

takes a bit more

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by [idioticthoughts](#)

Summary

An alternate universe in which Shane brings Rose to Tampa. Ilya isn't jealous. No, really. He's not.

Or, a bit of canon-divergence for the sake of some extra angst and dom/sub Hollanov.

Notes

title is from "you" by the 1975

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

January 2017 - Tampa

Ilya is drunk. This is nothing new. Four beers, a shot of vodka, an hour gone by. It's a simple equation, one that Ilya has long since perfected and under normal circumstances he can skate the line between too much and not enough.

These are not normal circumstances, though, and Ilya's head feels heavy, the world moving oddly around him. Shane is here, somewhere, in this hotel and the *not knowing* is killing Ilya, eating him alive. Not knowing what's to come, if *she's* here, if they'll be able to talk, if Shane will apologize, if he even thinks there's anything to apologize for, or if he's somehow still oblivious, blind and numb to it all.

Ilya's beer is nearly empty and he searches for the bartender, feeling a bit unsteady. He braces himself on the edge of the bar, sees a flicker of movement in the corner of his eye and it's Shane, Shane Hollander, in a fucking *suit* of all things, a *tan suit*. Ilya wants to disappear, looks around wildly and realizes there's no escape as Shane catches his gaze and moves towards him, as devastatingly beautiful as ever.

Ilya has the sense to pretend to fix his attention on the television above him, tries not to react as Shane settles onto the barstool beside him.

"Hey teammate," Shane says.

"Hello, *Captain*," Ilya replies. He doesn't trust himself to say another word, not when the chasm within him is threatening to crack open. The bartender mercifully reappears and Ilya gestures him over, glances quickly at Shane.

"Do you have ginger ale?" Shane asks and something in Ilya loosens. This is familiar, he tells himself, this is nothing. He turns to face Shane.

"So boring, Hollander."

"We're on the same team now, Rozanov. I thought maybe you'd give me a break." Shane laughs awkwardly and brushes his shoulder against Ilya's. It's the first step in their dance, the invitation, but Ilya is tired, can't be bothered with hidden meanings and unbidden guilt. It's been less than a minute but suddenly he's had enough, wants Shane to leave him alone in this bar, maybe forever.

"Did you bring anyone? With you?"

The words have left his lips before they've even formed fully in his mind and he sounds accusatory, he sounds insane. Shane jumps as if he's been slapped and turns furiously to scan their surroundings, registers that the bartender is busy with a patron at the other end of the bar before turning back towards Ilya, shoulders hunched.

"What?"

“Did. You. Bring. Anyone. With. You.” Ilya’s nostrils are flared in derision and he’s breathing heavily, chest heaving. He’s losing control, every bit of self-preservation slipping away, replaced by a pure, white rage.

“M-my parents. And ... and Rose is on her way,” Shane stammers and Ilya doesn’t miss how Shane’s gaze falters or how his hands have curled into fists, thumbs tucked tightly against his palms. He’d break his thumb, punching like that, Ilya thinks, and the fight drains out of him as quickly as it had come.

“Ilya? Are you okay?” Shane’s voice is soft, unsure.

“Yes. Am fine. Was just thinking maybe I could fuck you both,” Ilya says and stands abruptly, the legs of his barstool screeching agonizingly against the tiled floor. Shane is staring up at him, face unreadable, but Ilya can no longer find it within himself to care.

He is sick of being toyed with, hates this tournament for bringing them together so soon, hates the oppressive Florida heat and the thought of Rose Landry curling herself around Shane upstairs, sinking onto him, all of it so astutely wrong.

Shane looks like he’s working up the courage to say something, probably to defend Rose’s honor and tell Ilya off for being so vulgar about his girlfriend, to remind him that they can’t talk about these things, not now, not here.

Ilya doesn’t want to hear it. He spins on his heel, last beer be damned, and leaves the bar, takes the stairs, all twelve flights to his room. His cock is throbbing, he’s been half hard since the moment he’d seen Shane in that fitted suit, and he comes quickly, shamefully into the silence of the room, thinking of nothing but Shane and how easily everything has fallen apart.

Rose is there when Shane opens the door to their room, sprawled across the king-sized bed in a blue floral bathing suit with her phone pressed to her ear.

“Shane!”

She flies across the room and plants a kiss on his cheek, mouths *Miles* at him and grins. Shane manages to wrap his arms around her and then she’s flitting towards her open suitcase, tossing a wrinkled piece of blue fabric at him with a wink. Matching swim trunks.

Shane doesn’t know whether to laugh or cry, can’t wrap his head around the absurdity of the situation. He’s still reeling from his encounter with Ilya, wishes he’d had more time to unravel whatever it was that had happened. But J.J. had burst into the bar moments after Ilya’s dramatic exit and Shane had been forced to pretend that everything was fine, like he was stoked for the All-Star Game, honored to be their captain, to lead the East to victory. He had really been worlds away, trying to retrace every step, every touch, every second from the time he’d last seen Ilya, since Boston.

He knows he shouldn’t have ran. He’d known as soon as the door had closed behind him, maybe even moments before. But it meant nothing – there had been worse, like the time Ilya

had ignored him for half a year and Shane had forgiven him then, hadn't he? He had laid naked on a bed for Ilya, crawled to him, made himself clear. Ilya could do the same for him now, if that's what he wants.

But Shane no longer knows what Ilya wants, if it's still him. There had been a new expression on his face downstairs, fierce and surprisingly raw, and it had stunned Shane, undone everything he'd hoped to say. He'd wanted to explain that yes, he'd brought Rose here, but only as an olive branch after he'd awkwardly canceled their latest date, a dinner in Old Montreal. Rose had called to ask him out, a last minute date on a blustery January night. He'd said yes at first, a knee jerk reaction, but he'd heard a cautious note in Rose's voice, out of character for her, and it had tied a knot in his stomach.

He'd called her back an hour later, apologetic, stumbling through his excuse – some bug making its way through the team, a nasty flu-like thing and he was starting to feel congested, wouldn't want to get her sick, especially before her big shoot. Rose understood, but she missed him, she'd said, wanted to talk soon.

Shane had decided to invite her to Tampa after his mother had prodded at the subject over lunch last week, surreptitiously flashing her phone towards him, screen open to a TMZ article about Rose's recent birthday dinner.

"Subtle, Mom," Shane sighed and Yuna had laughed and kept scrolling, her lips quirked.

"So, are you going to introduce us?" Yuna prompted and David raised his hands at Shane in mock surrender.

Shane supposed it had been inevitable, had known from the instant the first blurry photos had hit social media. Yuna had been the first to send him a screenshot along with a series of hearts and probing eye emojis. Shane had disliked the message and managed to avoid talking about Rose since then, but a news article made things official, at least in his mother's eyes.

"Yeah, I'll invite her to the All-Star Game. I think she has a break from filming then, I'm sure it'd be nice for her to spend some time relaxing in Florida. You can meet her then," Shane said. Yuna had been surprised by his acquiescence but pleased. She'd switched into manager mode, reminding him that she and David would be flying home right after the game, so they'd have to have dinner the night before, told Shane to text Rose to confirm so she could call and make a reservation for four at the steakhouse Shane's coach had recommended.

Rose had replied with an enthusiastic "YES! <3" within minutes of his invitation and it was official, Rose was meeting his family in Tampa. The thought had filled Shane with unease but he'd realized it could buy him time before having that unknown conversation with Rose, knew she wouldn't bring anything up this weekend, not before such a big game. She understands Shane's dedication to his craft, has told him it's part of what she admires so deeply about him.

Jesus Christ, Shane is the worst. Rose doesn't deserve this and neither does Ilya. Shane knows what's true and it isn't this, matching bathing suits and this sinking feeling in his gut. He misses Ilya and his steadfast, solid presence. He wants to be with him now, in this hotel room, with him forever, honestly.

It could be over. Shane knows that. He had betrayed Ilya, somehow missed that there was something else there, between the tuna melts and forehead kisses. Maybe deliberately. Shane thinks that yeah, he probably, really has been in denial, and he's grateful that Rose has stepped onto the balcony to FaceTime Miles and show him the view because it's as if the wind has been knocked out of him and he sinks to his knees on the hotel carpet.

Muscle memory, Shane thinks weakly, but it's Ilya's voice, his thick Russian accent teasing, haunting. Shane stands shakily, calls out another excuse to Rose, and hurries into the bathroom, locking the door behind him just before he comes undone.

Idiot. Ilya blames the roar of the crowd, the buzzer strobing red above their helmets, the gleam of exhilaration across Shane's face.

He hadn't meant to skate up to him, hadn't meant to kiss his cheek or press his glove to the nape of Shane's neck. Ilya hadn't so much as glanced at him until now, had decided to steel his resolve the night before and hadn't wavered, had kept his head down throughout warm-ups, intent on the ice beneath his skates. But it's game time now, and despite everything, they've both come alive.

"Nice goal."

"Nice assist." Shane is grinning at him, all freckles and sweat drenched cheeks, and fuck, Ilya loves him, can't deny it, not here, not anymore. He smiles crookedly back at Shane but as their eyes meet he finds his anger is still there, thrumming unrelentingly between his ribs, and Ilya knows he will have to control it, knows it could destroy them if he doesn't learn how.

The whistle blows and Ilya pushes these thoughts aside, re-centering on the moment at hand, playing right wing with Hollander by his side. He loses himself in the heat of the game and the remaining periods fly by, the East winning 3-1.

He finds Shane in the celebratory swarm, presses against him, tries to convey his forgiveness, his need, but it's lost in the team's excitement as Hayden Pike swoops in to wrestle Shane into a headlock like some ridiculous schoolboy. Ilya skates off and spots Rose and Shane's parents waiting by the tunnel, faces animated as they chat amongst themselves. There's a bouquet of roses perched lightly in Rose's arms. He hasn't seen her in person before, besides that awful night in the club and Ilya had been out of his mind then, can only remember Shane's devastated face and the distant thud of bass.

Rose is beautiful, though, warm, even. He can see why Shane chose her. It's clear in the way she carries herself, smiling easily even as fans hover awkwardly around her, how she bends down to hug one of Pike's daughters, impossible to tell which one. Ilya makes a mental apology, sorry to have dragged her into their games. She doesn't deserve this and he hopes Shane can let her go gently, fairly.

But for now she's here, running towards Shane as he comes off the ice and Ilya turns away, sobered.

They have one night left in Tampa, twelve, maybe thirteen hours before they're on separate flights across the country and then it's another two months until their next match. Ilya can't bear the thought of another two months without knowing, without their reconciliation. He glances over his shoulder and Shane is looking at him, eyes steady, hopeful. They don't move, don't breathe, and it's a half-second, if that, but when it ends they're both smiling, and then Ilya smirks, levels his gaze and cocks his head, feels himself stir, awakened.

Shane blushes, ridiculously cute, but then his parents are beside him, his father holding his phone up for a selfie, beaming. Ilya chokes back a laugh and makes his way off the ice, past Shane and his entourage, feels something pulse between them as he disappears down the tunnel.

Ilya heads into the locker room and showers quickly. He catches a ride back to the hotel with Marlow and decides to join him at the bar. He doesn't have plans for the evening but he still refuses to text Shane first. He has *feelings*, despite what others may think and Shane had hurt his pride and his heart, an affronting combination.

He loves him, in spite of it all, always, but certain things can't go unpassed and the high of their victory, along with the thought of Shane's feigned ignorance, his sudden cowardice, begins to set him on edge, a lit fuse.

Ilya orders a beer, manages to joke and cheer as the other players and their families begin to filter through the bar. He declines Marlow's offers for shots and a second round, feigning fatigue, wants to be sharp and himself when he finally faces Shane.

There's a commotion near the door. It's Rose Landry, cameras flashing, a hulking man in a black suit with his arm around her, ushering her safely inside. Shane is nowhere to be seen and no, Ilya has to know, has to find him now.

Ilya rises from his seat and stalks towards the door. He hears someone say his name but doesn't stop, pushes through the crowd of paparazzi and into the lobby, then out through the arched glass doorways leading down to the beach.

Ilya picks a direction at random and begins to walk, scanning the shore. The sun is low, burning orange, wispy clouds scattered across the sky, and the beach is nearly empty aside from the occasional jogger and late sunbather. Ilya walks for five, ten minutes, until there's a familiar figure ahead, alone in the sand.

"Chivalry is dead, no?" Ilya says and Shane jumps, scrambling to his feet.

"Ilya."

"Shane. Sit down."

Shane sits, sinking back into the sand without thought. He keeps his eyes tilted up at Ilya, suddenly so intuitive, such a good boy. It's the perfect opening, a glimpse of that thing Ilya has thought (*dreamt*) about before and he files it away neatly for later, for the hotel room.

For now, they need to talk. Ilya settles beside him, notes the space between them, and waits for Shane to speak.

“Ilya, I’m so sorry. I fucked up. I shouldn’t have left you in Boston and I shouldn’t have brought Rose here. And now the media’s somehow figured out she’s here and she got swarmed back at the hotel and I panicked and just slipped away, fuck, that was so stupid, wasn’t it? I couldn’t deal with it - any of it and I – I wish I had a better explanation but I was just being stupid. I thought maybe it would all work itself out? Magically? I don’t know, I’m just ... sorry.”

Shane exhales, the weight beginning to lift, and glances over at Ilya. Ilya is staring out at the sea, his left arm draped across his chest, his thumb and pointer finger playing absent-mindedly at his right ear. His lips are pursed and Shane has never seen him so still, so unyielding. He forges ahead.

“No, you’re right. I do have an explanation, kind of. I – I was scared and I figured it would be easier if I pushed you away before it got too real. I’m sorry, Ilya.”

“Real. What do you mean, real?” Ilya asks, still refusing to meet Shane’s gaze.

“You know what, Ilya. Don’t make me fucking say it here,” Shane says, heat rising in his face. He doesn’t know why he’s doing this - they had been so close, he can *feel* Ilya’s pulse in the air, knows Ilya is waiting, knows what he’s expecting.

Ilya snorts and shakes his head.

“This Rose, she is a good person. Like you. I would trust you, if I were you, no?”

Shane’s nose crinkles as he recalibrates, does his best to follow the abrupt turn of their conversation and Ilya’s strange logic.

“Uhh, I think I know what you’re saying? And yeah, I do trust Rose. She knows what it’s like to feel like the world is watching, and even if she didn’t, I think she’d still understand.”

“Now you are the one speaking in riddles, Shane,” Ilya says and brushes his thumb against Shane’s knuckles, finally, *thank God*.

“You think I should tell Rose?”

“Da.” Ilya flips Shane’s hand over and traces his calluses, pressing lightly against each one as he goes.

“What do I get if I do?” Shane asks and he thrills as Ilya’s hand spasms around his, marvels in the realization that he can still get under his skin. “What room are you in?”

Ilya’s hand, gentle, caressing.

“Twelve-seventeen.”

“I’ll see you soon.”

“Rose? Can we talk?” Shane can hardly believe he’s doing this, sitting across from Rose Landry on the hotel floor, preparing to share his deepest secret, his darkest fear. But he had been honest with Ilya before – he trusts Rose, loves her, truly, even if it’s not in the way he had first hoped.

“About what? The fact that you’re in love with Ilya Rozanov?”

The earth drops out from beneath Shane. Rose is laughing, cackling, gasping for air.

“Oh Jesus, Shane, I’m so sorry, please don’t look so scared. I shouldn’t be laughing, I’m so sorry, really,” she gasps, reaching out to touch Shane’s arm. She steadies herself, inhales deeply, and when she finally meets Shane’s gaze he sees nothing but warmth and unexpected joy.

“I’m sorry, let me explain myself. You don’t have to tell me anything, Shane. It just ... I dunno, slipped out? I thought maybe something was off after our last time, back in Montreal, and I’d wanted to talk to you then but we never got the chance ... ” Rose trails off and Shane nods guiltily.

“Yeah, I kinda had a feeling that you were onto us,” he says and Rose doesn’t flinch, just reaches down and takes Shane’s hands in hers.

“You two make a *very* attractive couple.”

“We – we’re not a couple. We’ve just been hooking up for a while. Seven years,” Shane admits and it’s only then that Rose reacts, doubling over as another laugh escapes her throat.

“Oh, you freaks! God, tell me everything.”

Rose leans forward and Shane lets it all go, their first meeting, that first unexpected, frightening jolt of attraction that had never let up, how it had multiplied, exponentially, and overpowered his mind, his body, his soul, seven years of hotel rooms and late night texts across the world.

Rose looks awed, sad at times, eyes never leaving Shane’s, her hands soft around his. Shane concludes with Boston, tells her how he’d pushed Ilya away, that maybe a part of him had meant to.

“I owe him an apology, a real apology. I tried earlier, on the beach, but it just didn’t feel right, not out in the open like that.”

“I get it. You’ve lived so much of your life publicly and with such a huge secret the whole time. I mean, Shane, I’m sorry you’ve had to deal with this alone. It sounds ... awful.”

“No. Not always,” Shane says and there are flashes of Ilya - a gold crucifix suspended above his head, dark blonde curls pressed against his face, a blur of black, white, and yellow flying by on the ice.

“Alright, so you’re not a couple but you do love him though, right?”

This is Rose is at her most discerning, peering at Shane intensely, her grip tightening. He scoffs at her and she frowns, spookily Ilya-like. Shane wrenches his hands away, resisting the urge to laugh.

“Yes! Obviously, Rose, I love him,” Shane says and it’s suddenly so easy, those words, he loves Ilya Rozanov and somebody else knows, someone he loves just as much. “When did you figure it out though? Just wondering.”

“Not until today, honestly. Before that I just thought you were probably gay. You don’t have the honor of being my first gay boyfriend, Shane. I went to theater school, remember?” Rose scoots over to relax against Shane, rests her head on his shoulder. “But it was after he assisted you on that first goal, how you reacted when he kissed your cheek. It should’ve been a dumb joke but you just ... froze, like you couldn’t believe your luck and then the two of you were grinning like idiots for the rest of the match.”

“We were *not*. ”

“Sure, Shane. I tried to talk to him back at the bar, to see if I could figure anything else out, but he basically sprinted out of there, looking all hot and bothered and then you stopped replying to my texts. It really wasn’t that hard to put two and two together at that point. You guys aren’t being very subtle. It’s like you’re seconds away from pinning him down and fucking him on the ice.” Rose wiggles her brows at him and hums a vaguely pornographic tune.

“It’s the other way around, actually.” Shane can’t help but clarify and that sends Rose spiraling into another fit of laughter, Shane feeling lighter than he has in months, since he’d rung the bell outside of Ilya’s back in Boston.

“I want you to meet him, by the way. I do kinda hate the idea but I also think you two would really get along,” Shane says and his mind leaps hopefully ahead, to the thought of the three of them sitting around a table in an apartment, his and Ilya’s apartment, their home, maybe.

“It’s a date. But not tonight. Tonight, you need to go get your man. And apologize, *really*. And then kiss and make up, for Christ’s sake! Please, I’m begging you,” Rose clasps her hands in front of her and collapses onto her knees, pretending to wail.

“Oh, I do see another Oscar in your future, Ms. Landry,” Shane retorts dryly and Rose pokes her tongue out at him as she fishes her phone out of her pocket, thumbs flying.

“Shut up, Shane. Listen, one of my friends from back home moved here a few years ago and I thought maybe I’d go stay with her for the night, give you some space,” Rose says slyly, does the eyebrow thing again. “Let’s be friends too, okay?”

“Aren’t we already?” Shane replies and Rose launches herself at him, peppering exaggerated kisses across his face. There’s a knock at the door and Rose pulls herself together, pokes her head out to let her bodyguard know she’ll just be another minute, thanks him again for being

so flexible. She's already packed her suitcase and pulls it from behind the couch with a flourish. Shane sighs.

"So you really knew this whole time?"

Rose shrugs and taps a manicured fingernail against her temple, then to his.

"What can I say? I'm psychic - I'm actually only here on behalf of the X-Squad to unearth the hockey world's deepest, gayest secrets." She winks and Shane steps forward, clutching her to his chest.

"I'd call it a success." Shane pauses. "Thank you, Rose."

He buries his face in her hair, wishing he could find the words to truly convey the enormity of what she's done for him, for him *and* Ilya. Rose stands on her tiptoes to kiss his cheek. They smile at each other and then Rose is gone, a cheerful "See ya soon!" yelled over her shoulder as she pulls the door shut firmly behind her.

Shane is alone. Rose knows their secret and nothing has changed, except for the mix of relief and stark desire beginning to flood his body. His mind, however, is remarkably clear, knows he needs to find Ilya, needs to kneel before him and make things right, to take him in his mouth and repent at his feet.

Twelve-seventeen.

Here.

- J

Ilya springs up from the couch, heart pounding. He has been meditating, shirtless and still, trying to mold his fury into something new. This rage is his inheritance, that he's known. Has thought it would be his undoing, the final nail in his coffin, but he's starting to see how it can be transformed, could be the thing that saves them both.

The lock slides open and Shane has barely made his way into the room before Ilya is upon him. He slams Shane against the door, kisses him roughly and tries not to moan as he realizes that Shane is miraculously hard against his thigh, of course he is, and oh fuck, Ilya has missed this.

"Ilya, I'm sorry -"

It's all Ilya needs to hear. For now, at least, with his entire being clouded by lust and fixated on one sole purpose - Shane's dismantling.

"Shut up." Ilya brings his hand to Shane's throat, waits a beat for his understanding. Shane's pupils, blown wide, guilt and anticipation radiating off of him in hot, needy waves. His body visibly shakes, a tremor running from head to toe.

Absolve me, please.

Ilya wraps his fingers around Shane's neck. He can feel Shane's pulse beating beneath his thumb, can feel Shane's breath catch as his grip tightens slowly, narrowing their world until there is nothing but the two of them pressed together on this threshold, Shane's eyes wide and trusting, Ilya's wild and aflame.

There are a million things that Ilya wants to do to Shane. He wants to make him come untouched. He wants to take his cock into his mouth, feel him come down his throat. He wants to feel Shane around him, to see the curve of his back, to twist his fingers into Shane's jet black hair and pull his head, his mouth, towards him as they come together.

Every road seems to lead to Shane coming. Annoying. There's a cold voice in Ilya's head that tells him that Shane doesn't deserve to come, not now. It had been Shane who had walked out, Shane who had emerged with some beautiful, perfect woman no less than two weeks later. He had brought her to Tampa, for fuck's sake, what the hell had he thought was going to happen?

He hadn't been thinking. Ilya knows that. Shane is his own worst enemy, it's not Ilya. He glowers down at Shane, bites hard at his ear. Shane moans and his legs begin to give way beneath him.

"Pathetic," Ilya says and Shane's head thumps against the door, eyelids fluttering. He nods. Ilya holds his palm beneath Shane's chin, directs his gaze downward. Shane spits, drools, almost, into his hand, and presses their clothed cocks together insistently. Ilya takes an exaggerated step back and lets his track pants fall to the floor, follows Shane's hungry stare down to his reddened cock, which is fully erect and straining traitorously towards Shane.

He catches Shane's eye and smiles knowingly, then reaches down and wraps his spit slicked hand around himself, manages to keep his expression detached and aloof even as pre-come leaks from his slit. Shane is entranced. His cock is throbbing in his maroon shorts and Ilya can see the beginnings of a wet stain, God, he's already a mess.

Ilya finds an easy rhythm, hums a bit beneath his breath, lets his eyes drift shut. He brings himself close to the edge, savors it, and it's only then that he looks back at Shane, who hasn't moved, not a blessed inch, is still standing slack-jawed. He knows what Ilya is doing, what he deserves. He waits.

"Come here."

Shane collapses in on himself, practically falls onto Ilya's chest, pressing heavy open-mouthed kisses to his collarbone. He's mumbling incoherently – Ilya's name, his apology, his want.

"-- 'm sorry, please, God, Ilya, need you, missed you, fuck, I--"

Ilya breathes Shane in, sucks Shane's tongue into his mouth and shoves his shorts off at the same time. Shane ruts up against him and they're both so hard, Ilya can feel Shane's wetness adding to his own, their cocks sliding together desperately. They could come like this, like

last time, but Ilya forces himself to focus. He takes Shane by the waist, pushes his hips away, and Shane *whines*. He stares up at Ilya, petulant, and Ilya pulls his lips into a sneer, resumes his grip around Shane's throat.

"What? You thought I was going to let you come? Already? Stupid." Ilya spits the last word in Russian, allows a flash of anger to work its way to the surface. Shane looks away. Ilya grasps his jaw and turns Shane's head back towards him, nostrils flared.

"No. With me, da?"

"Yes, Ilya." There's a haze in Shane's eyes, heady and loose, telling Ilya everything he needs to know. He angles his brow, waits.

"Yes, *sir*," Shane breathes and *fuck*, there it is, Ilya can let go, he can give in. He leans in to brush his mouth against Shane's, just barely.

"Get on your knees," he whispers, captures Shane's bottom lip between his teeth. Shane drops, pulls away from Ilya's commanding mouth with something that's almost a sob and sinks to the floor. He is wonderstruck, has found himself unmoored, the only thing keeping him here is Ilya, Ilya is the center of his universe.

It's a sort of homecoming as Shane takes Ilya into his mouth, as Ilya moans above him. Ilya buries his hands in Shane's hair and forces him down until Shane is gagging around him, looks intently upon Shane, memorizing the look of pure want splayed across his face.

Ilya regrets having brought himself so close before, wishes he could stay here, fucking Shane's face but there's that familiar heat rising again rapidly, and it would be a waste, a concession, if he were to come now. He twists his fingers through Shane's hair and yanks him to his feet, shoves him towards the bed and onto the mattress.

"Touch yourself," Ilya says and Shane complies, wets a finger in his mouth and then presses it to his hole, draws his legs to his chest. Ilya's brain short-circuits, can't tell if Shane is being earnest or inciteful, doesn't care either way.

"Fuck, Shane. *Fuck*."

The obscenity escapes from Ilya before he can stop himself and Shane moans in response, begins to finger himself. His head lolls against the pillows, the long column of his neck exposed. He looks so pretty, with his mussed hair and eager brown eyes, like he could be so easily ruined.

Ilya smiles, places a knee on the edge of the bed, and holds himself over Shane, arms framing his head. His chain dangles between them, swinging slowly. Ilya lowers himself until the crucifix is grazing Shane's skin, shifts so it drags coolly against his left nipple, follows it with his teeth. Shane makes a surprised sound as Ilya's hands find his wrists, pin them against the sheets and he doesn't relent, even as Shane squirms beneath him, Ilya still nipping at his chest.

Shane's lips are parted, pink and full and irresistible, and Ilya curses again, craning his neck to kiss Shane, to eat him alive. He reaches blindly for the lube he'd placed on the bedside table, fumbles with the bottle and slides two fingers into Shane, feels his own body tense in anticipation.

"So tight for me, yes? Been waiting for me to stretch you out, take you on my cock?" Ilya murmurs and Shane whimpers his assent, grinds his hips filthily, seeking purchase. Ilya is careful, knows Shane could come from just this, especially in this state, unsated and adrift. He works precisely, opens Shane beautifully beneath him. This new part of Ilya wants to draw this out, wants to wind Shane up and unspool him endlessly, but he's only human, hasn't been with anyone since Boston, has thought only of this, of Shane.

He waits until he knows Shane is close to start talking, lives for the hitch of Shane's breath, the reverence on his face.

"Such a pathetic little slut, Hollander. I have barely touched your dick and look at you. Ready to come like needy, cock-starved whore. Maybe I don't let you come at all, just fuck your tight, perfect hole, wait until you are so close ... begging ... come inside you, and then – " Ilya moves to withdraw from Shane, feels Shane clench around his fingertips, desperate. He barks out a laugh as Shane stares up at him, stunned, as if the thought had never occurred to him, that Ilya could deny him still.

"You see? Starved little whore."

Ilya plunges his fingers deep into Shane, making him cry out and Ilya is flying, he's in perfect control as he strokes Shane's prostate, teasing, knows the fleeting pressure won't be enough. His free hand reaches up to dig his nails into Shane's chest, hard enough to leave a mark, and then his hand is snaking its way around Shane's throat, black edging into the corners of his own vision. He adds a third finger, drags Shane to the brink of orgasm, focuses on Shane's constellations of freckles, the growing urgency of his moans. He waits until Shane's balls are taut and there's a trail of pre-come making its way across the ridge of his cock before he slows, loosens his grip from Shane's pulsing neck.

"Don't you dare fucking come."

Shane doesn't reply, just stares down at Ilya helplessly, panicked. Ilya retreats, pulls himself onto his haunches and kneels on all fours before Shane.

"Mm. Good boy," Ilya says and slaps Shane's thigh. Shane is panting, ragged noises still escaping his throat. He has never looked so overwhelmed, and a distant part of Ilya finds it endearing, almost painfully so.

"*Mine.*"

"Yours, Ilya."

"Yours ... " Ilya prompts, eyes dark.

"Yours, *sir.*"

Ilya rewards him with another searing kiss, tells himself the feeling in his chest has everything to do with Shane's newfound submission, nothing to do with what Ilya has been dying to say, what he'd been rehearsing in the quiet of his hotel room the hour before.

Я люблю тебя.

I love you.

Shane is babbling against his lips, keening – *yours, yours, yours* – the word taking on new meaning, binding itself to Ilya, to his heart, and he can deny himself no more, slicks his cock with lube and thrusts into Shane, could cry as he feels Shane engulf him, his sweet, perfect boy.

Shane is all around him, he's nothing but a tight, unending heat, silent now, his eyes slid shut, nothing left to say or be. Ilya suddenly knows what's to come, seven years of lust, insanity, coming to a head, the inevitability of it all.

"I love you, Shane."

And there it is, that last piece of him, laid bare at the altar. He's here, with Shane, with his rage and pain, all of it sharpened and solid in his heart, so real he can't tell what's truly pulsing in his chest, his cock. He's going to come, going to take Shane with him and he surges towards him, draws his lips to Shane's ear.

"Come for me."

It's that simple. Shane shudders around him, spurts hotly into the air, onto Ilya's stomach and it's enough to send Ilya over the edge, his cock throbbing, emptying completely into Shane, every bit of him fulfilled, electric.

He collapses against Shane, inhales at his temple, kisses across his delicious freckles. Shane is dove-like beneath him, struggling to prop himself up on his elbows, to meet Ilya's gaze. Ilya taps his knuckles to Shane's cheek, uncertain.

"Shane?"

Silence. One, two breaths, Ilya begins to curse himself and –

"I love you too."

"What?"

Shane's eyes fly towards Ilya's, lit with annoyance and joy, ever the open book.

"What do you mean, *what*? I know you heard me, asshole," Shane is laughing, kissing Ilya, gently at first and then messily, mouth pliant and wonderful. Ilya could fuck him again, will probably fuck him again later, vows to make up for every lost second.

"It's *sir*, to you now, Hollander," Ilya says, half-joking, but there's something serious in the way Shane stiffens against him, another inherent truth revealed.

“Yes, sir. I love you, *sir*.” Shane sighs, presses his thumb to the beauty mark on Ilya’s cheek, “I’m yours.”

“You know that means you can’t leave,” Ilya says, because he hasn’t forgotten (*I should go*), not quite.

“Well, I was going to ask if I could sleep here tonight ... my parents are gone and Rose left to stay with a friend after we talked and I – I didn’t want to be alone ... but I know we both have early flights so maybe it’d make more sense if I just went back to my room, maybe we can talk tomorrow night and – ”

“Shut up. Listen to me.” Ilya takes hold of Shane’s wrists and presses them to Shane’s rib cage, waits for Shane’s heartbeat to slow and even.

“I have not stopped thinking about you. Since last time. Since Boston. I have been ... mad. I wanted you to stay. Wanted to make you come again, maybe tell you I like you. Love you. I am not stupid, Hollander. I know this is dumb. Makes no sense. But I love you anyway, think you are very pretty, want to make you come for me forever. There. Now I have been honest. Your turn.”

It takes Shane a minute to digest this. It’s nearly impossible to process all at once - Ilya *loves* him, thinks he’s *pretty*, wants Shane to be his *forever*. Ilya’s voice echoes dimly in his head. *Your turn*.

“I - I ... I love you too. I wanted to stay and it’s been killing me that I left, that I hurt you and I know I don’t deserve you but God, I’ve missed you Ilya, I’ve been dying without you and nothing else comes close, not – ” Shane pauses, swallows. “ – not Rose, not even how I felt today when we scored our goal. I loved playing with you, Ilya, I’ve wanted that since the day we met. I’ve always wanted you. I love you.”

Absolution. That’s what Shane feels as Ilya’s arms close around him, holding him warm and secure against his broad chest. Everything in Shane has quieted, his mind, his breathing, his heart finally returned to its rightful place, here, in a hotel room with him. *Ilya*. He is his in every sense of the word, will never leave again, knows some piece of their hearts will always be here, in this room, curled together on this bed. The inevitable has drawn to a close and there’s nothing here but love and sweet devotion, earned and deserved, theirs forever.

Shane's eyelids are heavy, limbs loose, and Ilya can see he's close to sleep, a new, beautiful sight to behold.

"Rest, my love," Ilya whispers, watches intently as Shane's eyes slide shut, his perfect, obedient boy. He kisses Shane's temple, his forehead, down his nose, his lips. Shane smiles sleepily beneath him and Ilya feels himself melt, rolls them onto their sides and wraps himself around Shane. He nestles into his neck, home at last, and there's finally nothing left to give, nothing to do but to let go, to drift. Ilya smiles, made whole, and closes his eyes.

End Notes

thank you for reading!!

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