

(Not) Desperate

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(Not) Desperate

by [bubbleomatic](#)

Summary

Ilya didn't know what was worse: knowing Hollander's favourite ginger ale brand, or caring too much about getting his hands on a case of it. He planned to use it as leverage to convince Hollander to stay the night at his Boston penthouse. To sleep in his bed until morning.

Or, that time Ilya Rozanov nearly had a mental breakdown at the grocery store the night before he'd planned to fuck and make a tuna melt for Shane Hollander.

Notes

idk y'all, I wanted to write Ilya's probable emotional turmoil pre-tuna melts and subsequent solo play in anticipation of having Shane over. Enjoy!

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

November 4, 2016 at 11:22 p.m.
Boston, Massachusetts

This was stupid.

Ilya's eye twitched under the harsh fluorescent lights of the grocery store. Facing shelves stocked with colourful cases of soft drinks, he anxiously flexed his hand in the pocket of his leather jacket. The inside of his cheek chewed raw.

How long had he been standing there, in this dumb aisle, bitterly scanning the copious selection of sodas for a specific brand of ginger ale?

Ilya grumbled quietly to himself, adjusting the brim of his ballcap lower on his forehead. He tried to convince himself that it was to conceal his face from other late-night shoppers, not wanting to be recognised, but he knew it was more so to hide away his current embarrassment. A sad, feeble attempt at that.

This was the *third store* he'd hit up on this absurd night. Thankfully, the first two had everything else he'd needed on his grocery list.

Except for one thing: ginger ale.

Well, he had found other brands of ginger ale, but not the right one. Not the one he'd seen Hollander regularly consume like some wannabe spokesperson. No, Ilya's infuriatingly handsome Canadian fuck buddy had a *preferred* brand of ginger ale. Who the hell had a go-to brand of *ginger ale*?

Shane Hollander did, and it was Canada Dry ginger ale.

Which was apparently *impossible* to find in Boston.

Ilya didn't know what was worse: knowing Hollander's favourite ginger ale brand, or caring too much about getting his hands on a case of it.

God, this was so *stupid*.

For the last week, he'd been meticulously planning his next meetup with Hollander. It was happening tomorrow evening, about twenty-one hours or so from now. Not that he was counting or anything. Ilya had managed, somehow, to convince Hollander to come to his Boston penthouse instead of booking a random hotel room.

But that was just a fraction of what Ilya wanted.

What he *really* wanted was for Hollander to stay the night.

It was a risky proposition, he had to admit. No doubt a self-serving one. There was just something *there* with Hollander that Ilya couldn't shake... A subconscious pull. He was usually good at bottling up unwanted emotions and shoving them in the deepest, darkest

recesses of his brain, never to be seen again. But no matter how many other people he'd fuck as a distraction from himself, Ilya always came crawling back for more of that boring Canadian pro hockey player with the pretty freckles.

Frankly, the whole situation was new territory for Ilya. Terrifying and annoying as hell. But most of all? Absolutely terrifying.

Because Ilya didn't do *feelings*. His indifference was his everyday shield, protecting him from getting too close to people. From getting needlessly hurt. That was why he'd kept his sex life transactional. There was no room for emotional pain between the sheets when sexual encounters were kept casual.

On the other hand, he knew that if he didn't at least *try* to see this thing through with Hollander, whatever the fuck it was... He'd regret it.

Somehow, Hollander seemed worth the risk of getting hurt.

And Ilya really, *really* wanted Hollander to stay the night tomorrow. The mere thought of it made him...giddy. He'd never wanted anything so fucking badly. Not even the Cup.

Okay, maybe that was a stretch. But this was definitely a close second.

Nonetheless, he was determined. Stubbornly so. Persuading Hollander to sleep over would be so much easier if he could offer Hollander a nice, chilled glass of Canada-fucking-Dry ginger ale—ugh, were they hoarding this shit in the back of the store or something?

His jaw clenched, biting around his frustration. Ilya was *not* leaving without at least finding one goddamn can.

* * *

A metallic thud echoed in his penthouse when an exasperated Ilya dropped a twelve-pack of Canada Dry onto his kitchen island. A softer shuffle followed when a grocery bag slid beside the soda.

He couldn't believe it took him yet *another* store to find this god-awful drink. But it would be worth the ridiculous runaround come tomorrow evening. Hopefully.

Ilya shucked off his coat and mindlessly unpacked the groceries, trying not to think about tomorrow's plans...

Who was he kidding? It was all he could think about.

They had firmed up their plans already. He had texted Hollander a week or so ago, further confirmed when Ilya scrolled through his chat history with *Jane*.

He chewed the inside of his lip, weighing his options. It was ridiculously late for them both right now. Even if he did send a text, would Hollander be awake to respond?

Secretly, Ilya hoped Hollander was just as anxious about their meetup as he was.

Combing a needlessly nervous hand through his curls, Ilya blew out a steady breath. He stared at his phone screen, bright artificial white backlighting his twitching thumb.

Fuck it.

He sent a message while walking to his ensuite bathroom.

Ilya: Congratulations on your losing streak.

Setting his phone down to brush his teeth, his reflection smirked back at him in the bathroom mirror. Montreal had been playing like absolute ass recently — including tonight — and he was positive that Hollander was inwardly fuming about it. So why not rub it in?

After he gargled and rinsed his mouth of toothpaste, Ilya's phone screen lit up.

Jane: Eat shit.

Ilya chuckled to himself in his empty home. He was surprised that Hollander was still up at this hour. That neurotic man loved a routine. Maybe he actually had been preoccupied with his team's subpar performance, or maybe Ilya was just lucky.

Regardless, he snatched the opportunity to tease, avoiding his real reason for texting Hollander in the first place. Just for a moment longer, at least. He didn't want to come off as desperate.

Which he wasn't. Not at all. Being desperate was for lovesick teens, not Ilya fucking Rozanov.

He typed a snarky reply, and hit send.

Ilya: Were you always this bad at hockey?

He tossed his phone onto his mattress, then stripped down to his underwear, leaving his clothes in a messy pile on his dresser. As he slipped under his sheets for the night, a new message popped up.

Jane: Says the one who can't catch up to my points this season.

Ilya shrugged against his pillows. It was a good comeback on Hollander's part, but it didn't make up for the fact that the entire Montreal roster had been playing like a bunch of amateurs who could barely lace their skates.

Ilya: I will make you feel better after you lose tomorrow.

Unexpectedly, Hollander's retaliation was quick.

Jane: Are you that desperate?

Ilya's brow pinched together. There was that cursed word: *desperate*. Out in the open, like he'd manifested it into existence.

The worst part was that, dreadfully, unequivocally, *yes*. Ilya was that fucking desperate. So desperate to see Hollander that he was getting aroused at the thought alone, already half-hard in his briefs.

He squirmed, his mind begging his body to chill out. But his body was already acting on instinct, palming himself over his underwear. His hand squeezed, his eyes closed, his head tilted back against his headboard. He breathed in deep through his nose and—

Shit. This was bad.

Ilya was turned on, all because Hollander called his bluff.

He brought both knees up under the covers, his feet flat on the mattress. He glanced back at his phone again, Hollander's last text message burning a permanent scar into his retinas. With his one hand, he managed to send a text back.

Ilya: my place tomorrow 8PM

Then he waited. Impatient. Horny.

Three little dots bubbled up. Ilya held his breath, then exhaled when Hollander's typing stopped with no reply.

What the fuck? Did Hollander pass out mid-text?

Ilya gave it another few seconds, but there was nothing. Nothing but silence. On his phone, in his apartment. But his frustration was loud in his head, pounding against his temple.

And he was getting harder with each passing moment, unconsciously canting his hips up into his own hand. His cock now stretched the front of his briefs. He gritted his teeth over a pathetic groan.

Ilya needed release. And he was *not* about to jerk off to the fleeting memory of Hollander after he'd been ghosted over text.

So he swiped around on his phone until he landed on Svetlana's contact. Unlike Hollander, *she* was reliable and uncomplicated. More importantly, she was always down for a quick fuck without the usual song and dance.

His thumbs flew over the keyboard.

Ilya: you up?

Just as he hit send, a new notification appeared.

Jane: See you then.

Fuck. Ilya was about to jerk off to Hollander now, wasn't he?

Fuck.

His phone slipped from his hand, forgotten somewhere on the mattress. Ilya exhaled sharply through his nose, then pulled his briefs halfway down his thighs. His cock slapped against his tensed abs, flushed and angry and needy.

Taking himself in his hand, Ilya closed his eyes and quietly sighed. He tried to mimic Hollander's touch, stroking slowly, teasing his slit. His hands were too rough in comparison. Hollander's were just the right amount of soft and calloused, a heavenly combination over Ilya's hot skin. So he adjusted his grip, tight at the base and relaxed near the head — just like how Hollander had done it time and time again.

Then he imagined the warmth of Hollander's mouth, eager pink lips stretched around his cock. Suckling on the head, sliding down the length. Hungry dark eyes would then peer up at Ilya, a light blush painted over dotted cheeks as Hollander took him deeper...

Ilya groaned.

He could almost feel Hollander's tongue, pressed flat on the underside of his cock. The slight scrape of teeth that drove Ilya insane. The way Hollander would hollow his cheeks and suck him down in earnest, keen to please.

Ilya choked down a moan, squeezing himself harder, fucking into his fist faster. His other hand cupped his balls, rolling them in his palm just like Hollander had done before. Every muscle tensed, his toes curled. Hurried wet sounds filled the room as Ilya chased his high, precum webbing between his fingers and cock.

He was so close, so *fucking* close. It was embarrassing, but he didn't care.

Because soon, he'd have Hollander here in his bed, willingly sprawled, ready for the taking. His scent would stain these very bedsheets, the ones that already smelled like Ilya, that would then smell like *them*. A unique, intoxicating perfume he'd bathe in for the rest of his life.

Ilya's strokes grew erratic at the thought, the smell, the *sight* of Hollander. Gasping beneath him, head thrown back in ecstasy, hair sweatily splayed against a pillow. He'd press Hollander into the mattress, kissing him senseless, hooking his arms under Hollander's knees, and fuck him so good he'd agree to stay.

Then Ilya would wake up to a sleep-rumpled Shane Hollander in the morning, wrapped up in his arms, tangled in *their* bedsheets. Maybe they'd fuck again, slow and indulgent, morning sunlight warming Hollander's skin. Maybe Hollander would smile at him, soft and unguarded, comfortable in their private sanctuary. Maybe he'd have to borrow one of Ilya's t-shirts, too baggy for his smaller frame but short enough to expose his well-fucked ass. Maybe, just maybe, Ilya would pour his heart out, saying everything he'd been wanting to say for years, like—

“Ah, *fuck*—!”

Ilya's eyes shot open mid-gasp, thick ropes of white coating his hand and lower belly. He'd been so lost in the fantasy of playing house with Hollander, his own dick caught him off

guard. He blinked in disbelief, breathless. That *never* happened to him... A secret he'd take to his grave.

He simply laid there for a minute, catching his breath, staring up at the ceiling. His heartbeat gradually slowed. The sticky mess on his skin cooled.

Hollander was coming over tomorrow.

Please dear *God* let it go well.

End Notes

Spoiler alert: it does not go well. 🤔

If the vibes were good for ya, feel free to leave a comment or kudos below. 💖 Thanks for reading!

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