

Good Luck, Shane!

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Good Luck, Shane!

by [roscpetals](#)

Summary

What would have happened if Shane Hollander and Rose Landry really had stayed together?

Shane was running from himself and trying to push down his consuming feelings for his rival, Ilya Rozanov. He couldn't let himself fall in love and would do anything to stop it, even if that meant staying with his beautiful actress girlfriend. He would do anything to keep his secret, despite destroying his relationship with Ilya to do so.

Notes

Hi everyone! I've never written much angst before, so I hope it's okay!! I'm going to get out the second chapter asap!! I enjoyed writing this retelling of Episode 5, so I hope you guys enjoy reading <3

Chapter 1

Shane sat opposite Rose in the warmly lit restaurant, listening to her try to not-so-subtly skirt around asking him if he was gay. He knew what Rose was about to say, his throat had gone completely dry, and his hands clammed up in his lap.

“I feel like maybe you’d rather be kissing...”

“Miles?”

Rose’s words stung in the air, leaving Shane in shock and absolutely helpless. He wanted to run. He couldn’t be there anymore. He sat in silence for a moment and then just chuckled, raising his eyebrows at Rose. He had to make a decision, and he only had a few seconds to do it.

“You think I’m gay?” Shane kept his voice as steady as possible, trying to force his face into an expression that made it seem like even the idea of him being gay was completely preposterous. “Rose, I’m not gay. I’ve just been really stressed this season. That’s why I’ve been bad at...” Shane’s freckled cheeks warmed from talking about sex in such a public setting, but Rose understood his point.

Rose brightened, and her face split into a relieved smile, placing her hands in the middle of the table for Shane to hold. Shane’s lie had worked.

“You promise? I don’t want to be holding you back.” Rose’s tone was soft and genuine, her intentions utterly pure.

“I promise.”

Shane’s heart hurt from lying to Rose and leading her on, but he had just...panicked! He knew he loved her so much in so many different ways. Talking to her was amazing, and spending time with her was so easy. The sex could use work, but that could always change! Anything was worth keeping his secret.

The All-Star game. The one thing that Shane had been dreading for weeks. He was wearing his usual sweatpants, tight shirt and Reeboks. He had considered hiring a stylist, but found no use for one when he wasn’t around Rose. Shane entered the bar and scanned the area, his eyes landing right on the one person he couldn’t stomach to see. Blood pounded through his body, and his throat closed up. He stood there, completely still, for what felt like an eternity. Ilya’s eyes lifted, and those beautiful blue eyes he’d spent so many years gazing into bore a hole right into his soul. Shane was frozen, having to force his feet to move in the direction where his fucking sexy rival sat. He would do anything to push himself onto Ilya and let him fuck him right there and then. There was one problem, though: he was with Rose. And he was going to have to tell Ilya.

Shane ordered a beer, the same one as Ilya, as he sat next to him quietly. Ilya knew the moment he sat down that something was wrong. He knew. He always knew. Maybe that was one of the many reasons why Shane liked him so much.

“I need to tell you something,” Shane murmured, twirling the beer bottle in his hands, his eyes completely fixated. He couldn’t look at Ilya.

“What? You don’t like the shirt.” Ilya’s attempt at joking was received poorly as the air thickened uncomfortably.

“We can’t see each other anymore.” Shane’s voice was barely above a whisper as he took a long swig of beer.

Shane could see the colour drain from Ilya’s voice, and he nodded slowly, almost sadly. “Ah,” was the only word that Ilya could muster as he stared down at the table.

The silence between them was painful, and Shane sucked in an anxious breath, tracing his finger over the condensation on his bottle of beer. “I love Rose. I want to be with her.”

The silence stretched on, and Ilya sighed, nodding and placing a dollar bill on the table as he stood up. “You’re a bad liar, Hollander.”

The All-Star game itself went as terribly as Shane expected. Ilya and Shane were awful teammates. They refused to pass to one another and even acknowledge each other’s existence. Ilya had been sent off the ice for being too combative, which resulted in an extreme loss for their team. Once the game had finished, Ilya stormed off without another word to anyone. Shane knew exactly the reason for Ilya’s distress, and it had been his fault. Shane went back to his hotel room after showering and changing, his head a mess of unresolved emotions. Rose was there on their bed, waiting patiently for him with a soft expression on her face. The sight of her did breathe a fresh pang of relief into his aching body. He really didn’t want to be alone.

“You did great.” Rose’s effort at reassurance was almost laughable because that was one of the worst games he’d ever played.

“We lost. Really, really badly.” Shane chuckled and joined Rose on the bed beside her after taking his shoes off.

“I blame Ilya. He was a terrible teammate.” Rose huffed and wrapped her arms around Shane’s shoulders.

Even the mention of his name struck an agonising chord in Shane’s chest, but he pushed down the nauseating guilt with a shrug. Shane pressed his lips against Rose’s to stop the constant reminder of how terrible a person he was. The soft kiss deepened, and within minutes, Rose was on top of Shane. It wasn’t that having sex with Rose was completely awful. She just wasn’t his type. He preferred rude russian hockey players with nine-inch cocks that made him feel like he was the only person in the world that ever mattered. Rose was beautiful, and her body was stunning, but there was a lack of a certain kind of anatomy that just wasn’t doing it for him. He closed his eyes as he let Rose go down on him after he

gave her an overly enthusiastic ‘yes’. All he could imagine was Ilya’s lips wrapped around his desperate dick. His imagination was the only thing that made him cum, groaning softly as he coated the warm mouth around him. He had to hold back on moaning Ilya’s name out, but he bit down on his bottom lip. Rose seemed pleased; that was probably the most responsive he’d ever been to any form of intimacy with her.

Weeks passed, and it was increasingly easier for Shane to be with Rose. He would ignore Ilya every game they played against one another. His parents absolutely adored Rose, immediately accepting her as part of the family. Rose was working away, so intimacy became even less of a problem. They got to call and talk all the time, which was the part of their relationship he adored the most. Being around her made him feel content. She always knew what to say when he needed to hear it, and she cared so deeply for him. Everything was going just the way he wanted. He barely even thought about Ilya anymore!

Then the news hit: Ilya’s dad had passed away. It was all over every news outlet, and articles were plastered all over the internet. Shane immediately dialled Ilya’s number but didn’t receive an answer.

‘Are you okay?’

‘Do you need to talk?’

Shane texted anxiously as his hands shook, his face pale as he lay in bed, staring down at the phone. Three dots suddenly appeared, and Shane’s heart skipped a beat. He needed to know he was okay. Nothing else mattered except for knowing that Ilya was okay. He stopped typing for a few minutes and then finally, a message came through.

‘Never text me again, Hollander.’

Shane felt his heart cracking, and he stared at his screen silently. Tears pricked the corner of his eyes that built up into thick droplets. He broke into a loud sob, and he curled up into bed to stop his body from collapsing. Memories of blue eyes, smiles, thick muscles, and sweet kisses flashed in his mind, and his stomach clenched. Everything hurt so fucking bad. He wanted Ilya back. His beautiful Ilya. He had a horrible sinking feeling that he was gone for good. Ilya was now just his forgotten rival who only wanted him when he was horny. They could’ve never been anything more. That night, he sobbed until he couldn’t breathe, thinking about what could’ve been if only he weren’t so scared.

It was over.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

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

Shane's heart hammered as he sat up straighter, watching Scott kiss a man on the screen in front of him. Shane's palms began to sweat, and he felt the whole world spin around him. Scott was gay. Just like him. He was gay. And completely infatuated with Ilya Rozanov. He wanted to run to him, but there was nothing he could do. It had ended for good when he picked Rose Landry over him. Right now, the only person he could imagine talking to was Ilya. He wondered what he was thinking, if the world had become just a bit clearer for him. Shane stood up and walked into the other room, pacing for a few moments until he finally plucked his phone out of his pocket. He dialled 'Lily's' number and ran his fingers through his hair, trying to calm his nerves.

"I told you not to text me, Hollander." His voice echoed from the other side of his phone, and his heartbeat stuttered.

"This is a call, not a text. Did you see?" Shane's voice cracked nervously, and he played with the strings of his hoodie.

"I saw." Ilya's words seemed sad, like he wanted to say more but was holding himself back.

"Look, Ilya, we need to—"

"No, Hollander. You are with Rose Landry. We were done when you ran away. Do not call."

The other line went silent, and Shane realised he had hung up. He let his hand drop in defeat and accepted reality.

Several months went by, which turned into a year. It had been a year since the last time he had been touched by Ilya. He never thought he would miss the taste of cigarettes, but there he was, lying in bed with his beautiful girlfriend, wishing she were a man. He often lay awake like this most nights, tears in his eyes as he thought about Ilya. The last match had been the hardest so far. Ilya had looked at him with such desperation and anger, like he wanted to fuck and kill him at the same time. Shane would've done anything to reach out and smooth the angry creases near his eyebrows.

He rolled over and grabbed his phone from his nightstand, watching YouTube videos of Ilya quietly just to hear him talk. Shane was quiet so he wouldn't wake Rose up, but the tent growing under his boxers was becoming apparent. He snuck off to the bathroom, sitting on the closed lid of the toilet. He continued to watch Ilya's most recent interview, pulling out his dick from his boxers. The cool air against Shane's length elicited a soft groan from his glossy lips. He snatched the lube from a nearby cupboard, clicking the cap off and filling his palm with the sticky liquid. He stroked up from his base, swirling his thumb along the tip just like

Ilya used to. He choked out a moan as he began moving faster and harder, Ilya's voice echoing in his ears. His movements were stuttered from pleasure as he fought to remain composed. "Ilya...fuck..." Shane whispered into the darkness and stroked himself frantically in search of a release. Video after video played as he chased the peak of ecstasy, gasping loudly as his body shuddered. With a final moan of Ilya's name, Shane's hips jerked, and he painted his thighs in hot semen.

He'd made up his mind. He needed to talk to Rose.

—

"I think I'm gay."

Shane and Rose were eating dinner in his apartment, and her fork stopped right in front of her mouth. Shane couldn't quite read her expression; it appeared to be a mixture of hurt and relief. Her lips tilted into a lopsided smile, and she set her fork down. She was silent for several moments and nodded, taking one of Shane's hands in hers.

"I kind of figured," Rose spoke softly, but her eyes appeared distraught.

"You did?" Shane frowned, and Rose nodded with a sad laugh.

"I wish you had told me sooner or at least broken up with me, but yeah. I knew." Rose rubbed her thumb over Shane's knuckles, leaning over to smooth some of his hair.

Shane's guilt was immense; he knew he should've broken things off a year ago when the topic first arose. He didn't intend for Rose to be collateral damage in hiding his secret, but she was, and she had every right to be upset with him. He was about to speak again until he felt two arms wrap around him.

"That must've been so hard for you. I'm so sorry you had to go through all of that alone." Rose's face pressed into his hair as she gently rubbed his back. "I'm always here for you, Shane. I promise."

Rose and Shane had a long conversation that evening, promising to remain friends and sorting out any loose ends. They came up with a story as to why they broke up, pretending it was mutual because they needed to focus on work. Nothing would be announced, but they planned to keep a distance until questions were asked.

Rose kept her promise, and they stayed best friends, even after everything.

—

Shane arrived in Boston for the competition, and his body thrummed with pure anticipation. He had seen Ilya over the past year, but they never acknowledged each other's presence, like they were ghosts from the past. However, Shane was determined because they really needed to talk. He had been planning and organising his thoughts the whole plane journey.

The match went the same as every other, equally as awkward and uncomfortable, including lots of prolonged eye contact. Shane sucked in a deep breath as he weaved through a crowd

to try to find Ilya. Shane burst outside and found him tucked away in an alleyway, a cigarette between his lips.

“Ilya!” Shane called out, and Ilya’s attention piqued, earning Shane a glare through narrowed eyes.

“Go away, Hollander.” Ilya was firm and unwavering, with no interest in talking.

“But—”

“I said, go away! I never want to see you, Hollander. You understand? Go marry Rose Landry.”

Shane was taken aback by the final comment; he knew rumours were circling, but he assumed nobody actually believed them.

“No, Ilya. I’m—”

Ilya turned his back and put his hand up; the conversation was officially over. Shane gazed longingly at Ilya for a few moments until sighing and turning his back.

Shane stared at the ceiling of his hotel room as rain poured heavily outside, mirroring exactly how he was feeling in that moment. He was horrendously hopeless and desperate. With a heavy sigh, he got out of the cushioned armchair, heading into the bathroom. He splashed his face with cold water and stared at the reflection of a sad, pining man. He frowned and blinked a few times. He looked pathetic while he wallowed in his own self-pity. Shane had two options: he could stay there and feel sorry for himself, or he could go to the man he loved.

He chose the latter.

It was impossible to get a cab due to the storm, but that didn’t deter Shane. He would run. He ran so hard that his chest burned, and the air had been completely sucked from his lungs. When he reached Ilya’s front door, he was drenched in rain, panting heavily. He knocked several times until the door swung open, a shirtless and very shocked Ilya answering.

“Don’t say anything until I’m done talking,” Shane demanded, his face flushing from his authoritative tone.

“I’m so sorry for everything. I thought it would be easier to push down my feelings and pretend like...” Shane took in a deep breath, trying to still his heart, which felt like it would explode any moment.

“...I wasn’t gay. I just liked you so fucking much, and it scared me when you said my name like that. Like I truly meant something to you. So, I ran and hid, trying to pretend to be someone I’m not. But, Ilya, I can’t hide anymore. I don’t know what to do with myself because you consume me completely. You’re the first thing I think of when I wake up and the last thing before I go to sleep. I can’t keep living in a world where you fucking hate me because it kills me. It kills me that I never knew what could’ve happened because I was a coward. A fucking coward that—”

Shane was immediately cut off as harsh lips pressed against his, the shock punching all the air out of him. Shane's eyes slowly fluttered closed as he backed into Ilya's house, still dripping wet. He stumbled as he kicked off his shoes while he kissed Ilya passionately. He was pushed up against a wall, Ilya reaching a hand under his shirt.

Their lips parted for a moment, and Shane blinked at Ilya through his dark eyelashes. Ilya reached to cup Shane's chin and pressed his thumb against the freckles along his nose. He nodded at him to finally finish what he was going to say, and Shane released a breath he didn't know he was holding in.

"...That is in love with you. I love you, Ilya."

The silence stretched for a very long, uncomfortable few seconds as Ilya looked at Shane in utter shock, blinking a few times. To be fair to Ilya, he had never rambled so many words at him so quickly. It was definitely a lot to process, and then topping it all off with an 'I love you' probably didn't help.

"I love you too, Shane." Ilya finally said, and his face flushed as he inspected Shane's expression for any deception.

"But no more running, yes?" Ilya huffed, clearly still a bit annoyed with Shane after all the shenanigans he pulled.

"Yes," Shane frantically nodded, and Ilya smirked, hoisting his leg up to his waist.

It was clear that Ilya wanted to make up for all the lost time that had passed since they'd been apart. Shane shared the same sentiment, following Ilya further into his house until they arrived at his bedroom. Ilya gently pushed him onto the bed, crawling on top of Shane and kissing his neck. Shane gasped and leaned back, quickly beginning to unbutton Ilya's jeans, practically ripping them off of him. Ilya chuckled and helped undress Shane, taking his time and pressing hot kisses against the pulse of his throat. The men lay there naked, admiring each other as the warm glow from Ilya's lamp illuminated the glistening of their sweat. Ilya gently touched Shane's body all over, needing to commit every detail to memory. Ilya slicked his fingers in his mouth and reached down to push them into Shane carefully. He curled his fingers as he pumped them in and out of him, adding a second as Shane moaned for him to continue. Shane gripped onto Ilya's shoulders out of necessity so that he could steady himself from immediate release. Ilya stared on, amused that Shane seemed so close already from just a bit of preparation.

"It's okay?" Ilya asked into Shane's ear, receiving an immediate nod from him, indicating that what Ilya was doing was more than okay.

Ilya finally pulled his fingers out once he knew that Shane was ready and steadied himself against his wet entrance. He pushed himself in carefully, knowing that it had probably been a while since anyone had been inside of him. Shane moaned in unison with Ilya, his grip tightening around his shoulders. He lay back and smiled up at Ilya, who smiled back down at him, pecking his lips.

"Beautiful. So, so beautiful." Ilya whispered, and his eyes softened. Ilya really did love him.

Ilya's thrusts were heavy with the emotion of wasted time, gripping Shane's hips like he was making sure he was really there. Shane leaned up to kiss Ilya's forehead to show he wasn't going anywhere. Ilya began moving harder and pushed against Shane's prostate, forcing a choked moan.

"Ilya, Ilya. Fuck...mmphh...fuck! You feel so fucking good." Shane gasped and wrapped his arms around Ilya completely.

"You are so fucking good." Ilya hummed and used one hand to hold Shane's knees to his stomach so he could pound him into him harder.

Shane's asshole twitched and leaked with saliva and precum, desperate for the oncoming orgasm that pulsed through him. Ilya could sense he was close, which only fuelled the need to fuck him harder. Their bodies moved together harmoniously until finally—

"Fuck, Ilya...!" Shane groaned loudly, and slick cum enveloped both of their toned torsos.

Shane was completely euphoric, not having felt so good in over a year, so his orgasm was intense. His thighs twitched and trembled as he thrust up his hips with every moan, seeing stars. His whole body burned with intense passion from the effects of his climax.

Ilya wasn't far behind and came from the sight of Shane, gasping out his name while he finished into him hard. Shane loved the feeling of being filled up with Ilya's cum, it made him feel possessive and protected, like he was Ilya's and Ilya's was his.

Once Ilya had pulled out and cleaned up, they cuddled and caught up over everything they had missed over the time they weren't together. They discussed their future and relationship over tuna melts and ginger ale. They knew it wouldn't be easy, but they were okay with that, as long as they had each other. Shane hadn't felt so free in his entire life as he lay in Ilya's arms, letting his hair be stroked and his forehead kissed.

They were finally content and excited to see what the future held.

Chapter End Notes

Hi everyone!! Thank you for reading the final chapter of Good Luck, Shane!! I had to make it a happy ending hehe <3 Stay tuned for more in the future, I've got a few ideas and AUs up my sleeve for some longer fics hehe <3 Hope you enjoyed reading!!

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