

Lying in the Reeds

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77899106) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77899106>.

Rating:	Explicit
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
Additional Tags:	Angst , Smut , Oral Sex , Anal Fingering , Anal Sex , Pining , Crying During Sex , Missing Scene , Shane Hollander Needs a Hug , Porn with Plot , Dirty Talk , Praise Kink , Dom Ilya Rozanov , Sub Shane Hollander , Top Ilya Rozanov , Bottom Shane Hollander
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-18 Words: 3,890 Chapters: 1/1

Lying in the Reeds

by [gentlefawn](#)

Summary

This can't happen. Shane can't have feelings for Rozanov. Where could that possibly lead? Nowhere good, surely. Rozanov is not someone he can have. Not beyond the occasional hookup. That is the line they have drawn, no matter how blurred it becomes in Shane's mind when he is laying blissed-out next to him, so close he swears he can hear Rozanov's heart pounding just as loud as his own.

No, it is casual. That's what Rozanov wants. And if he senses that Shane wants anything else, anything more, he will end this. Shane is sure of it. He must find a way to be content with what he is given.

Let himself down easy, now, before this gets out of hand.

OR: After Shane almost sends the "we didn't even kiss text" in the Vegas elevator, he makes a decision to get his growing feelings for Ilya under control, once and for all. That decision includes a vow to not kiss Ilya the next time they meet up.

Notes

Couldn't get the idea of Shane grappling w/ his feelings after The Vegas Night out of my head, so this happened.

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

We didn't even kiss.

Shane stares at the message typed out on his screen for half a second, just long enough to consider sending it, and then he backspaces.

"Fuck," he mutters to himself.

This is stupid. Shane feels *stupid*. He'd just had ridiculously hot sex with his *rival*, a man he's supposed to hate, and he's dwelling on the fact that they didn't kiss.

The thing is, Shane doesn't hate Rozanov—not anymore. Or maybe he never did. It's difficult to remember what's real and what's been drilled into him by the league and the press and even his parents. Constant reminders of their disdain for each other on and off the ice tossed at him by reporters and teammates. It's a stretch of the truth. Sure, they've never been *friends*, but Shane's never had any *real* malice for Ilya, when he thinks about it.

And now? Well now he kind of likes him. Perhaps *more* than likes him. It's a terrifying thought—one that has Shane reeling as the elevator from Rozanov's penthouse descends floor by agonizing floor.

This can't happen. Shane can't have feelings for Rozanov. Where could that possibly lead? Nowhere good, surely. Rozanov is not someone he can have. Not beyond the occasional hookup. That is the line they have drawn, no matter how blurred it becomes in Shane's mind when he is laying blissed-out next to him, so close he swears he can hear Rozanov's heart pounding just as loud as his own.

No, it is casual. That's what Rozanov wants. And if he senses that Shane wants anything else, anything more, he will end this. Shane is sure of it. He must find a way to be content with what he is given.

Let himself down easy, now, before this gets out of hand.

And so later, as he struggles to fall asleep, eyes fixed on the ceiling of his own hotel room, Shane makes a vow to himself. Next time—if there is a next time—he won't kiss Rozanov. No matter how badly he wants to. He will do whatever he can to keep his feelings at bay, undetectable.

He has to. Because having even a fraction of Rozanov's affection is better than having none at all.

The following summer passes by in a blur.

When he's not in the gym, Shane is shooting ad campaigns for brand deals his mother has secured for him. He feels grateful, really. This is something he'd never expected when he was a kid, dreaming of playing for the MHL. But the pressure of being a role model—someone to look up to—is daunting, to say the least.

He thinks working out is more a way of keeping him sane than keeping him physically fit, at this point. It's a distraction from his life in the spotlight—on rinks and commercial sets and in press rooms. That, and he's less tempted to check his phone for texts from Rozanov when he's benching a couple hundred pounds.

Their most recent exchange had been at the end of June, following the playoffs. They'd wished each other a good summer, and that was it. Shane had felt proud when he'd successfully refrained from adding another message. Saying something like *I'll miss you*. He would, of course, but Rozanov didn't need to know that.

But he manages, for the most part, to keep his mind on other things. It's more difficult at night, the quiet calm of his bedroom the perfect canvas for wandering thoughts of strong, deft hands gripping his waist and filthy words breathed in his ear. On a few occasions, he gives in—fucking his own fist until he's whining pathetically and spilling over his knuckles. It's on those nights that he feels his resolve begin to slip. *Almost* considers texting Rozanov to ask how Russia is, when he's coming back.

He doesn't, though. He's strong. Pushes bubbling feelings back down below the surface.

And at the beginning of the hockey season, while getting ready for Montreal's first game against Boston, Shane is rewarded for his discipline.

Lily: see you soon ;)

Shane could slap himself for how big he's smiling at his phone. And does he have fucking—butterflies? *Jesus Christ, pull yourself together. Be cool.*

Shane: Who is this?

He laughs a little to himself, imagining Rozanov's face as he reads Shane's coy response. But then his stomach flips when he sees—

Lily: Oh no, you hit your head? Forget best fuck of your life?

Lily: Don't worry. Will help you remember my name later.

Shane: We'll see.

It's a boldfaced lie. Shane is practically vibrating just thinking about the possibility of having Rozanov in his bed tonight. Still, he can't let *him* know that. He puts his phone up in his stall, face-down. Finishes putting on his gear. And when his goalie, Mitty, asks why he's smirking as they shuffle out of the locker room, he passes it off as excitement to kick Boston's ass.

Montreal loses 4-3. They had been tied up until the last five minutes of third period when Rozanov scored, sending the crowd into an uproar. Shane considers canceling his tentative evening plans. Going home alone and reviewing game footage all night. It's a bad idea seeing Rozanov anyway. But then he gets a text from the Boston captain asking what time he should

come over, and suddenly Shane can't think of a good reason to do anything other than tell him *as soon as possible*.

He's half-hard already, willing his cock to cooperate as he changes back into the sweats he'd shown up in. He tries his best to inconspicuously adjust himself and hopes that he won't run into any stray reporters on his way out. Miraculously, the corridors are mostly empty, and he manages to get out of the arena without anyone noticing him.

He feels the strange urge to shower when he gets home, even though he'd already done so at the arena, right after the game. Still, he feels dirty, imperfect. *And he wants to be perfect for Rozanov.*

Fuck. He wishes he didn't want that. For months now, he's been practicing this moment in his head, envisioning how cool and collected he'd be waiting for Rozanov to show up at his apartment. How he'd nonchalantly crack open a ginger ale and leave his phone on the counter as he waited for *that text*.

Instead, his phone is clutched firmly in his hand, eyes glued to the screen, stomach in knots with anticipation and arousal and something worse.

The notification from *Lily* pops up and Shane thinks his heart actually stops.

Lily: here ;)

Shane's fingers stumble over the keyboard.

Shane: Be right down.

He takes a calming breath. Shoves his phone in his sweatshirt pocket. Checks his hair in the mirror for the third time tonight.

Be cool, he reminds himself as he hurries out the door.

Rozanov is waiting for him at the back entrance of Shane's apartment building. In the dim light of the street lamps overhead, Shane can just make out the mischievous smile spread across his face.

"Hi," he says casually, walking slowly toward Shane where he holds the door open. He brushes past, and inside, letting his body graze Shane's as he does so. Shane can smell his strong cologne, the musk of it a powerful reminder of nights past. He wonders if Rozanov wore this particular scent on purpose, to torture him.

Shane prays to a god he doesn't believe in that he makes it through the evening.

"So," Shane says as they toe off their shoes. "Good game tonight." It sounds weird coming out of his mouth. Rozanov must think so too if his quirked eyebrow is any indication.

"Da, very good for me. You, not so much."

Still an asshole. At least Shane can cling to that small bit of consistency, if nothing else.

“Fuck you! I scored two goals.”

Rozanov waves him off dismissively.

They stand silently for a long moment in the middle of the living room. Shane can see Rozanov eyeing him, clearly expecting him to break first, to *kiss him*. But Shane won't. Can't.

He clears his throat.

“Where do you want me?”

Rozanov furrows his brows. If Shane didn't know any better, he'd think he was disappointed that Shane is showing some restraint. He's probably just surprised.

Regardless, it takes him a second to recalibrate. Shane watches as his throat bobs and an arm flexes behind his head. Then he moves to the couch, wordless, and pats the cushion beside him: an invitation.

Shane follows. Perches himself next to Rozanov awkwardly. He feels like his body is on fire, every ember of his being screaming at him to turn his head and take Rozanov's mouth. He doesn't. Instead, he keeps his eyes fixed forward—composed, indifferent.

When he feels the wet warmth of Rozanov's tongue on his neck, he *gasps*.

Rozanov groans against Shane's skin, clearly satisfied by the reaction he's pulled from him so easily. Shane feels pathetic, his cock already twitching in his pants, head lolling back as he reluctantly melts into it. His hands listlessly cling to Rozanov's clothed chest, and he isn't sure whether he wants to push him off or pull him closer.

Probably the latter.

Definitely the latter.

“Fuck,” Rozanov growls, low and hungry. It makes Shane dizzy. “Take your clothes off.” He pulls back, hauling his own shirt up and off.

Shane realizes, too late, that he's staring at Rozanov's newly-exposed chest with an embarrassing amount of reverence. It's not like he hasn't seen it before. They've hooked up multiple times now. Plus, Rozanov has an infuriating habit of giving post-game interviews while shirtless. Infuriating and maybe a little hot—but that's besides the point.

Still, Shane finds himself awestruck by just how beautiful Rozanov is. He's like a fucking—Greek god or something. It's so unfair, so—

“Hollander—”

Shane blinks at him. Then he quickly catches up, pulling his own shirt off and carefully draping it behind him on the back of the couch.

“So impatient.” He's deflecting, desperately attempting to front like he hasn't just been lost in thought about Rozanov's pecs.

But Rozanov just smirks at him knowingly. “You are one who invited me over right after game.”

“I think *you* invited yourself.”

“Oh; I can leave—”

Rozanov suddenly makes a half-hearted effort to stand and at that, Shane fucking *whines*. It's unintentional. [Automatic](#). Far too high pitched for his liking. He wants to crawl into a hole and die.

He's certain Rozanov is going to make fun of him; call him some word in Russian that means “ridiculous” or “pitiful.” He doesn't, though. Instead, he runs a thumb placatingly along the line of Shane's jaw, his sharp gaze softening a little at the edges as he asks: “what do you need?”

Kiss me, Shane wants to say. *Kiss me and never stop. Kiss me like you'll die if you don't.*

“Be rough with me.”

Rozanov appears momentarily stunned, as if he hadn't been expecting Shane to ask for that. *Shane* hadn't been expecting to ask for that. But he needs all control taken from him right now before he says or does something stupid. Something he can't take back.

His breath catches when two fingers come to press into either side of his jaw, forcing him to look Rozanov in the eyes. Shane squirms a bit, gaze shyly flitting downward and Rozanov's grip tightens, bringing him back to center.

“You are good, da?”

Shane wants to scream.

He's very good; *extremely* good, and that's exactly the problem. That he knows he'd never feel this good with anyone else. Christ, Rozanov hasn't even touched him yet and he's already a wreck.

Shane nods—as much as he *can* nod with his head held in place like this. Rozanov nods back.

“Get on your knees.”

As soon as Rozanov releases him, Shane is moving to kneel in the space between his spread legs. He helps Rozanov out of his joggers, discarding them somewhere on the floor nearby. And then he's mouthing at Rozanov's bulge through his briefs, unable to bear another second not feeling the shape of him, another second not inhaling his musk.

Rozanov's fingers curl into Shane's hair—gentle at first, then not. He presses down, forcing Shane's face to nuzzle against his hefty cock. "So needy," he coos from above, and Shane *sighs* against cotton. "You love this, don't you? Being little slut for me?"

Shane does. He *really* fucking does. He can feel his own cock leaking in his pants as definitive proof. "Mhm," he mumbles, and Rozanov chuckles darkly.

"That's right," he purrs. "хороший мальчик." He pulls at Shane's roots, yanking him back only so that he has room to slip off his underwear. And then he's pushing Shane's head down again, humming when Shane's tongue makes first contact with the tip of his cock.

Shane has never done drugs before—apart from the one time his high school friends convinced him to try smoking weed at a party, which had ended with him silently paranoid in a corner for the remainder of the night—but he's pretty sure this is what a *good high* feels like. He can barely keep his eyes open as he licks along the underside of Rozanov's shaft. Eyelashes fluttering, mouth languidly moving to savor every inch of Rozanov's dick, Shane can only imagine how *gone* he must look.

He takes Rozanov into his mouth, sucking him down inch by inch. His gaze flicks up to find Rozanov's lips parted and his eyes heavy. Then he swallows around him, and Rozanov curses.

"Fuck. You are too good."

Shane preens at the praise.

The wind is knocked out of him when Rozanov bucks his hips up, the thick head of his cock hitting the back of Shane's throat. Rozanov holds it there for what feels like forever—long enough at least to make tears sting in Shane's eyes. His fingernails dig absently into the meat of his own thighs. He lets Rozanov fuck his face, the obscene sound of it making him impossibly harder.

He thinks he would live down here, if he could. If it weren't for the lack of oxygen.

When Rozanov pulls out of Shane's mouth, it's sudden. Leaves Shane sputtering, staring glassy-eyed up at him as he catches his breath.

"Come up here," Rozanov orders.

Shane moves before he can consider what's happening. It clicks in his head just in time that Rozanov is going to fucking kiss him, and he ducks his head, putting his mouth on Rozanov's neck instead. He ignores the tinge in his chest as he sucks gently at the space just above Rozanov's collarbone, careful not to leave a mark.

Rozanov's mouth comes to brush the shell of Shane's ear. "You want me to fuck you now?"

"Yes," Shane groans. "Please."

"So pretty when you ask nicely. Get up. On your hands and knees."

They both stand, Shane finally undressing from the waist down before moving to position himself on all fours on the couch.

Shane hears Rozanov rustling around for something from the direction of where Shane had discarded his pants—a packet of lube and a condom, he assumes. Although Shane has both here, in the drawer of his nightstand in his bedroom, he knows Rozanov likes to be prepared. Then, sure enough, comes the telltale crinkle of plastic. Soon after, he feels the weight of the cushions shift as Rozanov kneels behind him.

There's a lewd, sticky squelch that Shane knows is Rozanov slicking his fingers with the lube, and his whole body shudders in anticipation. Finally, a wet finger grazes his hole, just barely, and Shane *sighs*.

Rozanov begins to work him open, starting with one finger, then two, scissoring and curling them against Shane's prostate. Shane is acutely aware of the familiar warmth already growing in his belly. *He could come like this*—his dick untouched, his ass full but so agonizingly empty all at once—it's absurd. He swears under his breath.

"Hm? What was that?" Rozanov taunts.

"You need," Shane grits out, "to fuck me. Or I'm going to—"

Rozanov abruptly removes his fingers, and Shane is both relieved and devastated.

"Is that right?" Rozanov taunts. "You are telling *me* what to do?"

"No," Shane pleads, even though he can hear Rozanov tearing open the condom wrapper. He takes his time rolling it on, which only makes Shane more desperate for his cock. He's leaking precome, and he's certain he's going to have to scrub down the couch when they're done (but he'll worry about that later).

After what feels like an eternity, Shane feels the head of Rozanov's cock brushing featherlight against the rim of his neglected hole. God, he's going to die if Rozanov doesn't hurry up.

"Please, Rozanov. Please fuck m—"

He's cut off by Rozanov ramming forward, sheathing himself inside Shane's entrance in one brutal thrust.

Shane cries out—from pain or pleasure, he's not sure—all he knows is that he wants more.

"Yes," he pants as Rozanov pulls back and drives into him again.

Rozanov sets an unrelenting pace, nearly knocking the breath out of Shane's lungs with every slam of his hips against Shane's ass. He's probably going to leave a bruise, but Shane doesn't have the wherewithal to think about that right now. His brain is fuzzy, lips parted and mouth dry as he lets Rozanov absolutely *rail* him.

This is exactly what Shane needs right now. All his control relinquished, he can just let himself float. Exist only in his body, not his head. Except, there is an incessant *ache* in his

chest that won't seem to go away, despite how hard Rozanov is fucking him.

He tries to ignore it. Pushes his ass back to match Rozanov's thrusts.

"God," Rozanov grunts. "You are so pretty like this, Hollander."

The ache deepens.

Rozanov shifts, changing the angle so that he can drape his body over Shane's. One of his hands presses against Shane's head, pinning him to the couch by his cheek. "*I want to please you,*" he purrs, his breath hot and ragged in Shane's ear. "*Want to make you come on my cock.*"

Despite his inner turmoil, Shane is close. He can feel it. His dick is practically *throbbing*. He needs to touch it, needs—

As if reading his mind, Rozanov flips Shane over onto his back. He pushes Shane's legs up toward his chest. Face to face now, Shane can see that Rozanov looks probably almost as wrecked as he does. His cheeks are flush, scattered curls clinging to his glistening forehead, his chest heaving as he leans in closer.

He's beautiful. *Fuck, he's so beautiful.* And if the ache in Shane's chest had been difficult to suppress before, it's near impossible to do so now, with a clear view of Rozanov's sex-drunk appearance.

"Touch yourself." Shane doesn't need to be told twice. His hand flies to wrap around his rigid cock. He begins aggressively stroking himself, the need to come fogging his brain like a thick haze.

Rozanov makes an approving noise above him, then lurches forward to latch his mouth onto Shane's neck. Shane is so close, and Rozanov's mouth feels so good. He's suckling lightly at the spot that drives Shane fucking crazy, just below his ear, and it sends a fresh jolt of pleasure straight to his cock.

"Fuck, I'm close," Shane warns.

"Yes," Rozanov groans. "Come for me, Hollander. Let me have it." He begins peppering soft kisses along Shane's jaw. Shane feels his balls tighten, his stomach heat. Rozanov's mouth trails up to Shane's face: to one cheek, then the other, then the corner of his mouth. Shane is too far gone to stop it.

The first spurt of come releases from his cock, and Rozanov's lips are on his, and Shane is kissing him back fervently. He shouldn't be doing this. He *shouldn't*. But his fingers tangle in Rozanov's hair like a reflex, anchoring himself in the moment. He is overtaken by pleasure, by *bliss*.

Then Rozanov pulls back, his hips stalling and his breath hitching as his own orgasm crashes into him. He holds himself up with both hands braced on Shane's chest, babbling in Russian. Shane is pretty sure he hears his name somewhere in there.

Shane is pulled abruptly back to reality when he feels a warm tear slip down his face. He hadn't even noticed his eyes welling up. But now he's crying—he's fucking *crying* after sex.

He let Rozanov kiss him. *And* he kissed him back. The one vow he'd made to himself in seeing Rozanov again, he'd broken.

Something touches Shane's face, and he jumps.

"Shh," Rozanov soothes, his thumb wiping Shane's wet cheek. "You are okay. Was just intense, yes?"

Rozanov thinks he's crying because he came too hard? Shane supposes that could make sense. It's better than the truth, which is that Shane is realizing that no matter what he does, he'll never be able to stop his rapidly growing feelings for Rozanov.

Shane nods. "Yeah. Intense."

"Is normal, I think."

Shane forces out a laugh. "I know. I'll be fine in a second."

Rozanov pulls out of him with a gentle *hmpf*. Then he leans in to kiss Shane again, and Shane jolts away from him. Rozanov frowns.

"Are you—"

"I'm fine," Shane reiterates flatly. He shimmies backwards until he's sitting upright. Rozanov moves to the other end of the couch.

"Okay."

There's an awkward silence as Rozanov stands, re-dressing himself in the middle of Shane's living room. Shane watches him, his heart rabbiting in his chest.

He should end this thing with Rozanov. He hates that he feels so god damn *lost* after every time they fuck. Maybe he should just do it now—get it over with. Better to do it in person than over text.

"I had a nice time with you tonight." The words shock Shane into temporary silence.

"You did?" he asks after a long moment.

"Yes," Rozanov says matter-of-factly. "Was fun. You disagree?"

"No. I'm just...surprised. That you're not being a dick for once."

Rozanov breathes out a laugh. "I know, I am so full of surprises." He saunters back over to Shane. Kneels in front of the couch so that they're eye-level. "Next game in Boston is in two weeks. You will come over after?"

Rozanov's eyes bore into Shane's, something like hope glimmering in them, and Shane finds himself nodding mindlessly.

Fuck it. He can end things with Rozanov another time—after Boston, maybe.

It's a lie; he knows it is. The spell he's been put under is no closer to breaking than it had been before tonight—despite his efforts. Perhaps someday he'll find the strength to walk away from Rozanov's hypnotizing gaze, his intoxicating touch—but not yet.

When Rozanov tries, once more, to kiss Shane—this time as he's about to leave—Shane lets him. And when Rozanov deepens it, Shane lets him do that too.

He only pulls away to remind Rozanov of the cab that is definitely waiting for him outside.

“Two weeks—you will come?”

“Yes,” Shane laughs. “I’ll come.”

Rozanov slips out the door to Shane's apartment, and Shane starts a mental countdown.

End Notes

yk the hyperfixation is real when it has you writing fic. shoutout to these fuckers for rotting my brain from the inside out :)) and shoutout to my wife for being equally as obsessed and reading this over for me <33

find me on tumblr @ bratshane

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