's texts that probably made Shane take so long to catch on. It wasn't until Rozanov was texting him right before a match against each other that Shane thought maybe it wasn't all a game for him. That

Rozanov was actually trying to have a repeat performance rather than simply screwing with Shane for fun.

They had been together multiple times in the past, sure, but Shane wasn't prideful enough to think that he had left Rozanov needing more. But now he wanted to know.

He wanted to know what it would feel like to be with Rozanov, for real. No hotel room, no hyperawareness of being quiet, looking out the door before leaving. Would Rozanov actually want that? To fuck Shane so hard that they could forget, just for a moment, that they shouldn't be fucking at all?

Shane needed to know. And so he sent Rozanov his address, and Rozanov had sent him the time.

Next thing he knew, Shane had been waiting at the bottom of the back entrance staircase to his apartment. So when Rozanov had texted that he was 'here', Shane had opened the door immediately. He would have been embarrassed by the speed if he couldn't convince himself that he only opened up so fast because of the risk of getting caught.

Shane was always caught off guard by the ease of talking to Rozanov. It was so easy to say what he had on his mind. Maybe it was because he didn't need Rozanov to like him, and he didn't expect it either. They were on opposing teams, lived in different cities. They were rivals to the public eye; the need for pretences was negated by all of the circumstances surrounding their relationship.

Rozanov had a way of speaking and teasing that Shane didn't mind, even though he pretended to.

So when Rozanov said,

"Mister Business Man. Mister Landlord," in a thick russian accent and a teasing demeanour, Shane wasn't bothered. And then he was teasing his abundance of pillows, but Shane didn't see anything wrong with that.

He had hired a designer.

Their conversations never lasted long, though. When they were on the clock, it ended when the puck hit the ice. When they were in a bedroom, it ended when one of them caved and started to kiss the other; other than that, there was no need to speak with one another that ever arose.

This time, it wasn't either one of them who caved first, but rather both of them together. Because somewhere they met in the middle, and Shane wasn't sure suddenly why he had told Rozanov no for all those years. When Rozanov held Shane's peck in his hand and let his

weight press Shane into the mattress, it was like all the noise that had been hammering down on Shane went out the window, and all that was left was the two of them. Together.

Shane had tried to chase this feeling with other people. Women. But he could never find it. And Rozanov was so fucking gentle, it made Shane ache in his very bones.

In all the times he had ever been half pulled into a woman's apartment building, he had never been asked if he wanted what they were about to do. He had asked them, sometimes with the hope they would say no, but being on the receiving end of such a vulnerable question left Shane with a need settling down deep in his gut.

Only Rozanov could satisfy it. And still, he kept asking Shane whether he was "okay" with everything. He had never experienced anything like what he did with Rozanov. And he kept asking. With each new position.

"Is okay?"

And again.

"Is still okay?"

Even when he had Shane turned around on his hands and knees, facing the headboard. He still asked if Shane was okay, and Shane was so okay that he couldn't even bring himself to answer verbally. Rozanov had his fingers digging through Shane's hair, holding onto the back of his neck. It was so gentle and intense. It contrasted sharply with the building pressure that was taking over Shane's entire body.

When Rozanov pushed his dick into Shane's ass and began to thrust, he couldn't do anything but moan in a way that he couldn't bring himself to be embarrassed about. Because Rozanov was clearly feeling it too. Then Rozanov was slamming into Shane faster and harder, and Shane had to take it all as Rozanov gave it to him. As pleasure coursed under his skin, he had to rest his head down on the pillow. For the first time in his life, Shane reached his climax untouched, with his ass up in the air.

Rozanov kept pounding. When he called out Hollander's name, and Shane felt him break apart while inside of him, he felt himself lose all sense of coherence. All he could do was slump forward as much as Rozanov let him. He had never been so thoroughly spent after sex. His body was used, but he couldn't stand the thought of it being over, not so soon. He began to get black spots dotting the edge of his vision.

He couldn't pass out, not here, not now, not while Rozanov was still inside of him. But just when his heart rate started to tick a beat faster, Rozanov lowered himself until his

naked front was pressed against the sweat on Shane's back. He was hot to the touch. Then he was rubbing the strands of hair at the nape of his neck, and he pressed a delicate kiss into the back of Shane's shoulder.

It pulled him away from the edge. Faster than he had ever been able to pull himself back. When Rozanov lay down next to him, that was when he reached a level of calm that had never come over him before. The physicality of it all, even after sex, was what quieted his mind entirely. It was like a high, except Shane was frighteningly clear-headed. Rozanov's dick was still thrust up into Shane's body.

Shane thought to himself that he should do this more often. He wanted to lie down on top of Rozanov and hold his dick in his mouth, just to lie there like that. Not sucking it off, or escalating it. But just to exist like that. But then Shane's mind rudely got sidetracked when he realised that he was lying dangerously close to a moist area of the bed. and he said, out loud,

"Now the bed's all dirty."

...

The next time they met was different.

There were no comforting carresses. Rozanov didn't run his fingers through Shane's hair or bend him over anything. Shane hadn't expected any of that. Obviously. Just because they had fucked once or twice, didn't mean the man had to give Shane anything else. They weren't even friends. And even though there had been some benefits in the past, it didn't make them fuck buddies.

They weren't anything.

Rozanov had made that clear, painfully so. But it was good for Shane that he had been so direct; otherwise, it might have gone over his head. There was no misunderstanding now. It still hurt. More than it should.

...

Over the six months of Shane's life after the Olympics, he had thrown himself into his routines more than he ever had in his entire life before. His workout regimen got dialled up to ten.

He watched hundreds of hours of Hockey tapes.

He practised often until midnight on his moves on the ice. Hours that, deep down, he knew he didn't really need.

It was exhausting. He was exhausted. When he would try to stop himself. Tell himself he didn't need to be doing everything he was doing, he physically couldn't stop. If he tried to get off the practice rink before his body told him he could, he would start to hyperventilate. Sometimes, his eyes would be aching after countless hours of watching and rewatching his latest game. He was exhausted, he was hungry, and he was developing a migraine. But if he tried to turn it off, or get up for anything, his heartbeat would tick up, and suddenly his ears were ringing, he couldn't focus on anything. He didn't even want to eat anymore. Then he would turn it back on, and things went back to normal.

Except nothing was normal, this wasn't normal. Not even for Shane.

Something was wrong.

His mother could tell; Shane knew this. She had a concerned tone of voice now whenever she spoke with him. He knew this because it was the tone of voice she had always used when he was growing up. The one she pulled out when she used to try to calm him down during episodes. He figured she would have the same expression on her face, too, if he could ever bring himself to look her in the eyes when they spoke.

...

It all came crashing down at the NHL Awards.
This pile of Shit that Shane was trying to ignore.

Shane was angry at first. How could he not be? Rozanov had not sent a single text to Shane in over six months. Shane felt as though he had been used and discarded. Clearly, the two of them were over. Or they never were anything to begin with, he supposed. It would have been

easier to accept that if Rozanov hadn't kept doing things that made Shane question things. Like trailing his hand down Shane's back in a way that raised the hair on the back of his neck. Shane had left the stage feeling lightheaded. Then Rozanov had followed him into the bathroom. And he was sure this was a terrible idea. Shane was weak when it came to Rozanov. His resolve crumpled like a paper boat in a rainy river.

He didn't even have a fucking clue what Rozanov wanted from him; he didn't even know what he wanted from Rozanov. But he couldn't pull himself away. Even though there was a hollow pit in his stomach, and there had been acid in his throat for months, even though he knew the right thing to do would be to leave him in this bathroom immediately, he was glued to his spot on the floor.

And Rozanov was leaning against the bathroom wall as if this was perfectly normal, like he couldn't taste the headiness in the air.

"Aren't you going to suck my dick?" Rozanov said it so offhandedly, as if that was where Shane belonged. As if maybe Shane would actually suck his dick, and that it would satisfy them both just fine. The crazy part is that Shane wanted to. A little too much. It had been so long, too long, since he had been with anyone. He missed the calm that came over him when he was filled to the brim with the man in front of him.

But he couldn't give in to Rozanov now. Not after the dead silence that had hung between them all this time. He was exhausted, hadn't slept in maybe thirty hours, but he wanted to wipe the smugness out of Rozanov.

"Why don't you suck mine?" He hoped it came out harsher than it sounded to his own ears, and not needy. Because Shane realised that was how he was feeling, so needy. So much, in fact, that with a few simple words, Rozanov had him begging. Saying words like please. Shane needed more from Rozanov, so much more than he was getting in this moment. He laid his head down on Rozanov's shoulder, barely, with a ghost-like touch. Even that set his throat into closing. But not because he couldn't breathe, but because he didn't want to cry. He didn't want to be the guy who cried in a bathroom waiting for someone to make him feel something. When Rozanov told him no, it only made Shane more desperate than before. He had asked so nicely. Why was he being told no?

Something clicked in his brain, though, when Rozanov started to tell him how it would be. He would wait. He could do that.

Rozanov kissed him gently on the mouth, almost as an afterthought. But Shane's eyes shuttered closed immediately, and remained closed until a light slap on the cheek reminded

him that they had to leave this bathroom. Go sit down. Watch the boring show. And then, finally, go to Rozanov's hotel room. He could do that.

Chapter 3: Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Hey! I wanted this to be longer, but this is all I could manage today. Enjoy :)

Rozanov was an asshole. And Shane wasn't quite sure why he put up with him.

Although maybe it was because he didn't waste any more time once the two of them were finally alone, together, in a penthouse hotel room.

Later, when Shane thought back on it, he thought he should have taken a different approach to the entire situation. Maybe he shouldn't have gone up there at all. Or maybe he should have been more obstinate, demanded more from Rozanov before stripping down to his briefs. Maybe once he saw Rozanov leaning against the corner of his room, with the hard planes of his chest lit up by the city light sprawling beside him, Shane should have turned around. Left, and never came back.

Except, standing there in the moment, none of those thoughts made their way to his brain at all.

Instead, when he was told to take off his clothes, he couldn't have done anything but.

It was the windows and none of the other warning signals to danger that set off alarms. But Rozanov had a solution for that, and they moved themselves to the bedroom.

Lying on the bed and stoking himself was like stabbing a hot poker stick straight through Shane's abdomen. He could cum just to the sight of Rozanov sitting in that fucking chair, casually watching him as Shane started to ease his fingers into his own ass.

It was easy to jump straight into this scene. If Shane was being honest with himself, he'd been hard for hours, since his bathroom meeting with Rozanov. He wasn't sure at what point in the night he'd begun to grow this incessant need, maybe when Rozanov looked him up and down before making their way onto the awards stage, maybe when he heard the door open behind him in the bathroom, and he knew, just knew, who was following him inside.

But, whatever the case, his mind was no longer his own once he met Rozanov's eyes and stretched himself further and deeper. He had a singular focus and need. And that was for Rozanov to push him down onto the bed and slam into Shane with so much force that maybe Shane wouldn't want him so badly afterwards. Maybe Rozanov was something he could flush out of his system. Then again, maybe Shane should never have come here in the first place.

It would have kept Shane, at least, from begging for him. Actually begging, and not with a sweetly whispered 'please', it wasn't pretty at all. It was him, crawling across the bed and pushing his face into Rozanov's crotch as if in some kind of supplication. Rozanov had shed his shirt entirely, but Shane hardly noticed. It was hard for him to put his mind on anything other than where his body was touching Rozanov's. He could feel the hard length of Rozanov

pressing into his forehead, and the fingers of his hand cradled Shane's head closer until his mouth was breathing against the tent in Rozanov's pants.

The worst part? Shane didn't want to move; he had a loosened ass hole and aching length, but if Rozanov hadn't begun to turn Shane around onto his hands and knees, he would have stayed lying down in front of Rozanov, basking in the smell and presence of him.

But Rozanov did turn him around, with his hands so gently lifting his neck, turning it to the side so Shane knew his intentions, and a softly spoken 'On your hands and knees' in a thick accent.

Shane did. He faced the headboard now, and he thought that Rozanov may have walked away for a moment, but then his warm fingers were slowly pushing their way into the deepest parts of him, another hand spreading wide against his lower back. Shane's entire body narrowed into that spot; the noises he made were embarrassing, but he couldn't help them.

It was as if his body was so closely narrowed into Rozanov, if the other man had asked Shane to jump out of a car with him, he would have done it.

And this, too, Shane would wonder about. Perhaps it wasn't the wisest decision to be in such close quarters and under the enchantment of someone with so much influence over you. But this was neither here nor there, because Rozanov was shoving his length into Shane's ass, and then he was pressing him further down onto the mattress, and Shane had nowhere to go but down. The firm grasp that Rozanov had on his back left no room for argument over how he wanted Shane underneath him. His hands desperately wanted to grasp his own dick, but then this might be over too soon. And Shane wanted, no needed, for this to last. The sounds Rozanov made were loud, and his thrusts were brutal. Shane came reluctantly and with a stuttering breath. Rozanov followed behind soon.

Whenever one of them had finished in the past, it would end with a soft or unobtrusive touch. Shane remembers a slap to the stomach or a kiss pressed against the crest of his thigh. The last time they fucked, it had been more. Rozanov had tugged on Shane's head and pressed his lips to his shoulder, his pecks, at the point where his arm met his shoulder. This was probably why Shane was lying there waiting for the next thing. His body had been primed for it from Rozanov.

It was stupid of his body to expect it.

Because it never came. Rozanov pulled out and then away. It took a second for Shane's mind to catch up to the present moment. That he was lying face down against someone else's bed with his back still arched, and so he pulled himself to the side, away from the center of the bed. When he rolled around and managed to prop his aching body against the headboard, Rozanov collapsed down on the other side, lit cigarette in hand.

He felt slow, like something was being suspended above him, and he couldn't quite reach it. Maybe he was floating in water, or dreaming, and he didn't know it. It was a new feeling. It wasn't fair to Rozanov, Shane knew this. He shouldn't need anything else; he had come to his hotel room, and then he had cum in his bed. That was enough.

But then he was asking questions, and Rozanov was getting frustrated. Then it was time to go. Getting out of bed reminded him of a time when he was in the junior leagues. One of the boys on the other team had already hit puberty, and Shane hadn't. When he had been rammed into and had hit the ice, it had cracked one of his ribs. He hadn't wanted to get up from the ice

at all, except he knew people were watching. He needed to pull himself together. He wasn't aware he had made his way back to the bench until he looked between his two feet and saw the ground. He remembers breathing unsteadily with moist eyes. His mom had freaked out when she learned the next day at the hospital that Shane's ribs had been bruised and snapped. Walking out of that hotel room was much the same. He was in the hallway without too much recollection of how he had gotten there. He knew that there was an ache inside of him somewhere, though. His bones felt tired, instead of broken. When he made it to the elevator, he got the feeling of having forgotten something. What was it he had forgotten?

'We didn't even kiss.' They hadn't kissed; there hadn't been anything close to it. They had fucked, and then Shane had left.

'We didn't even kiss.'

But right then, Shane needed to focus; he needed to get a private room. Somewhere he could sit down, because seeing was difficult, and standing was getting harder. Everything was growing more difficult. He lay his head against the elevator door.

When he made his way to the entrance of his hotel room and unlocked it, he could see a slight tremor in his hand. That didn't make sense. There shouldn't be anything wrong with him. He had had a great fuck with a hot dude. He needed to relax. He needed to calm his breathing because in the quiet of his private room, he could hear the beat of his heart and the sounds of his rasping breaths.

He thought that he might be about to die; he could lie down and not get up again.

"I don't want to die," except it was said to an empty room, because Shane was all alone. And was his heart speeding up?

He had the vaguest thought that maybe he should call his mom; his mom would know what to do in a situation like this.

He began to pat his pockets. There was nothing there. He was already sitting against the wall, on the floor. He couldn't think in straight lines to where his phone might be.

Where could it be?

Where could it be?

Shane closed his eyes, trying to think. But instead, he drifted away, like a ripple in the ocean;

he was there, then he wasn't.

...

He woke gradually, rather than suddenly. And when he opened his eyes in a dark room, he wasn't sure where he was. Why was he sitting on the floor? What city was he in? He didn't know why he wasn't able to react to the noises coming from the door. What noises even were those? It took him longer than it should have to focus his mind on it. Knocks.

Someone was knocking on the door to a room he didn't even know the purpose of. When he went to his knees and held onto the wall to get up. The fog in his brain remained firmly in place, except that the tux he was wearing reminded him that he had had an event. That's right, he had an awards show. Why was he sleeping on the floor?

This question was answered when he opened up his door and was hit with the curly blonde hair of his rival hockey star, Ilya Rozanov.

Rozanov walked past Shane into the room in a bit more of a rush than he normally would. But Shane barely noticed, because his nose had locked onto the scent of him. The cigarette smell lingered a bit, but the rest of it was simply Rozanov. He shut the door and leaned his body against it heavily. He could barely stand up, and now he remembered passing out on the floor after hooking up with Rozanov. He remembered that they hadn't even kissed. He didn't know why Rozanov was standing across from him, though. He didn't know how he would be able to let him walk back out the door. He was wondering why his eyelids were so fucking heavy.

"Hollander."

At the sound of his name spoken in such a quiet way, his head slowly started to rise. Before, his eyes had been glued to the floor between Rozanov's two feet; now, they were scorching a path up his legs and then caught onto the crotch of Rozanov's pants.

"Hollander."

Spoken with a small bit of firmness now. His air supply grew less, and his body temperature spiked. This told him that Rozanov had taken a step forward, into Shane's space. He still wasn't able to lift his head any higher; in fact, he felt his back scrape down the door a little bit.

His chin was gripped between a forefinger and a thumb and lifted up to Rozanov's face. He said his name again. Hollander. His eyes shut, and his knees fell to the ground. It was instinctual. With his center of gravity so close, what else could he do but fall? At this angle, he pressed his face forward and knew, as surely as he knew his own fucking name, what he would meet. Fuck. Yes. And then his face was pressed firmly into Rozanov's dick.

Shane couldn't kiss Rozanov; he couldn't touch him, but this he could do. Surely Rozanov would allow this, if nothing else. And Rozanov's body responded; he was harder already than he had been seconds ago when Shane had pressed the length of his dick against the skin of his face. Just when Shane brought his hands up to pull down Rozanov's pants though, something stopped him.

Hands raised his head away, and the dick was gone, replaced with Rozanov's face. Which was a downgrade, because Shane couldn't touch that. He knew this; Rozanov didn't want him there. If he had, then they would have kissed tonight. They would have lain together. But then his hair was gripped tightly in what felt like a fist, and his eyes lifted themselves again from where they had lowered.

"What is the matter, Hollander?"

This was whispered against his ear, and Rozanov's breath coursed across his neck. And there was only one response to give to a question like that in a situation like this. The matter was that Shane needed Rozanov. Badly.

"I need you."

A pause.

"What is the matter?" He had already been asked this, Shane was sure of that. He needed Rozanov to understand.

"I... I don't know what's wrong with me."

He hated being like this. It made him want to claw out of his skin. But he was trapped inside it. He needed to cool down, because then his body was heating up. Rozanov's hand went over his own when he started to unbutton his shirt, though, and it gave him pause.

"You are..."

He stopped, as if searching for a word,
"...crashing? Yes?"

Crashing? That wasn't the right word for it, Shane shook his head. He managed to meet Rozanov's face now. Now that he was speaking to him. Now that he had a thumb rubbing against Shane's palm in slow circles. Rozanov was on one knee in front of Shane, and Shane was fully sitting on the floor, back against the door, legs stretched out. He felt like he had just competed with Rozanov on an airbike, and he was exhausted.

Rozanov paused again when he saw Shane's head shake; he seemed to be taking it all in. The slowness of his movements, the way Shane couldn't lift his head, and had to tilt it back against the door to meet his face.

"Dropping? That is what is happening?" And that sounded right.

Shane felt as though he was dropping through reality. At Shane's nod, Rozanov seemed to internalize something; Shane wasn't sure what. He couldn't read people on a good day, much less with his cloudy head and foggy thoughts. But Rozanov brought his hand up to Shane's face and cupped his chin.

His skin was cool to the touch, then Rozanov's thumb entered his mouth. And his eyes fell closed at the sensation. Yes. This is what he needed.

Rozanov, keeping one hand in place, and with the other, helped pull Shane off the ground and started to lead him to the bed.

His hands were so strong, so firm. But there was a tenseness there that normally wasn't.

Normally, when the two of them were together, they were able to let loose a little bit, were comfortable touching each other. But Rozanov wasn't. Once Shane was sitting on the edge of the bed, Rozanov took his hand away from Shane's face to start unbuttoning his shirt. Shane had the wherewithal to be the one to stop him this time. It was an effort to bring his hand up, emotionally and physically.

"You should go." Rozanov looked at his face, and Shane could see a tightness to it that mirrored the rest of him.

"Do you want me to leave?" No. But he couldn't say that.

"You don't have to do this. I'll be okay. I.... I just need to sleep it off." Even he could hear the falsity in the statement.

Rozanov raised both of those perfected eyebrows; he seemed more at ease, as if Shane's being able to speak in fuller sentences was helping him to relax. Or maybe he was trying to convince Shane he was okay with whatever was happening. He didn't know.

"Is that what you were doing before? Sleeping in this bed?" He said this with a nod towards the sheets that, until Shane had sat on them, had been smooth and untouched. Shane glanced towards the spot on the floor that he was sure he had passed out on earlier.

He was loose-tongued this evening, apparently, because he answered.
"No, I think I blacked out."

Rozanov was quiet. Then he kept undressing him. He seemed gentler now, more so than normal. "I will take care of you tonight." He said it with such matter-of-factness, and Shane decided he wanted that very much, to be taken care of by Rozanov tonight.

Chapter 4: Chapter 4

Shane's world focused into one singular spot when Rozanov's hands grazed the bare skin of his abdomen. His head dipped forward of its own volition.

It was as if his center of gravity existed within Rozanov. Rozanov let him lay his head against his shoulder, and then he trailed his hands down to the buttons on Shane's pants. Getting them off was easy because Shane was so fucking pliable right now.

All it took was an oh-so-quietly whispered "Lift your hips" from Rozanov, and they were down to his ankles.

When he felt a tap against one ankle, and then the other, he lifted them. Then he was naked. The normal chilly air of the hotel room was avoided by the proximity he had to Rozanov. He wanted to taste him, and he did.

He placed a kiss behind his ear first, and then made his way to the angle of his jaw, licking along the sharpness of it. Rozanov's neck has a light sheen of sweat, and Shane heard a moan from Rozanov once he made his way to the point where his neck connected to his shoulder.

That noise encouraged Shane. A little too much, or maybe he was too far gone. Because this was yet another thing he would never consider doing under normal circumstances, but he took Rozanov's skin into his mouth and bit down. Hard.

Rozanov let loose a groan that was barely audible before raising his fist up to clench into Shane's hair. Holding him there, or pulling him away. Shane couldn't tell because he was sucking the sensitive skin into his mouth before coating it with his saliva.

Rozanov gently guided Shane's head back up and then turned his head towards his shoulder. He was trying to look at the mark left by Shane, which would be a hickey in the morning.

"You will regret that in the morning, Hollander." He said it softly into the quietness surrounding them. Except it wasn't meant as a threat, but maybe more of a reminder. A reminder that the two of them couldn't mark each other, that this wasn't real. But Shane didn't care. He needed more right now.

"Come to bed with me. Please." His head was held up by only the hair being tugged back into the air by Rozanov. His other hand ran up the length of Shane's inner thigh, gently, not touching anything yet. And the teasing was sending Shane's mind to the edge. But Rozanov was just looking at him, maybe considering what he could do with Shane in the moment. This was a first for him, having Shane be so desperate and unleashed.

His Hand trailed higher and brushed against the head of Shane's cock. Shane let out a sigh of relief. He could feel the corded muscles under Rozanov's skin where his hand had rested on the man's waist.

"Is this what you need, Hollander? HMMMM?"

He said it right into Holland's mouth before licking along the seam and plunging in. His hand was lazy on Hollander's cock, but that didn't stop him from responding as if it wasn't. Rozanov moved up slowly, as if they had all the time in the fucking world, before cupping Shane's balls into one hand.

"Please..." Shane practically whimpered. It was pathetic; later, he would remember this moment and hate himself a little.

"Please, what?" Because Rozanov was an asshole.

"Please... Let me suck your cock."

Shane half expected to be turned down altogether. Earlier, Shane had tried to put his mouth on Rozanov and had been stopped. But maybe Rozanov would give this to him, because Shane needed it.

More than he wanted to get plowed into this fucking bed like no tomorrow, more than he wanted to breathe the air in this goddamn hotel room, he wanted to feel the length of Ilya Rozanov heavy on his tongue. He wanted to grip his ass and be shut up entirely. Maybe, if Rozanov let him, he could stop begging for things, and his mind would finally stop its constant buzzing.

"Okay"

And then he was moving to lie on the bed, and pulling off his pants (Shirt forgotten somewhere in between).

Shane was crawling for the second time in one night. When he finally got to Rozanov's rock-hard cock, he simply lay his head against it at first. And he breathed for a moment. Then he started to lick up the length of Rozanov's dick. Rozanov's hand, grasping his chin firmly, paused him. He looked up and then saw Rozanov leaning forward.

Maybe he would kiss him first, is what Shane thought. But then Rozanov spat into his mouth.

"There. Now you suck."

And Shane did. Once he locked his lips around the thickness of him, he loosened his throat and started to take him. Breathing through his nose, he pulled off slowly, coating him with a

mixture of their spit, and then bobbed back down. Rozanov was letting out what sounded like a few russian curses above him.

As Shane took more of Rozanov into his throat, he began to feel his own precum against his leg.

He continued to feed his cock deeper into his mouth, taking more and more of Rozanov down his throat until he was met with some resistance. Shane's dick was heavy and sensitive against the bed sheets. Rozanov dug his fingers into Shane's back, and one of his hands grasped Shane's hair. Shane was filing his own hands with Rozanov's ass.

He continued going down until Rozanov bottomed in Shane's throat. And now the room was filled with a lot of deep breathing from both men; he felt himself working up into a frenzy. Shane held him there for a full minute at least. Just taking in the fullness of the experience, his mind quiet, he felt so fucking good down here.

Rozanov started to be unable to keep still, though. Or quiet.

"Fuck. You love to suck my cock, don't you, Hollander?"

When Shane hummed in response, thoughtlessly, Rozanov choked on the air.

"I'll let you do it more often th-"

He broke off when Shane remembered that he had a goal to get this man to cum in his mouth, and with only a few more rapid sucks coupled with the bobbing in his head, Rozanov lifted up his back and came with a ;

"Fuck Hollander!"

His cum shot down Shane's throat. When he felt Rozanov break apart, Shane too came hard against the sheets of the bed. Untouched.

Shane pulled his mouth off and looked up at Rozanov, licking his lips.

"Fuck Rozanov."

Then he was being pulled up by the neck and kissed. Fuck. Yes. Rozanov went to touch Shane's dick, but found that he had already shot his load.

"Oh wow." Rozanov sounded more out of breath than anything.

Shane knew the embarrassment would come later. But he was only relieved at the moment. Because now he was being held by Rozanov in his bed, albeit a hotel bed. after sex.

It was Nice, he felt nice. He felt calm. It was quiet in here.

Shane drifted off with Rozanov's body heat lying right beside him. Right when he closed his eyes, he couldn't have sworn that a kiss got laid on his forehead, and he heard a whispered

"I'm Sorry."

He would never know for certain, though. Because when he woke up the next morning, Rozanov was gone. He had, supposedly, left Shane's phone on his nightstand along with a small note.

'Had to catch a flight. You forgot this in my room.'

...

That night was never mentioned between the two of them. Not even once, in passing or otherwise. The first time the two of them had met up again, after a game, Shane had been expecting Rozanov to tease him maybe. He had even considered saying no to Rozanov's invitation simply because the humiliation of it still left bile in his throat.

He knew it was normal. At least, it wasn't a total anomaly. He had done his research on it afterwards. Hoping that it had been some kind of freak sickness.

But, instead, he had learned that sometimes, when two people have a particularly intense sexual encounter, they could have a sort of 'drop' afterwards.

It mainly happened when they didn't receive enough, or any in Shane's case, aftercare post-sex. Despite it not being unusual, he was still humiliated by his actions. The way he had begged for it, he knew he had been out of his mind and needy. His cheeks still heated at the memory months later.

And so when he got a text from Rozanov asking what time to go to Shane's house after the Boston and Montreal game, he had almost ignored it. Except it sat on the back of his mind, grating and irresistible.

Rozanov had been fucking him missionary style in the bed less than an hour later. And afterward, he had collapsed on top of him, just breathing for a minute. Even after he moved

off of Shane, he stayed put, in bed, beside him. Just running his hand through Shane's hair.

It wasn't like they had never done that before, but it felt awkward at first. Because Shane wasn't sure if Rozanov was doing it out of obligation or mindlessly. And he kept waiting for a line of questions.

Maybe a "what the fuck happened in Vegas?" But it never came. Instead, Rozanov had eventually kissed Shane on the chin, then rolled off the bed, citing an early morning flight.

Shane had been fine, though; he had been in his normal, amazing, after-sex haze. There was no craze to it, no heart palpitations; he didn't pass out. Everything was just. fine.

As the months drew on, Rozanov and him kept up this pattern. They fucked, or sucked each other's dicks, or did something equally as sexy. But after they both came, and no matter how the sex had looked, Rozanov would stay a little longer, or he would let Shane stay a little longer when they were in his hotel room. Nothing like the Vegas fiasco happened again.

That's not to say that Rozanov didn't boss him around in the bedroom; there was still plenty of that. But now it came with a light sprinkling of affection afterwards.

Shane was glad that Rozano was the way he was in these moments, that Rozanov could be so relaxed and nonchalant about sucking on his ear while he still had himself dug deep into Hollander. He had a way of putting Shane at ease in a way that no one else ever could.

Shane knew he was uptight. He knew he was difficult. He had his rules. And he knew his rules pissed other people off.

He wasn't dense enough not to notice the way his old junior teammates side-eyed him, annoyed, whenever Shane had needed to open and close his locker door over and over to make sure it was actually closed. He had grown out of that tick, but now he couldn't ever drink with his teammates. He wasn't allowed to have any substances during the season. That was one of the rules, and that frustrated some of them. He could hear the guys sometimes complaining that their captain was no fun.

'Why can't Hollander let loose?'

“Stick up the ass.”

Maybe part of the reason things were always so easy with Rozanov was that when Shane folded his clothes before sex, he only smiled or watched him intently. He never rushed him. And when Shane complained about the jizz all over his stomach, Rozanov silently handed him a washcloth.

They weren't anything. But it was getting harder to remember that.

End Notes

Hey guys! I decided to end the fic here. I hope y'all enjoyed it. Much love!

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