

the planets and the fates and all the stars aligned

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77691736) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77691736>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Yuna Hollander
Additional Tags:	Making Out , Autistic Shane Hollander , Anxious Shane Hollander , Good Parent Yuna Hollander , Implied/Referenced Blow Jobs , or it is actually very much , they get interrupted , they are in love your honor , they just don't know it yet , Ilya Rozanov is a Menace , and we love him for that , this is silly , unbetad we die like men
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-14 Words: 2,796 Chapters: 1/1

the planets and the fates and all the stars aligned

by [stardustvx](#)

Summary

Shane Hollander has his dick down Rozanov's throat when there is a knock on his hotel room door. That wouldn't be an issue if it wasn't his mother and he hadn't given his extra keycard to her earlier in the day.

Notes

I had no plans to be back with new fic so soon but this idea came up to me in a dream last night and I had to immediately write it down. expect I don't know how to write smut no matter how I try, so the beginning of this took a whole day to figure out even though there is actually barely any smut at all because- well you will find out soon enough~

dedicated to my lovely friend Talvi, I am so glad you enjoyed Heated Rivalry as much as I thought you would, mostly because I love being right but also because I now have one more person to talk about this show. hope you enjoy this fic at least half as much as you enjoyed my writing notes <3

title is from Mastermind by Taylor Swift which I listened on loop while writing this

as always, if you see a typo no you didn't (¬_¬)

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

Someone knocks on hotel room the door and Shane let's out a sound that is somewhere between a surprised gasp and a full-on moan. Rozanov who is seemingly attempting to swallow his dick whole either doesn't even notice the knocking or simply just chooses to completely ignore it.

Shane on the other hand is unable to do either of those and manages to mumble out a weak, "Rozanov."

And when the other doesn't seem to care or make any move on stopping what he is currently doing, Shane tugs gently at his curls. "Someone is at the door."

Rozanov finally opens his eyes and looks at Shane through his lashes. That and the fact that the other man just continues sucking his dick, makes his knees go weak under him.

He thinks he could come just like that, with Rozanov's mouth on his dick. The other is stunning, a vision really, with his disheveled curls and flushed cheeks. Somehow, he manages to make even the mix of saliva and precum in the corners of his mouth look sexy.

Unfortunately, though, Shane cannot ignore the still continuing knocking on the door any more than he was just a moment ago.

"The door," he groans, pulling at Rozanov's curls again.

"What? They will leave," the other answers and proceeds to drag his tongue against Shane's whole length before pressing a kiss to the tip of his dick almost sweetly.

There is another, slightly more persistent, knock on the door. And it's followed by his mother's voice, calling his name.

"Fuck," Shane whispers, both because his dick just hit the back of Rozanov's throat as the other just keeps on sucking on his dick and he is so close. But also, because the situation they currently are in. So, for a good measure, he says it again; "Fuck. Fuck, fuck."

He pushes Rozanov away, more forceful than he meant to and tries to pull his jeans back up.

Rozanov just watches as he panics and tries to locate his shirt on the floor. The other just stays there, on his knees on the floor, his dick out for everyone to see. The fucker isn't wearing his shirt either and oh no— his hoodie is basically on the opposite side of the room. He has no idea how it ended up there.

But where did he drop his own damn shirt? It's not anywhere near Rozanov's clothes nor the man himself. He doesn't understand how can he lose a shirt in a hotel room this small.

"Calm down," Rozanov says.

He is speaking much louder than Shane would prefer him to. He doesn't know how well sounds carry through the door when someone is standing directly in front of it. Not very well, he hopes or he is fucked.

Positive thinking, he can hear his mother's voice in his head which only makes the situation so much worse. But if something, Rozanov is finally getting back to his feet.

"I can't," Shane whispers, feeling a little hysterical.

And the thing is, he really can't find it in himself to calm down at this time. This would be bad as it is already, having his mother on the other side of the room door. Who knows what she heard.

But it's worse.

Shane had just remembered something very important. Earlier in the day, when he was having lunch with his parents, his mother had mentioned having brought some items he had forgot to bring himself.

Which is all nice and very sweet of her, especially considering he should already be old enough to take care of these things himself. He could have just walked into the store and bought a new pajamas and whatnot. That's what he should have done because if he had, they wouldn't be in this situation right now.

He had given the second keycard to his hotel room to his mother over lunch and told her to drop the things off at any time.

And of course, his mother decided to choose this very moment when he has a certain Russian hockey player half naked in his room. No big deal. No reason to stress at all.

Oh, that's where Shane's shirt is. He spots it on the floor, literally in front of the door. There is no way his mother won't notice it.

"Shane? Darling? Are you already sleeping?" His mother asks through the door as the lock beeps.

Shane pushes wide-eyed Rozanov into the bathroom, tossing his shirt after him. He closes the door just as the one into the hallway swings open.

Yuna Hollader, his mother, walks into the dimly lit hotel room. She doesn't notice Shane immediately, which is good because he quite literally throws himself onto the bed. He ends up laying there in not at all casual manner.

"Uh, hi mom," he says, vaguely pointing in the direction of the television and weakly adds, "I didn't hear you knocking..."

He doesn't know why he said that. The television is muted. There is no way he couldn't hear his mother knocking.

Thankfully his mother doesn't really pay attention to any of that, too busy picking up his shirt of the floor after nearly stepping onto it. She holds it up in the air and looks at Shane questioningly with one eyebrow perfectly raised.

“What did this poor shirt do to you?” She asks as she sets down her bag which most likely is full of things for him.

“It has bad seams?” He suggests weakly.

“Oh? I thought you liked these shirts,” his mother says as she folds the shirt and places it gently on top of his luggage.

“Yeah, it was just bothering me today for some reason,” he shrugs, hoping that Rozanov isn’t listening this conversation in the bathroom thinking he is completely insane. “I just had to get it off fast.”

That’s at least true, he had to get it off fast. Though the reason he had to do so is very different. His mother just doesn’t need to know that.

Before he can think about that too much though, his mother zeroes on the hoodie on the floor on the opposite side of the room. He isn’t sure what else he was expecting from her to be completely honest. He has never been a messy person and not only one but two pieces of clothing on his floor? That is definitely out of the ordinary and will absolutely catch his mother’s attention.

He just hopes she won’t pay too much attention and notice the Cyrillic text on the front. He isn’t sure how he would explain that one.

He can’t just say it’s in fashion as his mother doesn’t believe in logos or prints – unless they come with a million-dollar deal. It’s not like he has ever been one to really care about fashion either. And a hoodie like that might be a slightly odd choice to start with.

"I haven't seen this one before," she says as she picks the hoodie up from the floor. Then she frowns, "I don't think this is yours, it's too big."

Yes, because it’s not mine, he thinks to himself, feeling a bit hysterical once more. It belongs to the sexy Russian hockey player who is supposedly my biggest rival on ice but who is currently hiding half naked in my bathroom. No big deal, mom.

"Uhhh," Shane replies very smartly instead. "It's Hayden's."

He wants to punch himself. Why would he say it belongs to Hayden of all people? It’s not like his best friend is particularly small person but he is definitely not someone who could easily share clothes with Rozanov.

Besides, there are a lot of guys in his team who most definitely could wear the hoodie just fine. Shane knows it’s a bit dramatic of him but he wants to walk into the bathroom and drown himself in the bathtub.

His mother looks at him doubtfully. "Hayden is even smaller than you are, Shane."

Yes, I know that mom, thanks for letting me know. The bathtub, he thinks. He wants to get out of this situation and this conversation as soon as possible.

"That's why he gave it to me. Because it's so big," Shane tries to save the situation. "You see, he bought a wrong size. By accident."

Honestly, he thinks he is only making this all worse whenever he decides to open his mouth.

"Right," his mother says, still looking very doubtful and proceeds to then fold the hoodie as well.

"Right," he says too. "Did you uhh, have something to say or..."

He let's the end of his sentence just die out. He has no idea what he is actually trying to say. All he knows he needs his mother to leave because Rozanov is still in the bathroom. They both have early flights in the morning and their short time together is getting shorter by the second.

It might be obvious but he can't really say that to his mother though.

"I just wanted to see how you are doing, that last hit you took seemed brutal," his mother says and winces, clearly recalling the moment on ice.

The hit he took probably looked much worse than it actually was. Shane was expecting bruised ribs or at least cracked teeth when he collided with the ice. But nothing. He isn't even aching anywhere.

It's a miracle, honestly. One he is very thankful for too. Getting hurt is the last thing he wants, it would stop him from playing the best hockey he can. And at worst, it could have stopped him from being able to see Rozanov tonight.

Even though his mother has managed to interrupt them regardless. He can't help but wonder if the other man wants to continue from where they were or if he just wants to leave. If they even get through this without being found out, of course.

"Oh, no, I'm completely fine," he replies, motioning towards his still bare upper body. Not a single bruise in sight. "If that's all..."

"Were you doing something?" His mother asks.

"Yes, umm, something," he nods and tries to not think about how his dick was just a while ago in Rozanov's mouth.

"Like what?" She asks, with once again perfectly raised eyebrow.

The thing is, Shane loves his mother. He likes the fact that she and his father come to all the games they possibly can and he genuinely enjoys spending time with them. It's just that sometimes it feels like they forget he isn't a little kid anymore.

Like right now.

She knows her son isn't one to usually do something after a game, especially if they lost. He likes his routine; curling up in the bed in the dark room and thinking about all the ways he

could have played better.

It's little horrible even, she is just here because she loves him. She doesn't want him to get stuck in his head and is ready to distract him in anyway she can. He just knows she is about to suggest watching a movie and ordering takeout to his room.

Usually, he would love that and gladly say yes. Unfortunately for both of them, all he can think about is the Boston Raider's captain *still* hiding in his bathroom and the fact that somehow, through all this, Shane is still half hard in his jeans.

"Shower?" he suggests, looking at the closed bathroom door.

Very unfortunately, his mother follows his gaze and they both witness how the motion sensor activated light in the bathroom suddenly turns on.

"Oh," his mother says, in a way that probably tries to be casual but is anything but.

They turn to stare at each other.

"I guess I will go," his mother coughs slightly, slowly making her way towards the hotel room door. "So that you can go, you know, shower."

Shane does not miss the tone of her voice. And even though he is mortified, he is still in the presence of the woman who raised him and she raised him to have manners.

So, he gets up from the bed and walks his mother the short distance to the door. He hugs her, trying to not lean too heavily on her. He doesn't think he could ever live it down if his mother felt his hard on. No, if that happened, he would walk straight into the bathroom and drown himself right in front of his mother and Ilya Rozanov.

"Is it Lily?" She whispers to his ear while hugging him back.

He blinks. "How do you know about Lily?"

Well, shit. Now she most definitely knows about Lily, well done Shane Hollander, he thinks to himself. He really should learn how to keep his mouth shut sometimes. It's just that when he gets nervous, he doesn't seem to be able to do that. Ever.

"I'm your mother."

Shane stares at her.

"What?" she asks. "Okay, you are always texting her. It would be weirder if I hadn't noticed it."

The only weird part about this is that she *has* noticed. Shane thought he had been so careful, so confident that no one had caught on that there was someone in his life – or in his bathroom at this very moment.

Of course, apart from Hayden. He still doesn't know how his best friend noticed. Shane is sure he was even more careful around his teammates, or anyone who is even remotely related to hockey at all.

Or maybe he is just really bad at hiding things.

"Hi Lily!" His mother yells over his shoulder.

For a moment Shane fears Rozanov is going to do a bad imitation of a female voice. He wouldn't put it past him, sure that the other man would find it absolutely hilarious. Thankfully, he stays quiet.

Even the light in the bathroom turns off.

To him his mother says, "I am expecting introductions, whenever you are ready."

Then she kisses him on the cheek and walks out of the room.

Shane leans his forehead against the finally closed door and groans. He thinks that even if he was ready, Yuna Hollander herself wouldn't be ready to meet Lily. Because she is no doubt expecting to meet a sweet and nice young woman. And Lily is unfortunately none of those things.

No, *Lily* is an annoyingly cocky and handsome Russian hockey player – who is currently opening the bathroom door, still half naked and who has the audacity to smirk at him.

"It went well, yes?"

"We almost got caught!" Shane hisses.

And yet, he finds himself falling right into Rozanov's waiting arms. The other man kisses, to which Shane is only too happy to answer to immediately, acutely aware of the fact that he is being pinned against the closest wall. He is relieved to find that he isn't the only one half hard after this whole ordeal.

He lets his head fall back against the wall as Rozanov's lips start wandering from his. First to his cheeks to press a kiss on his freckles and then from there, down his jawline to his neck.

Shane finds himself sighing, partly because how good it feels to have the other's hands on him again. Partly because he hopes it could be anyone but Ilya Rozanov who makes him feel this way.

His life would be so much easier if there really was Lily, someone he could introduce to his parents and his teammates without a second thought. Someone he could be seen in public with, instead of always having to sneak around.

His thoughts are interrupted by Rozanov kissing him again, his tongue slipping easily between Shane's parted lips.

Then there is suddenly another knock on his door.

Rozanov groans into his mouth, clearly frustrated. He feels the same but he is also way too stressed about whoever is at the door to say or do anything about it.

“Shane?” Voice calls through the door.

It’s his mother. Again.

“Darling, I left my phone on the table. Are you decent or do I have to come back for it later?”

When Rozanov asks where he is going to hide him this time, perhaps under the bed or behind the curtains, Shane can’t help but laugh.

And when the other man pulls him into the bathroom with him this time around, he knows he is lying to himself. He doesn’t hope this man who is currently clearly planning on going down on him right here and now was actually a woman called Lily.

Even when Shane’s mother has walked into the room, looking for her phone. It’s stupid and he knows, probably wistful thinking too. But he knows.

It could never be anyone but Ilya Rozanov for him.

End Notes

kudos/comments keep the author going and I would absolutely love to hear your thoughts about this fic <3 (especially as any smut-ish is scary for me but I might write more some day if y'all are nice to me~~)

and as always, you can find me on tumblr [here](#)

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