

naked, dressed in my pride

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by [hedgerose](#)

Summary

He's in the middle of untying his skates when the visitor's locker room attendant comes in. Shane's used to it, the attendant coming in and calling out whoever'd been chosen for the winner's room. He's also used to ignoring it, because rookies aren't eligible to be chosen, not really, or to go to the room at all. Shane's certainly never been offered a pick, even when he'd scored the game-winner. Not that he would go, even if he had been offered the winner's room. So it takes him a minute to realize that the room's gone quiet around him, and that Drapeau, only halfway out of his pads, is standing up near the doorway.

"No," Drapeau is saying. "Hollander's a rookie. Off-limits."

Notes

Thank you to [idoltina](#) for the beta!

Timeline-wise, this is between the beginning of Ilya and Shane's rookie season and the all-star game.

Title is from "Little Giant" by Roo Panes.

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

Shane's tired.

It's the middle of the season and they're pushing *hard* for a playoff spot. Montreal's in the middle of their division, riding the bubble between a wild-card place and not making the playoffs. He'd blocked one of Marlow's shots halfway through the second and knew he had an ugly bruise coming up under his pads.

The game had gone to overtime, with fucking *Rozanov* scoring just a minute into OT. Shane hadn't even been on the ice— he'd been watching from the bench while Rozanov streaked out ahead of every Montreal player on the rink and lofted the puck over Drapeau's shoulder. He'd smirked at Shane on his way to fistbump Boston's bench.

At least they got a point out of it, even if all Shane has to show for the night is an assist on Montreal's first goal and a deep purple ache on his right thigh.

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"No," Drapeau is saying. "Hollander's a rookie. Off-limits."

The attendant shrugs. "I'm just passing on the request. You can send a forfeit."

A forfeit means someone else will go in Shane's place. He swallows, mouth dry and face blazing hot.

The thing is: Shane's a leader. He *is*, even here in a room where he doesn't wear a letter and his jerseys almost still smell new. (Almost. Well, relative to how hockey jerseys usually smell.) He knows what it would mean, to ask someone else to go get fucked in his place. The rest of his team— the winner's room isn't a huge deal, most of the time. It's a place where they go and get off with other vets, where they burn off steam from a win or a loss and get something out of it.

The thing is: Shane also knows himself. Sure, he's a leader in the room. He's a playmaker on the ice. In bed? In bed, he follows. And that's— that's surviveable, for the winner's room. No one really talks about what happens in the room. Everyone knows, so no one says. It's okay. He can survive this. He can— "Who— who is it?"

"Doesn't matter," Drapeau says without looking back at Shane. He's still staring at the attendant. "I'll be the forfeit."

There's an even deeper hush around the room, because rookies are off-limits out of tradition, but goalies? Goalies are *only* sent to the room as winners or forfeits, especially after a loss.

It'd be in the CBA, if the winner's rooms were in the CBA.

Shane swallows, licks his lips. His mouth is still so dry. "Come on, Patrice," he says. "I'll— I can go. It's fine."

Drapeau finally turns to look at him. "C'est pas permis," he says. Shane shrugs.

"It has to happen sometime, ouais?" He looks back at the attendant, who's starting to look annoyed. "Who made the request?" he asks again.

"Rozanov," the attendant says. "So, who's coming?"

Shane feels a wash of relief through his chest, followed by a clench of dread just on its heels. It's— okay. Okay.

"Fuck— *ostie*," Drapeau swears. "Give us a minute, will you?" he says to the attendant, who shrugs again and steps out.

Patrice Drapeau isn't the captain, but Laurey's already in the showers, so he's the one who takes charge of the room. He motions for everyone else to go back to what they'd been doing, and he clomps over to Shane, sits down heavily next to him. "T'es sûr?" he asks. Shane just nods; he can't trust himself to speak.

I've already had sex with him once, he thinks, half-hysterically. He doesn't think about Rosanov's skin, or the way he looks when Shane's got his mouth on him. He bites the inside of his lip, comes up with a good reason. "He's a rookie too, yeah? Maybe he just doesn't want one of you old fucks."

That, at least, gets a huff of laughter out of Drapeau, who's nearly 30. "That's what we're supposed to be for," he points out. "Easing you young things into the game."

"I'm eased," Shane responds. "It's February, it's fine. I'm— I'd have to do this next season, anyway. Maybe Rozanov's doing me a favor."

Drapeau shakes his head. "Y a des raisons," he protests. "October's soon enough."

Shane bends back over so that Drapeau can't see his face. This is— god, this is awful. He finishes unlacing his skates so he has something to do with his hands. He has to get undressed anyway, and his underarmor is starting to stick unpleasantly to his chest. "Merci," he says to Drapeau. "Thanks. But I— I can't let you do this for me. I'll go."

"Fine," Drapeau says. "But I'll wait for you. I don't want you going home alone."

"Okay," Shane responds. "I— okay." His skates are undone, so he starts in on his sock tape. He swallows. "Can you tell the attendant I'll be a few minutes?" He knows he could do it himself, but he needs a minute where he can just— zone out on his routine, the way he always undresses after a game. Drapeau gives him a clap on the shoulder, ruffles his sweaty hair, and strides back across the room.

* * *

When he's ready, Shane walks down the hallway to the winner's room. He's wearing a t-shirt and joggers, and he's still in his slides from the shower. It's not the most alluring outfit, but he's got a routine. This— the winner's room, Rozanov— this is breaking up his routine, and as excited as he might be about what might happen, there's anxiety building up in the back of his skull. It'd started as soon as the locker room had quieted, dampened a little when he'd been talking with Patrice, and now it's building back towards a roar.

The door to the winner's room is plain white, no window or lock. He knocks anyway, and isn't surprised when Rozanov calls for him to come in.

Shane opens the door and slips inside like it's a hotel hallway and he can pretend that this is all still a secret, not like he's at his home arena and his entire team knows that he's here to get fucked. He kicks off his shoes and stands there in his bare feet. Rozanov is lying on his stomach on the bed, messing around with his phone. He looks up at Shane and smirks. "I thought you might chicken out," he says, like he had the first time.

"I told you," Shane says, "I'm not a chicken."

That gets Rozanov to laugh, and he sits up, puts his phone in the pocket of his sweats. "Come here," he says. Shane's face feels like it's on fire, and he walks woodenly over to the bed. It's a— fuck, it's a normal queen bed, with cotton sheets and a nightstand and a few pillows. Everything should feel normal, but Shane just— this is off his timeline. Right now he should be eating or out with the team or at home or *anywhere fucking else* than in the winner's room in the bowels of the arena.

What is Rozanov going to want from him? He can ask for anything, and Shane shouldn't— can't— say no. Not here, not now. What if he wants to fuck? What if he wants— god, what if he wants something that Shane's never heard of, never thought of? Weirdly, the thought is as calming as it is terrifying: Rozanov can ask for anything, and Shane can't say no. Everything's on his terms, not Shane's. Even with the knowledge that he doesn't have to make any decisions, the anxiety builds again, and Shane stands there, waiting—

"Hey. Hollander. You okay, here?" Rozanov is sitting, still and patient on the bed.

Shane nods, swallows. "Yeah. Yeah, uh. This is fine. It's good."

At that, Rozanov takes his hand, pulls him in close, so that Shane is standing between his legs. The roar in his head quiets down. "I think I want you like last time," he says. "On your knees."

Shane breathes out. He knows this. He can do this. He even— god, he wants this. He folds.

"Fuck, Hollander," Rozanov breathes out above him. Shane buries his face in the vee of Rozanov's legs, breathing in the clean-shower smell of him, the traces of Rozanov's deeper scent clinging to his sweats. He can feel Rozanov's dick start to harden against his cheek through the fabric, and he moans.

"You go down so easy for me," Rozanov says. He buries a hand in Shane's hair, tugging a little. Shane breathes, and breathes, and breathes. "You know what to do."

Shane runs his hands up Rozanov's legs, tugs his sweats down past his knees (no underwear, of course). Rozanov's marked up like he is, bruises and abrasions in various stages of healing all over his body. It's comforting, somehow, that Rozanov's body looks like his. It's—

And there's his dick. God, he's *huge*, or at least he looks huge from where Shane is kneeling, just inches from Rozanov and ready to beg for it. Shane opens his mouth, leans forward, and— he looks up at Rozanov, who's still got one hand in his hair. He can't quite focus, his eyes jumping from the tumble of Rozanov's curls to the way the light bounces off his necklace to his adam's apple. Rozanov must notice his anxiety, because he tugs at Shane's hair until he can meet his eyes. Rozanov looks back at him steadily. "Go ahead," he says. "Suck my cock."

It's too much to look at Rozanov while he does this— too close, too personal. Shane looks back down, takes Rozanov in, stays careful of his teeth and god, god, this is what he's been missing. Rozanov's dick fills his mouth and his senses, and Shane lets himself relax into it, lets everything else fall away. He goes down, and down, and Rozaov's almost in his fucking throat but it's good, it's so good. He can feel himself getting hard in his pants and brings his hands up to clutch at Rozanov's legs instead of touching himself. Rozanov hisses when Shane inadvertently pushes against a bruise, and Shane pulls off, kisses his dick in apology. "Fuck, Hollander," Rozanov says again.

He cups the back of Shane's head and scoots himself back on the bed. "Come, come," he says, and Shane starts to move. "No, wait—" Rozanov interrupts himself. "Take your clothes off, I want to see you."

Shane strips quickly, pulling off his shirt and pants. It's Rozanov's turn to hiss, this time, and Shane follows his gaze to the big bruise on his thigh. Shane finishes folding his clothes and does his best to shrug. "I blocked that shot in the second," he reminds Rozanov.

"Mm," Rozanov says, and he grins, looks Shane up and down. "And I still won."

"Fuck you," Shane responds. It's automatic, because seriously, *fuck* Rozanov.

Rozanov laughs again, a little quieter this time. "Come here," he says, and beckons Shane up onto the bed with him. It's a queen, so it's a little tight for the two of them, but Shane drapes himself over Rozanov and it works. His hard dick brushes against Rozanov's, and he groans. "Oh *fuck*," he groans, and starts to move his hips because this is— this is— they're back to speeding, running towards the inevitable, and maybe it's because they're both fucking teenagers that this is so good, but—

Rozanov's hands come up to his face and he's kissing Shane hard, moving his own hips and panting against Shane's mouth. "Fuck fuck fuck," he says, stilling. Shane can feel that Rozanov's still hard, that rutting against each other hadn't been enough to make him come. "Down," Rozanov orders, and he pushes at Shane's shoulder.

Shane goes, slides down the bed until he's at eye level with Rozanov's dick again, and doesn't even pretend he doesn't want it: he dives back in, one hand on Rozanov's thigh, one coming up to cradle his balls, and his mouth open.

He moves up and down and sucks, listening to Rozanov's pattering of Russian above him. He loves this, he loves this, loves the feel and the smell and the way Rozanov's dick jumps in his mouth when he groans. He knows he's still hard but it's like it doesn't matter. While he's down here, while he's doing this, all that matters is Rozanov. His hand is back in Shane's hair and he's not pushing or holding, just flexing his hand open and shut, tugging at Shane's roots. It's good, it's so good, it's—

Rozanov taps at his shoulder and Shane can hear him warning that he's about to come and he doesn't care; he keeps his mouth right where it is and when Rozanov's dick jumps and pulses he swallows everything he can. He lets Rozanov's softened dick slip out of his mouth but stays down, presses kisses to every part of Rozanov he can feel without moving. Eventually Rozanov tugs at his hair again and Shane lets himself be manhandled up the bed until Rozanov's curled around him like a parenthesis. He runs his hands over Shane's pecs and down his stomach and oh, Shane is still hard.

He can feel Rozanov smile against his shoulder. "I should send you back like this?" he says, and there's enough of a smile in his voice that Shane can tell he's joking.

"Fuck you, Rozanov, please—"

Rozanov takes Shane's dick in his hand, smearing his pre-come all over and twisting his fist a little at the tip. It's not what Shane does when he jerks off but it works, especially since Rozanov's worrying at Shane's shoulders with his teeth. Shane pumps his hips back and forth into Rozanov's hand until he comes all over his own stomach, gasping and exhausted. It's been a long day.

He expects Rozanov to be done. To make him leave. But they have the room for the night, he supposes, and it turns out the mattress is comfortable enough. So when Rozanov curls up around him again, he doesn't resist. He lets Rozanov keep him warm, lets himself drift a little. Just a little, though, because he knows that he's not the last Metro in the building.

"I gotta— Patrice's waiting for me," he says eventually. "Drapeau."

"Mm," Rozanov murmurs against the back of his neck. "You have to go." His arms tighten around Shane for a moment, almost like he doesn't want to let go. He kisses Shane's nape, mouth open, and sucks against his skin for a moment. *He's leaving his own mark on me*, Shane thinks. He lies there until Rozanov's done, letting it happen, then pushes himself out of the bed.

Rozanov watches him while he dresses, sticks his shoes back on, runs a hand through his hair to at least attempt to make it look like there hasn't been someone else's hand in it all night. There's a look on his face that Shane can't place. It's warm and guarded at the same time, but he can't match an emotion to it.

"So, uh— next time," he says, instead of doing something ridiculous like asking Rozanov if he's okay.

"Yes, next time," Rozanov agrees. "Next time, I get winner's room again, and we—"

Shane laughs. "You wish," he says. "Next time is *my* fucking turn." He pushes himself out the door and back into the real world.

* * *

Shane feels fuzzy, and still a little warm. There's no more anxiety pounding at the base of his skull, just the warm spot that Rozanov had left. He's back in his slides, his joggers, his t-shirt, and he knows he's got a sweatshirt and better shoes back in his stall.

He doesn't know what kind of expression is on his face when he walks back into the locker room, but it must be good, because when Drapeau looks up from his phone his eyes go soft. "You doing okay?" he asks.

Shane shrugs. "Yeah," he says. "Yeah, it was— yeah."

Drapeau laughs quietly. "I'm glad, Hollsy. I was worried."

"I know," Shane says. "But he was— you know, like I said. He's a rookie, too, so—" He grabs his sweatshirt and sits down in his stall to put it on. "He's not as much of an asshole in the room as he is on the ice."

The sweatshirt's doing an okay job of keeping some of Rozanov's warmth in. Shane bends over and puts his real shoes on. He's so glad that the team has parking in the building, because he wants to keep some of the warmth with him and February in Montreal is not the time to do that outdoors. He stands, grabs his keys, his wallet, his phone, pulls a toque over his ears because— because.

Drapeau's been watching him quietly from his own stall, and stands when Shane does, crossing over to his side of the room. He takes Shane's face in his hands— almost like Rozanov had— and makes Shane look him in the eyes. He must see something that convinces him that Shane's really okay, though, because he drops his hands and grabs his own stuff to go.

Drapeau puts an arm around his shoulders. "Okay," he says. "We're going through a McDonalds— I *don't* want to hear it, you need carbs— and then I'm putting you to sleep in our guest bed."

Shane laughs, but it's mostly air. His routine's fucked up beyond recognition for tonight— there's no hope of getting it back— but maybe he can deal with it, at least this once. He can let himself have a few too many chicken nuggets and maybe even a Sprite. He can sleep the night in a bed that isn't his.

He can think about what might happen the next time they play Boston. If next time, *he* wins.

End Notes

The winner's room is a Thing in men's hockey rpf. I decided we should also have it here, for a treat. The CBA is the Collective Bargaining Agreement, which regulates the NHL's union.

The most frustrating part of writing this fic: skimming through the book trying to find all the named Montreal characters. There are literally *five* named Montreal players, including Shane, in the entire novel. That's not even enough to put a team on the ice. I went with Drapeau because goalies can get away with a lot. There isn't a named captain during Shane's rookie season, so Laurey is made up.

Research I did: Quebecois (I know some; I took French for a LONG time but I am not a native speaker), McDonalds menus in Canada (also making sure that there were 24 hour drive thrus in Montreal; there are today but I was not willing to research to see if they were there in 2010), average February temperature in Montreal.

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