Close to Me

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/74408436.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV), Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov, Shane Hollander & Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander, Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - College/University, College Ice Hockey, Roomates, Quote: "And they were roommates" "Oh my god they were roommates" (Video Blogging RPF), Book 2: Heated Rivalry (Game Changers), Drunk Shane Hollander, Jealous Ilya Rozanov, Possessive Ilya Rozanov, Ilya Rozanov is out of his depth, Ilya Rozanov is Spiraling, Clingy Shane Hollander, POV Ilya Rozanov, Drunken Confessions, Drunken Flirting, Feelings Realization, Coming Out, Drunken Kissing
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Hollanov Drabbles, Part 1 of hollanov college au
Stats:	Published: 2025-11-18 Words: 6,865 Chapters: 1/1

Close to Me

by AkirasStories

Summary

“Your space is nice,” Hollander whispers back, leaning in, breath warm against Ilya’s chest. “Smells like mint.”

Ilya stops breathing.

Hollander’s eyes are half-lidded, dazed, soft in a way Ilya has never seen. “Ilya,” he murmurs.

And Ilya nearly chokes. The first name. His actual first name. Whispered like something intimate. Sacred. They’ve never called each other by their first name. Always Hollander. Always Rozanov. Ilya is so stunned he almost doesn’t process the next words, almost can’t translate them despite living in the States for almost four years now.

---
or: ilya is spiraling about what his roomate could be doing on a random tuesday night. he's not prepared when the night takes an unexpected turn.

Notes

hii!
so this is my first hollanov fic, and while i am suuuper excited, i am also a tiny bit nervous. it's been some time since i wrote for any other fandom than my precious gay werewolves. but since finished 'heated rivalry' and 'the long game' my brain has been taken over by a gay and bisexual hockey player. pls be kind to me when reading as i haven't perfected their voices yet.
this is a college au. the characters are based on the early parts in hr, so pls consider that!
also a huge thank you to my dear friend cal who hyped me up to post this!! thank you! she also just posted a wonderful hollanov fic, so go check that out!
and now, enjoy reading! <3

See the end of the work for more notes

It’s quiet.

Way too quiet.

The only sounds filling the dorm are the rapid snippets of 20-second videos Ilya keeps scrolling through on his phone. That, and the occasional creak of the old wooden floors mixed with the echoes of other students’ voices in the building. His own low chuckle had joined the noise earlier, but even that stopped about an hour ago. So really, it’s just the videos and the building settling. Besides that, nothing is to be heard.

No grumbles about Ilya having to turn his volume down or “shutting the fuck up.” No exasperated sighs. No rustles of sheets from the other side of the room.

Nothing. Just quiet.

Ilya checks the time.

11:42 pm.

Eighteen minutes to midnight on a fucking random Tuesday, and Shane Hollander isn’t back in their dorm.

Not that Ilya cares.

No. He doesn’t. He couldn’t give less of a shit what Hollander is doing.

Honestly, it’s even been nice having the place to himself for a few hours. He can finally play his music as loud as he wants to. (Not that he ever really let Hollander stop him before, but Hollander’s complaining *did* ruin the experience a bit. Even if it was funny watching the guy get more and more irritated. His face turning a deeper shade of red, the louder Ilya turned the music up, right until he’d storm across the room to get in Ilya’s face. And Ilya would smirk, drop a comment he knew would set Hollander off even more, and then watch with fascination how all kinds of emotions flicker across that pretty face, along with the definite urge to punch Ilya or do *something*.

Which Hollander unfortunately *never* does. He usually storms out the room or sits back down at his desk like the good, boring student he is.)

So, yeah, Ilya actually enjoyed the first few hours after Hollander left around 4:30 p.m. He’d finally gotten himself off in his own bed, enjoying being naked, unbothered, and able to take his time. He’d even thought about inviting some girl over, but decided against it. Ilya Rozanov loved sex, sure. But his own hand did well enough. And who knew when his roommate would come back?

After jerking himself off, he relaxed, even finishing up some classwork. But as the clock kept ticking and Hollander still didn’t return, Ilya started to get annoyed.

Because… what the fuck?

Ever since the university decided to force the two junior-year hockey stars into cohabitation —desperate for the team's (and honestly, the entire hockey world's) brightest talents to put their rivalry aside and get along long enough to win nationals—Ilya barely had a minute of his day without Hollander around.

Which was not as fun as some people wanted to believe.

Because living with golden boy Shane Hollander was about as exciting as living with a fucking grandma. And Ilya bets even a grandma would be more fun than whatever Hollander has going on.

But Hollander got elected team captain of the Michigan State Spartans this semester, and apparently everyone was terrified Ilya would throw a fit. So forced proximity was the solution. A dumb solution, if you asked Ilya. If he really had a problem with Hollander being captain, he could make Hollander's life hell while sharing a dorm.

But—despite all the rumors—the Russian doesn't care that his rival is captain.

Truthfully, Ilya even thinks it's the better choice. Sure, he's definitely the better player out of the two of them, but the Canadian is a close second, which no one else can even say. And Hollander is a damn good hockey player. An excellent one even. A great playmaker.

Smart, fast, a whirlwind on ice.

Compared to Ilya's tornado of course, Hollander is maybe a strong breeze—but still better than the rest, who barely count as a puff of air.

And Hollander is good with the team. Where Ilya frustrates people, makes them want to punch him (which he does enjoy), Shane Hollander makes people smile.

The golden boy who cares about being a team-player. Who wants to make everyone feel included. Who sees himself as part of a team instead of—as Ilya does—someone forced into one because those are the rules of the sport he plays.

And Hollander is *good* with people. He talks to them in perfect English and perfect French because of course the guy speaks fluent French. He makes people smile. He cares about hockey, his teammates, the fans.

Ilya cares about himself.

So despite the rumors, despite teammates giving him worried looks or offering him awkward support, Ilya doesn't want to be captain. Sure, he'd have taken the position if offered; he knows he'd be good at it. But Hollander… Hollander is *made for it*. Ilya can acknowledge as much.

Yeah, he isn't jealous.

If anything, the captaincy makes Hollander even more determined to beat him. To push harder. And Ilya loves competing with him on the ice.

Because there, Hollander isn't boring.

There, Hollander is *fire.*

Unfortunately, that fire vanishes the moment he steps off the ice.

Well, not vanishes. Ilya knows it's there. Just pushed aside. Hidden.

Back to boring, good boy Hollander.

Ilya glares over to Hollander's side of the dorm, letting the video of some hot chick play on his phone, "Sugar on My Tongue" looping softly underneath it. Moonlight from the window barely illuminates the dorm. Not that there's much to see there.

Just a perfectly made bed with a boring navy-blue comforter. A desk with Hockey and Psychology textbooks, a closed laptop, and a lamp. A team poster on the wall, right beside a framed photo of him with his picture-perfect family. A shelf lined with neatly arranged medals and cups Hollander has won over the years.

It's boring. Sterile.

Nothing that tells Ilya *anything* about him. Only hockey.

Ilya wonders if anything else occupies that pretty head besides slap shots and strategizing.

Ilya's side of the room is the opposite. There is character there. Posters of cars and hockey, sure, but also pictures of him with friends—because he actually goes out and experiences life—and random stickers he finds funny. His desk is an absolute disaster, though he guesses anything looks like a mess compared to Hollander's distasteful tidiness. His piles of gear sit in total contrast to Hollander's neatly stacked ones.

With a swipe of his thumb, Ilya skips to the next video only to close the app entirely and open Instagram. Several DM notifications light up immediately. Women—and a few men—sliding in, hoping for one night with the infamous Ilya Rozanov.

Ilya gets even more annoyed.

If he'd known Hollander would be gone this long, he might've invited someone over after all. For the last four months, since the semester started, Ilya hasn't been able to get laid in his own damn dorm. Because fucking Hollander is *always* there. And when Ilya politely asks for him to fuck off, Shane just furrows his eyebrows, his nose scrunching up in that infuriatingly adorable way, and tells him to "get laid somewhere else."

The first time it happened, Ilya actually considered ignoring his annoying roommate and fucking his hookup right there anyway—with Hollander sitting at his desk.

He wonders how affronted Hollander would have looked. How red he'd have turned. Whether he'd have stayed out of sheer stubbornness, because he's that much of a competitive, stubborn asshole, just like Ilya.

Ilya imagines kissing someone while watching Hollander react—imagines Shane's face when he slides in, when his hookup moans Ilya's name. He wonders if Hollander would blush. If he'd get hard.

He wonders—

Ilya snaps himself out of the thought, even though his dick is definitely interested.

He didn't follow through, of course. Most women aren't into being watched. So Ilya had to go to their rooms, or to whatever deserted hallway or bathroom he could find.

He gets irritated just thinking about it.

Shane Hollander and his stupid principles about having a clean room and not letting his roommate have any time to himself to enjoy the pleasure of being a hot, young star athlete.

With a groan, Ilya drags a hand down his face and lets his phone drop somewhere on the bed. He pushes himself up and walks over to their tiny fridge—a luxury even Hollander couldn't resist—and grabs himself a coke.

Leaning against his desk, he flicks on the small lamp, letting the warm light spill across the dorm. Hollander's empty bed falls right into view. Something sharp and bitter twists in Ilya's stomach. He takes a sip of Coke, hoping the cold sweetness will wash it away.

It doesn't.

He scowls at the bed a bit more, then glances at the alarm clock on Hollander's bedside table.

11:50 p.m.

Where the fuck is Hollander?

They have training early tomorrow. Coach wants them on the ice by 7 a.m. latest, and it is an unofficial rule that Hollander and Rozanov show up at 6:30, ready for laps that always turn into a race. *Always.*

If Hollander doesn't come back soon, he gets maybe five hours of sleep. Because Ilya *knows* Mr. Perfect does yoga every morning before starting his day. A surprising revelation that had genuinely taken Ilya aback when he first learned it. It's just too bad Hollander always does it in private. Ilya would *love* to see him stretch into those ridiculous positions. Though he bets Hollander would somehow make it look good. The guy has a talent for looking good doing even the stupidest shit.

Ilya might have been jealous if he himself wasn't smoking hot. (He loves using that phrase. "Smoking hot." It's funny because he *is* hot and—despite Coach, the NHL scouts, and even Hollander telling him to quit—he smokes.)

But none of that matters right now.

What matters is that Shane fucking Hollander is breaking curfew.

Curfew *he* set for the whole team during the week. If it were anyone else breaking it, Ilya wouldn't care. But this is Shane Hollander.

And it's a Tuesday. Close to midnight.

And yet here's Ilya, alone in their stupid shared shoebox of a dorm with Hollander's stupid empty bed looming over him.

He heads back towards his own bed, reaching for his phone to check for missed calls or texts —only to slam his toe into the corner of the frame.

"Ах, блядь! Чёрт!" he hisses through clenched teeth, hopping on one foot.

This is just the fucking height of it all.

He plops back down on the bed, rubbing his injured toe and mentally blames it all entirely on Hollander and his annoying perfect face. The face that makes people like him, makes them want to protect him at all cost.

Ilya bets it's those stupid brown eyes. Or those infuriating freckles.

If Shane had a normal face, Ilya sure as hell wouldn't be sitting here worrying whether his team captain was dead in a ditch.

Though… that would mean Ilya got to be captain, no argument. No one to challenge his superiority on the ice.

But it would be boring. *Deadly* boring.

Ilya doesn't want to imagine a world where Shane Hollander isn't breathing down his neck on the ice.

What would even be the point?

He checks his phone. No texts. No missed calls.

Of course not.

Only a new follower on Instagram and some Twitter notifications. Ilya doesn't bother to check them.

Hollander hadn't even told him where he was going. Just a quick, casual *"see u later."* Which was fine. The two of them didn't talk like that. Communication between them usually happened in two ways: Hollander walking right up to Ilya and getting adorably pissed off the longer Ilya pretended not to care… or Coach forcing them to exchange information.

Still.

Why the fuck is Hollander out this late on a random Tuesday?

But Ilya won't text him. No. He won't break. He doesn't care, and he's not giving Hollander the chance to question whether he cares.

Because Hollander hates him.

And Ilya Rozanov hates Shane Hollander.

At least… that's the narrative everyone at their university, the NCAA, and even Hollander himself seems to believe.

And it isn't exactly wrong. Ilya *does* think Shane Hollander is boring, a try-hard good boy, and genuinely infuriating. But hate? Hate is a strong word, and that's not what Ilya feels about his roommate.

Even the infuriating parts about Hollander are mostly his freckles. Like some artist got carried away and scattered distracting little constellations all across Hollander's nose. How is anyone supposed to truly *hate* someone whose face looks like that?

Ilya thinks they're unfair. Especially when combined with everything else Hollander has going on—the hockey build (even if smaller than Ilya), the stupidly smooth, perfect skin, the warm brown eyes.

And then that stupid smile.

That smile. Stupid, bright, destating, weaponized and not enough times directed at Ilya. (Which is not something Ilya wishes for. Obviously not.)

Instead of smiling, he gets to see Hollander flush. And Ilya knows *all* of Hollander's flushes.

There's the *I'm embarrassed and flustered* flush—a light pink that makes the freckles stand out. The *I'm very irritated with you* flush—where not only do the freckles pop but Hollander scrunches his nose in that certain way. And then the *I want to punch you but I won't because I'm a good person* flush—practically making the constellations dance. Easily one of Ilya's favorite looks on his rival.

The first time Ilya saw that particular look was when he defeated the Canadian team at World Juniors. The Russian team had won, and afterward Hollander had been a good sport—he'd swallowed his pride, and walked over to Ilya to introduce himself when he saw him outside after the award ceremony.

Ilya had been seventeen and instantly impressed by Hollander, because *he* would've never done the same. It didn't matter much, though, because Ilya had already perfected his smug asshole routine back then. And his English hadn't been great, and while he didn't exactly feel embarrassed about it, he also didn't want to stumble over his words in front of the freckled boy who played almost as well as he did. So he let Hollander do most of the talking.

Hollander had said, "Good game. You played very well," and even held out his hand.
Ilya had felt weirdly out of his depth then—Hollander's sincere, serious expression, the dark strands of hair falling into his eyes, those freckles.

So Ilya had just smirked and said, “I know. You sucked.”

Shane Hollander had flushed deep red, and Ilya had braced himself for some kind of fight—especially after he flaunted the medal—but Hollander had just fumed, freckles dancing, before storming off.

Maybe if Ilya had let himself be drafted into the NHL a year later, he never would’ve seen Hollander again. But he decided to go to college. Ilya had promised his mother he’d make something of himself—that he’d get an education. She’d always been his biggest supporter, but she had drilled it into him that one injury could ruin everything. All the talent in the world wouldn’t save a broken career.

So Ilya went to college, studying business. Nothing exciting or fun, but good enough.

But the universe wanted Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov to crash into each other again, because the same year Ilya started as a freshman, Hollander joined the university as well as a philosophy major—also wanting to get a degree before joining the NHL.

The two most anticipated stars in the hockey sky, burning brighter together at college before they’d finally blaze across the world’s long-awaited ice rink.

So, that’s how Ilya Rozanov ended up having the time to study all the different flushes he could bring out of Shane Hollander.

And he *likes* making him blush. Especially on the ice. Sure, it may be counterproductive to their game sometimes but Hollander and himself are good enough players to even it out again.

He grabs his copy of *Problems of Dostoevsky’s Poetics*—because nothing pulls you out of a mind spiral about your rival’s blushes faster than reading about dialogical vs. monological storytelling—and flips it open.

Ilya stares at the page.

The page stares back.

He understands maybe three words.

Why they have to read this book in English when they’re in a class about Russian literature—and at least a third of them can probably read it in the original Russian—Ilya will never understand. Stupid Americans.

He closes the book. Reopens it. Tries again. Fails again.

His knee bounces, his toe still aches, and his annoyance grows bigger. It must be as big as a fucking mountain by now.

He checks the time again.

11:54 p.m.

He scowls at the numbers as if they're personally betraying him.

Why isn't Hollander back yet? Where is he? He never stays out late. Especially not on a weekday.

A sudden flash of realization hits Ilya.

Maybe it's not the question of where but *who*.

Who's Shane Hollander out with so late?

Hollander doesn't date much. That's well known. Ilya never quite understood the why—because Hollander definitely got enough women willing to date him—but he also never asked him either. Still, he remembers the locker room talk these last few weeks.

End of sophomore year, Shane Hollander and Rose Landry went out on a couple of dates. It fizzled after a few weeks. Dating Rose had definitely earned Hollander some respect—Landry is one of the hottest and most sought-after women at the university.

But maybe a month back, Hayden—one of Ilya's teammates—had spilled that Rose and Hollander had gone out again after junior year started.

So is *that* who Hollander is with? Is he currently on a date with Rose Landry?

Images of her pressed against Hollander fill Ilya's brain. He isn't wondering if they're kissing, or laughing, or doing—

No.

Nope.

Irritation prickles hot and sharp under his skin. He's only wearing sweats and a tank top, but everything feels too hot right now. Claustrophobic. His crucifix heavy on his chest.

He sits up abruptly and pushes open the window above his bed. Laughter from a couple down below drifts up. Ilya may or may not instantly check if it's Hollander and Rose.

It isn't.

Doesn't help his mood, though. Because somewhere out there, Shane Hollander is being devastatingly pretty at someone when he should be lying across from Ilya, frowning at him and telling him to go to sleep.

Somewhere—deep, deep down—he wonders why the idea of Hollander being out with Rose Landry upsets him so much. But when a quiet voice begins whispering a reply, Ilya shoves it down very quickly.

He's just upset because Hollander will definitely slack tomorrow at practice. And then Ilya will be bored. Bored because tired Hollander is boring.

“Fuck this,” he mutters to himself. He wishes he had a cigarette.

A cool breeze rolls in through the open window, so Ilya shuts it again, feeling goosebumps prick up along his arms.

If Rose Landry were cold, would Hollander give her his jacket? He bets he would. Hollander is a nice guy like that. And Rose would absolutely use the chance to kiss him.

Maybe they already kissed. Maybe they’re fucking right now.

Ilya throws himself back onto his bed. He should sleep.

Why the fuck *can’t* he sleep? It doesn’t matter whether Hollander is here or not.

He glances at his phone.

11:58 p.m.

There’s a loud noise in the hallway. Footsteps—probably some drunk guy stumbling along, trying to be quiet but absolutely failing.

If Hollander were here right now, he’d probably complain about the noise to Ilya. Or go check on the idiot.

But Hollander is out. And Ilya is the one now extremely annoyed by the loud drunk in their hallway.

Maybe he should go out there and start a fight—finally finding an outlet for all the emotions he’s been feeling.

But then—

Their door handle rattles.

Ilya freezes.

And then the door slams open with enough force to break the damn thing if it wanted to.

Ilya props himself up on his elbows, eyebrows shooting up as Shane Hollander walks through the door.

Or better—*attemtps* to.

Because apparently the drunk guy in the hallway was his roommate.

“Hollander?”

The dark haired man is still standing in the doorway, clinging to the frame, but now blinks blearily…. and then beams at Ilya.

Actually *beams*.

Shane Hollander is drunk.

Not tipsy. Not pleasantly buzzed. *Drunk.*

“Roooooooz,” Hollander sings, stumbling inside, pointing at Iya with a floppy finger. “You’re still awake! That’s so cute.”

Cute?

That’s not a word Ilya would use for himself right now. Confused. Hot. Sexy. Irritated. Those are words describing Ilya. Not cute.

Surprised fits best, though. Because Shane Hollander doesn’t drink. Sure, he may have a beer or two after a game, but that’s it. Their mini fridge is half stacked with Ginger Ale because Hollander kept complaining that Ilya used all the space for beer. And now somehow that guy —the one who says no to a third beer at his best friend’s birthday party—-is standing here drunk off his ass?

“Hollander. What the fuck happened?”

Hollander ignores the question completely, choosing instead to kick the door closed behind him with an enthusiasm normally reserved for the ice rink. Then he tries to hang his jacket on the hook and misses by an entire foot.

Ilya watches all of this, unimpressed and very interested at the same time.

He eyes Hollander. He’s got a nice outfit on. Dark blue pants that finally fit him right—maybe Rose took him shopping—and a grey shirt that hugs his strong shoulders, tight enough that Ilya can faintly see the outline of his abs.

He looks good. Very good. Definitely date worthy.

So Hollander probably went out with Rose.

Good for him. Ilya certainly couldn’t care less.

“You’re drunk.” Ilya states instead of immediately questioning him about his date.

“Maaaaybe,” Hollander giggles.

Giggles. Shane Hollander giggles.

Ilya feels…. *a lot* about this. If he weren’t so distracted by Hollander swaying like a baby deer learning to walk, he might actually enjoy the sound.

But Hollander *is* drunk. And when he takes a step forward he sways dangerously and nearly faceplants.

Ilya is immediately up on his feet, ready to catch him but his rival already managed to land against the desk chair, sort of leaning on it now.

Ilya stares.

There's a flush on Hollander's face. His cheeks are pink, his nose an even deeper red. Maybe from the cold outside. Maybe from the alcohol. Ilya keeps staring.

He's never seen *this* kind of flush on Hollander before. It's nice. Pretty.

And Hollander looks relaxed. Loose. Lit up from the inside, smiling like he doesn't have to carry a legacy and expectations from the whole hockey world on his shoulders.

Ilya doesn't think he's ever seen him like this. Not even when they were seventeen.

"I thought you only drink Ginger Ale. Did you get drunk from Ginger Ale?"

"No, Vodka."

"Vodka?"

"Hmm…" Hollander smiles proudly. Doesn't matter how pretty it might be because Ilya feels a deep, violent and very strong sense of betrayal.

Hollander *never* drank Vodka with him. And he's Russian! He's got the good stuff! He even offered. Several times!

"You don't drink vodka," Ilya says accusingly.

Shane nods, still weirdly proud. "I usually don't" He takes a wobbly step towards Ilya. "But the guys were celebrating—uh… something. I don't remember." He looks up, wide-eyed and flushed. "We were in a club." He giggles again. "It was fun! I usually don't like clubs but that one was fun. But I don't remember much…"

Then he drops his voice, like he's sharing a secret: "Vodka is evil, you know."

Vodka isn't evil. Hollander is evil.

Vodka has never betrayed Ilya. Vodka has helped Ilya through boring hours, injuries, story deadlines, sickness—Vodka is a friend. Vodka is fun.

Hollander is the one standing here, drunk off his ass, telling Ilya he drank *without him* while probably giggling at *Rose* Landry.

llya hopes Hollander will have a horrible hangover the next day. If he'd wanted to get drunk he could have asked Ilya. He's the fun one. The life of the party. Ilya would have gotten Hollander Vodka so good, he would've taken a sip and been drunk without having to face a hangover from hell the next day. Good Vodka. No evil Vodka.

"It's because you drank fake vodka," Ilya mutters, practically offended on behalf of an entire nation. "I offer real good vodka, you say no. Now you drink American vodka and you become… this."

Hollander just smiles at him, soft and warm. Ilya hates himself for thinking it's nice having this smile directed at him for once.

"Where is Rose?" he asks, trying to sound casual and not like there's something sharp catching behind his ribs.

Hollander blinks in confusion. "Rose? Why would Rose be here?"

Rose hasn't been with Hollander. It hits Ilya like someone cracked open his ribs and let cold air rush in.

"You were not together?" Ilya asks just to be sure.

"Together?" Shane repeats, leaning against the desk. "No. Or yes. But then I was with Miles."

Ilya wants to ask who the fuck Miles is—what kind of name is Miles?—but Shane keeps talking, words spilling out like he's forgotten how to hold them in.

"Rose is nice. And pretty. But she's like… girl pretty." Shane's eyes go soft—warm, shiny, glazed affection melting in the brown. "I like her. But I don't like girls."

Ilya's brain short-circuits. What.

"You don't like girls," he says, voice flat, because his mind has stopped doing anything helpful.

"Nope," Hollander says with a proud little pop of the 'p.'

"Ever?"

"Never."

Ilya stares. He is bisexual. He can deal with Hollander being gay. He can. It's fine. Totally fine.

So why doesn't it feel fine?

Why does it feel like someone set off fireworks and a grenade in his chest at the same time?

Ilya tries to grab at something helpful. Anything. Vodka, Rose. Miles. Gay.

Wait. Right. *Miles.*

Is this Hollander's boyfriend? Does Shane Hollander have a boyfriend?

"Who the hell is Miles then?" he asks.

"Friend of Rose," Hollander says, stepping closer. Too close. Ilya wonders if Hollander dressed up for Miles.

“And you went with him where?”

The team captain of the Michigan State Spartans giggles again. “You are asking lots of questions.”

He steps closer again, and now Shane Hollander is one step away from touch, warm and bright and dizzying. Ilya automatically looks down at him—because Hollander is too close, and Ilya is too tall, and this is too much.

“Yes,” Ilya manages, sounding strained.

“Miles showed me a gay club,” Shane replies. Ilya raises his eyebrows. Hollander at a gay club. Hollander at any club is something that takes a lot of imagination… but a gay club?

“There we did shots. I think I did too many…” He scrunches his nose, adorable and devastating. “Oh! Now I remember what we were celebrating. Me coming out!”

Of course. Sure. Shane Hollander came out drunk in a gay club at midnight on a random fucking Tuesday. And tomorrow he’ll wake up hungover, anxious, convinced everyone on campus saw him. Afraid this will ruin his chances of being a pro hockey player. Ilya knows him well enough to see the panic flood Hollander’s face by tomorrow morning.

If anyone makes a comment, Ilya will break their face. Gladly. Happily.

Hollander steps closer—

“You’re standing in my space,” Ilya notes, voice lower than he means it to be.

“Your space is nice,” Hollander whispers back, leaning in, breath warm against Ilya’s chest. “Smells like mint.”

Ilya stops breathing.

Hollander’s eyes are half-lidded, dazed, soft in a way Ilya has *never* seen. “Ilya,” he murmurs.

And Ilya nearly chokes. The first name. His actual first name. Whispered like something intimate. Sacred. They’ve never called each other by their first name. Always *Hollander*. Always *Rozanov*. Ilya is so stunned he almost doesn’t process the next words, almost can’t translate them despite living in the States for almost four years now.

“You’re really, really hot.”

Ilya stares at Shane Hollander like he’s a hallucination. He knows he’s hot. He knows people find him hot. He even knows Shane Hollander is aware Ilya Rozanov is hot. But never would he’ve thought Hollander would admit that. And definitely not with that tone. And definitely not right after saying his first name like a secret prayer.

Hollander lifts a hand, fingertips brushing a curl off Ilya’s forehead. A gentle, reverent touch.

“You always look so good,” Hollander mumbles, almost sulking. “And confident. It’s unfair. Why do you get to look like that?”

His palm lingers against Ilya’s temple. Ilya’s entire body goes rigid and weightless at the same time.

“Это сон?” Ilya says in Russian, voice barely a breath. *Is this a dream?*

Because surely it is. It has to be. No universe—no sane, rational universe—would let Shane Hollander say these things to him while looking like *that*.

“There it is,” Hollander breathes, almost awestruck. “Your Russian. Oh my god, that’s—fuck.”

His eyes are starry-eyed, pupils blown wide like the night sky settled inside them. Ilya thinks he could drown in them and not even fight it.

“Say it again,” Hollander pleads, stepping closer. “Say something else.”

Ilya steps back. No. He can’t. There’s something happening here. Something dangerous.

It’s the first time Ilya Rozanov has taken a step back from danger and not one towards it.

Hollander follows.

Ilya steps back again.

And Hollander follows again, bumping right into Ilya’s chest with a soft, pleased noise when Ilya hits his own desk. Hollander is completely drunk. Completely unguarded. He’s completely *devastating*.

Close like this Ilya can smell him. He smells like sweat and cheap vodka and too many people close.There’s an undertone of citrus there. It’s a terrible combination. A perfect one on him.

“Did I tell you I’m gay?” The words are a whisper, breath ghosting over Ilya’s chest.

“Yes,” Ilya mutters. Except all he can think is: *Shane Hollander is gay.* The words keep echoing, rearranging his entire world.

“Super, super gay,” Hollander insists, as if clarifying a crucial point in a dissertation.

And then he leans in.

Not toward Ilya’s mouth, which would already be impossible to survive—but lower. His breath ghosts over Ilya’s jaw, then down the column of his throat.

“Ilya,” he murmurs. His first name again. Intimate. Dangerous.

Fuck. Ilya has never been good at avoiding danger. Never been good at resisting anything that burns.

“You smell really good,” Hollander whispers.

Then his nose brushes the side of Ilya’s throat.

Oh no.

Ilya should probably say something. Try to regain his composure. But Hollander doesn’t wait. He noses further, inhaling like Ilya is oxygen and he’s been suffocating for years.

Ilya tries to think—words, languages, *anything*—but his brain has evacuated the premises. Russian gone. English gone. All gone.

Because now Shane Hollander is kissing his neck.

Soft, warm, unfocused kisses against sensitive skin.

Ilya’s mind blanks. Completely.

Hollanders’s mouth drags up to his pulse point, lips clumsy and eager. “Your neck is soft,” he mumbles. “I like it.”

He crowds closer, pressing their bodies together, kissing harder, mouthing at his throat like he wants to leave marks. He bites—not hard enough to hurt, but enough to send sparks shooting straight down Ilya’s spine—then licks over the spot like he needs to soothe what he started.

His tongue drags up the line of Ilya’s throat, slow and hungry. He nips at the corner of Ilya’s jaw. He kisses below his ear. He mouths at the tendon where Ilya’s neck meets shoulder.

Ilya’s hands fly to Hollander automatically, gripping his hips to steady him—only to realize that he’s holding him. Supporting him. Keeping him upright as Hollander presses in, needy and utterly without inhibitions.

“Shane—” Ilya manages, voice strained, his lips forming Hollander’s first name for the first time. They taste like something dangerous and sinful. Ilya wants to say it again. Shane just hums, the sound vibrating against his skin, and kisses him again. And again.

And—oh fuck—yeah, Hollander is definitely trying to grind on him. Drunk, sloppy dry-humping. And while Shane getting hard could be chalked up to vodka and confusion, there is no universe where Ilya can pretend his own reaction is innocent.

This is a drunk Shane Hollander.

And Ilya Rozanov won’t take advantage of anyone drunk. Even if Shane Hollander looks like every secret (and not so secret) sexual fantasy he ever had.

He tightens his grip on Shane’s hips and starts to pull back, trying to make space, but Shane chases him. He whines, frustrated, lips following blindly, mouth parted and ready to find

Ilya's throat again as if it's the only place he wants to be.

When he understands, Ilya won't let him close again, he looks up.

And fuck. Those pouted lips. Those freckles. Those warm brown eyes. So beautiful it hurts.

Something inside Ilya lurches at the sight—big feelings, unwanted feelings, feelings that have no business being real. But they're there. Fierce and undeniable and real.

They're as real as a seventeen-year-old Shane Hollander holding out his hand to shake Ilya's after losing the gold medal match.

They're as real as seeing Shane Hollander again at the try-outs in his freshmen year—cheeks flushed, freckles dancing, eyes bright with challenge and irritation.

They're as real as skating on the ice with him now, the puck safe on Ilya's stick before he passes it without looking—because he never needs to look. Hollander is always there. Right beside him. Ready to receive. Ready to score.

They're as real as Hollander's first goal of the season with Ilya's assist.

They're as real as Hollander being named captain, his smile wide and bright and brilliant—meeting Ilya's eyes, startled to find Ilya grinning back.

They're as real as every blush Ilya coaxed out of Hollander, watching with fascination how some words, a smirk or even just a wink could create something so beautiful.

They're as real as those two dorm beds. The one Ilya had been scowling at all night. The one that should not feel this empty.

They're as real as Ilya Rozanov and Shane Hollander. As real as that faithful pull that has always kept them close, orbiting each other, destined to climb the mountain of greatness together—side by side with only the other to truly understand what it means.

Then Shane uses Ilya's sudden stillness to get close again, to mouth at his throat again, sloppy and eager. And Ilya actually *moans* before forcing himself to push Shane back.

Shane whines again, reaching for him like Ilya is something he wants—something he *needs.*

"нет. Stop," Ilya says, voice rough. He's breathing heavily. Maybe from the revelation of his feelings. Maybe from Shane Hollander mouthing at his neck like he wants to eat him. Maybe both. "You do not know what you are doing." *No.*

And oh fuck—Hollander looks wounded. Confused. Pink-cheeked and breathless and drunk and *perfect.*

"I do," he insists, trying to close the distance again. "I think about you. All the time. In practice. After practice. When you annoy me. When you smile. When you—" he pokes Ilya's chest, entirely uncoordinated— "speak Russian."

Ilya sways at the contact, pulse jumping. Hollander accidentally steadies him, hands sliding up his arms to his shoulders, warm and clumsy and possessive.

“Ты сводишь меня с ума,” Ilya mutters under his breath. *You drive me crazy.*

Shane’s eyes go molten. “See? That. Say more.”

“No.”

“Please?” Shane breathes.

“Shane, you are drunk. Very drunk. You know that, yes?”

“Yes,” Shane says instantly, like a good boy. Then, earnest and soft: “But you are not.”

Precisely the problem.

Ilya would love to kiss him stupid. To drag him in and let him rut against him. To grab his jaw and devour every freckle he’s pretended not to stare at for years. To fuck him senseless. To let Shane celebrate his coming out in the best possible way.

But Shane is *drunk.*

And Ilya Rozanov refuses to let this happen like this.

Hollander sways again, dangerously, and Ilya grabs his waist to steady him. “Okay. You go to bed, yes? You sleep. You—fuck—” he mutters in Russian. “Что я делаю…” *What am I even doing…*

Shane smiles at the sound, soft and dazzled, but lets himself be guided toward the bed. “You’re very handsome,” he mumbles. “Very, very handsome. And strong.”

“Mm. Yes. I’m aware,” Ilya says, forcing dryness into his tone but he feels an undeniable warmth creep up his neck.

Shane flops into his bed and almost drags Ilya with him, fingers catching on his shirt before slipping away.

He tries again immediately, patting the bed beside him with a sloppy grin. “Come here. Come —sleep with me.”

Ilya swallows hard, hoping the bulge in his pants isn’t as obvious as Shane’s.

“No,” he manages, stepping back fast. “We have practice tomorrow. Early.”

Shane scrunches his nose—adorably, infuriatingly—which somehow means the information actually *gets through* to his drunk brain. It’s absurd how Hollander is a responsible golden boy even while plastered.

“Practice…” he echoes, frowning seriously. “Right. We do that. Hockey. Okay.”

He settles back onto the pillow, hair mussed, cheeks flushed. He looks like trouble wrapped in angel skin.

For a second, Ilya thinks that maybe he's off the hook, that Shane will sleep now. But then Hollander looks up again, eyes wide and shining in the dim dorm light.

"We don't have to hook up," he says earnestly. "We don't have to do anything! You don't even have to get naked."

Ilya nearly chokes. Images of their naked bodies pressed together flush his mind. Shane's bare torso pressed against his, mapping out freckles on hidden skin, their skin sliding—

"But…" Hollander continues, his eyes big and pleading. "You could kiss me."

There's nothing in this world that Ilya would rather do than lean down and put his mouth on those rosy, pouty lips. He'd taste the Vodka, lick into Hollander's mouth until he'd find the taste of purely *him*.

"Just one?" Shane lets his eyelids flutter in what is probably supposed to be sexy or persuasive. It's extremely uncoordinated, but Ilya has never felt more undone in his life. Not because it's seductive but more because Hollander looks so infuriatingly adorable trying.

It takes great willpower to not oblige and climb into that bed.

"No." Ilya forces the word out, his gaze darting away before continuing. "You will not be able to stop. I am very good kisser."

Shane giggles at that, drawing Ilya's eyes back to him. His cheeks are still flushed, highlighting the trail of freckles on his face.

"I bet," he sighs dreamily. "Can you sleep next to me, then? Just sleeping. I promise."

His eyes are half-lidded and *that* is possibly the hottest way someone proposed a purely hands-off sleepover to Ilya. Though, he doubts Shane would keep his promise. Not with the way he's looking at him.

On any other occasion Ilya would love to see just how handsy Shane Hollander could get, but not tonight. Not like this.

"Practice. Tomorrow. Now you'll sleep." He's surprised he even managed to form those words. Carefully, he pulls the blanket up to cover half of Shane's torso.

Dazed, Shane tracks Ilya's movement.

"Okay," he whispers.

Ilya nods once, taking a step back to put distance between him and that dangerous calling of Shane Hollander wanting him.

"…Ilya."

The sound is so soft Ilya almost misses it.

“Yes.”

“I was thinking about you.” Shane murmurs, eyes heavy, voice fragile. “All night.”

Ilya nearly drops to his knees right there. His heart stutters, trips, stops. He stares like an idiot.

“You’re really pretty,” Shane says, blinking up at him. “Do you think I’m pretty?”

Ilya chokes. On air. On existence. On the sheer unbearable sweetness of Shane Hollander asking him that.

He doesn’t answer—cannot answer—because if he opens his mouth, the truth will pour out of him like blood from a wound. So he mutters something about getting some water for Shane, backing away before he does something irreversible.

He grabs a bottle of water from the fridge, and breathes. He can do this. He's fucking Ilya Rozanov, damn it.

When he turns back, Hollander is passed out, mouth parted, the faintest smile on his lips like he fell asleep mid-confession.

Ilya stands there for a long moment, looking, skin still burning everywhere Shane touched him, heart pounding like he just finished overtime.

Quietly, in Russian, too soft for anyone but the walls to hear, he whispers:

“Я думаю, ты самое прекрасное, что есть на этой земле.” *I think you’re the most beautiful thing on this earth.*

End Notes

i am so not normal about them!!!! arghhhhhh

a few things:
1. the part about ilya not being as good a captain as shane was written before i finished tlg and then i felt bad BUT he def cares more than he shows. and he's still a young, talented athlete competing with others, so yeah.
2. ilya and shane's freckles are a love story
3. i will write a part 2 where shane finally gets his kiss (and more) and we see a bit more of the team hehehe

i really hope you liked it! kudos and comments are always appreciated <3
---
come say hi to me on tumblr
or twt

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