

The Easier Route

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The Easier Route

by [storm_owl](#)

Summary

Set after episode 2.

Ilya goes to Montreal for work (he tells himself) and finds Shane at a gay bar, dragged there by his oblivious friends.

~

“Hollander,” Ilya said as low as he could. “How much have you had to drink?”

“Proably... too much.”

“And you do not want to come out publicly as gay, yes?”

Drunkenly, Shane wiggled his head from right to left.

“Y-yes—I mean, yes that—no, I don’t want—” His shoulders slumped forward, and Ilya’s heart shot into his throat as he glanced around. “I—I’m not ready yet.”

“Brilliant of your fucking buddies to take you to a gay club then, yes?”

“They don’t know, asshole.”

OR

“Goodbye, Rozanov,” Shane said, unlocking his door with the code and slipping inside.

It was too hard to find the right English words for: Please let me in, because I can’t stay away from you. I’m a fucking asshole, like you say, and I came here to see you, to make sure you were okay, and I’m not done. I’m not done with you, so please, for fuck’s sake, let me in. So Ilya took the easier route.

“Goodnight, Hollander.”

Notes

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

Chapter 1

The loud, thumping music wasn't making it any easier for Ilya to think. Nor were the five shots of vodka coursing through his veins.

It was too hard to find the right English words for: *Please tell me you're okay and none of these fuckers have put their hands on you because then I might need to do something that would land me in jail.*

So Ilya took the easier route.

"Hollander."

Shane was slumped against the wall, his stupid collared shirt fitting snugly around his muscled chest.

"Hollander."

Brown eyes opened, Shane's smooth forehead wrinkling with confusion. Fucking shit. This man was precious.

"Ilya, what are you—?"

"You need to get out of here, Hollander."

Confusion turned rapidly to anger, and Ilya saw a vein tick in the other man's jaw.

"Get—" Shane stumbled, and Ilya took two steps forward to steady him. Shane shook him off. "Get—away."

"Is that what you really want?" Ilya squeezed the soft spot between Shane's shoulder and neck.

"Yes," Shane breathed, eyes fluttering closed at the touch.

"You don't mean that, Hollander," Ilya said smugly. "If the tent in your pants is anything to go off—"

"Fuck you," Shane said, shaking his head.

"I believe we do it the other way around, if memory serves me correctly."

"*Fuck* you," Shane said with more force this time. "We—we didn't even kiss. Last time, we didn't even fucking kiss."

Shit, Shane was wasted. His eyes were still shut, like he couldn't stand to look at Ilya. "Use me and lose me, right?"

Ilya swallowed the guilt and shame creeping up his throat. *Right*, he wanted to say, if only to convince himself that this had ever been the plan. To use Shane and then lose him.

The last time had been incredibly hot, watching Shane fist his own cock on the bed of Ilya's hotel room. Fucking gorgeous, watching his eyes shine with lust as he came, spilling over the abs Ilya had wanted to lick.

A plan that hadn't worked, of course. It had all been meant to keep Ilya from actually touching him. To still get off, feel *some* release, but keep his distance. That plan had lasted all of forty-five seconds — until Shane came, and then Ilya was pushing him onto his stomach, yanking his ass into the air, fucking him harder than he'd ever fucked anyone.

Of *course* they hadn't kissed. Because where did the line end if they did? Ilya would end up admitting too much, *feeling* too much, when there wasn't the safety of at least ten cities between them—

Shane's eyes fluttered open and closed, the colors of the disco ball overhead lighting up his freckles in purples and blues and yellows. It was a ridiculous sight, and his friends were idiots for bringing him here.

"Hollander," Ilya said as low as he could. "How much have you had to drink?"

"Proibly... too much."

"And you do not want to come out publicly as gay, yes?"

Drunkenly, Shane wiggled his head from right to left.

"Y-yes—I mean, yes that—*no*, I don't want—" His shoulders slumped forward, and Ilya's heart shot into his throat as he glanced around. "I—I'm not ready yet."

"Brilliant of your fucking buddies to take you to a gay club then, yes?"

"They don't know, asshole."

"Then brilliant of *you* to come here. Temptation all around you."

Shane's lips curled into a humorless smile.

"Temptation," he repeated, eyes cracking open.

Ilya felt Shane's hands slide into his bomber jacket, squeezing him through the cotton of his Raiders T-shirt. His cock jumped to attention at the contact, and his eyes darted frantically around to see if anyone had noticed.

"Jesus, Hollander," Ilya said, his jaw ticking.

No one had recognized Ilya, yet, as far as he could tell. He had been smart enough to wear a beanie to cover up his curls, but it was a matter of time before someone recognized Shane.

Gay men were not usually hockey enthusiasts, blessedly for their current situation, but Ilya could tell the men in this place were frothing at the mouth to take their shot with Shane.

A red-hot flare of possession lit up Ilya's chest as he squeezed Shane's shoulders tighter. The man was so drunk, he just kept running his tongue along his bottom lip as he slid his hands under Ilya's shirt, down to his waistband, until he was fiddling with the elastic of his boxers —

"Hollander," Ilya said, giving him a little shake. "Head up, for fuck's sake. If you don't want to be outed, we need to get out of here."

He peeled Shane's hands away and slid his arm around the man's shoulders — something that could explain any iPhone photos that might show up in the press: a buddy taking a drunk friend home — and weaved through the crowd toward the back exit.

"What are you—even *doing* here, Ilya?" Shane slurred, his head lolling onto Ilya's shoulder. "You have a bye week, shouldn't you be... partying in Boston?"

"Brand campaign in Montreal," Ilya lied, slipping them out the back door.

He shot his scariest Russian glare at the fucker ogling Shane from the bar. The door slammed behind them as they stepped out into the alley.

Fresh air swept over him, and he loosened his grip on Shane, not realizing how hard he'd been squeezing the man into his side. The shorter man turned in his arms, looking up at him with those enormous brown eyes, and for a moment, Ilya let himself believe this was just a normal night. A gay bar, a hot guy begging to get to his knees for Ilya in a dingy alley—

The fantasy slipped away comically fast, because the butterflies igniting in his chest had already found their way back in. They always inconveniently did, with Shane.

Completely beyond his control, Ilya's hand came up to cup Shane's cheek, his thumb brushing over the soft skin beneath his eye. The freckles he'd practically had memorized since he was eighteen...

"How do you know I have bye week, Hollander?"

"Because I—" Shane swallowed, still struggling to hold himself up. His eyes lingered on Ilya's lips for a moment. "Because I follow hockey, you asshole."

"Is that right?" Ilya's lips curled into a smirk. "Who do the Penguins playing this week, then?"

"Fuck you," Shane said, eyes still locked on Ilya's lips. "I just knew, okay."

He pushed weakly out of Ilya's arms and turned toward the streetlight spilling into the alley.

"I'm going home."

"Not alone, you are not," Ilya said, grabbing his arm.

This was getting ridiculous, the athlete was acting like a whiny fucking child—

“Fuck off, I’m a grown adult—”

“And you think, what, I let you get mugged in the streets?”

“This isn’t Russia,” Shane spun on him. For some reason, the words stung. “I can get home fine.”

“Shane,” Ilya said softly.

He knew it was a dirty play, using his first name. The man melted like pudding when he did, and Ilya knew it was the only way to get him to listen. Shane’s shoulders softened and his jaw unclenched, just slightly.

His eyes lifted to Ilya, clinging desperately to the anger in them. But sadness, and something like hurt, won out.

“Ilya.” Shane swallowed.

“I take you home. That’s it. Nothing more, okay?”

Shane’s nostrils flared. His chest rose on an inhale, his eyes tracing Ilya’s jaw, down to his chest. Fucking shit, he looked so *sad*, and Ilya wanted to punch the wall, but also kiss him until he was smiling again. Take him back to his hotel room and press his face into the pillow while he fingered his asshole. Make him moan, make him scream, make sure he was the only man Shane thought about tonight.

And then kiss him more.

Instead, he reached up and fixed the crooked collar of Shane’s shirt.

“Nothing more,” Shane repeated, nodding as he swallowed. “Right.”

Brown eyes flicked up to Ilya before he turned and stumbled forward. “You remember where my place is, I assume?”

“Of course.”

The cab ride was quiet. The only sound was the pounding in Ilya’s head, the electric brush of their pinkies as Shane slouched against the window. His heart thudded painfully in his chest as he stared, helpless, at the sliver of exposed skin at Shane’s collar.

He helped Shane from the cab, his hand settling at the small of his back. Ilya’s shaky fingers tightened around his waist to keep him from falling as he fumbled for his keys.

“Goodbye, Rozanov,” Shane said, unlocking his door and slipping inside.

It was too hard to find the right English words for: *Please let me in, because I can’t stay away from you. I’m a fucking asshole, like you say, and I came here to see you, to make sure you*

were okay, and I'm not done. I'm not done with you, so please, for fuck's sake, let me in.

So Ilya took the easier route.

“Goodnight, Hollander.”

Chapter 2

The hotel room in Montreal was ass.

They were all ass. Everytime Ilya was in this stupid, boring city he stayed in a stupid, boring hotel. Canada sucked.

His phone buzzed.

Jane: Are you still in Montreal?

Ilya stared down at his phone. He didn't get much sleep because the horribly pathetic image of Shane kept appearing in his mind. Those sad, brown, half-Asian eyes drinking in Ilya like he was the only thing that could save him from this tragic fate of his.

Poor, famous, talented Hollander. With a family who loved him. Boo fucking hoo.

"We—we didn't even kiss. Last time, we didn't even fucking kiss."

Shit fuck, Shane had sounded sad. And drunk. He was adorable when tipsy and Ilya had been desperate to be invited into his apartment, if only to see him do more adorably stupid, bumbly things.

Despite what the rest of the world thought, it didn't make Ilya feel *good* to make Shane sad.

He pulled up the message and replied.

Yes.

The little bubble that always appeared right after he texted Shane appeared. Ilya rolled his eyes, it would probably take the man two business days to reply—

Jane: Come over. Now.

Ilya gulped. It took a lot to surprise him, he wasn't easily rattled, but his heart rate sped up at the shock of Shane's forwardness...

Ilya's cock stirred.

Shaking his head, he replied back.

Why? Did you hit your head, like a drunk idiot?

There. Back on top.

Jane: Get over here.

The car ride over was quiet. The driver kept trying to make small talk — Ilya was 90% sure he didn't recognize him since his hair was covered by a beanie and he had on sunglasses — but, regardless he played the “*English? No, no, not very good English*” card.

The sun was rising over the building as Ilya crept around the back. He was met with the sight of Shane leaning casually against the brick of the building, looking up at the sky with his eyes closed. He probably felt like shit, after how much he drank last night. He took a breath in and when he exhaled, a puff of air streamed from his mouth.

He'd look hot if he smoked, Ilya thought, unhelpfully.

“Hollander.”

The Canadian's eyes opened slowly and he turned just his head to look at Ilya. It was odd, seeing Shane like this. Like he was too tired to have his usual straight-back manners.

He didn't look like the normal flustered, shy Canadian man Ilya was used to. He simply looked... tired.

“Hey,” he said without much color to it.

Ilya held up his phone. “You summoned?”

“Yeah.” Shane's eyes took a slow journey down Ilya's body and then back up. He sucked his bottom lip into his mouth and, from here, Ilya swore he saw his cheeks heat. “I wanted to see you.”

“Ah, well it is cold in this country of yours. Shall we...?” Ilya nodded at the door and Shane pushed off the wall, stuffing his hands in his pockets, and led them upstairs.

Opening his enormous industrial refrigerator, Shane pulled out two waters and put them on the table.

“Thank you for getting me home last night. I was... I haven't gotten that drunk since—” Shane scrunched his face up. “I don't think ever.”

Ilya snorted. “Of course not.”

“Fuck you, all I'm saying is that it was nice. And I'm sorry if I was... a dick.”

Ilya's eyes shot to Shane's face. Holy fuck, is *that* what this was? The man felt *bad*? *Shane* felt guilty?

For a moment, he just stared at him. Even through the sip of water he took, he kept his eyes locked on Shane's smooth, freckled, perfect face. He probably looked pissed.

“You are sorry.” Ilya repeated, perhaps a bit harshly.

“Yes,” Shane replied. His forehead had scrunched up in that *Why do you have to be such a dick?* manner and that felt better. That felt more like how this was supposed to go.

Because Shane shouldn't be *sorry* for getting drunk. That was fucking stupid. He shouldn't feel sorry, even, for shutting the door in Ilya's face last night. It's not like he didn't deserve it, after the way he treated him—

"Is okay." Ilya said.

"Okay," Shane said slowly. His eyes were darting from his hands to the floor, and it looked a bit like he was having a war with himself on the inside.

"Hey," Ilya said, and stepped forward. With just his two knuckles, he tapped under Shane's chin until their eyes met. "I said is okay, so I mean that it *is* okay."

"I..." His brown eyes drooped and he stared tiredly at Ilya's lips. "I feel like shit."

"What did you drink last night?"

"Whiskey."

"Well, there you go. Nit wit juice."

Shane snorted. Ilya sounded silly because it came out more like *Nit vit juice* but it was hard enough translating everything everyone said to him all the time, let alone saying it perfectly.

"What?" Shane took a step forward. "It would have been better if I'd had vodka, right?"

Ilya's heart sank into his stomach. He was such an asshole. He knew he owed Shane an apology but that just wasn't how he did things. It wasn't in his nature to say *Look, I'm sorry I was selfish. I had you jerk yourself off so that I could have that memory for every single fucking shower I ever take again. And so that I wouldn't have to touch you and be tempted to kiss you and say things to you I couldn't take back.*

So instead, he took the easier route.

"Yes. Vodka, at least, is—"

Shane grabbed his collar and pressed their lips together. They kissed each other hungrily, frantically, and soon Shane had Ilya pressed against the counter. His hands were rougher than normal, like he was angry at Ilya, and that was fine. Ilya fucking loved it.

Shane's hands pressed hard on Ilya's shoulders until he was stumbling to his knees.

"Suck me off"

"Ah, I like you bossy, Hollander."

"Shut *up*."

"Mmmm," Ilya hummed as he nuzzled his nose into Shane's sweatpants. His cock was completely erect, and he had one hand threaded into Ilya's hair. Jesus Christ, he loved when Shane got like this.

“Take these off,” Ilya said into Shane’s pants.

“Do it for me, Rozanov.”

Ilya slipped his hands into Shane’s pants and boxers — because two birds one whatever the phrase was — and tugged hard until his thick cock bobbed out and slapped him in the cheek. Ridding Shane of his pants, he straightened back up onto his knees and wrapped his hand around the other man’s cock.

“So fucking hard for me, Hollander.” Ilya tugged on it a few times, giving himself a moment to get comfortable on his knees. If he couldn’t apologize to Shane about it all, at least he could *show* him he was sorry.

He took it to the back of his throat.

“Yes—fuck, Ilya—just like—*shit*.”

Ilya loved this. Loved every second of making Shane a babbling, incoherent mess. He loved reducing the sweet, polite little Canadian into an out-of-control, cursing slut.

He gagged a bit as he took Shane to the back of his throat again and slowly pulled off, licking and sucking at the head. Meanwhile, his other hand was fondling his balls, one finger working its way between his ass cheeks.

Shane might not be the most experienced person Ilya had slept with, not by a *long* shot, but he certainly had the best ass.

“Mmph, Ilya, *fuck*—” Shane babbled as Ilya took him to the back of his throat and prodded at his hole. It was so tight and Ilya prayed to all the gods that were maybe out there somewhere that Shane would let him fuck him.

“I’m going to—” Shane’s ass clenched and his legs shook as he blew his load into Ilya’s mouth. He tasted bitter and yet, also sweet somehow? Of course Hollander’s *cum* would be fucking sweet...

Ilya stood, ready to make a joke about it, but Shane attacked his mouth. Ilya stumbled backwards, almost falling down the fucking landing, but Shane held onto his shoulders as they crashed into the bedroom. Before he could get on the bed, Shane had him up against the wall, palming his dick through his pants. It was like he was trying to make up for them *not* kissing the last time—

“Take your fucking clothes off and fuck me,” Shane growled into Ilya’s mouth.

“Take your shirt off, you look like an idiot,” Ilya retorted. Shane did look like an idiot with a shirt but no pants on. Like that character from that show with the pig and the honey bear: Winnie the—

“Fuck you,” Shane said as he reached behind him and tugged his shirt off in one move.

Ilya rid himself of his own clothes while Shane grabbed the lube and condoms. Laying back on the bed with his hands behind his head, he admired the muscle of Shane's thighs. He was on his side, rummaging around in the nightstand, and fucking *shit* the muscles of his back...

This, this is how Ilya wanted him today.

Rolling onto his side, he kissed Shane's neck and spooned him. His shoulders and neck were so fucking soft. How could a man be so *masculine* and sexy and muscular, yet so soft and gorgeous—

"Open," Ilya muttered into Shane's neck, prompting him to adjust his leg so he could finger him open. "That's it."

He lubed up his fingers and started prepping Shane. It didn't take long, and Ilya tried not to think too much about *who* was doing other things to Shane and told himself it was just himself and his dildo...

"Jesus, Ilya, yes—your fingers—"

Ilya worked him up to three fingers, and took time to rub his prostate every few thrusts. It was so fucking hot the way Shane fucked his mouth a few minutes ago and then, now, was so open and pliant for Ilya. Sweet thing.

"Cock—need it—" Shane was grinding his hips back into Ilya's hand shamelessly and it made Ilya want to shove his fingers into the man's mouth and choke him. He wasn't sure why Shane made him turn into an animal but it did. He felt feral for him.

"So needy," Ilya purred into Shane's ear as he slid the condom on and lined himself up. He sucked Shane's earlobe into his mouth and pushed forward, unable to resist sliding his thumb between his lips while he fucked him.

It was unreal, the way Shane's asshole felt. Fucking unreal. Like nothing his body or brain had ever experienced before.

He got lost in it. The slide of his dick into Shane's warm, slick heat, and the filthy words coming from his mouth. Some of which Ilya didn't even know but made a mental note to look up on Google Translate later.

Ilya was completely lost, his brain only able to supply Russian words, and so he let himself feel the full range of emotion he'd been shoving away for...

Years, now.

"Fucking need you. Need you so bad. Can't stop fucking thinking about you. Want you to myself. No one else. Want to ruin you."

He was 99% sure nothing was coming out in English.

"Ilya, fuck—Ilya, yes—"

A white-hot orgasm rippled from Ilya and he came deep inside Shane. His body spasmed for what felt like minutes and, before long, he was between Shane's thighs, with his legs thrown over his shoulders, deep-throating the man.

He swallowed Shane's second load as the Canadian *roared*, and then flopped down onto the bed beside him.

"Shit." That was the only English word his brain would supply. And he wasn't even sure he *had* said it in English.

"Yeah. Shit."

The atmosphere changed fast. Like the air had been sucked from the room, and Shane stood and started to put his clothes back on.

"Uh, thanks again for making sure I got home alright," Shane said without looking up. "That was... you didn't have to do that."

Ilya propped himself up against the headboard.

I would do anything for you, you fucking idiot. I would do anything to make sure you are okay. Why the fuck do you think I'm here? Do you have any idea what it felt like to see you going into that gay club?

Per usual, Ilya took the easier route.

"You are welcome."

End Notes

Thanks for reading :) if you liked it, leave a comment! I've written other fandoms, but I just watched Heated Rivalry and couldn't resist. I have another (much smuttier) one in the works after episode 5.

xxoo

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