i could take away the salt from your eyes

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i could take away the salt from your eyes

by PorcelainMortal

Summary

Shane can feel it the moment Ilya’s breathing starts to even out.

He has no idea how much time has passed since he climbed into Ilya’s lap. Since they kissed. Since the moment he saw that first tear fall from Ilya’s eye.
- OR -

The missing scene from Episode 5, between Shane crawling into Ilya's lap and leaving the hotel room.

Notes

Omg it's my second Hollanov fic!! I wrote this in a day and it's un-beta'd, so any mistakes are mine. Please be kind. 💕

This being the exact same word count as my first Hollanov fic is a total freak accident. This story set in TV-verse.

Title is from “I’ll Believe In Anything” by Wolf Parade, for obvious reasons.

See the end of the work for more notes

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He has no idea how much time has passed since he climbed into Ilya's lap. Since they kissed. Since the moment he saw that first tear fall from Ilya's eye.

Shane had never seen him cry before. He suspected Ilya didn't cry often, and it was his overwhelming affection for the man in his arms that pushed Shane past the discomfort he normally feels when other people cry. It's what pushed him to rock Ilya and hold him close, needing to provide the comfort they both seem unaccustomed to.

Ilya's heartbeat has evened out, and Shane's pounds to the same beat where their chests are pressed together. The hotel room is almost silent now that Ilya's tears have subsided. Only their soft breathing and the gentle rustling of fabric keep a slow, soothing metronome.

Eventually, they stop moving. Ilya shifts first, looking up at Shane. His eyes are red and bloodshot, his face thrown open and vulnerable. Shane has never seen Ilya look like this before.

It takes his breath away.

Ilya is the one that leans in first this time, pressing his mouth to Shane's with the barest hint of desperation.

Shane lets Ilya take what he needs, and it's not long before his mouth opens under Shane's, his tongue seeking entrance to Shane's mouth. Shane lets him have that, too.

Their kisses deepen slowly, but Shane can detect the undercurrent of lust that begins to thread through them. The way Ilya shifts beneath him, his hands beginning to rove purposefully across Shane's back. They slide lower, prompting Shane to grind against him.

Ilya falls back onto the bed, pulling Shane with him. One hand slides into Shane's hair and the other stays on his ass, pressing harder with each kiss and with each swipe of his tongue.

Shane moans to find Ilya hard underneath him, his hips grinding down until they find a rhythm with Ilya's. It feels amazing, having him like this now, after what came before. The first showing of open, honest feelings between them where neither of them ran away.

It makes Shane greedy for more.

He knows now, without a doubt, that this is all he wants. It's terrifying and exhilarating.

When Ilya starts to pull at Shane's clothes, they fall away quickly and things turn much more urgent.

Ilya flips them and pulls off Shane's underwear. Shane slides towards the pillows, kicking the comforter aside. Ilya starts grabbing at Shane like he's worried he'll disappear. He begins moving down, his lips traversing Shane's neck and making a quick trek across his chest. His desperation makes Shane reach for Ilya's wrist.

“Hey,” he manages. Ilya looks up at him, confusion on his face, wild need in his eyes.

Shane swallows.

He was only trying to slow Ilya down, to take a moment that would let them savor this. He reaches for Ilya’s tank. “Take this off at least.”

Ilya’s eyes flash, the barest hint of a smirk twisting his lips, before he complies.

“Anything else?” He purrs, his voice and accent deeper than normal. He always gets this way when they’re in the thick of it.

“Your pants, too,” Shane replies, trying to insert some authority into his voice.

Ilya’s grin widens as he slides off the bed and pushes his joggers to the floor. When he rejoins Shane on the bed, his kisses are slower. Less desperate. Exactly what Shane hoped for.

He lets Ilya take whatever he wants now, sliding down with wet kisses laid across Shane’s skin, hands roaming and grabbing. He leaves a trail of saliva across Shane’s thighs, and then Ilya swallows him down in one smooth, graceful movement.

“Fuck,” Shane sighs, his eyes closing and his back arching.

He tries to thrust into Ilya’s mouth, but Ilya uses firm hands to restrict his movement. He looks down to see Ilya throw up a warning with his eyes. Shane forces himself to relax into it, reminding himself to let Ilya set the pace.

It’s not long before Shane reaches the edge, and he gasps out a warning. He is shocked to feel Ilya pull off, his hand coming up to grasp the base of Shane’s cock, the tight hold staving off his orgasm. Ilya’s face appears in front of his.

“What do you want?” Ilya demands.

“What?” Shane’s brain can’t keep up. Does he mean now, or…

“Tell me what you want.” Ilya’s grip tightens. It’s almost painful, but the pressure feels incredible and Shane’s eyes roll back when Ilya’s thumb moves to slide across the head of his cock.

“You. I want you.” It’s the truth, at least, no matter how Ilya interprets it.

“Do you want to come?”

Shane blinks his eyes open to find Ilya’s eyes dark and fixed on his face.

“Yes. *Please.”*

Ilya’s thumb slides across again, making Shane groan loudly. Ilya silences him with his mouth, kissing him long and deep.

“Where?” He whispers.

“Where what?” Shane asks, trying to figure out what Ilya is asking of him. His brain feels like mush.

“Where do you want to come?”

“In your mouth.” Shane swallows, his back bowing off the bed again when Ilya gives him a long, slow stroke.

Ilya hums, like he’s considering Shane’s request. His eyes dart around Shane’s face, and Shane feels himself flush even deeper. He’s almost sweating.

“Good.”

Shane can barely blink before Ilya swallows him down again, his mouth purposeful and hungry. This time, Shane doesn’t manage to warn Ilya, but it doesn’t matter. Ilya’s fingers are pressing behind his balls and his tongue is so fucking skilled, and Shane is *gone*, utterly lost to the waves of pleasure that only this man can bring him.

“Fuck,” he sighs when his orgasm recedes, one arm coming up to cover his face.

“No, no, no,” Ilya says, reaching up to move Shane’s arm away. He looks down at Shane with the softest expression, his eyes fond and warm. Shane wants to bask in it. Ilya kisses him before he can do much of anything, and Shane wraps his arms around him and lets his fingers slide into messy curls, windblown and tangled from the beach.

When Ilya shifts slightly, Shane becomes hyperaware of the hard press of Ilya’s erection against his thigh. Shane reaches down and runs a hand over it.

“Let me.”

Ilya grins at him and lets Shane push him into the mattress. He works his way down Ilya’s body, tasting the ocean air, briny and mouthwatering. When he gets to Ilya’s boxer briefs, he mouths over them just long enough to hear Ilya groan, then pulls them out of the way just far enough to release his cock.

Shane’s mouth waters, and he takes it down in one swift movement, just like Ilya did to him. This isn’t new anymore, but it still thrills him like the very first time they did this.

And now that Shane has accepted his sexuality, he doesn’t have the nagging feeling that what he’s doing is wrong, or like this will be the last time he ever gets to do it. He’s not with Ilya until he finds the right woman, or until they finally call it quits. He’s with Ilya because there is nowhere else he wants to be.

It allows him to lean into it, and the lack of fear feels like a door opening up. The lock unlatches, and Shane falls into the pleasure and power he gets from getting Ilya off.

Ilya’s hands thread through his hair, and Ilya’s hips begin moving, and Shane lets him take. His brain is quiet as his body hums, electrified with the knowledge that Ilya wants him, too.

When Ilya's fingers loosen and he lets Shane know he's close, Shane reaches back to hold Ilya's hand against his head. He keeps sucking and working Ilya over until he explodes in his mouth. Shane swallows it readily, sighing with satisfaction when Ilya collapses, boneless, onto the mattress.

Shane pulls Ilya's boxers back up and rests his chin on Ilya's trembling stomach, grinning up at him.

"Feel better?"

Ilya laughs, covering his face with one hand. "Fuck you, Hollander."

"Next time," Shane promises.

Ilya looks down at him, his eyes still fond and warm. "Come here."

He hauls Shane up by his shoulders and pulls their mouths together. Ilya's lips are soft, his kisses sweet, and Shane finds himself smiling into it.

"Are you thirsty?" Ilya asks, running his thumb over Shane's cheek.

"Sure."

"I'll be right back."

Ilya nudges him aside and Shane watches him get up and go to the bathroom. He can hear the water running, and Ilya emerges moments later, drying his hands on a towel. He strides over to the minibar.

Shane has never told Ilya that he likes to drink something after giving head and swallowing, but somehow Ilya knows anyway. When he turns around, he's carrying a ginger ale and a bottle of water.

He hands Shane the soda and sits beside him on the bed.

"Thanks," Shane says, cracking it open. The first sip feels amazing going down, cold and refreshing. Ilya gulps from his water bottle.

For a long time, they don't speak, but Ilya's hand lands on Shane's thigh and traces slowly up and down. Shane is all too aware of how late it's getting.

"You were great today, in the game," Ilya says finally.

Shane smiles. They won, and it was in no small part due to his and Ilya's easy compatibility on the ice. It was electric.

"So were you."

"I know," Ilya replies with a shrug. Shane laughs, shaking his head.

Ilya was wrong earlier. Shane *does* like him. His cocky, self-assured attitude. His brashness. His secret vulnerability. It all adds up to one of the most complex human beings Shane has ever met, and he only wants more as time goes on.

He looks over to see Ilya smiling back at him.

Without a word, Ilya takes Shane's soda can from him and places it on the nightstand along with his water bottle. He turns back and looks at him for a long moment before kissing him again.

They wind up sideways on the bed. Shane is not sure how long they lie there making out, but he pulls back when he hears his phone buzz from his shorts pocket on the floor. Shane sighs and glances at the clock on the nightstand.

"Fuck, it's late. I should get going."

Ilya nods, a familiar tension creeping back into his jaw. "Alright."

Shane hates this part, every time.

He presses a kiss to the hinge of Ilya's jaw and slides off the bed, reaching for his clothes. Ilya turns to watch Shane get dressed, his head propped up on one hand. Shane slips back into his designer loafers and glances back to where Ilya is laid across the sheets like an underwear model.

"What?" Shane asks, unable to parse the odd look on Ilya's face.

"Nothing. Goodnight, Shane," Ilya says softly.

Shane's heart skips a beat at the casual use of his first name. But the feeling is different than last time. It doesn't scare him. At least—not in the same way.

"Goodnight, Ilya." Shane opens the door and checks the hallway before ducking out.

He forces himself not to look back one last time.

End Notes

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