

drunk and honest

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drunk and honest

by [Raverin2](#)

Summary

Shane gets drunk, way too drunk, and as they say, drunk words are sober thoughts. Shane has always been more open and unfiltered when drunk, which is why he doesn't drink often, but he needed it... until he's alone with Ilya in his bed in the morning and everything comes back in flashes of pure vulnerability.

Notes

Based on a [Tumblr](#) poll I did, I finally, **finally** finished it! Hope you enjoy!! <3<3<3

I might write a part two in Ilya's point of view, if anyone's interested!

Currently Unedited due to major migraine and wanting to get this out before the show comes out because I'll probably be watching it in the morning instead. :'(

<3

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

Shane has been drinking, of course he has.

Tonight, of all nights, he needed it.

He and Ilya are in the same place, went to the same bar, and he got to watch Ilya dance with a pretty brunette, grinding into her, and kissing at her neck.

So, yeah, he got shitfaced for the first time in a very long time, and now he's slumped in the elevator of his hotel, waiting for the doors to close and take him to his floor.

As the elevator doors whir, Shane hears a very familiar voice speak, "Hollander?"

He lifts his head, vision slightly blurred, but those eyes are right there.

Those fucking eyes that he dreams about.

Shane doesn't respond, he can't because he's certain that the brunette is with Rozanov, and he won't let that jealousy, that hurt show.

His emotions are always too high when it comes to Ilya fucking Rozanov, and even when he tries to be perfect for his parents, following every single goddamn thing he's told, he can't because the reality is that he's a shattered mirror laid at Ilya's feet.

He wants to be Ilya's, and that's a reflection he'll never have.

So, he doesn't speak, just drops his head forward again and tries to breathe as the elevator finally starts moving.

"Hollander, are you okay? Why you look upset? Who made you cry?" Ilya's voice is quiet, and Shane's certain it's got to do with people being around them, so he looks up, trying to gauge their audience.

Only... He doesn't see anyone aside from them.

Not even the brunette he was sure Ilya was taking back with him tonight.

"Why do you care?" the question slurs out of his mouth as he finally, properly, looks at Ilya.

He watches something akin to worry dance through those eyes before they turn cold as ice.

As they should.

Shane ended things horribly last time because hearing his name from those lips made him realize exactly what he wanted, even if he didn't know himself, he knew what he wanted in that moment.

And it was **wrong**.

Falling for Ilya was never the problem, could never be the problem.

Something this right can't be wrong, and Shane knows that.

But where they are, in this life, in the world, loving each other is wrong enough to screw over not only their careers but quite possibly themselves as well.

There are too many negatives, and Shane wants to fight against them, he aches to fight against them, but he can't fight alone.

He's not strong enough, the world has more than shown him that.

Even when he tried to be, he failed, and failure is something he cannot accept when it comes to Ilya. Not like that, not with the love he can feel thumping in his chest like his heart only beats for Ilya.

"Don't. Why would I? Hm? You are drunk, not my problem. Is your teammates problem," his voice is cold, but it wavers, and Shane apparently isn't drunk enough to miss it.

Though he wonders if he could ever be intoxicated enough to miss anything when it comes to Ilya fucking Rozanov.

"Exactly, so stop talking to me," hisses Shane as he tries to raise walls that had long been decimated by Ilya's care. "You don't care, you never have, and you never will. Not even when I want— Just... I need to take the stairs."

It's stupid, to speak when he's drunk.

Shane knows all too well how quickly his filter disappears when alcohol is in the mix.

But he still reaches for the button anyway to hit the next number that should come up, only for his wrist to be grabbed as Ilya says, "No chance in hell, Hollander. You would fall down stairs."

"God, you're— you are insufferable! You know that?! I just— I hate how badly I want— Fuck," groans Shane as his head tips back with a harsh thunk, rattling his brain enough to momentarily feel clear-headed. "Fuck it."

Shane reaches out with his other hand and drags Ilya in with two fingers twisted in his necklace, all the way in until their noses are touching.

He watches Ilya's eyes blow wide, feels more than hears the catch in his breath, and then he tips his head and kisses the man. It's mostly chaste, just an aching need to feel his lips again, but Shane doesn't want it to stay chaste. So, he nips at Ilya's bottom lip, only to feel the Russian jerk as he pushes away.

He doesn't let go though, and neither does Shane.

"We're in public, Hollander," says Ilya as though Shane needs a reminder of where they are.

Shane knows exactly where they are.

The difference is that he's too drunk to give a fuck because being sober means being a coward that's too focused on perfection than what he wants.

And maybe that's idiotic to say because he hasn't even came out to his parents, so doing this and getting caught would be a ridiculous explosion that would probably have him hiding anyway.

But he wants.

So badly, Shane **wants**.

And right now, damn the consequences, damn logic, damn the world.

He's going to get what he wants.

So, Shane drags Ilya back into another kiss, this time it's not chaste as he meets Ilya just as his lips part again, and the groan that leaves him is loud in the whirring elevator. But Ilya groans in response, and everything finally feels perfect as the other man takes full control, owning Shane in the way only he can.

But Ilya pulls away.

Again.

"Public, Hollander. Sober you would be pissed," groans Ilya as he fights to keep their distance despite the way Shane is trying, fucking *trying*, to get him to kiss him again.

Shane lets go of the necklace when it gets too taut because he knows what it means to Ilya, or at least he has an idea of what it means. Even if it hasn't been said aloud yet.

"Ilya," whines Shane as he slides his fingers into dark, blond curls. "Sober me is a coward."

"Sober you is amazing, drunk you is problem," sighs Ilya as his other hand slides down to grip Shane's hip. "Why you kiss me in public, Shane?"

"Because I'm tired," huffs Shane as he looks at Ilya, truly looks at him despite the swimming vision of too much alcohol. "Am tired of acting like I don't crave you in every way. Tired of not being able to kiss you whenever I want to, not just in hidden places. Tired of being scared of what I want and running from it to avoid breaking. I'll break, it's okay, sober me will break after this. But sober me needs this as much as drunk me does, Ilya Rozanov."

"Shane Hollander, you are idiot," breathes Ilya as he shakes his head before leaning in and kissing him.

Slowly.

Lips parting gently, hesitantly, even with the nips and the feel of Ilya's tongue sliding slowly across them. It's so fucking slow, making the heat in Shane's veins build rather than explode instantaneously.

Build upwards until he's panting, until all he wants is for Ilya to own him more. Not just soft and slow and filled with emotion but harsh and fast and filled with lust.

Shane wants both.

Ilya can give him both.

But he's not yet, and Shane whimpers about it as Ilya pulls away to press a gentle kiss to his nose.

"Ilya," Shane's voice cracks on his name, everything becoming too much.

"You will come to my room, you will sleep in my arms, and in morning, you will listen to me. Okay, Shane Hollander?" Ilya presses their foreheads together, noses brushing as he speaks in a firm tone that makes Shane's head go fuzzy in the sweetest way.

He doesn't have to make a decision, he just has to listen to Ilya, and he will.

"Okay, Ilya Rozanov," breathes Shane just before the elevator grinds to a halt.

They pull apart, aside from the hand that Shane attaches to the back of Ilya's shirt, pinching the material between his fingers.

He doesn't really remember the walk to the room, or getting into the bed, which is probably why, when he wakes up with his head on Ilya's chest and held tightly around the waist, he yelps and tumbles right out of the bed.

"Fuck," hisses Shane as he rubs at the back of his head that hit the side table with a thunk.

"Hollander, you falling for me again?" Ilya's tired voice is filled with amusement as he appears over the edge of the bed. "How did you end up on floor?"

"I— Why— You could've taken me to my room," says Shane in lieu of actually responding because he doesn't really know where he should go as last night flashes through his mind like a cringe-worthy movie.

He is so stupidly forward when he's drunk, holy shit.

"Did not know where was your room, Hollander. Besides, you seemed very intent on making out with me in elevator. I decided we needed to talk," replies Ilya through a yawn as he presses his chin into the bed, snorting when Shane starts pouting.

"Yeah, you said you'd talk, and I'd listen. I know. But I was a mess last night. What do you want to talk to me about after that?" asks Shane as he drops his head forward, bringing his knees to his chest to hide his embarrassment.

"Because you seemed to think I did not feel anything," explains Ilya softly as he looks at him before he heaves a big sigh. Shane watches, uncertainly as Ilya sits up, slides off the bed, and settles into the space between himself and the bed. "You think I am fine after you ran? You

think that did not hurt? Shane Hollander, you think I want you to stay away? To not be with me? You are wrong, but I want to know why you think so."

"I think that you can and have had anyone you want," says Shane quietly, a bit brokenly as he looks at Ilya. He has to swallow hard to fight back the tears because he needs to say this, needs to understand. "I have only been with a few others that could never measure up to you. I think I'm the one in love, and I don't... I don't know what you feel because we don't do vulnerability. You don't stay, and I—I have to force myself not to. I just—I just don't understand why you want to talk when— You told me about your conquests last time, Ilya, you don't need to me to satisfy you when you have so many willing people who could and would if you wanted them to."

"I do not want them!" exclaims Ilya as he reaches an arm out and curves his hand around Shane's cheek. "I have not slept with anyone since you left after tuna melts. I do not want to sleep with anyone else they not you. They are not Shane Hollander."

"You haven't slept with anyone? You? The Ilya Rozanov celibate? The tabloids would laugh," mutters Shane in his disbelief, even as he feels hope and love swell within him. "It's a bit hard to believe, even if my heart already does."

"You want to ask someone who's been with me entire time? I could call Svetlana, she picked me up, kick my ass and then let me cry. Or Marlow? He has been menace about this. I can give you numbers," says Ilya with a wet chuckle of understanding, and it breaks Shane's heart.

"I trust you, Ilya," replies Shane seriously as he leans into the hand still resting against his cheek. He brings his own hand up to rest on it, letting their fingers gently intertwine. "It's hard to believe, but you don't lie to me. At least, not about this. You were honest from day one about your experiences."

"Never lie to you," says Ilya honestly as he moves closer, sliding over to Shane's right so that he can press their foreheads together. "I'm in love too, Shane Hollander."

"You— You are?" asks Shane quietly as their noses brush. "I wanna say it.. I'm in love with you, Ilya Rozanov."

"I am in love with you too, Shane Hollander," breathes Ilya as he pulls back just enough to properly nuzzle their noses together. "We figure out rest later, Da? I kiss you now."

"Please," whispers Shane as their lips brush on the word before Ilya does exactly what he said.

Shane loves kissing Ilya Rozanov more than he ever would've imagined. He loses himself in it, uncaring about what has to be dealt with next, what comes next.

All that matters is the way Ilya licks into his mouth, hands sliding from his face to his hip and his throat, and the pleasure filled noises already escaping.

End Notes

Thank you for reading, and don't forget to let me know what you think! I know the comments are moderated, but I do respond to comments, friends! Comments along with Kudos make my entire day!

Let me know if you want to see Ilya's point of view! <3<3

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