

tumblng

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tumbling

by [SciroccoO \(SciroccoOrion\)](#)

Summary

We didn't even kiss

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The strangest part is he doesn't know *why* it bothers him so much. Everything that happened that night was hot as fuck. The way Rozanov's eyes roamed greedily over Shane's body as he touched himself had felt like a claiming, almost more than Rozanov filling him up as he pounded into Shane from behind.

Just thinking about the weight of Rozanov's gaze has Shane half hard on the airplane home. He goes through his meal plan for the next week in an effort to distract himself but thinking about food only leads to thinking about swallowing Rozanov's dick, Rozanov's hands clenched in his hair, and now his problem has grown, so to speak.

He drops his bags in his room and hits the shower fifty five seconds after he gets home, driven by a desperate need to exorcise the still-burning embers of lust that have lodged under his skin. He comes easily, the mess swirling down the drain as hot water sluices over him and he thinks maybe he could go again, except...

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Icemelt trickles down his spine, quenching the fire that's struggling to rekindle itself.

He's played the entire night forwards and backwards in his mind, and the only conclusion he comes to is that Rozanov is an asshole and that's all there is to it. He likes to fuck with Shane and he likes to fuck Shane. Just like he fucks with everyone. Just like he fucks anyone.

Shane turns off the shower and steps out but then just stands there, dripping onto the bathmat, like his brain is unable to remember what comes next. His eyes defocus and he doesn't know how much time has passed before they come back into focus, snagging on the naked image of himself in the mirror—crystal clear thanks to the heaters under the glass.

People tell him he's good looking and he has to believe them. When he was younger, his mother always told him he was a handsome boy, but all mothers say that. Then the sponsors kept talking about his "marketability" and wanting him to be their "face" and it hadn't taken him long to put two and two together—although arguably longer than it should have. Rozanov had even called him "pretty" one time and he'd been grateful for the pound of makeup on his face that hid his blush.

But he doesn't see it and he never has.

His eyes rake over his form and all he sees is a bundle of anxieties wrapped up in a body he's carefully honed for one thing only, and coping with the vagaries of Russian assholes isn't it.

He finally thinks to grab a towel and start drying himself off. He needs to eat and he needs to call his mom and then he needs to sleep. He really hopes he can sleep.

He wishes it was still the middle of the season. If he had a game to focus on, or even a string of games on the road, he could maybe shake this sick emptiness he feels inside. Instead all he has is summer training and being alone with his thoughts for weeks on end.

Which is why, when Hayden texts him at 6am and asks if he wants to go for a run, he accepts. They have a good rhythm together, developed over the past year of rooming together on the road. Hayden can be chatty, but he lets Shane set the pace so if he's not in the mood he can simply run fast enough that they have to save their breath.

He types out a meeting place and sends it. He's about to roll out of bed but hesitates, his thumb hovering over "Lily" three messages down.

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He lets out an aggrieved sound. What the hell is wrong with him? He just had the best sex of his life and here he is hung up on the one imperfect detail. Story of his life, really. Star hockey player, well on his way to being wealthy, reportedly good looking. There's only one blot on his otherwise perfect resume and it's the one thing he can't let go of, can't erase from existence. All he can do is hope everything else crowds out the stain, overwrites it large enough that nobody notices.

He types out a message, every letter feeling like a 200lb deadlift.

Have a good summer!

There. What he should have written in the first place. He sends it before he can second guess himself and tosses his phone on the bed as he gets dressed to go see if he can outrun this weird pit that's opened in his gut.

He hears a buzz as he pulls his shirt over his head.

Don't have too much fun 😊

He huffs out a breath, something like a chuckle tinged with more relief than amusement.

He can't send that other text now without it being weird. It's over.

He laces up his shoes and is out the door five minutes later. He doesn't think about kissing Rozanov again for at least an hour.

see you soon ;)

It's the start of the season and they've only just posted the schedule in the locker room. He noted it too—third game at home against Boston.

He hasn't heard from Rozanov in almost two months, but that stupid little message with that stupid little winky face makes him happier than it has any right to. Because maybe he spent the summer wondering if there would be another six months of radio silence. Maybe he spent

it worried he wouldn't have a chance at a do-over. That in that dirty fucking bathroom was the last time he would ever get to be kissed like that.

He spends the next two weeks putting together a plan. They need to talk this time, to set some boundaries. Rozanov can't just be an asshole and get away with it all the time. So one, no more sexting before games. Two, no more fucking without a kiss goodbye.

Shane starts a list and stares at it but those are the only two things he can think of. He's sure there are other ways Rozanov needles him that he should tell him to stop, but he can't think of any right now. When he tries to conjure memories of Rozanov being a dick all he can recall is the way his hand feels squeezing Shane's shoulder, pushing him to his knees. The way his lips curl when Shane tells him to fuck off and the way his tongue hooks behind Shane's teeth, making sure he can't pull away.

He realizes he's been staring at his inadequate list for half an hour and his cock is painfully hard so he goes to take a shower.

Rozanov is gleefully brutal during the game, slamming Shane into the boards, shouldering past him at every opportunity. It leaves him feeling bruised and giddy, and he almost doesn't want to leave the ice.

But the horn blares and he has no choice but to go through the motions of the post-game locker room routine with the other guys, his mouth on autopilot when anyone seems to be addressing him, trying to remember to smile.

He showers at home, and then waits, pacing up and down the stairs until Rozanov texts.

here

Shane leads him up the stairs, ignoring the itch between his shoulder blades where he can feel Rozanov's stare and the twitch in his joggers where his dick wants him to know that it's not at all unhappy about the situation.

Rozanov, surprisingly, stays silent for the climb and that has Shane a little worried. Maybe he senses it too, the hollowness of their last time together. Maybe he wants to talk about things. Or what if he doesn't? What if he's relieved not to have to do anything more? What if that's what he expects every time now?

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Shane can feel himself starting to spiral and shakes his head, his still-damp fringe swinging side to side. He clings to his two-point plan like a stubborn terrier, jaw clenching hard enough to bruise as he lets them both into his condo.

"Drink?" he asks, prying his teeth apart.

"After," Rozanov says.

“We should probably talk...” Shane turns, going through the preplanned script in his head one last time.

But Rozanov is suddenly right behind him. He presses close, hands on Shane’s hips, the heat of his body radiating through his shirt.

“After,” he murmurs.

And then he’s kissing Shane and the plan, the script, the list that never made it past two feeble complaints are all tossed out the door and down the steps to shatter on the concrete four floors below, leaving Shane’s brain empty of everything but the feel of Rozanov’s mouth on his.

By the time Rozanov has him face down on his own sofa, railing into him from behind, Shane has no memory of anything that has come before or expectations for what will come after.

He smiles into the cushion and his lips are swollen and maybe a little bruised, and he couldn’t be happier.

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