

Fall Out of Focus

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/72857676) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/72857676>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid , Heated Rivalry_(TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Blow Jobs , Dirty Talk , Praise Kink , Cigarette Fantasy come to life , Missing 2015 season scene , The yearning really sets in with this one , Semi Public Sex , Light Power Play , Shane's anxiety makes a brief appearance , As does Ilya's deep sadness
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of A bit of this, a bit of that
Stats:	Published: 2025-10-21 Words: 3,187 Chapters: 1/1

Fall Out of Focus

by [verbaepulchellae](#)

Summary

Ilya grasps Hollander's chin and turns his head so he can bite a bit cruelly at his jaw and scrape his teeth down his neck. "Guess you've caught up with me," he can't help but tease Hollander as he shudders under Ilya's mouth. "Stanley Cup win, League MVP. Copy cat."

"Oh fuck you," Hollander says with that boyish grin, and his hands grip Ilya's shoulders, map down his arms. Ilya flexes and feels Hollander's appreciative squeeze at his strength. "Don't be a sore loser."

It's the 2015-2016 season NHL Awards. A few things need to be taken care of before the season's truly over for the summer.

Notes

I really got in my own head about Ilya's cigarette fantasy from "Fall Out of Pattern" so. Here that is. This title is also from "Fall out of Focus" by Biddadat.

I wrote this scene as the last time they are together prior to the October 2016 prologue in Heated Rivalry. And then, of course, tuna melts the time after that.

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

The 2015-2016 NHL Awards ceremony is, quite frankly, a joke. While there's always buzz in the media about who was going to win league MVP, anyone who bothered to pay any attention to the season knew it was going to be Shane Hollander. Ilya had watched Montreal win the Stanley Cup alone in his apartment, jaw working in annoyance and maybe something else as Hollander scored goal after goal to bring his team to their historic win.

Jesus Christ, it really had only taken that one drunk phone call for Hollander to turn his season around. Ilya hadn't been far behind with his own comeback, but really, lesson learned, he was *never* going to indulge Hollander in phone sex ever again if this was the thanks he got.

Not that Hollander had tried. Which. Ilya's not looking too closely at his feelings about that.

It hadn't even come up, not when Montreal had come to Boston three weeks after, and Montreal (Hollander) had won it in OT. Ilya had left bruises on Hollander's hips that night, Hollander's desperate groans muffled into Ilya's fine silk pillow cases. It hadn't come up when Boston had narrowly beat Montreal the following month and they'd traded rough handjobs and rougher kisses in Hollanders fucking "investment" building.

It was fine, but Ilya would have liked at least to have been able to *not* answer Hollander when he called him. He'd never gotten the satisfaction, and now here he is, feeling some godawful mix of annoyance, restless ambition, and goddamnit, *pride*, as Hollander accepts his award with a winning smile and charming, humble speech.

God, Ilya wants to fucking ruin him.

Ilya claps politely along with the much more enthusiastic applause around him as Hollander exits the stage and walks back towards his table. His path brings him past Ilya's seat and they lock eyes. Hollander's eyebrows lift with a nearly imperceptible challenge and Ilya tilts his head ever so slightly and stares him down. Hollander doesn't falter, but Ilya's left with a promising thrum in his veins and an energy in his limbs that makes it hard to sit still in his seat.

He waits until the next award nominees are being read to slip his phone out of his pocket. "Jane" takes a moment to find since the last texts between them were back in March, but it's quick work once he does. *Twenty-one twenty.*

Ilya has barely had time to get back to his room and arrange it to his liking before he gets Hollander's text. *On my way.*

It's late. Hollander had been surrounded by admirers for hours once the awards were over and the party actually began. Phrases like "building a legacy" had been thrown around and frankly, Ilya's about ready to tear his hair out with the mix of annoyance that always dogs him in the midst of Hollander's success, and fucking lust. He's in a bit of a dark mood perhaps, his looming return to Russia tangled up with the uneasiness that has become a

pattern for him at the end of the season: wondering if this will be the last time he can get Hollander underneath him before the other man decides to call it quits by October.

If it is, Ilya's going to make the most of it.

Hollander's knock is soft but urgent, and Ilya almost wants to make him wait, but his own patience is stretched thin as it is.

"Hi," Hollander says, face flushed, eyes dancing as he steps into Ilya's room and shuts the door quickly behind him. "What a night, huh?"

"Is it." Ilya says flatly, but he's already crowding into Hollander's space, backing him into the wall right by the door and nudging his face up so he can bite at his mouth. Hollander groans softly against his lips and he smells stupidly good. He's wearing a woodsy, fresh cologne that Ilya's never smelled on him and he tastes like beer hops and maybe some malty liquor underneath that as Ilya licks into his mouth. Hm.

He grasps Hollander's chin and turns his head so he can bite a bit cruelly at his jaw and scrape his teeth down his neck. "Guess you've caught up with me," he can't help but tease Hollander as he shudders under Ilya's mouth. "Stanley Cup win, League MVP. Copy cat."

"Oh fuck you," Hollander says with that boyish grin, and his hands grip Ilya's shoulders, map down his arms. Ilya flexes and feels Hollander's appreciative squeeze at his strength. "Don't be a sore loser."

"We'll see who's sore when I'm done with you," Ilya murmurs into the skin of Hollander's neck, right below his ear. It makes gooseflesh erupt and he feels Hollander's breathy gasp. He pushes his thigh roughly against Hollander's cock and kisses him again, feeling selfish about Hollander's soft moans. No one can hear them, but Ilya wants them all to himself anyway.

Hollander's hands fall to Ilya's belt and he's tugging greedily at the leather, working the buckle loose. Ilya pulls himself back because he's got half a plan forming and he doesn't want Hollander's hands or his mouth, or his stupid, gorgeous eyes looking up at him to distract him.

"Easy," Ilya murmurs, raking a hand through Hollander's hair, letting his blunt nails drag against Hollander's scalp. "No rush tonight, no curfew."

Hollander's face twists with something like impatience and something softer that is buried before Ilya can parse it. "Yeah but," Hollander pants because Ilya is still flexing his thigh against his cock. "*Fuck*, Rozanov. You gotta stop that."

Ilya laughs and grinds his thigh one last time against Hollander's cock just to hear Hollander choke before he lets up. "It is your big night," he admits, although he knows he doesn't sound gracious about it. "I won't make you come in your nice clothes, I guess."

Hollander's flush spills down his neck and fuck, Ilya doesn't mean half the things he says to Hollander until Hollander looks at him like *that*, like Ilya's rewiring his brain, and suddenly

Ilya does want to make him come all over himself, trapped in his clothes and whining against Ilya's mouth.

But, no. Not tonight. The Awards are some of their rarer nights where they really do have more than a few hours together, away from scrutiny, and Ilya doesn't want to rush it.

"If we're following tradition," Hollander says, sinking his fingers into Ilya's hair and pulling him back to his mouth. "Last year, you won and you got to call the shots. Shouldn't I get the same this year?"

"Tradition?" Ilya doesn't mean to sound quite as rough as he does, but Hollander's doing something lovely with his tongue and it's making it harder to concentrate. "You want to be in charge tonight, Hollander? Because of your fancy trophy?"

Hollander's eyes flash and Ilya chuckles. Hollander can be a bossy little fucker when he wants, but no, Ilya can read him too well after some five years. Hollander doesn't actually want to be in charge tonight.

"No, you know what I think?" Ilya says, drawing back and away and pressing a hand firmly into Hollander's chest to keep him against the wall. "I think you've been told all night how good you are. I think you should have to work a bit for it here."

"Fuck," Hollander breathes. His eyes are nearly black with want. Yeah, Ilya's rarely wrong about him.

"You've had a few drinks, yes?"

"A few," Hollander admits.

"Three, maybe?"

Hollander looks at him like he knows exactly what Ilya is referencing, but his face closes a bit, his eyes shutter, like he's embarrassed, ashamed, at the memory. Ilya tries to school whatever disappointment flares in him at Hollander's reaction. He'd liked that call, how easy and loose Hollander had been. He'd liked... it doesn't matter.

"A few, Rozanov."

"Okay." Ilya drawls and turns away from Hollander to head back into the bedroom of his suite. He doesn't have to look if Hollander is following, he knows that he is.

He takes his cuff links off and places them on the dresser. He takes his time rolling up his sleeves and undoing the top few buttons of his dress shirt. Hollander is crouched down to untie his shoes when Ilya turns back to him. He's already folded his suit jacket, of course. Ilya palms his silver cigarette case and lighter and slides the door to the balcony open without a word.

Hollander's eyes go wide and he looks at Ilya with that familiar mix of anxiety and uncertainty he always has whenever Ilya deviates from the familiar.

“Relax,” Ilya tells him. “You got to drink, which means I get to smoke. And this room is hot.”

Hollander rolls his eyes and follows him to the door. “Yeah? And what am I supposed to do?” He leans against the sliding door after casting a nervous glance out at the night, but there’s nothing to see except the skyline of Vegas. Ilya booked a corner suite, there are no other balconies around. The soft light from the bedside lamp catches Hollander as he looks back at Ilya and throws his striking features into stark relief.

“You sit. Here.” Ilya spreads his legs as he settles in the balcony chair. He nods at the space between his thighs and smirks at the way Hollander’s lips part. If Hollander doesn’t want to talk about their call, fine. But Ilya’s been thinking about the breathy way Hollander had moaned when Ilya had suggested this very thing. He wants it.

Hollander hesitates. “Come on,” Ilya urges him. “Is dark, and your mouth will be busy. Be good for me, Hollander.”

And *that*, that of all things is what pulls Hollander to him so that he’s dropping to his knees and running his hands up Ilya’s thighs, thumbs digging into his abductors and drawing a short, satisfied huff from Ilya.

“Wait,” Ilya murmurs as Hollander’s fingers close around his hard cock.

“You’ve got to be kidding me,” Hollander practically growls. “Come on, Rozanov.”

“So impatient.”

Hollander just makes a face at him, but he’s good. He waits. Ilya can’t help but lean forward and kiss him hard and bruising for his obedience. Hollander makes a soft noise against his lips. He pulls Hollander’s bowtie loose and sets it aside as he kisses him, undoes the top few buttons of Hollander’s shirt and presses his thumb briefly into the hollow of his throat.

Ilya pulls back but holds Hollander’s face still. “Wait,” he rumbles again, and feels Hollander lean a bit into his hand. He thumbs at Hollander’s plush lower lip and pops open his cigarette case. Hollander’s eyes track him as he pulls out a cigarette and tenses as Ilya lifts it to his mouth.

“Is not for you,” Ilya promises softly, even as he slips his thumb between Hollander’s lips and holds them open enough for him to gently place the filter of the cigarette between his lips. “Just hold for me, yes?”

Hollander does frown, just as Ilya thought he would. He looks so put out that Ilya almost laughs at him but he keeps his face impassive as he strokes his fingers down Hollander’s cheek and chucks him under the chin. “Very good, Hollander” he encourages him and Hollander’s eyes flutter even as his brow stays furrowed.

Ilya gently takes hold of his chin, keeps him steady as he flips open his lighter. The flame is bright and he feels Hollander tense but he doesn’t pull back.

“Suck, but not deep,” Ilya says softly. “Just with your mouth, I think you know how.” God, it is unbelievable what Hollander’s obedience does to him. Ilya feels hot all over as Hollander’s lips firm up a bit, his cheeks hollow, and he pulls perfectly as Ilya touches the flame to the cigarette’s tip. The tip flares cherry red and Ilya snaps his lighter close.

He brushes his fingers across Hollander’s lips as he plucks his cigarette back and draws deep.

“You, uh.” Hollander has to stop and clear his voice because it gets stuck in his throat the first time. “You really gotta quit.”

“I know.”

“It’s really fucking bad for you, Rozanov. You’re fucking up-“

“Shhh.” Ilya murmurs and can’t help himself, he quiets Hollander’s weak grumbling with his thumb on his lips, pushes deeper and groans as Hollander immediately curls his tongue around it and sucks.

“You are too fucking perfect,” Ilya murmurs in Russian, popping his thumb out of Hollander’s mouth and gripping his jaw again to hold him still while Ilya kisses him deeply. “I’m going to miss your mouth this summer. Miss you.”

Hollander whines, his fingers digging into Ilya’s thighs, probably hard enough to bruise.

In English, Ilya says, “Is very sexy, all the things you can do with your mouth. Show me what else.”

“Fucking, finally,” Hollander grumbles and for that Ilya fists a hand in his hair and tugs his head back as Hollander’s hands work frantically at his belt. He frees Ilya’s cock and it slaps against his stomach. Hollander whines when Ilya doesn’t let him go. “Rozanov, come on. I want it.”

“Do you?”

“Yes,” Hollander hisses, he strokes Ilya’s cock, but keeps his eyes on Ilya’s face. “Fuck Rozanov, I want it.”

“You know what I want?” He lets Hollander sink, inch by inch, closer down to his cock. “I want you to suck me off while I smoke this, yes? But don’t make me come.”

He stops Hollander a hair’s breath from his cock, and Hollander’s eyes flick up to his. God, he looks wrecked already, so eager, so trusting. Something big and rough and unnameable rolls in Ilya’s chest. It makes his throat tight, it makes his cock twitch, it makes him feel unspeakably happy and overwhelmingly lonely. He’s at a loss for words for a moment, both English and Russian escape him.

“Please, Rozanov,” Hollander rasps when Ilya doesn’t speak. “I’ll do it. I’ll be good.”

“*Da, Yes*, Hollander,” Ilya groans and lets him have what they both want.

Hollander's mouth is so fucking hungry. He swallows Ilya down with that eagerness he's always had for Ilya's cock. Hollander moans around him, and Ilya hisses because *goddamn*, it's heady stuff to see Hollander so happily on his knees and so self satisfied to be sucking his dick.

"Easy, Hollander," Ilya grits out. Hollander is working him hard, cheeks hollowing, tongue fluttering, throat yawning open for him. It's impossibly good, but Ilya wants, *needs*, to savor this. He strokes a hand into Hollander's hair, not gripping this time, just rubbing gently at the back of his head, trying to gentle him. "I know you can go fast. Show me slow."

Hollander sighs softly at his words and Ilya thinks he feels a tension ease, the frantic energy uncoil in his body. Hollander's mouth stays hot and intent, but the bobbing of his head slows to a perfect, wonderful slide of lips and tongue and the occasional soft bump of the inside of his cheek, a hint of his teeth. Ilya sighs appreciatively, unreasonably content, and takes a long drag of his cigarette.

"That's good. You are so good," he rasps on the exhale and Hollander's eyes flick up to him, hold his gaze as he draws off to tongue at the head. "Yeah," Ilya encourages him. "You look good too."

Shane- *Hollander*. Hollander's eyes go half lidded with the compliment and he spends some time running his tongue and lips across Ilya's shaft, nuzzling closer to lick and suck at his balls. Ilya tips his head back and he breathes in the cool night air, lets the nicotine light up his body as Hollander shifts and settles more comfortably between his legs. He's figured out the perfect pace, and Ilya hums contentedly as Hollander leans his weight into Ilya's leg and pulls his cock back into his mouth.

Ilya traces his hand through Hollander's hair to find his ear, stroking this curve of it, thumbs the lobe, lets his fingers brush Hollander's soft cheek to feel the shape of his own cock inside. Hollander slides one of his hands under Ilya's shirt, feels him up as he runs his palm up Ilya's body to come to rest on his pec. His hand flexes and Ilya is tempted to tangle their fingers and hold him there. He takes a drag of his cigarette instead.

Hollander's jaw must be starting to ache, Ilya's cigarette is burned down, close to half, but he's only making the most lovely, deep contented sounds.

Ilya's pleasure is coiling at the base of his spine and Ilya grits his teeth because he doesn't want to come. Not yet. He doesn't want to break this perfect moment of Hollander so free and relaxed with him. Doesn't want to miss what comes next, after his cigarette, after he pulls Hollander off of him with a pop, because he knows Hollander won't give up on his cock that easily.

He's got plans, plans that include lifting Hollander up into his lap and kissing his taste out of his mouth. Plans that include fingering Hollander until he's got four fingers deep in him and Hollander's a writing, babbling mess. Plans that include fucking him hard and making him beg for Ilya to fuck him even harder.

Plans that include watching Hollander's face twist so prettily with pleasure, hearing his voice get high and desperate, and his eyes glassy the way they sometimes get when Ilya's got him

on his back and Hollander seems to forget everything beyond the two of them.

He doesn't think beyond that, because there's something cold and threatening and sad that sits on the other side. For now, Ilya bites the inside of his cheek to keep his pleasure at bay as much as he can. He lets his head roll to watch Hollander work him. His lips are red and bruised, his chin is slick and he's so perfect. Impossibly, infuriatingly, perfect and beyond Ilya's reach outside of these moments. But he is here now, and he is Ilya's to enjoy.

Hollander's eyes open and they are hazy as he looks up at him. His lips quirk in a smile as he meets Ilya's gaze and Ilya smiles back, lazy and fond.

He nudges Hollander's cock with his foot and Hollander lets out a breathy, hopeful moan around him. Ilya chuckles and flexes his foot into Shane's cock, offering him some temporary relief and a reward for being so good. "You want to know what I'm going to do to you tonight?"

Hollander's whine as he deep throats Ilya again is answer enough. Ilya takes a long shaky drag of his cigarette, threads his fingers back into Shane's hair. Hollander's hair. Whatever.

He grounds back in the here and now as he runs his mouth. It's the only place he wants to be. He thinks maybe, as Hollander gazes up at him with those dark, wide eyes and stupid, beautiful freckles that it might be the only place he wants to be too.

End Notes

Thanks for reading! I always appreciate comments!

Also, I skimmed HR again real quick trying to find when Shane wins Montreal's first Stanley Cup. I couldn't confirm, so I just went with 2015 because I wanted it to be 2015 for this story. Feel free to lmk if I overlooked a key date.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!