

i've got some regrets (i'll bury them in florida)

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by [justhockey](#)

Summary

The want tears through him like a hurricane, entirely unconcerned with all the destruction it might leave in its wake. Right now, tomorrow doesn't matter. Right now they don't have to consider the consequences of this reckless night they're about to spend together; a night where all their unspoken rules are being tossed out the window in favour of simply letting their bodies be honest.

They can figure all this out later, but now...now Ilya needs Shane naked and writhing beneath him before he combusts.

(Or, what happens in the hotel room in Florida.)

Notes

Title from *Florida!!!* by Taylor Swift and Florence + The Machine.

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

The humiliation burns through him as a tear rolls down his cheek.

It's the complete and utter shame of being caught in the act of vulnerability, with his walls torn down and his aching heart on display for Shane to see. All mangled and scarred, and shattered into so many pieces that he's not sure if it's worth the pain of trying to put it back together again. It'll only make him bleed more, when the jagged edges pierce his fingertips. It'll only hurt whoever tries to help him.

The heat of mortification wraps around his lungs like barbed wire; every breath feels like molten lava in his throat, and embarrassment licks at his heels like the raging flames of a wildfire. He turns his face away from Shane - tries to keep the one pure, good thing in his life from being burned.

Ilya is a master at hiding this part of himself - the real, honest part, that hurts, and misses, and longs for things he cannot have.

He'd learned far too young that feelings don't get you anywhere, and so he became an expert at blocking them out, shutting them down, hiding them so deep inside of himself that he almost forgot they ever even existed. Outside of hockey, he's not sure if he remembers *how* to want things for himself anymore. Sometimes he still feels like that little boy who wasn't allowed to dream.

He's breathless, and panicking, and trying desperately hard not to make it obvious. But Shane - beautiful, kind Shane, who doesn't know social cues but who *does* know Ilya - isn't fooled by the act he's trying to put on.

"Hey," he says, quiet and gentle like he's trying not to spook a wounded animal.

Ilya can't bear the softness.

He turns his face further away, shakes his head and whispers, "I'm sorry."

This thing between them - it isn't supposed to be *this*. It isn't allowed, no matter how much Ilya might want it. No matter how much he...how much he *loves* Shane. (And he *does* love him, despite how hard he's tried not to). Because this is a good thing, *too good*, and Ilya Rozanov doesn't get to keep good things. He gets to have them for a while, gets to maybe start to trust them, and then they get taken away from him. Always.

Shane isn't a thing he will survive losing, so he has to tell himself it's not real. He has to end it before it even gets the chance to begin.

Because where Ilya is sharp edges, Shane is soft curves. Where Ilya is bitter, Shane is sweet. Where Ilya is grief and heartache and loneliness, Shane is joy and love and *family*. If he gets too close to the flames then Ilya is going to burn him to ash, no matter how hard he tries to protect him.

But Shane Hollander doesn't seem to be getting the message.

He climbs onto Ilya's lap, smooth and practised like he's done it a million times before. There's the lingering ache from the last time they were like this, back in Boston when Shane ran from him after Ilya bared his soul. But Shane doesn't allow it to take root, because he's taking Ilya's face in his hands. He's refusing to let Ilya hide, as if all his mess doesn't even phase him.

And then he's touching Ilya more gently than he can ever remember being touched before. Like he's worth it. Affection not as a thing he has to earn, but something that he *deserves*.

Shane kisses him.

He's cradling Ilya's jaw in one hand, and holding the back of his head with the other, and he kisses Ilya like he's trying to breathe life back into him. It's slow and unhurried, and as tender as they've ever allowed themselves to be with each other. All pretences have been stripped away, all masks are off, and there's only them left - the *real* them, who want each other and care about each other in ways they were never supposed to. In ways they shouldn't say out loud.

And Ilya...he doesn't know how to keep fighting this. He doesn't know if he *wants* to.

Because when he was seventeen years old he met a beautiful boy with freckles. When he was eighteen they kissed for the very first time, and it knocked something loose inside of Ilya that he was far too scared to examine. And now that beautiful boy with freckles is a man who is strong and good and kind, and he's sitting on Ilya's lap like there's nowhere else in the world he would rather be.

He is offering Ilya the chance at something real.

So Ilya takes it.

He lets go for the first time since he was twelve years old and found his mother's body. He lets himself cry into Shane's shoulder as Shane rocks them back and forth. He wraps himself around Ilya, like if he could just hold on tight enough then he'd be able to keep him from falling apart. And he just...doesn't let go. Not once. Shane doesn't even loosen his grip.

Strangely, as he gasps against Shane's shoulder, it feels like Ilya can finally breathe. Like all of his twisted, ugly bitterness is being cleared from his lungs with every tear he allows to fall, and it's making space for something new. Something good. Something *clean*.

They've never done this before: hugged just for the sake of hugging. After sex, for a few stolen moments, maybe. And then those handful of minutes at Ilya's house in Boston, before everything got too real and messy and fucked up. But - but never like *this*, holding each other just because they want to. Because they can.

It's the kind of thing Ilya has denied himself for so long - the kind of the thing he'd all but convinced himself he could live without. But now, with Shane clinging to him like this, Ilya feels like he might die if he lets go.

"Ilya," Shane whispers, pressing kisses to his hair.

His name on Shane's tongue makes him shudder. It sounds good in his accent - not clunky in the way so many westerners butcher it, but careful. Intentional. Like his name is safe with Shane. Like maybe he is, too. It makes Ilya wind his arms even tighter around Shane's waist, afraid that he will flee again like last time. But Shane only holds him closer in return, carding his fingers through Ilya's curls as Ilya brushes his thumb over the curve of Shane's hip.

"Shane," Ilya replies, voice cracked and raw and honest.

His name carries the weight of so many unsaid things.

Shane just kisses it from Ilya's mouth like he's trying to share the burden - like he's trying to lighten the load for him. And the kiss is wet and salty from Ilya's tears, but he can't get enough of it. Of *him*.

Ilya suddenly feels ravenous. He's a man who's been starved of Shane for far too long, and now - with their walls down and truths laid bare - he doesn't see the point in holding back anymore. He wants Shane with a ferocious kind of desperation, like a wild thing on the hunt for its prey. Like a caged animal that has just been set free.

His hands tighten on Shane, fingers pressing into the soft meat of his hips, and Shane whines into Ilya's open mouth.

Ilya trails kisses from Shane's lips, to his jaw, and all the way down his throat. until his nose is nudging his collarbone. He kind of wants to bite down, wants to suck Shane's skin into his mouth just to watch a bruise bloom on his flawless skin. Wants to see his mark branded on Shane so the rest of the world knows he's taken.

He doesn't, though. He can't. So instead he lets his fingers push up under Shane's floral shirt, crawling up over his hips until his hands are splayed out across his ribs, as far as he can go without risking popping the buttons.

His thumbs brush over Shane's hardened nipples and he whines, tipping his head back and pushing his chest forward.

"Ilya," Shane whispers again. "Are you sure? We don't - we don't have to."

Shane is breathless and panting. Ilya can feel how hard he is where their dicks are pressed together. He wants, desperately, and yet Ilya knows - beyond a shadow of a doubt - that Shane would be more than happy to just lie with him if that's what Ilya needed.

Knowing that makes him even more certain of his answer.

"I'm sure," Ilya replies. "Want you. *Need* you."

It's honest, and uninhibited, and it makes Shane whimper as he rocks his hips into Ilya's, chasing pressure, and friction, and an orgasm that Ilya can't wait to ring out of him.

God, he's missed this.

The want tears through him like a hurricane, entirely unconcerned with all the destruction it might leave in its wake. Right now, tomorrow doesn't matter. Right now they don't have to consider the consequences of this reckless night they're about to spend together; a night where all their unspoken rules are being tossed out the window in favour of simply letting their bodies be honest.

They can figure all this out later, but now...now Ilya needs Shane naked and writhing beneath him before he combusts.

He pulls his hands out from under Shane's shirt - watching his face as he shivers at the slightest brush of their skin - and brings them to Shane's buttons.

"Can I?"

Shane nods. "Yes. Please."

"So polite," Ilya teases.

The moment he pops the first button open, he leans forward to kiss the skin he has exposed. He feels Shane tremble as, agonisingly slowly, he works his way down the rest of the buttons. One by one he undoes them, his lips never leaving Shane's body for even a moment. Then, once he's done, he pushes the shirt off Shane's shoulders, watching as all of his beautiful, flawless skin is revealed.

Ilya groans in the back of his throat at merely the sight of Shane like this: half naked in his lap, eyes already heavy with lust.

"So beautiful," Ilya whispers.

"More," Shane begs.

His eyes are wide and glassy, his cheeks tinged pink with the slightest hint of humiliation. He likes it, though. Ilya knows him well enough by now to know that. He can't help but smile.

"I'll give you what you need," he promises.

And then he's standing with Shane still clinging to him like an octopus. Shane lets out a gasp of surprise, quickly followed by a grunt as Ilya turns around and tosses him onto the bed. Splayed out for him like this - eyes hungry with want - Shane has never looked more perfect. He's never looked more *his*.

Ilya begins to strip. He doesn't go slow, isn't doing this to give Shane a show - he wants him too badly to waste any precious time - but Shane still props himself up on his elbows to watch. Ilya's blood feels fizzy with Shane's attention on him like this, his eyes following Ilya's hands wherever they go to uncover more of his skin.

By the time he's fully naked, Ilya's hands are shaking and Shane is all but panting.

Ilya approaches the bed with careful, measured steps. He's always been more sure of himself with skates on and ice beneath his feet, but the way Shane is looking at him makes Ilya feel

ten feet tall.

“Ilya,” Shane says.

But it’s not a question, he isn’t asking for anything. He’s saying it just to say it. As proof, maybe, that this time he won’t run.

Ilya rewards him for the gesture by resting one of his knees on the bed between Shane’s legs, close enough that it brushes against Shane’s dick where it’s straining against his shorts. His breath hitches, and Ilya smiles, and then he rests a hand on either side of Shane’s head and swoops down to kiss him. It’s languid and slow, and Shane whimpers into it, his hands coming up to hold Ilya’s head to him - to stop him from pulling away.

It’s a rush, being wanted like this. Being wanted so desperately, by someone as good and proper as Shane always is. It makes Ilya’s heart swell inside his chest.

“Please. I need - I need to-“

“I’ve got you,” he assures Shane.

His kisses down, down, down. His throat, first, peppering kisses against skin that he desperately wants to mark up. And then his chest, sucking Shane’s dusky pink nipples into his mouth and nipping at them just to hear Shane cry out - just to feel him grind up against him. Then Ilya kisses and licks and nips down the ridges of his stomach, until he reaches the waistband of Shane’s shorts, and then he strips him of those too.

He’s so fucking gorgeous Ilya almost doesn’t know what to do with himself. Shane’s pupils are blown so wide that his eyes look black, and that blush from his cheeks has travelled down his throat and is now splashed across his chest like a watercolour painting. Ilya wants to eat him, a little bit. And the thought is feral and unhinged but he can’t help himself.

“Look at you,” he whispers in awe.

Shane groans, throwing the back of his forearm over his eyes like he’s trying to hide.

“Don’t,” Ilya insists. “Don’t hide from me.”

So Shane moves it away, looking up at Ilya with those big fucking doe eyes that make him want to burn his life to the ground - make him want to throw caution to the wind and risk everything he’s worked for, for a lifetime of this moment right here.

“Touch me,” Shane pleads, and who is Ilya to deny this angel of a man a single thing?

He nods his head, gesturing for Shane to move further up the bed, and he complies instantly. Eagerly. Like his body is obeying before his mind can even process it. Ilya swallows thickly, then he rests his other knee onto the bed and crawls between Shane’s legs.

He kisses him fully, thoroughly, until Shane is rocking their hips together and gasping into Ilya’s open mouth. Then Ilya pulls back, kissing Shane’s cheek, and jawline, and all down his body, until he’s cradled between Shane’s thighs.

His flicker up to him, and he shudders when their gazes lock; the want, the desire, the *need*, is so fucking obvious that it makes Ilya's cock pulse.

He nips at Shane's hipbone, a gentle scrape of his teeth that's enough to make Shane shiver but not enough to leave any evidence behind. Then he moves down, slowly, licking the crease where his thigh reaches his hip. Shane gasps, bucking upwards, but Ilya avoids his cock and instead goes straight for his thighs.

They're strong and powerful, with a soft dusting of hair and the faintest stripes of stretch marks that Ilya traces lightly with the very tip of his tongue.

"Fuck, Ilya."

"Yes?" Ilya asks, his breath cool against Shane's spit-slick skin.

Shane shudders, laughing slightly. "Is' good. So good."

Ilya hums in response, then plants an open-mouthed kiss on Shane's inner thigh. Shane whimpers. He's too loud for a hotel that's filled with NHL players, but Ilya would rather die than tell him to quieten down.

"Mark me," Shane begs. "Please. *Please*. Need you to leave something behind - proof."

Ilya almost fucking loses it on the spot. Before he can say anything, before he can even think, he sinks his teeth into the soft flesh of Shane's inner thigh.

Shane cries out even louder, his hand finding purchase in Ilya's curls as he holds Ilya's mouth to his thigh like he never wants him to move away. Ilya suckles at the soft skin, tugging and pulling at it with his mouth and tongue and teeth. And when he pulls back to admire his handy work, he's flooded with a rush so intense that he almost blacks out from it.

Mine, he thinks desperately.

"Fuck," Ilya curses, his voice raw and cracking. "You look good with my mark on you."

Shane whimpers again, loud and unrestrained - a sound that Ilya wants to swallow, wants to keep, wants to hold inside of himself so he will always remember it. He looks up at Shane, the way his mouth is breathlessly hanging open, and his eyes are wide and glassy but still fixed on Ilya. Never looking away.

It's mesmerising when Shane gets like this, all soft and pliant for Ilya. He's submissive in a way that Ilya can hardly believe.

It's still catches him off guard sometimes, even after all these years, the way that Shane is willing to let go for him - the way all of the anxiety, and tension, and need for control just seeps out of his body and melts into the mattress when Ilya is cloaking Shane with his body. It feels like the greatest honour to have him like this, and the rush that goes to Ilya's head is powerful and heady, and makes him feel a little bit delirious.

He's not quite sure if he's ever truly deserved this kind of submission before now - if he's ever really appreciated it for the gift that it so clearly is. But he's going to be worthy of it tonight.

He's going to make sure Shane knows just how much Ilya adores him, even if he can't say it with words.

"Tell me what you need. I'll give you whatever you want."

It's too honest, but he can't take it back now. He doesn't want to.

"You," Shane pants. "I only ever need you."

Ilya groans, the words going straight to his dick and making it twitch. He needs his mouth on Shane. Now.

He drops his head, licks a stripe along the underside of Shane's cock until he reaches the tip, then sucks on it as he leaks into his mouth. Shane is all whines, and moans, and desperate pleas, fucking up into Ilya's mouth as he begs for more. So Ilya curls his hands around Shane's thighs, pressing into the curve of his hips to hold him down - hold him still.

Once he's had a taste he moves lower down, taking a moment just to appreciate the sight of Shane's hole.

He opens him up with his tongue, first, licking and sucking at him until he's loose enough for Ilya to slip a finger in. Shane cries out, breathless, and Ilya's name slips out of his mouth unbidden. He's gorgeous like this - falling apart because Ilya commands it - and it makes him hungry for more.

He finds the lube he'd tossed into the nightstand drawer, and a condom stuffed in his wallet from the last time they hooked up in Montreal, and throws both of them onto the empty side of the bed.

He sucks Shane back into his mouth as he coats his fingers in lube, and then works a finger back into him. He's slow, methodical, not wanting Shane to feel even an ounce of pain. The atmosphere from earlier still lingers - the quiet vulnerability, the honesty that they finally shared with each other - and Ilya wants to hold onto that. He wants to keep this honest and real. He wants to keep it tender, because it's what Shane deserves.

He thinks, maybe, it might even be what *he* deserves.

Shane groans Ilya's name as he slips a second finger in. "Fuck, Ilya. Nothing feels as good as this."

The words knock him sideways, and he has to rest his forehead on the inside of Shane's thigh - right over the bruise he'd sucked into his skin - so he can catch his breath. Then he kisses the hickey softly.

"I know, baby, I know," Ilya murmurs. "You're so good for me, Shane. Opening up so well."

Shane trembles as Ilya presses a third finger into him. "It's been too long."

"You missed my cock, solnyshko?"

"Yes," he gasps, his entire body shuddering as Ilya nudges his prostate. "I missed - missed *you*, Ilya."

The words make something bloom in Ilya's chest, warm and fuzzy and sickly sweet. He has to hold back his own desperate whine so he doesn't give it away, just how much he fucking *loves* Shane.

He can't wait any longer. He needs to be closer to him, would crawl into Shane's skin and burrow beneath his ribs if he could do. So he pulls his fingers out, rolls on the condom, and lines his cock up. Before pushing in he looks up to Shane, only to find him already watching. His eyes are wild and his bottom lip is bitten red, and he's looking at Ilya like he's the answer to every question on earth.

Ilya raises an eyebrow. "Is okay?"

"Yes, fuck, please. Fuck me," Shane begs.

So Ilya does.

He slides into him with a low, guttural groan, and through the haze of ecstasy it's impossible to miss the way that he feels like coming home. Like two puzzle pieces finally slotting into place. Shane gasps, bearing down on Ilya's cock, trying to fuck himself onto it like he's been starved of it for far too long.

Ilya starts slow and steady, working up a rhythm that has Shane grasping at his back, panting against his throat, twisting and turning his head to capture Ilya's mouth in a series of kisses that put them both on the edge of bursting.

It's never felt like this before - not with anyone else of course, but not even with *Shane*. He doesn't know if it's because they've spent months apart, thinking they would never get to have this again, or whether it's because they've finally been honest with each other. They bared their souls before baring their bodies, and it's somehow made it so much more intense. So much more powerful.

He kisses Shane again, savours the way he tastes on Ilya's tongue and the way he babbles incoherently into his mouth, like Ilya is fucking all the sense out of him.

When he pulls back Shane whimpers and tries to follow him, like he can't bear for them to part. So Ilya kisses him once, twice, three more times, until Shane is soft and sweet beneath him.

Then Ilya pulls back and just...stares.

Shane is a work of art like this, staring up at Ilya with those big brown eyes and his long lashes. Ilya can't do anything except kiss him, slow and deep and spine-tingling, even as he fucks into him like a man who's staking his claim. Shane whines, biting down on Ilya's

bottom lip like he's trying to choke the sound. His nails dig into Ilya's back, and the dull sting of it feels like heaven.

Ilya pulls back to see the look on Shane's face, and his breath catches in his throat when he sees that Shane is crying. Silent tears are leaking from the corners of his eyes as his mouth drops open in pleasure. Ilya can't believe what he's witnessing - what he's *experiencing*. It feels like a fucking gift.

He leans down and presses their foreheads together.

"Shane. Moya lyubov. You are so good for me, yes? So beautiful. So perfect."

Shane whimpers, his back arching like he's somehow trying to get closer than they already are. Like Ilya literally being inside of him still isn't enough. Ilya kisses the tears from his cheeks then licks the salt off his lips, wanting to taste him - to consume him.

"So sweet for me, Shane," Ilya says, trailing kisses across the freckles on his cheeks and nose. "Lapochka. Look at you..."

"Please. Ilya, please, I have to...I need to--"

"Cum? You need me to make you cum, solnyshko?"

Shane writhes beneath him. "Yes. Fuck, yes, Ilya. I need it."

He reaches between them, trying to get a hand on his cock, but Ilya snatches it away. Shane whines as Ilya pins both of his hands to the bed on either side of his head, and his eyes lock onto Ilya - fierce, and wild, and unreserved.

"You can cum, sweetheart," Ilya says, mouthing at Shane's jawline. "You can cum on my cock."

Shane tips his head back, groaning in frustration until Ilya fucks him just right - hits that perfect spot inside of him that has Shane crying out so prettily.

"I can't," he pants. "Ilya, I can't--"

"You can, moya lyubov. I know you can do it."

And Ilya is determined to prove it.

He rocks into Shane at a steady, punishing rhythm. Hard, and fast, and so fucking good that all Shane can do is babble indiscernibly as he trembles beneath Ilya.

He looks divine like this - some heavenly creature sent down to earth purely for this purpose, for *Ilya*.

Shane is close. Ilya can tell by the way his nose is scrunched up, the way his nails are digging crescent moons into Ilya's hands, the way his dick is leaking like a faucet onto his stomach.

And Ilya is close, too, as Shane squeezes tightly around him the nearer that he gets to oblivion. The moment is so heady, and wanton, and completely uninhibited.

It gives Ilya a brief glance at what his future could look like, if he was brave enough to let himself want it.

He surges back down, capturing Shane's mouth in a biting, frantic kiss. All teeth, and tongues, and shared breath.

"Ilya - I'm gonna. Please. *Please*, can I? Can I-"

"Cum for me, sweetheart. Let go."

And Shane shatters.

Ilya moves his hands from pinning Shane's down, and instead holds his face between them. He swallows down Shane's cries as he follows him over the edge, trembling and shaking as he spills inside of him while Shane spurts between them. The moment is filthy, and heavy, and the closest thing to holy that Ilya has ever experienced. A fucking miracle, happening right here in his arms.

"Ya skuchal po tebe," Ilya murmurs into Shane's open mouth. *I missed you.*

They part slowly, hesitantly, not wanting to separate from each other. Ilya wants to live inside Shane, and the way Shane clings to him - arms and legs wrapped around him so tightly - proves that he wants the same. He kisses his lips, and face, and throat, and chest as he pulls out of him, unable to stop himself from showering Shane in all the adoration he deserves.

Ilya ties off the condom and tosses it into the bin beside the bed, then uses his discarded t-shirt to wipe Shane's cum from their chests.

Once they're clean Shane instantly curls into him, like he's trying to hold onto the moment for as long as possible. He rests his head on Ilya's shoulder as he maps constellations between the moles on his chest and stomach. His touch is featherlight as he finds patterns that aren't there - sees things in Ilya that no one has ever seen before.

Ilya kisses the top of his head; Shane kisses the spot just beneath Ilya's collarbone.

"You are okay?" Ilya asks, and he feels Shane nod his head.

"Yeah. Yeah, I'm - I'm perfect, Ilya."

"Yes," Ilya agrees. "You are."

Shane laughs and swats him lightly on the stomach as if Ilya is teasing him, but he's not. He's being truthful. Shane *is* perfect, at least - he is for Ilya. There's not a thing about him that Ilya would change; not his odd little quirks, or his peculiar mannerisms, or the way he makes Ilya honest when all he wants to do is close off to keep himself safe.

"So," Shane begins, his voice quiet and hesitant. "What does this mean for us?"

It's a loaded question, weighed down with so much fear and insecurity and humiliation. Like he's embarrassed to ask, but he can't *not*. And Ilya gets it. They're so used to not asking for anything from each other that it's almost frightening, now, to want something so openly, even if the only thing Shane is asking for is answers.

Ilya takes hold of Shane's chin, tilting his head backwards so he can look him in the eyes.

He's beautiful, a dream come true, everything Ilya never thought he would be allowed to have. And he's looking back at Ilya so openly, trusting that Ilya will keep his heart safe.

They're a secret that can't be unmade. A truth that can't be unwritten.

And Ilya simply doesn't want to. He can't fight this anymore. He *won't*. He refuses to let Shane walk away from him again, with that same regret hollowing out his bones.

"It means...it means this is real."

Shane's breath hitches. "Yeah?"

Ilya nods, leaning down to press a kiss to the tip of his freckled nose. He feels it scrunch up beneath his lips, and when he moves away he sees the grin on Shane's face. Easy, and bright, and so achingly lovely. Shane feels like warmth clinging to Ilya's skin, long after the sun has gone down.

"Yes," Ilya says. "Is real. Always has been, maybe?"

It's Shane's turn to nod. And then he's pressing his forehead against Ilya's chin and lips, and tangling his fingers in the chain around Ilya's neck. Ilya kisses his forehead again.

"Yeah, I think so," Shane agrees. "We're not very good at casual, eh?"

"Is my cock," Ilya says solemnly. "It has you, uh - what is the word? - *obsessed*. Following me like little puppy."

Shane lets out a bark of laughter, immediately propping himself up on an elbow so he can look at Ilya.

"Don't be mean!" Shane says gleefully.

"Is true, no? You can't get enough of me. I have ruined you for everyone else."

The mirth in Shane's eyes softens into something more profound, and he reaches up a hand to carefully brush Ilya's curls away from his forehead. He trails his fingers down the side of Ilya's face, and then back and forth across his lips.

"Yeah. You have ruined me," Shane whispers, but he doesn't sound at all like he regrets it

"That is good," Ilya says, punctuating his words with a kiss. "Because you are mine, yes? No one else can have you. No more movie stars."

He says it like it's a joke, but he most definitely means it. Ilya has never been a jealous or possessive man, but it's different with Shane. He hates anyone who's ever touched him, anyone who has even had the pleasure of *looking* at him. He had wanted to crawl out of his own skin that night in the club; every time Rose Landry had laughed or smiled at or kissed Shane, he'd considered burning the whole goddamn building down.

He won't share Shane.

Instead of being intimidated or put off by Ilya's possessiveness, Shane smiles all smugly as he presses their bodies impossibly closer.

"No, no one else. I promise," he says. And then, quieter, "And - and for you?"

Ilya sighs, running a hand through Shane's sweat-damp hair. "Moya lyubov, there is no one but you."

Shane hums quietly, burying his face against his neck and pressing a flurry of kisses to his throat. Ilya holds him tighter and kisses the top of his head. He wants to remember this moment, save it for those hard days when hockey doesn't seem worth it and when it's been too many weeks since he last got to have Shane in his arms.

"Thank you," Ilya says.

"For what?"

"For being brave. For telling me your feelings. For not letting me push you away when I was hurting."

"Ilya." Shane says his name with such reverence. "I - I care about you. I'm not going anywhere, okay?"

Ilya nods. "Okay."

They both have early flights - too early to risk Shane spending the night, even though pulling away from each other now feels like agony.

It takes almost an hour for them to finally separate, for Shane to get dressed and Ilya to button his shirt up for him with hands that are still trembling. Ilya doesn't move from the bed. He knows if he gets up, if he follows Shane to the door, then he won't let him leave. He'll pull him back into his arms, wrestle him onto the bed, and kiss him until he falls apart again, just so Ilya can put him back together.

Shane leans down to kiss Ilya one last time, slow and tender, and filled with the too-big thing hovering between them that neither of them are quite ready to put words to yet.

Ilya's eyes follow Shane all the way to the door.

"What?" Shane asks, an easy smile on his face when he turns around one last time.

I love you, Ilya wants to say. But he can't. Not now. So he smiles in return, shaking his head like it might rid him of the thoughts he shouldn't be having.

"Nothing," he says. Then, softer, "Goodnight, Shane."

"Goodnight, Ilya."

It hurts to watch him leave, but it isn't the same violent kind of ache as before. Ilya knows he'll see Shane again. He will kiss him, and hold him, and love him without saying the words. It's enough for now.

But one day - one day Ilya is going to love him out loud.

End Notes

smut is always out of my comfort zone but it felt disingenuous to write so much about these boys without including a little bit<3

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