

yeshche odin

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by [Everything's Avengers](#)

Summary

Jane: Did I do something wrong?

Please, Shane thinks, blinking rapidly. Tell me so I won't do it again.

(Or: the one where Shane drops and Ilya does something about it.)

Notes

this is very self indulgent and disgustingly sweet tbh I hope you like it

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

Shane's hotel room was cold. Even wrapped up in the overstuffed comforter of his penthouse suite, he shivers. It was summer in the desert, and Shane might as well have been back in Montreal.

He considered getting up, trudging over to the thermostat, but he just couldn't seem to muster up the energy. The night replayed in his head. Over and over again. Something about it had been different.

Off. Wrong.

Never, over the years they'd been getting together had Rozanov felt so closed off from him. Shane knew it was nothing more than sex, but before he had always seemed more—maybe affectionate wasn't the right word—but passionate perhaps. If nothing else, Shane had always felt like Rozanov *wanted* him. Today, it felt like he had barely wanted to touch him. Like Shane had just been convenient.

A fumbling hand reaches out to pull his phone off the charger, where it's resting on his nightstand.

It was late. Much too late to be texting anyone, let alone Ilya fucking Rozanov.

They both have an early morning. It's silly. He's being ridiculous.

Jane: We didn't even kiss.

He presses send before he can stop himself.

Shane isn't expecting a reply. Rozanov was almost certainly asleep. The same way *he* should be asleep. There was no way he was awake and playing the night over in his head like Shane was.

But then, three little blinking dots appear.

Disappear.

Reappear. Longer this time.

He isn't sure what response he's hoping for.

It isn't until they disappear again that Shane realizes that *any* response was the response he'd been hoping for.

Ilya was ignoring him. Again.

The minutes tick by, and the silence suffocates him.

I'm so fucking stupid, Shane thinks, screwing his eyes shut.

What had he thought would happen?

Rozanov had made it very clear what tonight was. Shane was his prize. He got what he wanted. Shane had agreed to that. Had gone to his room knowing exactly what to expect. And now he was mad that, what? Rozanov hadn't kissed him before kicking him out?

From the moment he'd arrived at the penthouse, Rozanov had seemed annoyed with him. From his concern about the windows to his hesitance to touch himself. He'd sat as far away from him on the bed as possible after, not one inch of them touching.

He thinks back to their first time. The way Ilya had laid his head against him after his shower.

We are not anything, Rozanov had told him so back at the Olympics.

And Shane knew that. He did. So, why did he feel like bugs were crawling under his skin?

If his eyes weren't so heavy, he'd jump in the shower. He felt dirty. A deep, under-the-skin, kind of dirty.

It had to be something Shane had done. It *had* to.

Because in the bathroom, Ilya had kissed him. Had held him.

Something had changed in that hotel room. Shane had pushed back too much. He hadn't put on enough of a show. He hadn't been *good* enough. With all the sex Rozanov had, it had only been a matter of time before he got tired of him. Shane was too *boring*. There was no way he could measure up to Rozanov's other partners.

Jane: Did I do something wrong?

Please, Shane thinks, blinking rapidly. *Tell me so I won't do it again.*

Shane vowed to be better next time. To be good. He could make Ilya happy. He wouldn't fuck everything up next time.

Please let there be a next time.

He couldn't do another six months of this. He couldn't.

But he would. Shane knew he would. And he *hated* it. Hated that he would fall right back into Rozanov's bed at a moment's notice. He'd shown that tonight.

Months of nothing and then he'd folded like a cheap lawn chair.

What the fuck is wrong with me?

A knock at the door startles him back to reality.

Blinking down at his phone, he's met with the same thread of unanswered text messages.

Probably just someone coming back from the casino, Shane thinks.

It's past three in the morning, so it wouldn't be surprising if some drunk idiot had stumbled to the wrong door. Really, this was Vegas, so that could happen at any time, day or night.

Shane rolls over, pulling the covers over his head.

The knocking comes again. More insistent this time.

Sighing, Shane tries to decide if he has it in him to deal with some drunk idiot right now or not.

Just as he's come to the decision that he does *not*, his phone lights up.

Lily: I know you're awake.

Scrambling to his feet, Shane heads for the door. He feels like he's dreaming. Like the door is suddenly miles away and he's swimming through molasses to get to it. Somehow, he feels convinced that when he opens the door, no one will be there.

He steps back as Ilya slips into the open door—lock clicking behind him.

Ilya's eyes rake over Shane.

Shane can't put a name to the expression on his face, but it's pointed and probing and makes him feel exposed.

All at once, that icy feeling returns, and he wraps his arms around himself. He should have gotten dressed before coming to the door. Now he's standing in front of Ilya in nothing but his boxer briefs like an idiot.

"Why are you here?" Shane asks, voice shaking and eyes on the floor.

"You're upset," Ilya replies, and Shane can't determine if he means it as an answer or a question.

"I'm fine."

Ilya takes a step closer to him. Their feet are just inches apart when Shane has the ridiculous thought: *I don't even have my socks on.*

The hand on his face is disturbingly comforting, and all at once Shane lets out a deep breath he hadn't known he'd been holding, his eyes drifting shut. Though their only point of contact is the warm hand cradling his chin, it's like he can feel Ilya's body in front of him. His warmth leaves a prickle over the front of his body.

"Look at me."

Ilya's familiar face is blurry when Shane finally obeys. He wants to look away—doesn't want Ilya to see how upset he is—but he can't seem to pull his eyes away.

He's so focused on holding back his tears that he misses Ilya leaning in until their lips are pressed together. Shane refuses to name the sound that escapes him as he deepens the kiss, clutching onto Ilya's hoodie.

When they break apart, he has to hide his face in the crook of Ilya's shoulder. Beneath the relief he feels at Ilya being here is the shame that he made him come—that Ilya is here comforting him because he couldn't keep his emotions in check.

Another thing he's fucked up.

"I'm sorry," he mumbles.

He's glad Ilya's got a hand around him, because his legs feel like jello—his whole body really. Shane feels like he'd melt into the floor if Ilya released him.

"No," Ilya shakes his head. "You did nothing wrong."

Gently fingers find their way into Shane's hair, scratching softly, as he falls even deeper into their embrace. The cotton of Ilya's hoodie smells like cigarettes, but for the first time, the smell doesn't bother him.

"This is my fault," Ilya continues, pressing a kiss onto Shane's head. "Will you let me fix? Hm?"

Shane's nodding before he's even finished the question.

"Will you let me..." Ilya is kissing him now, across his cheek and down his neck, "take care of you?"

"*Please*," Shane says. Or maybe just thinks he says. This all still feels like a dream.

"Will you be good?" This question, and the sharp tug of teeth on his earlobe, surprise a high moan out of Shane. "And let me do this for you?"

In a daze, Shane falls to his knees. If he doesn't get his mouth on Ilya right this moment, he might actually combust. And this feels better. Being on his knees. Not needing to hold himself up. Allowing himself to have this.

Ilya curses as Shane takes him into his mouth.

"Just like that, Hollander."

Moaning around the familiar weight of him on his tongue, Shane quickens his pace. Takes more of him than he can, comfortably. He needs to feel him at the back of his throat. Needs to feel the ache in his jaw.

"*Fuck*," Ilya curses, followed by something in Russian, and then, "So fucking perfect. Your mouth was made for this, Hollander. Yes?"

Shane can't reply. Steady hands guide his head, tug softly at his hair, setting the pace. He relaxes his jaw and lets Ilya fuck his mouth just like he likes.

Lulled by the taste and feel of Ilya on top of the gentle praises that flow easily from his lips, Shane loses track of time.

When Ilya finally pulls away, Shane makes a keening whine. Other than the pain in his knees, he can barely feel his legs, and his eyes are watering for very different reasons than previous, but he doesn't want to stop.

He tries to take Ilya back into his mouth, but is stopped by a strong pull on his hair.

"You want me to fuck you, yes?"

Shane nods. Can't seem to stop nodding. He's not sure he's ever wanted anything more.

Ilya cradles his face, fingertips brushing over his cheeks and down to his full, wet lips.

"Then you must stop," Ilya sounds as heartbroken as Shane feels.

Opening his mouth, Shane catches two of Ilya's fingers between his lips.

"Christ," Ilya gasps as he sucks on the digits.

With dark eyes, he watches Shane swirl the fingers around with his tongue. Sucking with abandon, his head bobbing up and down. Ilya moans as if Shane still had his mouth on his cock. It was *really* fucking hot. He made sure to keep his gaze locked on Ilya. He loved that he was watching him—that he could see just how much of an effect he was having on him.

"Up," Ilya pulled him to his feet. "I need to fuck you."

Lifting him up like he weighs nothing, Ilya carries him over to the bed.

"Be right back," Ilya mutters, after making quick work of what was left of their clothes.

Shane misses his touch the moment it's gone—the prickle underneath his skin returning. He turns to the sound of a soft thud to see Ilya chasing after the bottle of lube as it rolls across the wood floor. Ilya says something in Russian—probably a curse—as he grabs it, almost drops it, and then catches it again.

The scene surprises a laugh out of Shane. A high pitched, giddy thing, that doesn't sound like him at all.

He feels drunk.

With a smirk, Ilya crawls onto the bed. He grabs Shane's poor, neglected cock and strokes him roughly.

"Something funny?" He asks, an amused smile still on his face.

Shane can barely form a coherent thought, let alone a reply.

The touch only lasts a few seconds before he's released. Shane can't help but cry out, hips rising to chase the touch.

Ilya shushes him.

"I got you," he says, kissing Shane.

His lips. His cheeks. His eyes. His forehead. His neck.

Shane's skin tingles with every brush of his lips.

Without pulling away, he pops the cap on the lube and presses slick fingers against Shane's hole. The kisses have made their way down his chest now as two fingers slide into him easily. He's never had sex multiple times in one night, and though it's been hours, his body relaxes into the feeling as though no time has passed.

As Ilya scissors his fingers, opening Shane up, he peppers his skin with kiss after kiss.

His lips are on the tender meat of the inside of his thigh, when a thought comes to him.

"I want..." Shane trails off.

The sound of his own voice surprises him. Rough and needy and shaking.

"Tell me."

Shane flushes. His whole body feels feverish.

"A hickey," he pleads, too turned on to be embarrassed. He needs something he can look at tomorrow. Something real. Something to prove this actually happened. "Just right there, where no one can—Ah!"

He isn't sure what is hotter. Seeing Ilya's lips attach to the soft skin of his thigh right beside his red, leaking, twitching cock. Feeling the sharp pain that is so mixed in with the pleasure that he can't pull the two apart. Or the obscene wet smacking sound Ilya lips make as he lets go.

"Too hard?"

Shane shakes his head furiously, screwing his eyes shut.

Ilya's fingers have found his prostate, and Shane pressed into them roughly—his hips moving, fucking himself onto Ilya's fingers. It's not enough. Not even close. He wants to touch himself—wants *Ilya* to touch him, but he knows he won't. Knows he'll make him wait until he's inside of him.

"More?" Ilya asks, and Shane nods.

He's not sure what he's referring to, but whatever it is, Shane feels certain he needs more of it.

At the same moment Ilya slips a third finger into him, he bites him. *Hard*. Right beside the bruise he just left. Shane cries out. His whole body trembled. His hands fist in the sheets so hard he's worried they'll rip.

Shane has never been high, but he imagines this is what it feels like.

His mind was somewhere up in the clouds, floating above him.

"Please, I need..."

He feels like he can't catch his breath.

"Ros—Rosanov, please—"

He's cut off by a crushing kiss. Their teeth crash together before they find their rhythm again.

The loss of Ilya's fingers makes him want to cry. Only the knowledge of what's to come stops him.

Lifting one of his legs, Ilya presses him firmly into the mattress. He slicks himself up quickly, but instead of sliding in right away, he slips the head of his cock up and down the line of Shane's ass. A whimper falls from his lips every time the head catches against his hole.

"You want it hard, yes?"

"Yes!" Shane grits out, sounding more wanton than annoyed.

And Rozanov gives it to him. Bottoms out on the first stroke and doesn't relent. He sets a slow pace, but hard and deep. Each thrust steals away his breath.

Shane grasps onto his shoulders, blunt nails scraping down his back, begging for purchase.

"Good?" Ilya asks as he fucks him, but Shane can only choke out curses.

He knows this orgasm won't come as easily as the one earlier this evening, but he feels as though he's been on the precipice for hours.

It's torturous. And heavenly.

Shane can't take one more second of it.

He never wants it to end.

"That's it," Ilya says as Shane takes his cock in his hand. *"Close already?"*

Shane nods, hand working furiously.

Ilya's lips brushing his ear as he asks, "Are you going to be a good boy and come for me, Hollander?"

"Fucking hell, Rozanov," Shane whimpers just moments before he shoots his load all over his hand and chest.

"That's it," Ilya says, and then he's coming too, pulling out to paint Shane's body as well.

He must have blacked out for a moment because the next thing he feels is a warm rag on his skin. Shane hums at the sensation. Like sinking into a warm bath. It's entirely too intimate for whatever they have going on, but he can't find it in himself to care.

Shane blindly reaches for Ilya when he moves from the bed, unwilling to open his eyes.

"One second," Ilya says, grabbing his hand.

"No."

Ilya laughs. "I'll be right back," he reassures him, pressing a kiss to his forehead.

He returns with a glass of water that Shane tries to refuse, but gulps down greedily when Ilya presses the matter. After setting the glass down on the nightstand, Ilya pulls the sheets back, wrapping them both up under the covers.

"The sun's coming up," Shane comments as Ilya wraps an arm around him.

"Yes."

"When's your flight?"

"Early."

"How early?"

"Early."

Shane frowns, turning in Ilya's arms.

"I'm sorry—"

"No," Ilya interrupts. "I wanted to be here. Being with you isn't a chore. It is a treat."

Cheeks aflame, Shane nods.

"Okay."

"You agree?" Ilya asks.

Shane nods again.

"Yes?"

“Yes.”

“Good,” Ilya pulls him in until his head rests on his chest.

This can’t last long. Shane knows this. But Ilya doesn’t seem in a hurry to leave.

Instead, his fingers massage Shane’s scalp. The steady thumping of his heart is relaxing where his head rests against his chest, and Shane lets himself sink into this feeling.

When he blinks back to consciousness, it’s to Ilya delicately shaking him. He squints at the sunlight streaming into the room, and it takes him a beat to remember where he is.

“I don’t want to wake you, but...”

But I didn’t want to leave without saying goodbye.

Shane nods.

“I’m glad you did.”

Ilya kneels over the bed, already dressed.

With a pit in his stomach, Shane realizes he doesn’t want him to leave.

They meet halfway for a kiss and he wants it so bad he forgets to be embarrassed by his morning breath. Ilya doesn’t seem to care. He kisses him for much longer than necessary. Pulling away to press kisses all over Shane’s face. It’s endearing and sweet, and after a few dozen pecks, it makes him laugh. Still smiling, Shane pushes Ilya away.

“That was enough, hm?”

And it’s then that Shane realizes what Ilya is doing—remembers why this all started.

Shane finally remembers to be embarrassed. His cheeks warm, but Ilya is looking at him earnestly without a hint of amusement. It settles him.

“One more. Just to be safe.”

“You will tell me if you feel like this again,” Ilya says after their one more kiss turns into a *few* more.

Shane nods.

“I’m serious.”

“I *will*,” Shane says, meaning it.

“Okay,” Ilya whispers, pressing a kiss to Shane’s forehead.

“Bye, Rozanov.”

Ilya gives him a smile. “See you next season.”

When Shane wakes a few hours later for his own flight, he has one message.

Lily: 🥰😊

End Notes

-еще один (yeshche odin) means "one more" in russian

-also, if I remember correctly the the dots coming up when someone is typing didn't start until I was in college and therefore after 2016 soooooo like a year after this, but like they showed it in the show before this so whatever I'll just call it creative liberty

-also, also, I am currently losing my mind over this show on [tumblr](#) is you wanna join me over there

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