

With Blood, Sweat, & Tears

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With Blood, Sweat, & Tears

by [newtntommy](#)

Summary

Shane is pretty sure he's being stalked.

“What is your favorite scary movie?”

“I don't know,” Shane says honestly. “Science fiction.”

Notes

inspired by @ gangjaex on tiktok. i don't know how to tag someone on here so let me know what you want me to do if anything.

i have no regrets, and i don't expect anyone to read this. i love scary movies and this crossover itched my brain. if ur not interested in serial killer ilya attacking shane then dont read.

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

Shane's phone rings. It's a number he doesn't recognize. He's in the middle of strength training, and he answers the phone. "Hello?"

"Hello?"

Shane sets down the two weighted plates. He grabs the bigger plate. "Um. Hello?"

The scratchy voice comes through. "Who is this?"

Shane squats once, watching his form in the mirror. "Shane? Who is this?"

"Shane Hollander?"

"Yes," Shane says. "Who is this?"

He doesn't get a response right away. The gym he's in is quiet, besides for his low panting. He doesn't listen to music, content with the calm atmosphere and the empty silence.

"How many reps are you going to do?"

Shane stops. He places the weight down and looks around. The hotel gym is empty late at night. Shane couldn't sleep. He was too amped and energized from his win today against Boston. A victory does this to him, gives him a high he can't come down from naturally. Exercise calms him down, and he's usually by himself.

The gym is empty. Nobody has come in since he got here. He didn't hear any moving around or footsteps outside in the hall. No sign of other people.

"Three each weight," Shane says, confused. "Is this a player? The gym is empty. I was about to leave."

The laugh is corrupted by static. "No, that is okay. I wouldn't want to stop you from finishing your exercise. You still have your chest press and cable crunches. Sets of twenty, yes?"

Shane again searches the room. He goes to the window and peeks outside. He opens the only door to the left, which leads to a nice shower. By the shower is the back door that can only be opened from the inside. All empty. There's nobody here. He hears nothing, just his own breathing.

"Are you here?" Shane asks. "Hayden? Is this you?"

"Who is Hayden?"

He goes back to the mat he was using. He cleans the mat, the weights, and the machines he used. He doesn't know who is on the phone, and he doesn't think Hayden would mess with him like this. Hayden was sleeping when Shane left, and he's not the type to wake up and decide to do a trick like this.

“Golden Boy,” the voice muses. It’s scratchy and smug. Shane tenses. “You are scared, but you will not leave without cleaning up after yourself.”

“I’m not scared,” Shane denies. “I am tired and going to bed.”

“Liar.” A dark laugh sends a shiver through Shane’s spine. “Terrible liar.”

“I am tired,” Shane repeats with more force. “I’m leaving. If you’re going to come to the gym, I won’t be here.”

“But you’re there right now,” the voice croons. “I wanted to work out with you. See how the famous Shane Hollander gets big and strong. Win games.”

“It sounds like you have watched me exercise,” Shane retorts. He puts his room key and wallet back in his pocket. He finishes wiping the mat and hangs it on the wall with the others. “I’m leaving. You don’t need to come to the gym.”

“But I’m already there.”

Like a ghost, the figure jumps out of the dark corner to Shane’s right. Dressed in black and wearing a white mask. He attacks him, swinging at him with a large knife. Shane instinctively dodges his attacker, and he punches the masked man in the stomach. The man grunts, falls to the ground briefly, and gets back on his feet.

The attacker comes after him again, knife at the ready, and Shane knocks his arm away. He barely jumps out of the way when the man aims for his chest, and he is a second too late to avoid a hard kick to his leg. He falls onto his back with a shout, landing painfully on a plate he didn’t put back.

The masked figure crawls on top of him, straddling his body, caging him to the floor. A plastic mask stares back at him, and the person says nothing. Shane kicks and punches, yelling now, and then two strong hands grab his throat. He chokes and tries to shove the hands off him to no avail.

Shane tries to say something, yell for help, but he’s stopped when the hands on his throat squeezes. He kicks and shoves more wildly, only to go back to trying to get free from his grip. He’s not getting oxygen, and his vision narrows. He looks at the mask, and he sees a reflection of himself in the black eyes.

With one last beat of strength, he grabs the plate he’d used and swings hard. He aims for the figure’s head, but he can’t get the angle right and gets their left shoulder instead. They grunt and fall, letting go of Shane’s throat, and Shane kicks him with all his strength in the ribs. He hears a crack, and the figure stops moving.

Shane instantly gets on his feet and runs to the door. He crashes through the door and into the hallway. He shuts the door behind him. He’s on the second floor, and he finds the closest elevator to go to the first level for the hotel staff. He grabs for his phone, but he must’ve dropped it in the gym when the person attacked him.

The police are called right away. Police officers are sent, and the hotel staff offers him water and tells him to sit. Shane tries to even his breathing, but his hands are shaking. He thinks of the breathing exercises he's learned, and he tries each one. His head is spinning, blood rushing with adrenaline.

"Hollander?"

Shane sits up at the sound of his name. Ilya Rozanov is there. He is the captain for the Bears, and he's Shane's arch rival. Together they scored the highest number of goals, showed exceptional skill and strength. Shane hasn't seen him since they fought against each other in Canada vs Russia. Rozanov was drafted first, and then Shane, and Shane had wanted to punch his smug grin that day.

"Are you okay?" Rozanov asks.

"Rozanov?" Shane says. "What are you doing here?"

Rozanov gestures at the bar with his right arm, keeping his left tightly to his side. "Getting a drink."

Which explains the slight glossy look in his blue eyes. Shane nods, out of it and still shaken up. "I..I was attacked in the gym."

Rozanov's face contorts in surprise and alarm. "Are you alright? What happened? Who attacked you?"

Shane rubs his thighs, ears ringing. His hand is trembling more excessively, and Rozanov catches the glass before he drops it. He sits down, careful not to get too close. "I don't know. They've been watching me though. They knew my routine."

"What did they look like?" Rozanov asks.

"He wore all black with a mask," Shane describes. "He had my number. He called me, and I was going to leave, but they must've gotten in when I wasn't looking. He attacked and I-"

"Hey," Rozanov says. Shane stammers and brings his knees to his chest, hyperventilating and shaking. "You're okay. You're safe now. Police coming, yes? They will find whoever did this. There are cameras."

Shane can't breathe. His chest is tight, and all he can see was the mask staring at him. He felt his hands on his throat, closing his airpipe with unyielding strength. He was sure he was going to die there, if he hadn't grabbed the weight and used it as a weapon. He wouldn't be sitting there gasping for air in front of his arch rival.

He hears Rozanov draw in a deep breath. Rozanov repeats the action, breathing in slowly in counts of five. With his face still pressed to his knees, Shane begins to copy him. He breathes in and out along with Rozanov's pace, letting the rhythm help calm the tension and anxiety coiled in his muscles and bones.

He continues to breathe like this with Rozanov for twenty minutes. They sit in silence together, and then the police finally come rushing in. They ask for Shane to come with them to answer some questions. Shane stands to comply, but he pauses.

“Can Rozanov come?” Shane asks.

The police chief shrugs. The police officer standing behind him blinks in surprise, obviously a hockey fan and knowledgeable about the feud between Shane and Ilya. “Yes, he can come.”

Shane meets Rozanov’s curious eye. “You don’t have to.”

“Yes,” Rozanov says. He stands with a nod. “Of course.”

“Right this way, gentlemen,” the police chief says.

He leads them to the police car. Shane goes with him, every now and then checking back to make sure Rozanov is behind him.

He is.

Ilya Rozanov hates being bored. Unfortunately, he’s bored a lot.

His father was police, and he’d come home with his work stuck in his head and weighing heavy on his shoulders. He would rant about missing persons and criminals who get away. Serial killers who run laps around him, taunting him for never catching them. His work was why he was upset all the time, throwing oil on an open flame of a man. He was an angry, violent man in general, and his job made him worse.

Ilya was ten years old when he solved his first cold case. It was laughably simple and boring, but his father claimed the killer was a ghost and could not be found. He called the killer a professional, intelligent and annoyingly careful. Ilya took one look at the case one evening, and he couldn’t believe how blind his father and his people were. Blueprints, phone records, and location was all it took to identify and locate the killer. It was dreadfully boring.

After that, his father made him look at other cold cases. Ilya solved thirty of them in five years. He would’ve helped more, but his father wouldn’t stop being awful to his mother. He was so hard on her. The one person Ilya felt safe around. His mother loved him so much, reminded him to switch on his feelings and be human. He wasn’t so cold around her or felt the usual empty chasm in his chest.

Ilya has seen plenty of dead bodies in pictures. None of them meant anything to him. They were just bodies. When he found his mother, it was the first time he felt loss. The world became colder, turned gray and colorless. Boring. Empty.

He stopped helping his father, and he leaned towards where he was used to. The cold. Hockey.

Hockey helped in a lot of ways. Hockey was still boring. He learned the rules, and he didn't hold back. Other people did hold back - a fatal flaw. They weren't as single-minded and focused as he was. He played hockey because he can hone in his anger in a safe, acceptable way. He could slam into someone without being yelled at.

Of course, he has other hobbies that help release the anger that dwelled in the pit of his stomach. The rage that swam in his blood and made him cold. Nobody needs to know about that special talent though.

He became the best quickly, praised for his brutality and leadership qualities. He became captain to Russia's hockey team. He was good - really good. The best. He was a champion, and he had to fly to other countries for the junior championship. He won because he was the best. He won every game, and he found himself bored again.

He needs his other hobby to soothe the nerves raging in his body. His skin was becoming too tight - too plastic and worn. It doesn't take long to find a victim. He spends his first day in Canada doing his research, organizing his schedule, and playing an act he's perfected since the first time he played this game. It's very easy to trick people, make them think they know him. He's a playboy, slut, indifferent, and naive. He's an asshole who sleeps in other people's beds more than his own.

When he meets the famous Shane Hollander, he sees potential prey. A plaything. A kitten to chase. He smiles wide and holds out his hand. Ilya spends the whole conversation watching him. Shane Hollander looks at his lips seventeen times. His shoulder eleven times. His eyes four times. He's right-handed. The way he moves...it's a puzzle piece in the wrong spot. A rehearsed act and line. He thinks before he does something, and he is uncomfortable with Ilya not responding to him. He blushes when Ilya smiles at him, and he shakes Ilya's hand twice.

Color Ilya intrigued.

Shane Hollander is very different on the ice. It takes Ilya five seconds to learn Shane Hollander has the highest hockey IQ. He is highly intelligent, extremely fast, and very resilient. He thinks three steps ahead, and he doesn't give up.

Shane Hollander hates to lose. Ilya makes sure to smile at him at the end of the game. Shane's frown is deep and contorts his whole face. He is cute when he is angry.

Ilya wants to see how mad he can get him.

It's pathetic how easy it is to study Shane Hollander. There are videos of him everywhere. He gets his address, names of his friends, the places he visits, the schools he attended, history in hockey, and information on his parents. His phone number took nothing at all to get. He has half a mind to change the number and erase it from the internet. Create borders and firewalls around the too accessible captain, but he chooses not to.

Even if Ilya wasn't memorizing Shane's schedule, he would've easily guessed Shane would be in the gym the night they get drafted. The cute pissed-off expression on Shane's face holding up two fingers for second draft distracts Ilya from the growing, ever-present itch to... hurt something.

He has something more interesting to do.

Ilya finds Shane at the treadmill. He joins him, going to the one beside Shane. Shane widens his eyes at him, but keeps running. Ilya smiles. "Did I scare you?"

"No," Shane scoffs.

Rozanov grins, and he increases his speed to go faster than Shane. Shane, of course, increases his speed. Ilya has Shane's exercise routine memorized, and he knows Shane never goes this fast. He was doing this exclusively for Ilya.

It makes Ilya's heart squeeze, flattered. He's even more delighted when Shane's attraction to him becomes more clear by the second. Ilya knows when someone finds him attractive - it's gotten so easy to read minds. Shane's mind works differently, but Ilya was determined to learn it.

Shane is watching him, looking a little closely at the sweat on Ilya's legs and neck. He licks his lips, obviously affected by Ilya and how close they are sitting. His desire is beautiful, especially as it's mixed with fear. Fear of upsetting his parents, the league, and his future because he yearns for something he shouldn't. The turmoil is delicious. Ilya wants to feel the way his throat bobs under his hands. He wants to feel him fight for air.

He wants to make him sweat.

Shane is pretty sure he's being stalked.

He gets constant phone calls from an unknown number. Most of them are silent, and Shane can hear the barest of breathing. While some the caller makes unsettling comments, including what he's wearing, what room number he's in, and how he did in his latest game. He got a call after visiting Hayden, and the caller asked how the Pike family was.

One night a guy kisses his cheek in a bar. Shane had a panic attack and ran off. A week later, Shane saw a picture of the guy on the news. Missing person.

He gets special security, but there's nothing much that can be done. The caller doesn't stay on the phone for long, and he hasn't been attacked since that day in the gym. However, Shane is confident the masked figure follows him. He can't prove it, but he can feel his eyes on him. He can feel him in the crowd at a game.

It's not completely threatening. He doesn't see his stalker, and he hasn't said anything on the phone about wanting to see him again. All he can do is make sure his doors are locked and he's not alone at night. It's irritating changing his schedule, and he almost wants to ask the man to just attack him already. Get this over with.

Which is why when he walks into his hotel room after a game and finds the state of his bed, he doesn't immediately call to change his room. Finally, another play on the board.

He finds one of his prepped meals and a can of ginger ale on the table. Someone cooked it for him. The rice is in the shape of a heart.

His phone rings. He doesn't need to look. "Is it poisoned?"

The contorted voice purrs. "No, why would I? I take a more hands-on approach, especially with you."

"I don't understand why you left a knife out," Shane says. "Vegetables and rice only require a fork."

"Bratty prey," the caller laughs. "Are you going to watch a scary movie while you eat? Channel six is playing When A Stranger Calls. You think of me."

"I'll think of you when I call the police."

"You haven't yet," the man points out. "There is no point. Do you like scary movies?"

"Yeah," Shane replies. He sits at the table and pokes at the heart. The can is unopened, so his drink is safe. He opens it.

"What is your favorite scary movie?"

"I don't know," Shane says honestly. "Science fiction."

"Hmm," the caller hums. "I am fond of slashers. The chasing scenes are good."

"Some people get away," Shane says. "The killers die in those."

"They do," the man says, disappointed. "You will murder me?"

"Maybe."

"Why would you want to do that?"

Shane can hear him pouting. "Why wouldn't I? You're trying to kill me."

"We're having fun. Are you not having fun?" The caller sighs. "Are you not going to eat?"

Shane tenses. He looks around the room. "No, you poisoned it."

"Have I done anything to make you think I would poison you? I like putting my hands on you."

“That’s not going to happen again,” Shane says assertively.

He doesn’t get an answer. The phone goes quiet, but the call hasn’t ended. He listens for footsteps, as he goes around the room looking for a camera. It’s the only way this person could possibly know what he’s doing. He checks the lamps, drawers, and TV stand. He closes the blinds and waits.

He hears the click of his door.

Shane barely has time to react before the door swings open. The hallway lights are off, and the figure turns off the switch for the room. He can’t see much of anything, but he doesn’t need to.

He’s slammed into the wall, hands at his throat. He chokes and kicks hard into the man’s knee. He was wearing the same black outfit and white mask. He’s completely silent as Shane struggles for air and scratches at his hands. He kicks at his attacker, who’s maybe two or three inches taller than him.

His vision is going blurry, and he lets go of the hands on his throat. He reaches down, scrambling for anything he can use. He grabs his plate he never threw away, and he swings it at the figure’s head. The hands let go for a moment, and it’s enough time for Shane to kick at his knee and stomach.

The man falls to the ground, and Shane rushes out of the room and down the hall. He makes for the elevator, and he stops when someone opens their door. It’s J.J. who runs out. “Shane?”

“Someone attacked me!” Shane shouts. “They’re in my room. I was going to downstairs-”

“Fuck that,” J.J. says. “Let’s get this asshole.”

J.J. storms back to Shane’s room, and Shane follows behind him. They rush into the room, and the figure is gone. Shane isn’t surprised. Disappointed - not surprised. They go downstairs to security, and J.J. calls the police. The police come and take his statement. Cameras are checked and are unhelpful. Apparently, nobody was in the hallway until Shane ran out.

“Then someone turned the cameras off,” Shane insists.

The police don’t look particularly convinced. “That would take a lot of work. You might be overestimating this guy.”

Shane clenches his fists. He wants to pull his hair out. “You’re underestimating him.”

Several hours later, Shane goes to another hotel with his things. Hayden offers to go with him after freaking out over his safety. Shane declines the offer and says he’ll be okay. He’ll be in a room close to security and cameras.

It’s the dead of night when someone calls him. Rozanov.

“Are you okay?” Rozanov asks, confused. “There are police. I asked for you-”

“I was attacked again. I’m at a different hotel,” Shane explains.

“What? Where are you? Are you okay?”

“I’ll be fine if you shut up and get here,” Shane scowls. “Back door.”

Shane meets Rozanov at the back door of the hotel. Rozanov wears a hat and hoodie to hide his face. Shane nods at security and drags Rozanov inside. As soon as the door shuts, Rozanov pulls him close. He caresses his face, checking him over, and he kisses Shane’s trembling mouth once he’s content.

“Are you okay?” Rozanov asks.

Shane shakes his head, unable to speak. He takes Rozanov’s hand and leads them to the bed. He removes his clothes, folding each one, and lays down on the bed. Rozanov takes off his clothes as well, faster than Shane. He lays next to him, and Shane snuggles into his side. Rozanov wraps his arms around him, and he tilts Shane’s head to meet his eye.

Rozanov takes a long deep breath, making a show to move his shoulders with each inhale. Shane’s eyes drop to his lips, watching the way they part to breathe in air. Shane copies him, opening his mouth and lungs at the same time he does. Rozanov brushes his hair, nodding, praising him for doing as instructed.

“Rozanov,” he says, voice soft and vulnerable.

Rozanov kisses his nose. “You’re okay.” He kisses his lips.

Shane’s next breath is steady. He moves to his back and pulls Rozanov on top of him.

Ilya loves a challenge. He loves a game. A cat and mouse game.

Shane is the most adorable mouse.

Ilya starts out far. He starts from outside the crowd. A shot of Shane leaving the house. A shot of Shane going on a plane. A shot of Shane leaving practice. Those are childplay - not easily caught.

Then he moves closer. A shot of Shane at a Starbucks from the parking lot. A shot of Shane sitting at a restaurant. A shot of Shane at a party. A shot of Shane scoring a goal. A shot of him cheering.

Then impossibly closer. A shot of Shane celebrating in the locker room. A shot of Shane sleeping. A shot of Shane eating at home. A shot of Shane trying out clothes at a store. Those are massively complicated and a huge risk, especially as Shane gets more paranoid. They’re

worth it, though, to see the horror on his face. The fear, and the rage that comes short after. The way his brows furrowed, and his lips pinched.

That's the expression Ilya gets off the most.

The very last gift Ilya gives him, he leaves in his locker at Montreal. There are ten pictures, all different frames. It doesn't take Shane long to figure out. No, Shane is far too wise for that.

Color drains from Shane's face when he puts the pictures together to form one giant picture on top. Ten pictures turn into one familiar face.

A ghost face mask - the same as his. Though it's not Ilya.

It's Shane's previous ex. Ilya couldn't remember the name. He knew it long enough to find her and get rid of her. Shane should be happy - she died quickly. Ilya didn't make her suffer. He could have, considering she was awful and didn't properly support Shane when they were together. She didn't make him happy.

Although, Ilya doesn't know what he would've done instead if she had made him happy.

The arena feels awfully huge when Shane is alone in it. He's not completely alone. Hayden is here, but even with two people, the arena feels gigantic. They were late to practice because of Hayden. Something came up with Jackie and their kids. Coach let them stay overtime and told them to lock up. Hayden was thrilled, but Shane made him regret it by making him do extra laps. He's captain, and he can't be too nice to his best friend.

He does make it easy on him, and plus he does it too. It hasn't been just the two of them in a long time and for obvious reasons, Shane shouldn't be alone right now.

A phone goes off from the locker room.

"I think that's mine," Hayden says, confused. "But I didn't think I left it in the locker room. Maybe I did. It might be Jackie."

"Okay," Shane says. "We're just about done anyway. I'll meet you in there."

Hayden gets off the ice and takes off his skates and big shoulder pads. He disappears down the hall, leaving Shane to practice his speed and aim. Tomorrow is their game against Boston, and he always tries to sharpen his skills to beat Rozanov.

The sound of hitting pucks and his skates echo in the giant room. He scores the rest of his box of pucks in swift speeds, aiming for each corner and making each one. It's getting late,

and he remembers Rozanov saying he was going to call when his plane lands. He should check his phone, just in case he tried calling already while he was busy.

He leans over the border to look for his phone. He sees it on top of the bench. Shane stares.

His phone says he's calling someone. He gets closer and sees Hayden's contact on the screen.

Shane immediately gets off the rink. He throws his skates off. "Hayden!" he screams.

He hears nothing in response. Shane moves faster, and he runs barefoot into the hallway. His heart races, beating against his rib cage. His mind is spiraling with fear, and he shouts for Hayden again and again.

Hayden is not in the locker room. Shane rushes inside and around every corner. Nothing. Empty.

He hears the showers, and he sighs in relief. He goes to check with his stick clenched in his hand. He peeks inside and sees Hayden showering, and he physically relaxes. Good. He's unharmed.

Shane was about to leave when he spotted a figure standing in the doorway on the other side of Hayden. A masked figure dressed in black holding a large knife. Blood splatter on his creepy face.

He's holding Hayden's phone, taunting him with it. Shane glares, seething. He rushes him, and he shoves him hard into the wall. The man slashes at him, catching Shane's arm with his knife. Shane hisses and punches him in the face.

The figure falls to the ground, not before kicking Shane down with him. Shane drops his hockey stick, and he barely dodges another kick to the stomach. He crawls to his stick and swings it hard into the other man's chest.

He would've swung again, but then the man grabs the stick and punches him hard in the face. Shane tastes blood, and he wipes at his jaw. There's blood on his knuckles. Fuck.

Shane grabs his hockey stick, ready to go again. He stops. The masked figure is gone.

Hayden runs out with a towel around his waist. His phone in his hand. He calls the police, and then grabs the first aid kit. "Oh my god, Shane. Are you okay? What happened? Was he here?"

"Yeah," Shane grunts.

He lets Hayden check his arm, where a long cut gushes blood. His heart races, and he keeps a careful eye out for danger in the corners. There is little light in the hallway with it just being the two of them. Shane clutches the hockey stick, ready to fight again. He hasn't calmed down - can't relax with pent-up adrenaline still circling his veins like a snake. Stick and fangs ready to sink into the killer's throat. Once again, he wishes for a fight.

The police come again, and they check the footage. Only to reveal the camera in the hallway is gone. According to the last recording, it hasn't been plugged in for two hours. Shane's stomach sinks. That was when he and Hayden got to the rink.

Somehow, the news station gets word of the situation, and they will be posting a story about this tonight. A killer. Someone attacking - stalking - Shane Hollander will be all over the internet. Crowell is going to be pissed. He hates anything to do with taking the spotlight off hockey and what truly matters. Shane can't stand him, and he'll be calling tomorrow to schedule a meeting.

Security is improved, but Shane doesn't see the point. Whoever is stalking him is obviously smart and finds ways to get to him anyway. Safety measures didn't matter. This guy was determined to get him. Have him.

Hayden tries to persuade him to stay with him, but Shane insists he'll be fine. He's never attacked more than once in a day. His home security is the new advanced system, and while he doesn't trust it completely - at all - to keep him safe, he'll at least be somewhere he knows where all the hiding spots are.

Hayden does drive him home, and he checks his security app. No break-ins or suspicious activity. The cameras haven't picked up on anything. Regardless, he sweeps his house with a knife in his hand. He turns all the lights on. Nothing. Nobody is here.

He goes to his room to shower, and he halts in the doorway.

A camera is in pieces on his bed. A security camera from the arena.

Shane glares.

His phone rings. He answers and says sharply, "What the fuck?"

"I am very sorry about your arm," the voice says, scratchy and smug. "I was aiming for something higher."

"Fuck you!" Shane growls. "You should quit. You ever get tired of failing? How's your head?"

"You're very pretty," the man says, low and heady. "Want to find out?"

Shane frowns at his words. He's a scratched record, fumbling for the brake. "What?"

The doorbell rings. Shane tenses, nerves going haywire up and down his heated body. Electricity stretches and pulses at his fingertips.

"Is that your boyfriend?"

"I don't have a boyfriend," Shane says, strained. He hurries downstairs and goes to the front door. Nobody. He looks out every window, and he grabs a knife and checks every room. Still empty.

“What’s his name?”

The words register, hitting him like a truck. Rozanov.

He runs more determinedly, dashing around corners with his eyes peeled open. He hits his shoulder when he finally sees him. Rozanov is standing at the back door. He’s pacing in a circle, hands fidgeting at his sides.

He hangs up the phone and unlocks the door. He drags Rozanov inside. “What the hell are you doing here?”

Rozanov grabs his arms, and then his shoulders. His blue eyes focused and serious. “I saw what happened on the news. Are you okay? Were you hurt?”

“I’m fine,” Shane tells him. His heart continues to race, his body still in fighting mode. He never had the chance to calm down. He’s wired and angry, and he’s vibrating with need to do something. Anything to show this masked man he won’t ever have him.

Shane shoves Rozanov against the door, dropping to his knees. He grabs Rozanov by his waistband, undoing his pants with a fixed focus and a new level of confidence. He yanks Rozanov’s pants and underwear down, and he takes his soft cock into his mouth and sucks.

“Oh my god, Hollander,” Rozanov groans. His hands seek out Shane’s hair, placing his palm on his head. A grounding weight.

Shane moans around Rozanov’s cock, savoring the way it hardens in his mouth. He sinks all the way down, his nose grazing his pubic hair. His musky scent makes Shane dizzy, heightening the emotions spiraling and expanding in his gut. He runs his tongue along the underside of Rozanov’s cock. He’s fully hard now, pressing to his throat as he deepthroats him. He gags and his eyes water, trying to take him deeper. He needs Rozanov’s taste permanently on his tongue, ingrained in his mind.

He’s never done this before, but he hopes his enthusiasm makes up for his inexperience. Rozanov certainly doesn’t sound like he minds. His hips hitch forward, and he mutters an apology and pets Shane’s hair.

Shane pulls off and meets Rozanov’s dark eyes. “Fuck my mouth.”

Shane grabs Rozanov’s hips, swallowing his cock, and he taps his exposed skin, encouraging him to do as he likes. Rozanov groans, “Holy fuck, Hollander. You are perfect.”

Rozanov cups Shane’s head, and he begins to snap his hips. Shane moans and does what he can. He relaxes his throat, sitting back, letting Rozanov fuck his mouth. He tries not to gag, but Rozanov starts to move with reckless abandon. His eyes zero in on Shane’s lips, turning red and wet with precome and saliva. He’s panting, moaning Shane’s last name like it was the only word he knew.

This wasn’t the first time Shane has blown Rozanov. He’s done it plenty of times now, but this is the first time Shane has craved him so badly. He needs Rozanov to mark him from the

inside and out. His hands yanking his hair, his cock deep in Shane's throat and cutting off his air. Moaning for Shane and staring at him, completely captivated with a bone-deep obsession Shane shivers at.

Rozanov looks possessed with a ravenous hunger that Shane has only caught glimpses of. White-hot pleasure sparks in his gut and his cock. Shane presses his hand between his legs, palming his cock. He's hard and aching, and he meets Rozanov's longing stare.

"You cannot help yourself," Rozanov moans, intrigued. He was always intrigued by Shane. "You want this. You need this, yes? My dark sun. You burn, burn, burn."

Shane whimpers.

Rozanov comes down his throat with a curse and his name. Shane has never swallowed his load before, and he probably will regret this time too, but he swallows him. It's salty and a lot, and the taste pushes him over that cresting pleasure. He moans loud, muffled by Rozanov's cock. His senses are perfectly coated by the other man, extinguishing that burning desire and mountain of consuming adrenaline.

It floods out of him like a waterfall, pouring out and leaving him satiated.

Rozanov cups his cheeks and chin, and searches Shane's cloudy eyes. He kisses his smiling mouth, slipping his tongue past his loose lips. He picks Shane up, not breaking the kiss, and Shane wraps his legs around him. If Rozanov wasn't intimately aware of every wall and corner of Shane's house, he would've bumped into something. He takes them upstairs to Shane's room, where he lays him on the bed. He kisses his face - his cheeks, jaw, nose, and eyelids. Possessive, needy kisses that Shane has grown fond of.

He kisses Shane's chest. "Your heart beats loud. Your skin soft and...weak? No. Wrong word."

"Bare," Shane whispers.

"Yes," Rozanov accepts.

"I'm not weak," Shane murmurs.

Rozanov smiles and kisses his throat.

"Not at all, Hollander."

His Shane Hollander is adorable. He was beautiful the day Ilya met him. Ilya can't look away from him. He has Shane's interviews and documentaries playing at his home religiously. Ilya

will lay in bed and watch them, not falling asleep until he has every freckle memorized. Count every eyelash.

It's borderline annoying.

His Shane Hollander is trying to be sneaky. He has a security guard now. Nothing serious - just some guy who goes where he goes. Nothing impressive, and Ilya really does try not to kill him. Unfortunately, the guy makes the mistake of touching his Shane a little much, and Ilya has no choice but to kill him.

He sends Shane a package containing his dismembered hands.

"It says 'For touching what's mine,'" Shane sneers at Ilya over the phone. "This fucking asshole."

Ilya tries his best not to grin. Shane is his. It's good for him to know that.

Shane is getting angry with every attack. His Shane is beautiful when he's mad. He gets more demanding and bratty in bed. Ilya loves when Shane uses his body. It's almost like Shane is trying to tell his attacker he's not his. He doesn't belong to the man who's harassing him. He's unaware that he's doing the opposite, giving Ilya the satisfaction of being claimed by him.

Shane's legs are hooked over his shoulders. His hands clutch Ilya's wrists, where his hands are wrapped around his throat, squeezing the sides. Pressing on his carotid arteries. He's trying to get air, all while Ilya fucks into him hard. Every thrust moves the bed into the wall. Shane digs his fingers into Ilya's forearms, but he's not pushing them off. He's just holding onto them, as if he could very easily work himself free.

Ilya really wants to see him try. Again.

Ilya snaps his hips, mercilessly fucking into Shane, hitting his prostate. His tight hole squeezes him like a vise, milking his cock. "You can come like this."

Shane makes a noise, like a whimper. His pretty skin is pink, desperate for oxygen. He looks gorgeous like this. Ilya rolls his hips, and Shane's eyes roll back.

"Come," Ilya hisses.

Shane's feet dig into his back. He grabs Ilya's arms, trailing up to his fingers. Not to pry off, but to intertwine with his own. Ilya presses a little harder, and Shane comes hard between their bodies. It paints his chest, covering his flushed skin. Ilya fucks him through it, and Shane trembles from overstimulation. Ilya is almost there.

Shane opens his eyes. His pupils are blown and brimmed with tears. He looks positively wrecked. Shane narrows his eyes, and Ilya focuses on him. Shane taps Ilya on the back of his hand. One...two...three.

For a reason Ilya doesn't understand completely, the order does something to him. Like somehow Shane has him leashed. An order. An order.

Do as I say.

Ilya releases the pressure off Shane's neck. Shane gasps for air, and the reminder that Ilya held his life in his hands made him come hard with a guttural moan. It's just as satisfying, probably more satisfying to see Shane get off on Ilya's hand crushing his airpipe. Stealing his air and lifeforce. His body was hot and tight around his cock, increasing tenfold while he fought for air.

Watching Shane tremble and come appeased that itch forever haunting him every day, boiling and raging. He didn't know if he was going to let go, but Shane gave that silent order. He caught Ilya by surprise. He took that control back, as if Ilya had it on borrowed time. A gift. He wielded Ilya like a weapon rather than the other way around.

And Ilya fucking loved it.

Shane is pent up. His one night stand fell through. He went to the club. Rozanov made a comment about Shane and having other sexual partners. Rozanov said that's what he wanted, and Shane was too angry to voice words.

Hence, why Shane went to the club. If Rozanov wanted him to have sex with other people, then fine. He can do that.

Turns out, he can't do that. He almost did. Rose's friend, Miles, was nice and definitely interested, based on their kissing session in the darkest corner of the club. Shane thought they were going to leave to continue things. Miles went to the restroom and never came back, which was deeply annoying.

Shane is sexually frustrated and pacing in his empty house. The pressure has increased these past few months, growing at a rapid rate, simmering under his skin like a loaded gun. It makes him invincible during games, but outside of them, he is starting to go insane. He needs another outlet.

He decides enough is enough. He'll do it himself.

Shane goes to his bedroom and lies down on the pillows after closing the door. He grabs the lube from his nightstand and dildo. He tears off his clothes. They're tight and constraining his sensitive skin. He grasps his cock with a gasp, and his body jerks. He uses his precome for lube, thumbing the head and stroking.

He fucks himself with a lubed finger, and one quickly turns into two. He's moaning and gasping, chasing his orgasm with fervor. He closes his eyes, picturing a familiar face caging him in. His hands on him. His long fingers fucking into his hole and more around his throat.

Choking wasn't something he would've ever guessed he'd be into, but Rozanov introduced him to a whole big world he didn't know existed.

Now he needs Rozanov's hand on his throat. He needs that push to get off. That extreme act of open pliability and yielding himself over.

He is breathing hard, recovering from his orgasm, when he opens his eyes. He freezes.

His bedroom door is open. He had closed it.

Shane grabs kleenex and hurriedly cleans the mess. Someone had opened that door. They watched him on his bed. How close did they get to him? He checks his security app and receives zero notifications. Everything is still locked and closed.

Then, right in front of his eyes, the doors and windows unlock. Shane presses the lock button.

Shane's phone rings. Unknown number. "Hello?"

"Do you think I made it inside your house before you could rearm?"

"You were already inside," Shane declares. "That was you leaving."

"Oh? After your little show for me?" the scratchy voice laughs. "Are you sure?"

Shane's blush reaches his chest. He hears the familiar sound of locks, and he opens the app to lock them again. "What do you want from me?"

"I was not sure at first," the man says. A pause, like he's thinking. "Do you have a boyfriend?"

Shane swallows. He makes his way downstairs on steady, quiet feet. He goes to the closet, where he keeps his old hockey gear. His old hockey stick. It won't cause much damage, but it's better than empty-handed.

"No," Shane says.

"What about Miles?"

The backdoor unlocks, and the lights go out. Shane is closeby, and he runs over to lock it again. He looks out the window for his attacker. The creepy white mask. He sees nothing in the dark. It's too silent outside.

Shane's heart is beating painfully in his ribcage. His stomach sinks, twisting and turning. "What about Miles?"

"So, you do have a boyfriend," the distorted voice teases. "Sorry about him. He was too touchy. You are mine."

Shane's ears pick up one small sound, and he ducks in time to avoid a swing of a knife. Shane pivots his body and punches the masked figure in the lower abdomen. He goes down

with a grunt, and Shane stands over him. He's breathing hard, eyes burning. He holds up the hockey stick over his head, teeth bared and nostrils flared.

He swings with all of his strength. The masked man moves out of the way and kicks him hard in the leg. Shane catches himself and kicks him in the chest with a shout. He dodges a knife again, landing inches from his thigh. He's swung at again, and this time his cheek was scratched by the blade. He can't see much of anything, and he scrambles for anything to use. He crawls to his fireplace and grabs a fire poker.

The masked figure is gone by the time he turns around. Shane's blood is too hot, too suffocating to give up. He races down the hall in time for the lights to be turned back on. He blinks at the light, and he listens for any movement or sound. He goes to the extra bedroom, and he halts in the doorway.

He spots the white mask and rushes over with his weapon held high. He swings, using all of his strength, and lands a direct hit on the mask. The stick splinters.

He knows the second he makes contact that it wasn't a person. He turns on the light and finds it was only the outfit and mask. The attacker must have taken it off before running out of the house.

Shane opens the app and glares. As expected, there is no footage. The camera was deactivated.

Shane is a fast learner. He's highly intelligent. He pulls strings, makes changes, and tries new things to keep his home safe. He almost catches Ilya twice with microphones and tech devices meant to detect frequencies. Shane would've caught him by now, if he didn't love his patterns and hate change. He is smart, and adaptive when he's determined.

Such like moments like these with Shane riding his cock like a fucking champion. He's stubborn on the rink and in bed, making it a mission to kiss and fuck himself on Ilya's cock. He is beautiful and insatiable, and Ilya is obsessed. The way his eyes burn, his stretch marks that cover his lower back and thighs, the clear hungry look in his eye, and how he knows how to get what he wants. He makes Ilya want and it's been so long since he wanted something so vastly.

Ilya wonders what Shane would do if he told him he sucked the cock of the man who killed his friend. All the people who dared look at Shane a little too long - a little too interested. What face would he make if he found out he gave a killer an orgasm? It'd be fun to find out. He could brush Shane's hair and tell him these hands still have blood under the nails.

He made the mistake of underestimating Shane Hollander. He does it multiple times, and he apparently hasn't learned.

Shane called to change his fellow announcer at the NHL Awards. Ilya is not too sure why he does that. Maybe he made him mad, but he can't recall what he did. He especially doesn't understand when Shane requests Comeau. Fucking homophobic Comeau, who plays terribly.

Ilya gets that itch again, and Shane isn't responding to his texts. Which means he has no alternate outlet. It is not good for anyone.

There are many risks involved at a public event, but it's not impossible. Get the right people drunk. Make a scene. Be a part of the event. Make a certain amount of people notice your presence. Have alibis and reasons for being here and there, and suddenly too many people saw things to be helpful.

Comeau is alone backstage. Shane is back in his seat after announcing the category's winner. One flick of his wrist, and his knife is deep in his chest. He dies with his eyes on Ilya. His mouth hangs open, ready to scream and howl in pain. Ilya slashes his throat to be safe.

Suddenly the lights turn on. Ilya winces at the brightness, even under the mask and hoodie. He moves to attack the new person and run off, except his feet glue to the wooden floor.

"You're mine," Shane declares.

The masked figure tilts his head at him. His bloody knife hangs at his side, ready to strike. Shane doesn't move. They stare at each other, and Shane knows they both know he has all the cards. The masked man has been caught. Shane points to a camera nestled under curtains.

"There's security at every door," Shane explains. "There's no escaping this place without someone seeing and catching you. No more running. You're trapped."

The masked figure suddenly moves towards him. Shane holds his phone up. Finger on the call button. The man in the mask stops.

"You do as I say," Shane says slowly, voice deep and commanding. "Or you're arrested for life. Anything happens to me, and that video goes everywhere. I say your name, and you're going to jail."

The man wipes the bloody knife on his cape. He flips it rhythmically in his hand. His skilled gloved hands grab Shane's attention. He knows what those hands can do. He knows how they feel around his throat.

"Come on," Shane says. He turns his back to him, unconcerned with the killer behind him. "Rozanov."

He doesn't make sure Rozanov is behind him.

He doesn't need to.

Shane knocks on Crowell's front door. Crowell doesn't come right away - another powerplay. Crowell knows he's here. He's the one who opened the front gate to let him in. He parked in the curved driveway before walking up the stone stairs.

Crowell opens the door and gives him a fake welcoming smile. "Mr. Hollander, what can I do for you?"

"I wanted to speak to you about a personal matter," Shane says.

"Alright, come on in."

Crowell gives him a tour he never asked for. He shows off his expensive paintings and antiques. Most of his decor centers around hockey, and his own accomplishments. His office is practically a shrine for him and his success. Newspaper articles, photos, and accomplishments tied to him. It's a trophy room without any true trophies, unlike Shane and Ilya.

Crowell sits at his desk and gestures to the chair on the other side. Shane takes the offer and sits. "What is this about?"

"You are aware of my relationship with Ilya Rozanov," Shane starts. Crowell's face dims. "We are going to get married this summer. We are going to announce it. We are not going to hide anymore."

Crowell turns red. "Absolutely not. I'm not going to let you make the NHL into a laughing stock. You are not going to embarrass this industry. I will not allow you."

"Him and I are the biggest stars in the league," Shane reminds.

"All the more reason why you are talking nonsense," Crowell spits. "You do this, and you are destroying your own brands with this shit. You will obliterate your legacies, and you are out."

Shane's brows furrowed. "You are going to kick us out? We will sue the shit out of the league."

"You can," Crowell says simply, as if the threat was meaningless. A gnat to swat. "Your contracts are ending. No team will accept you two. You're gone."

Shane gives him a long look. He studies Crowell in a room of lies and deceitful winnings. How many other people has he scared to keep them from being themselves? Shane thinks of the two NHL players who came out as gay, and how they were never signed again. They were forced out, pushed under the carpet to suffocate. It was like they died by Crowell's hand.

Shane stands. “No.”

Crowell chuckles darkly. “No?”

“No,” Shane says again. He takes out his phone. “I recorded this conversation.”

Crowell tenses. He sits up in his chair. “And what the hell do you think you’re going to do with that?”

Shane tilts his head. “Post it.”

“You will do no such thing,” Crowell hisses. He gets out of his chair. He storms over to him. “Fuck you. Delete that and get out of my goddamn house!”

Shane’s voice comes out steady. “You don’t want me to do that.”

“Yes, I do,” Crowell barks. Shane winces at the sound of his rage. “Get the fuck out of my house. You are not announcing your pathetic and disgusting relationship with Rozanov. Ever. You do that shit after you retire. Get a dog.”

Shane nods. He puts his phone in his pocket. “If I walk out of this house, I won’t bother you again.”

“That’s fine,” Crowell says. “Good fucking riddance. Get out of my face, Hollander.”

Crowell follows him to the front door. He yanks the door open, and Shane walks outside. Crowell stands in the doorway, still yelling, but then he pauses. “How is the gate open?”

Shane holds up his phone. “I opened it.”

Crowell takes one step outside. “What-”

He doesn’t get far. A figure walks right in front of him, jumping out of the shadows, and sinking a knife in the center of his chest. Crowell spits out blood and falls backward. A masked figure grabs him by the back of his shirt and drags him back inside. He tries to scream, but he’s kicked hard in the ribs. The figure straddles his chest, holding his blade to his neck. The white mask has blood splatters.

Shane closes the front door. He presses a button, and the front gate closes. He deactivated the cameras an hour ago. He turns the lights off. Crowell lets out desperate sounds, choked and stammering out words. He’s gone pale and weak, forced to remain still to avoid the sharp blade at his jugular.

Crowell’s eyes are red, and there’s blood on his neck and chest. It’s beginning to drip on the floor. He’s struggling to speak.

“What?” Shane asks. The knife retreats.

“Who is this?” Crowell croaks.

“My dog,” Shane says. “сделай это.”

The slash of the knife to Crowell’s neck causes more blood to land on the white mask. The sound is sickening and loud. The blood collects on the wooden floors and under the man’s boots.

Rozanov removes the bloody mask. He has a wide grin on his face, and Shane’s mouth quirks. His boyfriend is beautiful like this, when he’s completely himself in every way. He’s in his element, and Shane gets to see him. He gets to hold the leash.

Rozanov uses the hilt of his blade to tilt Shane’s head to face him. Gently and needy. Shane leans forward a tiny bit, and it’s Rozanov who dives in for the open kiss. His tongue slips in, and Shane moans into it. He wraps his arms around Rozanov’s neck, and Rozanov picks him up by the bottom of his thigh. Shane jumps into his arms, kissing harder, more filthy and reckless. His hard cock digs into Rozanov’s stomach, making it very clear how much the display affected him.

It affected both of them. Ilya bites into Shane’s lip with rapturous hunger and hopelessly besotted. “I take you now.”

Shane smiles, cheeks tinting pink along with dimples from smiling wide. Ilya kisses his neck, unhinging his jaw to bite the vulnerable skin. Shane whimpers, tilting his head to give him more. Ilya finds the closest surface, which turns out to be the couch, and he drops Shane on top. He grabs him by the hips and drags him to the edge. Shane’s legs on either side of him. Ilya palms his cock over his pants, earning another delicious whimper from him.

“You have me,” Shane gasps. He tightens his legs around Ilya’s waist. His body makes short, sharp thrusts, chasing the pleasure.

Ilya smiles. He wraps his hand around Shane’s throat. Shane’s eyes turn glossy, and his pupils dilate. His body clenches, overflowing with that itch and zealous cravings for the one man who can give him everything.

Ilya kisses his thigh. “I know.”

End Notes

long story short, shane is the one who calls and ilya is the one who kills

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