

a thing that lingers

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a thing that lingers

by [payamoo](#)

Summary

“Trying to get me high, Rozanov?” Shane had teased, and had to shoot a hand out to Ilya’s elbow when the other man’s brow furrowed infinitesimally. “Joking, I’m joking.”

“Okay,” Ilya acknowledged, but he remained, waiting for Shane to respond to the offer.

“I just don’t want to be too high to- you know.”

Ilya’s eyes had widened. “Shane Hollander, you are pervert.”

Notes

this takes place during the long game after the boxing day fight as a weeny au that really is just an excuse for me to write high hollanov sex. best to read tlg if you haven’t already!

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

Shane Hollander is in love with Ilya Rozanov. This isn't big news. It *is* a secret, sure, and this is something that makes Shane's heart constrict into a little ball of membrane and muscle, tight and tough and sore. Stuck fast between telling the world and keeping this feeling safe, tucked into summers at the cottage and gross moony looks in hotel rooms. Sometimes, though, sometimes, Ilya manages to get under Shane's skin. To tug at strings and pull in all the right places and make Shane do things he swears he'll never do.

On the road to Montreal, eyes stinging with tears to the point he has to pull over on the highway, Shane feels his knuckles whiten over the steering wheel. Ilya is in his vessels, invading his cells. Heart small and tight.

Half an hour ago he couldn't believe what Ilya had asked him. A party at Zane Boodram's. After everything- years of secrecy and hiding and staying *safe safe safe* and Ilya wanted to- what, come out to his team? Introduce Shane as his boyfriend, his partner? Put everything they've lived for for the last few years in jeopardy?

Shane thinks of the look on Ilya's face, the shine of Ilya's eyes. The minuscule catch of his teeth on his lower lip.

Please, Ilya had been begging him, and Shane had been too stupid to see it.

It's barely snowing, and the only headlights in sight are distant, dim in the light of the afternoon, but the u-turn Shane pulls across four lanes is still reckless. The speeds he begins to reach even more so.

His eyes are still blurry. Keys pulling out of the ignition, door slamming, his chest pounding as he bounds up the stairs, two at a time. His heel slips on the last step and he nearly goes to his knees, flying into the bedroom-

"Hollander," Ilya grits out from where he lies still on the bed, and the sound of Shane's last name in Ilya's mouth makes him feel sick. "I told you-"

"I'm sorry, Ilya," Shane interrupts, still gasping, heart wrenching horribly. "I'll go, I'll come with you, I'm sorry-"

Ilya stands. Shane doesn't realise he's reaching for the other man until Ilya's fingers brush his, thumb stroking across his knuckles.

"Shane-"

"You're right, you're right-" Shane is aware he's babbling. He pulls Ilya closer, gentle, holds Ilya's cool fingertips to his lips. "I didn't think- about what I asked you to give up, I've been so *selfish*-"

Ilya doesn't speak, and Shane continues, barrelling down a pathway he's not quite sure he's ready for.

"Let's go to the party," he's saying, "We can tell them, we can tell everyone, I don't *care*-"

“It was stupid thing to ask-” Ilya starts, and Shane’s heart cracks in two.

“It wasn’t,” he insists. He frames Ilya’s face with both hands and gazes at him, the mole on his cheek, the curve of his cupid’s bow, his eyes, wide with surprise. “It wasn’t stupid.”

Ilya closes his eyes. Shane drinks in the sight, lashes cast over smooth skin, Ilya leaning into his touch.

“I love you,” Shane tells him, hoping the desperate note in his voice doesn’t cheapen the sentiment. “I’ll choose you. Every time.”

Ilya inhales sharply, dropping his forehead to rest on Shane’s. When he opens his eyes, Shane is there, a hint of a nod, an admission of guilt. When Ilya says it back - *я тебя люблю* - he nearly bursts into tears.

“Okay,” Ilya says after a long while, when Shane can almost feel his back straining. “We don’t have to- tell them.”

“We can,” Shane insists, firm despite the flutter of his heart, the anxious thrum under his skin. “Please.”

The party itself is relaxed, the Centaurs and their partners and no one else. Chairs arranged around the fireplace, warm and inviting. People mill about the kitchen bench, and Shane recognizes most of the players by sight but he can’t quite put names to faces. Everyone looks so different without helmets and padding.

Shane had sat in the passenger seat of Ilya’s car, heart pounding, and he’d thought through every single scenario that might occur at Zane Boodram’s house until a headache hinted at his jaw. He was still wholly unprepared for when Boodram had opened the door to Shane wrapped up in Ilya’s arms and the only thing Boodram had done was shout over his own shoulder-

“Dykstra,” he’d hollered into the house. “You owe me a grand!”

Now Shane is hovering in the kitchen, uttering pleasantries with Ilya’s teammates, their partners, and it all feels so normal that he feels like a complete moron for being such an anxious freak. Someone had pushed a beer into his hands, and on the patio he’d been offered a joint from Tanner Dillon, which had been promptly plucked away by Ilya.

“Please no corrupting Hollander,” he’d told Dillon firmly, and then he’d taken a long drag and Shane had had to fight to keep himself from biting Ilya’s mouth.

The food smells good, and Shane is trying so desperately to be better. For Ilya, for himself. Part of being a good boyfriend, he thinks as he gazes at the bowls of crisps and platters of wings. Being normal at a party.

He picks up something sweet. Eats it, little bites at first, and when he goes all in and takes a big one he feels something in his chest loosen. The cake is good. *He’s good.*

What isn't so good, maybe, is nearly an hour later when Shane finds himself back in front of the platters and making direct eye contact with the chocolate brownies, *again*. It can't hurt, he thinks. He reaches out-

"They're good, right?" someone says.

Wyatt Hayes is grinning at him from across the counter.

"Oh-yeah," Shane replies, letting his lips quirk up in reply. "I might have another."

Wyatt's eyes go wide. "Woah, really? Dude, you are something else."

Shane's stomach goes cold. His fingers stiffen, and he knows he's making that stupid expression he does when he's caught off guard, mouth twitching around words he can't quite form.

"Er, maybe not, then?" he hears himself say, and then Ilya is there, a hand at his arm, and Wyatt leaves, distracted.

"Okay?" Ilya says, voice low. His thumb smooths over the joint of Shane's elbow, and Shane feels a little dizzy with it.

"I, uh-" Shane tries to shake the moment out of his head, but it's no use - he's already replaying the brief interaction over and over again, wondering how long Wyatt had been watching him. Had Wyatt seen him eat the first one? Had he watched as Shane threw any sense of caution to the wind and shoved it in his mouth like a-

The cold hits him suddenly. It's freezing, and Shane barely registers Ilya bundling him up in his coat. Ilya's hand brushes Shane's hip as he sits him down, and Shane shifts involuntarily, just short of flinching.

He's sat on a sofa, he realizes. An outdoor deck, gas heaters pumping. It's still cold. The sofa arm presses into his side, and Ilya sits next to him, lifting Shane's legs up until they're resting on Ilya's lap.

"What are you doing?" Shane mumbles.

"Is nothing," Ilya soothes, thumb stroking Shane's calf. Sometimes, Shane wonders if Ilya knows his touch feels like lightning on Shane's skin, frying his muscles and setting fire to his blood.

"Not-" Shane begins, and then presses his lips shut against his own words.

"Not here?" Ilya guesses, his fingers curling under Shane's knee. "Why not? Is okay, yes? They are fine with it."

Shane gazes at him for a moment. He can feel his chest rising and falling, a little too much considering they're supposed to be- relaxing. Enjoying themselves. Ilya is right.

“What did Wyatt say to you?” Ilya murmurs, and Shane can *feel* his shoulders migrating up to his ears.

“Nothing,” he says quickly. His teeth find his lower lip, worrying at it, and he doesn’t quite realize he’s staring at Ilya’s mouth like that until Ilya shifts, tilting his head until Shane meets his gaze properly.

“Shane,” Ilya says, firm. His hand is properly on Shane’s knee, now, fingers encasing hard cartilage.

“Seriously, Ilya,” Shane groans, letting his head tip back against the sofa. He wonders, vaguely, why his touch feels so addictive, why it’s making his head spin like this. He always gets a little stupid around Ilya, but this is ridiculous.

“Shane,” Ilya says, again, and when Shane looks over there’s a furrow in his brow that Shane wants to smooth out with his thumb. He sighs.

“I was getting another brownie, and he just said something that made me think he was, like, surprised I was eating another one. Okay?”

“Well, maybe,” Ilya says, and Shane feels his heart drop so fast he nearly throws up.

How long, he wonders. How long has Ilya been thinking about Shane’s body, about his eating, how long has Ilya thought he was out of control and disgusting and-

“Because of weed, yes?” Ilya prompts, tapping Shane’s leg.

Shane’s head snaps up.

“Because- what?”

“The brownies,” Ilya says. “They are- for eating. With the weed. Eatable?”

“Edible,” Shane whispers, and this time when Ilya’s hand on his leg moves and his brain tilts a little further off its axis he understands why. “Oh my god. I didn’t- I didn’t know-”

Ilya laughs aloud, a delighted bell ringing sound.

“You did not know, *moya lyubov*?” he asks around a wide smile.

“No,” Shane says hoarsely, a hand at his mouth, the skin on his thumb begging to be chewed. Without skipping a beat Ilya’s fingers curl around his wrist, gently pulling the digit from Shane’s mouth. Distantly, very distantly, Shane wishes he was wearing a hoodie so he could chew on the strings.

“Sweetheart,” Ilya is closer now and Shane doesn’t know when that happened. Ilya’s arm is threading over his shoulders as his other hand remains on Shane’s leg, creeping up his thigh. “Sweetheart, there was sign. Little green leaf on stick.”

“Was there?” Shane is horrified. How stupid can he possibly be? And now he’s going to be high and even more stupid in front of Ilya’s team and he’s just come out to them and met them properly and now they’re going to think he’s a complete moron-

Ilya kisses him, and Shane’s brain, a simulacrum of chickens running around without heads, stops dead.

“M so embarrassed,” Shane whispers when Ilya pulls away, a modicum of mirth still flickering in the other’s eyes. He’s still somewhat unable to think outside of the tongue Ilya is running over his bottom lip, the hand Ilya is pressing to the back of his head.

“Why?” Ilya asks, dipping back in for another, quicker, this time, more a peck than a kiss. “Is first time having weed?”

“No,” Shane frowns. “I just- I didn’t-”

“Didn’t consider, yes? Shane Hollander planned every minute of this night in his head in car, and now plan is ruined?”

Shane flushes more than he already is, if that’s possible. How simultaneously heartwarming and embarrassing, that Ilya Rozanov knows him so well as to predict Shane’s exact thought process on the journey to this stupid party.

“Is good for you,” Ilya continues, dipping his head to nip at Shane’s lower lip. “To have spontaneous night.”

“Spontaneous, huh?” Shane teases, wondrous, and now that his initial panic has drained away he realizes he feels pleasantly floaty. Like all the parts of his brain that work overtime to analyze every little thing someone says have taken a back seat. “That’s a big word.”

“Not only big thing,” Ilya tells him, mischievous, and Shane snorts, dropping his head to Ilya’s shoulder.

“How are we going to get home?” he bemoans into Ilya’s coat. “I was s’posed to drive-”

“Shane.” Ilya’s arm is around his shoulders, hand pressed between blades. “Is no big deal. We get a ride, or- or Uber.”

“But the car- Bood-”

“Bood has big driveway,” Ilya dismisses. “He survives if our car sleeps over.”

After a moment Shane lifts his head, avoiding Ilya’s gaze in favor of looking up at the roof of the deck. If he looks at Ilya now he’ll probably just kiss him forever, and he *is* concerned about leaving their car here. About having to come back tomorrow and see the look in Zane Boodram’s eyes in the light of day.

“Alright,” he says, regardless. “Okay, yeah. Sorry.”

“Is nothing to be sorry for,” Ilya tells him, and when he stands and offers his hand to Shane to help him up, Shane takes it.

Ilya lives inside of Shane. He’s under his skin, he’s in his cells, his organs. Locked tight in his brain.

It’s why Shane is now in the back of a car service, considerably higher than he’s ever been in his life, and there’s half a seat between his thigh and Ilya’s and it’s too far and he just wants to rip his seatbelt off and crawl all over his boyfriend. He can’t, he won’t, but he edges his hand closer, little by little, until his ring finger brushes against Ilya’s knuckle and he’s rewarded with a quirk of Ilya’s lip.

Shane hadn’t *lied*, per se, when he’d told Ilya it wasn’t his first time with weed. He’s had his run-ins with it in juniors, before he’d been drafted, when he’d felt reckless enough to have a pull of a joint or try a piece. It’s just that it’s never affected him like this, fogging up his head and making his skin feel a little electric, but not really, maybe just tingling, the way that popping candy feels in his mouth, and he’s getting distracted *so easily* it’s ridiculous. His head is whirring in directions he’s never even considered, plans and schedules left far, far behind. It’s kind of nice.

He probably would be more sober by now, if not for the fact that Ilya hadn’t caught him glancing over at the counter when the gathering was winding down, a few lone pieces of the cake left forlorn on the platter.

“Not enough drugs for you, Hollander?” Ilya had grinned at him, and Shane had of course turned beet red.

“No! I mean, yes, it’s just-” he ducks his head down, cheeks flushed. “They tasted really good.”

Ilya’s grin had widened, pink mouth and brilliant teeth. Shane still doesn’t know which ones are fake - all so perfect and shining.

Before they left, Ilya had cornered him, hand closed over something, and Shane isn’t sure what he had expected.

“No one is driving,” Ilya had informed him once he revealed the pieces of brownie in his hand. The mole on his cheek had been quirked up from his smile, and Shane couldn’t stop staring at it. “We have half each, go home...”

“Trying to get me high, Rozanov?” Shane had teased, and had to shoot a hand out to Ilya’s elbow when the other man’s brow furrowed infinitesimally. “Joking, I’m joking.”

“Okay,” Ilya acknowledged, but he remained, waiting for Shane to respond to the offer.

“I just don’t want to be too high to- you know.”

Ilya’s eyes had widened. “Shane Hollander, you are pervert.”

“Shut up!”

“You are!”

“Okay, fine, I’m not doing this-”

“Agh, stay, stay,” Ilya had laughed as he pulled Shane back to him. “Is good, sex with high. Feels relaxed, floating.”

He had made gestures with his hands, like he always did, but Shane found himself focused on the movement more than usual. And he wanted those hands on him, and he didn’t need the drugs, but the thought of the two of them pleasantly buzzed, falling into bed...

And now here he was, feeling it kick in as the car turns down Ilya’s street, and he barely has time to parse a thought about the driver watching them walk inside together before he’s bundled through the door, slipping off his shoes.

Ilya races him to the bedroom. It’s unsaid, like a lot of things, and Shane thinks maybe that’s a problem but this isn’t part of it, this stupid competition between them.

“Get in bed,” Ilya says, and Shane does, the relief sapping the energy from under his skin. He buries his face in a pillow, feeling his brain melt, and he thinks he could fall asleep, but then Ilya is there, pulling him closer, and the scent of him is addictive and heady.

“Hi,” Shane says, because it’s the only thing he can think to say. Ilya rumbles, a laugh, and Shane’s smile makes his cheeks hurt. There’s a hand sliding down his torso, and when Ilya kisses him there’s a question in his mouth and Shane doesn’t need him to speak before he’s nodding, tugging at Ilya’s shirt, the fabric rough with the scent of smoke and weed and Ilya.

There’s little gaps in his memory, little clips of time and space. Ilya’s mouth is on his and then Ilya’s mouth is on his neck and he missed the transition, but Ilya’s tongue laves over his throat and he sighs into it, rolling with Ilya, somehow laid bare on the bed despite being fully clothed.

They part, and for a moment Ilya just looks at him, warm and golden in the soft light of the lamp, and Shane can’t find his breath.

“I love you,” Ilya says with a weight, with a seriousness that makes Shane’s chest flutter.

“Love you,” he murmurs back, and instantly he thinks it came out wrong, the words falling short of what he wants them to say, and so Shane places his hand over Ilya’s chest, right where his heart beats, and closes his eyes.

“No sleeping,” Ilya tells him after a beat, a hand in Shane’s hair. “I have plans.”

“Oh yeah?”

“Oh yeah,” Ilya echoes, and then he pulls Shane’s head by the hair, gentle enough so that it doesn’t hurt but firm enough that the noise Shane makes is completely involuntary, a ragged sigh. Shane flushes, his cock twitching, but Ilya is already brushing his lips over his cheeks,

under his eyes, cataloguing freckles and imperfections. Shane kind of wants to die like this, Ilya's hand tracing down to grasp his chin in finger and thumb and pressing just briefly, a show of possession that Shane's dick really, really likes.

He might actually die, because Ilya's mouth is travelling down his chest, over his shirt, pausing so that Ilya can squeeze, play with Shane's tit the way they both know he likes it. He pulls the hem of Shane's shirt up to his neck, laving his tongue over the nipple, flat and wide at first and then flicking, pointed, nipping teeth at the peak of it.

Maybe, normally, Shane would be a little more impatient. Now, though, pleasantly high and boneless, his head falls back onto the pillow and he sighs and lets it happen, fingers threading through the hair Ilya reaches out as he ducks his head lower, nosing over Shane's stomach. It's something Shane doesn't usually entertain for very long - it makes his head hurt with thoughts he'd rather not encounter - but now he watches Ilya, eyes closed as he drags his mouth over Shane's belly button and toys with the waistband of Shane's pants and *God*, he must have already died and gone to heaven.

"Ilya," he breathes, soft and ragged and imbued with so much he can't say right now because his brain isn't quite there, in more ways than one, and Ilya looks up at him, pupils blown wide and glassy. It's almost reassuring, to know that Ilya likely feels the same, the sensation of his brain being half a second behind his body, not quite enough to cause any problems but enough to be loose-limbed and open.

"Sweetheart," Ilya says, rough and low, and then he drags Shane's trousers down in one fell swoop, instantly mouthing at Shane through the fabric of his boxers and Shane nearly passes out.

"Oh," he can hear himself saying, "Ilya- Ilya, please-"

"Mm," Ilya responds, because his mouth is otherwise occupied and when this thought occurs to Shane, expectedly late, he nearly dies again, feeling his cock twitch against Ilya's lips. The fabric is thinned with moisture and he can feel almost everything but *not quite* and Shane's melting into the bed and his hips are stuttering and then Ilya yanks his boxers off and swallows him down and Shane is already six feet under.

He thinks he shouts but he doesn't quite know. He *does* know his grip is a vice around Ilya's hand, short nails digging into skin as his cock nudges the back of Ilya's throat.

"Oh, *God*," he whines, long and needy, and there's no breath left to complain when Ilya pulls off him, a sparkle in his eye. The only sound Shane can make is a bereft grunt.

"No God here," Ilya tells him, letting the head of Shane's cock brush against his cheek. "Only me, yes?"

There's a beat.

Then Shane bursts out laughing, throwing his arm over his eyes, and he can feel Ilya's mirth too, chest against his, and Ilya swallows the sound of Shane's snorts with his mouth. Shane

can taste himself on Ilya's tongue and it's heady and perfect, but when Ilya pulls away he suddenly can't handle the distance.

"No," he says as Ilya begins to shift back down, and Ilya tilts his head.

"No?"

"No," Shane repeats as he pulls Ilya back up, capturing his mouth, open and dirty. "Want you here," he tells him when they finally break apart.

"M here," Ilya murmurs, nose dragging against Shane's, and Shane's heart is so full he's worried he's going to explode. He lets his hand trace down, rucking up the hem of Ilya's shirt, and he fumbles with the button of Ilya's pants, struggling-

"Off," he grunts, and Ilya complies, and then Shane gets his hand around Ilya and he sighs happily, the thick shape of Ilya's dick as familiar to him as breathing. It's dry, a little uncomfortable, and Shane's mouth is kind of dry and he's struggling to comprehend how to make it smoother but Ilya is quicker, reaching over him for the lube.

It's instantly better. Ilya's head falls to Shane's shoulder, ragged gasps escaping him, and Shane drags his mouth over the curve of Ilya's ear, over his cheekbone, and then Ilya shifts, capturing both of their cocks in his big hand and forget whatever Shane said about dying and going to heaven, because *this* is it, their shafts dragging against each other, the pads of Ilya's fingers shifting against both of them.

"Shane," Ilya groans in his ear, and Shane strains his neck until he can feel Ilya's mouth against his, sighing into it. It's not really a kiss, they're both open mouthed and panting and Ilya is mumbling something in Russian that Shane could probably translate if he wasn't so distracted, and the sound of Ilya's voice, low and desperate and overwhelming is enough to send Shane over the edge.

"Oh, God," Ilya continues, rutting through Shane's orgasm. Shane's name is a prayer in Ilya's mouth, again and again and again, until Ilya's come joins Shane's on their stomachs, ropes and ropes of it.

"Fuck," Shane says a few moments later, blinking away the vaguest sense of dizziness.

"Too high," Ilya mumbles next to him. "Maybe later."

The laughter they share is breathless and divine.

Ilya Rozanov lives inside Shane's skin, and on top of it, and any myriad of other ways Shane can't name. He's stitched into the fabric of Shane's life, he's tucked up inside of Shane's heart, and Shane doesn't think he could remove him even if he wanted to.

End Notes

i wrote this when i was high can you tell

@gormlessboy on twitter & tumblr

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