

As Numb as I've Become

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/75352056) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/75352056>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Hayden Pike , Cliff Marlow
Additional Tags:	Angst , Heavy Angst , Shane Hollander Needs a Hug , POV Ilya Rozanov , post heated rivalry episode 2 , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , but they're gonna hurt each other , Hayden Pike is a Good Bro , No beta we die like the Russian Olympic team , Hayden's POV , Male Friendship , Sharing a Bed , But just that , Shane's a sad little sausage , Shane's POV , Minor Original Character(s) , Anal Sex , Anal Fingering , Rimming , Blow Jobs , Face-Fucking , Multiple Orgasms , Light Dom/sub , sub space , Under-negotiated Kink , But it's fine I promise , Angst with a Happy Ending , Boys In Love , Love Confessions
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-06 Words: 15,530 Chapters: 6/6

As Numb as I've Become

by [Ismene_Jane](#)

Summary

Shane shuts down. Ilya handles it about as well as you'd expect.

Notes

Well hello there. I haven't written in over a year but trust these two idiots to pull me out of the slump. This shit wouldn't leave me alone, so here we are. All mistakes are mine.

I don't know the books at all so this is just off of the show.

Hope you like it! Title from a Neko Case song.

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

Chapter 1

They play each other a month into the season. Ilya's been keeping track of Hollander's playing and the general consensus seems to be that although he's technically more talented than ever before, something's missing. He's never been gregarious on the ice but now he's near silent. Doesn't engage with the opposing teams, just stares straight ahead and ignores any of the ribbing between plays and doesn't rise to any bait while he's skating.

If it's a tactic, it's a brilliant one. The opposing players don't know what to do with it and it clearly throws them off their game. The Metros are burning through their opponents making it look like nothing, and Hollander is at the center of it. He makes goals with a precision bordering on inhuman and barely cracks a half-smile when it causes his team to inevitably win.

Ilya clocks how uneasy his team seem around him; how as the season goes on and Hollander never fails to separate himself from the celebrations. He still shakes his opponents hands, lets the team lift him on their shoulders the time when he makes 6 goals in one game, but when he smiles it never reaches his eyes.

Ilya keeps watching, waiting to see when Hollander cracks and gets too into a fight - when that rage that punches through all of Ilya's defenses, makes him want to take that anger and make it submit into pleasure instead comes blazing out of Hollander - but it never happens. He helps where he's needed and captains his team through win after win, but it's like the life has been wrung out of him. The heat, the joy that used to follow Hollander, nip at his heels, is just... gone.

Ilya's never been as nervous before a game as he is before their first against the Metros that season. It's on Boston's home turf but Ilya feels like he's back in Sochi, staring down the barrel of failure. He gives a couple interviews before the game, and it catches him off guard when a reporter asks,

"What do you make of Shane Hollander this year, Ilya? It seems that he's grown into quite the serious player."

Ilya fumbles a bit, flashing back to the interview they did together when Hollander saved him from a tough question with a press of a shiny black shoe against his own. He has to shake his head a bit to get himself back to the present. "He wants my cup. We'll see."

"He turned down doing this interview with you, any comment?"

Something cold spreads through Ilya's veins as nausea settles hot and slick in his belly. So Hollander is avoiding him. He hadn't responded to any of Ilya's texts since last season but now Ilya knows for certain that the death of their conversation hadn't been a death at all, but a murder.

“He seems shy of you this season,” he finally says once he’s gotten his tongue to work through the thickness in his throat. “Lucky for you, I am not.” Ilya flashes a cocky smile and the reporter laughs, eating it up.

“Lucky indeed,” she responds, eyes flashing with a question Ilya’s all too used to receiving. “Hope you have some of that luck out there tonight, Ilya.”

“Don’t need it,” he raises an eyebrow. “But thank you.”

But once he’s out on the ice, he takes it all back. Some luck would have been helpful.

It’s not even that they lose (which they do, not as spectacularly as they would have without Ilya pulling off a hat trick involving two very crazy shots but they do all the same), or that Ilya gets punched in the jaw so hard he has to make sure none of his teeth are loose, no. It’s not that. It’s that Hollander won’t fucking look at him.

They face off for the first play and Ilya’s eyes dart all over Hollander, cataloguing how he’s changed, how he’s the same. Those lips that have always driven Ilya to distraction are set in a thin line, and Ilya wants his eyes. Wants to look into them like he hadn’t the last time they’d seen each other. Wants to see them fill with warmth and something else that Ilya hasn’t let himself name in all the time they’ve known each other. But Hollander just stares at the ice.

“Long time, Hollander.” Ilya teases it, hoping he can pull at least a half smile from the stone that Hollander’s face has set into. “Hope you enjoy your winning streak because tonight I come for you.” He waits for Hollander to respond with ‘come for it, you mean’ or ‘you wish, Rozanov,’ but Ilya is met with silence.

“Hollander?” He starts to ask, “are you—?” But the puck drops and the game is on.

They don’t speak again for a period and a half. Hollander just plays like a serial killer - distant and decisive and brutal - scoring one goal after another and not bragging, not jeering, but detached and eerily silent.

“You play like robot,” Ilya forces out as he finally *finally* has the reason and opportunity to press Hollander to the glass, fighting him tooth and nail for the puck.

Hollander snorts. “Well this robot is going to win the cup.”

Ilya’s heart sings as he jibes back “*my* cup, you mean.” Expecting Hollander to grin, to call him an asshole, to argue that the cup doesn’t belong to anyone. Anything. But Hollander just nods a bit before he manages to shoot the puck back between his legs to a waiting teammate, then skates away. Ilya’s so shocked that he’s still for a few precious seconds, long enough for Hollander’s teammate to pass the puck back and for Hollander to score yet again.

So yeah, they lose. 4-3.

When he shakes hands with Hollander, he once again tries to catch his eyes, but Hollander keeps them fixed to a point somewhere over Ilya’s right shoulder. “Hollander - we should—”

“Good game,” Hollander says it so firmly, with more emotion than Ilya’s seen from him all season and that oil-slick feeling of shame that’s been his constant companion since that night where Shane jerked himself off while Ilya and all of the stars watched slithers back into his guts. By the time he has the wherewithal to respond, Hollander’s moved on.

Ilya makes one of the rookies find out where the Metros are drinking that night and slips into the bar an hour later. He scans the faces and heads of the team but Hollander’s nowhere to be found. He sidles up to Pike and orders him another of what he’s been drinking before asking,

“Where’s Hollander?”

Pike turns to look at him and Ilya doesn’t like the way he seems to see right through him. Like he’s weighing Ilya up and not sure what value he finds while Ilya fights not to fidget where he’s leaned up at the bar.

“Shane’s not one for partying, Rozanov.” He pauses, quirks an eyebrow. “But I feel like you know that.”

Ilya grunts, noncommittal. “Maybe,” he allows. “But usually he will celebrate with you after a win, yes?”

Pike’s head tilts to the side. “Not this season. Any idea why that is?”

“Fuck off, Pike,” comes unbidden from his lips. “Fuck — nevermind, da? Is fine.” He pushes off the bar. “Enjoy the drink.” He turns his back and is about to head back into the crowd when—

“The Indigo,” Pike says, loud enough to carry, and Ilya jerks back around to face him. Pike is smiling but there’s something flinty about it. Warning. “510.”

Ilya nods, turns back to go but Pike’s voice stops him once again.

“Don’t make me regret this, Rozanov.” Ilya looks back over his shoulder.

“I will try,” he says. Then, “thank you, Pike.” He doesn’t wait for a response for heading out into the night. The hotel’s on the next block and he wastes no time walking there with long strides that then carry him into the elevators and down the hall to Hollander’s room.

He knocks, waits, then knocks again with more force. The door gets pulled open so abruptly that he almost punches Hollander in the face.

“Go away,” the face says. “Pike told me you were coming but I’m not doing this so go away.”

“No,” Ilya responds, slouching against the doorway. “Not going away.”

Hollander moves to slam the door but Ilya uses all his strength to push it back open with two hands. “Is stupid,” he says, getting angry. “Why you won’t talk to me?”

“I’m not doing this.” Hollander repeats. “Not anymore.” His eyes are still cold, hollow. The robot from the game. And Ilya feels something drop to the bottom of his pelvis: something heavy, and icy, and final.

“What you mean, ‘not anymore?’” He asks, still angry to hide the despair that seems to have welled up to his heart and lungs from nowhere.

“I blocked your number.” Hollander crosses his arms over his chest. “Surprised you didn’t notice.”

Ilya’s mind whirls and he reaches out a hand to look in the doorway. “Maybe I don’t text you enough to notice.” He hopes he sounds more in control than he feels. This new Hollander making him feel off-balance and dizzy.

Shane huffs a laugh, the first real emotion Ilya’s seen out of him in months. “Yeah okay,” he says, “whatever.” He looks back at Ilya and his eyes go dead again. “We done?”

“No.” Ilya says again. “Not done. Not going away. You want we should talk about this out here? In the hall?” He’s sure that will get him into Hollander’s room, the threat of the public hearing any of this conversation.

But Hollander just squares his stance again, shrugs a shoulder. “Not gonna talk much.” He’s back to fixing his gaze anywhere but on Ilya’s own. Chooses the wall of the hallway instead. “I know how boring I am, figured you’d be happy to be rid of me.”

Ilya doesn’t know what to say to that. Just stares at Hollander’s face, waiting to be hit with something witty and perfect. How he wants to say that Hollander’s never been boring, that Ilya’s fucked up and he doesn’t want to bring something good like Hollander into the world where he’s never been anything but a meal ticket and a disappointment. How he can’t think about the last time they were together without flinching - which he does now. How all he’d wanted was to kiss Hollander and tell him about how he wishes his family loved him. But he can’t do that, can’t make himself peel back his ribcage and expose his chest cavity to anyone, not even the gorgeous man in front of him.

So he just says, “maybe I miss fucking you.”

Hollander’s face somehow closes off even more. “Tough shit, Rozanov,” he grits it out like he wants to say so much more but is holding it back through sheer force of will. He growls a bit, clearly frustrated with the rise Ilya’s managed to get out of him. “Maybe I’m done fucking people who make me feel like shit. Huh? How’s that?”

Ilya rears back as if he’s been slapped. “Hollander—”

“I’ll see you on the ice.” And Hollander slams the door in his face.

“Hollander!” Ilya yells, so angry and so full of self-contempt that he has to ball his fists against the pain of it. But he just hears Hollander’s steps receding into his room and knows that there’s nothing he can do.

Do you have to? Hollander's voice from earlier in the year skates into his ears and Ilya grinds his teeth at the memory of *his* Hollander. Open, kind, wanting what's best for Ilya. *Is it safe?* Ilya remembers the past summer in a blur of screaming and training and letting his brother bleed him dry. He feels his eyes get hot, feels the pain bleed through him like poison in his veins while he stands in this hallway, alone.

Do you... do you even like it there?

Ilya glaring to hide the fact that he'd never been asked. No one had ever cared. *What difference does it make?*

Shane huffing, sweet and earnest. *A pretty big one, I think.*

And Ilya had just pushed him away. Pushed away any thought of doing what he actually wanted to do and not what was expected of him. How the affection in Shane's eyes had threatened to pull the house of cards he'd so meticulously built over his lifetime crashing down around him. And then where would he be? *Who* would he be?

And now...

Maybe I'm done fucking people who make me feel like shit.

And Ilya knows it's all his fault: Hollander's face of stone, the way his smiles don't reach his eyes. The way he plays hockey now like it's just another thing to do. The way he holds himself stiff and shut-off from the world. *I did that*, Ilya thinks. *Because I am piece of shit.*

He thinks maybe this is how Shane had felt when he'd left that hotel room - dismissed and dejected. Ilya lets the knowledge hit him that he might never taste Shane's lips again. That he hadn't kissed them the last time he'd had Shane naked in his bed. How fucking stupid he was, how he would have kissed him over and over if he'd known it would be the last time.

But maybe it wouldn't have been. Maybe if he had been just a little sweet he wouldn't be losing the one thing that made him feel alive. Seen.

My fault.

And Ilya hasn't prayed for a long time but he does then. Prays that this isn't really the end.

"Hey man," a voice startles him so hard he almost brains himself on the wall. Pike is standing there, concern on his face. "You okay?"

"Fine." Ilya swipes a hand over his eyes, is mortified to find it comes away damp.

"He being an ice queen?" Pike hikes an eyebrow again and Ilya can't do anything but nod. Can't find his voice or any words to say. "Give him some time, Rozanov." Pike reaches out to put a hand on Ilya's shoulder and Ilya just... lets him. "It's a long season. You'll figure it out."

"Da." Ilya shakes off his hand and walks around him. "Okay."

“Trust me on this one,” Pike calls after him. And Ilya would be a lot more worried about what Pike knows if it weren’t for how desperately he hopes Pike’s right.

Please, he thinks to anyone who might listen. *Let him be right.*

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Hayden and Shane have a chat. Hayden schemes.

Chapter Notes

Can't stop won't stop I guess! The rating's changed but there's no sex in this chapter.

Hayden's a character in the show but he's kinda original here. I dunno.

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

Hayden stands there a moment, watching Ilya Rozanov skulk down the hallway towards the elevators before he turns and knocks on Shane's door. "It's me, Holly." He blows a raspberry, obnoxious and loud. "Stop being a damn drama queen and open the door." He knocks again, resting his forehead next to his fist as alcohol swims deliciously through his veins. "Shaaaaane," he singsongs, blowing another raspberry.

The door opens abruptly and Hayden stumbles, laughing, into Shane's chest. "Best tits besides my girl's, Shaney," he chuckles, steadying himself on Shane's biceps enough to continue into the room, grabbing a glass of water as he goes.

"I'm fucking pissed at you, dude." And Shane does sound pissed. Or really, pissy, and Hayden tells him so. Shane huffs, annoyed. "Why'd you tell him where I was?"

Hayden snorts. "You two are both so dramatic, you deserve each other."

"Pike."

"Uh-oh folks, he's last-naming me. I'm shaking in my boots."

Shane shoves him, just a little, and Hayden laughs a little more as he stumbles over to the windows. "C'mon, princess, he looked like he was gonna cry or go find some poor shmuck to beat up and I thought he might be able to..."

"To what, Hays?" Shane's voice is soft. Softer than Hayden thought it would be considering how pissed off he kept saying he was. They're standing shoulder to shoulder now, looking over the city below as Hayden tries to hydrate. It's so tempting to say something shitty like 'to pull your head outta your ass, bud.'

But Hayden just bumps their shoulders together and says “I think he loves you too,” instead.

Shane thunks his head on the glass. “I regret ever telling you that.”

“No you don’t,” Hayden fires back. He turns to face his idiot best friend who just had to fall for a Russian hockey player who wouldn’t know vulnerability if it socked him in the jaw.

“And anyway you had to tell *someone* why you went away for the summer and came back acting like you’d been held at gunpoint or your mom had abruptly died.” Hayden thinks back on those first days, how he’d thought the worst. How the whole team had been convinced that Shane’d been through something truly traumatic.

Although, Rozanov breaking Shane’s heart *was* pretty fucking bad, he admits.

“He doesn’t give a fuck about me, Hays.” It’s soft again, broken. Shane looks up and Hayden can see the tears fighting to spill out from the border of his eyelids. “He was just using me to get off. It was a game to him.”

“I don’t know, man,” Hayden says back, just as hushed. Solemn. “He seemed pretty rattled on the ice today. I saw his face after you shook hands and before he could fix it, it was there. He was...” Hayden fights through the haze of alcohol to find the right word.

“What?” Shane fires back, the moment broken. “Pissed? Offended? So upset that his little fucktoy doesn’t wanna suck his dick anymore?”

“‘Devastated’, was the word that sprang to mind.” It makes Shane stop, hands on his hips, and hang his head. Hayden makes a face. “And Jesus Christ, dude, do you really want to keep reminding me about how much you liked sucking Rozanov’s dick?” He means it to make Shane laugh, to cut the tension; and it does. Shane hangs his head back the other way and sighs, mirth suffusing his voice.

“Fuuuuuuuck, I really did like it though.” He laughs, and Hayden rolls his eyes.

“Gross, dude.”

“But not as much as I liked him fucking me.”

“This is cruel and unusual punishment, Holly.” But in truth the light in Shane’s eyes lifts Hayden’s spirits. They laugh a little, then go quiet as it dies out.

“Is it so wrong that I don’t wanna be fucking people who treat me like I’m nothing, Hays?” Shane balls his hands into fists and Hayden can see what the conversation is costing him. How any mention of Rozanov usually has the opposite effect - Shane going cold and distant like the ice queen Hayden won’t stop calling him. “I’m tired of being so sad.”

And he *does* look tired, and sad. Letting himself slump into the pain of it as he so rarely does.

“Nah, dude. It’s not wrong.” Hayden pauses. “But I think you should hear the guy out. Maybe he’ll surprise you.”

“Maybe.” Shane rubs his hand over his eyes in a gesture so like the one Hayden just saw Rozanov make that he has to literally bite his tongue so he doesn’t voice the comparison aloud. “Maybe I just focus on the game for now and see if I can’t get him out of my system. We’ll win the cup and maybe then—”

“Maybe *what* then?” Hayden pushes. “Maybe you won’t be such an emotionless monster on the ice? Maybe you won’t miss him anymore? C’mon, Cap.”

“Maybe I won’t, okay?” Shane shakes his head and rubs his hands over his face like he’s scrubbing it clean of all the emotions the night’s forced him to feel. “But for now I gotta get some sleep, dude. We’ve got another game tomorrow.”

Hayden hesitates, wanting to force the issue, before shaking his head and pulling his hands back to his shoulders in defeat. “Alright, bro. Okay.” He crosses his arms over his chest. “You gonna sleep then? We need you sharp tomorrow.”

“Yeah, yeah, mom. I’ll sleep. Got games to win.” He turns his head to the side, and Hayden knows what he’s gonna ask before it happens. “Can you—?”

“Sure, Cap, I’ll stay.” He toes his shoes off, pulling off his pants and shirt before stalking past Shane into the bathroom. “Gotta use your toothbrush again though,” he calls over his shoulder, “can’t go to sleep like this.”

“You’re disgusting, Pike!” Shane calls after him, but Hayden can hear the smile in his voice.

“And yet here you are about to share a bed with me, Hollander!” He yells back, sticks the toothbrush in his mouth. “Oo’s ah isgussing unh ow?”

“Still you dude.” Hayden hears the bed rustle as Shane climbs in. He spits the toothpaste out and rinses before joining him.

He pulls his phone out and snaps a picture. “Gotta pay the toll.”

“She’s gonna sell those pics you jerk.”

“Naaaaaaaahhhhhh, she just thinks it’s cute.” Hayden turns to face Shane, feeling like a kid at a slumber party. “I think she’s secretly hoping we’ll kiss someday and she’ll get to watch.”

Shane snorts, swatting Hayden in the side. “Go to sleep, fucker.” He rolls over and they fight half-heartedly for the lion’s share of the duvet.

Hayden snorts even as an idea forms in his head. “He’d be so fucking pissed if he knew we sleep together,” he says it as lightly as he can but knows it won’t matter, Shane’s gonna be a diva about it regardless of his delivery.

“Hayden, *no*.” Shane turns back over and pinches him, hard. “Don’t you dare.”

“I’m just sayin’, man.” He bats Shane’s hands away. “For someone who you’re so convinced doesn’t give a fuck about you? You seem real worried that he’d cut my dick off.”

“We just sleep,” Shane protests.

“Yeah but *he* doesn’t know that, now does he? And you’ve never just slept in a bed with him, have you? Never let him stay.”

“I didn’t let you stay those first few times either, dude.”

“Yeah but I was appointed the official suicide watch.” They both sober up instantly. “We were really fucking worried about you, man.”

It’s quiet for long enough that Hayden turns back over to go to sleep, thinking Shane’s officially done with this talk. But then,

“I know.” It’s quiet and small, and Hayden reaches a hand back to grab onto Shane. Fortunately his hand collides with Shane’s forearm and not somewhere less kosher. “But I’m fine, dude.”

“Yeah yeah, Holly, I know.” He squeezes Shane’s forearm one more time before releasing him and snuggling down. “Now get some sleep you dumbass. We’ll keep arguing tomorrow about your love life.”

“Dick,” Shane huffs, turning over. But Hayden can tell that it’s light hearted, that his friend will be able to rest. He listens as Shane’s breathing evens out. Turning into the little snuffling snores that lets Hayden know he’s dropped off.

It takes Hayden longer to find sleep, as his mind turns over the idea in his head and he plots a way to get his friend his Russian boyfriend back.

Chapter End Notes

I think one more chapter then I’ll be done. Want to finish this before episode 3 comes out and makes none of this make sense anymore.

Thank you for reading, I truly hope you liked it. Comments make me really happy. ❤️

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

The next night.

Chapter Notes

Me: This fic is gonna be three chapters.

These idiots that have a grip so tight on my brain that it's painful: lololololol NOPE

The response to this fic has been incredible, you guys are the BEST.

Shane's POV this time, hope you like it!

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

The game the next night is a shit show. Shane knew it would be, but he hadn't mentally prepared for just *how much* of a shit show it was gonna be. The Raiders win, for one thing, making them only the second team that's bested Shane this season.

But the reason they win is Ilya Romanov playing like a true monster for the first time in a *while*. It starts out like the game before, with them facing off and Romanov trying to talk to Shane which Shane shuts down immediately. But a few minutes into the period, Hayden corners Rozanov and says something Shane's a little too far away to hear and Rozanov seemingly lights *on fire*. The resulting fight almost gets them kicked off the ice for the rest of the game, but Hayden just looks smug as a cat with bird feathers between its teeth.

It's blood between his teeth, but his expression remains the same.

Meanwhile, Ilya is just glaring bloody murder at Pike, still trying to get to him. He's screaming at Hayden but in Russian, so Shane only catches a stray word here and there. Hayden's not saying anything back, just grinning and taking it. When Shane finally gets close enough to separate them, Rozanov turns that glare on him, but it's shot through with betrayal and hurt and suddenly Shane knows exactly what Hayden must have told him.

"You're a son of a bitch, Pike," he mutters as he escorts Hayden to the penalty box.

"For your own good, Holly," he takes Shane's face in his glove, the leather biting into Shane's skin. He can smell Rozanov on the glove and it makes him a little dizzy, but he maintains his dead-eyed stare. "Something had to give." Hayden sticks his tongue out at him

like a toddler and Shane just shakes his face free with a shove to Hayden's chest just barely on the side of playful.

"What'd you say to him, anyway?" He asks, still quiet enough not to be overheard.

Hayden tips his head with a wink. "Can't remember, Cap. Guess you're gonna have to ask him."

Shane skates away and takes advantage of Rozanov's penalty time to score a goal.

It ends up being his only goal of the game.

Rozanov is stunningly brutal on the ice, and Shane's treacherous brain supplies him with the thought that he's playing like he fucks. Selfish yet precise, doing all he can with his perfect instrument of a body to reach the desired outcome. And Shane's even more treacherous heart pangs with how much he misses Rozanov, even as his gut reminds him how *awful* he felt after each of their last few encounters.

Shane's skin tingles to life, despite his best efforts. Suddenly aware of how badly Shane's been depriving himself for months. His jerk-off sessions have been perfunctory and impersonal; just satisfying the itch when it couldn't be ignored any longer. His 'things' have been neglected since his last time with Rozanov. He'd tried once, but ended up curled in a ball, crying. He'd blocked Lily's number that night.

He's distracted as they play, ignoring the heat of Rozanov's stare even though he can feel it blazing on his face. He's worried Rozanov is going to say something that he won't be able to explain away, but he doesn't. Instead, Rozanov just grinds his teeth and scores 2 goals and 2 assists, all while his cheek gets more purple with each passing minute. The fight the night before literally showing on his face.

The Metros lose 4-2.

Shane feels more alive than he has since last season.

He finally meets Ilya's eyes as they shake hands, and he hates to admit it but he can see the devastation there just as Hayden described it. It makes his mask slip and he gasps a bit.

"See you in Canada, Hollander," Rozanov rumbles, squeezing Shane's hand harder than ever before. Shane wants to go cold again, but he can't quite manage it, instead feeling his cheeks heat, the traitors.

"Not gonna lose so easily next time," he says back. Rozanov gets that look on his face that means he wants to shove Shane against the nearest surface and kiss the actual life out of him, so Shane breaks their eye contact and keeps moving down the line. He wants to scream, wants to hit a punching bag till it breaks like he's Captain America, wants to fuck Rozanov until he cracks open like a spoon tapping on crème brûlée. Wants him to know how Shane feels every time they come together like that, and how fucking shitty it is when Rozanov shuts down after, letting Shane leak his viscera everywhere instead of helping to put him back together.

Wants to *hurt* Rozanov but wants to *hold* him just as much.

It doesn't help that he and Hayden have been sharing a bed every so often and the sky hasn't fallen at all. No one's noticed except some of the team, and they're just happy that Shane isn't the brittle, broken thing he'd been at the beginning of the season. He only allows it when they have floors of hotels to themselves, with no possibility of civilians catching Hayden sneaking out of his room in the early hours.

But he never would have asked Rozanov to stay. Too nervous of people knowing, of liking it too much. And now he never will because he thinks the rejection of that could kill him.

"Me neither," Rozanov calls after him, slamming him back into the here and now. Shane just reddens further at the implication of the words and the plaintive note in Ilya's tone and walks off the ice to change.

"Told you so," Hayden crows once they're back at their lockers. He's somehow giddy even though his lip is split open. It's gonna swell like a bitch, Shane knows; the information bringing him a little punch of glee through his nervous system.

"You're the worst, Pike," Shane sings back, but he knows he's smiling, completely blindsided at not being able to control it.

"Too bad we're flying home tonight, Holly." Hayden strips down and walks to the showers. "But it's good to see you alive again."

The whole locker room chimes in with their agreement and Shane scowls. "Go fuck yourselves, all of you." But is secretly pleased when they just laugh at him.

He spends the whole plane ride home with his headphones in, thinking. The rest of the team is sleeping as best they can, but Shane's mind is whirring away. He replays each of Rozanov's expressions over and over again until he can imagine the feel of them under his fingertips. The way Ilya had looked the night before.

Ilya half-smirks in that way that always makes Shane want to punch or kiss the expression of his face. "Maybe I miss fucking you," he says it so lightly, reminding Shane that he'd never be more than a game to Rozanov. That he's expected to be there to provide Rozanov with whatever he needs, and fuck Shane's needs beyond sex. Fuck his feelings too. Only boring, stupid people show their feelings.

He lets that sink through him and shuts down. Feels his heart become dead weight in his chest as the pain in his veins turns to the numbness that's kept him going for months. He tells Rozanov 'tough shit' and then says the mantra that's been his constant companion since the night he'd let himself be more vulnerable than he'd ever been only to be met with brusqueness, and coldness, and pain. "Maybe I'm done fucking people who make me feel like shit."

Rozanov steps back, looking so bewildered and blind-sided that it had almost given Shane pause. Almost. He reminds himself that he deserves to fuck people who treat him with

kindness, tenderness. That just because he's never felt more alive than when he has Rozanov's hands, mouth, eyes on him doesn't mean that he can't feel that way with someone else. Someone who doesn't fuck with his heart; who doesn't shut him out at the first sign of care. Just because it looks like Rozanov had never even considered that his actions post-coital could have broken Shane into pieces doesn't mean that Shane owes him this conversation.

"Hollander—" and the way Ilya sounds nearly breaks that resolve. Contrite, hurt, and shocked. But still Shane's last name, still proving Shane right. So Shane just spits out something dismissive and slams the door. He's about to rest his head on it, tears and pain prickling along his nerves when Rozanov screams that same last name. Shane walks away with heavy steps, wanting Rozanov to hear his retreat. He presses his face to the cool glass of the window instead, forcing that sadness back into the carefully constructed box he's been shoving his emotions into since...

He's resting his cheek against the glass when Hayden knocks on the door—

Shane wipes his eyes, balling his fists so hard his fingernails dig into his palms. The box he's put all of it into—his hurt, his hopes, his anger—threatens to burst open and he can't let that happen. Not with just two games and a few exchanges that prove nothing. Not that Rozanov actually gives a shit past wanting Shane as a conquest; and not that Shane was wrong to close off the part of himself that doesn't care either way, as long as he gets the intoxicating pleasure that no one but Rozanov has ever made him feel.

He'll fight to get that control back, and he'll have plenty of time to firm that resolve before they play the Raiders again. He can do this.

But you don't want to... wriggles its way into his mind, sounding annoyingly like Pike.

But I have to. Shane thinks back. And then again, *I have to.*

He has about a month to make himself believe it.

Chapter End Notes

Ouchy ouch, Shane!!

See y'all next time, in Quebec!

Yeah sex is great and all, but have you ever gotten a comment on a fic that renewed your faith in yourself? 🙄🙄

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Ilya figures some stuff out, with the help of someone surprising.

Chapter Notes

I dunno y'all. It'll end when it wants to I guess! 🤔🤔🤔🤔

Here. We. Go.

Ilya's POV. Making this fic explicit juuuuust in case. It'll definitely earn it in the next chapter. Also I had WAY too much fun writing 20+ year old millennials texting in 2014. BRINGS ME BACK.

Enjoy!

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

Ilya spends the next three and a half weeks winning games, practicing until he shakes with exhaustion, and doing his best not to think about Hollander's voice. Or his body, or the way he went so soft and pliant every time Ilya told him to do something. The way he fit around Ilya's cock like he was designed to be there, and how when Ilya fucked him he got greedy and whiny and perfect.

Whenever his mind strays to the way Hollander had sounded so empty, so done with him the last time they'd talked, he just tenses every muscle in his body until the overwhelming feeling of yearning despair passes enough for him to function. It's really bad the first two weeks after those games in Boston, but then sometime in week three he gets a text from an unknown number.

Sup, Rozanov comes the first one. Ilya is composing a reply along the lines of 'who the fuck is this???' When he gets **it's Pike**

Ilya stares at his phone for a few long seconds before sending **How the fuck u get this #?**

Stole it from r mutual friend duh and Ilya's heart starts pounding. **Stupid fucker leaves his phone all the time 😊**

Ilya's thumbs fly across the keyboard. **r friend didn't save real name**

Yeah but he's got like 25 contacts n Lily was the only girl in there w/ a dick pic

Ilya flushes hot, his heart still racing. **Ur dead Pike** 😡

Seen ur dick before dude, chill

“Rozanov!!” His coach’s voice startles him so badly he drops his phone. “Can we play this game or is someone dead?”

“Dead?” He picks up his phone and stuffs it in his cubby.

“Only reason I can think of for you to be dicking around on your phone when you should be on the ice, *Captain*.”

“Yes sir.” Ilya suits up as fast as he can and manages to make it into the ice in time to get a good warmup in. He thinks about Hollander’s hitched breaths as he stretches his hips, the motion too similar to fucking to give him any peace. The texts from Pike give him hope that maybe Hollander wasn’t as done with Ilya as he’d said. Maybe Ilya still has a chance.

That or Pike was just fucking with him.

...or coming onto him.

Ilya snorts at the thought, banishing it as nonsense. Pike seems to be acting as a sort of wingman for Hollander, even if it seems that Hollander has no interest in being helped in this way.

He thinks about it the whole game. Fortunately they’re playing Vegas who fucking suck this year so it’s okay if his head’s in two places. He goes over every moment of their interactions since he walked up Hollander’s murder stairs. The ridiculous pillows, the way that that first kiss after they playfully argued about who should be sealing the distance between them tasted like sunshine. How kissing Hollander was always a revelation but there was something truly intoxicating about tasting Shane’s smile.

The way Hollander had opened so beautifully for him, first on his tongue, then his fingers, and finally his dick. How every question of “okay?” Had been met with joyous agreement. How even though Hollander was the one getting fucked, Ilya had never felt so flayed open; never wanted to crawl into someone’s skin and never leave. Never go back to a world without the feeling of Shane Hollander squeezing Ilya’s cock deep inside his devastating body while he comes untouched. A world where he’d never again hear the shocked moan that had punched out of Hollander as he spilled onto the sheets below them.

Ilya plays the game half-hard but with his heart heavy and straining. Like it was trying to escape the body of a person who had gotten all that and then fled the second it became clear just how much that night had meant to Hollander. How much of a coward Ilya had been when he’d realized that it had meant just as much to him.

They’d kissed so sweetly in that stairwell, and Ilya had been filled with turmoil. The same turmoil fills him now, trying to reconcile the life he leads and the family he’s been saddled

with with the way Shane Hollander makes him want to throw it all away as long as they can be together, always.

He'd needed to get away and figure out what he wanted to do. How could he have known that the following months would be some of the worst of his life?

They win the game against Vegas, 2-1. Coach isn't happy because they could have won by a lot more if Ilya hadn't been so distracted all game, but Ilya manages to come up with some bullshit reason that's better than "I can't stop thinking about the way Shane Hollander used to look at me like I was the best thing in his life before I fucked it all up." He doesn't think coach would appreciate him waxing poetic about Shane Hollander's dimples. Or freckles. Or how his ass was so good it could give a man hope.

He finally gets back to his phone and sees that Pike's texted him a few more times.

Not that I was looking looking or whatever

Not my fault u have a monster dick, dude

Oh wait ur playing tttyl

Ilya's torn between being super pissed off and freaked out that Pike is just talking about his dick over text like it's nothing and amused at the friend of Shane's and how weirdly chill he is about all this. Like, super unbothered with it all in a way that Hollander hasn't ever been. He huffs a laugh before typing

Ur friend likes it 😊 and fully laughs out loud when the little dots pop up immediately.

"That girl of yours finally texting you back, Rozy?" Ilya whips around to find Marleau looking at him with an eyebrow raised and a knowing smirk on his lips.

"Fuck off," Ilya scoffs, but knows he isn't fooling anyone because he can't physically stop himself from smiling.

"You ever gonna tell me who gets you all twisted up like that?" Marleau moves to grab his phone but Ilya just shoves him away. They're both laughing and Ilya finally feels like he can breathe again.

"Someday, maybe," he concedes. "For now, fuck off." Cliff just laughs some more, stripping down the rest of the way and heading for the showers.

"Just good to see you smile again, Russe." Ilya smiles snidely, just to make Cliff laugh, before picking up his phone again. He reads Pike's responses while he gets the rest of his kit off and pulls on a hoodie, deciding to just shower at home. He doesn't trust Cliff anywhere near his phone right now.

Fckin h8 u 2 is the first text, and Ilya snorts. **Don't need deets, thnks** Ilya grins, this is almost as fun as texting Hollander.

Y u txt then? He responds, chewing on his hoodie lace while he waits for a response. The little dots pop up, disappear, pop up again.

I think u 2 need sum help is what Pike settles on.

O yeah? Ilya's heart is racing again.

Think u like him

Ilya tries and fails to come up with an answer to that that isn't either mean or too revealing or somehow both. He finally gives up after typing and erasing "fuck off, pike" and "does he like me 2?" and "he's really mad @ me" and "why would he?"

The last one makes his heart clench and he has to tense all his muscles again the whole way home. He ignores his phone as he drives, just thinks about how badly he wants to see Hollander again and how fucking *terrifying* that is. If he comes out, he can never go home again. Hell, they might not let him play hockey anymore and then where would he be? He doesn't have a mother to get him ad deals and he's never been good enough at people to do it on his own.

Alexei has been taking any and all money he can squeeze out of Ilya for years so there's no savings account full of shit to fall back on. He'd be completely alone and broke. And he can't ask that of Hollander because Hollander's never wanted him to even spend the night in case they got caught.

He thinks back to that second game versus the Metros, what Pike had whispered to him on the ice—

"Spent last night with your boy, Rozanov. Slept like a rock in that princess's bed." Ilya punches him as hard as he can, throwing his gloves off, puck completely forgotten. Pike just throws his helmet and gloves off and smiles through the blood already staining his teeth while Ilya punches him again, harder. He's swearing a blue streak in Russian, careful not to say anything that could clue anyone into what they're fighting about.

His vision is hazy-red with rage at the onslaught of images his bastard of a brain immediately supplies: Hollander and Pike in bed together, snuggled close like he and Hollander had been in Shane's own bed; the two of them sleeping, Pike's hand on Shane's chest and Shane's own hand covering it; the way Pike would be able to feel Shane's heart beating.

Pike getting something Ilya craves so badly it leaves an actual taste in his mouth. Something he'd had to fight against just asking Hollander for with everything he had. Pike knowing Shane on a level Ilya had never allowed himself to be known.

Then, through the haze, Hollander's face. Pulling Pike away but his eyes finally finally meeting Ilya's. His eyes widen and Ilya knows his expression must be giving it all away: his feelings of betrayal, of hurt, of anger. The anger wasn't really for Pike but for himself, for his shit family, his country.

But before he can say anything, Hollander's turning his back to get Pike to the penalty box. Ilya lets his teammates drag him to the Raiders' box but can't stop staring across the ice at Hollander and Pike. Pike grab's Hollander's face with his glove, holding their faces nice and close. Ilya yells something incoherent at the gesture, so angry he can feel it to the ends of his sweat-slick hair. He bangs his stick against the box for his entire penalty time, telling himself to channel that anger into the ice. When they let him out he plays like a man possessed... because that's what he is.

Possessed by Hollander and the thought that he was letting someone else touch him; and worse - that there wasn't anything Ilya could do about it because in his heart of hearts he knows that Hollander deserves better than someone who takes what he wants and then throws Hollander out like yesterday's rubbish.

He just—he thought he'd have more time.

When he gets home he throws his bag on the floor and texts back: **So what, I like him? Ur sleeping 2gether** it makes him so mad he stomps to the master bathroom and tosses his dirty clothes in a pile before looking at Pike's response.

Just sleep. Sry bout that, was testing a theory

Ilya ignites with anger again and doesn't respond. He turns the water on scalding hot and lets it heat his skin while he thinks that statement over.

A theory?? Pike got a bloody lip and penalty time to what? See if he could piss Ilya off? To prove a point? If that's what he was doing, Ilya had definitely risen to the bait. But had he done what Pike had wanted him to? *Why??*

Didn't kno if u liked him 2 is waiting for him when he's toweled off. Then three dots before he gets **liked him enough**

Ilya turns that over in his mind while he absentmindedly puts on some old sweats. He ends up in yet another hoodie, this one clean. His tongue and teeth plays with the drawstring as he finally responds. **I make him feel like shit** it hurts to say but it's true. **Maybe not enough**

His phone rings.

He stares at Pike's number for three whole rings before he answers.

“Da—?”

Pike cuts him off. “Jesus Christ dude some of us have to sleep this century. And maybe it's not smart to put all this shit in writing. How the two of you got away with this for so fucking long I'll never know.”

“Pike—” he growls out, a warning.

“Yeah yeah scary Russian, grrrrr,” Ilya’s eyes narrow, his temper rising. Before he can respond though, Pike’s barreling on. “Fucking call me Hayden, man, if we’re gonna plot this shit out together.”

“Hayden,” Ilya rolls that around on his tongue along with the plastic part of the drawstring. “Is stupid name.”

“Yeah, okay *Lily*,” Hayden responds, and Ilya can’t help the snort of laughter that escapes. “Point is, I think you’re in love with my boy.”

“*Your* boy?” It comes out unbidden and fuck, Ilya really is an asshole.

“Christ you *are* in love with him, scary Russian.” Ilya squawks in offense. “You gonna keep being a giant douchebag or are you gonna do something about it?”

“If I call you Hayden, you call me Ilya, yes? And it’s no safe.” This is the heart of it. Is it more important for Ilya to be happy or for Hollander to be safe? It’s an easy fucking question, at least to Ilya.

“Now was that so fucking hard?” Hayden mutters under his breath, then says louder “you two have been fucking around for years and it’s been fucking fine. And now you’ve got me, I can help.”

“He can do better,” it feels like he’s throwing up his heart to say the words. They’re true but he wants Hollander more than he’s wanted anything, and lo— cares about him enough to want better than someone who will always have to hide or give up his nationality, his family.

Family sucks, though... his mind provides. And it’s true, but still. He finally tunes back into the conversation to hear Hayden running at the mouth.

“...know that but maybe you can just be a little less of a *jerk* and have this conversation with *him* and MAYBE you two won’t have to be all sad.”

Ilya’s eyes burn hot. “He is... sad?”

Hayden groans in frustration across the line. “Fuckin’— yeah dumbass, he’s fucking mis-er-a-ble. You really did a number on him in Vegas.”

Ilya’s throat is suddenly hot, and full. He tries to speak but can barely make anything come out. “I was— I didn’t—”

“Yeah I know dude. Why do you think I’m getting involved?” Hayden’s voice is soft, kind. Ilya doesn’t deserve his kindness and says as much. “Ehhhh agree to disagree dude. You’ve got a lot going on, I get it.”

“You—you do?” Relief and something akin to hope claws its way up Ilya’s chest.

“Yeah man,” Hayden huffs and it sounds rueful. “You think you’re the only one with a fucked up family? At least my girl knows how to have a fucking conversation.”

Ilya clears his throat with some difficulty. “You are good friend, Pike.”

“Christ, are you two like *allergic* to first names or something?” Ilya laughs, rubs his eyes and realizes they’re wet with tears. “I’m a *great* friend, Rozy. Don’t you forget it. But I gotta go to bed now, dude, you gonna be okay?”

“Yes,” Ilya answers instantly. He is always okay.

Hayden clucks his tongue exactly like Ilya’s mom used to and it makes fresh tears spring to his eyes. He sucks in a breath and hopes Pike won’t notice.

“Gotta stop lying to people about that shit, man. ‘Specially if you wanna win our boy back.”

“But I *am* okay,” Ilya insists. He’s better than okay, actually. Better than he’s been in months.

“Okay okay fine I’ll let it go,” Ilya smiles. “I’ll call you in a couple days, we’ve got a meeting to plan before Saturday.”

Ilya draws in a shaky breath. He’s still crying but his smile is more genuine since he won the cup. More relieved than he’s felt since Sochi. “Okay, Hayden.”

Hayden snorts. “Maybe I don’t like you using my first name, bro. You sound like a serial killer.”

“I am Russian, idiot. We sound this way.” Hayden sighs, endlessly put-upon.

“Shut up and go to bed, *Ilya*.” They laugh. “Talk to you soon.”

He hangs up. Ilya throws himself back on the couch, more wrung out from that conversation than he ever is from the most intense of workouts.

A meeting to plan Pike had said. Ilya grins up at the ceiling and thinks *Game on*.

Chapter End Notes

I just love them and I want these boys to have friends, okay???

Whaddya reckon?

Next up: the smut approacheth!

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Hayden launches Project: Sweet Gay Love.

Chapter Notes

Eeeeeeeeeeee!!! I'm having TOO MUCH FUN.
Penultimate chapter, y'all! And I really mean it this time.

Last chapter is already being written and it's gonna be long and full of smut.

For now, enjoy my semi-original character having the emotional maturity our boys need.



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

The Metros are practicing two days later when Hayden lays the groundwork for step one of Project: Sweet Gay Love.

“So we got the Raiders in three days, Holly,” he drops it super duper cazh but it’s no use, Shane still shuts down cold. Hayden sighs, looking around. They’re practicing shots on one side of the ice and only have one other person there to overhear. Hayden’s not worried about it; he’s pretty convinced that the majority of the team knows that something more than just intense rivalry is happening between Shane and Rozanov, and the ones that don’t see it are the homophobes that would have a problem. Boulerice falls solidly in the first camp.

“You think I don’t know that, Pike?” Shane makes a shot into the very top left corner of the net and Hayden shares a look with Boulerice. Fucker definitely knows what’s up. Hayden rolls his eyes hard enough for it to hurt and Boulerice cracks up.

“Oooo and the ice queen’s back to last names,” he jokes, relieved when a little bit of tension bleeds from Shane’s frame. “Just thinking out loud, Cap.” He catches Boulerice’s eye and jerks his head a bit towards the other side of the ice. Rejean thankfully figures it out quick and skates off. “Was thinking you might need some sleeping assistance on Saturday, Hols.” He shoots the puck, is happy to see that Shane’s finally looking at him when he straightens back up.

“I—yeah,” Shane quirks a tiny sliver of a smile. Barely there, but genuine. “Yeah thanks dude I probably will.” Hayden scrunches his face up in a mischievous grin and wonder of

wonders, Shane actually laughs.

“You know you can *ask*, Cap, right?” He lets the smile settle on his face, something real instead. “Unless you’re starting to fall for me, I know I’m pretty irresistible.”

Shane laughs again and Hayden’s suddenly aware of the team watching them. “In your fucking dreams, Pike,” he comes and steals the next puck right from under Hayden’s nose. “You’re not my tyyyype,” he sing-songs and the whole team huffs in varying degrees of amusement.

“Good thing too,” Hayden calls after him. “My girl would chop your dick off!” The team laughs a little harder.

Shane shoots the puck in the opposite net before crowing “she’d chop yours off first, Hays!” Hayden throws his head back and guffaws. Because Shane is one hundred percent correct on that score.

“Alright ladies, that’s enough,” their coach yells over the mayhem. “Let’s turn and burn since you seem to have all this extra energy today!”

The team groans but Hayden just keeps smiling.

Phase one: Complete, he thinks, before falling into formation.

He has to wait until he’s safely in the car before he’s got his cell pressed to his ear, ringing away.

“Hello.” Comes the *very serious* voice from across the line. Hayden has to work pretty hard to keep from laughing; thinking (and not for the first time) that his best friend has weird fucking taste in men. Hayden prefers his lovers light and bubbly thanks so much, not growly apex predators who have a personal rain cloud like they’re a Peanuts character.

“Hello yourself, scary Russian!” Hayden can hear Ilya’s eye roll from hundreds of miles away.

“You are annoying, Hayden. You know this, yes?”

“And you’re an asshole, Ilya. Yes, we’re all aware. Now quit flirting with me, I’ve got shit to tell you.”

“Is not flir—”

Hayden can hear the growl kick up a notch so he cuts in with “Shane’ll be waiting for me at home after the game on Saturday, we’ve got our in.”

Ilya is silent for longer than Hayden thinks is necessary. He listens to the wheels turn in Ilya’s head and applauds himself for his patience. “You two...” Ilya grinds out, sounding pained, and it’s Hayden’s turn to roll his eyes.

“Still just to sleep, dude, you gotta calm down. Shane’s not into me like that.”

“And you—?”

“Very much not into dudes, pinky swear.” Hayden thinks it’s hilarious that Shane doesn’t know that Rozanov is *totally gone* on him. Ilya makes a grunting noise of disbelief, and Hayden chuckles. “Must be a foreign concept, someone not wanting to kiss Shane silly.”

“You are ridiculous.” But there’s a smile in his voice and Hayden has his recurring thought that if hockey doesn’t work out he should go into therapy.

At least then he’d be getting paid for this shit.

Then he snorts as he realizes that getting either Shane or Ilya into therapy at this point would be Jesus-levels of miraculous. He’s happy to be the next best thing. He misses his bouncy, silly best friend - thinks that this is probably the easiest way to get him back.

Even if these two morons make it way harder than it should be.

“But yes, makes no sense,” Ilya continues, much to Hayden’s delight.

“Bro, it’s gonna be so hard to pretend we’re not friends on Saturday. I wanna give you a noogie so bad.”

“What is noogie?”

“I’ll just have to show you someday, my sweet Russian compadre.” Ilya huffs in annoyance and once again Hayden barrels on so that he doesn’t get a chance to interject with something stupid. “Meet you at McLean’s after the game and I’ll drive you over there.” Ilya goes quiet again, Hayden starts his car. “Okay? We can meet somewhere else too, dude, just text me.”

“No,” Ilya finally says. “Bar is okay. I just—”

Hayden takes pity on the poor bastard. “It’s gonna be fine, big guy. Okay?”

Ilya swallows loudly enough to be heard over the phone, Hayden smiles a bit - Rozanov really really likes his bestie. Finally he says, “okay, Hayden. Yes.” Hayden’s smile grows.

“Text me anytime, honeybear, and I’ll see you on Saturday! We’re gonna kick your aaaaaass!” He hears Ilya bluster in indignation on the other end of the line but Hayden hangs up before he can say anything, cackling.

His phone pings immediately.

I hate you.

No you don’t.

We can beat you

 **sure thing honey bear**

The three dots appear, disappear, appear again before he gets **don't like honeybear** 🐻

Hayden laughs and responds swiftly with **too bad, big guy**
Honeybear is here 2 stay

The dots appear and disappear four times before Ilya leaves him on read. Hayden doesn't mind, he's just giddy while he thinks *Phase two: Complete.*

He should have been a super spy.

Gameday arrives and Hayden's basically vibrating out of his skin. Partially because they're really gonna win this fucking cup this year and the locker room has been electric with that knowledge the entire season; but mostly because phase three of Project: Sweet Gay Love is about to commence. Phase four would happen at Shane's with the three of them and then phase five was up to the ice queen and the Russian honeybear.

Hayden really hoped they didn't fuck up all of his hard work. He'd have to kill them.

They're on the ice for five minutes before Shane scores. But there's a difference to him this game that helps alleviate some of Hayden's worry. He's still not the smiley, bouncy baby that Hayden became such good friends with, but his precision isn't cold, it's volatile. He's alive on the ice in a way that he hasn't been all season and Hayden thrills with it.

He can easily imagine how the announcers must be eating it up. The fans are definitely noticing, their fervor even more intense than it's been this season. Hayden knows everyone's excited to have the Raiders on their home ice, and the energy is palpable.

Ilya is also clearly aware of this change and after Shane makes his first goal, Hayden looks over at Rozanov to see that he's grinning, looking proud and so completely in love that Hayden skates over and bumps his shoulder, *hard*.

"The fuck, Pike?!" Ilya shoves him back but Hayden just grabs onto the front of his jersey and pulls him in.

"You were looking at our boy like you wanted to kiss him, honeybear," he mutters, low so no one can hear. "Gotta do better than that." He shoves Ilya away from him and winks. Ilya schools his expression but not before looking scared shitless.

Play continues and Ilya makes a goal before the end of the first period. They're tied 1-1 when they break for the first intermission.

"So what did the Russian do that made you almost get into a fight, Pike?" Someone yells as they all grab water and rest.

Hayden laughs, "didn't like the look on his face." He winks across the locker room and everyone busts up.

“Can’t fault the guy, Hays,” Johnny pipes up. “He’s fucking Russian, their faces just look like that.”

“Look like what, rook?” Sergei cuts in. “Huh? How is it we look?” He’s smiling and the locker room calms down into well-meaning jostling and joking. Hayden takes the opportunity to look over at Shane. He’s lost in thought, staring down at his own feet. Hayden can’t read the expression on his face, it’s carefully blank. He sits like that for a few minutes until someone elbows him to ask a question and he reboots into being a human.

Hayden’s heart pangs behind his ribcage and he knows that’s why he’s doing this: he never wants to see that look on his best friend’s face ever again.

The rest of the game is uneventful. The Metros win 3-2 but there are no fights, no problems. Ilya looks like a yearning puppy a couple more times but he manages to mostly get his face under control.

Hayden’s at McLean’s, enjoying a well-earned drink when his phone buzzes.

You still coming by? Shane writes, and Hayden thinks *oh boy you have no idea what’s coming for you.*

I got u boo he writes back. **Idrink b there soon**

You’re so dumb Hayden snorts and is about to write back when the three dots pop up. He waits.

Thanks dude

Hayden pulls his lower lip between his teeth. The one thing about this is that he’s betraying Shane’s trust and he hates that. He knows it’s for the best but it still feels wrong.

I

Got

U

Boo

He sends it and Shane just texts back with a ❤️

He’s still smiling down on his phone when it springs to life with a phone call. His grin widens when he sees the call ID.

“Sup, honeybear?” He loves that Ilya growls exactly the way Hayden knew he would. “Where ya at?”

“Is too busy in there,” the wind blows on Ilya’s side of the call and Hayden downs his drink, making for the door. “I am outside.”

“Be right there, Ills.” He hangs up as he pushes the door open. Sure enough, there’s Ilya leaning against the wall of the bar like something out of a ‘50’s movie poster.

“Not doing ‘Ills.” He says as soon as he sees Hayden.

Hayden puts his hands up in surrender. “Okay, fine, Rozanov, calm the fuck down.”

Ilya levels him with a glare. “You are joking.”

Hayden rubs the back of his neck, sheepish. “Yeah, right, sorry. Probably pretty nervous, huh?”

“I want a cigarette,” he bangs his head back against the wall before pushing off.

“Then have one, dude, we can spare two minutes.”

Ilya considers it for a long moment, looking so torn it’s borderline hilarious. “No,” he decides finally. “Hollander hates it.”

And if that isn’t the sweetest thing Hayden’s ever heard, he’s not sure what is. He’s about to say so but Ilya walks towards him. “Can we go?” Ilya still looks *really* nervous, so Hayden does what comes naturally and sweeps him into a hug.

“It’s gonna be o.kay, honeybear, trust me.” Ilya stands stiff with his arms out for a second before pounding his palms against Hayden’s back a couple times. “We gotta work on your hug game, dude,” Hayden says as he pulls away. “Well come on then, Ilya, car’s this way.”

The ride over is short, thank god. Ilya is so tense he’s barely moving a muscle and it’s giving *Hayden* a headache.

“Dude, you’ve got to calm down,” he says as he turns into Shane’s street. “You can’t talk to the guy if you’re not breathing.”

“I don’t know what to say,” Ilya spits out and it’s so violent that Hayden jumps a bit. Ilya must notice because he says, “sorry.”

“Tell him that you were scared,” Hayden pulls into a parking spot and when he looks over, Ilya is giving him that death-glare again. “*What??*”

“I go in there, I say ‘sorry I was asshole, Hollander, my life is shit and I was worried they would put me in jail and kill you.’”

“I mean...” Hayden laughs a bit, to ease the tension. “Basically? Yeah, dude.” Ilya presses the heels of his hands into his eyes and lets out a very masculine sound of frustration. “I know it’s hard but—” Hayden waits for the right words. Ilya stares down at his own hands, suddenly looking so much younger than he usually does. “He’s worse off without you, man.”

Ilya turns to him - that heated, searching stare piercing into Hayden. He just holds it, confident in the knowledge that what he’s saying is true. He puts a hand on Ilya’s shoulder.

“It’s true, I promise.”

Ilya looks at him a little longer, and Hayden’s not sure this is gonna work. Not if he can’t get him out of the car. But finally, finally, Ilya nods, blinks suspiciously fast, and says, “okay.”

“Okay.” Hayden repeats it, shaking Ilya’s shoulder a little to try to make him smile. “Now get the fuck outta my car, honeybear. We gotta go inside.”

“Ugh, *honeybear*,” Rozanov gripes as he gets out of the car. Hayden throws his arm around his newfound friend’s shoulders as soon as he’s in range. And they walk into the building like that, Hayden talking nonsense about the season, about his girlfriend, anything that comes to mind.

When they get to the elevators, Ilya huffs a laugh.

“What?” Hayden grins. “Not anyone could have pulled such a great la—”

“No,” Ilya snorts again. “Is that the lobby, is nice.”

Hayden’s eyebrows scrunch up as he laughs in confusion. “Hasn’t changed much, dude.”

“Oh I’ve never seen it,” Ilya raises an eyebrow. “He brought me up the murder stairs.”

Hayden full-on laughs at that. “He did what??” The elevator dings and Ilya shoves him inside.

“Da, he has me come around back, climb up murder stairs.”

“Jesus Christ what a *freak*,” Hayden can’t stop laughing, picturing Shane in full-on incognito mode as he collects his boytoy from the back stairwell. “Was he in a baseball cap and a hoodie?”

Ilya rolls his eyes. “No. But, close.”

Hayden’s about to keep asking questions when the elevator dings. They both jump and Ilya swallows audibly. “Alright dude, here we go.”

Ilya nods and squares up like he’s about to fight for a winning goal. They walk down the hall and Hayden raps on Shane’s door.

“Hey Hols, it’s me.” He hears Shane running and then...

There.

Shane’s face in the door, open and happy before he sees—

“Hi, Hollander.” Ilya smiles but it looks more like a grimace because Shane’s suddenly *furios*.

“Hays I swear to fucking *god*—” he starts but Hayden shoves Ilya through the door and follows him in, pressing it closed behind them.

“Nah Hols, I’m not doing this anymore.” Hayden doesn’t understand why that makes Shane step back like he’d socked him in the jaw so he just keeps going. “You’re miserable, he’s miserable. You miss him, he misses you. You just have to listen to the guy and tell him why you’re upset and then maybe you won’t be so fucking sad and tired anymore.” Hayden stops his tirade by throwing his arms up.

There’s a tic in Shane’s jaw. His arms are crossed over his chest and it looks like he’s gonna argue and then he simply deflates. He rubs his hands over his face. “Been saving that one up, huh Hays?” Hayden just makes an affirmative sound and shrugs. Shane’s eyes flick to Ilya. “You miss me, Rozanov?”

The three of them still and Hayden holds his breath. *Please, he thinks, c’mon dude*, please. He looks to Ilya but Rozanov is completely fixed on Shane. Like a starving man standing in front of his favorite meal.

“Da, Hollander, I miss you.” He steps forward, like he can’t help it. “All the time.”

Shane lets out a shaky breath and steps towards Ilya, his eyes suddenly wet. They get almost close enough to touch before Hayden gets a little too uncomfortable.

“The fucking two of you with the *last names*,” Hayden says, and they both rear back from each other. Yup, they’d forgotten he was here. “So I’m gonna go before I see things I can’t unsee.” He heads toward the door, saying “love both of you morons, don’t be mean to each other.”

“Hayden,” Ilya’s voice stops him as he opens the door.

“Yeah honeybear?” He looks over his shoulder and Ilya’s somehow *right there*, hugging him.

“Thank you,” he says it loud enough for Shane to hear and Hayden knows this is gonna work out just fine.

“Anytime, dude.” He squeezes Ilya hard before letting him go. “Now go have fun and actually talk to him, okay?” He puts a hand on Ilya’s shoulder. “And I want exactly no details.”

“No promises,” Ilya says with a wink and a smirk. Then the Russian bastard *closes the door in Hayden’s face*.

“Yeah that makes sense,” he says, but he’s beaming. He knows that he’ll probably be hearing all sorts of things he’s not super prepared to know - like the ins and outs of Ilya’s...

Nope not going there.

For now he’s just happy that Project: Sweet Gay Love has been a roaring success.

Chapter End Notes

Next up: Shane POV and some sweet gay love. 🥰🥰🥰

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

They figure it out.

Chapter Notes

Here, have 4,000 words of what my friends like to call “tendersmut.”

Mind the tags, they’ve changed.

Hope you liiiiiike it!

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

Shane watches the interaction between Hayden and Rozanov with something akin to wonder lacing through his system. He knows that Rozanov says “I love you” to his teammates at the end of every game, but he’s never seen him be physically affectionate with anyone off the ice.

Well, besides Shane himself.

Rozanov turns back to him and all at once Shane is overcome. His nerve endings come alive with a zinging ache and his heart feels too big for his chest. All of the emotion he’s been working so hard to lock away somewhere it could be safe until he got over Ilya spills out into him and the months of repression make them *strong* and *painful*.

He wants to be touching Rozanov so badly that he feels the restraint of holding back between his shoulder blades. His tongue and lips tingle as he remembers the way Ilya kisses, the weight of his cock on Shane’s tongue, the thick press of him in Shane’s throat. He’s been doing *everything* he can to forget how good it feels to be at Ilya’s mercy, but he’s helpless against the onslaught with Rozanov *here*, in his *space*. Shane can smell him from ten fucking feet away and it’s making him feel abjectly insane.

As the silence between them stretches, Shane pulls up the memories of Rozanov dismissing him: first in Sochi, then in Vegas. How he’d cried himself to sleep that night in his own hotel room; how he’d felt so *empty* and *used*. He’d promised himself then that he wouldn’t let it happen again. That no matter how much he wanted or needed Ilya Rozanov, the pain of that rejection would never be worth it. Not for anything, or anyone.

His eyes fill with tears and that seems to pull Rozanov out of whatever paralysis had gripped him when Hayden left.

“Hollander,” he says, walking towards Shane like he’s approaching a skittish animal. Shane blinks, trying to stop the tears from spilling over. He clears his throat and crosses his arms over his chest, needing to close himself off at least a little, shaking his head and looking to the side.. Rozanov sees it happen and makes a frustrated, grumbling sound. “Shane.” The amendment makes Shane snap his head back to face Ilya. He relents.

“You were so awful,” he says. He means for it to come out angry, combative; instead it’s quiet and shattered. He’s only talked about this once since it happened - with Hayden at the beginning of the season - and it had been nearly impossible *then*. With Rozanov scrutinizing his every move, it feels as if he’s pulling his heart out of his chest and hoping that Ilya won’t stomp it under his feet. Like he had the last time.

“I can’t do that again, Rozanov. I won’t.” He looks up and says what he couldn’t bring himself to text Rozanov that night: “you didn’t even kiss me.” He lets the pain of it - the rejection of it all - bleed into his voice. He wants Ilya to *feel* it, what he’d done to Shane.

The sound that comes out of Ilya then is a new one to Shane: it’s desperate, and wrecked, and so *sad*. Shane has the barest second to let it work through him that maybe Ilya does feel exactly the way he does; that maybe Shane could really *have this* before he’s being swept up in Ilya’s arms.

The kiss that Ilya presses to his lips is ravenous. It reminds Shane of the drunken kiss they’d shared on that rooftop in Vegas. Ilya seems to be trying to eat Shane alive while also holding Shane’s face so tight that Shane can only stand there and try to give back as good as he’s getting while not being able to move his head an inch. He has his hands on Ilya’s waist and knows he’s probably going to leave bruises with how strong he’s gripping Ilya’s body.

The thought sends something possessive and dark through him and he moans, lost, into the first kiss they’ve shared in over a year.

Ilya pulls away to bite Shane’s jaw and Shane’s head tips back of its own volition to give him better access. “M’sorry,” Rozanov manages between the open-mouthed kisses and light nips he’s pressing into Shane’s face and neck. “Was trying to keep you safe.”

Shane pulls back with a gargantuan amount of effort. He presses a hand to Ilya’s chest so he can really look at him. Ilya’s eyes are wild and wet and his face pinches together as he strains against Shane’s hold on him; but Shane just keeps him still to say, “safe from what?”

Ilya chuffs something between a laugh and a sob and moves away from Shane, fisting his hands in his hair. “You are a moron, Hollander.”

Shane scoffs. “*Me??*” He follows Ilya, grabbing his elbow to spin him around so he can’t hide from Shane. “What are you—”

“If they thought we were fucking, they would *kill you*.” Ilya looks crazed, that fire that he barely keeps banked blazing to the surface. “You act so scared people will know but in

Russia you were *moron*.” He turns his head to the side but thankfully doesn’t try to run again, Shane tightens his hold on Ilya’s jacket sleeve. “And I am—I *can’t*—”

Things slot into place for Shane, finally. He remembers Ilya being so cold in Sochi, refusing to even look at him and realizes how stupid he’d been. They’d been out in the open and Shane had probably been looking at Ilya like he wanted to hold him and never let him go. There had been pictures in the paper the next day of them up there together and if they’d touched, if Ilya hadn’t pissed him off so much and made him look angry...

“*Fuck*.” He says, laughing slightly in hysterical relief that at least one of them had been using their brain that day. “*Fuck*, I wasn’t even *thinking*.”

“If they find out, I can never go home.” Ilya’s words are shot-through with despair. “They will kick me out of league and I will lose my Visa. Do you understand, Hollander? Really?”

Shane shakes his head. He hadn’t. He hadn’t been thinking about anything except how if this... *whatever* between them got out it would end Shane’s hockey career. But Ilya’s life would be fucked on a level that Shane’s just—wouldn’t. His family would support him and he’d keep some of his ad jobs and probably get some more. Ilya might be deported and put in prison.

“*Fuck*.” He can’t seem to stop saying it. “I’m sorry, Ilya.” He means to go on but in the next breath he’s being kissed again.

“*Fuck*, Hollander,” he presses their foreheads together and Shane lets out a shaky breath. “I like how you say my name.” Shane rolls his forehead against Ilya’s before ducking down to kiss him, long and sweet.

“Ilya,” he whispers against those absolutely ridiculous lips. Runs his tongue along the Cupid’s bow that’s been haunting his dreams. Rozanov moans before sucking Shane’s tongue into his own mouth, turning the action into a rich and dirty kiss. Shane’s cock sits up and takes notice, starting to harden where it’s pressed into Ilya’s pelvis.

“Keep saying it,” Ilya commands before sinking solidly to his knees and pulling down Shane’s sweats as he goes. He noses along the line of Shane’s half-hard dick and Shane gasps at the texture of his briefs against the sensitive skin there. He’s more turned on than he’s been since the last time they were together, and it only spikes hotter when he looks down to see Ilya staring back up at him.

Time stands still as they take each other in. Shane’s floor is clean, cleaner than that bathroom in Vegas for sure, but it still feels like this is an answer to the last time he’d demanded anything of Ilya. He can see that Ilya’s thinking the same thing. “My name, Hollander, or I stop.” He reaches into Shane’s briefs and draws him out, licking the moisture off the head of his dick before insisting, “*Now*.”

Shane swallows the excess saliva that’s been pooling under his tongue since Ilya dropped to his knees. His cock jumps as Ilya plays with the head, teasing. “*Ilya*,” he breathes, running a thumb over one of those life-ending cheekbones - marveling at how Ilya lets him. “*Please*.”

“Please what?” Ilya counters, because he is still, in fact, an asshole. Shane can’t help it, he laughs; and for the first time since Ilya was here last, he gets that smug but happy look on his face that probably made Shane fall for him in the first place. “What do you want, Shane?”

And *oh. God.* Shane was not prepared for how his first name sounds on Ilya’s tongue. Especially when his voice is pitched low and *hungry*. Shane shudders, tightening his hold on Ilya’s face. “You,” he says, purposefully repeating himself from months ago. “I just want *you*, Ilya.”

Ilya’s eyes get bright and Shane thinks for a second that he might cry, but instead Ilya just sets his lips to the tip of Shane’s dick and then Shane’s being slowly submerged in the hot slickness of Ilya’s mouth and throat. Even with all of the new, wondrous *possibility* simmering between them, Ilya still sucks cock with a single-minded focus and fervor that brings Shane to the brink in an embarrassingly short amount of time.

“Ilya,” he groans, then again, “*Ilya.*” It trails off in a whine when Ilya responds by sucking him down to the root and swallowing. His throat muscles work the tip of Shane’s cock and Shane’s *there*. “I’m gonna—” he tries to pull Ilya off but Ilya just locks his arms around Shane’s legs right underneath his ass and hums as he just keeps swallowing. “Fuck baby, *fuck.*” Ilya growls around him at the pet name and Shane’s gone.

He’s coming harder than he has in months, maybe even longer. His knees buckle slightly but Ilya is there to keep him upright, all while he continues swallowing and swallowing until Shane’s nerves jangle with over sensitivity. Ilya finally lets him out of his mouth and Shane sinks to the floor. It’s tricky with his sweats and briefs still tight around his knees but with Ilya’s help he manages to kneel between the obscene spread of Ilya’s thighs on the floor. Ilya’s cock is a long hard line down the leg of his jeans, a wet spot forming at the tip, and Shane’s mouth waters anew at the overpowering want he feels at the sight.

“Baby?” Ilya asks, impetuous. Shane kisses the smirk right off of his face.

“I think maybe you like it,” he says as he covers Ilya’s hidden dick with his palm. Ilya hisses and his cock jerks under Shane’s hand.

“Maybe,” he says. Then he’s kissing Shane with those slow, drugging kisses that Shane had almost - *almost* - been able to banish from his memory. He’s abruptly left weak at the knowledge that now he doesn’t have to. Doesn’t have to purge Ilya from him like poison from a wound.

That maybe he gets to *keep him*.

“I’m gonna say this really fast, okay? But I need you to hear it.” Shane’s terrified but he knows he has to tell Ilya how he feels; it’s not fair that Hayden’s heard him say it but he never let Ilya in on this particular secret. “It’s okay if you don’t say it back but—”

“Oh my god, Hollander, you’re so boring.” Ilya bites him *hard* on the shoulder. “Can you shut up so you can fuck me, already?”

A spike of annoyance rushes through Shane. This *motherfucker*, he thinks. “I love you you asshole, okay? Stop being so—so—”

“So what, Hollander?” Ilya tries to distract him by running his blunt fingernails up and down the exposed skin of Shane’s thighs.

He trembles with it, but still manages to say “so fucking *Russian*.”

Ilya laughs, clearly caught off guard, and Shane just has to kiss it from his lips. Ilya gives into the kiss for the time and they press their smiles together again and again.

“Think maybe you *love* it,” he throws Shane’s words back at him with a smirk; he’s such a cocky piece of shit and Shane is annoyingly obsessed with it.

“Maybe,” he says in his best approximation of Ilya’s accent and tone. Ilya laughs again and Shane doesn’t think he’s ever been so happy. “But can I fuck you *next* time? Need you.”

“Yes,” Ilya’s cock twitches again under Shane’s palm. “Now?”

“Now.”

They stand awkwardly, shucking clothes as they go. Shane strips out of his tee which has somehow stayed on through all of that, and he kicks off his sweats and briefs. Ilya’s finally out of his jacket and shoes and he stops short once Shane’s fully naked.

Well, almost.

Ilya tugs his shirt off and looks pointedly at Shane’s socked feet. “Hayden says you are freak, Hollander.” He grins. “I think he is right.”

“My feet get cold, asshole, shut the fuck up.” He grabs Ilya’s hands and drags him along to the bedroom. Once there he climbs on the bed and shoves his many pillows onto the floor. He has something smart on the tip of his tongue - a defense of his growing pillow collection - but when he looks back at Ilya he’s frozen by the sight.

Ilya’s belt is undone and his fly is open. His jeans frame the breathtaking cut of his lower abdomen and he’s so fucking gorgeous Shane has no idea how he thought he could live without this. “Fuck you’re so hot,” comes unbidden and wholly compromising out of his mouth.

“Pot, kettle,” Ilya peels himself out of his jeans and crawls up the bed and *fuck* grey briefs should *not* be that sexy. But it’s probably just Ilya: the primal way he moves to cage Shane in with his arms, kissing him with zeal while he rubs his clothed, hard cock against the growing interest of Shane’s naked dick. Shane grabs onto Ilya’s biceps and kisses back just as desperately. He undulates with Ilya, his hole twitching with how badly he wants to be fucked.

“So desperate, dorogoy,” he trails kisses back down Shane’s body, ending his descent to nuzzle at the juncture of Shane’s hip and torso. “Was your *thing* of unknown color not

enough?” He bites down on Shane’s hipbone viciously and Shane cries out, his back arching helplessly.

“Didn’t—ah!” Ilya begins to suck on the bite, marking Shane and making his cock harden to full attention. “Didn’t use it.” Ilya stops to look up at Shane, resting his head on Shane’s thigh and thumb tracing absent minded patterns on Shane’s opposite hip.

“Why?”

Shane swallows. He reaches out and cards his fingers through the hair at Ilya’s temple. He runs through multiple answers, mind flashing back to the last time he’d tried: curled up in a ball and staring into space after crying his eyes out. Hurting for something he hadn’t been sure he’d ever have again. He finally settles on the simplest answer, which happens to also be the most honest.

“Missed you.” He feels eviscerated at the admission, completely exposed in a way he’s never experienced before. But he knows somehow that Ilya won’t leave him on that ledge by himself again, the way he had in Vegas.

“All the time, Hollander,” Ilya repeats himself and catches Shane as he falls; and something uncoils in Shane’s chest, the last of his fear that he was alone in this. “Now if we are done talking, I would like to make you come so hard you cannot remember anything else.”

Shane’s cheeks flush hot, his tongue ties up in arousal. He can barely manage an “Okay.”

Ilya chuckles, dark and full. He works his way around Shane’s inner thigh, leaving more bruises in his wake, before pushing against the back of Shane’s knee.

“Hold that for me.” Shane scrambles to obey as Ilya repeats the motion with his other leg. “That one too.” Shane’s stomach swoops in anticipation and he grits his teeth. Ilya settles down flat on his stomach and hooks what feels like a thumb into Shane’s hole before sliding his tongue inside in one perfect move. Shane cries out, his insides liquefying when Ilya starts eating him out in earnest. Pistoning his tongue in and out in a maddening back and forth that loosens Shane up and makes him so hard he can’t *think*.

He thinks he could come just from this, from the way Ilya’s tongue rubs rough and smooth in a place no one’s been since the last time they’d had each other. He thinks about how Ilya would love him coming on his tongue alone and heat coils in his abdomen, hot and insistent.

“Ah, god—” his legs start to shake with how close he is, and he hooks his elbow around his knee so he can fist his hand in Ilya’s hair. “Gonna—Ilya—its too good *I can’t*—” Ilya just redoubles his efforts, somehow getting his tongue even deeper inside of Shane’s body, a thick finger joining it to press unerringly against Shane’s prostate and he sobs.

“Come on,” Ilya pulls back enough to say and Shane’s skin sings. “Just like this, Hollander before I make you do it again on my cock.” He spits on Shane’s hole and Shane doesn’t know if it’s the command or the promise of what’s to come or Ilya’s finger *annihilating* his prostate or the possession implied in being *spat* on; but from one moment to the next he’s coming. It’s

more painful this time, that razor's edge making it all the more intense. Ilya keeps his finger where it is but surges up to kiss the orgasm off of Shane's face.

"Yes, just like that, come for me." Shane's dick jerks in an aftershock at the words and he knows he's just come twice in under 20 minutes but the razor blades riding his synapses lock in *tight* and he suddenly needs—

He flails in the direction of his bedside table. "Lube, condom, *now*."

Ilya reaches over him to get at the supplies and Shane opens his eyes to see those fucking grey briefs hovering over his face. He doesn't think, he just pulls them down and opens his mouth for Ilya's cock. He hadn't forgotten how this felt: the way Ilya's taste bursts over his tongue, the thick solid weight of him perfect and *necessary* as Shane inhales him in.

Ilya groans and lightly punches the headboard above them. The position must be awkward but Shane couldn't possibly care less. Fucks sake but he loves having Ilya like this. At his mercy.

"Thought—mmmm—thought you wanted me to fuck you." And yeah, right, *that*.

Shane lets his head fall back to the bed. "Yeah, fuck, c'mon," he grabs the condom out of Ilya's hand. "Need it."

"I know," Ilya works his way back down until he's hovering over Shane, one of Shane's knees in his big hand as he stares down at Shane's hole. Shane looks down just in time to see and feel when Ilya presses two fingers inside him. "So good, Hollander." Shane cries out, strained, and asks for another.

"Fuck, *another*, Rozanov." Rozanov stills, his fingers deep inside.

"Is Ilya," he says, releasing Shane's leg to grab his chin. He holds Shane's gaze and he starts moving his fingers again. It's not enough.

"Then it's Shane," he reaches up to grab Ilya's forearm. It flexes and releases with the effort of opening Shane up to take his cock and Shane spreads his legs wider. "Shane."

"Shane," Ilya adds a third finger and Shane shivers under the delicious assault of both Ilya's words and the movement of his hand. "So good, Shane."

And Shane knows it'll burn, knows he's not really ready yet, but he needs Ilya to fuck him. Needs it this way—with first names and wide-open expressions and the reality of getting exactly what he's been wanting.

"Now, Ilya, *please*." He tears open the condom and thrusts it at Ilya's face. "Fucking get in me, *now*."

Ilya tsks. "Bossy." But he still gets the condom on and lines up. Shane pulls him down to kiss him, biting at his lips. "Is okay?" Ilya pushes against his entrance and Shane feels himself start to stretch around his cock. It feels... indescribable. Like something he never ever wants to live without.

“Yeah it’s good,” he manages as he breathes deep, relaxing his muscles to let Ilya in. The head of Ilya’s cock pops past his rim and Shane makes a noise that’s scarily close to a mewl. “Fuck,” he gasps with it, bearing down. “*So good.*”

“Good, Shane, yes,” Ilya pants, clearly straining with the effort to hold himself back. Shane doesn’t want that at all.

“C’mon, Ilya,” he presses his heels to Ilya’s ass, pulling him inside. “I need you.” And yeah, those seem to be the magic words. Ilya presses all the way in with a sound like he’s dying; for the first time in months, Shane feels *full*. “God yes.” He hitches his hips in aborted little thrusts, just to feel the weight of Ilya’s cock deep inside.

“Yes?” Ilya starts to move, slow but deep - he gets Shane’s knee crooked in his elbow again and the change in angle presses Ilya right against Shane’s prostate and it’s like his body doesn’t remember the past 30 minutes because his cock is fully hard again, smearing cum and pre into both of their abdomens.

“So much yes,” Ilya takes the permission and fucks in harder, faster. “Gonna make me come again.” Shane laughs, feeling lighter than ever, and Ilya chuckles a bit before grunting with the strength of his thrusts.

“Three times in an hour. Is the goal, yes?” He leans down and kisses Shane, straining at the shape their bodies make. He can’t hold it for long but Shane can’t complain when he’s getting the sort of pounding he loves more than anything.

“Cocky asshole,” he groans even as he starts meeting Ilya’s thrusts. “Ah *fuck.*” Shane loses the plot for a bit, just feeling it as Ilya drives him closer and closer to the edge yet again. At some point Ilya snakes a hand between them to jerk Shane’s dick fast and brutal. He can’t hold on, can’t even say anything as his release bubbles up from his toes and comes bursting out through his pores. He’s nowhere and everywhere and it’s so good he thinks he might dissolve into nothingness.

Ilya jerks Shane up into his lap, fucking shallow and ruthless into Shane as he chases his own orgasm. Shane’s so boneless he can’t do much but moan appreciatively, holding onto Ilya’s shoulders as he starts to whine in that high-pitched way that he only does when he’s right there. “Ilya,” Shane husks it directly into Ilya’s ear, “c’mon.” Ilya stills, coming with a streak of Russian Shane wishes he could understand. He holds him through it, loving the feel of Ilya’s face tucked nice and tight into his neck.

They stay like that for awhile, probably too long, but Shane loves it. They’re so close together it’s like they’re one person and Shane knows he can’t have this forever. That all too soon Ilya will be on his way back to Boston and they’ll have to go about a month without seeing each other. He pulls Ilya’s head back at the thought, kisses him with their eyes open.

Ilya looks up at him, and his face is so open, so content that it makes Shane smile from all the way down in his heart.

“Shower now?” Ilya kisses Shane’s lower lip, biting it when Shane just smiles wider. “Is big enough for two.”

“Not just a pretty face,” Shane smirks. He kisses Ilya again - because he can - then stands on shaky legs to head to the bathroom.

They’re barely in there for two minutes when Shane slides to his knees, getting Ilya’s cock back in his throat. He lets Ilya fuck his face, slipping down into a soft, sweet place where he can float. He really does love being used this way, even more now that he knows that Ilya won’t run from him when he’s come again.

Everything is squishy and easy after he swallows Ilya’s spend. Ilya soaps him up and rinses him down and towels him dry. He’s drifting along as they climb back into bed, a respectable amount of pillows pulled back up so they can nestle together.

And Shane lets himself ask for the thing he’s always wanted but was too scared to voice.

“Stay?”

Ilya kisses his nose, his cheek, the edge of his eye, and then finally his lips. Shane pushes into the kiss, his eyes turning wet at the corners but he’s smiling. He’s so happy he’s crying with it, full to the brim with joy and love and hope.

And Ilya says simply, easily, as if no other answer is possible:

“Yes.”

Chapter End Notes

Whaddya reckon? It’s poooooossible I’ve already written an epilogue from the POV of someone new...

Thank you for reading!! If you feel up to leaving a comment, they make me so happy.



End Notes

Thoughts? Prayers? Lemme know what you think and thanks for reading!

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