

We didn't even kiss

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We didn't even kiss

by [junevirginia](#)

Summary

Shane sent the text. He felt like an idiot. He needed to be done with Ilya Rozanov. But he can't stop himself from going back to Ilya's room after Ilya calls him.

OR

AU where Shane sends the "We didn't even kiss" text and returns to Ilya's room to confront him.

Notes

I recognize I am not the only one writing a version of this same AU, but how am I supposed to get this moment out of my head unless I write this??? I have no idea if I can add more to this fandom, but I'll just drop this and run because I can't stop thinking of my gay hockey boys.

Shane regretted the text as soon as he sent it.

“Fuck.”

He rolled his head back and stared at the ceiling of the elevator. He didn't know why he sent the text. He didn't know what he expected Ilya to say. He probably wouldn't say anything. Six months of unanswered text messages later and Shane was just as confused as he had been in Montreal, in Russia.

“Fuck, fuck, FUCK.” He closed his eyes.

Shane had never felt this way after being with Ilya. He felt empty. He felt alone.

He gripped his phone, hoping for a text message, and equally never hoping to hear from Ilya again.

The elevator arrived at his floor, and Shane walked down the hallway. He wasn't in a penthouse suite like Ilya; he hadn't won the cup. Shane didn't give a shit about the cup. He didn't give a shit about the goals he missed this year, and the games they lost. Ilya...Ilya wasn't just part of hockey any longer. He wasn't his rival. He'd never *wanted* Ilya to be his rival. Yes, he was an asshole—a monumental one—but Ilya was...he was Ilya. Shane liked him. He could admit that much. He liked Ilya and he thought they were at least friends. Were they more? What more did Shane expect?

Shane reached his door, unlocked it, and walked inside his room. He pressed his back to the door. He needed to forget about Ilya Rozanov. Shane had the whole summer before him. He and his parents were going to France. He made plans to see Hayden and J.J. Shane didn't need to waste his time with a confounding Russian man who—

His phone buzzed in his hand.

Lily: *I kissed many places on you.*

Shane felt the emptiness inside expand. He wanted to smash his phone.

“Fuck you,” he whispered to his phone and threw it onto the bed.

He needed a shower.

In the shower, Shane replayed his night with Ilya over and over again. As Ilya approached the bed, Shane had crawled forward to press his face against Ilya's pelvis. Feeling Ilya's hard cock on his face. Shane should feel embarrassed by his brazen desire, but when had he ever hid how much he wanted Rozanov? From the first time they were together, Shane was clear in his needs, even if he didn't yet have the words for them.

When Ilya flipped him over, physically moving Shane onto his stomach, Shane felt every nerve ending in his body come alive. It was a shock, a jolt. He groaned into the mattress as

Ilya slid his tongue along Shane's hole. Shane's eyes fluttered, and his toes curled. Shane fisted the duvet in his hands, desperate for Ilya's cock.

"Please," he'd begged.

At this part of the memory, Shane felt his cock getting hard again in the shower. "Fuck," he whispered to himself and reached down.

"Please what?" Ilya had asked, his voice thick and dreamy.

"Please fuck me."

"Is what you want? To be fucked by my cock?"

Shane groaned into the bedding. "Please." He sounded desperate. He *was* desperate. It had been months and Shane could never match the feeling of Ilya Rozanove fucking him. No dildo could ever compare.

Ilya left the mattress; Shane was hoping it was for lube and a condom. He didn't move. He left himself exposed to Ilya.

When Ilya returned, he said, "You look so fuckable."

"So fuck me already."

"So impatient."

"Rozanov."

Shane felt Ilya behind him. The lube, too cold, but Shane's skin was too hot. When Ilya sank into him, Shane let out a whimper from his chest.

Shane didn't come in the shower, despite wanting it. He felt raw everywhere, and he just needed to sleep. He hadn't forgotten about Ilya's text, but he had nothing to say to him. Shane worked on his restraint; he dried off, brushed his teeth, and pulled on fresh briefs for bed. By the time he climbed into bed, it's been almost an hour since he'd left Ilya. He was tempted to just plug in his phone and go to sleep, but his willpower was waning.

Lily: *We kissed in bathroom.*

Lily: *Why do you need kiss?*

Jane: *I'm sleeping.*

Lily: *No, you're texting. Why do you need kiss? I fucked you good, yes?*

Jane: *Leave me alone.*

Lily: *I don't understand problem. You came to get fucked, and you got fucked. You're unhappy?*

Jane: *You're right. There's no problem. Goodnight.*

Shane set down his phone. He turned off the light. His heart was racing. They needed to stop. Shane couldn't do this any longer. He would end things with Rozanov next time he saw him. They weren't good together. They weren't even together. They fucked. Occasionally. They weren't even friends with benefits because they'd need to be friends first. Shane didn't need Rozanov; he only needed hockey.

His phone buzzed.

He pulled a pillow over his head.

His phone buzzed again.

"Shut up," he said beneath the muffled pillows.

Then, it buzzed consistently.

Shane sat up. He grabbed his phone in the dark.

Lily Calling

"Fuck."

Shane answered the call. "Wh—"

"Why do you need kiss?"

"Rozanov," Shane sighed and pressed his forehead against his knees. "Please just let me sleep. I'm good. It's been a long day."

Ilya was quiet for a moment, and then said, "Come to my room."

Shane sat up. "No."

"Yes. We can talk."

"Talk?" Shane asked.

"Yes, it's a thing two people do when one is being a bitch and the other—"

"Fuck *you*," Shane cut him off. "I shouldn't have sent the text, OK? I'm tired, and I want to go to sleep. I'll see you in the Fall."

Shane didn't hang up. He should've. It would've punctuated his point, but Shane stayed on the line. He listened to Ilya breathing. He closed his eyes and imagined Ilya was right next to him. His heart ached.

“Come to my room,” Ilya said a little softer.

Shane felt so conflicted. He didn’t want to go on principle alone. Ilya could’ve said whatever he’d wanted earlier, when he had Shane at his disposal. Shane didn’t want to talk to him. He didn’t want to hear what he had to say. He didn’t want to ignore all of it and just fuck.

But he also didn’t want to miss out on a few more precious moments with Ilya. He didn’t know when he might see him again.

“I’ll be right there,” Shane consented.

Shane walked into Ilya’s room three hours after he’d first walked into his room, but this time, he had no idea what he was walking into.

“Rozanov?” Shane called out after the door was closed.

Ilya stepped out of the bedroom a few seconds later. He’d showered. His golden curls laid damp on the top of his head. He wore sweatpants with pockets, where he buried his hands.

Shane said nothing, he just looked at Ilya across the living room. Ilya walked further into the room, eyeing Shane. He walked with purpose, but didn’t rush, and when Ilya was right in front of Shane, he held his breath. Ilya leaned in. He kissed Shane softly. Briefly.

“You wanted kiss,” Ilya whispered.

It wasn’t about the kiss, Shane thought.

Ilya reached up and grabbed the back of Shane’s head and dragged Shane into him. Their lips collided, and Shane felt everything inside him light ablaze. Ilya was not soft. He slid his tongue into Shane’s waiting mouth, and they battled against each other. Shane moaned for Ilya, because he couldn’t help it, and it seemed to egg Ilya on. He kissed Shane senseless. Lips bruised and bitten, tongues tired from collision. Ilya walked Shane backwards until he was arching against the wet bar, both his hands now holding the back of Shane’s head.

When Ilya pulled away, they were both breathless. In a turn of tone, Ilya looked down at Shane’s lips and then kissed him gently three times. Shane wrapped his arms around Ilya.

“OK,” Ilya said, dropping his arms from Shane’s body. “You may go now.”

“What?” Shane asked after Ilya’s retreating form.

Ilya stopped, half-turned. “You wanted kiss, I gave you kiss.”

Shane scoffed. He shook his head. “You know what, fuck you, Rozanov. Truly fuck you!”

He walked towards Ilya’s door, feeling rage simmering deep down. Shane never let himself get worked up, but Ilya pulled it out of him. He had never been so confused by any single person in his entire life.

“What do you want from me, Hollander?” Ilya asked him, his arms stretched wide.

Shane turned. “For you to be a fucking human for once.”

“Human? How am I not human?” Ilya grabbed at his arms, showing that he was made of flesh and blood. “I am fucking human, Hollander. I’m also not here to play whatever game you are—”

“I’m playing a game, Rozanov?” Shane pointed to his chest. “*Me?*”

“Yes, you. You play game.”

Shane laughed humorlessly. “I’m trying to be real with you, something you’ve never once done with me. For fuck’s sake, Ilya, we’ve known each other for six years. We’ve been fucking for four. Doesn’t that mean something to you?”

Ilya looked away from Shane. His mouth was tight. Shane could see him disconnected.

He didn’t even need Ilya to say it.

Shane knew.

“It means nothing to you. Got it.”

Shane hated the tears that filled his eyes. He hated how out of control he sounded. But above all, Shane hated that he was alone in these feelings. He couldn’t even name them, but he knew he felt something. And to be alone in that...it was worse than never having had Ilya at all.

“I think I’m done,” Shane said sadly. This got Ilya’s attention. Shane felt a tear fall and angrily wiped it away. “We go back to just being rivals. No more texts. No more hotel rooms.” His bottom lip trembled. “I’m just Hollander and you’re just Rozanov, and we can play against each other, and forget any of this ever happened.”

Ilya stared at him, blinking slowly, but not saying a word.

Shane laughed bitterly. “Great. Well, thanks Rozanov. For the kiss. I’ll see you around.”

He walked over to the door. It felt like such a waste. The years of trying to just see one another, to end like this. Shane felt his heart breaking; he wasn’t sure if it was the best description, but he didn’t know how else to describe the feeling. He had feelings for Ilya, but he was alone in those feelings. He would have to move on. Once Fall and the season returned, Shane needed to be over Ilya. If it took all summer, Shane would forget he’d even known Ilya Rozanov.

Shane reached for the door handle.

“I don’t want to forget,” Ilya said in a small voice.

Shane paused. He looked over his shoulder. “What?”

Ilya shuffled uncomfortably between his two feet. He crossed his arms defiantly over his chest. "I don't want to forget."

Shane turned fully to Ilya. It felt like there were miles between them.

"You don't?" Shane asked.

Ilya shook his head. He swallowed hard.

"I'm not allowed feelings about returning to Russia," Ilya said, and Shane didn't say a word. He had no idea if his questions from earlier had drummed any of this up, but he didn't know where else it would have come from. "Russia is home. I have responsibility to my family, so I go. But I don't wish to be in Russia. I want to be here." His eyes looked up at Shane.

"In Vegas?" Shane asked.

Ilya scoffed, but his lips turned up in a small smile. "Fuck no. Vegas is shit."

"So, Boston?" Shane asked.

Ilya looked at him. *Really* looked at him. Shane felt his heart hammering in his chest. A few moments passed without Ilya saying a word, so Shane crossed the room. Did somewhere else feel like home to Ilya?

When Shane reached him, he did what felt natural. He wrapped Ilya in a hug.

Ilya was tense, but just for a few seconds, and then he melted in Shane. Ilya wrapped his arms around Shane's middle. He lowered his head to Shane's shoulder, and turned to his neck, his breath soft on Shane's skin. Shane reached up, running his hand along Ilya's still damp hair. He closed his eyes, just focusing on Ilya's body against his. Shane felt a different ache now—an ache for this man who seemed so tortured, and Shane knew nothing about it.

Moments passed, and Shane knew he wouldn't be the one to pull away from Ilya, not when he needed him. When Ilya did finally pull away, he wouldn't look Shane in the eye.

"Will you stay?" Ilya asked.

Shane was shocked, but he tried to hide it. Ilya looked up at him and Shane was pretty sure he saw tears swimming in Ilya's hazel eyes. Shane nodded. Ilya took his hand and guided him to the bedroom.

Ilya climbed into the right side of the bed, and Shane climbed into the left. Ilya pressed a button and all the lights turned off in the room, but the glow of Las Vegas below emitted a cool, blue light. Shane adjusted to the dark, but it was Ilya's hand trying to find him that grounded Shane. Shane slid across the sheets, falling into the circle of Ilya's arms. He pressed his cheek against Ilya's chest.

After a minute or so, Ilya reached below Shane's chin and tipped his head up. Shane felt Ilya's lips, soft and curious, on his own. When they kissed this time, it was slow. Their lips whispered against one another's as they turned their heads left and then right to kiss every

part of the other's lips. Ilya held Shane close, and Shane stayed right there against him, needing him, it seemed, as much as Ilya needed him at that moment. Shane felt weightless as Ilya kissed him. He saw stars. And the ache from before felt like a distant memory.

Ilya eventually pulled away. He kissed Shane's forehead, pulling him to rest his cheek on Ilya's chest again.

Shane relaxed. He listened to Ilya's heartbeat, and fell asleep right after hearing Ilya whisper, "Good night, Shane."

In the morning, Shane slipped from Ilya's bed quietly. He had a flight in a little over two hours, and he needed to pack. He had slept in all the clothes he'd worn to Ilya's room, and was covered in a thin layer of sweat beneath his sweatshirt and pants. He'd need another shower. Shane walked round to Ilya's side of the bed. He thought about just leaving, sending him a goodbye text, but he didn't want that. Not after last night.

Shane leaned down, brushing the curls from Ilya's forehead, something he'd wanted to do for a while now. He cupped Ilya's cheek and gently kissed him.

Ilya's eyes opened slowly.

"Hollander?" he asked sleepily.

"Yeah. I have to go."

Ilya nodded. "OK."

His eyes were closed again as he stretched along the mattress.

Shane smiled at the sleeping man. "I'll see you in the Fall."

Ilya reached out a hand to Shane. "Another kiss."

Shane's heart swelled. He leaned over and gave Ilya a longer kiss this time. Nothing like last night, but something that would last until they saw each other again.

When they broke apart, Shane said, "You can always call me from Russia."

"I will not need to call you."

"If you wanted."

Ilya finally opened his eyes. He blinked at Shane before rubbing his tired eyes open. "OK, Hollander."

Shane took a couple of steps backwards, giving him just another second of witnessing cute, sleepy Ilya. He smiled a little, looked down at his feet, and said, "Bye, Rozanov."

Ilya's tired eyes focused on Shane. "Bye, Hollander."

Shane had no idea what any of it meant. He had no idea if anything would change. He still didn't know what he felt, and he definitely didn't know what Ilya Rozanov felt. But Shane left Ilya's penthouse with a sense of relief. They could figure out the rest of it, eventually. Shane was sure of it.

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