

i'm glad you came

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76301851) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76301851>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	POV Shane Hollander , Rivals With Benefits , Car Sex , Semi-Public Sex , Frottage , Wet & Messy , Pining , but only people that are aware of that are you and me , Angst , naturally
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-24 Words: 8,024 Chapters: 1/1

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by [deadlittlehearts](#)

Summary

Rozanov shows up at a Voyageurs party.

Shane is *not* happy.

Notes

thank you hollanov for smashing my writers block into pieces. i love u guys.

the timeframe is nebulous. all i know is it's before the tuna melt scene but after the olympics

unbeta'd so just ignore any mistakes

enjoy! xoxo

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

It's New Year's Eve, two hours remain before the clock strikes midnight, and Shane's still nursing the same lukewarm beer someone shoved into his hand when he first arrived.

This isn't exactly how he'd envisioned spending his night—staring daggers at Ilya Rozanov from across the crowded room. No, Shane had a different plan. Dinner with his parents, review a game tape, ring in the new year and head to bed—pretty much the same thing he always does when this time rolls around.

Then, about a week ago, Hayden cornered him in their locker room, painting a rather vivid picture about some party one of the guys was throwing.

“C'mon, man. Jackie's bringing her buffalo chicken dip,” said Hayden, wiggling his eyebrows, like that would somehow make it enticing to Shane. “Koch really knows how to throw a rager. It'll be fun. I don't want you to miss out.”

Shane really likes his teammates. He'd even consider some of them his friends. And as they stared at him with big, hopeful eyes, he just didn't have it in him to decline.

His first mistake of many, he'd soon realize.

The party itself is fine, he supposes, nothing spectacular. It's loud—a tad more chaotic than when he first got here, 9 PM sharp—the alcohol taking its toll on the people around him, and if you asked Shane, the music is intolerable.

There are more bodies here than he'd anticipated, faces that don't ring a bell, and that usually makes him nervous. Most of his team is present, save for the few that decided to spend time with their kids, but he is shocked to see players from different teams here. Guys from Toronto, Ottawa, New York. Shane doesn't know if that's a normal thing to do, travel across province lines—country borders, technically—for a party. He probably wouldn't.

Looking around, though, he's not entirely sure if this can be classified as a *rager*, or what those classifications necessarily even are. Perhaps it's subjective. Either way, everyone seems to be having a good time.

Everyone except Shane, that is, and the reason is no mystery.

He notices him right away, the exact second he enters the threshold. Of course he does, a moth to a flame, an invisible wire tied tautly to his presence. The air shifts, like the dense pressure that precedes a thick storm, a wild current that causes the tiny hairs on the back of his neck to stand.

He loathes this odd connection they've carelessly cultivated. He wants to cut that line at its ugly root, free himself once and for all from this hold. He wants to look away; foolishly, he wants Rozanov to look at him.

That possibility alone, that Rozanov's gaze could very well veer his way, has his heart thumping against his sternum, like it's trying to galvanize bone, which—is pathetic, really. The guy hasn't reached out for the past few months; he's barely even paid any attention to

him the last couple of times Montréal played Boston—not even a single remark, jab, insult—nothing.

By now, Shane knows better than to reach out first, but that doesn't stop him from constantly checking his stupid phone, hoping to see a notification. (How to stop feeling so crushed when he doesn't, though, he's yet to figure out.)

Shane doesn't miss him. He doesn't. That would be absurd. If anything, he misses their routine. He's unsettled. A creature of habit, he craves some semblance of structure. They're not anything. But they're not nothing, either. When Rozanov quits them cold turkey, it leaves ample room for Shane to unravel at the seams, overthinking to the point of anguish.

Weeks upon weeks of radio silence and unprecedented sexual frustration culminates into this: Shane, teeth clenched, brows furrowed as he glares at Rozanov, floating around the room with poise. Like a freaking superstar, greeting people with an easy grin, his white teeth sparkling.

Seemingly happy. Unlike Shane, who is sort of miserable and definitely pissed off.

But it's a good thing, the anger that's festering under his skin, threatening to kill every cell in his body. Useful.

Thankfully, it's not difficult to tap into that emotion. The list of things Shane finds infuriating about him is an exhaustive one, a monster that tends to grow with each exchange they share. A treasure trove.

He's arrogant. Too laid-back for his own good. Smokes like a chimney. Wears way too much cologne. Believes he's the funniest person to ever grace this Earth. *Always* knows exactly what to say to rile him up, like he can see past all the layers of skin and flesh and bone, down to the frayed parts of him even Shane isn't all that familiar with. His smile sometimes makes Shane's stomach flip like a fish out of water. Mind-numbingly good at hockey, and will probably go down as one of the greats. Intelligent. Sort of charming. Shockingly attentive when he wants to be. Kisses him like it's his sole purpose in life—touches him like he might die if he doesn't.

And of course, this: Rozanov's presence wielding the space, basically impossible to ignore, like the world spares a precious moment, drops down to its knees just to worship him.

With all that fuel, Shane could be angry for the rest of his life.

Through all of his pointed leering, Rozanov still hasn't looked at him, hasn't even turned his nose in his general vicinity. Like he's not even worth a measly glimpse, a mere acknowledgement.

Shane brings his solo cup to his mouth for a sip, to circumvent the hint of growing despair from his tongue, and tries his best not to grimace at the acrid taste that assaults his tastebuds instead. Oh, great, this beer sucks. Just like everything else.

Rozanov is leaning against the pool table now, chatting away with the baby-faced goalie from the Centaurs. He uses his large hands to gesture wildly, always so animated and full of life when he speaks. It's annoyingly mesmerizing. A corner of Shane's mouth perks up without his permission before he forces it back down, internally reprimanding himself. *Get it together, man.*

God, he's actively ruining Shane's night, and it begs the question: why is Rozanov even here? In Montréal. Tonight. At this specific party. With many people in attendance who can barely tolerate him on a good day. Shane didn't notice any of the other Bears here, so it's weird, and it doesn't sit well with him.

Then a dangerous thought worms its way into the forefront of his mind: maybe he came to see Shane. With haste, he swats it away. It's unfounded, completely illogical. Naive.

So why does Shane desperately want that to be the case?

With great effort, he schools his expression and lightly nudges Hayden with his elbow. "Who invited him?"

"Huh?" Hayden lifts his chin to catch Shane's line of view. "Oh, Rozanov? I dunno. The dick probably heard about it from some of the guys from New York," he replies, shrugging. Shane supposes that makes sense. Boston did play against New York recently. "I mean, it wasn't exactly a secret."

Shane nods curtly, like he couldn't give less of a fuck, the picture definition of indifference. "No," he mumbles. "I guess it wasn't."

Hayden chuckles. "Should J.J and I kick him out? Maybe rough him up a bit on the way out?"

Shane blinks. It's a joke, he thinks. He's about 90% sure. And maybe there's a tiny part of him that wouldn't mind witnessing that. Still, he says, "Nah," shaking his head. "I'm not worried about him."

He absolutely refuses to dissect the obvious nature of that lie, seeing as he's still fucking staring—has been since Rozanov strolled in on those long legs. Risky, he's aware, surrounded by their peers, and it's not like he's being particularly subtle. It's driving him up the wall. Shane doesn't do stuff like this.

He wonders when he became this kind of person; at which point in time did his guard slip, completely surrendering himself to someone else. Unbidden. Or perhaps it was gradual. Slow and covert—so much so, he couldn't see it coming until he was already drowning in the depths of it.

Some days, he doesn't even feel like a human being—just a wide chasm of desire, greedy and voracious, stretching far enough it might swallow up everything that's precious to him, everything he keeps close to his chest.

Those days, he thinks, are the worst of the bunch. He thinks today might be one of those days.

The anger in his body only seems to expand within the span of a few minutes, and he still can't take his eyes off the asshole. It certainly doesn't help that he looks *good*. Really fucking good, bordering on ridiculous, almost effortless, only serving to piss Shane off even more, his emotions stewing in a heady concoction of the aforementioned anger, irritation—and lust. Always lust.

There's something else present, too. Has been recently. Sharp-edged, lurking under all the recognizable feelings, shifting in the dark cavities of his brain. But, as per usual, he ignores it; what he doesn't know can't kill him.

The dim glow of the house favours Rozanov greatly, no surprise there, adhering to his skin like moonlight. He's wearing a brown leather jacket, crisp black v-neck paired with tight black jeans—hugging him in all the right corners; his hair is a little longer than the last time Shane saw him, shiny curls messily combed back, framing that aggravatingly perfect face, freshly shaven; the subtle golden glimmer of the chain he always dons.

Rozanov licks his bottom lip, and unwittingly, Shane imitates the movement.

Naturally, that causes several alarms to blare in his head. Panicked, he finally tears his eyes away, pays no heed to the sorrowful twinge between his ribs, and angles his body so he isn't tempted—out of sight, out of mind.

That brilliant plan lasts about ten solid minutes.

Over the blasting music, Rozanov laughs jovially, and like a siren's call, Shane is helpless not to crash into a jagged rock. A sweet sound that completely eviscerates his insides. He swivels around just in the nick of time to witness Rozanov throw his head back, exposing the long line of his neck. Predictably, his so-called resolve collapses in on itself like a frail house of cards. He's right back at square one.

And it's evident, now more than ever, that his mind is a filthy traitor. All it cares to do is think about Rozanov, even if it's to his own detriment; cruelly remind him of the last time he pressed his mouth to that very spot, an endless feedback loop, a broken record, dwelling on his most salacious recollections. Like how good it felt to press their bodies together, as if they were moulded for that reason; how his eager tongue mapping the underside of his jaw, sweltering heat and exploratory hands, teeth lightly grazing sticky skin, muffled moans, sinking lower and lower until his swollen lips were wrapped around—

“—right, Shane?”

Sound rushes into his ears, a startling crescendo of music and voices. He whips back towards his friends, violently yanked from his dirty memory and thrust back into his feeble, overheating body.

He's embarrassed, caught with his hand stuck in the cookie jar, like he's committed some incorrigible act. He bets his cheeks are just as pink as Rozanov likes to constantly remind

him they get, his freckles a constellation plastered across his face. Is it obvious? It's written all over him, isn't it? Probably exuding out of him in mortifying waves.

The grip on his cup is so strong, the plastic creases between his fingers. It's almost laughable, the adrenaline coursing through his veins, the way his knees sort of wobble.

They were just talking about—something, he thinks. Hockey, maybe, that would make the most sense. Or women. Shane honestly doesn't have a clue. Everyone's staring at him, though, expectant. He unsticks his tongue from the roof of his exceptionally dry mouth.

"Uh, right. Sure. Definitely," he chokes out, hoping that's the correct response.

It seems to be; the group laughs, and so does Shane, nervous and airy. He adjusts the collar of his shirt. Jesus. He doesn't recall it being this prickly and uncomfortable when he slipped the damn thing on earlier. And he's even hotter than he was a minute ago, like he's slowly being roasted over an open fire. Is someone messing with the thermostat?

Hayden discreetly bumps his elbow into Shane's, his mouth pressed into a frown. "You alright, buddy? Something on your mind?"

"No," Shane replies immediately, a little louder than he might have preferred. His outburst causes some guys to look over in concern. He waves them off.

Hayden blinks at him. Shane recalibrates, tries again, in a calmer, much more controlled tone this time—like he's normal. "No, no. Nothing on my mind. I'm good. I swear."

To prove he's fine, he flashes him a disarming smile; half-hearted, but it's the best he's got. If the frown deepening on his friend's face is any hint, it fails by a mile.

A palm lands firmly on his shoulder. "Look," Hayden starts, sighing. Oh boy, Shane thinks. Here comes the ol' Pike pep talk. He's been on the receiving end of these things too many times to count over the years. He grits his teeth.

"I know you didn't wanna come out tonight, but I'm really glad you did. So is the team. Like really glad. We've had an awesome year. You're allowed to celebrate, man," he says, sincere. "Let loose."

It's nice. Unnecessary—but nice all the same. Shane nods slowly, as if he's digesting the words, really letting them resonate. "Yeah, man. You're, uh, totally right."

Hayden grins, unaware of the actual cause of the storm brewing in Shane's psyche.

He's still on edge, his nerves worn thin. He needs a moment, so he sets his drink down, excuses himself to the washroom, slipping past the horde of bodies, the bouts of laughter and enthusiastic chatter. When he's in there, leaning against the door, he glimpses at himself in the mirror, and he looks—fine. Better than he thought he would. A little flushed, but normal. And yet, he feels like he's free-falling into the Earth's core, untethered.

He expels a quick puff of air, rolls his shoulders—a reset—and checks his watch. It reads 10:37. "Ugh," he mutters. Midnight isn't too far off, but that stretch of time seems arduous.

He'd go home if it weren't so incredibly rude.

When he makes his way back to the common area, everyone has dispersed into smaller groups. He catches sight of Hayden and J.J conversing with Koch and Taylor in the corner first, deciding to join them. Though, before he can, something stops him in his tracks. The atmosphere is...different, like the cramped living room is suddenly wider, lighter, more breathable than there was five minutes ago. Shane feels relaxed, oddly enough—which, of course, lasts for about a few seconds.

With a rapidly rising sense of dread, he surveys the area for a sign of the man he's been mentally cursing out for the better part of an hour, and can't find him. He rakes through the masses again and again, his head pounding, the room tilting on its axis.

Rozanov is—gone, and ironically enough, that aggravates Shane even further, somehow worse than him having the gall to show up here in the first place. What was the point, then? Shane's downward spiral, his creepy ogling, the heap of emotions he's still reeling from—if Rozanov isn't even here, to be upset at, to blame for how complicated everything has become.

He can't even ask anyone if they know where he went.

Shane doesn't freak out. That's not a thing he's prone to do. That would be strange. He's calm, cool, collected. He doesn't even care. Rozanov probably went for a smoke, the idiot can't go an hour without sucking on one of those death sticks.

Yeah, that's probably it. He recognizes that there's a good chance he might return. Even as he grabs his coat and slips on his shoes before anyone can spot him, and heads outside.

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Late December in Montréal translates into plummeting temperatures, the kind of invasive cold you feel with each breath you take, unrelenting as it nips at your skin; in his case, his warm and slightly damp skin. Shane sort of prefers it to the oppressive air inside.

He doesn't have an idea what he's doing, banking on a hunch. For all he knows, Rozanov could be long gone, back to his hotel room or whatever. For all he knows, this could all just be a tremendous waste of time. "I'm such a fucking idiot," Shane mutters to himself.

Rozanov isn't anywhere to be found near the entrance of the house. Shane looks around. Koch lives in a fairly pleasant neighbourhood, a cul-de-sac surrounded by trees. The snow is fresh; it only started to stick when he'd gotten here. His eyes shift to the ground, tracking the dozens of shoe prints in the snow, attempting to decipher which could belong to Rozanov. There's only one set that leads past the semicircle of houses, down a dark path into a secluded area. Taking a chance, he follows it. He figures, what's the worst that can happen?

As he walks, it's eerily still, quiet; his boots are the only sound he hears, crunching with each step he takes. Anticipation manifests itself physically with the way his stomach flutters, an uproar of conflicted feelings. Anxiety, maybe?

A couple of minutes later, he walks across a wooden bridge that leads into a park. There's a picnic table completely covered in snow. Stupidly, he wants to run his un-gloved hands through it.

But then he hears a chuckle from behind him. Startled, he swivels his head towards it.

"You found me," Rozanov says—or, sort of mumbles, there's an unlit cigarette pressed between his pouty lips. Shane knew it.

It should be worrying, now that he's in front of Rozanov, how all the animosity Shane held so tight until this moment dissipates, wafts into the thin winter air, as if it never existed to begin with. All that remains is relief. It's a reckless phenomenon.

Almost in slow motion, the snow falls gracefully around him, those giant snowflakes that always look totally fake, encasing him in a sort of winter utopia, like one of those snow globes his dad likes to collect.

Rozanov looks better up close. That's not the least bit shocking. Shane studies him, like it's been years since he last saw him, rather than minutes; his greedy eyes darting all over the side of his face, drinking him in. He can't decide which part he wants to look at first.

He's pulled in a trance. It's not until Rozanov shifts his body, raises an eyebrow that Shane realizes he hasn't actually said anything yet.

He shoves his hands into his pockets, attributing the chill that runs down his spine to the weather. "Guess so," is all he has to say for himself, sheepish. Admittedly, he hadn't thought this far ahead.

Rozanov lights his cigarette, takes a long drag. He nods his head towards the path. "Having fun?"

Shane assumes he's referring to the party. "Oh, yeah. Tons. It's a great time," Shane replies.

Rozanov wrinkles his nose, a little pink at its tip from the cold, he presumes. "Not really," he says.

Shane huffs a laugh, ducking his head. "Okay, maybe not that great," he admits.

A silence envelops them, then; not uncomfortable, by any means. Kind of charged, but also needlessly fragile along the edges. Shane doesn't move a muscle, in fear of shattering the whole thing into pieces.

Rozanov finishes his cigarette, putting it out in the snow and shoving the butt in his pocket.

"So, are you leaving, then?" Shane asks, aiming for blasé, but it lands in the range of nervousness.

Rozanov smirks, all trouble, and something stirs awake in his lower belly, urgent and essential, a familiar excitement.

“Why? You are worried you will miss your show?”

“What the hell are you talking about, Rozanov?”

“You. Watching me all night. You think I wouldn’t notice?”

Fuck. Panic strikes his chest, sharp and unstable. He blanches, his brain scattering for an excuse, an out—something. “Oh, I don’t think it was *all* night—”

Rozanov waves him off before he can make a bigger fool of himself. Shane clamps his lips shut. “Shhh. Is okay,” he assures him, his voice low and husky. “I liked it.”

“You did?” Shane asks dumbly.

Rozanov doesn’t answer him. Instead, he leans in, and Shane forgets how to breathe. “Those pants,” he whispers, his nose slightly grazing the tip of his ear. “Make your ass look amazing.”

Shane peers down at them, chest trembling. They’re just regular slacks, run-of-the-mill, pressed and grey. He doesn’t even remember where he got them. Earlier tonight, his mom told him that jeans would have been a better choice. *More relaxed*, she had said. She’s usually spot on about these types of things.

He gulps, loud enough for both of them to hear. “Yeah?”

“Yes,” Rozanov says, sucking in a deep breath. On the exhale, he adds, “But I think they would look better on the floor.”

Shane rolls his eyes, despite the jolt of arousal that bullies its way into his crotch. “You’re ridiculous,” he says, breathless.

“And you’re thinking about it.”

“I’m *not*.” He is, already sporting a half-chub in his pants—the pants that apparently do wonders for his ass.

This is precisely why Shane hates him. It’s not their rivalry, or how much of a dick he can be. It’s this—Rozanov hasn’t even touched him, and he’s delirious, his head spinning like he’s intoxicated.

Rozanov scoffs, a little mean, his breath warm where it lands on his skin. “Okay, Hollander. I believe you.”

With his cheeks burning, Shane turns away, stares at the fading snow angels on the ground near his boots. It’s exponentially difficult to think when Rozanov is standing so close. But he finds the proximity also grants him some courage.

“You haven’t talked to me in months,” he says to the snow angels, sulking and pathetic.

There's a lull, long and stilted; the regret and discomfort stick to him like a second skin. The wind picks up, whistling around them, as if it's in tune with his woe.

Rozanov hums after what feels like hours of silent torture. "Is that why you stare at me with stupid pout?"

Shane whips his head around, scowling. "You are such a fucking dick."

"So I have been told," Rozanov says, shrugging.

The fury makes a valiant return, his nostrils flaring with indignation. This is stupid. Rozanov is stupid. *Shane* is stupid. "Whatever," he mumbles. "I'm going back."

He's ready to storm off when tight fingers curl around his arm firmly, claiming, like they reserve the right to be there. In spite of everything, he leans into the touch.

"Hollander."

Shane doesn't look at him. He can't. So this time, he stares at a disfigured snowman over Rozanov's shoulder, a sad-looking thing with splintered twig arms, uneven stone eyes and a lopsided torso. It doesn't even have a nose. It's not comforting in the slightest. "What?"

Rozanov lets go of his arm slowly, finger by finger, but the sensation stays. A brand.

"Look at me," he says.

Shane shakes his head. "No."

"Why not?"

"Because."

"Because," Rozanov prompts, dragging out the last syllable, and Shane just wants to scream.

Because you drive me fucking nuts. Because I don't trust myself when I look into your eyes. Because I hate how much I want you. Because you are ruining me.

It's petrifying, really, unwittingly allowing someone else to have that sort of agency over you, raw and unrefined. To let someone slip through the cracks—cracks you spent your whole life covering with duct tape. He's scared. He thinks he's been lugging this terror around ever since he was seventeen years old. A ball and chain.

He sighs, defeated. "Why are you even here?"

From his peripheral vision, he sees Rozanov tilt his head in confusion. "I come out here to smoke."

"That's not what I mean," Shane corrects. "I'm talking about here, in Montréal. Why aren't you in Boston? Why are you *here*, at this—this boring party?"

The asshole chuckles under his breath. “Well, yes, you would know something about boring.”

Shane’s eyes finally land on his, a grave mistake, like a trapdoor unlatched beneath his feet. “Rozanov,” he says, stern.

Rozanov shrugs. “I hear about it from those weirdos in New York, and they tell me it is an open invitation,” he tells him. “My night was open.”

Shane narrows his gaze. “You came all this way...for a party.”

“*All this way*,” he mimics—in a voice that does *not* sound like Shane’s. “Was not even a long drive.”

Well, that makes zero sense. Unless—

He takes a shot in the dark. “But you wouldn’t know I’d be there,” he says. It’s not like he’s exactly known for being a party animal.

“Tsk, ts. Not everything is about you, Hollander.”

“Okay, sure. But this is.” Right?

Rozanov takes a moment before he answers, his features cautiously still. “No, I did not know if you would be there.”

“But you still came.”

“So what?” Rozanov scoffs.

He fights the urge to roll his eyes, it's like speaking to a grumpy toddler. “So you missed me.”

The corner of Rozanov’s mouth twitches upwards. “Is that what you would like to hear?”

“I’d like you to admit it.”

Shaking his head, Rozanov says, “I will not admit anything, I think.”

It should piss him off, stoke the smouldering embers from earlier. But Shane gets it—he wouldn’t divulge anything, either. That mutual understanding, two sides of the same coin, it’s what drew him to Rozanov in the first place—amongst other things.

“Okay,” he acquiesces, barely a whisper. “You don’t have to.”

Rozanov stares at him, eyes so earnest it almost knocks him clean off his feet; Shane doesn’t avert his, despite every molecule he’s made of begging him to.

“No?”

“No,” Shane echoes, powerless to stop the smile that spreads across his face.

Rozanov reciprocates, his grin stretching wide. He reaches over, cups Shane's jaw. His fingers are icy, but unsurprisingly, Shane doesn't mind at all, pushing further into the touch.

"You look very pretty tonight," he says, a thumb gently stroking his chin. Shane swallows harshly, channeling all his energy to ensure his knees don't buckle. Annoyingly, that word still proves to have the same effect it did the first time Rozanov uttered it, and they both know it.

"Fuck you," he mumbles, and hopes his cheeks aren't betraying him.

"It's true. You have snow in your hair."

"And that makes me pretty?"

"Yes, the prettiest. Now, come here," Rozanov says, even as he pulls them closer together, bodies flush. His other hand lands on Shane's lower back.

"I'm already here," Shane breathes, their frozen noses bumping.

"Come closer."

"Any closer and I'll literally be under your skin."

Rozanov goes quiet for a moment, like he's considering. "That does not sound so bad, does it?"

No, Shane thinks carelessly. It wouldn't. It might even be nice. No doubt, no ghosting, no outside forces pulling them in every direction; just the two of them, and whatever they wish to do.

But he doesn't get the opportunity to respond. He can't when there's a pair of slightly chapped lips pressed against his, and he wonders why the hell he tries so hard to convince himself this isn't what he needs.

This kiss, like most they've shared over the years, is eager and all-consuming and hot. Rozanov's mouth moves against his, their tongues wrestling, trying to devour him alive.

Shane gives as good as he gets, though, curls his fingers into his soft hair, raking through his scalp with fervour. He takes and takes, frenzied and starving, losing himself wholly. He tastes like cigarettes, but there's something sweet underneath, something fruity.

He would freeze them in this moment, an eternal snapshot, if he were lucky enough to have the chance.

It's great, amazing, perfect—then Rozanov pulls away abruptly, and without fail, Shane chases after him, but he's halted by strong, unyielding fingers pressing into his chest. He peels his eyes open slowly, his vision sort of blurry. The frigidity in the air is unkind to his wet chin.

"Why," Shane groans, teeth-chattering.

Rozanov huffs, mutters something in Russian as he wipes Shane's bottom lip, his tone too gentle for the kiss they just shared. His hands eventually run down Shane's arms, smooth and deliberate, leaving goosebumps in their wake. He couldn't blame the weather this time around if he tried.

"Let's go, Hollander. It's too cold."

Shane goes still, his eyes going wide. "Go where, exactly?"

"Well," Rozanov drawls, planting a light kiss on the bolt of Shane's jaw. "I would suggest my hotel room." Then another, on his pulse point, but this time, there's a hint of teeth, a loaded gun of a promise. He whimpers when two vigorous palms slide their way down from his lower back to his ass.

"Shit," Shane gasps, arching his back.

"But I cannot wait. So we will go to my car."

That gives him pause, snapping him out of his daze. "*What?* I can't have sex with you in a parked car so close to all of my team—my friends."

"I did not park close," Rozanov explains. "Street was too full."

Rozanov squeezes his ass. Shane bites his bottom lip, lightheaded from how hard he's becoming all at once.

"I can't just *leave*," he stresses. When Rozanov gives him a look, he adds, "It's impolite."

He frowns, like he's just been told the worst news, dropping his forehead onto Shane's shoulder. "Boring Canadian," he remarks, like it explains everything. Of their own volition, Shane's fingers comb through his curls again, earning him a deep, guttural moan.

Shane smirks, and there's a tease ready on the tip of his tongue when Rozanov pokes his head up, dislodging his hand.

Pouting now, like a kicked puppy, he says, "Fine. Go back. I don't care. I am leaving," waving his arms around. But he doesn't actually move, not even a little.

Before Shane can make a decision, his phone vibrates in his pocket.

Hayden: *Dude*

Hayden: *Where the hell did you go*

Hayden: *We're doing shots*

Rozanov barks out a laugh. "Ha, that is funny. Hollander doing shots."

Affronted, Shane frowns, shoving him away with his free hand. "Hey, I've done shots before," he defends himself. "And don't read my texts, dick."

“Barely anything to read,” Rozanov mumbles, wandering off into the park area.

Shane turns his head, glances down the winding path, into the neighbourhood he can barely make out from here. Then back at Rozanov, who has become enamored with the gloomy snowman.

Fuck. He’s starting to believe all that untimely anger was just a strange prelude to this. Maybe that’s why he was so unsettled to begin with, like his body knew this would happen before his mind did.

He can’t believe he’s doing this. He texts Hayden back with a slight tremor of the hands, guilt spurring awake in his chest from having to lie so brazenly—this lie significantly worse than what he usually spews—and to his best friend no less. He should be used to it, it’s been years at this point, but it still turns him inside out.

Shane: *I’m sorry. I left a while ago*

Shane: *I’m not feeling well. Nothing serious. I just didn’t want to worry anyone.*

The response is immediate.

Hayden: *Whaaaat*

Hayden: *Dude*

Hayden: *You should have told me!! Fuck this party!!*

Shane: *I know.*

Shane: *But I’ll be okay. I’ll see you next week. Enjoy your night.*

Hayden: *Jesus man*

Hayden: *Are you home already?*

His eyes flicker over to Rozanov, attempting to fix the ugly thing now, arms moving with conviction as he smooths out the mounds with the sleeves of his jacket, and repositions the stones.

It’s a cute sight, one that affects him more than it should. Shane swallows the large lump in his throat, and before he can muse too loudly, he forces himself to reply to Hayden. He types out, *Yes, I’m home. Happy New Year*, then pockets his phone.

He really can’t believe he’s doing this. He takes a deep breath, shoulders to his ears, steeling himself. “Hey, Rozanov,” he calls out.

“Yeah?” Rozanov walks back towards him, wiping his wet hands against his jeans, eyebrows raised.

Shane grabs his face, kisses him in a manner that leaves them both breathless, panting, nothing but fog in their shared bubble.

“I guess that is your answer,” he whispers.

Shane snorts. “Yes, you asshole. C’mon, lead the way.”

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As an added layer of precaution, Rozanov walks ahead a couple of meters. Shane’s thankful he’s wearing appropriate footwear. This would be a separate battle had he opted for some sneakers. Still, he’s a little annoyed. And pent-up. And chilly.

Shane: *Did you park in another city?*

Lily: *But if I parked closer you would still complain*

Lily: *You are very hard to please*

Shane: *Fuck you*

Shane makes a grumbling sound, shoving his phone back deep in his pocket. That’s just not factual.

From the distance, he finally sees Rozanov approach an empty lot. An old gas station. He slips behind the building, disappearing from Shane’s sight.

Shane speedwalks, peering over his shoulders. There doesn’t seem to be anyone around, but that doesn’t mean he can’t be vigilant. As he gets closer, rounds the bend, he becomes increasingly perplexed at what he’s looking at. This car is a Toyota.

He climbs in quickly, and Rozanov is on him like a wild animal before he can even slam the door shut, let alone question him about his choice of ride, or when the hell he had the time to find an abandoned area.

As expected, it proves difficult for two grown men to maneuver around in such a confined space, especially when they can’t get their hands off of each other long enough to give it a decent try. Somehow, though, Shane ends up seated in Rozanov’s lap, writhing, and they’re both shirtless. It’s a tight squeeze in the back, and the bastard didn’t think ahead enough to adjust the driver’s seat. He’s already bumped his head a couple of times during the whole debacle.

They make out for a while, hands wandering—or, more accurately, Shane’s hands do. Rozanov’s hands find a cozy home on Shane’s chest, periodically pinching his pebbled nipples, swallowing up all the little noises he makes when he does.

Their lips part with a smacking sound, their heavy breathing filling the growing humid air, windows fogging up. Rozanov goes straight to planting slack, wet kisses that begin along the line of his jaw, working his way down.

Shane tilts his head to give him more room, one hand clenched in his hair, the other flat against the chilly window. An airy giggle escapes him before he has the wherewithal to stop it. “Is this your car?” he asks, dazed, chest heaving. “Ilya Rozanov, sporting a reasonable sedan? I never thought I’d see the day.”

Against the grove of his shoulder, Rozanov mumbles, “Relax, Hollander. Is just a rental.”

“A very boring rental,” he teases, kissing him and pulling on his bottom lip between his teeth. Rozanov hisses. He’s not quite sure what possesses him to add, “Maybe I’m starting to rub off on you.”

A silly thought, of course. Still, that doesn’t stop him from wondering if there’s a chance they might leave their clandestine meet-ups with more in tow than just a sated feeling. It’s for the best, though, not to pull on that thread. He’s not sure he’ll like what lies at the end.

Rozanov leans back against the headrest. He blinks up at Shane, lips swollen, spit-shined, slowly smirking. Like he’s charmed. “If I ever become boring like you, please kill me.”

“Dick,” Shane huffs.

“Dick, yes. Finally, you are saying something important,” Rozanov hums, low, cupping Shane’s aching cock through his pants.

He breathes, “Fuck, fuck, fuck,” yanking Rozanov forward clumsily, and smashes their lips together for another toe-curling, desperate kiss. Bright little stars burst in his vision when he grinds down, smooth and dirty.

Rozanov moans and grabs his ass, giving it a healthy squeeze before he guides Shane’s hips into a demanding rhythm. “Yes, Hollander, just like that.”

He could come like this. Quite easily, actually. Lose himself completely, ride off into the sunset, but it’s not enough—it won’t settle that razor-sharp feral thing squirming beneath his skin. He needs Rozanov to touch him.

“Touch me,” he whines.

Rozanov laughs, low and mean. “I am touching you, Hollander.”

“Stop fucking with me,” Shane growls, reaching around to pry the hands off his ass. He makes a show of it, slowly steers them down his chest, his torso, calloused palms dragging against searing skin, all the way to his thighs. Shane unbuttons his pants, it’s an awkward ordeal, trying to shimmy them far down enough to get his cock out, the car wobbling from his frantic movements. All the sweat, fusing the material to his body, certainly doesn’t help.

And neither does Rozanov, watching Shane through half-lidded eyes, like he’s drunk and slightly enamoured, his fingers digging into the meat of Shane’s thighs.

“Are you gonna do something, or just keep staring at me like a jackass?”

“Maybe. If you say please.”

Shane rolls his eyes, scoffs. And yet: “Please.”

Rozanov, tilting his head disapprovingly, says, “Hm. Not your best but,” and before Shane can even think to call him an asshole, he pulls at his pants and boxers in one fell swoop.

A pathetic sound slips through his gritted teeth when Rozanov finally gets a hand around him, stroking him painfully slowly, paired with a grip that Shane can only describe as heaven-sent. Like his soul is being split from his body, transcending to another plane.

“So wet.” Rozanov’s voice filters through his delirium. “This is what you wanted, right?”

The ability to form a single coherent thought right now seems implausible. He doesn’t have it in him to answer, barely able to keep his eyes open, irretrievably adrift in this glorious feeling. He hopes all his squirming and squealing will speak for itself.

It doesn’t, apparently.

“What—no, no, fuck, please, why, don’t stop,” Shane gasps, when Rozanov halts his stroking, looking up at him. His face is carefully blank, but his eyes are completely black, hungry.

“I asked you a question, Hollander. Well?”

“*Holy fucking shit*,” Shane cries, his voice splintering.

“That is still not the answer to my question.”

Shane throws his head back in frustration, cursing the day he ever met Ilya Rozanov.

“Yes,” he snarls. “That is what I want. You are what I want, okay? Fuck. Now, can you fucking touch me? Please?”

The idiot grins, wide and bright, leaning in to press a delicate kiss to Shane’s deep scowl. Shane, probably just as much of an idiot, softens, melting into it.

“Up,” Rozanov says, tapping Shane’s hip with one hand, the other fiddling with his jeans. Shane shifts slightly, just enough that Rozanov can whip out his dick.

He lets out a loud groan that fizzles into a low hum when he strokes his own length, thumbing at the tip. It’s fucking hot. Shane observes, mouth slightly ajar in awe, as he gathers a bead of pre-cum, then proceeds to smear it on Shane’s bottom lip. Before Shane can react, he’s immediately hauled into a messy kiss. His head is buzzing, ears filled with static.

“Mmm,” Rozanov hums when he pulls back, licking his lips. “I taste good.”

Although it’s true, Shane still rolls his eyes. “Okay,” he huffs.

Rozanov then spits in his hand and holds his palm out. “You too,” he prompts, and Shane doesn’t hesitate. It should be gross, but he’s not in the place to complain, not when Rozanov

springs into action, curls his long fingers around the both of them, and his mind unspools like a ball of yarn. In unison, they groan, loud and wanton, their foreheads colliding in the middle.

He makes the mistake of glancing down; the breath is stolen clean out of his lungs. He's treated to the euphoric sight of their pink heads bumping and kissing, glistening in the low light that trickles in, courtesy of a lone streetlight, cocks covered in spit and pre-cum galore.

"Oh my god, Rozanov," he cries out, trembling. "Fuck, oh my—nnngh."

It's too fucking much to bear, so he squeezes his eyes shut. His stomach tightens, his knees locking where they hug Rozanov's hips, and that white hot fissure at the base of his spine expands, erodes his body from the inside, scorches everything in its path. The warm moisture of the car exacerbates the sensation, like a drug, holding him captive in this state of ecstasy. It's boiling, suffocating. He can feel the sweat accumulating in every crevice of his body.

"Come on, Hollander. You are doing so good," Rozanov coaxes, flicking his wrist. The praise, he finds, really does it for him. He *wants* to be good. Still, if he was of sound body and mind, he'd probably laugh—Rozanov is the one doing all the work.

"Oh, fuck, yes," Rozanov continues, using his free hand to grasp Shane's chin. "Look at me."

Agonizingly, Shane peels his eyes open, his gaze falling upon Rozanov, curls stuck to his forehead, red and flushed. Like a dream, he thinks distantly, something plucked from deep in his subconscious. He begs his brain to remember this moment, a fresh addition to the catalogue he keeps tucked away.

He doesn't know what Rozanov sees as he stares back at him, but he mutters something in Russian, thumb rubbing his chin almost reverently, and he wishes, so badly, that he understood.

Out of nowhere, Rozanov ups the speed of his strokes, and Shane whines, not unlike a wounded animal.

"I know this is what you wanted all night. Watching me—ah, fuck—watching me, thinking probably about me playing with your cock while you talk to your teammates."

The words rip through him like a bullet, his cock twitching against Rozanov's in its tight cage of fingers. They're probably true, he doesn't know. He doesn't know anything right now. He's dizzy, out of his mind, heart beating like a jackhammer.

He doesn't remember how it happens, but they're kissing again, if you could even call it that. He licks the back of Rozanov's teeth, tongue roaming, mapping the shape of his mouth.

It won't be much longer. He can feel it; he's almost there, teetering over that cloying edge, hips canting wildly. He cries, "Yes, yes, *fuck*, Rozan—oh, shit—"

"Come for me, now, Hollander," Rozanov rasps, and it hits him like a fucking truck, violent and merciless and intense, dragging him under.

It's everything he'd been missing. Everything he was deluding himself into thinking he didn't. His senses are dull, unable to hear, smell, see, taste, feel anything but his climax. All encompassing, his body devoted to this feeling.

Rozanov slows his hand, letting Shane ride his orgasm out in luscious waves until he finally comes down. It takes a while, but when he does, he slumps over, boneless, a puppet cut from its strings. He's granted a kiss on the temple for his troubles.

"Good?" Rozanov asks, his voice tender, rubbing his back in soothing patterns.

"Oh my god, you have no idea," he laughs. "That was so fucking hot."

Rozanov laughs, too, nuzzling Shane's cheek with his nose until he meets him for a small kiss.

"Okay, your turn," Shane says, but when he looks down at Rozanov's softening cock, smothered in what he presumes is both of their cum, he freezes. "Wait, you came already?"

"Was hot, like you said," Rozanov replies, shrugging. "I came same time as you."

Shane's eyes go wide. Was he really that far gone? He can't stop the anguish from bleeding into his voice when he says, "I can't believe I missed it."

"Next time," Rozanov promises, patting his cheek with his dry hand. Shane feels a little better.

A couple of minutes later, when his soul fully returns to his body and he regains his senses, Shane grimaces. He's spent, loose and sort of sore from sitting in this position. The car reeks of sex, and they're both unbearably sticky. This is always his least favourite part. "I feel gross," he complains, pouting.

"Ugh, you are big baby," Rozanov says, jostling Shane in his lap while he rummages through a bag on the floor. "Here."

He stares at Rozanov. Then the grey t-shirt in his hands. Then back at Rozanov. "Um. Is this clean?"

Rozanov sighs, hanging his head. "Hollander."

Shane throws his hands up. "Alright, fine," he mumbles unhappily, nose scrunched. He should have brought wet wipes with him.

He takes his time cleaning both of them, wincing when he touches a damp spot. When he's done, Rozanov throws it in the front seat haphazardly. Unsettled, Shane turns to look at the cum-stained shirt. Just sitting there. So close to them. He shifts his eyes back to Rozanov.

"That isn't—won't that bother you?"

Rozanov gapes at him, makes an incredulous noise from the back of his throat. "Oh my god, shut up."

Shane relents, leaning over to check his phone, not bothering to actually get off his lap. He likes it up here, as uncomfortable as it is. “Oh, only 2 minutes until midnight,” he says. “Got any New Year’s resolutions? Like maybe quitting smoking?”

Barking out a laugh, Rozanov shakes his head. “Hm. No, I am already perfect. There is nothing to change.”

“Is that so?”

“Mhm. You, however,” he trails off, tutting.

Thoroughly endeared but equally irritated at himself for being so, Shane fights the smile threatening to burst. “You think you’re so cute,” he scoffs, covering Rozanov’s face with the width of his palm, hoping it’ll distract him from Shane’s ill-timed and treacherous blushing.

He bites it once, then plants a soft kiss in the center. “All I hear is you think I am cute.”

Shane wags his finger. “No, *you* think you’re so cute. *I* think you’re an asshole.”

Rozanov shrugs. “Ah. But a cute one, yes?” he teases, leaning in for another kiss. It’s languid, a gentle dance of tongues.

He—hates him. He hates him. He can’t afford anything else. Anything else might be too close to affection, and Shane Hollander does not harbour affection. Not for Ilya Rozanov. He has a bit more self-preservation than that.

“Ugh, you are so annoying,” he mumbles against his lips.

“I know,” Rozanov says. “One minute, now.”

Shane hums absentmindedly, too focused on readjusting the chain around Rozanov’s neck. “You’ll be in Ottawa next week, right?”

“Yes.” Rozanov nods. “I really hate that boring city.”

Offended, Shane flicks his forehead. “That’s my hometown.”

“No, I know.”

Shane flicks him again. “Asshole.”

“Wow, I cannot wait. A whole new year to beat you many times. Is almost unfair. You should just retire after the season.”

“What, and make your job easier? I don’t think so.”

A corner of Rozanov’s mouth curves upwards. “I think it is midnight,” he says before he leans in, kisses him, a slight press of the lips.

His eyes remain shut when he leans back, and there's an unmissable flicker of a pained expression on his face before it smoothes out. He opens his eyes, and Shane looks away.

He takes a deep breath. "Happy New Year, Hollander."

"Yeah. Happy New Year, Rozanov," he whispers.

End Notes

please ignore shane's blatant willingness for public sex. in actuality i feel like he'd be really scared of cops busting them but alas. this is fan-fiction.

i love comments and kudos and praise btw. just putting that out there.

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