

Shine a light and make it bright

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Shine a light and make it bright

by [OleanderWonder](#)

Summary

The elevator doors dinged open as soon as he pressed the button—the first blessing of the night. Ilya stepped inside, pushed the button for his floor and leaned back against the mirror-covered wall. He pulled out his phone and if he checked his messages it wasn't because he wanted to see if "Jane" had finally broken his silence; no. It was because—

A second before the doors closed, a hand darted through between them, forcing them to hiccup to a stop and slide open again. Ilya rolled his eyes. He really didn't feel like sharing this one moment of silence he'd earned so he put on the sourest face he could muster to signal his true and honest feelings on any sort of interaction that may be forced upon him.

And that's the look that Shane fucking Hollander got to see as soon as the doors opened again.

Notes

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

Ilya felt restless. Very much like a caged animal, taken out to be paraded around and to have people ooh and aah at him which, under usual circumstances, he was more than equipped to handle. See, people had this image of Ilya Rozanov in their heads and it wasn't a hard one to uphold or project but tonight? Tonight it felt like a mask. Like he was consciously aware of every facial expression, every gesture, every word he had to say about Shane Hollander and, worst of all, *to* Shane Hollander; because the press was seemingly obsessed with them, and the fact that they happened to both attend the same event only fed their hunger.

So he did his thing; he smiled, shook hands, posed for photos and said as few words as he could possibly say, and as soon as all that circus was done, he slipped away and headed to the hotel lobby. Bad time to have stopped smoking; the shapeless itch gnawed at him relentlessly and he briefly considered going outside just to get some air if he wouldn't light a cigarette—but the guy who walked out just ahead of him had a pack already in his hand and Ilya knew he couldn't resist the urge to ask to bum a smoke.

And that was the problem, wasn't it? Old habits die hard, and giving up was just not in his nature.

Up to his room it was, then.

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“Uhh,” said Hollander, looking like a deer in the headlights. Flustered. Like he was ready to bolt if Ilya made any sudden moves. “I'll take the next one.”

“Really.”

Hollander didn't respond; he just stood there, as gorgeous as ever, maybe a little moreso in his neat, good boy suit with his good boy tie and his shiny, good boy shoes. He stood and stared and Ilya's heart felt like silly putty in the hands of a hyperactive toddler. The doors began to close.

Ilya put his hand out, stopping them again.

“Just get in,” he said, and Hollander just— did.

“Going up?”

“Yes,” Ilya said. “Floor?”

“Twelve,” said Hollander, reaching for the panel at the same time Ilya did, but pulling his hand away as if any contact, accidental or not, would have burned his flesh.

The elevator finally lurched upward and the floor dipped under his feet in that familiar, fleeting way, stomach rising a fraction of a second behind the motion. Hollander began looking everywhere but at Ilya.

Ilya, who squared his jaw, and whose itchiness was almost making him boil.

“So,” he said, looking at Hollander who was seemingly very invested in watching the floor numbers go up, “Rose Landry, huh?”

Hollander did his stoic little act and said nothing—not with words, anyway.

“I’d fuck her,” said Ilya with a casual shrug. She *was* pretty hot.

“Okay.”

The hum of the elevator faltered, thinned, and the smooth upward pull stopped so abruptly that Ilya’s weight shifted forward, knees locking on instinct. Beside him, Hollander’s hand flew out to catch himself on the wall as the car jolted and stopped.

“Fuck,” Hollander got out.

“Is nothing, elevators do this,” said Ilya, and leaned in to press the button for his floor again.

“They don’t. Or at least they’re not supposed to.” Hollander finally got closer then, to have a better angle to press the bell button on the panel.

Stubborn by nature, Ilya pressed the button to open the doors.

“What are you doing? It can’t open the doors, we’re between floors!”

“I thought maybe they open. They sometimes open,” Ilya insisted.

“What kind of elevators have you been in?”

“Old ones,” said Ilya, because he has. “One time when it got stuck between floors like this I opened the doors and climbed out; I have good core strength.”

“That’s—insanely dangerous. And stupid.”

Ilya shrugged. “No button to call for help, no one to come anyway.” He was visiting a friend and there were seven of them scrunched up in an elevator that supposedly only held five. They were teenagers so they didn’t care; in fact, them being teenagers who didn’t care was exactly what put them in that position—Max started jumping and then they all joined in, and they were all surprised when the elevator said fuck them and stopped between floors. The doors opened like a harmonica, and he was the first to crawl out, if only because he didn’t

want to share space with those other idiots. And because he knew all adults in the building were at work, no one would find them for hours. “You know I like trouble.”

Hollander just shook his head, pressing the bell button insistently.

“You are in a rush to get out of here,” Ilya pointed out.

“It’s not— I don’t like this.”

“Are you having a panic attack?”

“What? No; I just don’t like being stuck in elevators, I don’t think anyone does.”

“Elevators are very safe; someone told me they’re the safest place to be in case of earthquake.”

“That’s just— that’s incredibly not true; who told you that?”

“Elevator repair man,” Ilya said. He smiled.

Hollander cracked half a smile too, before catching himself and nervously attacking that button again.

“If anyone’s listening to that alarm they heard it the first hundred times you pressed the button, no need to peel the paint off it.”

“There’s no paint—”

The elevator kicked back into motion without warning. Ilya’s stomach dropped hard as the floor surged upward beneath him, the sudden pull momentarily disorienting. He swayed, weight lagging behind the movement, and beside him Hollander reached out on instinct, fingers closing around Ilya’s arm to steady himself. For a breathless second they were connected, and Ilya’s arm burned under the touch.

“See? No need to panic.”

“I wasn’t panicking,” Hollander protested.

The upward motion stopped, gently this time, and the doors dinged open on the twelfth floor.

Hollander let go of his arm.

Ilya just wanted to grab him, to pull him into his arms and to never let him go. Not again.

“You coming?” Hollander stepped out of the elevator in a rush, looking back.

“I’m on fourteen.”

Incredulous, Hollander stared at him. “And you want to stay in there?”

He did, actually. “Good point,” he says instead, and steps out.

So he got out.

Stalemate.

Hollander didn't move. Ilya didn't move. They just stood outside that elevator like idiots, until Hollander started looking around.

"Do you want to—" A breath, a small shake of his head. "Come to my room?"

"Do you?"

Hollander looked at him with those brown, pleading eyes, then nodded softly. He then turned and walked swiftly down the long hallway, retrieving his key-card before he was even in front of his door. He swiped it, opened the door, then ushered Ilya inside.

Same room as his own, of course. Same decor, just slightly different generic paintings on the wall. Ilya stopped in the little hallway, unsure. Tense.

Hollander, on the other hand, went right in, right past him like he wanted to put distance between them, then stopped in the middle of the room.

"Want something to drink? The minibar's fully stocked; we have, uh—" He leaned to look into the minibar that was indeed pretty well stocked, inadvertently giving Ilya a great view of his ass as the tails of his jacket rode up. "There's vodka, Jägermeister—"

"No."

"There's beer too, if—"

"Hollander."

"They also have snacks," says Hollander who suddenly didn't seem to know how to handle silence, as well as conversation.

"Hollander. Stop."

Hollander got back up, avoiding his gaze.

"I don't want anything," said Ilya.

A beat.

"Look, about the last time, I don't know—"

"You don't have to explain."

This seemed to calm Hollander down, but only for a moment. They're silent now, in a hotel room, and Ilya realized they've never been in a hotel room together without it leading to fucking. Hollander must have had the same realization, because the air got heavy all of a

sudden, filled with static, this electricity they always exuded when they were together. The thing that brought them together and kept them in each other's orbit for all these years.

It happened like it's happened every single time since that first time; a breath, a look, and they both knew what was going to happen before any of them set into motion. They launched into each other, meeting halfway, hands in each other's hair before their lips even touched.

And— yes; this is it, this is what Ilya wanted all along. He kissed Hollander with the pent-up need of months, of *years* of longing; he kissed him and Hollander kissed him back and it was needy and hot and then Hollander moaned and he couldn't— he couldn't stand this. He grabbed Hollander's waist, then pushed him back towards the bed, then changed his mind and leaned in to pick him up; he couldn't make up his mind, couldn't keep his hands off him, his mouth.

Somehow, they made it to the bed, although some clothes got lost on the small distance there. Ilya's formerly pressed jacket got tossed on the floor somewhere, as did Hollander's tie; he didn't want to wait for Hollander to take his clothes off and fold them so he practically ripped his jacket and shirt off of him with only the weakest of protests and pleas to be careful. He wasn't; he didn't want to be.

Because he didn't want vodka or snacks just like he didn't want the hot new girl of the week; all he ever wanted was on that bed, sprawled out beneath him.

This was easy, this he knew.

He made quick work of opening Hollander's pants, then leaned in to mouth at the delicious shape of his cock as it was filling up underneath the cotton. He missed this; he's missed him so much he didn't even know how to put it into words—so he didn't. He lowered the waistband of Hollander's briefs enough to get to that cock that he's missed so much, and then wrapped his lips around him.

Fingers in his hair, curses from above. He was better at this than Hollander and he never said no to an opportunity to demonstrate; once he's found how he liked to be touched, how he keened high and shuddered when Ilya teased the sensitive vee under the head of his cock, he couldn't not do it again and again. He'd gotten bolder lately, began to enjoy fucking Ilya's mouth and the muscles of his thighs were tense with how hard he was trying not to do it. His skin was hot through his clothes, hotter still in Ilya's mouth; he writhed, arched off the mattress but Ilya couldn't have him come just yet, this couldn't end so soon. So he took him deep one last time, pulled out slowly, then crawled up to kiss him.

"Fuck, Rozanov," whispered Hollander, painting kisses along his jaw, his forehead. He sneaked a hand between them and cupped Ilya's cock through his briefs, making him moan and thrust into it. "Will you—"

Ilya looked up and into Hollander's eyes and couldn't take the effect they had on him. Like his heart was being pulled apart and he had to steel himself to hold it together.

"Fuck," Ilya whispered.

“Yeah, fuck me,” said Hollander, and the words shot like lightning down his spine, settling deep in his gut, his need compounding. “Shit, I don’t— I don’t have anything, I didn’t think —”

Ilya wanted it; he wanted *him*, needed him like he needed to breathe and he couldn’t think; all he could do was to hastily push his briefs down, freeing his cock, and to grind down against Hollander’s. A shudder. A moan, it didn’t matter whose; they began rutting into each other, Hollander’s hands gripping his ass, pulling him closer.

Hot skin, hot air between them, the sweetness of Hollander’s moans; Ilya slowed his hips to a lazy roll, still unwilling to let this be over so soon. He couldn’t take his eyes off Hollander, how fucking good he looked like this, a slave to pleasure. And he did this; Ilya did. He made Hollander look this— disheveled, open, flushed, he made his thighs open like petals, welcoming him, pulling him closer.

And— God, his mouth. He joked about how good Hollander was at sucking dick but kissing? He’s always loved kissing but no one made him light up from the inside like Hollander did. And, because he didn’t know what to do with that feeling, he buried it in the crook of Hollander’s neck in between peppered kisses.

His *smell*. Not the faintly spicy cologne, not the shower gel that Ilya could almost fool himself he could still taste on his skin, no—this was something proprietary to him, this is how Hollander smelled, and Ilya couldn’t find the words to describe it in Russian or in English. Not in words, but in the way it made him feel—hungry yet sated at the same time. A little mad. Like he would do anything to smell this forever.

“Did you just—” Hollander moved then, raising a little off the mattress. “Did you just sniff me?”

“No,” Ilya lied. And then he looked at Hollander, the way he was propped up on his elbow, staring at him. Heaving chest, kissed-red lips, a curious look in his eye and Ilya’s heart skipped a beat. He fucked up.

Fuck. He got too close. Too much. This was— This was how he chased him away last time. This wasn’t— *romantic*. This was fucking.

Something started happening to the air in the room, it was suddenly too thick; or to his lungs, unwilling to expand enough to let air in. Or his throat, at the very back the air just— was there but not enough and was he dizzy? Ilya blinked once, twice, swallowed hard, then got up. To his haunches first, then he turned around which made the whole room look funny, and then he was on his feet and what was that noise? That thin shrill right in his ear.

Hollander was talking but it sounded far away, like muffled through cotton. He got up, dick still hanging out which probably shouldn’t have taken as much of Ilya’s focus but there he was, staring at his dick and breathing through his nose.

“Rozanov, you okay?”

“Mhm,” he hummed. He blinked.

“Hey. Look at me.”

“Am looking.”

Hollander was right beside him then, hands on his arms and Ilya realized he had been swaying a bit, and the hands held him steady.

“Are you having a panic attack?”

“No. I don’t panic. Or have attacks.”

“Okay. Look at me?”

He *was* looking.

“Breathe,” said Hollander. His voice was clearer now, soft and calm. “Three-three-three, okay?”

Ilya nodded, even though he had no idea what the hell Hollander was on about. He was so fucking pretty.

“Tell me three things you can see.”

“What?”

“Look around and tell me three things that you can see,” said Hollander.

“Uhh— “ Ilya looked around. “Chair. Bed,” he started listing. He swallowed. “You.”

“Good. Very good. Breathe; you’re okay, okay?”

So fucking pretty.

“I know I’m okay,” he protested.

“Now tell me three things that you hear.”

“I’m fine, Hollander.” It didn’t feel like a lie. His throat still feels choked up, but it wasn’t—it wasn’t the same. This wasn’t— whatever that was. This was just his body’s reaction to looking at Hollander. “I’m fine, I am— tired. Long flight, little sleep. Champagne.”

“Don’t be stubborn. Tell me; three things you can hear.”

“You. Talking to me,” he said. *Not a lot of that happening lately*, he thought. Oh shit, his throat was closing again. “I should go.”

Hollander’s fingers tightened around Ilya’s arms. He gave a small huff of laughter.

“That’s my line.”

Ilya just shook his head. Yeah this wasn’t—

“Talk to me,” insisted Hollander, with a small squeeze of his fingers.

“I don’t—” Ilya shrugged. “I don’t know what you want,” he added, probably the most honest thing he’s said to Hollander in— ever. And just as scary as all the other things.

“You,” said Hollander. He didn’t even take a second to think.

“Do you?”

“I’m sorry,” Hollander said, too many seconds later. “I don’t know— I don’t know how to do this.”

“And you think I do?”

“Yes?” Hollander was still not letting him go, which was probably the only thing that was keeping Ilya inside his skin and not peeling out and away like he wanted to. “You know—you know who you are, you’re Ilya Rozanov and you’re cocky and rude and you like girls and you have a whole rota of them to fuck and, and— “

“Is this about girls? Is this why you started seeing Rose Landry?”

“What? No; that kinda just— happened.”

Ilya just nodded. “Just happened.”

“We’re not together anymore,” said Hollander. “It, uh, didn’t work out.”

“Was it because she was—”

“Because she was not you.”

And, see. Ilya was easy. In many ways, but easy when it came to Hollander; he was drawn to him from the first moment he saw him, and every time after that only served to make it stronger. On any day, hearing this would have made him giggle on the inside like a schoolgirl; but now? Now he feels like his chest doesn’t hold enough space for all that he feels for this— infuriating Canadian that’s monopolized his every thought.

This guy that’s had his heart on a leash and didn’t even seem to know it.

But Ilya was a little— his mouth couldn’t say all the things that were in his head, let alone those that were in his heart, so what he said instead was a soft, questioning, “Yeah?”

“Yeah,” said Hollander. “I can’t stop thinking about you. And I don’t know how to do this because—” He shrugged. “It’s complicated, you know?”

“I know,” said Ilya. He did; he knew very well. He knew the weight he had to carry and how everything would crumble if this got out. Some nights, though, some nights when both his body and his mind were exhausted, worn out and frayed, he thought about saying fuck it to it all and just leaning into the thing that made him happy.

The *man* who made him happy.

Softly, tentative, Ilya touched his palm to the middle of Hollander's chest. He splayed his fingers there, feeling the soft, rhythmic thud of his heart. It felt grounding.

"Don't go," said Hollander, a half-plea, half-command.

"I won't if you won't," he said.

End Notes

And they didn't.

Hope you enjoyed my first offering in this lovely fandom; these two have crashed into my life and attacked me with gay hockey IN MY OWN HOME a couple of weeks ago and I couldn't stop thinking about them (I tried).

The elevator bit is inspired by my own experience of living in Eastern European "communist apartment buildings" whose elevators broke more often than they worked. Jumping in one of those babies is a big no-no; ask me how I know.

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