

Dancing in a Crowded Room

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Dancing in a Crowded Room

by [ChuisPlusQueRien](#)

Summary

Shane is tired of resisting. Ilya is happy to help.

Notes

Disclaimers:

- The timeline is completely fucked. I moved events around everywhere.
- I started writing this before the show began airing (I am a very slow writer, lol)

I absolutely adore this fandom. I can't believe in less than two weeks there's been at least 1,000 works added to the Heated Rivalry fandom. I love the obsession and love everyone has. I've been gobbling up fanfic myself, so I am so pleased to finally be able to add something to the pile. Hope you like!

I may continue this, but probably not. I've got some other Ilya/Shane ideas I'd really like to explore.

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

Shane Hollander is not obsessed with Ilya Rozanov.

It's natural to watch someone closely, when — according to all the sports publishers — they're sworn rivals, Ottawa and Montreal. Really it's self-preservation. Shane has always striven to be the best; the most level-headed, focussed, devoted player there is. And only the best acknowledge and study their greatest competition.

Rozanov *should* be like Shane to be as good as he is. Putting in extra hours on the ice, following the diet plan to a tee, and getting up early to run the trails.

Instead he's a smirky, smoking, man-whore.

Shane shouldn't be judging the last bit. It's not how his parents raised him. And it shouldn't matter to Shane at all. But he has a memory burned into his retinas from the last time their teams were in the same city, post-win from the Ottawa Centaurs. The Voyageurs were drowning their sorrows in Budweiser and whisky, when Rozanov swaggered in the door, followed by his entourage. Within minutes his hips were swaying on the dance floor, hands cupping the waist of a blonde-bombshell, the moving lights catching on the quirk of Rozanov's lips and the heat in his eyes.

It was disgusting. And yet Shane couldn't stop watching. There's something about having Rozanov's attention, the laser-focus of it. It twists inside Shane's stomach like a worm inside an apple, when they face-off.

The dancing wasn't the end of it. Shane can't forget the way Rozanov's hand curled around his partner's ponytail, tugging her head back to meet her lips. What would that feel like?

Shane has never understood kissing or sex — the hype behind it — but Rozanov looks like he understands, intimately.

It's merely a passing, sticky thought, that has Shane stuck in this Ilya Rozanov thought spiral. He'll get over it.

For the sake of his sanity, he has to.

It's the day before a home game in Montreal, ideal for a PR shoot in the middle of the season with everyone's favourite rookie rivals (in the words of Shane's agent). The rink should be cool and perfect, but it never feels right on shoot days. Playing hockey and posing at hockey are two entirely different things.

When Shane was younger, spending every spare hour of every day surrounded by hockey and aspiring for NHL greatness, he never thought about all the time NHL players spent *not* playing their sport. All the talking to reporters, posing for awkward pictures, attending events. Shane is terrible at it.

Rozanov is unbothered no matter his location. He looks everyone in the eye and smiles, joking and at ease. Shane can't help the tug he feels in his belly, painful and hot. It would be

so much easier to be like that.

The photographer for this shoot is stuck on his idea and won't be swayed. No matter how many times Rozanov and Shane skate towards each other and stop dead, holding each other's gaze, it's never serious enough.

Soon, whatever seriousness they started with is melted like snow on skates, and they can't stop bursting into giggles.

It's strange, to be so close to Rozanov on the ice, and not playing a game. The lack of stakes doesn't stop Shane's heartbeat from pounding in his ears. He's not used to being the focus of Rozanov's attention, not like this. He can't stop thinking about the blonde girl with the ponytail, her body bowed back.

"Alright, I think we've gotten what we're gonna get." The photographer sighs. "Thanks guys."

Shane doesn't bother with a shower, getting out of there as quickly as possible.

"You are very beautiful." Rozanov says, lifting his cigarette to his lips.

Shane scoffs. Heat rises up his chest, burning his cheeks. "Men don't call other men beautiful." His voice doesn't have the conviction he wanted.

"Hmmm." Rozanov's gaze lights into him.

Fire kindles in Shane's lower belly. He shifts his weight from foot to foot. This is when he should walk away, away from cigarette smoke, bowed lips, and piercing blue eyes. Their meeting is quickly dissolving past perceived heterosexual behaviour.

Rozanov steps closer, his boots silent on the concrete. Shane lifts his chin slightly to meet his eyes, even as his body squirms.

"I think, Hollander, you are the kind of man who can be called beautiful, yes?"

"What —" Shane licks his lips, "what's that supposed to mean?"

Frosty cigarette breath fans across Shane's face. He should be disgusted. He shivers.

"You *know* what I mean. You are not stupid." Sharp blue eyes flicker across Shane's features. Whatever Rozanov sees makes him smile with his distracting, pouty lips.

"We're out in public."

Rozanov takes his gaze off Shane momentarily, looking around the empty back parking lot. The cold starts to seep in, but then Rozanov's eyes are back on him. "I don't see anyone."

Shane has worked hard every day since he was 9, working towards the draft and his career in the NHL. Rozanov took the first draft spot from him, but Shane won't let him take his career,

despite the fluttering in his stomach, the gooey feeling sliding down into a distracting location.

A step back breaks the connection. Shane turns around before he can be enthralled again. "Enjoy your cigarette."

It was a fluke. Just a heat of the moment, Rozanov-being-weird type thing. Obviously he was just trying to get a rise out of Shane. He's always trying to when they're on the ice, why would being off the ice be any different?

Shane shakes his head, as if that will shake out the thoughts. It's fruitless, of course.

"Get your head in the game, Hollander," he murmurs to himself. He flies forward, throwing himself to the right, narrowly avoiding a d-man, slapping the puck into the upper left-hand corner. Goal. The lamp flashes on.

Harley slaps him on the back, grinning. "Nice one, Hollander."

They're playing the Centaurs again, in Ottawa this time, the crowd screaming for their downfall. Fans are hyped, faces painted in colourful stripes, signs held high. Shane drops his eyes. Most of the posters are... non-complimentary towards him and his team.

Ottawa tags Rozanov in. He vaults over the boards, slicing forward to take the face off. A grin alights his face. His tongue slides along the underside of his mouth guard. Shane flushes hot.

The ref blows the whistle.

Rozanov wins the faceoff.

They lose the game 3-1.

It's a stupid, terrible idea, but Shane doesn't want to drown his sorrows with the team, in liquor and girls. It makes him a terrible captain, not being able to offer any encouragement, not even his presence.

The guilt doesn't change his decision.

He's been aching ever since the cigarette conversation, the hungry void in his lower belly pulling desperately at his insides. He's felt ache since puberty, but it's never felt this strong.

He's so tired of resisting.

Rose told him about a club in Ottawa, discrete, with low lighting and beautiful people. He didn't ask how she knew about it, or why she was telling him. Ever since they broke up, he stopped pretending quite so much, with her at least.

The taxi lets him out a block away. Despite his decision, he's still paranoid, his cheeks hot, breath quick. It's a cool night, and yet he feels like he's spiking a fever.

At the front desk, a man in a suit with perfectly coiffed hair brings him into a minimalist office, then makes him sign a non-disclosure agreement and takes his phone. He gives a stiff, unforgiving lecture about expectations and ushers Shane down the hallway marked "Men Only."

Shane is sweating buckets.

But inside just looks like a normal club, a bar area with seating, and a dance floor with moving lights in rainbow colours. The weird part is it being all men. Men dancing with each other, groping and kissing, men watching, nodding in appreciation when Shane meets their eye.

Shane drops his gaze to the floor, finding a seat at the bar as he tries to catch his breath. He orders a ginger ale from a bartender who is wearing pants and suspenders, nothing else, who smirks and comments on Shane's blush.

Gulps of his favourite drink does nothing to settle him. He can be brave. He can do this.

He lifts his eyes to the dance floor, his attention catching on a beautiful man dancing by himself with fearless abandon.

The man is shirtless, ripples of muscles tracing up his back into thick shoulders. His ass is perfect and round, a muse for generation of horny poets. Blonde curls bounce as the man dances and turns.

It's Ilya Rozanov.

Ilya's eyes go wide.

Shane's breath squeezes from him as he gasps, nearly falling off his stool as he jogs into the hallway, following the glowing arrows to the bathroom.

"Hollander." A hand catches around Shane's wrist. "Why are you running?"

"For obvious reasons," Shane mutters, refusing to turn around. A new level of heat washes over him. Rozanov still hasn't let him go.

Rozanov reaches around him, his thumb and pointer finger curling around Shane's chin, pulling them face to face.

Shane's brain stops producing thoughts at the sight of tight black slacks; naked, round pectorals; and pink, sparkly cheeks.

"Is that glitter?" He blurts.

"Is gay club, Hollander, of course there is glitter. You here by mistake?" Rozanov's lips are distractingly red, like he's been kissing someone.

The response sticks in Shane's throat. There's no way he could be here accidentally. He signed 5 different disclosure forms, and the hallway is plastered in artful gay erotic art. There

are penises everywhere.

"You are here for fun, yes?" Rozanov steps closer. "Or you just want to watch?"

"Is this a joke to you?"

"Fucking is no joke." Rozanov's accent purrs over the expletive. A shiver slides down Shane's spine. "Why not try it?"

"You have as much to lose as I do." Shane tries to look away, but he's still stuck in Rozanov's grip. As much as he'd like to say otherwise, he hasn't struggled that hard.

"Probably more."

"I—" Stifling heat prickles at Shane's skin. He droops forward, like a plant in need of water. Their lips are inches away. Vodka breath fans across Shane's face.

"They're good at quiet here, Hollander. We can get room. No one will care."

Shane shakes his head as much as he can in Rozanov's grip, trying to clear it, but it doesn't make the situation any less insane. "You're just assuming I'm gay and want to sleep with you."

Rozanov drifts forward the final inch. Their mouths meet, hot, wet, and electrifying. It should be chaste, but Shane's lips fall open as he groans. Large, warm hands around Shane's waist, a strong, gentle force pushing him against the wall.

This is how Shane dies.

It's as if that void inside him was really holding a monster, and it's finally let loose. He slides his hands up Rozanov's back, tracing the hard-earned musculature, the wide lats and thick shoulders. He pulls their bodies together.

Someone groans. Rozanov slots his knee between Shane's legs, providing beautiful, aching pressure. Shane humps forward, a compulsion impossible to fight.

This is so much better than porn.

Rozanov breaks their kiss, his teeth sliding over Shane's jugular, sucking a patch of skin into his mouth. How has Shane gone his whole life without this? How will he be able to recover once this is over?

A door slams nearby. "Very pretty," someone says.

Shane ducks his head into Rozanov's neck, his stomach turning as the person passes by. He scrambles to extricate himself, but Rozanov holds tight.

"Chill, Hollander. There are no cameras here."

A flush washes through Shane's throat, nausea bubbling in his stomach. "Nowhere is truly safe."

"Get room with me." Rozanov holds his face again. Clear blue eyes hold his gaze. "I make it worth it.""

The answer should be absolutely not. Or fuck off, let's pretend this never happened. This is an absolutely terrible idea. Shane can imagine the career-ending headlines, the public vitriol, the shocked looks on his parents faces.

"Okay," Shane says instead.

A slow smile curls Rozanov's red lips, glitter shining on his defined cheekbones. "Come." He takes Shane's hand and pulls him down the hallway.

It doesn't make sense. Ilya Rozanov is known for his brutal, clever play-style. He has a new woman on his arm at every event. He's devoted to hockey and having a good time. Sleeping with Shane could have terrible consequences.

Rozanov pulls a keycard from his front pocket, tapping it against a key reader on a plain black door.

"You already have a room?"

"I am boy scout." Rozanov grins, pulling him inside and pushing him against the closed door. He captures Shane's mouth. It's a full body experience, complete ownership in the way his hands curl tightly around Shane's waist, his tongue sliding along Shane's.

Shane slides a hesitant hand down Rozanov's perfect, sweat-covered abs, stroking along the impressive bulge in Rozanov's pants.

Electricity courses through Shane's veins. His breath is quick, eyes shutting as they kiss. Rozanov smells like expensive cologne, sweat, and vodka. It shouldn't be so fucking hot, but it is.

"Get on knees."

Shane drops before he can think, his desperation making him stupid. He should push back more, argue.

Instead he looks up at Rozanov and waits for the next instruction.

"So pretty for me, Hollander." A calloused thumb skims across Shane's cheek. Rozanov's free hand unbuttons his pants. Unsurprisingly, he's not wearing any underwear. His cock is huge, looking even more impressive due to the shaved area around it.

Shane's mouth drops open. His chest rises and falls in huge, unsteady breaths.

Rozanov is watching him, expression inscrutable. "Suck me."

There's a gas leak, a fire somewhere, a strange substance within the room. Something must explain the dizzy heat pumping through Shane's body with each heartbeat.

He leans forward, licking from base to tip. Rozanov tastes of bitter salt and soap. It should be repulsive. It's not. Shane sucks the head into his mouth, letting his eyes fall shut.

Rozanov sucks in sharp a breath. "Fuck, Hollander."

The low, growly pitch of Rozanov's voice only spurs Shane on. He fits as much of Rozanov in his mouth as he can, until his throat flutters, threatening to gag. It gets messy, quick. Spit slides out the corners of Shane's mouth. He moans, tonguing the underside. His own dick throbs in his pants.

Large, talented fingers curl into Shane's hair, guiding his movements.

Shane's thighs fall open. He could come from this. How can he be cautious and safe ever again, when he knows how good it feels to have a cock in his mouth? He's so fucking gay.

Rozanov thrusts forward, taking full control. Shane lets himself be used, inhaling deep through his nose whenever he gets a chance. He gags once, twice, as Rozanov's loses his rhythm.

"Hollander, tap my thigh if want to stop." Rozanov says, quivering as he holds himself still long enough for Shane to acknowledge his words.

Sliding his hands around Rozanov's magnificent ass, Shane pulls him forward again. He's so fucking desperate for it, his cock leaking wet into jeans. His lower belly aches, hot and syrupy. The void is finally filling.

Rozanov groans, shaky. "Eyes open."

Shane obeys. It makes everything so much worse. Rozanov's eyes burn into him. Sweat drips down his round pectorals, tracing the divots in his abs.

Resistance is impossible. Shane strokes himself over his jeans and comes, body seizing. Fireworks ignite and explode along his spine. He groans, low, unrestrained, and slutty.

"God, Hollander." Rozanov dissolves into Russian as he orgasms. He spills into Shane's mouth, hot and salty.

Shane struggles to swallow, come dripping from the corners of his lips as he pulls off and gasps for breath. He pushes himself back to lean against the door. There's a tingling under his skin, a warm static that turns his limbs to jello — blissful satisfaction.

"So pretty." Rozanov crouches down beside him, his thumbs wiping his own spend from Shane's lips. He says pretty in two syllables.

Shane is ruined.

His biggest career rival sits beside him, shoulder to shoulder, thigh to thigh, emitting heat like a furnace.

It's stupid to ask. "Was that alright?"

Rozanov laughs from his belly. "You are natural, Hollander. No need to ask for compliment."

"Thanks." Shane relaxes a bit. "I never done that before."

"I know. I can give you many opportunity to practice." Rozanov bumps his knee against Shane's. The contact is reassuring, for a moment.

But then the reality sweeps back in like raging Canadian blizzard, cold, windy, and unforgiving. "Oh god." Shane brings his knees up to his chest, dropping his head down, hands covering his eyes.

"Hollander."

"What if someone took a picture?" What if someone goes to the press? There's no out NHL players for a reason. Shane gets called enough slurs already.

"No phone here, Hollander. No worry. We are secret." Rozanov leans close, his lips brushing Shane's ear. "Come on. There is shower and bed. Let me distract you."

Shane should say absolutely not, fuck no, bye. Instead he says,

"Okay."

End Notes

Please leave a kudos and comment if you liked! Any interaction means a lot :D

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