

Not Quite Enough

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Not Quite Enough

by [bucheonsbabe](#)

Summary

"You're starting to sound like him."

Running away from the ice after his fight with Scott Hunter, Shane locked himself in a changing room. In the midst of a panic attack, Rozanov called. Shane, alone, scared and desperately missing him, answered.

Notes

hello!! i haven't written fanfiction in at least a good year. i used to write for another fandom. anyway, i've been a heated rivalry (book) fan for 2-3 years now and hollanov has always been super important to me. i became a huge tv show fan as well, i'm obsessed!! i can't believe how much the fandom has grown and how many people now love our hollanov darlings 🥺 the fight scene between shane and scott on the ice has literally been living in my head rent free for the past week so i just HAD to write about it.

i'm on twitter if you wanna chat there as well (@withilyarozanov). i wanna make new heated rivalry friends, come say hi if you want!!

i'd LOVE to hear what you thought about the fic 🥺💖

enjoy 🥳🥳

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

"Hollander! Hollander!"

Shane walked through the Bell Centre arena faster than he'd ever done, ignoring his name being called. It was stupid, he'd realise that later, to ignore his coach. But he had to get out of here. It didn't matter how, he needed to be out as fast as humanly possible.

Which is why he didn't stop when Hayden called after him, nor when his other teammates tried to catch up with him. He was, after all, running away from the ice. Quite literally running. And he was faster than anyone on his team- no one stood a chance.

The fact that this was a terrible reaction as team captain didn't matter in that moment. Shane felt like his chest was closing in on him and he needed to leave the premises. He needed to stop seeing Scott fucking Hunter's face and the big luminous screens replaying their fight and the commentators talking about it in a loop and everything else.

The locker room would be a stupid idea, as would the showers. Anyone would find him there. And while Shane had just done something very careless, but he wasn't careless enough to believe his mental state allowed him to get behind a wheel and drive himself home. No, he couldn't drive and he couldn't be anywhere right now. He needed a quiet place with a lock to puke his guts out and catch his breath again.

But he also needed his phone- he needed to see what was being said online about his fight with Scott Hunter. Shane needed to know if that old man had shared with anyone exactly what he had said on the ice.

Since Shane left first, he knew the team would have to deal with the post-game interviews and their coach, so running in and out of the locker room to grab his phone wouldn't be all that bad of an idea. He could then go to the abandoned solo stalls changing room. No one ever went there, not even the shyest of players. Everyone changed together in the communal room. Grab his phone, lock himself in a solo stall and finally puke. Now that was a solid plan.

By the time Shane made it to the solo stall, he didn't even know how he'd gotten there. All he knew was that he had his phone on him, that it wouldn't stop vibrating, but that he was alone and safe. One accidental look at his screen showed him the monumental amount of notifications his altercation with Hunter had produced- his mother, bless her heart, had sent nearly 40 text messages, had called 6 times, and was calling again as Shane stared at his phone. His father had texted and called, Hayden and J.J. had as well.

Another text message came from his mother and the only words Shane managed to catch were brand deals before he dropped the goddamn device to the floor. Slowly, he slid to the floor as well, resting his head against the cool, soothing wall behind him. He was fucked. He was so fucked he burst into laughter.

How much had Shane fucked up today? By reacting the way he did, he most likely hinted to Scott Hunter that whatever that old decrepit man was implying was true. He'd most likely lost all his brand deals. He'd ruined his perfect Asian-Canadian image. He'd made his team look like a bunch of idiots. He'd made his parents and his friends worry. He'd put Rozanov in danger. Oh god, Rozanov. What if Hunter decided to out them- what would happen to Rozanov? He'd never be able to go back to Russia, he wouldn't even be safe in America. Fuck. *Fuck.*

He had to talk with Scott Hunter no matter what. He had to apologise- he had to do something to earn secrecy. He didn't know what he'd do, but he'd do it. Whatever Hunter asked for, he'd do it. Why the fuck would he have tried to throw a punch at him? What a moronic reaction.

As he grabbed his phone again, ready to see what they were saying about the fight, his hand froze right above the device. What if he was too late- what if Hunter had already gone and told everyone what he knew? Because he had to know, right? Why else would he make that kind of comment? There was no way he'd be saying that just for shits and giggles.

Now that Shane had somehow regained his thinking capacities, dread filled his chest more than ever before. What in the world had he done? If the man had somehow suspected him and Rozanov had done something together, he hadn't said a thing yet. He'd kept it for himself. He didn't seem to be the homophobic type- or maybe he was and he never expressed it. Shane didn't fucking know that. And Shane decided to get on his nerves and start a fight with him- Hunter could out them out of malice. He definitely could. If Shane were in Hunter's shoes, he still wouldn't out his opponent, even if said opponent had been a total jackass to him. But Hunter might. Who knew at this point- Hunter fucking might.

Shane grabbed his phone again and called Scott Hunter, ignoring everything else. He called a second and a third time and was met with no answer. By the time he called for the fourth time and found no answer, he wanted to throw his phone against the nearest wall. He hadn't bothered changing out of his gear and his sweat had dried off, leaving him to freeze in a tiny, claustrophobic stall. Shane banged his head against the wall and shot Hunter a text message. Winning a fight wasn't worth it, if it meant putting himself and Rozanov in serious danger.

I'm sorry, I was being an idiot. Please call me back... I need to apologise and talk to you. I know you're pissed right now, but please don't... share with everyone what you told me on the ice. You probably have no reason to care about this right now, but please have some mercy.

I'll do whatever you want. I'll say I started the entire thing and I'll apologise on TV. Please just call me back.

Shane leaned back against the wall and closed his eyes, trying to relax. It really wasn't working and he knew the panic attack was coming. It was merely a matter of time. His phone kept buzzing and he slid in and out of consciousness- he wasn't exactly asleep, but he wasn't exactly awake. The adrenaline rush was hard to come down from. He couldn't keep track of the time, and by the time he looked back at his phone to turn it off, two things flashed almost at the same time. A text message from his mother saying she was coming to Montreal- one of the rare occasions his parents weren't present for one of his games- and a phone call from Rozanov. Shane let it ring, and ring, and ring.

He couldn't. He just could not. Rozanov was calling to ask what exactly had happened and Shane couldn't tell him that. He just couldn't. He needed to keep this thing to himself and to Hunter, unfortunately.

It was far too fragile, and no one should have known. Shane wanted to keep this thing close to his heart, away from everyone's eyes. He couldn't even talk about it to himself, less think about it. It hurt and it bled and it kept him up at night. It made him choke on his tears and it ruined his life.

How dared Scott Hunter talk about it so carelessly? How could he put it in his mouth and spit it back at Shane, like it was a mere insult?

Shane didn't even allow himself to think about it, and Hunter apparently was allowed.

He'd tried to make Rozanov speak about it, directly or indirectly, but that man was like a wall. The only thing left for him to do was let it stir in his mind and drive him crazy. Shane knew Rozanov did not care as much about this thing they had going on together, but Shane did. He did and he hated how much he did. He hated how fragile it made him, how easily upset he'd become at the mere mention of him. He knew he couldn't keep living like that. He had to do something about it. And maybe he had, because Rozanov had called thrice before the call Shane managed to see on the screen and ignore, and Shane had also missed those.

Except when the phone began to vibrate again, and it was Rozanov, Shane knew he couldn't deny himself again. As awful and horrible as he had felt after his last time with Rozanov, he had also missed him. Shane knew he was playing a very dangerous game, missing a man he did nothing but sleep with, a man who had made it very clear, and a man who had a string of lovers hanging after him. He did not commit, and if he did, it most likely would not be to Shane. It'd have to be a woman, given his public history. The smart thing would have been to ignore this call again.

Shane answered instead.

"Hollander?"

Shane hummed into the phone, knocking the back of his head against the wall. He missed Rozanov. He missed him so much he was willing to do this for him- leave when he was told and be there when he was wanted. Rozanov was walking him like a dog and Shane was letting himself be walked like a dog. He knew this wasn't right. He knew it but it hurt so much more when he didn't get to see him. He'd known, for a long time, that it hurt less to be treated like this but to still have contact with him than to cut things off entirely.

Besides, Rozanov had never promised him anything more than sex. As much as it hurt, he knew that expectation came from him. In reality, nothing about their arrangement went beyond physical needs. That one was on Shane.

He expected to be teased. Maybe Rozanov had found it funny. Shane didn't know. But he hadn't heard his voice in months, hadn't gotten a text message in months, and so it didn't matter. He just wanted some contact.

Instead, Rozanov surprised him. *"Are you okay?"*

"What?" Shane replied back.

"You had fight with Scott Hunter, yes? Are you okay?"

"I'm okay."

"Hollander... are you crying?"

"No." Came Shane's wet reply, swallowing the lump in his throat. "I'm not."

"What happened? Tell me."

When Shane opened his mouth this time to try and elaborate something, all that came out was a shaky breath, followed by another. He closed his mouth, breathed through his nose and when he tried again, all he could do was whimper.

"Hollander, what did he say to you?"

God, he hated this so much. The last time they'd been in bed together, it had been just a quick, rough fuck. Rozanov hadn't faced Shane once, hadn't kissed him even once. In bed after, Shane had tried to get a word out of him about how weird it had all felt, but Rozanov had all but politely told him to leave.

"What did Hunter say to you?" Rozanov asked, sounding angrier by the second. *"Did he put hands on you?"*

"No."

"I will kill him." Rozanov said, acting like he didn't hear what Shane had just said. *"If he has-*
"

It would have been nice, Shane thought, to be thought of like this. To be cherished like this. But he and Rozanov were not anything of the sort. Rozanov was acting like this because he liked fucking Shane, and perhaps because he liked getting on Hunter's nerves. "Did you not watch the videos online? Pretty sure I skated up to him first and got physical."

Rozanov, once again, ignored Shane's reply. *"Did he say something about your mother? Or about eth- ethin- what is word? Where you are from?"*

It took Shane's exhausted brain a few good seconds to catch up. "Ethnicity." He provided.

"Yes, that. Hunter said something about you being Japanese?"

"No. No, it has nothing to do with my mom or my ethnicity. Hunter's not like that- not from what I've seen so far- why are you asking about my mom and my ethnicity?"

"Things you care about. What else could make Shane Hollander angry enough to start fight on television with old man Scott Hunter?"

"Nothing, it was nothing, Rozanov."

"Nothing? You ruined good reputation, brand deals, respect from team and coach and all Montreal and risk of being benched for the season for nothing?"

"Drop it." Shane supplied helpfully. "I'm tired."

"No, I will not drop it. What the fuck did Hunter do for you to risk everything on television?"

"For fuck's sake!" Shane yelled, unable to contain it anymore. "Are you fucking kidding me? I've had a long shitty day, can't you not add to it? I told you to drop it, take the goddamn hint. Fuck!"

Rozanov went silent for a moment. *"Do you feel better now?"* He asked, like he'd been planning for this. *"You are stressed and upset. You did not talk to anyone, yes? Is okay. Take it out on me."*

You are unbelievable, Shane muttered, shaking his head despite sitting in the dark all alone in his solo stall. The outside noise had stopped a while ago- showers had stopped running, hallway conversations had died, doors opening and closing had also stopped, meaning everyone had gone home. This was great. This meant Shane could go home soon.

"No I don't."

"Should I leave you then?" Rozanov asked, and to his credit, he did not sound upset nor angry to have gotten yelled at. He sounded sincere and like he meant every single word from the bottom of his heart.

"You're good at that." Shane replied without thinking. It was horrifying how much he lost his composure around this man. He couldn't even keep up with any pretence. His tongue refused to. He'd been hurt and for months at that. He wanted Rozanov to know. "You go no contact for months and you call when I get into a public scandal to ask if I'm okay and if I'm hurt. You're really hard to follow."

It took Rozanov a long moment to recover from that comment. *"Should I not have?"* He asked, not providing an apology.

"No, by all means. If you're worried about my body getting messed up, do not worry. I'm still in perfect shape and you'll be able to fuck me whenever you want."

That was a low blow and Shane knew it. And yet.

"Hollander..."

Rozanov hadn't said anything else, but just his name was enough. Shane knew, just from his voice and tone, that what he had said had hurt Rozanov. He regretted it just a little. He knew Rozanov had to have been genuinely worried, but when they meant nothing to each other besides two bodies that warmed each other up, what else was he supposed to think? He got ghosted for months and then called and talked to this gently, and he wasn't supposed to be confused?

"I am not thinking about sex at all. Not like this... not if you are hurt in any way. And you are clearly upset- I don't like it."

"Why not? If I'm upset, injured and distracted, I won't be as good on the ice. With a scandal like that too, I wonder which brand will want to work with me in the future. All of this puts you at an advantage-"

"No." Rozanov interrupted. He sounded decisive, but somehow also hurt. Angry perhaps. *"I don't want you upset, injured or distracted. Don't say things like that. You know is not true, Hollander."*

"Not in bed, no. But outside of it."

"Not in bed, not outside of bed, never."

"Why not?" Shane challenged, knowing he was pushing it. It didn't matter. If things were to end after their last time in Las Vegas, Shane might as well get it all out now. He was exhausted and his reputation may be over and he missed this man who kept sending him mixed signals and breaking his heart. "Rozanov, it's just sex. Your words, not mine. You don't have to like me outside of it, and I know you don't, because you don't bother ever answering my texts and you leave me on read for months. You don't have to pretend you care- I'll still let you fuck me next time we meet, even if you don't call to check on me. I thought that was clear."

On the other end of the line, Rozanov said something in Russian, cursing most likely, the way it came out, and quickly went back to English. *"I don't hate you, I have never hated you. And I am not doing any of this to have sex from you. Why do you think that?"*

Shane wanted to laugh. Why did he think that? Maybe because that was all Rozanov allowed Shane to be for him. "Nevermind, I'm too tired to think right now. I should go, leave the

arena and all." What he didn't say was that he didn't want to keep taking it out on Rozanov.

"Not yet. You had panic attack earlier, you need more time. Stay on phone with me a little longer."

"Everyone's gone, I'm pretty sure. Besides, I'll be in my car, no chance of getting recognised."

"Hollander, you want to drive right now?"

"I took my car to the arena."

"No." Rozanov objected, sounding very much like he had a saying in the matter. "Take taxi, is safer. Please don't drive."

Shane wanted to laugh. "I had a panic attack, not an aneurysm. I can drive myself back without a problem. Besides, it's not like-" And he stopped himself before saying too much. He didn't know why he was arguing with Rozanov. He was a grown man and they didn't mean anything to each other. Shane could hang up any time he wanted now- he didn't have to argue and explain himself. But something about Rozanov's soothing voice and tender concern made it achingly impossible to give him up.

"You have done this before?" Rozanov asked, but it sounded like an empty question. He was more so disappointedly throwing back the question at him than expecting an answer. He sounded like he knew.

"Yes, more than once. I've always had these moments of panic, it's nothing new. And it doesn't affect my capacities."

"But reflexes are slower, yes? You are not as focused. Your attention is short?"

"Short attention span." Shane corrected. "I don't think so. It happens, like getting upset. Do you stop driving because you're upset or sad?"

"Is different, Hollander. Having feeling like you will die of heart attack from panic is not normal stress or being sad, is not healthy. You need to see doctor."

"You smoke. It's not healthy." Shane reminded helpfully.

"Da. Yes. And you always complain about it."

To that, Shane had nothing to add. His head hurt, his throat was dry as hell and he felt small overall. He'd have to face so much shame once he stepped a foot outside- he knew he'd feel it the moment he had to explain himself to basically all of Montreal. When he looked at the replay footage of the fight.

He wanted Rozanov here, right now, with him, in this shitty small solo stall. Shane needed to be held. He didn't think he was asking for too much- just a hug, a kiss. Someone whispering sweet nothings against his temple.

Shane was nothing if not practical. He had tried, throughout the years, to imagine anyone else besides Rozanov doing this for him. There had been a guy in Mexico and one in Hollywood he had taken that step with, but it didn't hold a candle to Rozanov.

No one compared. Shane had known this for a long time. He was fucked, and he'd known that too.

Sex didn't feel the same with anyone else, but if that was all there was to it, it would've been so easy. Shane didn't like being teased unless it came from Ilya Rozanov of all people. He didn't like being vulnerable, he hated anyone seeing his walls down, except when it was Rozanov, not only was it alright, but he needed that man to witness it all.

Shane needed him in a way he had never needed anyone else.

Rozanov had been his first real crush, his first real competition, the first person to have ever had meaningful sex with, the first person to have ever gotten under his skin like this, the first Shane had been so curious about he could die.

For fuck's sake, Rozanov had been the first man inside him. This was not nothing to Shane. Rozanov was the man Shane had laid down for, entirely vulnerable and nervous, and yet trusting that he'd be every bit the gentle, compassionate, sensitive lover he had always been.

He could still feel the taste of that night under his tongue- he'd never forget it. They had made love, and it didn't matter which labels could or could not be applied to them back then, it had still been lovemaking. Shane had been so close to Rozanov, both physically and

emotionally. It tore him apart to remember that he'd never get this again.

"What are you thinking about?" Rozanov asked after a long moment of silence, surprising him and reminding him that they were still on the phone.

"Nothing."

"Well, I am thinking about you."

Shane smiled, but it didn't reach his ears. "I think Scott Hunter knows about us." As exhausted and upset as he was, Rozanov deserved to know about this. It didn't only concern Shane, it concerned Rozanov as well.

"Is that what he said to you? On the ice?"

"He alluded to it."

"Another word for alluded?"

"Sorry, he hinted at it. It was subtle, but it was really weird. He talked like he knew- I can't be certain, but also, he was right next to us in 1221. It's not the first time he makes comments about the two of us being close or friends. But maybe he didn't know anything and my reaction gave it away. Fuck, I'm sorry."

Gently, Rozanov responded. *"I don't think he knows."*

"I tried calling him and when he didn't answer, I texted him to beg him not to share anything with anyone. I just- I thought he knew and I was trying to keep it contained. If he didn't know then-"

"Hollander, take a breath. Is okay, Scott Hunter is not an asshole, yes? Not a real one at least. He does not say homophobic slurs like others and he is not cruel, yes?"

Shane shrugged. "No, he doesn't do that. But he doesn't need to do that to be capable of malice. For all I know, he's pissed enough to tell the whole world. It's not like he'd have any real proof, but suspicion is good enough. And we don't need that, Rozanov. We have enough

cameras and mics pointed at us, as is."

"Did he say to you that he knows we are fucking?"

"He said, and I quote, 'You're starting to sound like him'."

Shane didn't know what he was expecting, but it certainly wasn't for Rozanov to erupt in laughter on the other end of the line. *"Did not even mention me and he got your panties in a twist."*

Shane was too stunned to comment on the expression- he wondered where Rozanov had learned it. He wondered how many other new expressions Rozanov had learned in the months since he'd last seen him- Shane wondered how much his English had changed and improved. He liked that Rozanov was still making mistakes here and there- it meant there was a part of him Shane still knew. A part that hadn't changed. A part, he hoped, he'd be able to see change. How much more would Shane miss?

"Old man Hunter does not know. And yes, your reaction was not very subtle, but is not enough for him to be sure." Rozanov supplied, once he was done laughing at Shane. *"Tell him you have a one-sided platonic crush on me if he asks. Say hmm Rozanov is best player in the MHL and I am only second best, so I study everything Rozanov says and does and I take private hockey classes with him to get better. This is what we were doing in 1221. And Rozanov helps because he is nice, kind guy."*

"I'm going to hang up." Shane threatened, despite the smile splitting his face. What an idiot, Shane could not get enough of him.

"If you want, I will talk with Hunter."

"No, that would be stupid. That'd be like confirming again that we're involved together."

"Okay, then we come up with stupid excuse in case he asks. And for your messages to him... we say that you don't want everyone to know we are friends, because rivalry between us is good press yes?"

"I don't know how much of that he's going to believe."

"We will see. If he threatens us, we will find something on him and threaten him back. Hunter is annoying as fuck, but is not cruel. Even if you got on his nerves, I mean. I always get on his nerves, and if is true he knew all this time, he would have said something a long time ago, yes?"

That made sense. "Yeah, you have a point. But if he does know... what do I say to that?"

"Hollander, if he knows, there is nothing to say. Apologise for the fight and ask him not to tell anyone, I think."

"I'm sorry." Shane repeated, playing with the hem of his jacket. "I messed it all up."

"You are like angry little kitten- you react easily."

Shane let the kitten comment pass over his head because there was no way he was commenting on that- not with how warm his cheeks had turned.

"Really, is okay Hollander. Not your fault. I am, what is word? Provoke easily?"

"Indeed, that you are..."

Rozanov found this entire thing funny somehow. He was in the middle of telling Shane how easily the mere topic of him provoked everyone on the ice, not that Shane needed to be told. What he didn't know, however, was that Shane was provoked because it was about them- because Shane held this man so, so close to his heart and somehow always had. Not because he got on his nerves and under his skin.

"Keep me updated, yes?"

Yet a new English expression. Shane couldn't help but wonder where Rozanov had learned it.

"Of course." Shane confirmed, taking it as the hint it was. Rozanov was telling him this phone call was over as politely as he could and Shane needed to leave. "I have to go, I've still got tons of people to talk with and I need to get home."

For a moment, Rozanov was silent, and Shane thought he misread the entire thing. But then Rozanov hummed. *"If is what you want."*

Shane had to leave. He couldn't keep falling back into this cycle where things were shitty and then perfect and shitty and perfect again. He'd already said too much. He didn't want to keep sharing what he hid in his heart when Rozanov clearly wasn't on the same page as him. "Yeah, I need to go." Shane responded dismissively.

"You play in Boston in a few weeks." Rozanov helpfully provided, like Shane didn't know his own schedule. *"Will I see you?"*

Any smart person would have answered no. Would have ended it right now and then. Would have realised that years of this was unhealthy and hurtful.

"You'll see me in Boston."

Even if the only thing he could get out of this was a night with Rozanov, spent on all fours, getting fucked from behind and drilled into, as impersonally as it could get, he still got to see him, to be close to him. He'd still get to feel how warm his body got and how much he sweated when he got into it. He'd hear and smell him, and, if he was really lucky, he'd get to be on his knees and taste him on his tongue.

It was better than nothing. Shane believed that. He had to.

"See you soon, Hollander."

End Notes

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