

I've got the sweetest hangover (I don't wanna get over)

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I've got the sweetest hangover (I don't wanna get over)

by [chocorisee](#)

Summary

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He reasons. Fractured collarbone, concussed, arm in a sling. Out for the playoffs. Him being obliged to stay at home, resting and recovering, while his team could continue playing for the rest of the season without him — he knows the minute the feeling of the meds would wear off, the thought alone would have been enough to send him into psychosis. He considers his options. His throbbing head doesn't really help.

He then supposes he could have a little fun of his own.

"Heh," Shane giggles before even managing to blurt anything else out. "My boyfriend is here."

—

(Or: dopey Shane has the time of his life wooing a very worried Ilya.)

Notes

hello !! this is my first time writing a fic about hollanov and english isn't my first language so bear with me for any grammatical/spelling mistakes or if they come across as OOC !! thought it would be fun to write from Shane's perspective while being high on pain meds and waxing poetry abt ilya's beauty for 4k words (it was) sue me >_<
to next time !! kudos and comments are always appreciated <3

Ilya's voice is the last thing Shane recalls after getting crushed against the cold, slippery ice by Marlow and before being carried away by the team's medics. His worried tone is the only thing that fights against the fog in his brain, persisting in a way it always has. He wanted to, tried to — tell him that he's fine. A little blow to the head could not have done much damage to him. He could even wiggle the fingers of his feet if he focused hard enough!

Even now, while laying on the clean sheets of an uncomfortable hospital bed, more than the annoying beeping of the heart rate monitor standing next to him, there is only Ilya's voice in his ears.

He isn't worrying anymore. He had been, sure, just a little bit, when unknown hands were roaming all over his hockey gear and unfamiliar voices didn't stop asking question about his head, — his stupid throbbing head — intimating him to stay awake, as if he had the intention to fall asleep on central ice when he had a game to play! He ached to close his eyes for a bit, though. The lights were suddenly too bright and he could feel every swipe of the skates' blades against the floor. That was so annoying. And a tad overwhelming.

But now, left alone to himself and his aching limbs soothed by a combination of pain meds he hadn't thought possible, all he can manage to think about is Ilya. *Ilya, Ilya, Ilya.*

He smiles to himself, eyes sealed off because he doesn't yet manage to adjust his sight to the room's lights, since he is lying beside a very big window — why wasn't there a curtain in sight? — letting his brain morph in something between old memories of them together and improbable future scenarios involving his 8-year-old-on-and-off-situationship. Ilya entering the room. Ilya kissing his forehead while sitting at his side. Ilya announcing he accepted Shane's offer to go to spend their summer break together — oh! The cottage! Right. He hadn't even had the time to tell Ilya about the cottage. Shucks.

He felt very silly thinking about it. He had this whole plan laid out, obviously, as he always does beforehand, to ask Ilya to give up another meaningless summer in mother Russia, surrounded by people who swore to be family but disregarded him as a son, as a brother, as the caregiver of the Rozanov kin. All of this in order to spend one, — no, maybe even two! — weeks at Shane's house. Shane's very private and very secure cottage, which was his favourite place in the world and few people ever had access to it, apart from his parents of course. It would have been perfect.

Dopey Shane let himself indulge in a lighthearted giggle at the thought. They would put fears and doubts aside for the first time in a decade spent being miserable for one another in favour of actually *seeing* each other.

Shane Hollander has very few certainties in his life. He values his family, which you could say also included his closest friends, and his privacy above anything else. His image is important to him, sure, it's what he's been told to care about for the most part of his life, — how he should present himself, which tone to use according to the situation. It wasn't something that clicked to him immediately nor naturally, he just knew he could not betray the expectations others had of him. That is, Golden boy Shane Hollander, 2-Stanley-Cup-Winner as the 25 year old captain of the Montreal Metros, the bunch of contracts with brand campaigns he signed over the years as the face of diversity, his duty for being one of the people of colour in the league — Yeah. Hockey wasn't just a sport to him. It's like every single time he steps on ice he needs to prove the whole world something. That he's good, the best, more deserving of his spot than anyone else. It had occurred to him often, at times where his brain wasn't all mushy from a freaking concussion like right now, like a slap on the cheek or a splash of cold water to the face, how performing is a painful, seemingly indiscernible part of his whole identity.

With Ilya, though... it's different. It has been, from the start. It took him, both of them, a lot of time to finally admit it, but he knows, deep inside his bones, that this time it would be different. They reached a point of no coming back, the high would never wear off and it isn't half as intoxicating as the pills he was forced to swallow to keep the pain of his limbs down — Ilya has settled himself under the very thickness of his skin, becoming one with him against his will or their unspoken plans to not get any feeling involved.

The turmoil the other's presence caused in his very existence was undeniable, sometimes unbearable, but mostly reassuring. Grounding. A warm feeling settling down at the pit of his stomach and never letting go, always reminding him of how the so acclaimed rivalry, the never-ending bickering, the sportsmanlike relationship they were expected to showcase to the outside spectator, meant nothing compared to the flickering pumping through the veins of his body every time they got to meet, to be together. The very thought of the curly haired boy animated and moved him like a puppet of some sort.

If he wasn't high off his mind he'd probably be embarrassed by his train of thoughts and he'd probably try to repress them with all he's worth. He could now count on his empty, silent for once head to forget most of them later — he is glad. He is going to take advantage of that and no one could do anything to stop him.

Technically, he knows that wouldn't be possible. Public place and all, crowded with other patients and medical professionals. His parents — his parents are there. Hayden had just left because he had to go pick up one of his million kids from school or whatever, he wasn't really paying attention, all in favour of daydreaming about his very-hot-not-yet-boyfriend Ilya Rozanov. Oh wait. Maybe he blurted some advice to his best friend about getting a vasectomy while he was waving his goodbyes at the door. Heh. He's sure this conversation had happened before, although in different tones. Sorry Hayden. Although it's kinda true.

His internal rambling is interrupted by the sound of a knock on the door of his room.

The moment Ilya steps in is also the moment something inside Shane's mind clicks. The blond's name is announced with a smile on his own lips that almost tears his face in two and which you could feel in his tone alone. It's so strange getting to say it so freely now. He knows they aren't exactly at that stage of total mindfulness, being there many things still left unsaid, but something changed during their All-Star-Game in Florida and it isn't only the effect of the drugs playing with his perception of reality and making him believe that. It feels so real it is at times suffocating, but also... holding him down. Comforting.

"Hi," Ilya greets unexpectedly awkwardly. "I just needed to — Are you okay?" he adds right away, to which Shane promptly nods, smiling a bit. "Marlow... he feels bad. He didn't want to hurt you," he continues, nervously, when Shane doesn't bother giving him a vocal response yet.

Shane can't hold eye contact for long before his head obliges him to shut them close again, but he feels the need to try and meet Ilya's gorgeous blue irises, which he missed very much despite the fact that it hadn't been long since he last saw them, and even if unfocused, he manages to grasp more than the mere concern of a Captain trying to redeem his teammate.

"I'm fine," he dismisses lightheartedly, almost chuckling at how Ilya's whole body seems to decompress at the information. A small smile appears on his lips.

He reasons. Fractured collarbone, concussed, arm in a sling. Out for the playoffs. Him being obliged to stay at home, resting and recovering, while his team could continue playing for the rest of the season without him — he knows the minute the feeling of the meds would wear off, the thought alone would have been enough to send him into psychosis. He considers his options. His throbbing head doesn't really help.

He then supposes he could have a little fun of his own.

“Heh,” Shane giggles before even managing to blurt anything else out. “My boyfriend is here.”

If Ilya had the intention to go reach him at his bedside, Shane would never know, because the man is now stuck at the door frame as some sort of marble statue in a museum. Hand still on the handle and everything, not really sure of what to do, as if he had just witnessed Shane revealing a fatal condition or start speaking Russian out of the blue.

“Is worse than I thought,” he sucks in a breath; Shane doesn’t understand if he’s being serious or if he’s just shitting him back. “You hit your head really, *really* badly.”

Shane isn’t going to let himself be discouraged by that. If he played his cards right, that would turn out to be very hilarious. He is pretty much already enjoying the sight of a speechless Ilya Rozanov in front of him. It surely isn’t something that he gets to experience everyday!

When Ilya still hasn’t shown signs of surrender, he understands it is his cue to act again. “Ilyaaa,” he calls, using the most endearing tone he can manage. If Shane wasn’t so foggy-brained right now he would probably have cringed at himself for being this openly needy, but he doesn’t have the time to think about that. Instead, he calls for him again, just as petulant and giddy as a bunch of seconds ago. “Come here, c’mon,” he uses his free-from-sling hand to signal him to step closer. “I won’t bite!”

Ilya reluctantly lets go of the door which had for a second become his lifeline support or something to approach a very giggly Shane on the bed.

“*Bet- ter!*” he exclaims, intertwining their fingers together at the first chance he gets, falling back against the pillow some more, now feeling unexplainably at peace.

“You are worrying me, Hollander.” Ilya says, but holds his hand tighter into his.

He grimaces at his doubtful tone, a bit. Wants to roll his eyes but can't. "Shane," he corrects him fast, waiting to see if he'd indulge him. And Ilya does, of course, calling his name with a sigh. "And why? I told you I'm fine." he repeats, this time with more intent.

"You said— Uh. You called me—" Ilya hesitates to finish his sentence. Shane really did manage to surprise him. "Boyfriend?" He then interrupts Ilya because he figures watching him gape like a fish would have been a funnier outcome. And he isn't wrong.

"Well, yeah. Boyfriend," he continues, emphasising the concept by ensuring to spell every letter of the word slowly and clearly. "Aren't you Ilya Rozanov? Someone kidnapped and replaced you and now you don't want to tell me? Did you get hurt too on the ice?" Wow he's getting good at this gaslighting shit. He'd pat himself on the shoulder but his right one hurts, so he stays put.

"You're very mouthy for someone who just took a blow to the head," he hears Ilya scoff. "Is this funny to you, *Shane*?"

Has he offended him for real? Shane feels the urge to ask him if this is actually making him angry but at the same time has little to no interest in breaking character.

"Your face is funny," he decides to go with that instead. Since he might be getting already a little annoyed at Shane, he might as well just keep going. "You have your eyes closed."

Shane dismisses him again, shrugging. He guesses Ilya's lips are still moving but his ears can't register any sound since he is now too busy counting Ilya's moles that scatters across the skin of his face and the portion of his neck, peeking through the black shirt he is wearing. He doesn't even have to keep his eyes open for this, since he is sure he can map them by heart, Ilya's pretty features forever engraved inside his memory.

He's so, so handsome. Everyone with eyes agree to that. His features are sharp and distinct, but his perfect curls fall in place to frame his face, making him appear soft in a way he has never noticed any other man do. His eyes are the clearest shade of blue he's ever seen. He wears a gaze that exudes confidence and combativeness most of the time, like he never lets anyone dive deeper behind his impenetrable fortress in the form of cocky attitude, fiercely

disciplined and playboy façade. But, there's more to it. Something Ilya devotes to Shane and him only. The way his eyes darken after a particularly long and breathtaking make-out session, like he wants to ravish Shane alive; how hazy they look when he's about to reach his climax, lost to Shane's care. He holds close to his heart the way he looks while he's laughing, eyes squinting tight, letting little smile lines appear to each side of them. People could objectively see how beautiful Ilya looked, but they'd never see him like Shane does.

He wishes he could tell him. And then again, he reasons, who's holding him back, exactly? "Very pretty, too."

A beat. A single second of silence fills the walls of the sterile room. "Concussions turn you into a sap?" is Ilya's quick response, trying to sound unfazed, although him being flustered by the praise doesn't go unnoticed by Shane.

"I can see you *blush— ing*, Rozanov," he sing-songs, smiling softly. "Ilya," it's his turn to correct him this time and he doesn't miss the opportunity to do so. "No, you cannot. Your eyes are still closed. And I— I'm not blushing."

"You sooo are. I can feel you blushing, Ilya," he objects, letting his eyes finally open; pride sets itself deep in his chest to find out that he was in fact right and Ilya's cheeks are suddenly of a rosey shade that enhances his moles and makes Shane want to hold his face tenderly in his hands, and maybe take a bite, too. But he obviously can't. He scoffs at the stupid sling he's obliged to wear like it had personally wronged him. He makes up for the lack of movement by momentarily letting go of Ilya's hand in favour of reaching the side of his face with his free one, fingers wrapping softly around the tip of his ear. "Wow. Your ears are very red."

Ilya doesn't react much, just hums. He strokes his cheek with two fingers, tracing the freckles that scatter all over his skin, and Shane immediately leans into them, chasing the contact, almost afraid that he'd stop otherwise. The fingers are silently replaced by his palm and Shane takes advantage of that to nuzzle against it. He'd missed that, too.

"Sit down a bit, please? I just got checked up. No one will disturb us for at least another 10 minutes." Ilya seems to relax and there is the hint of a strained smile that he barely manages to hold back. Shane suddenly can't hear his own voice and he really hopes that it was exactly what had said, although he has a faint feeling that he has slurred throughout his whole speech.

“Another 5 minutes.” He finally agrees, fetching the chair already close to the bed, where previously sat his mom and Hayden to assure themselves that he was still alive. “Hm, okay.” Shane agrees, of course, because he understands that he can’t ask for more in the situation they are in... but five minutes is a really short time. Not enough at all. He hates it, actually, and has to fight back the urge to kick his feet in annoyance. Has to think fast about ways to see pink spread all over Ilya’s face to the tip of his ears again.

“Don’t pout,” is whispered really close to his face while Ilya’s thumb traces his pink lips. He didn’t even notice. “Sorry.”

“You know,” Shane clears his throat with a fake cough, after a while. “I’m a little pissed. I had this whole plan to ask you something —” he starts, feeling a renewed sense of confidence bubble up in his chest. The plan itself was very easy, he hadn’t actually put a lot of thought into it: Ilya would’ve come to his room after the game, Shane would’ve cheered him up for his team’s loss as he always does when Ilya is acting like a sore loser and doesn’t want to admit it — because in this scenario, with Shane on ice, of course the Metros would’ve won. And then, when they’d be lying on the disheveled sheets, coming back from their high and all comfortably tangled in each other, he’d have dropped the bomb. So easy. Easier for Ilya to agree when he is in that headspace where all he can think about is Shane. Now, it is different, because Shane is in his hospital room and really, really shouldn’t trust his head to connect eloquently to his mouth and formulate a coherent sentence. “You should rest, Hollander. Tell me another time.”

“No, wait! I was going to ask you, —” “Shane,”

Scared of being interrupted again, he blurted out “Will you come to my cottage this summer?” the best and faster he could, hoping it would’ve been at least a bit understandable to Ilya, which now sat impassive next to him, so Shane even considered repeating himself. “I — I don’t know.”

Ugh. So he actually had to find something to convince him with. “It would be just the two of us. No one will know, it’s so private. We could have a week or even two!”

“Shane,” his name is uttered differently now, with a grain of uncertainty that mostly feels like rejection, and he finds himself hopelessly sulking to himself. He was worryingly close to

starting begging.

“Haven’t you ever wanted more time?” Because Shane did. He does. There are days in which the only thing he can think about is what it would be like to spend his days with Ilya, oozing around in the bedroom, playing video games, cooking together or some other romantic shit he’s never allowed to want like — tracing invisible constellations over the moles of the blond’s back. Playing with the gold cross pendant on the necklace that he never stops wearing. Ask endless questions about his interests and his dreams and secrets they never shared with anyone. Wow. He must stop getting hurt on ice because all of this sappiness is starting to feel like too much.

Nevertheless, it’s true, they never got to do normal or romantic stuff and they could if they wanted. Shane does, he knows Ilya does too. So he won’t give this up now. “Please?”

“I’ll think about it, okay?” It isn’t a yes. But it isn’t a no, either. Shane could take a maybe. He’s pretty sure Ilya would’ve come around with the idea. It’s undeniably frightening; there’s a reason Shane had to get concussed for him to finally find the courage to ask.

“I really have to go now,” he then announces, the five minutes promised to him now long gone. “No, you don’t.” Time might be up but Shane still has a card yet to play.

“You need rest,” the blond tries to talk sense into him but Shane prefers to lock eyes with him and battle his eyelashes a bit. “I need you more,” he argues back, which — okay. He knows how that might sound, he’d said it an obscene amount of times in a very different context, but now it’s more of a *don’t leave, I don’t want to be away from you again*.

“Careful, Hollander. Such a way with words,” the palm holding the side of his face has turned very warm and Shane feels slowly slipping into a dazed state, his head fuzzy not only because of the meds now but also the comfort of the shared physical contact. “But I’m being super-extra serious,” he mumbles, battling his eyelashes some more for good measure. “I know. You might regret it tomorrow.”

He shakes his head *no* lazily, drifting more towards Ilya’s hand and leaving a rapid kiss on his fingers. Afterwards, he hears the squeaky sound of the chair dragging against the floor, signaling that Ilya is back on his feet again and ready to leave. A last caress before the warmth is taken away from him, much to his disappointment. Before Ilya can move away

altogether, Shane wraps his fingers around the hem of his jacket, pulling it to catch his attention.

“No kiss goodbye?” he asks without missing a beat, dead serious even. “Shane...” Ilya doesn’t need to say anything because he can already taste the bittersweet taste of rejection on his tongue. “You know we can’t.”

The “*Why?*” that comes out of his mouth is delivered in a high pitched tone that wasn’t intended, making him appear a bit too desperate. “Too many people around. You wouldn’t want that. Also, your parents. I almost... ran into your mother, before,” he sounds desperately done with Shane’s unexpected petulant act but instead of distancing himself, Shane sees him getting closer again. Like a magnet.

“Oh, mom! Yeah. I think she’s after your head right now. Well, Marlow’s mostly. But — still, be careful. She can be a little scary. But don’t worry. I’ll tell her you came by and you know... protect your honour,” he rants, nodding to himself, and this apparently sparks Ilya’s well known passion for mocking. “Oh, talk about honour? Are you my— How do you say... knight in shining armour?”

“Hm, yes. I will only tell her good things about you,” he swears, with a wide smile on his lips as he registers Ilya stepping closer. “Like a good boyfriend would.” Shane giggles at this, nodding in agreement.

“Besides, I don’t think she hates you. You’re the second best hockey player in the league, and she’s hockey-obsessed.”

“Who’s the first? You?” Duh. Is that question rhetorical? He hates those. “Of course!” He replies, like it’s the most obvious thing in the world. And it should be. “If you really believe that I think your head got fucked up for good, Shane. Forever.” Shane scoffs, but he also finds it funny how after the initial hesitation Ilya is actually playing along. He looks back at the door and his eyes stay fixed there for a couple of seconds.

“You’re not going to remember any of this tomorrow, are you?” he asks, finally. Shane doesn’t really recall when or how but Ilya is now hovering over him, their faces an inch apart. He smiles again, at him, shaking his head slowly from side to side. “I remember everything about you.”

“Stop being cute,” he utters in a low tone, Shane can feel his breath directly on his lips. He suddenly hopes they aren’t too dry. “You don’t like it?” he asks, and the last thing before Ilya finally closes the gap between them is him whispering, “It’s torture.”

It’s too short, but reasonable. A firm peck on his lips that makes Shane melt, wishing to become one with him right there and then. He almost whines when they break the kiss, almost expecting the sweep of Ilya’s tongue against his lips that usually comes after a chaste kiss. But it doesn’t. He decides he can let it slide, just this once, since they have to be quick.

“Sleep now, Hollander,” he says, reluctantly letting go of Shane, who’s now silent and pliant, — *and pretty*, Ilya would argue — having the other satisfy his request. “Mkay,” he doesn’t even try to deny the fact that he’s 2 seconds away from falling asleep, comfortable in a way he didn’t think possible in a hospital room. “See you next season?” Shane mocks and is rewarded with Ilya’s laugh. That is the last thing he hears before dozing off.

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