

A Little Bit Harder Now

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A Little Bit Harder Now

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Summary

“I know, I know. They’re so bad for me and I didn’t even bring them. Fuck my diet. Ugh, I’m just-“

“Hollander, is weed brownies,” Ilya said, jaw agape. “Haas brought them. Is special brownies.”

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A stressed Shane Hollander tucks into some brownies at a party, unaware that they have an added ingredient. His boyfriend is not prepared for his reaction, nor is anyone else.

Notes

First Hollanov fic I made on a whim? Idk but enjoy anyways. This is not a smut fic im sorry people but it gets very close.

Shane Hollander did not love parties. In fact, it could be argued that he didn't even like them. They were, of course, a staple of hockey culture, probably of sports culture in general. So over the years he'd been to lots. And he usually spent them as he was spending this one, awkwardly slotted into the corner, nodding his head to the music.

Ilya loved parties. And he was really fucking good at them. Shane couldn't help but admire him now, dirty blonde curls falling over his forehead, a smirk on his face as he teased one of his teammates. He was just a little tipsy, and he looked so good like that. Just a little looser, a little freer.

Shane looked over to the corner of the room, where he saw Hayden and Jackie dancing amongst many other couples. A rare night off for them. Hayden was very drunk already, and when he looked up and caught Shane's eye he winked. Shane gave him a short smile, but his stomach twisted a little. He wished he and Ilya could dance like that, in front of everyone. All of a sudden the thumping music was too loud, like a drum pounding directly on his skull. His skin was too flushed and the clothes on top of him were too invasive.

He ducked away suddenly, retreating to the kitchen. He hadn't been sure about this party at all, but it was after the Centaurs and Montreal game, and JJ had invited both teams, as a show of good will. Or maybe he just wanted an excuse to torment Ilya a bit, as some sort of bizarre retribution for Shane's "unrequited" crush. He felt a little ill at the thought, though Ilya found it hilarious.

The Centaurs had lost, which always left Ilya in an odd mood. Unhappy, but not quite willing to admit it. And he'd wanted Shane to come with him to the party and well, Shane couldn't think of a reason not to. Not that he didn't enjoy watching Ilya like this, sociable and teasing, driving everyone mad. He was so endearing.

Shane was in love with him, and almost no one knew it. And he couldn't dance with him, couldn't kiss him, couldn't do anything. And he knew why, and he was the one insistent on their shared secret, but right now he hated himself for it. He just wanted to show everyone how much he loved his boyfriend. His throat was tight and his palms were sweaty and he needed some time to think, to process.

Shane stood in the kitchen, which was filled to the brim with beer and other forms of alcohol, as well as a few scattered platters of food. Shane ran a hand through his hair as he spotted a plate of brownies. They looked fudgy and delicious, and Shane really should not have one. He was on a macrobiotic diet, and brownies were probably the worst thing he could put in his body right now. Besides maybe drugs. But he found he didn't care about that right now. It was one night. He could have one night.

He meant to eat one. Really, he did. However, he'd underestimated just how good these brownies would be. It was like an orgasm on his tongue and after months of eating healthy, flavourless slop he found his self control lacking. He ate four.

After he'd absolutely devoured the fourth one, he stepped away from the counter to marvel at the absolute carnage in front of him. He'd left crumbs, smears of chocolate on the plate. He

felt a little bit ashamed, and he knew that feeling would multiply in the coming minutes. But he did feel better. Like he could brave the rest of this night without being sick on the floor.

He turned and wiped the brownie residue off his face with some kitchen towel, running his tongue over his teeth to clean away the crumbs.

“Shane?” Ilya’s voice called out and he spun around, feeling like a child caught with his hand in the cookie jar.

His boyfriend looked really good. In a black tank top, with that loon tattoo evident against his muscular frame. Shane’s stomach flipped in a way that reminded him of their first encounters, when he was a terrified nineteen year old with no idea what he was doing.

“Hey!” He said, flushing a little. His greeting came out a little more enthusiastic than he’d meant it to, and Ilya frowned a little.

“What are you-“ Ilya walked towards him, then stopped as he took in the half devoured plate of brownies.

Shane felt a flash of shame and looked down, embarrassment curling its claws around his stomach. “I know, I know. They’re so bad for me and I didn’t even bring them. Fuck my diet. Ugh, I’m just-“

“Hollander, is weed brownies,” Ilya said, jaw agape. “Haas brought them. Is special brownies.”

Shane’s eyes widened and he looked over at the plate. “What?”

“How many did you eat?” Ilya asked.

“Like, I don’t know, four?” Shane panicked, glancing down at his hands. There were remnants of brownie crumbs on his hands.

Ilya laughed, and he had to cover his mouth with his hand to stop himself. “You eat four?” He snorted, shaking his head. “Shane, you are fucked.”

“Don’t say that! How many- how much weed is in these?” Shane looked around wildly. Oh God, was he about to be high? He never did things like that. Not since his last injury, when he’d been hopped up on painkillers.

Ilya was still laughing, but after seeing Shane’s worried expression, he seemed to steel himself. “I will take you home, yes? I think maybe is not good idea for you to stay at this party high.” He giggled again, trying to hide how amused he was.

Shane’s ears went pink. “I’m sorry,” he said miserably. “I know you wanted to stay at this party.” He suddenly felt a little teary. Maybe the weed was already kicking in.

Ilya’s expression softened and he took a hold of Shane’s arm gently. “Is okay, I don’t mind. Party is boring anyways. JJ said he will fight me.”

Shane looked up. "What?!"

"I will tell him we are leaving. And I will say sorry to Haas for all his brownies being eaten," Ilya continued.

Shane blinked. "I should be the one to say sorry. I'm the one who ate them all."

Ilya hesitated. "I'm not sure you should be talking much. You should stay here until we go."

"Noo, I need to say goodbye to Hayden," Shane said. His voice came out very whiny but he meant what he was saying. He didn't just want to Irish goodbye on his best friend.

Ilya scowled. "Goodbye because we are never seeing him again?" He said hopefully.

Shane shook his head. "No."

Ilya sighed. "Fine, okay. We will say goodbye."

He walked out of the kitchen and Shane followed him obediently, reaching out to hold on to his sleeve. He was starting to feel just the tiniest bit dizzy. He looked at the floor and blanched. Was it swimming? The ground suddenly didn't feel so solid.

"JJ!" Ilya called out cheerfully, approaching the Montreal player, who looked as though he was about to punch him. "I am taking Hollander home. He ate all of Haas' brownies. By accident."

Haas, who was sitting on one of the couches drinking, looked up suddenly. "He did what?"

"Noo, I had four," Shane explained, trying to lean on Ilya for support. He couldn't help but slide his hands over his strong shoulders. Ilya stiffened.

JJ saw this and shot Shane a sympathetic look. Oh right, his unrequited crush. He wanted to tell JJ that it was not unrequited and they were in love and they were going to fuck like crazy once they got home. However, Ilya's expression warned him that was not an ideal thing to say at this moment in time.

"Maybe I should take him back, you've had a bit to drink," JJ said, like he wasn't swaying on his feet.

"No, no is okay. I called cab, it's coming. I will ride with Hollander, I don't think he will be able to get home by himself," Ilya explained.

"Are you coming back then?" Haas questioned.

Shane was staring at Ilya's beautiful curls, golden under the pulsing lights. It reminded him of renaissance paintings, of the little cherubs with their arrows. He reached out and gently wrapped one of the curls around his finger.

Ilya flinched away, darting his gaze to JJ and a confused Haas. He barked a laugh, a flicker of panic in his eyes.

Shane turned his head slightly and spotted Hayden, who'd stopped dancing and was taking another shot. He smiled and stumbled towards him, feeling as though he was on a ship in the middle of a storm. The ground swayed beneath him, lurching violently with each step. He almost collapsed on top of Hayden when he reached him.

"Woah, hey, Buddy," Hayden slurred. "Had a lot to drink?"

"I ate four weed brownies and Ilya is taking me home," Shane giggled into his ear.

Hayden blinked. "What?"

Shane glanced over his shoulder, where Ilya was quickly moving towards him. "Isn't he so sexy?" He poked Hayden.

His best friend looked horrified. "I think you should go home." He looked around in case anyone else had heard, which Shane thought was sweet. He really wanted to protect their secret.

"He's taking me home, I told you," Shane frowned. "Were you not listening?"

Ilya appeared next to him suddenly, placing a steadying hand on his shoulder. His whole body melted into the touch. It was too casual. He hated it. "I am taking Shane home now. He is very uh- high."

Hayden nodded. "Good idea," he slurred.

"We're gonna fuuuck," Shane giggled, sticking out his tongue wildly.

Hayden's eyes were very wide. He looked a little ill. "Um." He turned to Ilya for help, who'd gotten a little flushed.

"We're going to go now," Ilya said hurriedly, steering Shane away from Hayden and towards the door. Shane laughed at his expression. He was so handsome. How was he Shane's boyfriend?

"You're blushing," he teased Ilya as he pulled open the door.

The Russian looked horrified. "No I am not. I do not do this. Is very hot in here."

Shane lurched forward and wrapped his arms around Ilya, burying his face into his chest. He breathed him in. He was so warm and solid. Not like everything else, blurry and pulsing. He felt Ilya's hand on his waist, and one on his shoulder. He gently pushed Shane away, and he whinged a little at the loss of contact.

"Cab is here. You should not- try to be quiet, please," Rosanov pinched the bridge of his nose with his fingers, but Shane could see him fighting a smile.

"You like it when I'm loud," Shane protested, stabbing an accusing finger into Ilya's perfectly rounded chest.

His boyfriend glanced around wildly, trying to lead him to the direction of the cab. “Yes, but now try to be very quiet, okay? You can be as loud as you want when we are home, yes?”

“What would everyone do if we just started fucking in front of them?” Shane wondered aloud, and Ilya faltered. He spluttered for a second and Shane was so happy to see him caught off guard. It didn’t happen very often.

“I think Hayden would cry,” Ilya said after a moment, gently pushing Shane into the cab. “Now, quiet, yes?” He went to move away, but Shane grabbed on to his arm, tugging him closer.

“Sit in the back with me,” he whinged. “I want to look at you.”

“You must get into line,” Ilya replied but he was smiling. He sat into the taxi beside him, and started to talk to the driver.

Shane didn’t pay much attention. The walls around him were melting. He stared at the fabric of Ilya’s jeans. They were clinging to his well built thighs and Shane had the sudden desire to reach out and touch them. So he did. Ilya practically jumped out of his skin. He cleared his throat and said something to the driver.

Was the car moving? Shane couldn’t really tell. Everyone was shifting, dipping and diving. Seconds stretched into minutes, minutes to hours. He leaned forward and dipped his head into the crook of Ilya’s neck. His skin was warm and comforting.

“You smell good,” he whispered against the blonde man’s neck. Ilya stiffened, and muttered something in Russian.

“Whatdidyousay?” Shane lurched upwards, blinking in confusion. Then he covered his mouth with his hands. He had to be quiet.

Ilya shushed him, casting an anxious glance at the driver. Shane nodded. Right, they had to be inconspicuous. They had a big secret. He could do that. He opened his mouth to say something else, to reassure Ilya, but the other man pressed a finger to his lips to shush him. Shane stared right into his eyes and slipped the finger into his mouth, sucking on it greedily.

Ilya inhaled sharply, closing his eyes and muttering a string of curses in Russian. He removed the finger slowly, and Shane whinged at him.

“Let me taste you,” he begged and Ilya jumped, reaching out to cover Shane’s mouth with one hand to silence him. Shane licked his warm palm. It tasted of sweat.

Ilya recoiled. “Hollander!” He cried out, aghast. “Is disgusting!” Shane did not miss, however, the flush of arousal on his face.

Shane was very annoyed to find himself restricted by his seatbelt. He wanted to crawl on Ilya’s lap and soak up every part of him. He wanted contact, touch, skin on skin. He needed it so badly.

Ilya seemed to recognise this and after a moment, he pulled Shane's head down to rest on his lap. He played with his hair gently, tugging softly on his long black hair. He tried to remember to be quiet. His mind was having a hard time grasping on to any coherent thoughts right now but he wanted to please Ilya. He wanted to do as he was asked. He did not know how long he sat there, with Ilya stroking his hair. Time was becoming very funny.

And then suddenly Ilya was pulling him up and the car had stopped and he could see his house. He beamed as he stumbled out the side door, almost collapsing on the road. After a moment, Ilya scampered out of the cab after him. He wrapped his arms around Shane, holding him steady.

"Hold on to me please, Shane. You will fall," he told him gently.

Shane nodded obediently, taking a firm hold of Ilya's waist. Together, they stumbled up the driveway. Shane swayed and he found the way everything was rocking violently very annoying.

"Are you mad at me?" Shane said desperately, watching Ilya's face with razor sharp focus. His jaw was tensed, his gaze nervous. Shane felt his heart plunge to the bottom of his stomach. He'd messed it all up. He'd been too obvious and now Ilya was going to run away.

Ilya turned to him in surprise, and stroked a comforting thumb over his cheek, tracing the freckles below his eye. "Of course not, moya lyubov."

"Are you sure?" Shane said. "I couldn't be quiet. I'm sorry."

"Yes, well, I will never complain about you calling me sexy to Hayden Pike, Shane," Ilya smirked, eyes glinting in the moonlight. He was so handsome like that, framed in the night glow. He was always handsome. Shane loved him so badly.

"You're such an asshole," Shane said, trying to hide the smile that split across his face.

"You love me, Hollander," Ilya teased. He glanced around again, opened the door and tugged Shane inside.

They were kissing before Shane had the chance to form a thought. And then any thoughts he had didn't matter. It was desperate, hungry, wanting. Shane moaned into Ilya's mouth desperately, pressing his body against the other man's as closely as possible. He wanted to mesh their skin together, knit their flesh into one. Ilya had one hand cupping his face, the other on his hip. His gaze was heavy, dark with desire. But there was hesitation there too, and after a moment he pulled back.

Shane followed his mouth, letting out a faint whimper of protest. "Where are you going, Ilya?"

"You are on a lot of drugs. Is bad idea," Ilya hesitated.

"No, noo, is very good idea," Shane protested. "Please you're so hot I want you to fuck me so baad. Please?" He walked towards Ilya pleadingly, whose eyes were wide as plates. He

swallowed visibly, Adam's apple bobbing in his throat.

"I- you are so filthy, Hollander," Ilya's eyebrows shot up, and his back hit the wall.

Shane stalked towards him. He was giddy with desire and all around him the world was tilting, spinning on its axis. He focused on Ilya, and he found he could walk in a somewhat straight line. He needed to be close to him. "I love you and I want you so bad." He couldn't help but tease him. Why didn't he do this more often?

"Fuck," Ilya sucked in a sharp breath. His shoulders slumped. "Come here then."

Shane didn't need to be told twice. He grabbed onto Ilya's face and kissed him as hard as he could, slipping his hands under his shirt and feeling the hard pane of muscle beneath. He felt Ilya's mouth curl into a smile against his. He kissed him again, hungrier than before.

"I'm yours," Shane whispered against his lips.

Ilya's eyes were still so blue in the dark. "You're mine." His voice was warm with affection, and he squeezed Shane a little teasingly.

"I want to eat you," Shane kissed him more gently, and Ilya let out a burst of laughter.

"What?" He said, surprised. His lips were glossy and swollen from kissing. He was so gorgeous. Shane could barely see straight, but he wanted.

Shane sank to his knees quickly and he heard Ilya gasp. He smiled, looking back up at his boyfriend with eyes heavy lidded with lust. However, he realised a moment too late that he'd moved a little too quickly. His vision swam and he leaned forward to steady himself against the wall but found himself slumping forward against Ilya's legs. And then the world tilted and went black.

*

Shane woke up the next morning beside Ilya and regretted everything. Well, maybe not everything.

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