

What You Need

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What You Need

by [woefullyrural](#)

Summary

Shane Hollander is the lead guitarist for rising band The Metros and deals with the trials/tribulations of having a rival band with a very annoying drummer.

Notes

I think this will probably be a series if this does okay but idk! I'm lazy, so...

I just wanna say that I know absolute nil about how record labels work so I'm literally just making this up as I go. This fic is inspired by a tiktok edit by shilyasloon, so definitely go like it if you enjoy this.

Also, the title is from What You Need by The Oh Sees. Not for any particular reason, I just listened to it a lot while writing this.

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

Shane liked most parts of being a guitarist, even for the small, grungy band he was in. He loved playing — *obviously* — and listening to people cheer, and learning new chords, and getting to help write songs; shouting backing vocals and sleeping at grimy motels with his friends to perform at tiny bars until ungodly hours of the night. Every part of the career spoke to Shane on a base level, and doing any part in the grand scheme of it always resonated with him.

A problem he had discovered, however, that was becoming more and more prevalent as *The Metros* grew in popularity (even if just by minimalistic amounts), was the unexpected amount of competition between his and other bands. He didn't mind a bit of a challenge — hell, he *lived* for them — but when *The Metros* took just an accidental shaving of extra time on stage, and the following band would grumble and shoulder and shove, he wasn't so keen. Even less so when a band acquired a crowd and they filtered out slowly but surely as Shane and his friends took the stage and he would have to watch the musicians sneer cockily from the bar.

It wasn't every band that he performed in proximity to. Most bands, really, were full of good, normal people, who didn't butt in or snarl or titter. But there were a few. And, among those few, were the *Raiders*.

Shane had actually been a fan of the *Raiders* before they had ever crossed paths — he had practically jumped out of his skin when Hayden had told him and the others that they'd be performing the same night at the same pub. Neither of the bands travelled very far very often, both coming from music-driven cities, so Shane had brushed off the idea long ago of them ever meeting, despite their similarities in music and members.

He had met the *Raiders* drummer that night, before the show. Shane had shown up a little earlier than everybody else, like he always did to familiarize himself with the space, and he had taken a little stumble backwards when he saw Ilya Rozanov by the back door he was told to enter through, struggling to light a cigarette in a no smoking zone.

Rozanov looked unimpressed when Shane had awkwardly introduced himself, but shook his hand nonetheless, something of an amused glint in his eye.

"You're awesome to listen to." Shane had said, swaying a little where he stood with his hands in his pockets.

Ilya looked at him for a moment, maybe considering. "Yes." He replied simply, and Shane couldn't help the half-amused, half-startled huff that escaped him.

After a few more attempts at stilted, one-sided conversation, Shane started towards the door with a clumsy goodbye, before Ilya had piped up from behind him.

"You will not be so nice when we get signed first."

Shane turned, letting his grin spill over his face. "That's not happening."

"See you backstage."

The high of the show was still thrumming in Shane's veins as he stepped into the crowded seating area, chuckling as Hayden spoke behind him and his breath hit the back of Shane's neck from how cramped the space was. He hurried towards the bar, quickly grabbing a seat on a stool and grinning over at his bandmates as they sat at the stools in a line to his. He was just opening his mouth to speak when Hayden's eyebrows shot up at something just over Shane's shoulder, and when he turned to look, it was Rozanov.

Rozanov raised his eyebrows at him as if to say *yes, it's me. What do you want?* But Shane was having a hard time collecting his thoughts with Rozanov suddenly so close that Shane could smell his shitty cologne.

"Hey there, fellas," a voice said behind Shane, and it was pretty clear. Most of the crowd must have filtered out. Him and the others turned to look at the man speaking, and Shane leaned back to realize that the entirety of the *Raiders* were seated at the bar. It made him absently wonder if they had watched his show, and what they'd thought.

The man started talking, and his gaze was flickering between Shane and Rozanov, but eventually it stilled to stay trained on Rozanov. He was saying something about talent and Shane caught A&R in the words but he found himself fumbling a little to keep up when a satiated grin grew on Rozanov's face. Somehow, it felt like he was happier about being better than Shane than he was about talking to a record label rep when his eyes darted ever so briefly to Shane with a cruel twinkle in them.

Eventually, the man did turn back to Shane. "Again, you've all demonstrated incredible skill this evening and it is such an uncommon event for an A&R like myself to find one, nevermind two, promising musical groups such as yourselves on a scouting trip. The..." He looked down at a pamphlet that had been printed for the show. "*The Metros*. If I could get the best way to contact you, that would be great. *Raiders*, I'd like to take you out to get a drink, if I could. Maybe we can discuss this more fully."

Shane sat stock-still aside from the ticking of his jaw as the members of the *Raiders* enthusiastically responded and gritted out his phone number to the man when he briefly turned back to Shane.

Watching the *Raiders* leave, a pit of anger and *something* flared in Shane's gut as Rozanov looked over his shoulder to wink at Shane condescendingly.

Shane wouldn't see him again for months after that. When he did, it had been for a briefest of moments between meetings and Rozanov would smirk smarmily at Shane as they passed by, and Shane could tell just from the look of it that Rozanov knew he had gotten a better contract than Shane. "See you at party." He said, just loud enough for Shane to hear, and then was gone with a gust of cigarette-scented air.

The party was underwhelming, for the most part. It was just a celebration for all the new sign-ons for the label's new year, equalized to a nice hotel's lobby being rented out for a wandering, champagne-holding kind of get together. The *Raiders*, having been the "most promising" group and therefore getting the best contract, performed a short concert. Shane had begrudgingly enjoyed the music as his bandmates had fruitlessly tried to cheer him up with reminders that they received the second best contract, and that they'd end up better anyway, but Shane just shrugged them off and changed the subject.

It wasn't much longer after the *Raiders* had performed that Shane's skin started to prickle with nerves and the collar of his tux felt a little too tight as he excused himself and stumbled towards a back exit, exhaling sharply as the cold night air hit his face.

It wasn't until after he had shut the door behind him that he noticed the glow of embers in the dark. He didn't say anything to Rozanov, instead settling to lean against the wall parallel to him, right beside the door, the two of them wedged between two buildings, and stare down at his feet. He scrunched up his nose a little as he caught a bit of Rozanov's smoke.

Rozanov broke the silence. "Is everything you dreamed of?" He asked lowly, and when Shane looked up at him again, he was taking another drag of his cigarette.

"Almost." Shane shot him a bit of a dry smile.

Rozanov made a sort of *you caught me* face, tilting his head to one side. "Sorry." His thick accent curled around the word in a strange way, sort of awkward and sort of elegant in a juxtaposing form.

Shane puffed out a breath through his nose. "No, you're not." Shane shook his head a little, and Rozanov only smiled.

He was wearing a suit, Shane noted in the silence that followed, dark with a red tie that was loosened at the knot, and the first couple buttons of his shirt had been undone, exposing the pale skin of the base of his throat. His jacket was undone, presumably to let the air cool hit his torso and his shirt wasn't tucked in quite right, probably from sitting at his drumset. His dress pants hugged his thighs nicely, tightly, and Shane swallowed.

His attention was brought back to Rozanov's face when he held out his cigarette in an offering.

"Oh, ah, no. Thanks. I don't..." He trailed off, shaking his head. Rozanov nodded slowly, bringing the cigarette back up to his lips and taking one final drag from it before putting it out on the brick behind him. He dropped the butt to the ground and walked to the door, pulling it open and leaving Shane by himself out in the cold.

Their label set up a concert with *The Metros* as the openers for the *Raiders* not too long after that. They had already been wildly advertising both of the bands and got official releases of their albums, and with leaks and through rumors, people had already decided that the bands were rivals. Shane supposed that they were correct, on a competitive level, but the media

made it seem much more volatile than it truly was. After the concert, where *The Metros* got a much louder and longer applause than the *Raiders*, it became obvious what band had taken a special place in the general public's heart (out of spite or other reasons).

Shane was chattering excitedly with Hayden and JJ as the show came to an end and the crowd began to shuffle out of the hall — some undoubtedly finding a spot near the back to camp out and wait for the performers to leave, as Shane had been getting more used to — when Rozanov and Marleau were shouldering their way back towards their dressing room.

Shane looked over his shoulder and caught Rozanov's seething glare, and he would've been more intimidated if the adrenaline wasn't still pumping through his veins and he could hear his friends still talking next to him.

"See you in August." He nodded at Rozanov, not bothering to smother his grin at all.

Rozanov didn't say anything back but Shane caught the way his expression eased ever so slightly and something amused shined opposingly in his glare.

Shane wasn't supposed to see Rozanov again until a mutually signed-on music festival, so he was taken a bit by surprise when his newly-assigned agent notified him that he'd be doing a shoot with Rozanov two short days after he was told.

He was still a little confused about the whole thing when he showed up to the set the day of and he didn't really know what was happening until he was pushed down into a chair in front of a vanity next to Rozanov.

He blinked dumbly at his reflection, and the edge of Rozanov's face that he could see in the mirror, as the woman behind him got to work. She was immediately touching and fiddling with his hair, pulling it this way and that and then she was pulling out a bottle of hairspray but Rozanov hadn't even looked at Shane since he'd walked in.

"Pardon?" He said with a clearing of his throat when he realized she had spoken and was waiting on his response.

She smiled at him graciously, licking her lips and trying again. "Is this your first official shoot?"

He shifted a little seat, nodding. "Yeah, it is. They actually only told me about it two days ago. I really don't know what's going on." The woman opened her mouth to speak, but Rozanov huffed out an amused breath through his nose first. Shane turned his head to him immediately. "What?" He questioned, his voice soft and uncertain. "When did they tell you?"

Rozanov shook his head and turned it to Shane. He had evidently been there longer, his hair and makeup almost completed; curls gelled and styled loosely, messy eyeliner and smudges of something that made his skin sparkly. They had switched out his usual silver piercing jewelry to black, making them much more stark than what Shane had expected — his

eyebrow piercing, septum and lip piercing weren't usually as noticeable. Then again, maybe Shane had just grown accustomed to seeing them. "They said nothing. It was my idea."

Shane didn't really know what to do with that. He opened his mouth and promptly shut it when he realized he had nothing to say, his head swinging back to look straight ahead at himself in the mirror.

After he was done up in a look similar to Rozanov's, he stumbled into his dressing room and struggled into the outfit they had set out for him. The fabric was high quality but he could feel the inner seams on his skin as he walked out of the room, tugging futilely at the shirt to try and get it to sit in a comfortable way.

Shane heard a familiar, deep voice from just ahead of where he had been scrutinizing his top. "You look pretty."

Shane whipped his head up, feeling his face burn under the cakey makeup he had on. "You—we're wearing the same thing." He croaked, gesturing vaguely between their bodies as if to demonstrate the similarities.

Rozanov raised his eyebrows just a little, beginning to walk towards Shane. "Yes," He said when they were face-to-face. "But I don't look pretty."

Shane swallowed, and then scoffed, shaking his head and turning around to walk away from Rozanov, towards the set.

Shooting was more awkward than Shane had expected. He wasn't sure *what*, exactly, he was expecting, but ending up laughing with Rozanov and feeling his breath puff against the back of Shane's neck because of the *insane* positions the photographer had them in was not it.

What he was expecting even less, however, was how Rozanov's lips brushed against the base of his neck when the director told them to *hold that pose* while they fixed something. Shane was laid down on the floor and Rozanov was hovering above him, placed between Shane's thighs and leaned over so his face was near Shane's. Something to *capture the tension*, the photographer had said, and Shane did not know if he could ask not to or how he would do that, so he went along with it.

It had taken them a moment to choke down their slightly hysterical giggles when they were situated, but there were only a couple photos taken before the director called out.

Shane swallowed thickly as Rozanov's mouth brushed against his adam's apple, his head falling to look at the crew and make sure no one was looking too closely.

Rozanov adjusted and let his hips settle against Shane's, and Shane knew he could feel how he was embarrassingly half-hard in his pants from the way Rozanov exhaled softly. He bit his lip, feeling the tips of Rozanov's fingers brush against the ends of his hair haloed out on the ground.

Shane inhaled sharply when Rozanov shifted just so against him, snapping his head back up to look him in the eye. "Not here." He rasped, and Rozanov's eyes flickered to his lips when he spoke, but he lifted his hips away nonetheless.

Shane scurried after Rozanov as he walked to his changing room after the shoot.

"Hey," he said as Rozanov reached for the door knob, and he turned around to look at Shane. "We can forget that happened in there, okay?" He said, his gaze shooting between Rozanov's and the door behind him.

Rozanov stood for a moment before he opened the door, nodding for Shane to follow him.

Shane did, hesitantly, stepping in after Rozanov and watching him click the door shut behind them. "Is what you want?" He asked, his back pressed against the wood of the door.

Shane swallowed thickly. "Yeah. Of course." He mumbled, averting his gaze but immediately rising again when he heard Rozanov chuckle.

"You are a really bad liar." Shane felt heat rush into his face, and he shifted his weight on his feet. Rozanov gave him a once-over before jutting his chin out at him. "Come here."

Shane halted for only a second before slowly closing the distance between Rozanov and himself, stepping closer until there was a foot of space separating them.

Rozanov narrowed his eyes and one of his hands brushed against Shane's waist, pulling him even closer until their chests were nearly touching. "Is this okay?" He murmured and their faces were so close that he could feel the breath of the words on his mouth.

Shane's lashes fluttered and he nodded in a clipped, laggy sort of way. He inhaled deeply, trying to steady himself but instead getting hit with the increasingly familiar scent of Rozanov's shitty cologne and cigarettes. "You're an asshole." He mumbled, because he couldn't really think of anything else to say.

A slow, predatory grin spread across Rozanov's face that made Shane's stomach dip as he brought his other hand up to grab Shane's jaw. His thumb rubbed at the edge there before sliding to brush against his bottom lip.

Shane let a shaky breath push past his lips as Rozanov stepped forward and guided Shane to turn so his back was against the door instead, hitting it with a soft *thud*.

"This is such a bad idea." He muttered, something of a nervous chuckle escaping him as Rozanov brushed the tip of his nose against Shane's.

Rozanov's eyes met his, lidded and dark. "What is?" He said, slowly leaning in, giving Shane plenty of time he didn't use to shy away or shove Rozanov off of him before he caught his mouth in a kiss.

The kiss was short and almost chaste, but when their lips broke apart they were almost immediately back on each other with far more intensity. Shane's hands moved to grab Rozanov's hair tightly as their mouths worked together, leaning his head back against the door and feeling his breath hitch when Rozanov's tongue slid against his.

Rozanov slotted their hips together suddenly and Shane gasped as Rozanov grabbed his hips and coaxed Shane to roll his hips against his own as he did the same. Shane broke away from his lips, panting lightly. "Someone could hear." He breathed out hurriedly, but he didn't pull away.

"Then you will have to be quiet." Rozanov replied, grinding slow and hard against Shane.

Shane heard his head thump back against the door more than he felt it as they continued to rut against each other, Rozanov nudging his nose against his jaw until Shane tilted his head to the side and gave him access to his neck. "We will have to be quick," he murmured into Shane's skin between kisses. "I have practice after this."

Shane hummed in recognition, though he wasn't really listening, instead focussing on trying to get as physically close to Rozanov as possible with all their clothes still on, pulling his waist and hair and ass forward. Rozanov groaned against the crook of his neck, where the collar of Shane's shirt began, at Shane's eagerness. He pulled back just enough to reach between them and undo Shane's belt and fly, pulling him out of his pants and swiping a thumb over his sticky tip.

Shane shivered at the contact and quickly reached to do the same to Rozanov, wrapping his hand around the base of his dick and letting out a thick breath at the size of him. He gave an experimental stroke and Rozanov hummed, leaning back up to kiss Shane hard.

"Let me," he murmured against Shane's mouth, and then he was gripping both of them in one hand, and Shane was gasping. He dragged his hand up and down slowly, smearing their pre-come down their lengths, and Shane felt sparks flutter down his spine. He desperately reached for Rozanov's face so he could kiss him again. "Wait," Rozanov said, ducking away from his mouth and Shane whined a little in the back of his throat.

Rozanov let go of both of them and Shane furrowed his brows before Rozanov spat in his palm and brought it back down. Shane had to choke down a moan.

Shane could feel his hips thrusting in and out of Rozanov's grip in little movements, and Rozanov was doing the same, making these little humming and grunting sounds right in Shane's ear and if Shane didn't kiss him right then and there he might have died.

He crashed their mouths together roughly, feeling his thighs begin to shake and a tight coil building in his gut. "Rozanov, fuck, I'm-- oh my fuck," he gasped against Rozanov's mouth, his movements speeding up as Rozanov's hand did the same, stripping their cocks fast and twisting his wrist on the upstroke.

Rozanov replied in a short, almost inaudible grunt in the back of his throat, and Shane gripped at his shoulders hard enough to bruise as his orgasm ripped over him, Rozanov

moving to kiss him through it to stop either of them from making too much noise as he joined Shane.

Shane might have collapsed if Rozanov hadn't wrapped an arm around his waist when he finally came down, heavy pants wracking through him and into Rozanov's mouth. Rozanov gave their dicks one final stroke and Shane had to bite down an overstimulated squeal, wincing slightly, before bringing his dirtied hand up to Shane's mouth.

Shane wasn't really thinking, and if he was, he definitely wouldn't have parted his lips and accepted his filthy fingers as quickly as he did. He held Rozanov's eyes as he sucked on his fingers and licked up his palm, cleaning their combined release off of his hand. A scratchy hum resonated from low in Rozanov's throat and he pulled his hand away as soon as it was clean, gripping Shane's jaw with it and kissing him hungrily.

Shane melted back against the door, his mind fuzzy and lenient as he wrapped his arms around Rozanov's neck and let him kiss Shane breathless.

When Rozanov finally pulled away, he looked at Shane for only a moment before taking a slow step back, giving Shane time to catch his own balance. He licked his lips as Shane tucked himself back into his pants and he did the same, eyes flickering over Shane's body. His makeup was even more smeared now, from sweat and from Shane grabbing at his face and hair and mashing their mouths together, and the special shirt they had put him in was wrinkled and tugged up to expose a sliver of his stomach.

“Well,” Rozanov breathed out. “That was fun.”

He made eye contact with Shane again, still catching his breath against the door, and tilted his head. It took Shane's foggy mind a moment to catch on, but when he did, he straightened up immediately. “Right.” His harsh swallow almost made his throat ache as he turned to open the door.

He paused with his hand on the knob, looking at Rozanov over his shoulder, who hadn't looked away from him at all. “I... you won't tell anyone about this, right?” He mumbled.

Rozanov gave him a look, and when Shane didn't concede, he huffed out an irritated breath. “You are so boring. No, I will not tell anyone.”

Shane nodded shortly before opening the door, checking for passerby, and slipping out into the hallway.

End Notes

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