The Cup (i'll believe in anything)

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The Cup (i'll believe in anything)

by JR_ooc

Summary

Shane wins his second Stanley Cup and goes out partying with the Metros. He's surprised to find a certain Russian hockey player is in the same city.

Early HR fill-in. We never did hear about Shane winning the cup and celebrating. Where was Ilya? Well. I had some thoughts.

Notes

Maniacal laughter oh the brain rot is so real. First Hollanov fic. Probably won't be the last 😆
Some music if you're so inclined:
Would you - Pink Sweat$
Shake the Frost - Tyler Childers
and for those who can stomach some weird 00s indie rock: I'll Believe in Anything - Wolf Parade

For Jessie, who's having a rough one. Hope this distracts you for a minute.

See the end of the work for more notes

Shane Hollander doesn't really drink. He's a high performance athlete. He needs to stay focused. To keep his body in pristine condition. Alcohol makes him tired and hungry and dumb and dehydrated. The complete opposite of everything he strives to be.

Alcohol also makes him horny. And despite being a thirsted after NHL hockey star, he doesn't get laid very often. Not unless his team, the Montreal Metros, is playing the Boston Raiders. But that's neither here nor there.

Because tonight Shane is drinking. Because he won the motherfucking Stanley Cup. For the second year in a row. So yeah, Shane had a beer. Actually, he had some champagne. Then he wore a bunch of champagne as the team gave him a champagne shower, because he's the captain who led them to a cup. Then he thinks he had a shot of something else, or maybe it was just champagne from the bottle? Maybe both? He isn't sure he hates all that stuff. But it's a special occasion 'cause they won the cup. So he didn't ask questions.

Then once showered, they went to some bar, and he definitely had a beer there. Then he drank some beer out of the Stanley Cup *(the motherfucking Stanley Cup)*. He shudders to think about the cleanliness of that thing and prays someone thought to clean it before tonight.

Now, he's at some club and drinking a beer (a second beer? A third?) and swaying slightly as Hayden Pike pulls at him, his arm around Shane's shoulders as he talks animatedly to J.J. reliving his assist to Shane earlier in the game like J.J. wasn't literally on the ice at the time. But Shane is guessing J.J. is drunk too since his eyes are glazed and he is fascinated by Hayd's story.

Shane sways again, from the pull of Hayden's arm…probably. But he's not listening. Because he's drunk. And when he's drunk, he gets hungry and dehydrated and dumb. And well…a little horny.

He's not listening because he's thinking about something he shouldn't be. A Russian accent. Long legs. Golden curls. An obnoxious bear tattoo. He wonders idly if Ilya Rozanov, his number one rival in the league, watched the game. Saw Shane's game winning goal?

Who's he kidding? Of course he did. There aren't a lot of NHL hockey players who wouldn't have been watching. And Ilya only got kicked out in the last round. Plus, Shane was playing. So he definitely watched…right?

Shane chews on his bottom lip. *How far is the drive, really? From New York to Boston? 3-ish hours? 5?*

Ilya definitely, probably, watched the game. If only to watch Shane beat Scott Hunter. To watch anyone beat Scott Hunter, really. Ilya is weird about Hunter, a one-sided competition Shane (and likely Scott) doesn't really understand. Hunter just seems to be perpetually annoyed with Ilya anytime he's witnessed them interacting.

He's shaken out of his stupor. "Earth to Shane!" Hayd is saying.

“Huh?”

“Ça va, Hollander? Un autre?” J.J. asks in French. Shane definitely doesn’t need another beer. He shakes his head.

“‘Course he does!” Pike yells in English. “We won the cup!” He shakes Shane’s shoulders, and Shane can’t help but grin.

“You’re gonna be in so much pain tomorrow, and all of your kids are here.”

Hayden cringes at that and then brightens. “So are my parents. Jackie and I have the room alone tonight!”

“Lucky her,” Shane drawls. He loves his best friend, but he’s never understood why they’ve had quite so many kids. Not that he doesn’t love his nieces and nephews. He does! But Hayden literally can’t keep count of them.

He follows Hayden and J.J. to the bar, but he’s still lost in thought.

Boston is only 4 hours away. He checked Google Maps when his friends were distracted. He’s technically rich. How expensive could a cab be? Would anyone take the fare? He’d pay a lot. *No,* he shakes his head. *That’s crazy*. *That’s too far to go for a booty call.*

…right?

Because that’s what it is. He’s just a little horny. But he can’t help but wonder if Ilya is in sweatpants right now. He likes when he wears sweats. Maybe an old T-shirt? Or maybe shirtless. Shane allows himself a moment to imagine that. But then he realizes maybe Ilya isn’t even in Boston. Maybe he’s already back in Russia for the summer break? What does Shane know? It’s not like they talk. And usually once it hits playoffs, they don’t see each other until pre-season the next year.

But Shane kind of hates that, something he’s only willing to admit when he’s sauced. The summers are nice, he spends time with the Pikes and their kids and his parents up at the cottage. But right now it’s looking like a long, hockey-less, Russian-less summer stretching out in front of him.

He wonders what Ilya would think of the cottage.

J.J. places another beer in his free hand. He looks down, his old beer barely half done. He holds them both up to Hayden in question. “What am I supposed to do with this one?”

Hayd just shakes his head and placates him with a pat to his shoulder. “You’ll figure it out, buddy.”

Ilya Rozanov watches as the game highlights play on repeat on the TV in front of him. Shane Hollander scoring the winning goal. Shane Hollander being crushed in a sea of red Voyageur jerseys as the team floods the ice in celebration. Shane Hollander on J.J. and Pike’s shoulders being hoisted in the air holding the Stanley Cup. His cute nose wrinkled, eyes creased in joy.

His freckles are barely visible through the TV monitor, cameras and his helmet visor. But it's enough that Ilya knows they're there.

He wishes it had been him. That he won the cup. That it was their celebration tonight. That he was the one hugging Shane on the ice. Hoisting him up.

He remembers the sheer euphoria of it. The exhaustion and relief of it. How it feels to hold that cup and roar. To prove them all wrong. He knows he's not supposed to be, but he's happy for Hollander. Happy and something else. Something he can't put his finger on. Something that makes him want to squirm. To crawl out of his own skin with want.

A hand claps his shoulder as his phone buzzes in his pocket. "That'll be us next year!" Marleau says, signalling the bartender at the bar they're standing at for another round.

"Da," Ilya agrees and fishes his phone out of his pocket.

Jane: we won

Ilya snorts. Like Ilya wouldn't know that.

Lily: won what?

Jane: the Stanley Cup. Heard of it?

Lily: Ah yes. I heard someone very boring got a very boring goal

Jane: so you watched?

Lily: lulled me to sleep. Hunter vs Hollander is very good bedtime story

Jane: what's a long drive dyou think. Is 4 hours long?

Ilya: drive? Did you play hockey or golf tonight Hollander? Becoming like basketball player? Jordan?

Jane: what? I thought you hated golf

Ilya stares at his phone in confusion for a long beat.

Lily: da is boring and slow. I like fast things. Are you drunk Hollander?

"Roz? What're you doing here?"

Ilya looks up to find two hockey players standing in front of him.

"Vaughn. Hunter!" he crows, exchanging handshakes. "Congratulations!"

"We lost," Hunter replies, already looking exhausted by this interaction.

"But you get E for effort. Lost magnificently, da?"

“You’re such a dick, Roz,” Vaughn tells him, but he’s laughing.

Ilya grins. “One day, Hunter, you won’t have to get by on those good looks. Maybe you find some talent.” He winks.

“Give it a rest, Rozanov,” Hunter replies with a long sigh.

Ilya turns to the bartender and waves him over. “Vodka, neat. For the losers,” he gestures to himself and the three other men.

“Speak for yourself, Roz,” Marleau says. The bartender pours their drinks, and Ilya pulls out his phone again, which is burning a hole in his pocket where he stashed it.

Jane: No!

Jane: well

Jane: maybe a little

Jane: okay maybe a bit more than that

Jane: if you were here I would do stuff to you

The phone buzzes in his hand.

Jane: naked

“Something funny?” Marleau asks trying to peer over his shoulder.

“Yes. Someone said New York is going to win the Cup next year.”

Hunter stands from where he was leaning against the bar. “And that’s me done. Thanks for the drink, Rozanov.” And with that he raises his vodka and walks off, Vaughn laughing and following behind him.

“Wait,” Ilya calls before they’re out of earshot. “Where is Montreal partying tonight?”

They pause and glance between themselves before looking back at him.

“You really think the Voyageurs are gonna wanna have a drink with you?” Vaughn asks, incredulous.

“Where?” Ilya asks again.

“A club. Outer Heaven.”

Ilya doesn’t wait for more information. He slugs back his vodka, nods at them and leaves.

Marleau calls after him.

“Roz? What the fuck?”

The club is loud, and Shane is already over it. His head is throbbing. He's chugging water but not sobering up fast enough. The lights are flashing, and the music thumps. Girls in tiny outfits dance on couches.

Ilya would probably like those kinds of girls, he thinks, not a little bitterly. He needs to stop thinking about Ilya Rozanov. He needs to stop thinking at all and go to bed. Or to Boston. But every time he's tried to escape, one of his teammates has dragged him back.

But he finally gets his opportunity. His teammates are all occupied with girls or conversations. Pike and J.J. are talking to Auld animatedly and not paying attention to him. So he mumbles something about the bathroom, grabs his coat, and slips away.

He needs to go home. Jerk off. And pass out. Or drive to Boston. Whichever happens first.

A pretty girl calls out to him, "Wanna dance?" He shakes his head and keeps moving towards the exit. Who is he kidding? If he goes to Boston, Ilya will probably be out at a place just like this hooking up with some hot blond.

He grumbles to himself as he picks his way through the long club, which is why he doesn't immediately understand what he's seeing at first when he looks up and there, at the exit (or entrance) is the hottest guy Shane's ever seen.

He blinks. Are his eyes dry? The man is tall, with long limbs and a broad, defined chest. Dark jeans and a plain white v-neck T-shirt that's really testing the integrity of its seams, the way it pulls over his defined muscles. A leather jacket in his hand.

His hair is light golden brown and falls in loose curls, and his skin is more golden than a Russian man living in Boston's skin should have any right to be.

Shane freezes. He's hallucinating. Right?

Because Ilya Rozanov isn't in New York. He's in Boston. Or Russia. Probably.

Hazel eyes land on him and zero in. He stops breathing.

He doesn't move, but the gorgeous man closes the distance between them in a few long strides.

"Hollander," a familiar Russian accent curves around the letters of his name.

Shane stares up at him, dumbfounded. "But-" he stammers, "you're not here."

Ilya arches an eyebrow at him. "I am not?"

"No. You're in Boston."

"Okay," he says, not releasing Shane from his gaze. But Shane has to admit the Russian accent is a little too spot on for this to be an impersonator. Probably. Also, there's the general

air of obnoxious over-confidence that only Ilya Rozanov can exude. That would be a hard one to replicate. It's just vibes.

He tries to explain this.

"But you must be you. Because of the growly Russian thing."

Ilya just watches him warily. "Did someone spike your Ginger Ale, Hollander?"

"It was the champagne shower that did it, I think," Shane admits.

"Holy shit, are you Ilya Rozanov?" Some random guy yells at them.

"No," he deadpans and, grabbing Shane's bicep with a big hand, steers him out of the bar. "Is time for us to make like a fish and fly."

"Fish swim, Rozanov," Shane points out helpfully, letting Ilya steer him towards the exit and out of the club onto the street.

Ilya flags down a taxi at a truly impressive speed, which only goes to show that even New York taxi drivers aren't immune to his charm. He guides Shane into the back seat and slides in next to him.

Ilya tells the taxi driver a hotel that definitely isn't the one Shane's staying in. He's still not entirely sure he's not hallucinating, or that this isn't an oddly perfect Ilya doppelgänger. But truly, no one would manhandle him out of a club like that. Well, he's on his way to this man's hotel room apparently, so it better be Ilya.

He leans in, presses his face into golden curls, his nose into the skin of his neck, and takes a whiff of potential-imposter-Ilya and is hit with the familiar, masculine scent of Ilya's skin. It both calms him down and ramps him up.

Definitely him.

"Hollander, did you hit your head in the game? Or are you smelling me?"

"What are you doing here?" Shane asks, pulling back, this time sounding at least 23% more sober. His head is still ringing from the intensity of the noise in the club, making the quiet of the taxi feel intrusive.

"Did you not hear? Big hockey game tonight. I come to watch."

Shane feels his eyes bug out of his head. "You were there? At the game?"

Ilya eyes him again, amusement tugging at his mouth. "Yes. Is not hard to get tickets when you are star NHL player."

Something warms in Shane's chest at the idea of Ilya coming to New York to watch his game. Being at a hockey game and watching Shane play. He's never really had anyone in the stands beyond his parents before. His friends are always on the ice with him.

It makes him feel some type of way he quickly shoves down.

“Rozanov.”

“Is better for watching your weak backhand up close. I can give you lessons-.”

Shane cuts the rest of that snarky comment off with his mouth.

The moment their lips touch, Shane feels it like a wave of relief. His whole body reacts, lighting up like a live wire.

He presses in deeper, wanting to devour the man in front of him. It’s been over a month since he last saw Ilya like this, and he’s missed him. His whole body has missed him, if judging by how instantly hard he gets. Not that Ilya Rozanov doesn’t always have that effect on him.

He reaches up to slide his fingers into those gorgeous curls, but Ilya grabs his wrist and pulls it down, pressing a chaste kiss to his wrist before placing Shane’s hand in his lap. He leans away with a pat to Shane’s knee but not before he whispers in Shane’s ear, “patience, moy kuznechik, this is still too public.”

Ilya’s lips brush the shell of his ear and send a shiver down Shane’s spine, which does little to quell the crushing shame he feels. It feels like being rejected.

He stares out the window, watching as New York flies by in a glimmer of lights, noise and people.

Ilya’s leg presses against his, and his voice is back at his ear. “Don’t pout. You’ll thank me in the morning.”

And Shane knows it’s true. Even through his fuzzy brain, he doesn’t know what he was thinking. He glances at the taxi driver, who seems oblivious. He has an earbud in and is on a call and has been the whole time.

Fortunately, Manhattan isn’t very big, so at that moment the cab arrives at the hotel. Which hotel? Shane doesn’t know. But Ilya pulls out a hotel key, and that’s enough for Shane.

The lobby goes by in a blur. Shane keeps his head down and follows the backs of Ilya’s sneakers. He doesn’t want to be recognized, and his head is swimming. He played a hockey game earlier tonight. In the playoffs, after playing 5 other games almost consecutively. His exhaustion is quickly tipping over into mania.

And on top of that, he’s a bit nervous. Shane likes to be prepared. Ilya appearing out of nowhere, and then the thing in the cab has thrown him a little.

And physical proximity to Ilya always makes him feel out of control and a little wild.

The click of the hotel room door is a balm on his nerves as Ilya lets them into his hotel room.

The boutique New York hotel is all concrete walls and ceilings and low LED light strips. There is a low bed against the wall, and a bathtub sits just outside the bathroom. Ilya is spending his own money to be here, so he sprung for a decent hotel. The result is it doesn't feel like their usual hookup.

His skin prickles with irritation. Ilya is nothing if not calm, cool and collected. Or at least an expert at appearing that way. But tonight, it seems he has lost his mind. He didn't plan this. Was it in the back of his mind that he was in the same city as Shane? Yes. Was he going to message him? No.

Then Shane texted him. And well, Ilya's never been very smart when it comes to Shane Hollander.

The moment the door clicks closed is the last moment Ilya can stand the distance between them.

He pounces. Crowding Shane back against the door they just entered and finally, finally, pressing a bruising kiss to those pouty kissable lips.

Despite the tension thrumming through Shane's hard body and his rigid shoulders, he kisses Ilya back.

And it's like taking a breath of fresh air after a long time underwater. He steals the air from Shane's lungs. Devouring him. Tasting him. Owning him. It feels illegal, like he's not allowed this but doing it anyway. Like he's cheating death. An adrenaline rush. The hit of the cigarette he's denied himself. He drinks Shane down like it's the last cigarette he'll ever smoke.

Ilya rubs his hands up Shane's body like he's a mirage and he wants to feel it's real. He lets his fingers bump against every ridge and line, and Shane melts into his touch, sighing softly into his mouth.

Always so responsive.

It makes Ilya crazy. Makes him hungry with power. Makes him want to see what else he can pull out of Shane.

"Rozanov," Shane says into his mouth, against his lips. Fingers fist into his hair and pull his head back, forcing him to release Shane's mouth, however reluctantly.

They're both breathing heavily, like they came in from a run and aren't professional athletes.

Ilya takes a breath and tries to steady himself, he can't let Shane see how much he affects him. He takes Shane's jaw in his hand, tilting his face up, not forcefully but not softly. Shane's breath catches in his throat.

"What do you need, Hollander?" Ilya says.

Shane's adam's apple bobs as he swallows hard, staring up at Ilya with glazed, lust-blown eyes. There's something else there, like Shane is looking for something, but Ilya doesn't

know what it is.

“You,” Shane says, the word tripping like a prayer from his lips. “Need you inside me.”

Ilya growls and crushes his mouth back to Shane’s, who makes a desperate sound in the back of his throat and, releasing Ilya’s hair, pulls at his shirt, the button on his pants. His fingers scrambling as he ineffectually tried to undress him.

Ilya deftly undoes Shane’s shirt buttons. He’s not in a full suit despite it being a game day. Just a shirt and jeans, which Ilya quickly works to divest him of. Every time he undresses Shane, he feels a secret thrill at his masculinity. Of indulging in this secret desire, this other half of himself that he keeps tucked away.

Shane finally gets the T-shirt over Ilya’s head and manages to undo his jeans, tugging them down with his boxers and tripping Ilya as he walks backwards. He falls backward with a thump onto the low bed, pulling Shane with him, who clumsily lands on top of him with an *‘oomph.’*

“Very smooth, Hollander, you sure you won Cup tonight?”

“Fuck off, Rozanov,” Shane grumbles, wriggling so they are lined up better. “You watched me do it.” Ilya doesn’t miss the smugness. *Yes, he did. And it was beautiful.*

“Now I’m gonna win another cup,” Shane says, and sticks his tongue into Ilya’s mouth as he reaches down between them and takes hold of Ilya’s throbbing cock between them. Ilya hisses at the contact before the English words hit his brain.

Then he starts laughing.

“Hollander,” he says, his cheeks hurting from smiling. ‘Are you saying I am like Stanley Cup? Or my dick is?”

Shane pulls back, face scrunched in his ‘*you are annoying*’ face that Ilya loves so much cause his freckles stand out even more when he goes red. “What—no—I meant—,” he sighs, “I hate champagne.”

Ilya laughs again, big and loud, and then kisses Shane again. Then, with a hand on Shane’s waist, he flips them, so Shane is beneath him, thighs spread wide around Ilya’s hips. Slotted together perfectly.

Shane moans again. “Rozanov,” Shane says, like he’s asking for something he doesn’t know the words to. His voice is strained, and the sound of it pulls at him viscerally. His chest aches, and he wants to rub at it, but instead he presses into Shane further, kisses him harder, like he’s trying to absorb him into his body.

He wants to. It’s all he wants some days. To hold Shane against his chest, kiss and pleasure him until he finally relaxes. Take care of him.

The thought snaps him back to the present. This is all he gets. This is what he can have. So, he better make the most of it.

He slides down Shane's body, pausing briefly to make Shane gasp as he flicks a nipple with his tongue before continuing his path to Shane's cock.

He darts his tongue out and licks a bead of pre-cum from the slit, causing Shane to shudder, his foot to slide up the bed so his knee is bent, giving Ilya more access.

"Always so eager for me, Hollander," he purrs.

"Fuck," Shane gasps as Ilya takes the head of his cock in his mouth. "Yeah, yeah," he agrees, already losing himself in the pleasure and the need. It makes Ilya crazy, Shane handing over his control like this. He reaches down and squeezes himself once to relieve the pressure.

"Give me your hand," he says.

Shane holds out the hand in question obediently.

"So good for me, Hollander," he says, his voice gravel.

He gives Shane's cock one last lick from base to tip before taking three of Shane's fingers and sucking them into his mouth, coating them in saliva. Shane makes a desperate noise, hips thrusting minutely at the sensation.

He pulls off and looks up to find Shane watching him, pupils lust blown.

"Now finger yourself for me while I find lube, open yourself up."

Shane's cheeks heat, and Ilya sits up and back on his heels, waiting. But he does as he's told, spreading his thighs wider and sliding his fingers down his crease to his hole. He glances at Ilya, briefly pausing before sliding a finger into himself to the knuckle.

And Ilya stops breathing.

He grasps himself and gives himself a slow jerk, watching the show as Shane works another finger in, mesmerized.

Shane's eyes open and narrow, his mouth hanging open a little. "Aren't you supposed to be doing something?"

Ilya gives him a wolfish grin and fights the faint blush from his cheeks. "But the show is just getting good."

But he does get up and as fast as he can while still trying to play it cool, he goes to his bag and rummages through. Chucking clothes on the ground until he locates the lube and condoms he'd brought. Just in case. Even though he wasn't going to text Shane.

He's dumped half of his suitcase out in his haste but hopes Shane won't notice.

He tries to saunter back over casually. But the sight that greets him makes him feel anything but casual. He climbs back onto the bed so he's kneeling between Shane's thick thighs again. He pulls a condom out and throws it on the bed within reach and coats his fingers in lube.

“So sexy. So slutty for me, Shane. So beautiful like this,” he says in Russian.

Shane’s eyes open and he looks even more turned on, if that’s even possible. Ilya grins again, knowing Shane loves it when he switches to his mother tongue.

“Please,” Shane begs. And Ilya wants to push him further, but he’s feeling frayed, his need surpassing his ability to draw this out.

“Please what, Hollander?” he asks.

But he circles Shane’s rim with a lubed finger. Shane moans, trying to push down. He removes a finger and goes to pull the rest out, but Ilya holds his wrist in place with his free hand.

He slides a digit in alongside Shane’s, and the sound Shane makes is something he wants to bottle and save as jerk off material.

And there’s something so hot about being inside Shane’s body with him. He groans and adds another finger, rubbing inside him. Shane's body jerks when he hits the right spot.

“Ilya,” Shane gasps, sounding wrecked. It’s all he can take.

He slides them both out and grabs the condom and lube, getting himself ready.

“Flip,” Ilya orders, and Shane obeys so quickly Ilya would find it comical if all the blood in his body hadn’t left his brain.

Shane gets onto all fours, resting on his elbows, and Ilya backs up until he can put a foot on the ground. Then he takes Shane by the hips and tugs him backwards so he’s at the edge of the bed. Then he lines himself up. And presses the tip in.

They both moan. “Yes, yes,” Shane pants, grinding back.

“Fuck yourself,” Ilya orders.

And Shane glances back at him, cheeks rosy, pupils black. But he complies. Pushing onto Ilya’s length slowly with a groan.

He works himself all the way on, and by the time he’s fully seated, Ilya’s losing his mind.

He squeezes Shane’s hips in warning and starts thrusting. Shane’s shoulders sag in relief, and he pushes back, meeting Ilya thrust for thrust.

The sounds in the room are feral and filthy. Ilya loses himself in Shane’s tight heat, in a way he’s only ever been able to do with him.

He becomes engulfed, singularly focused on the pleasure and the lust and their perfect fit. Shane’s breath quickens, and he’s grinding back without rhythm, and Ilya knows he’s going to come soon.

Only confirmed when, “Harder, oh god, fuck, so big, so good…Ilya, I'm going to-,” Shane rambles.

Ilya reaches down to stroke him, and it only takes a few strokes before he makes a choking noise and he's coming. Ilya fucks him through it, losing all finesse and thrusting desperately into his body.

Shane is squeezing him so tightly his brain whites out and he comes so hard he loses time and space, making a strained noise. Wholly consumed by the explosions in his brain.

He collapses on Shane’s back, his legs jelly and unable to hold him up. Both of their legs are hanging off the bed, but Ilya can’t be fucked to move right now.

“Holy shit,” he says in Russian.

“Yeah,” Shane agrees despite not having a clue what he said. He guesses the sentiment was clear.

He snakes his arm around Shane’s waist, hand between his pecs, and presses kisses between his shoulder blades. Letting them come down slowly, not wanting to rush away the post-orgasm high. He knows Shane is lying in a wet spot and hates being dirty, so he’ll have finite time to enjoy this moment.

His cock softens and slips out, and Shane groans, this time in a less sexy way. So, Ilya gets up and throws out the condom in the bathroom. Wetting a facecloth with warm water and coming back out. He wipes Shane down, and Shane groans again, his hands covering his eyes.

“Hollander?” he asks, finishing wiping himself down and throwing the towel into a corner of the room to be dealt with later. He leans forward and pulls a hand away from Shane’s face, who’s curling into the fetal position.

Uh oh. “Shane?” He asks again, leaning over, trying to see Shane’s face, “What’s wrong? Did I hurt you?” Panic grips his heart but eases when Shane shakes his head and peaks an eye open at him.

“No,” he says and reaches out to grab Ilya’s hand and press a kiss to his palm. And it’s so sweet Ilya melts. “Then what’s wrong, *sweetheart?*” he hides the pet name in Russian.

“My head,” Shane groans. And Ilya understands. He can’t help the laugh that bursts out of him.

“Ugh, fuck offf,” Shane groans and covers his ears like that will help stave off the champagne headache.

“Alcohol is fighting back now?”

Shane just groans and nods, his eyes squeezed shut. Ilya presses a kiss to his cheek and then quickly to his lips before standing up.

“I felt so good. And then so bad,” he says through gritted teeth. Ilya’s already back at his bag, sifting through it until he finds what he’s looking for. He goes to the bathroom and fills up a big glass of water before coming back to the bed and placing both items on the nightstand.

He crouches in front of Shane and cards a hand through his strands. “Paracetamal or shower first?” he asks.

“Para-what?” Shane asks. Ilya racks his brain for the American brand name. “Advil.” He remembers.

Shane looks up at him hopefully and just nods. Ilya helps him sit up and hands him the pills and the water. Shane takes them and drinks some water before turning a little green. He shoves the water back in Ilya’s hand before sitting up, stalk-straight.

“Oh no,” he mutters before he’s up and running past Ilya to the bathroom, leaving the door open behind him. Ilya waits, giving him a moment of privacy, but it’s quiet.

He waits a few more minutes before following. Shane is sitting on the bathroom floor, still naked, his arms wrapped around his knees, leaning against the wall next to the toilet with his eyes closed and his head tipped back. The bathroom is cold, and Shane's leg hair is standing on end.

“Sick?” He asks.

“I think…maybe not,” Shane says. His cheeks go pink with embarrassment. “I never should have had those fucking shots Kapenen bought.”

Ilya chuckles. “Shots, Hollander? Who are you?”

“I know,” he moans miserably.

Ilya steps into the shower and turns on the stream, ensuring its warm. Then he goes back to Shane.

“Come, this will help.”

Shane opens an eye and looks at him warily. “I promise,” he says. Shane nods and lets Ilya pull him to his feet and coddle him into the shower.

Under the stream, Shane moans, a much happier sound this time. He doesn’t complain or say anything when Ilya gets some soap and starts to wash him down. He just rests his forehead against the cool tile and lets Ilya care for him.

And Ilya hates how much he loves it.

He imagines doing this on a night when Shane isn’t drunk. They’ve showered together, sure. But it usually turns dirty. Shane has never let him be like this. Soft. And Ilya’s never tried to push it, not really.

“Wait,” Shane looks up at him suddenly when Ilya is rinsing them both off, turning Shane in the water. “Are you totally sober?”

Ilya chuckles. “I am now. But if you’re asking if I took advantage while you're drunk?” He smirks. “Also yes.”

Shane tries to look cross, but Ilya can tell when he’s trying not to smile. “I was a pretty willing participant.”

“While you played hockey game, I drank vodka with Marleau and watched. So you don’t have to worry. If anything, you took advantage of me.” He *tsks*. “Trying to corrupt me, Hollander? Shameful.”

The smile breaks through then. “Not sure you can be more corrupted than you already are.”

Ilya grins. He shuts off the water and grabs them both towels, wrapping one around Shane first. “I can think of many ways I’d like you to corrupt me, Shane Hollander.” He winks, and Shane snorts before looking a little green again.

Ilya steers him back to the bed and sits him on the edge. He hands him another glass of water. “Drink.” He commands.

Shane drinks while Ilya goes back to his suitcase. He pulls on fresh boxers and finds a pair of sweats and an old T-shirt, which he brings to Shane.

Shane doesn’t argue, donning the clothes, rolling the sweatpants at the ankle where they’re about a foot too long. Before crawling pathetically onto the bed and curling up again. Ilya wishes it were always this easy. He quickly turns off all the lights and follows Shane onto the bed. He slips under the covers, pulling them up over Shane as well. And then he thinks, fuck it. Shane’s drunk and feeling bad. He wraps his whole body around Shane’s from behind, pressing a kiss into his cheek, his neck.

“Mmm,” Shane rumbles, already sounding half asleep. He nuzzles back into Ilya’s chest, and Ilya wants to freeze this moment in time. He never wants it to end. “Congratulations on the cup,” he says quietly. Shane’s mouth quirks up a tiny amount at the sides despite being mostly asleep already.

Shane’s breath evens out quickly. The alcohol, stress and exertion of the day pulling him into a deep sleep.

Ilya, on the other hand, lays awake for a long time. Studying Shane’s nose, his cheekbones, his long eyelashes, the freckles he can just make out in the dark. The way Shane sleeps with his fingers laced with Ilya’s. The way he looks in Ilya’s clothes.

He watches, and he wants. Oh, how he wants.

When Ilya wakes in the morning, the night rushes back at him. But the room feels cold and empty. He looks around and takes in its state. His suitcase is still a disarray, mostly dumped

on the floor. There are clothes strewn around, but they're only his.

He sits up and sees his sweats and T-shirt folded perfectly on a chair in the corner, and there's a note written on a piece of hotel notepad. He walks over and grabs it.

It simply reads "see you next season. -S"

It's going to be a long summer.

End Notes

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