

And In Time We Find Some Shelter

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And In Time We Find Some Shelter

by [Cello_trash](#)

Summary

Shane lingered in the doorway, holding out for the chance that any second now Rosanov would come around the corner and lead Shane back to his bed. That he would help with the feeling of despair and emptiness that had hit Shane the moment Rosanov had taken his hands off Shane and reached for his damn pack of cigarettes.

Refusing to look at him. Refusing to touch him, the space between their bodies felt like it was ten miles wide even as Shane could feel Rosanov's cum drying on his skin. Usually, Rosanov would at least clean him up before ending their nights together, but apparently Shane wasn't even worth that courtesy anymore. There was a sudden feeling of hotness behind his eyes at that thought.

AKA a post-episode two subdrop fix-it fic

Notes

WOW it's been years since I wrote any fic but this show has changed my brain chemistry and I needed to put these boys in situations. Hope y'all enjoy what is bound to be the first of many Hollanov fics. As soon as I saw episode two I was like fuckkkkkk that boy is dropping and I need to write about it.

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

Shane stood in the entryway of Rosanov's penthouse, fiddling with his suit jacket, shifting from one foot to the other, trying to find some excuse to stay longer. God knows why, he had clearly overstayed his welcome given Rosanov's cold dismissal. It had already taken him way too long to get redressed, but his hands wouldn't stop shaking and he had struggled with all the buttons of his dress shirt.

But still, he lingered in the doorway, holding out for the chance that any second now Rosanov would come around the corner and lead Shane back to his bed. That he would help with the feeling of despair and emptiness that had hit Shane the moment Rosanov had taken his hands off Shane and reached for his damn pack of cigarettes.

Refusing to look at him. Refusing to touch him, the space between their bodies felt like it was ten miles wide even as Shane could feel Rosanov's cum drying on his skin. Usually, Rosanov would at least clean him up before ending their nights together, but apparently Shane wasn't even worth that courtesy anymore. There was a sudden feeling of hotness behind his eyes at that thought.

He had tried to connect with Rosanov, to get him to look at him with anything other than cold indifference, but his attempts to ask about home had clearly only made things worse. Shane knew what people said about him. That he was odd and awkward and that he didn't understand social cues, but it didn't take a genius to know that he was being dismissed when Rosanov had waved his hand and said something about needing to sleep. Shane was used to the way people acted when they no longer wanted him in their presence.

"So, uh, I'm off," Shane called out, wincing at the shakiness in his voice, hoping one last time that Rosanov would stop him.

"Goodbye, Hollander."

And then nothing. Silence. Just the ringing in his ears and a vague sense of nausea. Fighting down a sob, Shane turned and left the hotel room. He winced at the feeling of dried cum pulling at the skin of his inner thigh. He should have asked Rosanov for a wet cloth before he left, but what if he had asked and Rosanov had laughed at him and thrown him out quicker? Shane felt so dirty and cold.

Stumbling into the elevator, Shane took out his phone, hoping there would be a message from Lily. But of course there was nothing. Pulling up their conversation, Shane typed out and deleted several pleasantries before typing: We didn't even kiss.

Tears started forming in his eyes for real and his breath got shakier. Why did it feel like he had just done an hour of bag skates? Why couldn't he catch his breath? Nothing different happened tonight. They met up, they fucked, and then they went their separate ways. Just like they always did.

So what if the way Rosanov commanded he put on a show had made him feel fuzzy in the head? So what if it had been a little rougher tonight, if Rosanov had taken more control when he fucked Shane's face and then his ass?

At first the fuzzy, drifting feeling had been nice. Shane was always in control, always the perfect captain, the perfect son. It felt nice to give up that control to someone else. But it had quickly soured and now he felt like he was falling. What the fuck was wrong with him? Shane wasn't a baby that needed to be coddled, he was a grown man. If he was feeling weird it was his own fault.

Shane locked his phone without sending the text and then jolted as the elevator started moving downwards. Had he ever even hit a button? What if another player got on before Shane's floor. *Fuck, what was Shane's floor?*

He patted down his pockets searching for a room key but couldn't find one, trying to remember what floor his stupid room was on but his mind couldn't even focus long enough for that. After a few seconds the elevator slowed to a stop and the doors started to open. Shane looked down at the floor hoping whoever was getting on was some random person who had never even heard of hockey before. If stories of him teary eyed, looking like he'd just got fucked within an inch of his life leaked to the press his mom would have a fit.

"Hey Hollander what's—" Scott Hunter's voice cut off abruptly as he took in Shane's appearance. "Jesus Christ man, what's wrong?"

"I'm fine," Shane said, hoping he sounded normal enough, eyes still fixed on his shoes.

If the way that Scott approached him like a cornered animal was any indication, he'd failed miserably.

"Hey bud, are you hurt?"

Shane opened his mouth to answer, but no noise came out. Shane could see Scott blocking the door from closing with his back foot.

After several moments too long of silence, Scott tried again.

"You look like you need to lay down, what floor is your room on Shane? Let's get you back to your room and then we can chat more."

Shane could only produce a small whine. Sometimes this happened to him when he got overwhelmed. All of a sudden he just wouldn't be able to speak no matter how hard he tried. It had never happened in front of someone from the professional hockey world though. What a shit show.

Scott's voice was tinged with panic, "Alright man, I need you to at least look at me, okay? Can you do that?"

It physically hurt Shane to do so but he listened to Scott's request. As soon as they made eye contact a look of alarmed understanding crossed Scott's face. Shane wanted to look away but he didn't want to frustrate Scott anymore than he probably already had. He tamped down the urge to flap his hands anxiously, instead biting down hard on his lower lip.

Scott tentatively put a hand on Shane's shoulder and guided him out of the elevator into the hallway. Shane looked around anxiously, bracing himself for more hockey players to come out of their rooms and see him absolutely losing it.

Scott snapped his fingers in front of Shane's face, clearly not the first time he was trying to get his attention.

"Hollander. I need you to at least nod or shake your head to some questions, alright?"

Shane nodded.

"Are you hurt?"

Shane shook his head even though he felt like his brain was being torn into pieces. He knew that wasn't what Scott was asking about though.

"Were you with someone before this?"

Shane started to nod, but then thought better of it. There was no way he was going to tell Scott Hunter that he had been with a man. Slowly he shook his head no, unable to maintain eye contact.

Scott sighed, clearly not buying it, "Alright Hollander, at least give me your phone so I can see if you have an email confirmation of your room number."

Shane handed over his phone as he typed in the passcode and then remembered what he had last been doing on his phone, trying to snatch the phone back but it was too late. Scott's eyes narrowed as he read over the unsent text.

"Alright you're probably gonna be pissed at me once you're more with it but this Lily chick needs to help you," Scott sighed heavily again. "I've seen it before, you're dropping real bad Shane. She needs to come take care of you."

At Shane's look of confusion at that statement Scott cursed under his breath and rolled his eyes, "Damn kids fucking around and they don't even know basic safety shit."

Before Shane could do anything else, Scott had hit the call button on Lily's contact. Shane tried to grab the phone from him, but in his weakened state he was no match for Scott. And soon he heard a familiar Russian voice answer the phone.

"Finally realized you left your roomkey, huh, Hollander," Rozanov's muffled voice was audible to Shane with how close he was to Scott.

Scott looked alarmed at the phone in his hand, then at Shane, and then back at the phone.

"What the fuck are you playing at Rozanov?" Scott growled into the phone after an extended moment of shocked silence. "Is it your usual practice to kick actively dropping subs into hotel hallways to be found by strangers or did you just feel like an extra special ass tonight?"

Shane closed his eyes in defeat. His secret was going to be plastered across the front pages of every gossip magazine tomorrow. He and Ilya were ruined and it was all because Shane had to be a freak. He had ended both of their careers and Ilya was never going to talk to him again.

Stumbling back, he slid down the nearest wall, curling into himself. It took him a minute to realize the whining noise he was hearing was coming from himself. He didn't bother listening to whatever else Scott was saying into the phone, he had already fucked everything up beyond repair. The only thing he could focus on was how fast his heart was beating.

He spent what felt like eternity in that awful state before a hand ran through his hair, another hand tilting his chin up. The man crouching in front of him was blurry, and it wasn't until a thumb came up to wipe away his tears that Shane realized it was Rosanov. Shane kept blinking, thinking that Ilya was a figment of his imagination that would disappear, but every time he reopened his eyes, Rosanov's concerned eyes were still looking at him.

"Oh, дорогая, let's get you up off this gross floor," Rosanov said, pulling Shane to his feet, steadying him when he stumbled. "Let's get you back to your room."

Oh. The brief moment of relief at seeing Ilya disappeared as Shane realized that he had just come down to give Shane his roomkey back. He would help Shane back to his room and then Shane would be alone and cold again. Shane started shivering, and once he started he couldn't stop.

Even knowing it was going to be over soon, Shane didn't fight it when Rozanov started to shepherd him into the elevator. Scott handed his phone back and glared at Rozanov.

"You better fucking fix this because you're already gonna get slammed into the boards the next time we play each other and I'm not one who usually drops gloves," Scott said. "But I absolutely will if Shane isn't feeling better in the morning."

Shane scrunched his face in confusion. What was Scott talking about? Before he could try to ask, the doors to the elevator shut and he and Ilya were alone again. Shane kind of spaced out during the trip back to his room, but Rosanov never once let go of him, guiding him wherever he needed to go.

Finally, Rozanov was swiping them into a hotel room and he noticed with detached interest that his suitcase was by the bed. This was truly his room, huh. Rozanov pulled him towards the bed, peeling off Shane's clothes, before trying to push him into the bed. Not once did Rozanov say a single word, and Shane expected to be left any moment now. Ilya would tuck him in and then leave for the night.

Rozanov watched him carefully as Shane settled into the mattress, fidgeting with his hands nervously as Rozanov's eyes never left his. Usually Shane had hoodie strings or something to play with discretely, but right now he had nothing. When Ilya finally took off his own clothes and followed him into bed, Shane winced. He really didn't feel like having sex again, but if it meant that Ilya would stay it would probably be worth it.

He expected Ilya to reach for his dick or ask Shane to suck him off again, so it was a shock when he was pulled into Ilya's chest. A hand cradled the back of his head and pushed it gently into the crook of Ilya's neck. A thick blanket was pulled over his shoulders.

"Shhhhhh малыш, you're okay, I am sorry," Ilya whispered and it was then that Shane realized he was full body shaking and crying. He tried to apologize for being a mess, but words were still too hard. Ilya continued, "You take all the time you need Shane, I'm not going anywhere."

Shane tried to forcibly stop the shaking, but focusing on it only made it worse. Eventually, his muscles gave out and he collapsed, his full body weight settling into Ilya's.

"Good, just like that," Ilya whispered, running his fingers through Shane's hair. "Just relax and let me take care of you... you've been such a good boy all night. Go ahead and let your brain relax and I'll take care of everything."

The thought of not being in control of every facet of his life usually made Shane feel uneasy, but when Rozanov said it like that it sounded nice. Plus, he had already spent most of the night feeling off balance and out of control. Shane closed his eyes and let go.

He wasn't sure how long it had been, but eventually Shane registered that someone was calling his name, asking Shane to come back to him. It felt like he was swimming up through a thick fog. Fuck, that didn't even make sense, but a lot of what Shane was feeling didn't make sense. It was hard but he opened his eyes, his eyelids feeling heavy as he blinked at the man in front of him.

As he came back into his body more he noticed three things. One, his hair was being tugged in the nicest, most grounding way. Two, he was snuggled up with Ilya Rozanov. And three, Shane had his mouth glomped onto the space where Ilya's neck met his shoulder and was gently gnawing at his skin.

Feeling his face flush red, Shane immediately let go, wincing when he saw he had left little teeth marks in Rozanov. It took a lot of energy, but Shane finally drudged up some words.

"Sorry," he said, wincing again at how rough his voice sounded.

"It's alright, котенок," Ilya responded, fondness evident in his voice.

"What's that mean? Ko-ten-ok?"

Rozanov laughed at his attempt at his accent. "Means little cat. Kitten," he smirked.

"I am not a kitten!" Shane huffed angrily, lifting himself off Rozanov's chest to glare at him. Rozanov raised an eyebrow, gesturing towards the teeth marks.

"Leave little love bites like kitten. Like to be pet like kitten. Get puffed up when you're angry like kitten," Ilya smirked, running his hand gently through Shane's hair as if to prove his point. Then his face became serious again, "How're you feeling? Better?"

Shane nodded. He couldn't deny how contented he felt, despite his annoyance at being called a kitten. He was a professional athlete, not some cute helpless animal. When he felt more like himself and less exhausted, Shane was going to give Rozanov a piece of his mind about that. But he didn't have the energy right now and he really wanted Ilya to start playing with his hair again.

He let himself relax back into Ilya's warmth and Ilya's hand immediately went back to the crown of Shane's head. Shane suddenly felt overwhelmed with happiness. So full of happiness he felt like he was going to vibrate out of his skin. Before he could stop himself, he felt his hands flapping at his sides as if trying to shake out the excess emotions he didn't know what to do with.

Rozanov obviously noted his movement and Shane prepared himself to be teased as he usually was by teammates when he wasn't able to tamp down his weirdness, but instead Ilya gave him a small smile before bringing him in for a kiss.

Shane let out a truly embarrassing noise at that, but he was too relieved to have finally gotten his kiss to feel embarrassed.

When he pulled back, Ilya was still smiling, "let me get some water and a snack, yes?" Rozanov made to move Shane and get up.

Shane couldn't help but make a wounded noise, "I'm not hungry, it's fine."

Ilya saw right through him, "Don't worry, I'm coming right back," Ilya said, squeezing one of Shane's hands, "One minute I promise."

As Rozanov went to the minibar, Shane internally started to count the seconds. True to his word, Shane had only reached 45 seconds by the time Ilya climbed back into the bed. He repositioned Shane so that his back was to Ilya's front.

"Take a drink," Ilya whispered into his ear as he held the plastic water bottle up to Shane's lips. Shane blinked in surprise, having assumed Rozanov would just hand him the water and packet of trail mix he had grabbed.

Once Shane downed half of the water, Ilya started handfeeding him, and Shane felt himself slipping back into that floaty headspace a little bit. Nowhere near as deep, but it was nice.

"Why are you doing this," Shane murmured as Ilya's fingers lingered in his mouth after giving him another handful of trail mix. Shane began to lick the salt off Ilya's fingers instead of waiting for a response.

"Just doing what I should have done in the first place," Ilya said, tracing a finger across Shane's lips. "You were so good for me, such a good boy. And things got more intense for you than usual, I should have noticed. I'm sorry I was so wrapped up in my own head I didn't realize you were dropping..."

Shane felt a shiver go down his spine every time Ilya called him *good*. But he was also confused. There was that word again. Hunter had used it in the hallway Shane thought, but he

had no idea what they were talking about.

“Dropping?” Shane asked when Rozanov didn’t expand on what he meant.

“Fuck Hollander,” Ilya ran a hand down his face. “I know you’re Canada’s innocent prodigal son, but I didn’t realize you didn’t know what you were doing at all.”

“I’m not a virgin,” Shane said indignantly.

Ilya chuckled, “Don’t I know it. I just thought we were both on the same page on what we were doing and we weren’t. Thought you knew you were submissive. I should have made sure.”

“I’m not submissive.” It was insane how quickly Rozanov could annoy him.

“Okay,” Rozanov said with a straight face, but it was clear from the tone of his voice that he thought Shane was being ridiculous. When Rozanov didn’t say anything else and just stared at him, Shane started to get nervous again.

“What are we doing? Besides sex, I mean...” Shane felt like he couldn’t keep up with what Rozanov was trying to say.

“You know how a lot of the time I tell you what to do and you do it? And you like it so much you go... somewhere else... I don’t know exactly how to describe it,” Ilya sighed, annoyed that he didn’t have the exact words he was looking for in English.

Shane nodded, “Yeah I feel floaty sometimes. It’s nice.”

Ilya nodded back, “Well when you go there, sometimes you can ‘drop’ if you come back too quickly. You feel bad, unsteady, like world is spinning and cold... or something like that. English is hard right now, don’t have the words I want.”

“No, no, I get it!” Shane exclaimed, sitting up more. “I thought... I thought I was just messed up. That it was my brain that was wrong.”

It was kind of nice to know that Shane wasn’t just weird.

“There’s something wrong with your brain for sure, but it’s not this,” Ilya teased. “But I will never let this happen again if I can help it,” Ilya pulled him back against him, wrapping an arm around his waist. “You feel steady again, right?”

“Yes, Ilya,” Shane said, before realizing that he had never called him by his first name out loud. Shane stiffened, hoping Rozanov hadn’t noticed. That Shane hadn’t made things weird again. *Shit*. When did ‘Rozanov’ become ‘Ilya’ in Shane’s mind? “I mean Rozanov.”

“Mmm, no, I like when you call me Ilya, Hollander. From now on it’s Ilya...” he trailed off and Shane knew Ilya was about to tease him by the smirk that was growing on his face. “Ilya or Sir, depending on how badly you wanna suck my cock.”

“Asshole,” Shane huffed, but he snuggled further into Ilya’s side so as to hide his smile.

“Mmm, yes, I am so mean,” Ilya pulled both of them down so they were laying flat. “It is late. Go to sleep and dream of how much you like it when I’m mean to you and in the morning I will order room service on your tab and then if you ask pretty enough I will let you kneel for me and suck my dick before we fly out.”

Shane rolled his eyes and punched Ilya’s arm playfully but couldn’t bring himself to say anything in opposition to that plan. As he drifted off to sleep, Shane thought that it actually sounded like the perfect morning.

End Notes

Thanks for reading! Comments and Kudos give me life

Translation:

дорогая: sweetheart

малыш: baby

котенок: kitten

I head canon that 2014 Ilya WANTS to call Shane pet names but cannot make himself do it in English yet lol.

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