kiss it better baby

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kiss it better baby

by weathereyehorizon

Summary

Shane and Ilya present at the NHL awards followed by an unforgettable night in a Vegas hotel suite. All is not as it seems.

Notes

My take on *we didn't even kiss*

See the end of the work for more notes

The laughter of the NHL Awards audience followed Shane as he rushed off of the stage, the heels of his Pradas clicking against the polished stage floor. Tonight he didn't pause for backstage small talk as he hurried away from Ilya, who was much slower to leave the glow of the spotlight.

He kept walking until he found the small bathroom. He entered, and left the door unlocked, checking under the bathroom stall door to make sure he was alone. Shane walked over to the sinks, looking at himself with a critical eye in the bathroom mirror. He could admit he looked good in his deep green bespoke tux, he appreciated the help he'd had picking out the suit.

Less than thirty seconds after Shane had entered the bathroom, Ilya was slipping inside and locking the door behind him. He leaned against the wall, elbow perched casually on the paper towel dispenser. Shane tried to channel all of the anger he's been feeling for the six months of radio silence he'd had from Ilya following the Olympics in Sochi.

"Well?" Ilya said, smirking at him across the bathroom.

Shane huffed incredulously. "What? What the fuck do you want Il- Rozanov?" he asked, forcing himself to tap into that seething feeling again.

"Are you not going to suck my dick?" Ilya asked, crowding into Shane's space.

Shane's eyes narrowed. "Fuck you! Why don't you suck mine?"

Ilya's eyes were warm for a brief moment before they turned predatory and teasing again. "Hmm." He traced a finger over Shane's jaw so gently it made Shane close his eyes and part his lips involuntarily. "Maybe ask nice."

Shane knew he should try to protest a bit longer, tell Ilya to go fuck himself. But instead, unable to resist him as usual, he simply said, "Please."

Ilya raised an eyebrow. "You want me to kneel on this dirty bathroom floor? You have to ask nicer than that, Hollander."

"Please," Shane said, the word falling easily from his lips. "Get on your knees and suck my dick. Please." Shane tentatively leaned into Ilya's space, first touching his forehead to Ilya's before dropping his head to Ilya's shoulder, trying and failing not to make the moment overly tender. Ilya drew him in and Shane couldn't help pressing his face into Ilya's neck, breathing in the familiar scent of spicy aftershave and cigarette smoke that had been imprinted on Shane's scent memory since even before their rookie year.

"No," Ilya said, the word feeling like a caress against Shane's ear.

"No?" Shane snickered into Ilya's neck.

He pushed his thigh firmly between Shane's legs and repeated, "No. I will not do anything to you in here. We will go back out there, and sit in our seats, and then go to the boring party.

"Oh yeah?" Shane asked, grinding himself down on Ilya's thigh. "You really think you're going to be able to handle leaving me like this?" Shane licked a filthy stripe up Ilya's neck just to drive his point home.

Ilya swallowed visibly and gently pushed Shane back. "Of course. Is no problem. And then, when you have been waiting all night for it, you will come to the-my hotel room. And I will maybe do more than suck your dick."

Shane felt dizzy with the memories flooding back to him of all the times they'd done this before. All the times Ilya spoke dirty, teasing words in his ear that made him hot all over from lust and frustration in equal measure.

Ilya adjusted himself with a pained look on his face before walking to unlock the bathroom door, with Shane trailing behind him. "Aw," Shane cooed with mock sympathy. "Does that hurt? I will make a deal: if you win MVP tonight, I will blow you, let you fuck me...whatever you want."

"And if you win?" Ilya asked, obviously basking in the familiar back and forth.

Shane grinned. He knew this man and his competitive spirit so well. "I think you already know the answer to that."

Ilya's eyes sparkled as he glared at him. He put his hand on the door handle as if to leave Shane alone—Shane wondered if he would—when he spun and grabbed the lapels of Shane's tux. He kissed him deeply, then grabbed Shane's hand tugging him out the door behind him.

"Good luck tonight," Ilya said when they had arrived back at the theatre, "I am going to go find my date. He said we're going to make some plans for the summer in between the boring speeches." And then he was gone.

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Shane was buzzing from his encounter with Ilya in the bathroom and anticipation for what the rest of the evening might hold and he was ready to be done with this admittedly boring party. He had seen Ilya kiss his date on the cheek before slipping out a few minutes ago, so he also found his parents to say goodnight, making sure they were okay with him leaving the party early and to their own devices for the evening. It was nice that they had been able to come to the awards night to see their son win another MVP for the league. He wished he had the willpower to stay later, to make Ilya wait, but he knew enough about the man to know that was never going to be their dynamic. He was more than happy to hand that control over to Ilya, he even needed it at this point. Still, it wouldn't hurt the cocky asshole to wait just a bit longer.

Shane made the rounds, saying the last of his goodnights for the evening with a knowing look from Scott Hunter when he ran into him at the coat check. Shane could feel himself blushing
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and willed himself to stop. Hunter didn't know what he was leaving to do and if he did, what did it matter? He wasn't Shane's dad, even if he was like 45 years old.

Shane had butterflies in his stomach as he rode the elevator up to the suite of the Fontainebleau, the same casino where the award ceremony had been held. He approached the door with the key card, shaking his head and puffing out a breath when he noticed his hand trembling as it rose to the sensor on the door. Logically he knew he had nothing to be nervous about with Ilya, and yet, the man still had a way of wreaking havoc on Shane's emotions and nerves.

Shane entered the suite, immediately spotting Ilya where he expected him to be. He stood by the floor to ceiling windows overlooking the strip, tuxedo jacket and tie removed and the top four buttons of his dress shirt unbuttoned. His feet were bare, and why did that little glimpse of vulnerability always make Shane so fucking feral?

"Here to congratulate me?" Ilya said, his arms spread wide and shit eating grin firmly in place.

"Of course. Congratulations," Shane said warmly before he noticed the tablet in one of Ilya's outstretched hands. "Are you - is that your ipad? What are you looking at?"

"Is Puppy Palace. Is nothing," Ilya said dismissively.

"You don't have a dog," Shane said pointedly, holding back his grin.

"No is not Puppy Palace. Is…nothing. Shut up." Ilya stashed the ipad on the coffee table nearby and refocused, his gaze hot as it roamed over Shane's body. He traced a path from Shane's socked feet, landing on his cheeks which felt flushed and hot. "You look good tonight. I have not seen this one before. Rose helped you pick it?"

Shane nodded his assent.

"So pretty. Now take off your clothes."

Shane shook his head at the cocky command, but of course obeyed immediately. He took off his tux jacket, then unbuttoned and took off his shirt, walking over to place them in the garment bag that hung in the large closet by the door. When he turned to gauge Ilya's reaction, he was surprised to see him already stalking towards Shane.

"I am charmed by you," Ilya said as he reached for the button of Shane's pants.

"What?" Shane laughed.

"I am charmed. Is this not right? I adore when you do cute clothes folding before sex. I never told you this, but I always think so." Ilya pushed Shane's pants down his legs, then bent to pick them up from the floor and proceeded to hang them in the closet with Shane's tux jacket.

Ilya turned and walked toward the bedroom, grabbing a chair and dragging it behind him on his way.

Shane's jaw dropped. That move was new. And really fucking hot. He scrambled to remove his socks and underwear, flinging them carelessly across the room and followed Ilya into the bedroom.

On the bed," Ilya said softly. He was adjusting the position of the chair at the end of the bed. He hadn't spared Shane a glance yet, but if he had, he would have seen that Shane was already there, leaning against the headboard of the giant bed and waiting for whatever Ilya had planned for tonight. When Ilya nodded his head towards a bottle of lube sitting on the nightstand, Shane didn't hesitate.

Shane uncapped the bottle and drizzled the expensive liquid over his fingers and cock. He spread his legs as Ilya sank back into the chair, cheeks flushed and eyes locked on where Shane's fingers gently glided over his inner thighs and hard cock. He gathered the precome leaking from his slit, slowly spreading it around and mixing it with the lube over the head and down the shaft, watching Ilya's face the entire time.

Illya took a deep shuddering breath before taking a fortifying sip from a tumbler of clear liquid Shane assumed was vodka.

"Finger yourself."

"What?"

"Open yourself up. Is okay. Edible lube." Ilya grinned wickedly and Shane rolled his eyes, but then complied, tracing his fingers further down his body until he was able to massage his hole and slip the tip of his finger in. He couldn't hold back the low moan he let out.

Shane teased around his rim, sinking into the sensation of his sensitive nerve endings being awakened while Ilya's intense, unwavering attention was on him. It felt safe. It felt like a caress. "Are you just going to watch?" Shane asked. "I need you."

Ilya took a final swallow of his vodka and rose from the chair, removed his shirt and stepped toward the bed. Shane was surprised when Ilya didn't pause there, but continued up onto the mattress, crawling towards Shane. On instinct, Shane lifted his foot off of the comforter, placing it on Ilya's chest, playfully pushing him away. "Don't you want me to suck you first?"

"Is too late for that now," Ilya said, grabbing Shane firmly by the thighs and dragging him down the bed. In a move that was way too practiced, he flipped Shane over onto his elbows and knees, and pressed his face into Shane's ass without preamble. Shane had never let anyone else eat his ass before, but he was pretty sure that they would pale in comparison with the expert way Ilya handled his body. Soft licks around his rim, dipping down to lave over his perineum and balls, before tracing his way back to Shane's hole to lick and suck and nip at it until Shane didn't think he could take it anymore. He reached back, threading his fingers through Ilya's hair and gave it a sharp tug. And then Ilya was finally, finally pressing his tongue inside of Shane. First alone and then alongside a finger and then two.

"Ilya. Rozanov. Fuck."

“What do you need, Hollander?”

“Fuck me. Please. I need you. I want you to fuck me.” Shane babbled and begged, near tears with his face pressed into the mattress.

“*Why are you so perfect*?” Ilya said aloud in Russian. “Don’t worry, I will fuck you *kotyonok*. I will take care of you. Soon I will fill you up until you cannot take anymore of me.”

Shane smiled at the endearment and moaned in relief at the dirty promises. Ilya was going to fuck him. Ilya was going to *take care of him.*

He turned and opened Ilya’s pants, pushing them down to his ankles, along with his underwear. Ilya attempted to kick them off, but Shane was impatient and ripped the garments from his feet, throwing them across the room. Ilya laughed incredulously, but Shane just turned back around, spread his legs wider and arched his back shamelessly.

“So good for me. Look at you,” Ilya said, stroking his hands reverently up and down Shane’s back.

Shane could hear Ilya’s panting breaths as he reached for the lube and slicked up his bare cock. It made Shane feel powerful and super slutty when Ilya’s soft dom facade slipped a bit. Ilya sank into him steadily and fucked him hard—just how Shane needed it—with one strong hand on Shane’s back, pressing him down into the mattress.

Neither of them were going to last very long, Shane could tell. Ilya was jackhammering into Shane’s body, already starting to lose his rhythm but still managing to peg Shane’s prostate at every pass. “Fuck, you are wet,” Ilya groaned when he reached around to roughly stroke Shane’s dick a couple of times. “That’s it, that’s all you get. Are you ready to come for me?”

The words were a command and Shane was powerless to them, coming almost immediately at Ilya’s permission to do so. He came untouched, once again making a mess of some hotel bedsheets while Ilya continued to pound into him, chasing his own orgasm.

“Fuck, Hollander,” Ilya moaned and Shane felt him tense behind him, pushing his cock further into Shane’s body as his release pumped into him.

Shane was boneless as Ilya’s forehead pressed against his back and they both attempted to catch their breath. Only one small complaint niggled at Shane’s brain. *He wished Ilya had kissed him*.

“Oh my god, Shane…Hollander, Ilya panted as he flopped to his back beside him.

Shane could feel Ilya’s eyes studying him as he looked up at the ceiling trying to blink away the black edges threatening his vision after the intense orgasm. When it had cleared, he looked over at Ilya and saw that he was as disheveled as Shane felt with his sweaty curls now a tangled riot thanks to Shane’s desperate grasp. But his eyes, his eyes were so soft and loud that Shane forced himself to say, “How about some vodka?” just to avoid turning the moment into something it wasn’t supposed to be.

Ilya laughed. “Yes. Give me a minute.”

Shane grinned, giddy from the night they’d had so far and for what he knew was still to come. He shamelessly watched as Ilya walked to the bathroom, naked, but for his gold chain, crucifix, and ring, and as he returned with a warm washcloth, glass of vodka, and a cigarette and lighter. Shane frowned at the cigarette as Ilya gently wiped him down with the cloth.

“Do not start.” Ilya pointed at him with the cigarette. You said I could smoke in bed this time. Is part of it, yes?” Ilya lit the cigarette and lounged against the headboard, looking way better than anyone had a right to while blowing obnoxious puffs of smoke into the air.

“Fine,” Shane said. And when Ilya lifted his arm for Shane to curl up under, he went easily, wrinkling his nose as he sipped the disgusting ice cold vodka.

They stayed that way longer than Shane thought they would until Ilya’s voice, whisper yelling into his phone, cut through the peaceful silence. Shane must have dozed off.

“Put Haas on the phone! No. Okay yes, I love you too. Yes, you are my favourite rookie.”

Shane turned on his side, cradling his head in his hand and watched Ilya with amusement.

“Haas, what the fuck man, how did they get so drunk since we saw them at the party?”

Shane tucked his smile into his teeth as Ilya rolled his eyes at the response.

“Well, now you are stuck with them. I do not care. Order an extra cot up to their room for you to sleep on while you babysit. Have milk and cookies. Leave me alone until tomorrow.” Ilya smiled and shook his head at Shane and then said, “I love you too.” into the phone.

He set the phone onto the nightstand and turned back to Shane. “I should sleep,” he said gently.

“Oh. Yeah. I should... I’m supposed to go.” There was an echo of familiar shame Shane had not been expecting. He rolled over and was out of the bed quickly, only sparing a glance back at Ilya once. He noticed that Ilya kept his eyes closed as he left the room.

Shane dressed efficiently, considering returning to the bedroom to tell Ilya that he didn’t like how this felt. He didn’t like how they were leaving things. But that wasn’t how this went with them, so after his shirt was buttoned and he’d slipped his shoes on, he went to the door and called out, "I’m taking off Ro-Rozanov."

“Goodbye, Hollander,” Ilya replied from the other room, not even getting up to see him to the door.

And Shane left.

Shane heard the hotel room door close behind him with an all too familiar click as he slowly walked away from the suite, wondering why he had wanted to do this. *They hadn't even kissed*.

He stood in front of the elevator for a few moments before finally pushing the button to call for it. When the elevator arrived, Shane stepped inside and pulled out his phone, wondering if he should text Ilya. Looking down at his phone screen the names listed in his favourites began to blur and Shane realized he was crying.

He brushed the tears away angrily, embarrassed that he was letting himself get caught up in the emotions of the evening. This was nothing serious, it was just for fun. What the fuck was wrong with him? The elevator *dinged* indicating the door was about to close and he decided to let it, giving himself a moment to get it together.

As the door was about to slide the last few centimeters shut, a hand reached in and stopped it. A large familiar hand. “Jesus you are fast. I could not find where you had thrown my pant…” Ilya’s voice trailed off as he caught sight of Shane’s tears. “Sweetheart, why are you crying?”

“I don't know it's stupid. It just felt really real for a minute and I thought you were not going to come after me again."

“Yes, is very stupid," Ilya said affectionately, pulling Shane out of the elevator and back to the hallway of their hotel. He allowed no space between them and used his thumbs to wipe away the tears under Shane's eyes. “You are fucking stuck with me, forever.” He punctuated the statement by dipping his head down and softly kissing Shane’s salty, wet lips.

Something loosened in Shane’s chest at those words and he opened to his husband’s demanding mouth even as his tears continued, a bit to his mortification.

“Oh, my soft little kitten,” Ilya murmured, slinging his arm over Shane’s shoulder and walking them back to their room. “I guess I should not ask how was the *do-over* for you? It was not everything you wanted it to be? Did I fuck it up checking on the rookies?”

Shane laughed softly as Ilya held the door to their suite open for Shane to pass through. “No, that was fine. You’re a very committed team captain even when you’ve just gotten laid.”

Ilya waggled his eyebrows ridiculously as he locked the door.

They worked together, turning off lights, picking up discarded clothing and closing blinds before continuing the conversation in the ensuite. Shane made eye contact with Ilya in the mirror as he brushed his teeth. “I know it was my idea, and it was fun.”

Ilya looked pointedly at Shane’s red nose and still glassy eyes.

“It was! The banter in the bathroom at the theater, and obviously the sex was super fucking hot. I guess I just didn’t realize how much it would take me back to how I felt that night.”

“Shane,” Ilya said, while drying his face and speaking so tenderly it made Shane want to start bawling all over again.

“No, I *knew* you were coming after me. That was the plan, that was the whole point of this roleplay or whatever. I just got scared for a second that it was going to be just like the first time. I don’t know, it’s dumb.”

“It was hard for me too. I did not like letting you leave. I could not even watch you go. Either time.” Ilya shut the bathroom lights off, hugged Shane from behind and walked him into the bedroom. “I love your stupid worried brain.” He nuzzled into Shane’s ear. He released him and pulled back the covers on Shane’s side of the bed, gesturing for him to get in.

“Did you have fun with my dad tonight?” Shane asked. “They were both so proud of your win,” he added as Ilya rounded the bed to his side.

“Yes, he is best date. We made plans for our trip to Tofino this summer. Is going to be relaxing and Anya will love it. She will have the whole beach to run on and chase sticks.”

“She’s okay? You were checking on her when I came in?”

Ilya laughed. “Yes, she is fine. So spoiled. You were faster coming up to the room than I thought. So eager,” he purred, pulling Shane against him and squeezing his ass.

Shane went easily as he always did, letting his husband kiss the hell out of him before they fell asleep together. In the same bed. While the lights of the strip shone brightly beyond their Vegas hotel suite.

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Ilya had once told Shane that he catalogued each of their kisses back in those days. Especially the ones leading up to his long miserable summers in Russia. He filed each one away in his amygdala rolodex so he could pull them up as needed to get him through the hours, days, and months until he could have Shane’s mouth again. It still made Shane sad to think about how alone Ilya must have felt and how clueless he had been to not pick up on the subtle clues Ilya had been giving him all along. But they couldn’t go back and rewrite their history, nor would Shane want to. Instead, he made sure to be extra generous with his affection and especially his kisses: a million memories that Ilya would never have to file away or hoard only to be called upon during the hard days. Because, Shane would be there for all the hard days and the easy days and all the ones in between. And he was going t*o* kiss Ilya Rozanov on every single one of those days because he fucking could.
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End Notes

Thanks Gee for the head pats and beta. 😘

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Thanks so much for reading! Come find me on Tumblr and Tweeters! 💛

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