moments to be tolerated

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moments to be tolerated

by thestarsarewinning

Summary

There’s a muffled shout from next door. And another. Hollander, Luca thinks, and then wishes he hadn’t been able to tell.

Even his earbuds don’t completely drown out the noises, the steady thump of a headboard against the wall. Rozanov groans, followed by Hollander-

Luca turns the volume up higher as he scrolls through TikToks his little sister has sent him.

(or five times the Centaurs hear Shane and Ilya having sex, and one time no one hears)

Notes

i truly don't what this is or how it happened - since November i have been obsessed with the Game Changers books and the TV show and apparently this is where we are now.

this is as it says on the tin, it's a five and one, five times the Centaurs roomed next to Shane and Ilya, and one time no one did - as i came to post this, i realised i completely forgot about troy. sorry troy, but i guess he just hasn't come up on the room rota yet.

the only explicit smut is in the +1 so feel free to scroll past at the end if you want.

somewhere i have a longer more in-depth fic exploring Shane's first season with the Ottawa Centaurs and what learning to let himself be affectionate with Ilya in public looks like and how the Centaurs accept him and Ilya (and like. fuck the Montreal voyageurs) - this is not that fic, but one day i might get around to finishing it, along with like nine others i already have started. luckily, there are already many other great fics that explore this too

See the end of the work for more notes

Zane Boodram

He's on FaceTime with Cassie.

Milo is asleep, finally, curled against her chest as she sits on their couch, and he's watching her and watching Milo and it doesn't matter that they lost to Edmonton tonight, not when his wife and their baby are on the other end of the call.

He wants to be there, home, with them. Wants to curl Cassie's hair around his finger, argue about who's doing the dishes. Smell Milo's new baby, post-bath time smell.

Instead, he's in a Holiday Inn and his wife smiles at him from his iPhone screen, but he'll take what he can get.

She yawns, and it's a sign of how gone over her he is, still, that he thinks it's cute.

He opens his mouth to tease her, only to be distracted by a noise from the room next to his-

A muffled 'fuck', followed by a deep groan-

He frowns, looks back at his phone, and Cassie's staring at him too-

"Is that-" She asks, and he pauses- There's another expletive, this time followed by more audible Russian.

"Oh god, it is-"

For years, Roz has been too good to be true as a roommate and neighbour. Generally very quiet, not above 'going for a walk' if you asked him to. Suspiciously good, considering his reputation before he moved to the Centaurs, but you know what they say about gift horses and all that.

"Roz and Hollzy-" He gets as far as saying, and screws his face up. It's fine. He's spent months of his life on the road for hockey since he was a teenager, this is not the first time he's heard a teammate have sex.

Cassie snorts. "Good for them, I guess."

He tries to focus on his beautiful wife and child, Cassie's update on Milo's paediatrician's appointment, Cassie's mother's comments when she'd stopped by- There's a muffled shout from next door.

Zane wonders how thin hotel walls really are, thinks back to his honeymoon, then decides that's not a thought he wants to actually pursue.

"Didn't you say they didn't even sit next to each other on the plane?" Cassie asks, and he nods.

It was frankly weird, how they'd arrived together at the airport, only to forcibly separate themselves, Roz joining Dykstra and Chouinard for poker, Hollander sitting with Hazy-

Boundaries and professionalism have apparently gone right out of the window. Hopefully, Roz will stop being quite such a dick now, at least.

Milo shifts on Cassie's chest and both of them watch him, the flutter of his eyelids, the minute wrinkling of his nose-

"God-" He says, and Cassie hums. One hand comes up to rub Milo's back.

"A million new videos," she promises, "and what, it's Montreal, and then home for two weeks?"

"Any chance you can come to Montreal?" It's a hopeless ask and he knows it, but-

"Drive two hours with the velcro baby?" Cassie does sound regretful, at least, and he knows she has a point. Milo might be sleeping now, but the second he's in his crib or car seat-

"We'll try." She promises, and that's enough to have him smiling at the two of them.

There's a thud on the wall, and he jumps, drops his phone momentarily.

"Honestly, what the fuck-" He mutters, and Cassie's smiling again, the hand over her mouth betraying her laughter.

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Wyatt Hayes

It's eight pm. Curfew is at eleven and, if all goes to plan, Wyatt will have cracked this.

He grabs his jacket, remembers his room key and his phone, and then very deliberately knocks on the door to Rozanov and Hollander's room.

Hollzy answers, still in the shirt he'd worn to team dinner after the game, and he blinks at Wyatt. The confused look is fair; he and Roz have been great room neighbours so far - quiet as mice, and they'd knocked for Wyatt this morning so he didn't miss the hotel breakfast. No complaints, no gentle ribbing to keep it down needed.

"So," Wyatt forces himself to say, "there's a showing of the new X-Squad film down the street-"

"Okay-" Shane says slowly, his expression still questioning- "Ilya's in the shower but-"

And, okay, not what he'd been going for. It's nice, though, that Shane's first thought is that this is an offer to hangout. Wyatt might prefer the floor to open up and swallow him whole, but he's faced down Shane Hollander on the ice. He can tough the conversation out.

"I'm- Not looking for someone to go with. I'll be gone until curfew, if you get what-" He tries, and Shane's eyes widen, his cheeks flushing pink.

"Got it, yeah-" Shane moves to close the door- "Have a nice time, Hazy."

Wyatt heads for the lift, feeling pretty good about this plan. He wanted to see the latest X-Squad film anyway, and Rozanov and Hollander have three hours to themselves without anyone in the room next door.

It's decent, as X-Squad films go. Rose Landry is the breakout star, as the reviews promised, and he gets a popcorn and M&M's and he loves Lisa, truly, with everything he's got, but she never lets him mix the two together.

By the time he gets back to the hotel, it's a little after curfew but no one's gonna care. It's quiet in his room, no sounds coming through the wall except for maybe the hum of the television. That's fine, Wyatt needs low-level noise to sleep himself, though he favours a podcast, usually. He's listening to one at moment that's sort of a comedy about Dungeon's and Dragons and the cast are all British, but it's good.

He wakes at five am to a heavy thud on the wall that's repeated almost instantly, and a series of low moans follows. Roz's voice, unmistakeable.

He pulls a pillow over his head.

**

Luca Haas

"Sorry, kid." Dykstra pats his shoulder as they file off of the bus.

"Yeah, actually. Thanks, Haasy."

"Cheers-"

Luca looks at his teammates and tries to understand if this is another moment of hazing.

There has been surprisingly little hazing since he was drafted to Ottawa - he's learnt never to eat anything offered to him if it could be spicy, and the day they all wore his number, celebrating his birthday, was something else - but he worries now.

He can't see how it is; they've been given their room assignments. How a single room in a Best Western in Tampa can be a source of amusement, he can't understand. The Centaurs are

also generally very nice players to have as teammates - his juniors team was not so welcoming to new players, and this is Luca's second season now. If there was going to be hazing, it would be at the new rookies' expense.

His room is next to Rozanov and Hollander's and he's about to wait for the next lift when Hollander holds the door open. He squeezes in next to them and tries not to stare. It's still a little surreal to be playing with Shane Hollander. Being drafted to a team captained by Rozanov had been dizzying enough, this season has floored him a little.

Luca just wants to keep up with them both.

"Ready to win?" Roz asks him, which is typical now. Even when they were not winning, last year, Roz still had the expectations.

Hollander elbows him. "Don't jinx it."

"No such thing-" Roz shoots back, and the lift is going very slowly, Luca thinks.

"Will be a good game," Luca says hesitantly, interrupting Hollander as he gears up to argue some more, and Roz nods approvingly. It's ridiculous that Luca feels like he's done well at something, just because Ilya Rozanov has smiled at him.

Through the wall of his hotel room, he can hear them bickering, the argument about jinxes turning into a debate about luck and rituals. Luca puts his right skate on first and has used the same brand of tape since he was nine. He agrees with Hollander's indignant protests, though he soon drowns them out by turning on his television.

They win against Tampa, as Roz had predicted, though they don't go out. The hotel bar is neutral enough territory, however, and Luca lets Roz buy him a beer as they celebrate and feels ridiculously proud when Roz hypes up his assist against Hollander's winning goal.

The sympathetic looks from the rest of the guys start up again as they head back to their rooms, an early flight the next morning, and Luca wonders if hazing has a different meaning in Canada than it does back home.

Everything falls into place when he gets back to his room, kicking his shoes off to lie on his bed, texts from his parents and sister waiting, clips from the highlight reel of his assist, and-

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Even his earbuds don't completely drown out the noises, the steady thump of a headboard against the wall. Rozanov groans, followed by Hollander-

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Tanner Dillon

“Dude,” Dillon says as Rozanov gets in the lift, “you owe me, like, five cigarettes.”

It’s seven thirty in the morning in Boston. They won 3-1 against the Bears last night. Dillon has had maybe four hours of sleep, so he feels very reasonable in his request.

“Mmm, no.” Roz says. His hair is wet, curling as it dries pushed back from his face. He looks as fresh as a daisy, which is fucking impossible after the performance Dillon heard him give last night.

“Mmm, yes, dickhead. You know the rule.” Dillon leans against the wall as they head down the ground floor for breakfast. They’re due on the bus at ten, traveling to the next game against the Admirals. He wants at least three helpings of bacon before they go.

Roz cracks a smile, because he is the worst. “Five? No. Three. I owe you three.”

Dillon sighs, considering.

“Asshole,” he shoots at Roz, who laughs and takes it as a victory.

“Don’t bother Shane,” Roz says, and reaches in his jacket for the pack of cigarettes he’s not supposed to have.

Dillon accepts this - he wouldn’t have anyway. If he was really enforcing the rules, Roz and Hollzy would each be paying five hundred dollars into the PDA jar. Hassling Roz is fun; Dillon, however, has no desire to have a conversation with Hollander about how athletic Rozanov thinks he is.

It’s taken half the season for Hollzy to sit next to his husband on the bus, none of them want to go back to the start of the season, when Roz looked like a wounded puppy every time his husband sat away from him out of some ridiculous desire to seem professional. That’s not how the Centaurs are.

Dillon does like extorting cigarettes from Roz, though, and has no plans to quit. He hasn’t bought a pack himself in months.

**

The Rookies

It’s two am before the manic celebrations come to a slow end. It’s been a long, uphill battle through the playoffs to this point, to winning the Cup, and even this team have their limits.

Hazy left first, his phone in his hand, his wife's name on the screen. He'd waved off the catcalls good-naturedly; Rozanov and Hollander disappeared sometime after Hayes, the crowd slowly thinning then until Luca is left, with Chouinard and the rookies.

Chouinard takes one look at his phone and lets out a long sigh. They have a nine am flight in the morning back to Ottawa. He stands, knocking over an empty bottle, and claps the three of them on the back.

"Fucking A," he says as he leaves, and then it's Luca, and Klein and Roberts. Luca has very possibly never been this drunk in life. Neither of the rookies seem to be faring much better.

There's still shots on the table, the last tray Dykstra had ordered before he too had called it a night; Luca eyes one, then eyes his phone. It's two fifteen. If he's lucky, he can pass out for five hours before the flight. Five hours of sleep sounds very attractive, and he makes his mind up. The next week promises no end to the celebrations for winning the Stanley Cup - it makes his head hurt; his second year for the Centaurs, and he's a Stanley Cup winner.

He can sleep now, drink more tomorrow. Or, as a wave of nausea hits him, maybe he'll never drink again.

As he stands, a little unsteadily, Klein and Roberts look at him, look at each other, and then look at him again.

"You two are staying?" He asks. Impressive; Luca does not have the stamina.

"Our room is next to Roz and Hollzy's-" Klein says, and he and Roberts share a grimace.

And- Ah.

Luca has not had the room next to them since Tampa. There's a rota now, for good reason.

"You think-" He begins to ask, then trails off-

It's fine. The team, as a collective, does not care if Rozanov and Hollander have sex. They're married. They had actually spent the pre-season training worried that there was something wrong with their marriage when Hollander hadn't let Rozanov within three feet of him; the thaw from that to now, where they hang off of each other every time they're left alone, is an improvement. Individually, however, whoever is unlucky enough to room next to them for away games minds greatly.

The rookies look at him somewhat sheepishly. Luca understands the sentiment; his childhood bedroom still has a poster of Hollander.

If it was him next door to Rozanov and Hollander, the night they win the Stanley Cup, he would also not want to go back to his room.

The hotel bar is dismal now, however, and the flight from Pittsburgh will be hell tomorrow anyway, but will be worse if they stay out any longer.

He thinks, maybe, then remembers that he's no longer the rookie. He scored a goal and two assists in the game that won them the Cup-

"Crash in my room." Luca tells them and doesn't miss the relief that flickers across their faces. He rounds them up, the three of them staggering towards the lift.

Klein picks the bathtub and curls against the porcelain; Roberts accepts a pillow and the floor- Luca has a moment of pride in how great a leader he is, and passes out fully dressed on top of his bed.

**

(+1)

"Fuck-" Shane says, his head hitting the wall with a thud- "You're so good at that."

Ilya preens, swallowing Shane deeper, and he groans around Shane's cock when Shane's hand finds its way into his hair, pulling.

He swallows around Shane, feels him thrust further forward into his mouth-

"Ilya-" Shane breathes, and he's already desperate, the hand that isn't in Ilya's hair squeezing the hand Ilya has running over his chest. Ilya hums, likes the way Shane bucks again-

He takes him deeper, savouring the weight of Shane's cock on his tongue, the punched out sound it earns him. Shane tugs at his hair, and Ilya feels his own cock twitch. He lets Shane set the pace, fucking into Ilya's mouth, and Ilya wonders if he could come like this, no one touching his cock, just Shane using him however he wants.

Shane looks like a king like this, gorgeous, flushed-

Ilya wants him to come in his mouth. On his face. He wants Shane to come all over their stupid tuxedos, too many layers of clothing between them.

Their bet stands. He'll do anything Shane wants this evening. It still has to be a challenge, though, and he knows his husband. He never wants anything less.

He pulls off before Shane *can* come, breathless and a little dizzy with it, rests his forehead against Shane's hip. Shane tugs lightly at his hair again, petting, really, and Ilya could actually stay here forever. He sucks at the soft skin of Shane's hip, soothes his tongue over it when Shane hisses-

"Fuck-" Shane says again, grabbing at him, pulling him to his feet and kissing him, licking his way into Ilya's mouth.

It’s a little frantic, but the winner of the Hart Trophy can do with Ilya as he likes, and he lets Shane walk them across the penthouse to the bed, push Ilya onto the mattress, and straddle him.

Ilya loves him so much.

Shane bites at his jaw, taking Ilya’s hands and pushing them over his head, pinning them in place with one hand while he fumbles with Ilya’s trousers with his other. Ilya squirms, testing Shane’s grip, just to see what he’ll do-

Shane positively growls, kisses Ilya again.

“Wanna ride you into the mattress,” he pants into Ilya’s mouth, and Ilya grins.

End Notes

i'm also on Tumblr as @thestarsarewinning - feel free to come and say hi <3

i'd love to see what you think, leave me a comment?

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!