

Not a Monster, but a Misunderstanding

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Not a Monster, but a Misunderstanding

by [Saper_lipopette](#)

Summary

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"Um- hi guys," he started. Shane held his breath. "Captain wants...Hollander." WHAT. The Voyagers' locker room immediately delved into self-righteous uproar.

"That entitled prick!"

"Fuck him, man."

"That son-of-a-bitch."

"Like hell he can have our captain. Who the fuck does he think he is?"

Set in an AU where Winner's Rooms exist and Ilya picks Shane a few months after snapping at him in Sochi and ignoring his texts. Shane thinks he can ignore the hurt but panicks when Ilya's signature chirping hits a little too close to home.

Notes

This is a Winner's Room fic. For the concept generally, players have little choice in whether they partake in sexual acts, but in this fic, Ilya stops as soon as he realises Shane is not having fun. That being said, there are moments that Shane questions if Ilya will stop, and also offers to continue despite knowing he would not enjoy it. Furthermore, there is a description of a panic attack. Please do not read if any of this might upset you.

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

Cursing himself even as he did it, Shane turned on his phone to the chat with Lily. Despite pretending, and wishing he really was, annoyed whenever Ilya texted him something wildly inappropriate before they played each other, he secretly loved the thrill of it - the convergence of two things that made him feel alive. It was a heady thrill entering the ice right after reading something insane like "How many times can you come in an hour?" It rattled around his head, sharpening his senses, knowing what was awaiting him after and craving the win, even more desperately than usual, when it was against the one person that consumed most of his waking thoughts.

Today though, he opened his messages with a pit of dread, bracing for the familiar disappointment. He had hoped that the fact that Montreal and Boston playing against each other with thaw the campaign of silence Ilya had single-handedly decided to wage against him. When he looked down however, he saw the familiar block of his 7 messages, sent across 6 months, and as usual, nothing from Ilya. *Whatever. Fuck him.* The last time they had spoken was in Sochi, when Ilya had glared and yelled at him like he wanted to murder him, melting away any sympathy Shane was harbouring about Russia's lacklustre performance in the Olympics. He was pathetic, pining over someone who was clearly only interested in him when it related to how good he could suck the other's dick. Shane shook his head against the familiar wash of longing, anger and self-pity, and readied himself to walk out onto the ice.

Adrenaline was coursing through him as he registered Ilya's presence, bent over and at face level as they readied themselves for the face-off. Being in such close proximity with Rosanov was usually overwhelming, but after a cruel dismissal and months of silence, it was almost frightening. Shane carefully avoided his eyes, waiting for the puck to fall. Rozanov of course, had no such qualms.

"Nothing to say, Hollander? You were so eager to talk last time," Rozanov chirped. Shane felt ice run down his spine. He was talking about Sochi - the absolute *asshole*. Shane looked up to glare at him, finding the familiar wide smirk plastered over his infuriating face. It was so different from the haunted anger from a few months ago - and Shane's forthcoming insult died in his throat when he looked up to see there was something different about Rozanov. He narrowed his eyes and then it hit him - gone were the bouncy blonde curls that would poke out of his helmet - Rozanov had a *buzzcut*?? Shane lost the face-off after this realisation.

He recovered well, but Rozanov had been playing like a demon. He has scored 3 goals already against Shane's 2 and tore with deadly grace across the ice. Rozanov had always been good - but it seemed like Sochi had awakened something in him, like he was burning away the disappointment with every check and goal. Shane could barely think straight. Rozanov had hefted him against the board several times, getting all up in his face and in the face of this new look, it was harder to get his bearings together after each blow than usual. Montreal lost, 3 - 4.

Back in the changing room, Shane was trying very carefully not to think about Ilya's hair, or the fact that he had lost to Ilya, or Ilya at all. And then a thought stopped him with a sickening lurch. The Winner's Room. Boston and Montreal both partook, but *he* never did, always passing his stars on to whoever wanted it. This also meant that he was owed enough favours that on the rare occasions he was asked for, he had never actually had to go through

with it. He presumed Ilya loved to indulge, however, and as the captain and with a hat-trick under his belt it would undoubtedly be his turn to choose. Shane felt nauseous. There was no way he would pick Shane - it just wasn't done, considering Shane had also scored 3 goals, was the captain, and kept it clean on the ice. The realisation made his gut twist with relief, jealousy and disappointment. Here he was pining for Rozanov, and the Russian would be getting his dick wet with someone in Shane's own team, no less.

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"I'll forfeit for you man, I owe you," this was JJ.

"Rozanov says the alternate is Taylor," Jordan countered nervously.

More gasps of shock and shouts of outrage and several death threats followed. Taylor was the rookie, only 18 years old. A kid. Shane knew that Ilya knew he would never let that happen, and this was his way of making sure he didn't meet JJ or Hayden or another one of Shane's forfeits in the Winner's Room. Shane felt himself burn with anger (and a little anticipation) and thoroughly in agreement with the colourful insults being hurled Rozanov's way.

Shane looked up to meet Taylor's gaze. The boy had gone pale, wide-eyed and terrified, clearly imagining being at the mercy of a victorious and violent Rozanov. But he was preparing to edge out of the room when Shane called out, "Taylor, wait. I'll do it."

Taylor's face cracked with relief even as he argued, "No, Shane, you're the captain, you can't go down there."

"I'm not letting you face Rozanov, Taylor. And I'm the captain, it's my responsibility. I'll go." Shane turned to Jordan and said as steadily as he could manage, "I'll be there in 10 minutes."

Jordan looked relieved at the dismissal and scurried off.

"Rozanov is a bitch. Picking the captain and a rookie. How does he get even worse off the ice?" Hayden fumed.

Shane turned away from the horrified and concerned glances being thrown his way from everyone on his team and continued to carefully strip down. He methodically folded his clothes even as his mind raced. Rozanov had made it clear that he wanted nothing more to do with him. He has asked him to leave, he shut him out - what did he want? It was clearly just interested in a good fuck, so surely anyone on the team would do. Why would he need to strong-arm *Shane*?

Shane put off going to the Winner's Room for as long as he thought it would be easier to face Rozanov than the pitying glances his teammates were sending his way. He was even a little offended. None of them knew, of course, that Rozanov was really a very considerate and respectful partner in bed, but even still, Shane was 6 feet of professional hockey player. He could handle Rozanov.

He stilled outside the designated room, bracing himself, knowing Rozanov would already be waiting for him inside. He had taken his sweet time. He ran his hand through his hair, still wet from the shower, trying to slow his racing heart. The door looked like it led to a deserted supply closet. If only.

Rozanov was sprawled on the bed in the centre of the room when he eventually pushed open the door. With his buzz-cut hair, the softness that his curls leant him disappeared and he just looked dangerous. It was an unremarkable room. Laminate floor, bare walls, a nightstand with all the required *supplies* and a hotel room-style bed with sheets that were hopefully burnt every time the room was used. The Russian looked completely non-plussed, flipping through a porn mag and lazily raising his eyes to appraise Shane, who felt a familiar jolt of arousal that was probably Pavlovian at this point, and a bitter flutter of fear when he matched the gaze.

"Hollander." His name was purred with the familiar curl of the upper lip that never failed to make Shane's stomach flip. "You told my rookie 10 minutes. It has been 23 minutes. What happened, Mr Punctuality?"

"Fuck off, Rozanov." It was not his most original insult but damn if it wasn't broadly applicable.

"Is that any way to speak to captain of winning team, Hollander? I should spank you - 13 times for every minute you made me wait."

Shane's jaw dropped in shock. The sheer *audacity* of the man. He was horrified at the words but even more horrified that he felt a clear wash of desire at them. Said in that deep, accented voice, and the unforgiving hard angles of his face it seemed like one of those Russian mafia romance books come to life. Which he only knew about because Jackie liked them - obviously.

Before he could deign that comment with a reply, Ilya beckoned him lazily to come over and Shane could feel himself moving towards him like he was in a magnetic field.

"Undress. Then, get on your knees, Hollander."

This he could do at least. He forced his face to remain neutral as he pulled off his hoodie and sweats, blushing with slight shame as he did. He could perfectly well give Rozanov a blowjob with all his clothes on. This ritual was just for the asshole to enjoy a show while he did. He carefully folded his clothes and placed them on the bedside table. He paused before removing his boxers, hoping Rozanov would let it go, but he raised his eyebrows, and Shane reluctantly pulled them off too. He kept his socks on though, there was nothing Rozanov could do that would convince him otherwise.

Shane gingerly stepped forward and sank to his knees in the gap between Ilya's thighs. The man was fully dressed and slowly reached into his sweatpants to pull out his cock while holding eye contact with Shane the whole time. He was already half hard. Rozanov slowly guided Shane's head forward and tapped the head of his cock at the corner of Shane's mouth like knocking on a door. Asking for permission perhaps or just teasing as usual.

Despite everything, the pulsing hurt that had been thrumming through him since Rozanov's rejection of him in Sochi, his attraction to the Russian remained intact. He loved the weight of Rozanov's cock in his mouth, how it would make his brain pleasantly fuzzy and how gratifying it felt to have it get hard in his mouth. He found that he did, thankfully, want this. And then an unpleasant thought shot through him, *would Rozanov stop if he didn't?* He had always been so gentle with Shane, so mindful of consent, so he didn't think Rozanov would force him, but at the same time, he didn't think Rozanov would tenderly fuck him and then ignore him and scream at him to leave him alone months later either, so what did he know really? He couldn't imagine Rozanov shoving his cock down his throat whether Shane wanted it or not though. Most likely he would shrug and let him go but still demand his rights - and bring Taylor in here instead. Shane mentally shuddered at the thought. He couldn't let that happen, couldn't let Rozanov and himself and everyone else know that he couldn't handle a little cock in his mouth because of a few hurt feelings.

While Shane was working through this, his muscle memory had been working in the background. He had opened his mouth wide in acquiescence and Ilya was half sheathed in his mouth, which was as far as he could physically fit. Shane reached up to wrap his hands around the rest but Ilya swatted his hands away.

"Hands behind your back Hollander. I'm taking your mouth; I want to see your mouth do the work." Shane looked up to see Ilya's eyes widen in surprise when he obeyed instantly, clasping his hands at the base of his spine like a schoolboy - or a *servant*. His own cock hardened fully at this thought.

"That's it, so good for me, Hollander. Love being told what to do, don't you? Listen so good, just like a well-trained whore." These phrases were accompanied by a rhythm of rocking thrusts into his mouth, Shane barely contributing to the experience except for trying not to gag around the intrusion. Ilya pushed his foot against his erection and Shane moaned loudly around Ilya's cock at the friction, rutting up against the contact desperately. Ilya laughed as he watched him.

Ilya was keeping a non-stop commentary on top of him, praise and degrading epithets in both English and Russian.

“You make this good for me, Hollander, and I might forget about the spanking you’ve earnt.” Shane was horrified to find that he was disappointed about this. Ilya, the asshole, noticed.

“Unless, of course, you want it. You gonna beg me to spank you, Hollander?”

Shane shook his head with Ilya’s cock still buried in his mouth, because God forbid, he would actually admit how much the idea was turning him on.

“No? Should’ve known you would be boring, Hollander.” The words were light, said with Ilya’s teasing, cocksure smirk. He was goading him, Shane knew that. At the same time, the words were ice water down his spine and he flinched.

No, I did not answer your boring text. Now will you go?

The memory rushed back to him in full force, leaving hurt and humiliation sparking through him. Now, on his knees in front of the same man, with his mouth stuffed full of his dick and all the vulnerability that entailed, Shane found he couldn’t force the feelings away. He felt raw, exposed. Ilya thrust into his mouth again, never pausing and Shane panicked. His heart sped up, hard and painful in his chest, and he found he couldn’t breathe. Ilya’s strong hands, tightly grasping his hair, were holding his head immobile around his cock. The panic ratcheted up to fear. *He couldn’t breathe.* He shook his head desperately, gasping hard, trying blindly to recoil away from Ilya. Then, the pressure released. Time felt suspended, but it must only have been a couple of seconds. As soon as he could, Shane cringed away, crawling backwards a few paces before curling up on the floor, eyes squeezed shut and hands thrown protectively in front of him, trying to force the air back into his lungs. He felt like he wasn’t even inside of himself, couldn’t recognise himself choking over nothing there on the laminate floor, vision spotting black from panic and lack of air.

Warm hands pulled him up to push his back against Ilya’s torso. Ilya had moved to settle himself behind Shane, rubbing circles on his back. Through his haze of alarm, Shane heard Ilya saying, “Hollander, you are having panic attack,” which was *yeah no shit* enough to actually snap him back into reality.

Ilya’s massive arms wrapped around him, steadying but not restricting. Shane registered that Ilya was breathing out loud and very deeply, right in his ear, and Shane found himself mimicking the steady rhythm. Four counts in, four counts out, exactly in time with Rozanov’s exaggerated breaths, as the Russian stroked his back with one hand and petted his hair with the other. He didn’t know how many minutes had passed, but then then hot flush of panic subsided, his heart rate no longer felt painful, and he could breathe without concentrating on it. And he came back to himself enough to start feeling embarrassed that he had freaked out in front of the famously stoic Russian because the man had called him *boring*. God, Shane needed to get a grip so bad.

Hoping to distract him from that hot mess of a meltdown, Shane turned himself around, right there on the floor and lowered his head, reaching for Ilya’s crotch. And then, it was the Russian’s turn to flinch away.

“Hollander, what are you doing?”

Shane schooled his face into the most *duh* expression he could manage with tears still wet on his cheeks and said, “Um...continuing?”

Ilya’s expression turned from confusion to anger. “What the *fuck*, Hollander? Do you think I am *monster*?”

“Relax, Rozanov. I wasn’t panicking about sucking your dick, and I’m not panicking at all now. Can you get back on the bed, and we can get this over with?”

“*Get this over with?*” Ilya was shouting. “Hollander, you are having *panic attack*. I will not *fuck you!*”

Shane frowned in displeasure. “No, Ilya, come on, don’t be like that. I’m fine now, I promise.”

Ilya glared at him. “Why are you insisting? You have not even stopped crying.”

Now Shane was getting worked up at having to beg to give a blowjob he didn’t even particularly want to give any more. He wanted to curl up in his bed under a weighted blanket and forget this whole nightmare of a night ever happened.

“I don’t want Taylor to have to come in here, either, so can we please just-”

“*I’m not going to fuck Taylor either,*” Ilya interrupted, his frustrated shout basically turning to a shriek at the end.

Shane could feel his own frustration building, which was a welcome change from the panic.

“Okay, you won’t fuck me, you won’t fuck Taylor, what the fuck do you want then, Rozanov?”

“I *wanted* to fuck your mouth and then maybe your ass. But now, what I *want*, is to know why you had panic attack, Hollander.”

“None of your business, Rozanov. If you don’t want to have sex, then I’m fucking leaving,” Shane huffed, moving to get up and get the fuck out of this room.

“Not my business?? You have meltdown with MY dick in your mouth, you make it my business. Mr *Businessman*.” Shane scoffed and ignored him.

Ilya, of course, enemy to all things good in Shane’s life, grabbed his wrists and pulled him back down to sit half on his lap, half facing him.

“Not so fast, Hollander. This is Winner’s Room. I am winner. You know rules, yes? You cannot leave until I give *permission*.”

Shane felt white-hot rage tear through him. Absolute son of a bitch. He yanked his hand free and surged to his feet, heading for where he’d left his clothes.

“Try fucking stop me, Rozanov.”

The words came out sharp and defiant, and the second they left his mouth, Shane hoped the Russian wouldn't take him up on it. Shane was strong. He could hold his own against almost anyone. But Rozanov was stronger, he felt the raw force of it every time they played each other. Shane knew he wouldn't be able to leave the room if Ilya didn't want him to.

Rozanov stood and stalked towards him, and Shane's pulse spiked. He didn't want to risk being pinned beneath him, not now, not like this. That was more than he could deal with in a single day.

He flinched, hands flying up. “Okay. Okay.”

Then he threw himself onto the bed in frustration, staring at the ceiling, jaw tight, blinking hard again the tears of helplessness that welled up.

When he turned his head, Rozanov hadn't moved. He stood exactly where he'd been when Shane had recoiled, frozen in place. And there was no mocking on his face. Only concern, and *fear*.

A few seconds passed with them staring at each other, and Ilya stepped forward, this time, slowly, hands up in a non-threatening gesture, as if approaching a feral cat. He stopped to grab Shane's clothes and then *he* knelt at the side of the bed where Shane had a few minutes earlier.

“Can I touch?” Rozanov asked, and Shane felt a pang of dread, before he realised, he probably didn't mean sexually, and then nodded.

Rozanov gently raised one of Shane's legs, then the other, pulling his joggers carefully onto him. Then he got up to sit on the bed next to Shane, lifting him up just enough to get the t-shirt on him, and then his hoodie. After he was fully dressed, Rozanov lay on the mattress next to him, slowly pulling Shane close to him to tuck him under his jaw, and his arms protectively wrapped around his waist, cuddling him. It was the same position they had assumed after they had fucked that time. It was so warm and safe-feeling that Shane couldn't help but relax into it, sighing softly as Ilya began to massage his scalp.

Ilya broke the silence. “Did I hurt you, Hollander? Was it too rough?”

Shane sighed. Ilya's unexpected show of tenderness and being petted like well-looked-after cat was lowering his defences. “The sex was good, Ilya. I was enjoying it,” Shane answered.

Ilya's look of concern eased slightly but didn't clear. “So, what went wrong?”

Shane really, *really* didn't want to have to say it. He forced his mouth open to say, “You called me boring.”

Ilya's expression spasmed from concern into surprise and confusion. Shane rushed to continue, “Which is fine, obviously. You always say it. I know you're just teasing. But when you said it then, it just reminded me of- of...Sochi.”

He hesitantly looked up to glance at Ilya's whose face had morphed into recognition at the memory, and then he grimaced in pain.

"It's not a big deal. Don't worry about it," Shane added weakly.

Ilya straightened up to grasp Shane's chin, forcing eye contact. His eyes were also wet with unshed tears.

"Hollander, stop. You are right. I am an asshole. I should not have spoken to you in that way in Sochi."

"It's fine. It was the Olympics. You must have been stressed."

"I was stressed. More than you know. But that is no excuse." Rozanov paused and took a deep breath, before continuing. "Russia is not good for me. My father, he is not a nice man. I even shaved my head so I would look like more of a *man*, the way he likes it. He is dying. But that does not stop him...*disapprove* of me." At that, Ilya rubbed absent-mindedly at a starburst of scars on his left pec, and Shane felt a flash of horror as he stared at the motion and then digested the implication. "My brother...he hates me. When Russia lost, it was too much. I could not escape, and I took it out on you. There was no one else...to show I was hurting. I wanted to tell you, I wanted to hold you, and cry, but for you I was just hook-up. I thought if I was asshole, you would get angry, but forget about it, and leave until the next time we had sex. That it would be better for you, that to deal with my mess."

Shane was speechless. That was so shitty, that his anger at Ilya's behaviour basically dissipated. He couldn't image what he would done with an abusive father and brother, facing the disappointment of an entire country, a country that would rip him apart for his sexuality, and God, he knew the Russian Olympic team kept their athletes on a regimen of drugs that were just this side of legal, too. Jesus fuck. Shane would have crashed out as well.

"I am sorry, Hollander. For ignoring your messages, for Sochi, for dragging you into the Winner's Room." Ilya's voice was steady and ringing with sincerity.

Shane captured his lips in a soft kiss. "You aren't just a hook-up for me, Ilya. But you pursued me and then fucked me once and never spoke to me again except to yell at me to tell me to go away - I felt...discarded. Like a used toy. But I understand now. You didn't know. We both thought we were just sex to each other and we were both wrong about that."

Ilya hugged Shane tight against his chest. They lay there in silence, and Shane felt tears drop from Ilya's chin to land in his hair. "I will never ignore you again, Hollander. I will not risk you slipping away from me."

Shane looked up, letting a smirk tug at his mouth. "In that case...I might let you spank me after all." Ilya's new haircut was too hot to let the opportunity pass.

End Notes

Hope you guys enjoyed! I had to make up the names of the rookies because I didn't know them haha

Let me guys know if you would like more! Happy to take requests

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