You Never See The Threat Too Soon (The Ghost in the Room)

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/73867096.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid, Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander, Ilya Rozanov, Hayden Pike, J.J. Boiziau, Mexico Top (OC)
Additional Tags:	Pining, Not Actually Unrequited Love, Anal Sex, Shane is down bad, Burnout - Freeform, Voyeurism if you count imagining your situationship watching you with another dude, Angst, Shane Hollander is Not in Tune with His Feelings, Infamous Mexico Top, Oral Sex
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-11-08 Words: 9,305 Chapters: 1/1

You Never See The Threat Too Soon (The Ghost in the Room)

by crashoutengineer

Summary

Shane Hollander wins the Stanley Cup and the come down is harrowing. He hasn't had sex in 4 months and the only person he wants to have sex with who won't destroy his life is avoiding him and who cares? He'll just find someone else to fill in.

Notes

I couldn't stop thinking about Shane and Mexico Top because of how out of his mind Shane must have been to take the risk.

This takes place during and right after the 2014-2015 season. I imagine that things were strange for Shane post-Los Vegas as he starts to realize how much he wants and how boxed in he is and that Ilya is very much still trying to keep his distance as much as possible to prevent himself from doing anything stupid like telling Shane how he feels.

If it sucks, please do tell me. It's been awhile since I finished anything lol.

Edit: Title is from Car Seat Headrest's "Deadlines (Hostile)" which is their situationship theme song to me ok?

Edit 2: The mistakes were torturing me.

If you are interested in listening to the songs I listened to while writing this at work: Playlist

See the end of the work for more notes

July 2015 - Cancun

Shane couldn’t listen to Hayden’s drunken rant about The fucking Bachelor again.

When his best buddy Hayden Pike was a certain blood alcohol level, he would pontificate about whatever reality show was rotting his brain at the moment. There was a lot of strategizing about people who frankly all sounded like psychopaths to Shane. When Hayden became bored by the topic, he would pivot to which Marvel superheroes would play what position on his fantasy hockey team. Shane had endured a lot of these stone-cold sober and he realized 3 shots of tequila later, that it wasn't any less baffling when he was drinking.

Half of Montreal's first line and their Captain were in Cancun on vacation for the summer on a long overdue attempt to decompress after their torturous but ultimately victorious playoff season.

On the third day, everything chafed at Shane. He wanted to tear his own skin off. The air, humid, loud and stale alcohol-flavored, sat like a layer of oil on his body. He watched groups of young, attractive people jump from bar to bar, pool to pool, club to club, laughing, singing and fucking around and he envied them for more reasons than he could say out loud.

J.J., his other best friend, complained constantly about the quality of food and drinks at the more infamous, touristy places Hayden insisted they visit. He was the elite snob to Hayden’s basic bitch. Shane normally enjoyed their bickering about whatever happened to be in front of them; it took the heat off of him and why he wasn’t interested in a hot girl who was after him. At Señor Frog's, Shane grit his teeth as JJ argued insistently about supporting smaller restaurants over the loud music and hazy lighting.

“J.J., bud, I get it but look at this place," Hayden said, pointing at the gigantic Stanley Cup-sized frozen booze slushie him and his wife Jackie were sharing. "it’s fucking wild.”

Comeau, who had also tagged along after a traumatic breakup with his fiance (he cheated on her), was blasted and kept pointing out all of the tourists.

“If I wanted to watch fat American pigs eat slop,” Comeau drawled in his purposefully overarticulated Quebecois accent. “I would have taken Gregson’s offer to visit him in Texas, *non*?”

“Yeah, kind of wish you had just gone with him,” Shane snapped. “You’ve been saying the same thing all day.” Comeau rolled his eyes at Shane and turned his back to him to leer at some college girls at the table next to theirs.

Jackie's eyes met Shane's and they both made the same face and laughed. She couldn't stand Patrice Comeau either. Shane was grateful she was here. He loved the Pikes both so much. It wasn’t their fault Shane was in a bad mood, had been in a bad mood since even before arriving in Mexico. Probably since he woke up the night after winning the cup.

It came down to this--Shane had burned out and was experiencing a combination of acute mental exhaustion and restlessness.

From April to June, all reserves of his energy were entirely focused on one thing: winning the Stanley Cup. 2015 was the year, *had* to be the year they won. Montreal's mortal enemies, Boston had won the year before after a long drought and rebuild. From that summer on, every single atom in Shane’s body was attuned only to making this a reality. It was the reason he breathed right up until the moment the clock zeroed out and the booming roar of 21,000 Montreal fans screaming in rapturous joy slammed like a truck into his single-minded mania, shattering it all, waking him up to the real world once again.

It had been 35 long years since Montreal last won the Stanley Cup. This victory marked Shane’s first and the moment he had been working toward nearly all his life. According to any and all hockey commentators, it was supposed to be the greatest emotion he would ever feel.

And yet, the only thing Shane could think about in that moment as he took the first lap as the captain, the cup hoisted over his head, was watching his rival, Ilya Rozanov win the year before. On TV, Rozanov screamed, tears streaming down his cheeks, a desolate intensity in his gaze as he looked up at the sky. It was defiant and Shane had wondered precisely what it

meant. It was such a beautiful and sad expression and it had grabbed Shane by the throat, bringing tears to his eyes.

Shane wondered if Rozanov was watching him on TV. Was Rozanov jealous and pissed they lost the playoffs to Montreal still? Or did he feel similarly to Shane on his couch watching his moment: jealousy yes, but also pride–-a certainty that the only other person who deserved to win, had?

The celebrations afterward were numerous and raucous with Shane drunk for most of it. Shane's teammates attached a funnel to his face, which he allowed, because fuck it. At some point, however, Hayden made the call to cut Shane off just as he was half-conscious, about to be carried off by the three college girls keeping him upright. Comeau chastised Hayden for being a buzzkill but Hayden was adamant.

"We don't need his sex tape going fucking viral, ok? He would literally die of humiliation." Comeau told this story to Shane later on as if Hayden had stopped the best thing ever from happening. Shane felt the chill of horror down his back at the prospect of going home with 3 women he didn't know or even want let alone the thought of being filmed having sex. To the team, it was a running joke that Hayden had ruined Shane's chance at a foursome.

Shane was secretly so fucking grateful to his friend for saving him from that fucked up possibility. Still, he forced himself to laugh awkwardly through the teasing.

The come down from winning was steep. As the post-playoff, hit by the bus feeling—horrible soreness and pain from mounting injuries and/or reactivation of old ones—abated, Shane could finally feel things again. Once the euphoria faded, the restless agitation he could never quite articulate took over.

Shane hadn't had sex with anyone since the Spring, right before the playoffs and fuck, he really wanted…something.

The last time, at Shane's condo in Montreal, Shane texted Rozanov and did not receive a response. When he saw the message had been read and not answered, Shane paced the living room for close to an hour absolutely hating himself for allowing this fucking asshole to humiliate him like this. The prospect of getting stood up loomed and Shane paced the length of the living room.

If he doesn't come in 5 minutes, leave.

If he doesn't come in another half hour you have to go, you absolute fucking loser.

Shane wanted to lie to himself and say that he was minutes away from leaving when Rozanov finally showed up but what was the point? He might have stayed there waiting forever just for the chance he would get what he wanted.

There was a sharp knock on the door, Shane opened it and let his guest in.

Rozanov, tall, built and smirking entered, his curly golden brown hair messy and a little frizzy from air drying. Since he joined the NHL, the naturally pale complexion Shane remembered from their first awkward meeting in a Saskatchewan parking lot, was perpetually golden from gym tanning beds. For the already freezing and rainy October night in Montreal, he wore his leather jacket with a Boston hoodie underneath. Shane had asked once when Rozanov showed up in just a hoodie when it was under zero degrees if he ever got cold never wearing the appropriate outerwear.

Rozanov smirked, backing him up against the wall and brushed his soft lips against the hinge of Shane's jaw, his teeth grazing his earlobe. He answered in a low, hypnotic purr: "Do not worry about me Hollander, I run hot, yes?" And yeah as much as it pained Shane to admit, he fucking did, the memory of being engulfed and filled up by Rozanov bringing a blush to his cheeks.

"I was just about to leave, asshole," Shane said, trying and failing to keep his face blank and his voice cool. Rozanov locked the door behind him and turned to Shane with his easy, crooked grin belied by the sharp, molten set of his eyes.

"Was busy. Am here now."

Shane scoffed.

“Busy. Yeah. With who?”

Shane hadn’t meant to say it so petulantly, like he was jealous, like he cared what Rozanov did outside of the hotel room. Rozanov didn’t answer the question.

“Does it matter,” he asked. The glint in his eyes seemed gleeful.

Shane swallowed hard, turning his back on Rozanov.

“It doesn’t.” And it didn’t because Shane was never going to *let* it matter to him. He knew, oh he knew there were others. He found this out every time he performed his weekly Google search on Rozanov.

Shane had no idea why a news site was so interested in Rozanov's love life but then he was the loser googling it, wasn't he? This TMZ news station had a whole fucking gallery of Rozanov’s Roster of Baddies. It didn’t actually make a difference because Shane remembered he definitely didn't care. If sometimes Shane wondered if he was the second stop, it was for logistical reasons only.

Shane chose to drop it and moved into the bedroom, Rozanov following automatically.

There was a long silence and Shane for once, not caring that it seemed over eager, started taking his clothes off. Shane heard Rozanov’s sharp intake of breath as he dropped his pants. He looked over his shoulder, enjoying the way Rozanov’s eyes roamed the lines of his body.

“How long do you have?” Shane asked, stretching his back and neck before continuing with a loud crack.

Rozanov cleared his throat and watched him slide his underwear down his thighs.

“An hour, maybe a little more.” He sounded…put out by it? It wasn't very much time. Shane nodded.

“Ok,” Shane said. He closed his eyes as Rozanov’s hands landed, warm and firm on his bare skin, on his hips. The scrape of Rozanov’s zipper against his back felt good and Shane contemplated asking Rozanov to fuck him like that but he wasn’t one to give up the view of Rozanov’s body, of skin to skin contact, just them, nothing separating them. He turned and watched Rozanov strip down quickly, tossing his clothes aside in spare, practiced motions.

Rozanov caught Shane’s mouth and tilted his head back, sliding his tongue in eagerly. Shane had to swallow the pathetic mewl of relief forming in his throat at the heat of it, the possessive grasp of Rozanov’s hands kneading his ass, their bodies flush at the foot of the bed.

Shane shoved him back, enjoying how hard Rozanov hit the bed, the impact launching several pillows onto the floor. He did too, if the obnoxious grin was anything to go by.

“I like you like this Hollander.”

“Like what?”

“Thirsty for me.” Shane bit the inside of his cheek and cursed the hot flush on his face.

“Fuck you.”

“Mm yes.”

Shane rolled his eyes, hiding his smile. He climbed onto the bed, up Rozanov's body, straddling his hips. If this were something other than what it was, Shane might trace the bump on his nose, kiss him for a couple hours but this was a transaction. Shane lowered his mouth to taste Rozanov’s neck, sucked a trail down from his nipples to his navel, down

further, delicately scraping his teeth against the patch of skin on his lower belly. It was surprisingly indulgent for Shane but he couldn't resist.

This season had been confusing for Shane.

An attempt to stay on course for what he saw as his mandate (to win the cup) while fighting the cloying, unnameable desperation that sometimes gripped him. He channeled most of it into his game and he was better than ever. Lethal and relentless on the ice. But alone, he wavered in moments of intense emptiness. Somehow, the only distraction that worked was this--sex, pleasure, oblivion.

Terror sometimes gripped Shane in the middle of the night when he wondered if it wasn't only about admittedly hot sex, that what he required was sex with only a certain person and that was a cage Shane never wanted to get locked up in. The correct answer would reveal itself if he could just fuck around. He needed to lessen the hold Rozanov had on him by being so fucking…competent, with a huge, frankly beautiful dick Shane dreamed about and a body Shane tried to memorize a little more of each time.

"Come on Hollander," Rozanov said roughly. Shane remembered how little time they had and wrapped his mouth around the thick, dark head of the dick in his hand. He still couldn't fit it all into his mouth, but it didn't stop him from trying his best. He nosed at the underside, playing with it a little, running his tongue underside along the vein and stroked him, pulling back the skin and teasing a little more before buckling down.

His eyes focused on the responding arch of Rozanov's body every time Shane did something. Rozanov groaned when Shane tongued and mouthed at the slit, his nails raking back Shane's hair. Shane was overdue for a cut, it kept getting in his eyes, but he liked it for the moment as Rozanov carved his fingers through it, pulling gently but firmly.

Tightening his hand around him and stroking harder, Shane let himself explore further, nosing into the crease of Rozanov's leg, sucking on his inner thigh then up again taking one soft furry ball into his mouth pulling some hoarse, halting Russian from him. He watched Shane with those hazel eyes that changed color like one of those rocks.

Shane couldn't remember the name but J.J. had once dated this girl Natalie who was obsessed with rocks, crystals. Shane never cared about it but he thought they were pretty cool looking

and listened to her talk about the different types. At some point, she had given him his baby's first crystal's kit for good luck. There was a stone in there gold, green, brown that always reminded him of the shifting color of Rozanov's eyes and he winced when he had the thought, pushed it out of his mind.

Shane took him deeper, riding the edge of too much. Rozanov sat up watching him, his mouth open, breathing hard. If Shane allowed himself to dwell too hard on how wrecked Rozanov looked and the dangerous glimmer in his eyes, he wouldn't last very long. He would never live it down if he came (again) just from sucking Rozanov's dick. Rozanov loved reminding him of the first time it had happened. Rozanov started gently fucking Shane's mouth and Shane made a low purring noise as he felt the cock in his mouth harden even more.

Rozanov groaned louder and stuck two fingers into his own mouth, wetting them before sitting up, reaching down, spreading Shane's ass cheek with one hand and tracing his tight rim with the other. Shane moaned helplessly around him, his eyes fluttering shut. He knew Rozanov was watching himself disappear in Shane's mouth again, the muscles in his abs twitching like they did when he was getting close.

"You have such a pretty hole, Hollander." The compliment paired with the gentle, circling of Rozanov's fingers playing with his hole, made Shane's entire body flush. Suddenly, Shane felt Rozanov pull gently on his hair. Shane let him slip out of his mouth and looked up, spit dribbling down his chin.

"Fuck, fuck Hollander-" Rozanov took a desperate breath. "Stop." He sat up and hauled Shane up into his lap, kissing him in his deep commanding way, licking the glob of saliva from the sides of his mouth. When he pulled back, Shane felt drunk, more so as he registered the look in his eyes. Rozanov's thumb brushed along the dip of Shane's cupid's bow.

"I want to watch you take me," he murmured. Shane swallowed and nodded.

He reached over for the lube Shane had left on the night table and the condom.

"Turn around." Shane obeyed, turning to face Rozanov's feet. He arched his back like the needy whore he was and was rewarded with a quick slap to the ass. Shane turned his head and glared back at Rozanov only to find him smirking at him. Shane *hated* how much he

liked it when Rozanov spanked him. He liked it so much, and Rozanov knew how much from how he grinned with all his teeth.

Rozanov used that moment to push a slick finger into his ass.

“Mmm, fuck,” Shane gasped over and over as Rozanov worked him open.

“Fuck Rozanov, hurry up.”’ Rozanov placed a hand around the back of Shane’s neck and Shane’s head flashed empty. He was defenseless against Rozanov’s expert manipulation of his body every time, the hazel eyes pinning Shane to whatever surface for close study.

Shane bit his lip as the head of Rozanov’s dick met his rim. Rozanov held him steady by the hips and Shane sank down, lost in the sensation of stretching to accommodate and the almost unbearable pressure easing into something Shane knew even the first time, he could not live without.

Rozanov held his hips still as Shane wriggled on him, finding his balance. It was rare for Shane to be on top but they did it on occasion. This was the first time he was on top facing away from Rozanov, giving him his requested full view of Shane’s back muscles and his ass.

"Черт, ты идеален,” Rozanov murmured in Russian. Shane always wished he could speak Russian. He wanted to know what Rozanov said in that voice when he was using his body.

Fuck, Shane thought, *tell me that you need this as much as I do. Tell me how I feel around you.* It was torture not to know but maybe Shane didn’t want to know either.

Shane alternated between bouncing on his cock, intermittently feeling Rozanov kneading his ass and murmuring in breathless Russian or hauled down into a close embrace, back flush against Rozanov’s chest where he got so desperate he didn’t know if he was speaking actual words.

“Is this what you wanted?” Shane asked, breathless, looking over his shoulder at Rozanov as he rode him. Rozanov’s eyes flashed and before Shane could react, he was pulled down again, onto his back against Rozanov’s body for a blistering wet kiss, the angle of Rozanov’s dick changing and drawing a loud cry from Shane’s mouth.

“Oh god, oh fuck,” Shane yelled his head falling back, his body arching as he felt Rozanov’s big hand grab his cock, pulling on him firmly, cupping his balls. He whined when Rozanov slipped out of him suddenly.

“Hollander,” Rozanov’s voice was ragged. His hand pressed against Shane’s belly as he angled his hips and aligned his cock against Shane’s hole again. Without thinking, Shane wrapped his own hand around Rozanov and shoved him inside himself, holding him inside by the base. Rozanov snarled something in Shane’s ear, his thick arm around Shane’s shoulders, the other hand roaming between the expanse of Shane’s nipples, abs and his leaking dick. Blunt fingernails against his sensitive nipples made Shane shout, flying too fucking close. He didn’t even have the faculties to be embarrassed because it didn’t matter to his mind empty of everything except, *yes* and *fuck me harder*.

“You’re so fucking loud you know that, Hollander,” Rozanov said. His voice was frayed. “In hotel, I would have to stick my fingers in your mouth to make you quiet.” Shane was too far gone to react like he normally would. He was past shame. The idea of choking on Rozanov’s fingers while he was being fucked like this sounded like heaven.

“Fuck, yeah, I’d bite them off,” Shane said, panting, bracing his remaining hand up against the headboard and grinding down his hips as Rozanov shoved up into him. The breathless delighted, velvet laugh in Shane’s ear and the brain scrambling angle Rozanov was hitting made Shane’s eyes roll back in his head. His body was tightening around Rozanov and he couldn’t hold back anymore. Involuntarily, he clenched hard around the dick in him.

“Fuck Rozanov, I’m so close,” he said, his voice hoarse and dark and trembling.

“Yes I can feel it,” Rozanov grabbed Shane’s dick in one hand, splaying the other hand around where they were joined. The brush of Rozanov’s fingertips around his rim, sent Shane into his most intense orgasm to date. Shane came hard, shooting all over himself, Rozanov’s hand.

Rozanov was loud when he came, Shane's body clenching around him, milking him, holding him inside as if it had made the executive decision to keep him there for as long as possible.

It took them longer than usual to come back to themselves. Rozanov held Shane to him, keeping him on his half-hard dick and kissing him into further stupidity.

Naturally, it was Shane who pulled away first, the unpleasant feeling of his come drying against his stomach bringing him down quicker. He rolled onto his back onto the bed. Rozanov got up to get rid of the condom and brought back a warm wet washcloth pressing it gently against Shane's belly. Shane expected him to pull on his clothes and leave but instead he grabbed his phone from his discarded pants pocket and came back to the bed. He typed something quick and set his phone aside.

They both knew it was the last time for awhile. There was an unspoken rule about never meeting during the playoffs. A lot of hockey players and their coaches believed having sex during the playoffs dulled your game. Shane didn't necessarily believe this and didn't think Rozanov did either but they were all adamant they didn't want to be the guy who proved it by indulging and then watching his team tank immediately afterward.

They faced each other on their sides, sweaty and wrecked and blissed out.

"Playoffs next week. You're playing DC," Shane asked, knowing the answer but wanting him to maybe linger.

"Yes. You have New York?"

"Yeah. Fucking Scott Hunter."

"He is old. You cannot lose to him," Rozanov said, poking Shane in the cheek. Shane laughed.

“He’s like three years older. He’s not elderly, Rozanov.” Rozanov scoffed.

“Belongs in retirement home. Playing bingo.”

“You’re such an asshole.” Rozanov’s eyes glimmered with mischief.

“You love it.” Shane watched the way his lips moved as he spoke. The way he said love it. Shane flushed but said nothing. He looked at his watch. They were way past the hour previously set but then he felt Rozanov’s curious fingers in his hair. Fuck it, might as well ask. Shane scooted a little closer, pressing his mouth against the cleft in his chin, kissing his neck, ignoring the instinct to bite, nuzzling down to take a nipple in his mouth, rolling the hard bud under his tongue and enjoying the sigh and rumble in Rozanov’s chest.

“You got one more in you, Rozanov,” Shane asked, mouthing at his half-hard cock. Rozanov smirked, firmly pulling on Shane’s hair enjoying the ripple of pleasure on Shane’s face from the sensation.

“Always.”

Right after the win, Shane heard from everyone—his aunts, uncles, cousins, a lot of his friends from across the league, elementary and secondary school, hockey camps, his juniors hockey team, his former teachers. He heard from Canadian and American celebrities, actors, musicians. So many people reached out to congratulate him—everyone but the one person he, quite stupidly, wanted to hear from.

The previous year, Shane had sent Rozanov a quick congratulations that was ultimately never acknowledged. He felt pretty stupid then and he felt stupid now wanting anything from him.

At the NHL awards, Shane had received the league MVP award. His teammates were there to holler throughout his speech. Rozanov had not attended. Throughout the evening, a

progressively drunker Shane contemplated reaching out to him to gloat, to get his attention somehow and he would have if his superego hadn't quashed it. He assumed Rozanov wouldn't answer him and that was far too humiliating for even Shane's seemingly high tolerance.

Shane spent that night in his hotel room drunk and alone, haunted by the dashed expectations he did not want to fully admit he had been harboring. His fantasies from the night before seemed pathetic in that beautiful room with a view of the strip. The same time last year, in this same hotel in a different room, Shane had been devoured alive by this thing between him and Rozanov.

"Touch yourself. Show me," That voice low and dark, layered with just enough heat and self possession to confound Shane. The automatic desire was to do anything he asked. He would do anything for this, Shane knew but couldn't acknowledge it. It was too much to bear.

Rozanov watched him carefully as Shane touched himself, his senses alight with the thrill of power even in his obedience. Shane was attuned to the man's breathing, the increasing unsteadiness in his voice, the shift of his weight on the chair.

I want you, do you want me, please want me. I need you so bad—the refrain in Shane's head. The moment their eyes met over the vee of Shane's spread thighs, his untouched cock soaking wet against his belly and the feeling of almost burning alive when Rozanov finally pushed inside, fucking him like he also was on the thinnest razor's edge of control.

Shane had lost his mind a little that night, desperate from the longest drought between their encounters yet, thrown off by Rozanov's alternating aloofness, almost total indifference and his sensual intensity. The question Shane had to hold back the entire night was: *do you want me here or not?* It was easiest and safest for Shane to assume the answer was no and remove himself from Rozanov's line up entirely.

For some reason, Shane couldn't bring himself to do that. He wanted Rozanov, still, so fucking badly and the only time Shane could deny it was when they weren't in the same city. He was certain the answer to the question of whether Shane was wanted was *not really* right up until Rozanov kissed him in the backstage bathroom. It was a quick kiss but passionate and it addled Shane's brain. Later, in that hotel room, the energy shifted and for those two hours, Shane was subsumed by the force of Rozanov's admiration and appraisal of his body, the layered misdirection of Rozanov's request for a show.

It was a challenge, a competition, a test of will, seemingly of which one of them would break and beg first. However, in practice, it seemed as if Rozanov was challenging himself, testing himself for endurance for indifference though Shane couldn't quite unpack what that meant. No, it was all tangled up in Shane's mind and in the end, all he could grasp was that the intensity and pleasure were inseparable from the game, whatever it meant. And at the end, Shane felt sort of defeated, like he had lost to something much greater.

Shane hadn't stopped thinking about that night with Rozanov since it happened because it had seemingly changed everything and nothing all at once.

They hadn't kissed during sex that night, not even goodbye and Shane couldn't help but fixate on it afterward. One minute, they had been in bed, Shane's body still humming, drinking vodka and watching Rozanov smoke a cigarette in his brooding, elegant way. He basked in the warmth of Rozanov's gaze skimming his body and he felt the promise of something more that night.

Then Shane had asked about his summer plans and the glimmer vanished. Rozanov's gaze shuttered and he closed up like a tomb. The dismissal was jarring and festered in Shane's mind the more time passed.

In the most vulnerable hours alone lying in bed in his apartment, in his quiet cottage, Shane wondered: *why didn't you kiss me? Why? And why do I want it so bad*. He fantasized about turning around, letting himself back into the hotel room and kissing him, not just a peck but deeply and with intention. Shane let himself think that perhaps Rozanov would kiss him back and yes, keep him on his cock for the rest of the night until they were delirious and spent but more than that, the window could reopen and they could both look out at the landscape of what this all was and what it meant.

It was stupid and it hurt. It made Shane hope that Rozanov broke it off once and for all the next time their teams met in October.

When Hayden first floated the idea of a group trip to Cancun, Shane had declined immediately. Shane wanted to be alone to recover. To disengage from his public life entirely. In some ways it was a return to his childhood summers where all he wanted was to read, be in nature and move his body in the quiet. No one was counting on him for anything, no one needed him. He didn't have to think at all, he could simply...be.

Then, on his weekly (ok it was probably like daily at that point) search, he saw the post.

For a normal person, with normal feelings, it was literally nothing.

In the photo, Rozanov was shirtless carrying a woman on piggyback. The woman was blond and gorgeous. He had seen Rozanov with her before in pictures taken in Boston.

It was yet another photo of Rozanov with a beautiful woman but for some reason Shane saw it and thought, maybe this was it. *Maybe this is the woman he marries.* Why wouldn't you marry a woman like that if you liked them? Shane always believed he would too, eventually. He just hadn't found the one yet.

For all Shane knew, he was simply a source of temporary amusement for Rozanov. Rozanov fucked him not because he wanted Shane but because it made him feel powerful to fuck his rival, to be the one to make him scream like a little bitch.

Wasn't that the way most hockey players thought?

Shane's heart rejected that notion. He knew in his gut that Rozanov, despite being a gigantic, vain asshole was not that kind of asshole. But this was the world they lived in and Shane knew both of them would do anything to survive even it meant never seeing each other again. If the opportunity presented itself, why wouldn't Rozanov fall in love with her? The ambiguity of their last encounter compounded with the silence since their last meeting before the 2015 playoffs and it was easy to let it take root—the end had come.

Staring at the picture of Rozanov, it seemed like such a concrete possibility that Shane struggled under the weight of it bearing down on him. He hit the emergency shut off valve on

the pressurized stream of emotions threatening to choke him. Instead, he swam in his pool back and forth until his arms were going to fall off. Then he was simply angry at himself.

What the fuck was he doing spiraling over Ilya Rozanov? They weren't lovers, they weren't even friends! They were just two people who fucked sometimes because it was hot and they both needed discretion. It was valuable but Shane realized that it wouldn't, couldn't last forever. On top of that, what the fuck was so special about Ilya Rozanov? Shane saw beautiful men all the time even outside of hockey. Rozanov fucked other people all the time, why the hell couldnt Shane do the same? Why the hell was he sitting around like a boring loser? He was only proving Rozanov's point.

Like his financial advisor always said, "Shane, you need to diversify your assets." Which definitely didn't apply to people but Shane liked pretending his panic response of reciting advice from his accountants and advisors was logical.

Shane said yes to the trip. He needed to get the fuck out of his regular routine and find someone else, anyone else to fuck who wouldn't ruin his life.

After the third night out in Cancun, Shane told them he was heading back to the hotel and his friends hadn't questioned it. Shane was always the first to bow out and they probably were tired of his sulking.

Shane pulled up the address he had saved in his Notes app. Before arriving in Cancun, Shane researched gay clubs and bars in the area. There was a site that specifically catered to gay friendly travel.

Even if Cancun was a popular tourist spot and Shane was incredibly hockey famous, he was only mildly regular famous, virtually never recognized outside of Canada except in like 3 cities in America for example. The club was just out of the way enough to avoid the main traffic of foreign tourists.

The club, called *Xcapa* was small and packed and immediately Shane's throat tightened with anxiety. He chose the club because several of the reviews said it was fairly off the grid but not too far from where he was staying. It had a reputation as chill. Then again, Shane could hardly believe a club could ever really be chill.

Shane swallowed his panic and made his way over to the bar where he ordered the first beer brand he saw posted on the wall from the hot bartender. When he had his beer, Shane posted up on the perimeter, focusing on his own breathing. It was fine, he told himself. He wasn't anyone here he was just another guy. It was very unlikely someone would recognize him. People hooked up all the time and nothing bad happened…right?

Shane knew what could happen and it was the reason why he compartmentalized his sexuality with one person he saw what? 4-5 times a year for maybe 2 hours at a time? It was getting unbearable and making Shane believe insane shit like he had actual feelings for Ilya Rozanov. He fucking didn't. He was just horny as fuck as any repressed 20-something would be and desperate.

He didn't want to feel so desperate anymore. He didn't want to feel so inexperienced and immature. Especially, he didn't want to believe that the most impossible situation in the world—that he could have feelings for another man, specifically his rival, the villain of the story to thousands of Montreal fans in the most homophobic sport in the world.

It was too much. All Shane wanted from life was to keep playing hockey and if his desires were entirely antithetical to that dream, he would have to choose and that choice was not one he ever thought would be difficult. Somehow, he had never expected to want this—sex, touch, desire as much as he did. It frightened him. Shane had to untangle himself from this all. He needed an answer to the question he didn't want to ask in the first place.

Closing his eyes, Shane put his game face on. He was finding a way through. He relaxed his body as much as he could shifting into the all-seeing being he could be on the ice. It was a mindset he could slip into. He had never tried to do it off the ice but fuck it. He scanned the crowd, noticed that some eyes were on him. Did they recognize him?

Shane moved along the perimeter, assessing what their movements told him. One guy, tall, slim with blond streaks in his dark hair came up to him, whispered something in Spanish to him and Shane shook his head. The man was attractive but Shane was looking for something

specific. A few more approached including an attractive American couple but that was too much for him to contemplate so he said no.

A second beer in his hand, Shane met another man's gaze as the club traffic shifted. He was tall and broad with curly dark hair, dark eyes, high cheekbones. The only one in his group not dancing, he smiled at Shane in a way that made lust unfurl in the pit of his stomach. Shane finished his second beer, left a huge tip and carefully made his way through the bodies between them. Time slowed as Shane approached and the strangers gaze locked onto him.

The white linen button up the man was wearing was unbuttoned at his sternum, exposing the dark ink against his smooth, umber skin, snaking up and down his neck and disappearing into the long sleeves of the shirt.

"You're beautiful," the man said in English, his voice deep and soft. He had a slight accent obvious in his over annunciation of the r's and t's.

"Thanks. You too." Shane felt a little stupid and blushed. The man smiled down at him. He was very tall, at least 6"5 and Shane was very into it.

"Do you live here?" The man asked. Shane shook his head.

"You?"

"No, I am visiting my family. I live in Germany."

"Vacation. Canada," Shane answered, gesturing toward himself. The man's dark eyes devoured Shane for a moment like he was something extraordinary and they stood on the club floor before Shane was jostled by someone trying to pass by them.

"Do you want to get out of here? I am at the hotel down the street." It was now or never. Shane nodded and followed him.

The stranger was staying at the five star hotel down the block and as they went up to his room they didn't speak but Shane could feel his gaze taking him in the brighter lights of the hotel interior. Shane knew the man didn't recognize him as being at all noteworthy but rather studied him like Shane imagined you would assess an object before purchase. It wasn't unpleasant. Shane found he kind of liked it at the moment and he returned the gaze, his mind ceding control to his reflexes, like he was in fact playing a game. Then, wasn't it all just that?

When they arrived at his room, he offered Shane a drink from the minibar, Shane had another beer, finishing half way before his attention was fully captured.

The stranger took off his shirt and Shane marveled at the full effect of the tattoo. It was an intricate design reminiscent of things Shane had seen in pictures of famous cathedrals. It was overwhelming and not Shane's thing but he appreciated the beauty of it. Not stupid looking like a dumb ass bear tattoo, Shane thought.

"What is your name, beautiful?"

"Sh-" he stopped.

Shane should have thought about this more because he was definitely not going to give his real name but was historically terrible at thinking on his feet. The first thing that popped into his head was--

Jane. In that smug voice.

"Jan-er James." Shane cleared his throat and fake coughed as if that had been the reason for his stumbling and not because he was a terrible liar.

The man raised an eyebrow obviously picking up that this was not his real name but not really caring. He shrugged, amused, gently playing with a lock of Shane's dark hair. God he was so tall. Shane leaned into him.

“I am Daniel. So, what do you like, James.”

“I want you to fuck me,” Shane said, quickly. Daniel’s eyes crinkled as he smiled and nodded, taking off the rest of his clothes, except for his briefs which were tight enough to confirm Daniel was also well-equipped for what Shane wanted. He let Daniel take off his polo, and pull him closer by the waist, his hands spanning his lower back, their foreheads touching. Shane smelled him for the first time, and he smelled fresh and like the ocean. It was a scent Shane liked for himself but it didn’t trigger the same…urgency as darker, smokier scents did.

Still Shane wanted to be kissed, he loved it when—

He suppressed the though. Shane needed to be kissed so he leaned in and brushed his mouth against Daniel’s, soft at first, testing. Daniel kissed him back, exploring the contours of Shane’s lips with his own. It was always strange kissing a new person especially after years of kissing the same person who seemingly knew your mouth better than you did.

Shane found himself wanting, needing more and more from the kiss all to have Daniel respond with quick pecks and pull back concentrating on Shane’s neck instead which was fine until it made think of the way it felt to kiss Rozanov and he couldn’t fucking think of that right now.

Shane stepped back, dropped to his knees on the plush hotel carpet and without hesitation he put his mouth to the bulge in front of him, teasing through the cotton, enjoying the low moan from Daniel, his thick fingers holding the back of Shane’s head.

Even before Shane slid the briefs down, he knew Daniel had a large enough cock. It was comparable at least, maybe not as long or as thick but Shane knew it would suffice. He was uncut and fully hard and Shane eagerly took him into his mouth getting into the rhythm of sucking him off, deploying everything he had learned so far, savoring the weight of a hard cock against his tongue. Daniel was enjoying himself moaning and tugging on Shane’s hair.

“James you are so good at that. You love sucking cock?”

Shane smiled.

"Yeah," he said, feeling powerful at the groan that came out of Daniel's mouth.

Fuck Hollander, you love it. The teasing echo in Shane's mind.

Shane did love sucking dick. He would probably suck any dick in front of him. Because there were other guys with big cocks in the world. Daniel tightened his grip in Shane's hair, pulling out abruptly.

"Shit…yes you like sucking my cock, hmm?" Shane nodded, impatient. "Come here." He growled and hauled Shane up by his arms crowding him back closer to the bed. "You still want to fuck?" Daniel's eyes tracked his own thumb as it swept across Shane's mouth. Shane nodded and got the rest of his clothes off. He climbed naked onto the bed watching Daniel retrieve a condom and a bottle of lube from his bag. He basked in Daniel's admiration of his body, finding himself posing a little.

Daniel kissed Shane briefly, running a hand down the length of his body down to Shane's dick, already hard from sucking him off, squeezing lube in his hand.

Shane closed his eyes as Daniel jerked him off and pushed a slick finger into his ass, slow if not exactly gentle. That was fine because Shane didn't want tenderness or so he told himself. All he needed was a dick in him and a warm body holding him down so he didn't float away.

Shane tried to stay in the moment, it felt…fine what Daniel was doing and he was big and strong holding Shane down to the bed sucking a mark on Shane's neck. At two fingers, Shane moved his hips and whispered 'more' into Daniel's ear.

Daniel whispered something in Spanish and kissed Shane, darting his tongue into his mouth. Shane took his upper lip between his teeth, tried to model some of the things he liked when someone kissed him but Daniel could only focus on one thing at a time seemingly. No big deal. Shane was here to get plowed not kissed.

“I’m ready.” Shane said, pulling back and he turned onto his hands and knees.

—So eager for me Hollander, hmm? Rozanov had smacked his ass and Shane had growled at him. Rozanov laughed and smacked it again, leaning down to kiss Shane over his shoulder, wet and sloppy and uncoordinated and Shane had dissolved into the heat of the moment as Rozanov took control of his body, the torrent of fevered Russian between his moans, scalding away Shane’s ability to give a shit about his own dignity and self respect.

Every time, Rozanov fucked him, he made Shane’s brain short circuit before the anxiety could hit him. It was like he had received the blueprints to Shane’s body, he knew exactly where to touch, bite, lick, thrust to extract the kind of mindless pleasure Shane hadn’t even understood was possible before Rozanov—

Shane shook his head as if he could erase it all like an etch-a-sketch, the history that didn't matter in this room as he waited for Daniel to put on the condom.

“You are so hot,” Daniel growled, smacking his dick against Shane’s ass. Shane moaned, watching him over his shoulder. He liked that. Liked the way Daniel was looking at him like a trophy. It was probably not great that it fueled him but Shane didn’t want to interrogate that.

“I get even hotter when you’re fucking me,” Shane said, breathless. Daniel laughed, sliding against the crack of his ads.

Hollander that was terrible.

Fuck you.

Shane spread his thighs apart and held himself open for Daniel trying not think of the last time he had done so, how he had been almost crying from desperation, begging loudly so fucking needy in his secret fuck condo with Rozanov looming over him, growling and probably laughing at how pathetic he was but Shane truly had not given a fuck, especially

when Rozanov had fucked him so hard the headboard had left thick black marks against the wall.

Daniel carefully started to thrust inside. It was same always right? The pressure and discomfort then the mind numbing pleasure.

It took a second for Daniel to push in to the hilt, his hands tight on Shane's hips as finally, Shane was filled up.

"Fuck yes. Please move," Shane groaned. Daniel didn't hesitate he started to fuck him in short, fast thrusts that teased but didn't quite do it.

Shane pressed back onto the cock inside him, trying to take him deeper, get him where he needed it but Daniel was doing the opposite, retreating as Shane wanted him inside.

"Hold on," Shane said, reaching back and grabbing Daniel's dick, trying to angle it differently.

"Am I hurting you?"

"No no you can go a little harder actually."

"Oh ok, like this?"

He isn't giving you what you want, said the voice. Shane saw *him* in his mind's eye sitting on the dresser looking down at them on the bed. Shane's mind dressed him in the remains of his tuxedo, the white dress shirt open at the chest, the perfectly tailored black pants. His hair was shorter than it had been that night, closer to what it was during this last playoff run. Shane bit his lip.

Shut up, Shane's mind hissed even if the idea of Rozanov watching him get fucked by another man was getting him somewhere. He had imagined it sometimes. Rozanov walking in on him getting fucked by someone else, moaning someone else's name and hating it. Running the guy out, fucking Shane without a condom because he wanted to own him. Coming in Shane, keeping him in bed until he'd ruined and marked Shane so thoroughly no one would ever be able to touch him ever again without knowing he belonged to someone else.

Out loud, Shane said, "fuck me, harder, Daniel," feeling him slip out, and moving his body to get him inside again. Daniel grabbed his hips and slammed into him, wrenching out a loud groan. "yeah just like that."

Daniel picked up the pace, his balls slapping against Shane's ass and the sound of his breathing loud in the room.

Rozanov circled the bed, his gaze all knowing, making Shane's skin burn, his untouched dick ache.

He can't give you what you want, Rozanov murmured. The ghost of his breath on his face on his neck, in his ear.

And what do I want, Shane demanded.

You want to be ruined.

Shane gasped as Daniel almost hit that spot and it was frustrating to almost feel it and then not.

And I am the one who has done it.

Fuck you, no.

Yes. I am the one who knows you, Hollander. No one knows you the way I do.

Daniel is getting to know me well. He's giving it to me and I like it. Rozanov frowned, his face flushed, his eyes crazy.

Then why am I in your head? Why you wish it was me?

I don't. Shane couldn't allow that thought to take root. *I don't.*

You were made for me Hollander. You know this.

No.

Daniel slipped out again and Shane turned over sitting upright.

"I want to ride you," Shane said, getting on his knees. Daniel nodded getting on his back.

Shane took control, grabbing more lube and sinking onto Daniel's cock. He hardly ever rode Rozanov for a lot of reasons but none of them were because he didn't like it. The first time they had tried it, Shane had felt exposed, nervous and slow to open up but Rozanov was serious for once, patient, encouraging, looking at him in this way that Shane had never experienced with anyone before. Rozanov's cock was a lot to take in that position but when Shane was ready and open and Rozanov was balls deep in him, it was the most incredible, overwhelming feeling.

"Fuck, Hollander," Rozanov had growled, as Shane fucked himself on his cock, learning to move his hips, using his considerable core strength, their foreheads pressed together oxygen burning off in the close space between them. Rozanov watched Shane stroke himself with abandon, murmuring things in Russian that Shane didn't understand. "You are such a beautiful slut." He said in English, hushed voice tight as he pistoned his hips up into Shane.

Shane had screamed his name when he came and Shane realized just how worth it the condo purchase had been because he hadn't been able to hold back in that position and neither had Rozanov.

Rozanov didn't ask for it most of the time and Shane asked him if he disliked it. Rozanov's gaze had shuttered and he had looked away. "No I didn't dislike it, Hollander." He said in a quiet voice that got Shane's attention but then he had distracted Shane with a blow job.

Shane sat on Daniel's dick with his back to him. It was the best of both worlds: the angle felt good and the position enabled Shane to take more control of the speed. He started moving, taking a breath and easing down and up, his head filling with Daniel murmuring compliments about Shane's ass. It gave Shane something to focus on as he explored different angles, being good, doing the best. He closed his eyes and focused on the pleasure of having a dick in him and Daniel's enthusiastic sounds. It felt good, Shane's head was going quiet as he chased his orgasm.

You never last this long with me. You need more. Rozanov whispered. *I know it.*

Fuck you, Shane thought hatefully.

He moved faster, the bed shaking as he used his core and considerable leg strength to fuck himself on Daniel's dick.

He does not know what to do with you.

Yeah? And what would you do if you were here right now?

The images came unbidden, readily available of Rozanov looming over him, holding him down, his strong hands on his wrists, his perfect cock deep in him, feeling so full he wanted to scream and the pleasure wrung out of him with every movement, touch and Rozanov's hard, driving desperate thrusts when he was close and knew Shane was too, the taste of

Rozanov's mouth, kisses that were dirty and passionate and teasing and playful. How it felt like Rozanov couldn't kiss him enough that they could spend whole days kissing if they had the time and the sound of that voice speaking in his native language because he was so lost in Shane's body that he didn't have the resources for anything but his default setting-

Shane cried out at the rush of it, half memory, half fantasy.

"Oh fuck James I'm close, fuck!"

Shane resisted what was rearing up in him. The desperation clawing inside his gut.

Is nice show for me, seeing you with him. He pictured Rozanov looming over the bed, watching Shane ride another dick, desperate and wild. *It tells me I am right.*

Right about what, Shane asked, in his mind, his head falling back, his body trembling with anger, with frustration, stroking himself fast and hard. He was so frustrated. So desperate to come.

You were made for me. There is no one else for you Hollander. The ghost of a kiss, the sense memory of his scent, smoky and spicy and sweet and a direct hit to the part of Shane's brain that had been molded to correlate that scent and desire, that scent and pleasure, that scent and that voice and that infuriating gaze and smile. Shane finally let himself feel the horrible horrible thought *god I wish he were you. I only want it to be you* and he came all over himself, with a loud groan and a knot in his throat, hard like a stone. He missed Daniel coming quickly after that, dazedly dismounting when he felt him start to soften.

"Wow," Daniel gasped, beside Shane. Shane struggled to catch his breath against the feelings that churned in him. The pressure behind his eyes didn't abate and Shane stumbled out of the bed into the bathroom. He cranked the faucet open and the sound of the water running eroded the last of Shane's control. He covered his face and burst into gasping, shuddering tears.

When Shane came out of the bathroom, he mustered a media smile and put his clothes back on and got the fuck out of there before Daniel could realize he was having a breakdown.

In the taxi on the way back to the resort and his room, Shane was numb, his mind racing so fast his body was unable to respond.

Later, Shane would only count the moment right after as the only instance of tears. His sobs in the shower at the hotel didn't count in his mind because he was already wet or something.

Much later after that, Shane walled off the memory all together. It was a key aspect of his survival, this ability to refocus solely on the things he could control. He did not give himself a moment to think from the morning after, on. He threw himself once again into being a great friend and babysitter and captain and son. He didn't have time to think or question anything. It wasn't important and he wasn't the kind of person that let his emotions drive his actions. He didn't waste time speculating about anything outside the realm of what mattered. Hockey mattered, his career mattered, his family and friends mattered. Ilya Rozanov did not matter. He was familiar and a known entity but he did not matter. If this…thing was over, Shane was grateful.

Shane wanted it to be over.

Shane knew it was over.

October 2015 - Boston

Lily: big medical convention no hotel rooms. Meet me at my penthouse here:

Jane: ?

Jane: bullshit every fucking room in Boston can’t be booked no way

Jane: fuck

Lily: text me when ur downstairs

Jane: 🖕

Jane: downstairs

End Notes

Translations:

Черт, ты идеален. - Fuck, you are perfect.

Yell at me about Heated Rivalry on Twitter It's literally all I care about now!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!