Heated Proximity

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Heated Proximity

by ashes0909

Summary

The Hollanov Effect isn’t about two people - it’s about what happens to everyone standing too close.

Notes

Writing the Centaurs is so fun. They are such a wonderful team! Also, a bit of wand waving for ages and years active on all players but also, Luca is forever young.

Thanks ferret for the beta!

Happy New Year *✶⋆.

See the end of the work for more notes

The bass dropped low, and it was late enough into the party that a few of Bood's teammates and their partners were dancing on his porch. They were in the middle of a three day home game stretch, and there was just enough downtime to relax, get together, and celebrate Luca's 21st birthday. Bood loved hosting his friends, loved it even more when it hit that part of the night where the stress of the last game, of the next game, of a winning or losing streak, didn't matter at all. The only thing on anyone's mind seemed to be enjoying one another's company, and Bood wouldn't have it any other way.

"The Rook needs another birthday drink!" Wyatt shouted from across the room.

Bood searched for their youngest teammate, finding him sat on the porch railing practicing his balance.

"Do you really think that's what he needs, Hazy?"

From the railing, Luca beamed. "Look how good my balance is! I'm fine." He elongated the *I* in the word before steadying himself enough to clap his hands. "And now it's legal. Legally get me a drink, Boodie Bear." Luca kicked his feet, joy coming off him in waves. "Please?"

And how was Bood to resist?

The porch supply had run dry, so Bood made his way inside to his kitchen. On the way he picked up some empty bottles, a few plates of half-discarded food, and he collected a towel someone had thrown over what looked to be a puddle of stale beer. All the signs of a good time. Bood whistled as he made his way into the kitchen, putting half his haul on the countertop before turning to the attached laundry room to toss the towel.

Bood stopped short.

Inside the laundry room, Rozanov had Hollander pushed up against his washing machine. Bood's mind flew through his memories of the party, when he'd last seen the two on the porch? It hadn't been that long ago, but apparently enough time had passed that the two had found a private enough place to get their hands on one another.

Neither had seen Bood, and he knew he should turn away, or say something, start chirping at them for not being able to keep it in their pants for long enough to make it through his party. But instead, he stood frozen, watching.

Roz may have had Hollzy pinned against the washing machine, but Hollzy's hands were in Roz's hair, pulling him closer and controlling the frantic kiss. It was only when Hollzy apparently needed to breathe, that he pulled back, but not far, his lips nipped and dragged along Roz's neck, pulling a gasped, "Shane,' from the man's lips.

"Ilya," Hollander replied from the other man's neck. His hands dropped from Roz's hair to his jeans, finding the back pockets and using the leverage to pull him even closer.

Bood knew he'd been watching for an amount of time that was probably toeing the line of impolite to freaky, but there was something about seeing his teammates like this - Hollander,

usually so put together, practically melted under Rozanov's touch. Roz, who commanded and charmed every room he was in, was instead whispering sweet murmurs against Hollzy's cheeks, brushing light kisses along his brow.

And without even understanding the change in intensity, soft morphed into hard and fast. Hollander turned greedy in a way Bood wondered if he'd ever forget, a tilted whine to his tone and a grappling to his touch that had Roz smirking, teasing. "You want me to get you off in the laundry room? Right here, while all our teammates are outside celebrating?" He didn't let Hollander answer, crashing their mouths together instead, biting at his lips, breaking apart only long enough to take Hollander's shirt off and squeeze at his pecs and--

Fuck. Bood should definitely leave. His cock should definitely not be twitching at the way Hollander absolutely whimpered in reply.

Bood gasped, just a small inhale of breath, but enough that Roz's eyes flew open. His hands were still grabbing and groping Hollander's chest, and Hollander was still completely undone, existing in a haze of Roz's creation. But Rozanov was looking right at Bood, and in that gaze flamed possession, heated by a fierce, territorial under layer Bood had never seen from the man.

Rozanov said absolutely nothing, as one hand left Hollander's body long enough to shut the door in Bood's face.

As if all the air had left the room, Bood stumbled back in shock, hip hitting his kitchen island. His mind supplied what had to be occurring on the other side of the door. The blatant, uncaring way Rozanov made it clear he was going to finish what they started. And, fuck, Bood may have always considered himself straight as an arrow, but even he had to admit to himself he found it hot as hell.

On autopilot, he grabbed a bottle and a mixer and returned to the porch. With every step, the images of the laundry room accompanied him, seared behind his eyelids with every blink.

"Whoa, Bood," Hazy greeted. "You look like you've seen a ghost."

Bood released a breath of air, barely managing to make it sound like a laugh. "Oh, you know, just the ghost of Christmas fucking."

"It's March," Hazy replied.

"I don't think Roz and Hollzy very much care."

Wyatt barked out a laugh. "Oh those two? Yeah. They'll melt December snow while making you question everything you ever thought about your own sexuality."

"Uh." Bood felt his cheeks flush, thankful for the dim light of the porch. "Right."

"Come on, buddy." Hazy put his arm over Bood's shoulder and gestured to the liquor in his hand. "Let me make *you* a drink and regale you with a story that left me as stunned as you currently are. And also, not gonna lie, half hard."

Bood groaned, lifting his hand to his face, before remembering he still held two bottles. Hazy laughed again, took the bottles from him, and gave him a moment to completely reassess everything he ever thought he ever knew about himself to the echoing sounds and sights of Hollzy's needy whines and Roz's talented hands.

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Wyatt loved that Roz had joined their team. It gave them a slim chance of being more than a complete joke to the entire league. But then Hollzy joined too and overnight they skyrocketed into a powerhouse team with Cup potential.

To say the team was flying high would be an understatement.

And it was only the first week of them all working together. Wyatt could practically skip into the locker room from happiness after practice, they were all clicking together so well. He threw his gear into his stall, the only one in the room since the rest of the team had finished practice early. It had just been him and the goalie coach for the last ten minutes or so, and Wyatt appreciated the extra time to discuss some new strategies during the penalty kill.

It wasn't until he was pulling off his cut-off undershirt and wiping the sweat from his chest with a towel that he heard a faint thumping noise. It almost sounded like someone had locked themselves in a room and was banging to get out, so Wyatt stood and concentrated on the source: the showers. But someone couldn't be locked in the showers, it was an open walkway from the locker room to the tiled showerheads.

Then he heard the moaning, and a soft gasp that was followed by a low chuckle.

Someone was not locked in anywhere, in fact it sounded like a couple people were exactly where they wanted to be.

Wyatt stopped short. Only two people in this entire league would be in this locker room making those sounds.

The low chuckle was cut off by a hissed whisper that sounded like, "You couldn't even--till we--home." Followed by a much louder, "But Shane you are wet and naked," like it was the only answer for anything that was happening in the locker room showers. "And, plus, we are alone. It is just like--"

But they weren't alone. Wyatt, late at practice and standing half naked in the locker room, was right here, listening. Wyatt was straight. He loved Lisa more than life itself. But when the moaning started again, a heat flushed through him and maybe, possibly, in a reality he'd refuse to acknowledge in the morning, he brought his hand down to adjust himself.

Then he let out a whispered curse, threw his clothes on over his damp, flushed, and unwashed body, before hightailing it out of the locker room.

Outside in the hallway, he turned corners blindly, unable to stop replaying the sounds his two teammates had made.
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Somehow, he found himself in the admin area of the arena, where the communications and management had their offices. He shook out his hands and leaned against a wall trying to remind himself that Hollander and Rozanov thought they were alone, and those sounds were not for Wyatt, even if they'd struck a match behind his cock.

"Hayes?" a soft voice interrupted him. He opened his eyes to see Harris, their social media coordinator, step out of his office with a concerned expression across his face. He was holding one of those coffee cups Barrett liked to bring him, but his focus was solely on Wyatt. "Are you all right?"

"Yes!" he replied too loudly. "Of course." Just have an existential *am-I-bi* crisis. All par for the course on a Tuesday afternoon. Hollander's whimpers echoed in his head. Fuck, he wanted to find Lisa and ask her about this. Possibly while he was deep inside her.

And he definitely shouldn't be having any of these thoughts in front of innocent social media coordinators.

"I just got turned around," Wyatt lied. "Is this near the parking lot?"

"Hayes… you've been on the team for multiple seasons."

"Right, yes, so. No. Not here. Bye!"

And then he hightailed it out of there faster than anyone could blame him for, if they had known what he'd heard, which they didn't, so that was good. At least his boner had gone away…until he thought all over again about Roz's deep chuckle. Where had his hands been..?

He pulled out his phone and called his wife. Time to share his existential crisis, because it certainly wasn't going anywhere.

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It was Friday night, and the Centaurs had just won against the Admirals. All was right in New York City, at least for Harris, his boyfriend, and the team. Troy's grin hadn't left his face, and it was a sight Harris would travel anytime into this loud, busy city to see.

At least there was the Kingfisher, a safe harbor amongst the chaos. They'd crowded into a round booth in the corner of the bar, and with both Kip and Kyle bartending, they were never empty handed or without chirping. It seems the two bartenders and partners of Admiral players weren't as pleased as the Cens were at the outcome of the game.

They were certainly more sober.

"I don't think I've seen him be that handsy before," Kip said, as he took Harris' empty cider glass out of his hand and replaced it with a new one, his gaze fixed on where Shane sat next to Ilya across the booth.

The two were talking in a low voice, so softly Harris couldn't hear, and it seemed like Shane had to practically drape himself over Ilya to pick up the words. Objectively, they looked
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gorgeous together, cheeks flushed from their beers and smiles loose due to, presumably, the same reason.

Kip left and the next second, Harris felt Troy's foot grazing against his ankle under the booth. That was all it took for his boyfriend to command all his attention.Troy's big hands wrapped around the stein as he brought it to his lips and it shouldn't be erotic, the way his mouth parted to sip his beer, but Harris was only human, and gay, and had eyes, so he found himself shifting in his seat.

Troy caught his gaze and smirked as he put down his glass. "See something you like?"

Harris scoffed, playfully swatting his shoulder, before glancing back around the booth. Ilya had his arm draped around Shane's shoulder, hand hung loosely over his pec. His fingers seemed to be distractedly playing with Shane's nipple while the other man's head rolled back on Ilya's arm, eyes drifting closed.

"You are drunk, moya lyubov," Harris heard Ilya whisper.

Seemingly rising to the challenge, Shane lifted his head and fixed Ilya with a glare, but Harris didn't miss how Shane puffed out his chest in a way that let Ilya's hand cup his pec, before pulling his husband closer to his side.

"I am not drunk," Shane pouted.

"Of course, kotenok."

"Don't call me that. You only call me that when you want to get your way."

"Ah, yes, perhaps. But right now 'my way' is leaving here to go back to our hotel room and…" the rest of the sentence ended as a whisper in Shane's ear but it was enough for pink to cross Shane's cheeks before he tossed back the rest of his beer.

"We'll see you guys tomorrow," Shane said, pushing his husband out of the booth. Ilya laughed and pretended to topple away, catching himself to a stand and finishing his own beer.

"Goodnight, gentleman." Shane had already grabbed his hand and pulled him towards the exit.

"That's a side of them you never really see often," Troy observed, his foot dragging up from Harris' ankle towards his calf. "Hollzy is always so serious in practice. I guess a win and some beer will do that to you."

"Well, that and Ilya Rozanov," Harris added.

Troy's hand landed on Harris' thigh as he hummed in agreement. "It was kind of hot to watch."

Harris' focus had shifted mostly away from the two men walking towards the exit, now fixed on what his own boyfriend's hand was doing to his inner thigh.

“To see them losing composure like that. See the way they…” Troy’s hand ventured further up Harris’ leg and his body reacted eagerly, legs spreading open for the touch “See how much they want each other,” Troy finished with the side of his pinky brushing lightly over Harris’ rapidly hardening cock. “It kind of makes me want to fall onto my knees under this booth and suck you in the corner of this bar.”

Harris gasped. “‘Troy!” he hissed between clenched teeth. This was a side of Troy he hadn’t seen often either, the side that casually mentioned he found other members of the league hot, the kind that discovered he wanted Harris and did everything he could to put them in each other’s proximity. The kind that Harris needed right then, in that moment. “If you don’t stop touching me like that and saying such filthy things, we won’t make it further than the bar’s bathroom.”

Troy’s eyebrow rose. “Is that a challenge?” Troy leaned in.

“We’re not fucking in the bathroom of the Kingfisher.” Harris yelped as Troy’s arms came around him and pulled him onto his lap. “But we will sit here and finish our beers while you squirm on my lap and tell me what else you’ve liked to see recently.”

Harris shifted in Troy’s lap until he could hold Troy’s gaze. “With you acting this way, I’d guess you were more than a little affected by those two and their tit grabbing.”

Troy chuckled, pulling Harris firmly against his chest, allowing him to feel just how affected he was. “Finish that beer and let's get out of here.”

Harris put down his full beer on the table and squirmed a bit on his boyfriend’s lap before sliding out of the booth. “Screw the beer, I want you.”

Troy beamed and the sight momentarily stunned Harris. His boyfriend was absolutely, without a doubt, the sexiest thing he’s seen all night.

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They’d done it. This ragtag group of boys had found the right pieces and together they created a team that finally brought them here: Champagne raining down the locker room, cheers maddeningly loud, the Cup passing hands, as everyone celebrated.

“We did it, Coach!” Luca screamed into his ear and Coach Wiebe couldn’t even bring himself to wince at the eardrum shattering sound, just pulled the kid under his arm and rubbed at his hair before releasing him to go jump up and down with Nick and Hazy.

It’d only been a season since Hollander had joined the team, but something had been brewing since Rozanov had signed. The man had the keen ability to create a community of those around him, to make people feel like they were part of something special.

Across the locker room, Rozanov had Hollander pinned to the side of his locker, making out with him unabashedly. Some of their teammates chirped them, Hazy even slapped Roz’s arm, and Troy let out a whistle, but it was like the rest of the world didn’t exist for the two of
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them. Then, Troy spotted Harris and pulled him into a kiss, and everyone cheered for them too.

There was something beautiful here, something much more important than Stanley Cups or a burgeoning legacy, and it didn't have to do with the fact that Rozanov and Hollander were rivals turned lovers, or that they were now laughing through their kiss, as someone threw a cooler of ice over them, or that Troy had taken off his jersey and thrown it over Harris, or that Roz seemed to have seen Troy and was struggling to do the same to Hollander despite being completely drenched.

There was an atmosphere in the locker room, a freedom and impulse to accept and be accepted. A team. Their team, the Ottawa Centaurs.

Coach Wiebe had heard the talk around the league, how the Cens were the "gayest team in the NHL", and maybe it was true, but more than that, there was a gaiety here he wouldn't trade for the world, and he knew it was what made them special.

Across the room, Hollzy, clad in Roz's soppng jersey, pulled the man into his lap and together they held the Cup, frantically kissing each other, as their entire time erupted into even more cheers.

End Notes

Thank you so much for reading! Wishing you a wonderful 2026 <3

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