

## In Vodka Veritas

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# In Vodka Veritas

by [Oaks118](#)

## Summary

“You are drunk,” it was a statement, not a question.

Shane tried to play it off anyway. “I’m not,” he whined.

Ilya laughed, “You are slurring words, Hollander.”

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OR: Shane finds Ilya on the roof in Vegas but he's had a couple more shots. Ilya finds Shane's drunkenness endearing enough to crack through his sulking.

## Notes

Hello everyone!

So honestly I didn't have plans to write more for this fandom but Say Don't Go was so well received that I reconsidered. Like it got more interaction in a day than the 911 fics I've spent months planning and writing. So thank you to everyone who left comments and kudos, it meant a lot to me. I'm feeling very inspired and encouraged so I've decided to make this into a series and hang out with this fandom for a while :)

I'm not going to get a chance to read the books until Christmas so this will be completely blind reactions to the eps and I have no idea where these one-shots will be going. But I'm going to do short little fics like this after each ep that'll put us back together a bit after the show drags our hearts over a gravel road.

Hope you like this one!

-Oaks

Shane burst through the stairwell door, stumbling onto the roof. He was immediately bombarded with the sounds of honking horns and sirens from the street below. The night air was cold against his flushed face. He took great gasping breaths of it into his lungs, trying to slow his clumsily racing heart. The lights of the Las Vegas strip lit up the night and the view...the view had Ilya Rozanov leaning against the railing right in the middle.

Shane could see the plumes of smoke curling over his head as he looked at the mountains. Ilya didn't even turn around at the sound of the door.

Shane's body swayed forward automatically, taking wobbly steps up the stairs, footfalls heavy. Loud. Ilya still didn't look at him.

Shane let his body slump over the railing, looking down at the lights below, feeling the wind blow through his hair. His hands fumbled to loosen his tie, pulling the top button of his collar open to feel more air on his neck. He was starting to regret that last shot.

Ilya took a drag from his cigarette before finally turning to Shane, "Party all done?" His accent was thick, deep voice heavy in the space between them.

Shane took a breath, rocking back on his heels, "No, I just needed some air." He leaned back a little too far and shot his hands out to grip the railing, pulling himself back upright.

"You are drunk," it was a statement, not a question.

Shane tried to play it off anyway. "I'm not," he whined.

Ilya laughed, "You are slurring words, Hollander."

Shane's face heated for a different reason, "So?"

Ilya laughed again, "Good for you. Big night for you." Shane couldn't tell if he was actually pleased or just being cocky, lording his alcohol tolerance over Shane like he did with everything else. Trying to get another thing over him after Shane had won the award of the night.

He prickled, trying to stand up straight, "Yeah well, it could've gone to either one of us."

"But it went to you." Cocky then. Butthurt. Definitely not pleased. He wasn't looking at Shane again.

Shane swung to face him fully, voice rising in volume as he let anger take over, "So what? You're just up here sulking cause what? You couldn't take another victory lap around me."

Shane could see Ilya's shoulders tense. He knew he was whining like a child – that this argument was silly. He shouldn't want Ilya's attention so badly. But his legs felt like jello and his heart was all mushy and he'd spent all night at the party putting on his media-ready do-gooder face and he'd just wanted to catch one glimpse of Ilya or one text or maybe even a

word of fucking congratulations so he wouldn't feel so lost in the crowd, but the Russian had been up here *sulking* all night. Well Shane could sulk too.

He took a step forward, wanting to get in his face. Make Ilya look at him. "All you do is beat me. I win one stupid fucking thing and you couldn't even show your stupid face down there."

Ilya muttered something Shane couldn't hear. Shane took another step closer. *Fucking look at me.*

"What was that?"

Ilya blew smoke into the night air, "Not everything is about you Hollander."

Shane tried not to feel hurt. It was just the vodka making him feel so raw. He shouldn't take everything so personally. He needed to keep it together. "So what is it then?"

Ilya sighed, running a hand over his face, "You are drunk."

"So?"

"So you should go inside."

The hurt sunk deeper, "You want me to leave?"

Ilya shrugged, "If you want to leave."

Shane rubbed his hands over his face. His eyes felt so dry. He needed to go to sleep. Or lay down. Maybe he could just sit against the railing for a while? "What does that even mean?" he groaned.

Ilya took another drag.

Shane swayed on his feet a little, "You can't just tell me to leave and then say it's up to me."

"You should go lie down."

"I don't want to," Shane lied. He didn't want to leave. Not when Ilya was sulking and he hadn't paid any attention to him and they were heading into the off-season so they wouldn't see each other for months. They couldn't leave it like this. Shane just needed...he needed—

"Woah," Ilya's hand darted out to grab Shane's arm as he pitched forward. "Fuck Hollander, you are wasted."

"I'm fine," Shane slurred. The warmth of Ilya's hand was sinking through Shane's jacket, the grip of his long fingers strong on Shane's bicep.

"How much did you fucking drink?"

"Jus' a couple shots."

Ilya cursed in Russian. Shane thought he caught Scott's name in there somewhere.

Ilya grabbed him by the shoulders, using both hands to hold Shane up. When had his feet become so...wobbly? "Hey, look at me."

Shane's eyes rolled to Ilya's chest, tracing the knot of his bowtie.

Ilya gave him a little shake, "Hollander, look at me."

Shane drew his head back so he could see Ilya's face. It felt heavy, like too much weight for his neck to hold up. Probably from all his overthinking. God, why did he have to have so many thoughts all the time?

"Hollander."

Ilya was looking at him. His eyebrows scrunched a little, curls tumbling perfectly over his forehead.

Shane's hand came up, clumsy fingers petting through Ilya's hair, "You look really good tonight."

Ilya scoffed, "I always look good."

Shane let out a little laugh, overly fond, "Asshole."

Ilya's hands were so warm. His whole body was. Shane wanted to be closer to that warmth. His head was so heavy. Maybe he could just rest it against Ilya's chest for a little? Close his eyes.

"Hollander."

Shane let his head fall forward, meeting the hard muscle of Ilya's chest. He took a deep breath of his cologne.

Ilya's hand squeezed the back of his neck, "Fucking...trouble."

The world tilted as Ilya forcefully shifted him, pulling Shane's arm over his shoulder to prop him up.

"C'mon," Ilya gave Shane's hips a gentle push, taking most of his weight. "Time for bed."

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Shane Hollander was fucking heavy. Not that Ilya couldn't handle it, but the man was practically dead weight with the way he was stumbling through the hallway. Ilya said as much, "You are like deer. Like baby."

"I'm not a baby," slurred Shane as they reached the door to Ilya's room. Thank God they hadn't run into anyone in the hallway. Ilya had no idea how he'd explain this.

"You are not even old enough to drink."

“Neither are you.”

“In Russia is fine.” He fumbled for his key card.

“Drinking age in Canada is 19.” Shane leaned into him harder. “18 in Quebec.”

Ilya scoffed, “Well you walk with legs of newborn deer.”

“I walk fine.”

“Really?” Ilya raised an eyebrow, “You do yourself then.” He took a step back, watching Shane sway forward before grasping his arm again. Shane leaned into him, pressing his whole body into Ilya’s chest.

Ilya couldn’t resist, he let his hand cup the back of Shane’s neck, fingers tracing into his hair. He fit his keycard into the door, feeling the puff of Shane’s breath against his neck, resisting the urge to shiver. The door clicked and Ilya shoved it open, pulling Shane with him. He didn’t let out a breath until the door was firmly closed and locked behind them.

Shane’s hands snaked up his waist, fingers trying to pull Ilya’s dress shirt out of his pants and failing to grasp the fabric.

Ilya cursed in Russian, “You better not need stomach pump.” He pushed Shane into the room, trying to guide him to the bed and keep him from falling.

“I’m fine,” Shane insisted. Ilya obviously didn’t believe him. He’d never seen the Canadian like this. He was always so...proper. Put together. It was why Ilya tried to rile him up so much – just to see him break.

Shane’s legs hit the back of the bed and Ilya gave his shoulder a little push, sending him tumbling to the mattress.

Shane let out a huff from the impact and then his lips parted on a giggle. Cute. Unbearably endearing. Ilya almost smiled. Why couldn’t Shane have just left him to his sulking alone?

Ilya bent down to undo the laces on Shane’s dress shoes, slipping them off his feet, watching his toes wriggle in his socks.

Shane giggled again, “That tickles.”

“No, it doesn’t,” Ilya ran a finger up the sole of Shane’s foot to prove a point, smirking when he recoiled.

“That’s not very nice,” Shane pouted. “You’re not very nice to me.”

“I am nice to you.”

Shane scoffed, “No you’re not.”

Ilya tossed Shane's shoes to the side and slipped his own off. He crawled up the bed, hands reaching for Shane's belt, hovering over his body, "Yeah well, you like it."

"No, I don't." Shane was blushing. Ilya could tell it wasn't from the alcohol.

He couldn't help his smile this time, "Yes, you do."

"*No*, I don't."

"Then why you come back for more?"

Shane didn't respond as Ilya slipped his belt free. He looked up to Shane's face, finding him tracking Ilya's hands with hazy eyes.

"I wanted to see you," Shane admitted.

Ilya's hands paused on the button of his pants.

"Before the season ended," Shane continued. "I thought we might..." he made a vague gesture to the bed before his hand dropped back to the mattress, like he was struggling to hold it up.

Ilya gave a tug to Shane's pants, pulling them off before going for the buttons on Shane's shirt. He reveled a little at every inch of skin revealed, especially when he discovered Shane's blush went all the way down his chest. Still...

"I'm not fucking you like this."

Shane looked down at Ilya's hands taking off his shirt, "You're not?"

"No," Ilya got the fabric free, leaving Shane in his boxers. "You going to sleep?"

"Don't wanna," Shane's lips turned down in that little pout again. Too fucking cute.

"Too bad," Ilya started undoing his own pants, wanting to be in something more comfortable. "You need to."

"I'm not a baby."

"No? You don't want me to read you bedtime story?"

"You're gonna read me a story?"

Ilya huffed out a laugh as he climbed back into the bed in his boxers, "No."

Shane pouted more.

Ilya stretched out next to him, pulling them both under the covers with much effort in maneuvering Shane's sleepy drunk body.

"You're gonna stay?" asked Shane.

Ilya pulled them together so Shane's head rested on his chest, their hot skin pressed against each other, warming up the bed. "Yes. Is my room."

"Oh," Shane barely lifted his head to look around like he was registering his surroundings for the first time. He looked back at Ilya, "I can stay?"

Ilya's heart cracked at the vulnerability in Shane's eyes, "Yes."

Shane put his head back down, letting out a little contented sigh. Ilya let his hand come up to brush through his hair. They lay in silence for a while, Ilya listening to the sound of Shane's breathing. Trying to match the rise and fall of his own chest to the rhythm.

He'd thought Shane had fallen asleep but then he whispered, "We're not gonna see each other for a while."

Ilya's hand paused in Shane's hair. He swallowed, hoping his heart rate hadn't picked up. Hoping Shane couldn't feel it.

He tried to keep his voice steady, "Yes." Body betraying him, Ilya pulled Shane in a little tighter. It wasn't like he was going to remember this anyway. "I see you next season."

"Next season..." Shane mumbled sleepily. Ilya could feel his lips moving against his chest.

Shane's head moved to look up at him, sincerity creeping into those wide, hazy eyes – something Ilya knew he wouldn't do without the help of alcohol. He asked in a quiet voice, "You'll wait for me?"

Ilya knew his own expression was a little too vulnerable. He needed to pull it back. He let his lips stretch into his signature flirty smirk, "Only if you make it worth waiting."

Shane let out a huff, turning his face back into Ilya's chest, "You'll have to earn it then."

Ilya felt a fire rise at the challenge. He tried to think of a response – something that wouldn't betray how badly he wanted this, how often he was going to think about this specific moment all summer – but by the time he opened his mouth, Shane's breathing had evened out into the tell-tale pattern of sleep.

Ilya just brushed a hand through his hair one more time and closed his eyes.

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Shane woke up in the morning with the worst headache he'd ever had in his life. He groaned as he blinked against the meager light coming through a crack in the blackout curtains. His mouth felt tacky and his body ached and he needed to pee, but he didn't want to move.

He reached a hand out over the comforter, finding it cold next to him. He turned his head slowly, finding empty rumpled sheets.

Shane sat up gingerly, rubbing his eyes as he looked around the room. His clothes from the night before were folded neatly on an armchair with his shoes placed underneath. There was

no sign of Ilya's things anywhere. No sign of Ilya.

Shane looked to the nightstand to find his phone plugged into a charger. Next to it were two pills and a glass of water.

There was also a note.

Shane picked it up, skating over the logo of the hotel stationary to Ilya's handwriting.

*Don't be martyr. Take them.*

Shane grabbed the pills and water, washing them back with a deep swallow. Hopefully they kicked in soon. He had no idea how he was going to make it through breakfast.

He flipped the note over to the back, a little smile coming over his face.

*See you next season.*

- Lily

He couldn't help the flutter in his chest as he clutched the little piece of paper. And if he slipped it into his wallet before leaving the room, then that was between him and his back pocket.

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