Start Over

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Start Over

by imjaebumism

Summary

Ilya wishes this could be easy for them, like back when they were kids, camping under the stars in Shane's parent's backyard. Things didn't seem so big then, so terrifying. Ilya fell in love with Shane when he was 16 too, he found him boring and naïve and innocent, but he was also beautiful and endearing and he gave Ilya everything he didn't know he needed.

A friend, a companion, a partner, a family.

He'd been with him through all the big moments in Ilya's life, and no matter how hard he tried to fight it, he knew. Falling for Shane Hollander would always be inevitable for him.

— Or Shane and Ilya meet a year before *Heated Rivalry* and Ilya spends two summers with the Hollanders before their rookie year. AU

Notes

HAHAHAH I spent a week on a cruise without internet and come out with almost 30k of Hollanov. FML please enjoy

See the end of the work for more notes

2007

It was Yuna Hollander's idea to sign up for the host program at Shane's school.

She'd always talk about how few friends Shane had, a personal worry of hers that Shane didn't share. "You should be more social, having friends is a good thing, Shane."

Shane didn't care about friends, and he also didn't have any. Not one. He had some boys that had gone through all of primary and secondary with him but they grew apart once he started on his local hockey team and had less time to spend with them.

With hockey, he struggled to talk to anyone long enough to get to know them. And he guessed it was difficult to make friends with someone if you couldn't talk to them. Shane didn't like talking though, he was good at hockey and not much else. His grades in school were mediocre, his interests very sparse and mundane. He liked hiking and backpacking during the summers and camping with his parents. He liked cooking with his mom and playing chess with his dad but other things, things most teenaged boys liked, Shane had no interest in.

So Yuna looked into the hosting program and now an Ilya Rozanov from Russia was going to spend the summer with them. "He's your age and he also plays hockey, Shane. Maybe you'll be able to learn from each other."

Shane's father on the other hand was ambivalent to this whole scheme. He didn't seem to care that Shane didn't have any friends or special interests outside of hockey, but then again David Hollander was probably where Shane got his obliviousness from. He was a man of few words but he was a good dad, always supporting Shane and there for him if he ever had something he wanted to talk about. Where his mother was regimens and plans and structure, his father was more easygoing and simplistic. Shane maybe took a little more after his mom, since he liked rigidity and schedules but on days when he needed something more lax he was always glad to have his father around to balance him out.

Knowing this, it's no wonder that he's a tad bit nervous as they stand in the airport waiting for Ilya to come out from the exit doors. He's not good with new, situations or people and having another kid around the house, where it's always been him and his parents, was going to take some getting used to.

Ilya would have his own room but Shane would have to share a bathroom with him. What if he took long showers and used up all the hot water? What if he was messy and didn't close the toilet seat before flushing or worse— didn't even bother to flush at all? What if he left toothpaste stains on the sink or dirty towels on the floor or hair in the drain—

"Look I think that's him! Ilya!" His mother's voice breaks through his mental spiral and he glances up, refocusing his eyes to take in who she was waving at. She'd made a printed out sign "Welcome to Canada, Ilya!" So Ilya would recognize them when he landed. Shane guesses calling out his name in the crowd would work too.

When he finally lands on Ilya Rozanov, he takes a second to take him in. He's large, as most hockey players are, tall and bulky. Shane couldn't make out much of his body through his layers and jackets. He thought it was a bit much for summer in Ottawa but wondered if maybe it was colder in Russia at this time of year. Ilya's got a head of curly blonde brown hair and blue eyes and a jawline that Shane's sure most men would kill for. He's handsome.

His smile is small when he finally gets to them, ducking his head and patting Yuna's back twice when she immediately goes in for a hug, "Oh Ilya hello! It's so good to finally meet you."

"You too." Ilya replies shortly, a thick Russian accent weighing down his words. His voice is deep and his eyes flicker over to Shane and his father after Yuna pulls away.

"This is David, my husband and our son Shane. We're all so happy to have you."

Ilya nods, gives David a manly handshake and turns to Shane to do the same. Swallowing, Shane places his hand in his, caught instantly by the way Ilya's eyes land on his and stay there. His hand is big and warm, slightly dry with callouses Shane can feel as he shakes his hand twice.

Shane smiles or tries to, knowing how awkward he can be, it probably comes out as more of a grimace than anything. Ilya smirks at him though and it does a funny thing to Shane's stomach, causing him to frown as he pulls his hand from Ilya's and shoves it into his hoodie pocket. "Let's get going, it's a bit of a drive home." David says reaching for one of Ilya's rolling bags while Yuna goes for his duffle.

Ilya starts to protest but Yuna quiets him by asking about his flight and if he'd eaten and what he liked to eat. Shane takes the bag from her and holds it himself as they head for the exit, it's not too heavy but it's probably better for him to hold it than his mom.

Shane walks ahead of them with his dad while Yuna talks Ilya's ear off and wonders why his hand is still tingling from shaking Ilya's.

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The ride home is quiet.

Turns out even with Ilya as a new addition, Yuna is the most talkative of the bunch. After they stop at Tim Hortans for some coffee and donuts, the ride is spent listening to the radio and eating while Ilya takes in the sites and Shane tries not to make it obvious that he's taking in Ilya.

Something about him has Shane curious. If his mother had kept up on asking Ilya questions, Shane would hang on to every one of his answers but an hour into the ride things had quieted and Shane didn't have it in him to break the silence.

When they get home, David and Shane take Ilya's bags inside as Ilya follows behind them silently. "Shane will show you to your room, Ilya. Please make yourself at home and don't hesitate to ask us for anything."

Shane toes off his shoes in the foyer, Ilya does the same and they both go up the stairs, socks dragging along the carpeted floors. “This is it.”

Shane enters the spare room right next to his, it’s nearly identical to his just more bare and empty. There’s a major lack of hockey posters on these walls, for one. He places Ilya’s duffle by the full sized bed and shuffles his feet, “My room is just next door, and the bathroom is just across the hall.”

Ilya just nods, taking off his coat and sweater and laying them both over the desk chair. He’s just got on a t-shirt now, his muscular arms now exposed. Shane forces himself to look away so he doesn’t stare. “Well, like my mom said. Let me know if you need anything. My parents are probably getting started on dinner, so we’ll eat later.”

“Ok.”

“Alright.” Shane says awkwardly. He stands there a second, brain on the fritz before walking out and leaving Ilya to his devices.

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Shane helps his parents with dinner.

He chops up tomatoes, cucumbers and red onions for the salad and talks to them about any little thing, their conversation light.

“How’s Ilya, Shane?”

“Good, I guess. He might be sleeping or something. Jet lag.” Shane shrugs, focusing at the task at hand. He makes sure each onion cube is the perfect size, his knife skills are a bit rusty but he’s diligent about it.

“He seems nice, eh. Maybe a little quiet.”

“English might be difficult for him.” David says. He’s working on marinating the steaks while Yuna prepares brown rice and steamed veggies.

“Or he’s just a 16 year old boy.” Yuna chuckles. She leans over and presses a kiss to Shane’s forehead, “we have one of those.”

Shane smiles wryly, dumping his onions into the bowl of arugula and chopped romaine. He tosses it with olive oil and balsamic vinegar like his mom likes and heads to the fridge for two lemons, “Shane. Can you promise you’ll try with him?”

“Huh?”

“We want you to get the most out of this. He could be a good friend for you to have, I know how difficult it is for you to connect to people.” Yuna looks at him earnestly from by the counter and Shane feels himself flush red and hot.

“You make me sound like a loser, mom.”

“I don’t think you’re a loser, love. Just lonely.”

Shane frowns but doesn’t say anything, moves back to his bowl of salad and squeezes his lemons in.

The rest of their prep happens in silence and Ilya joins them dressed in a soft shirt and sweats with socks on his feet looking rumbled and sleepy when they just finish setting the table.

“Oh. Sorry, can I help?” Ilya says quietly, watching them grab their seats and standing by the door.

“No, son we’re all set. Come grab a seat.” David gestures at the seat across from him and Yuna, next to Shane. “Did you get a nice nap in?”

“Yes, thank you.”

“Hopefully you like steak. You’re not a vegetarian are you?” Yuna immediately starts to fret.

Ilya chuckles lightly, the sound deep for a 16 year old boy. Shane clears his throat, reaching for his fork and knife and starting to cut into his steak, “no. I love meat.”

“Good. Enjoy.”

They start digging in, nothing but the sound of cutlery scraping against porcelain and chewing fills the air. Ilya eats with a voraciousness that Shane tries not to stare at as he downs his own meal, “Are you excited to start camp in a few days?”

“Yes. Excited.”

“This is your first time in Canada, right?”

“Yes.” Ilya finishes his last bite, his plate completely clear even of scraps.

Yuna takes a sip of her wine before looking at Ilya warmly, “would you like more?”

Shane is watching Ilya, shocked to see him look a little bashful, “ah, no I—,”

“Please Ilya, this is your home. If you want more take it, we made plenty.”

Ilya dips his head and reaches for another piece of steak and some more of the sides, “it is good. Thank you.”

Yuna and David just smile, the table dissolving back to eating and quiet conversation.

When they’re finished, Shane collects all their plates and takes them to the kitchen while his parents head to the living room.

“I help you?” Shane jumps a little at the sound of Ilya’s voice. He hadn’t noticed him following behind him.

“Oh, you don’t have to.”

Ilya looks at him with a look, a cross between exasperated and stern. Shane blinks, “I help.”

“Okay.”

Shane starts an assembly line. He washes the dirty dishes while Ilya uses the other side of the sink to rinse and dry them, collecting them on the counter beside him. “Your family is nice.”

“Huh? Oh, yeah. They’re great.” Shane hands him a plate and Ilya takes it, rinsing it quietly then using a dry towel Shane gave him to wipe all the water off. “How are— your parents don’t have—,” Shane doesn’t even know what he wants to ask. He wants to know how Ilya’s life is in Russia, does he have dinners like this? Are his parents like Shane’s? Does he have friends?

“My family is different. Not like yours.” Ilya says lowly, he takes the next plate from Shane. Their fingers brush and Shane feels the touch even when they aren’t touching anymore.

“Not nice?”

He smirks, “no. Not really.”

“Oh.” Shane frowns at the bubbly water in the sink basin, picking up some forks and knives and washing those too, “I’m sorry.”

Ilya doesn’t respond.

They finish the dishes together and Ilya helps Shane put them all away after Shane tells him where they go. They take the stairs up together to the bedrooms, Ilya turns to head back to his own while Shane stands at his door, scratching his head, “are you tired?”

Blinking, Ilya looks at him, his expression unreadable, “not really.”

“Do you like video games? I have 2K.”

It takes a beat, Shane thinks he’s about to say no but then he smiles. It’s small but it’s there, “okay.”

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The weekend is nice. Ilya is nice too.

He’s crass, blunt and competitive but that first night Shane and him spend the whole night up in his room playing 2K on Shane’s PS2 and tossing chirps at each other.

Surprisingly, his parents don’t bother them about going to sleep and Shane thinks that has something to do with his mother’s suddenly persistent need for him to make a friend and Shane finally maybe getting one.

They sleep late into the next morning and eat smoothies that Yuna prepared for them. They head outside after that, finding an old soccer ball in the garage and kicking it around on the green of Shane’s backyard.

“What’s your life like? In Russia.”

“Boring.” Ilya responds, staring at his feet as he does a complicated kick maneuver with the ball. When he kicks it to Shane, Shane just kicks it back, not wanting to embarrass himself.

“Really? That’s it? Do you have any siblings?”

Ilya frowns at him, but not in an angry way, in a way that conveys confusion.

“Sorry like, brothers or sisters?”

“Oh. One brother.”

“Older or younger?”

“Older.”

They kick the ball back and forth, the sun beaming down on them from high up in the sky, “are you close?”

“No. I hope you are better at hockey than you are at soccer.”

Shane chuckles at that, he has the ball now and he kicks it up into the air. He doesn’t try a complicated move like Ilya did earlier but he juggles it between both his feet before tossing it back to Ilya, “I am.”

Ilya grins at him, the move transforming his whole face. He was already handsome but when he smiles it’s something better maybe, a little magical. “Good. It will be embarrassing for me if you’re bad at hockey and I’m staying with you.”

“What like my badness will rub off on you?”

“Something like that.”

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“Why aren’t you and your brother close?”

“You ask a lot of questions.”

They got all played out after hours in the sun and decided to find some shade under a large tree. Ilya’s laid out on the grass, his shirt off and his shorts riding all the way up his long pale legs. He’s got his eyes closed so Shane doesn’t have to be secretive about how he’s appreciating the view. Ilya has a good body.

“Sorry.” Shane mumbles, leaning his head back against the tree behind him. “I used to think I wanted a brother growing up.”

“Not anymore?”

“No. I like that it’s just my parents and me.” He stretches his legs out in front of him. The tip of his sneaker nearly touches Ilya’s thigh, “it would suck though, I think. If I had a brother and we weren’t close.”

“Yes.”

Sighing, Shane bites his lip, wrapping a blade of grass around his finger over and over again, “how about your mom and dad?”

“Hollander?”

“Yeah?”

“Shut up.”

“Okay.”

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Sunday is more of the same.

Ilya helps with dinner prep this time. He parks himself next to Shane and they share the chopping duties even when Ilya blows raspberries at him when he complains about the uneven sizes of his chopped veggies.

“I don’t think it matters if the stupid onions are the same sizes when I poop them out, Hollander.”

“No, Rozanov, but it looks better.”

Ilya rolls his eyes but starts taking his time with the chopping. Shane thinks it’s cute when his tongue peeks out a little bit as he focuses more on the task.

Behind them, they miss Yuna elbowing David in the side and smiling brightly at him. Her expression says look, I was right and David just chuckles silently at her, shaking his head and turning back to the roast he’s working on.

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At their first day of hockey camp, Shane finally gets a chance to see what Ilya has to offer at his favorite sport and also show off his own skills. He feels at home on the ice, shoulders weighed down by gear, a stick in his hand.

Ilya and him are on separate teams to start out, both centers and while he’s on the bench, Shane spends most of his time watching Ilya.

He’s a beast on the ice, Shane doesn’t find an ounce of surprise inside him at realizing that fact. He skates fast and tackles hard, almost every shot Ilya takes once he lines it up, he makes. He’s a bit of a showboater too and Shane watches a bit amused throughout the day as Ilya’s teammates start to get annoyed with him hogging all the glory.

But the coaches are watching him too, no doubt intrigued by his prowess and wanting to see all he's got.

During their first match up, Ilya and Shane face each other in their differently colored practice jerseys. Sticks on the ground, puck about to be thrown, Ilya smirks at Shane, humor and cockiness filling his blue eyes as Shane glares at him, "you're good, Rozanov."

"Are you better, Hollander?"

"Guess we'll see."

He wins the face off.

What Shane lacks in his social life and schooling, he makes up for it all when he's playing hockey. His skates cut through the ice like butter and he's able to weave through the defense as easy as if they weren't even there. His shot accuracy is always good, his opposing team's best bet is always to keep him as far from the goal as possible.

By the end of the day, they're sweaty and worn out but Ilya is all smiles as he bounds up to Shane and presses a kiss to the side of his head, hooking an arm around his neck, "what, now you're not embarrassed to be seen with me?" Shane mumbles as they walk towards the locker room.

"Not at all. We're two best players here. Only makes sense that we're friends."

Shane stares at him, locking his brown eyes with Ilya's blue ones. His heart does a weird thing in his chest but he tries to ignore it, "friends, eh?"

Ilya grins, pulling away from him only to shake his sweat dripping hair in Shane's direction. Shane laughs and shoves at him, mumbling about how fucking gross Ilya is, "best friends."

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The weeks of summer go by like that.

Late nights staying up in Shane's room talking and playing video games, hockey camp during the week and dinner with Shane's family every night that they all have a hand at preparing. They get closer and the more time that passes, Ilya starts to feel like part of the family. Shane's parents love him and Shane thinks if this is what having friends is like, maybe he should've been trying harder to get one.

He likes Ilya, likes that he's brash and doesn't curb his words or intentions with flowery language. He likes that Ilya jokes with him and that they have inside things with each other that crack both of them up and leave his parents looking over at them fondly. He loves that they share a love for hockey and that they're both good, at hockey. The best, if Ilya had anything to say about it.

Shane liked having Ilya around and he dreaded the day that they would have to bring him back to the airport and send him home.

But the days were getting shorter and the nights were getting colder. Hockey camp was quickly coming to a close which meant as much as Shane hated for this to end, it was going to anyway.

“You’re quiet. It’s, what do you guys say? Freaking me out.”

They decided to camp outside tonight, Ilya and him spending an hour pitching a tent in the Hollander’s backyard. The ceiling of the tent is see through so they could stargaze and Shane outfitted the interior with sleeping bags and all the blankets and pillows Yuna gave him. They’re roasting marshmallows at the fire pit, graham crackers and chocolate at the ready for some s’mores.

“What’s home like for you?”

“Mmh. Maybe is better if we don’t talk.”

“Ilya.” Ilya stares at him, his curls falling over his forehead and into his eyes as he turns the poker around in his hand. “You never talk about home.”

“There’s nothing to talk about.” Ilya grumbles. Sighing, he sits back on his adirondack chair, focusing extra hard on putting his s’more together, “is not like here. My family is not like your family. My dad is police, he works for the government, very serious. My brother wants to be just like him. They don’t laugh or joke over dinner, they’re not nice and happy like your family.”

“Oh.”

“Yes.”

“What about your mom?”

Shane is watching him so closely that he notices the quick flash of pain that moves across Ilya’s expression. He looks away quickly, like if he hides, Shane won’t see, “she’s gone. Dead.”

“I’m sorry.” Ilya sniffs and Shane gets up, his marshmallow definitely over toasted and forgotten. He sits on the Adirondack closer to Ilya, placing a hand on his thigh and hoping that it brings him comfort. “Ilya.”

“Sorry.” He rubs roughly at his face before Shane could witness the tears.

“No, don’t be. It’s okay. You can be sad, you know? You’re allowed to be sad.” Shane draws Ilya in closer, wrapping an arm around his shoulders and settling when Ilya rests his head on Shane’s. His hair is soft against the thin skin of Shane’s neck. He rests his own head on top of Ilya’s as the sun finishes setting.

“I miss her. Everyday.” Ilya says wetly, his breath shuddering, his accent thick, “I think—maybe she was only one who loved me. Not my dad or my brother, just her.”

Shane finds it hard to believe that anyone would have trouble loving Ilya Rozanov. He hates Ilya's family now and he doesn't need to know them or hear anymore about them. He hates them for making Ilya feel this way, for making him this sad. He just holds his friend, rubbing his shoulder and thinking the goosebumps that raise on his skin are because of the slight chill in the air.

He doesn't know how long they sit there like that, Ilya silently crying against his shoulder, but they retreat into the tent eventually, sitting cross legged across from each other and playing cards with light from the battery powered lamp David gave them. "Are you excited to go back to school?"

It's Ilya asking the questions now, Shane draws two and puts down a blue 8, "not really."

"You don't like school?"

"I don't know. I guess school is fine, I'm not really good at it." He gets mediocre grades and doesn't have anyone to really talk to at school. Most people didn't care about the things he cared about, most of the kids seemed to think he was too weird and quiet to bother getting to know him at all, "I like hockey better."

"Yeah? Well at least you're good at that."

Shane smiles and puts down a reverse card then a draw four. Ilya curses in Russian, "It's my dream to be a star center and play in the NHL."

"Wow, ambition."

"Ambitious." Shane corrects gently and Ilya smirks.

"Yes, ambitious. Anyways, should not be too hard. At your age you already play better than half of old farts in NHL."

"There are good players in the NHL."

"Mmh. Maybe, not better than you though. Or me."

"You're so cocky." Ilya just shrugs a shoulder and places his last card down. He's about to celebrate his win but Shane cuts it short, "you didn't say Uno so you have to pick up two cards."

"What kind of stupid rule is that?"

"It's called Uno for a reason, Rozanov."

"Fuck you and fuck Uno. Stupid fucking game." He draws two. Shane wins the game.

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"How about girls? No pretty girls in school?"

Shane clears his throat at the sudden question, shifting in his fleece lined sleeping bag and glaring at the stars, “sure. There’s plenty. I think.”

“You think?”

“I don’t really pay attention.”

“You don’t pay attention to girls.” Ilya says it like he doesn’t believe him.

“Not really.”

“Every boy our age pays attention to girls, Hollander.”

“Not me.”

“You pay attention to boys then.”

Shane chokes on his spit. It starts him on an obnoxious coughing fit that racks his body so hard that he has to sit up and Ilya starts patting on his back like that will do anything. When Shane is done his face is red and hot and he can’t look Ilya in the eyes.

“It’s okay, you know. If you like boys, I won’t judge.”

“Shut up.” Shane mumbles roughly. He curls his knees up to his chest and hugs his legs, resting his cheek on his knee. “I don’t know what I like.”

“I think I like both. Girls and boys.” Ilya says and it sends a shock through Shane’s system, leaving him speechless as he stares over at Ilya’s form, sitting up in his own sleeping bag, his hand still on Shane’s back.

“H-how did you find that out?”

“I don’t know. I just think— I find boys hot. I find girls hot too. I want to kiss both. Seems fun.”

Shane hums and thinks. He doesn’t think he’s ever found a girl hot. He remembers being in middle school, the last time he had a play date with a group of boys in his class. They’d found a dirty magazine and were crowded around it Oo-ing and Ah-ing at the naked ladies on every page. Shane didn’t think much of it then that he didn’t share their reactions or curiosity.

He thinks about, though, how sometimes his gaze lingers on a particularly handsome guy. He always thought it was some level of posturing that peaked his interest, that maybe when he looked a little longer at another boy he was picking up on features and attributes he wanted for himself. He didn’t think about kissing them or anybody really— well, except—

“Have you ever kissed one?” Shane asks, his voice tight.

“Boy or girl?”

“Both, I guess.”

“Yes.” Ilya says easily, shrugging his shoulders.

“Wow.”

Shane turns his head, hiding his mouth against his legs. Ilya’s hand is still on his back. He wants to shake it off but it feels nice, the warmth and slight pressure. He shivers when Ilya drags two fingers up his spine, hugs his legs tighter.

“You never—,”

“No.” Shane shakes his head. His eyes flash to Ilya’s when Ilya’s fingers make it to his hair. His touch is gentle and soothing as he runs it through the dark straight strands, Ilya’s expression is soft and determined, that same way it always is when he looks at Shane. Shane swallows.

“Do you want to?”

“I—,” Is there a wrong answer? His eyes flicker to Ilya’s mouth. His lips look soft, full and soft. He wants to. Yes, he wants to but what if this is all an elaborate ruse and Ilya’s making fun of him? What if he heads back to hockey camp the next time they’re there and tells everyone that Shane is a freak and likes kissing boys? What if he calls him names and makes him feel bad for wanting this? What if—

“Hey, Hollander. Hey.” Ilya grips Shane’s shoulders and turns the other boy towards him until they’re facing each other, Shane crosses his legs while Ilya gets on his knees. There’s so little space between them, “It’s okay to want to.”

Shane feels himself take in a deep breath. Ilya’s so close that all Shane can smell is him, boy, soap and his favorite cologne he brought from Russia. It’s just about worn off his clothes from wearing it all day but Shane can still catch the dregs of it, it fills his senses and he likes it, “I want to.”

“Okay.” Ilya says. He wraps both hands around the base of Shane’s neck then, his thumb right over Shane’s fluttering pulse as Shane tilts his chin up, “good.” Then he’s pressing his mouth to Shane’s.

Shane doesn’t know what he expected. It’s a bit weird at first, feeling another person’s lips against his. He wonders if he would even be able to tell the difference if Ilya’s lips were replaced with a girl’s lips. It’s just skin against skin but when Ilya takes it a step further, teases his tongue into Shane’s mouth, that’s when he starts to get it.

He can’t help the moan that escapes his throat as Ilya kisses him. He wonders how many boys and girls Ilya has kissed in his life for him to be such a natural. Shane feels like he’s fumbling for the first couple of minutes but once he relaxes and starts to follow Ilya’s lead, it’s easier to keep up.

“Sorry, Hollander. I think you like boys,” Ilya says softly against his lips. Shane’s gaze is all blurry and his heart is beating so fast in his chest just from Ilya kissing him and touching him. And oh— he didn’t even notice but Ilya’s hand is on his thigh, so dangerously close to

where things are stirring down there and Shane feels his cheeks go firetruck red. “Or you are just happy to see me.”

“Fuck you, shut up.” Shane huffs but he’s laughing, shoving Ilya away and breathing easier with the bit of space that puts between them.

Ilya laughs but quickly sobers, sinking back into his sleeping bag and settling on his back. Shane follows suit, hopes the problem in his sweats will go away soon as he stares back up at the stars. They drew closer to each other naturally, their shoulders brushing as their eyes start to grow heavy with sleep.

“Was that okay?”

Shane smiles and nods, biting his lip and fixing his head on his pillow. “Yeah. It was okay.”

“Good.”

“Goodnight, Ilya.”

“Goodnight, Shane.”

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“We’ll miss you so much, Ilya.” Yuna won’t stop hugging him. Shane thinks she’s trying to hold onto him so he’ll miss his plane and won’t leave. But it isn’t only Yuna, Shane watches as Ilya holds on to her back, his arms around her securely and his eyes closed.

Shane’s heart squeezes in his chest.

“I will too. Next summer.” It couldn’t come soon enough.

Yuna finally pulls away, pressing a final kiss to the side of Ilya’s head. It’s shorter but David gives Ilya a hug too, then it’s time for Shane to say his goodbyes.

“Don’t be a stranger.” They exchanged emails and numbers, Ilya even forced Shane to make a facebook and he couldn’t even find it in himself to be embarrassed that Ilya is the only one Shane is friends with on there. Ilya smiles at him, taking his hand in his to shake and then pulling him into a hug.

It isn’t those manly bro hugs that Shane sees all the time. They cling to each other and Shane finds himself trying hard not to cry. When they pull away, Shane wonders if he’s making it up that Ilya looks a little misty eyed too. He shoves at Shane’s head though, playfully, and they both dissolve into chuckles. “See you next summer, Hollander.”

“Next summer, Rozanov.”

The Hollanders stand at the lobby of the airport while Ilya Rozanov walks away, they all wave at him when he turns back to smile at them and salute goodbye.

It immediately feels like they’re missing something when he’s out of their sight.

-

Ilya tries very hard not to fucking sob on the flight back home.

He hadn't known what to expect from his time away, he'd found out about the program on a whim and made the decision to join much the same way. He'd just wanted to be away from Russia.

Staying in the house that he found his mother after she killed herself, walking past the very room that his father spent no time until he filled it again, dealing with his brothers passive aggressive bullshit and his father's pressure. It made Ilya feel like he was going fucking crazy.

He felt like he was drowning every day and no one was trying to help him. He hated home, he hated his family, he hated Russia and he just wanted to find a way out.

A summer away, even if he had ended up hating his host family, was a blessing. But meeting the Hollanders, he couldn't have wished for anything more perfect. They were the quintessential, cookie cutter family. Yuna the affectionate and hardworking maternal figure, David the more simple and equally as warm sturdy father figure— then there was Shane. Fucking Shane Hollander.

Ilya couldn't have prepared himself for Shane Hollander.

He was bright and good and smart, even if he wouldn't say that about himself. Ilya found himself being drawn to him the second they met, he thought it was just simple curiosity but the more time they spent together, the more he learned about him, the more Ilya wanted from him.

Kissing him that night had been completely self indulgent. He hadn't meant to, he firmly decided that kissing Shane Hollander like he'd been imagining since they met was strictly forbidden. The Hollanders were good people, he didn't want to have them hate him because he tried to corrupt their innocent, good little son. But he hadn't been able to help it, he'd just spent what felt like hours crying his heart out on the boy's shoulder and talking about his mom for the first time since she died. He'd been emotionally empty and hollowed out, the little bit of comfort Shane was willing to offer, Ilya let himself take it all.

But it ruined everything because now all Ilya wanted to do was kiss Shane. They did a few more times before Ilya left, and every time after Ilya would feel more and more lost and empty after it ended. He only felt whole when he was kissing Shane and that wasn't good. It was bad actually.

When he lands in Russia, all the warmth and kindness that thawed Ilya in Canada with Shane and his family is gone. In its place is the Ilya they first met, the one that's cold and stoic and angry. He doesn't talk much unless spoken to, he doesn't joke or laugh. He just exists.

His father doesn't pick him up from the airport. He sends a car and it's not the warm hug from Yuna or the gentle pat on his back from David. It's not Shane Hollander's pretty smile.

It’s impersonal and formal and he doesn’t say a word the whole ride, only thanks the driver when he’s dropped off in front of his home.

He doesn’t see his father or his brother and only nods at the workers he passes by on his way to his room, carrying all his bags and gear by himself because he denied the driver’s offer to help.

When he reaches his room, he throws himself back on his bed, staring at the ceiling and taking in deep shuddering breaths to try and stave off the emptiness.

A knock at his door comes and he glances at it, saying nothing, knowing that it won’t be his dad or his brother.

It clicks open and a curly head of hair peeks in. Ilya feels himself smile at the familiar face of his childhood friend Svetlana greeting him. He lays back down, “how did you know I was back?”

“I paid Vladimir to let me know when he was off to pick you up.” She smiles brightly and enters his room, shutting the door behind her. She’s wearing a pretty pink dress that compliments her brown skin and smells like roses as she joins him on his bed, laying next to him, “I missed you.”

“I missed you too, Sveta. Only you.” He mumbles, he turns onto his side to face her and she moves in to hug him, her body warm against his and arms wrapped around his waist. It’s an awkward position while they’re laying down but they fall into a sort of cuddle, Ilya on his back while Svetlana lays her head on his chest, “my dad and brother?”

“They’re here somewhere. They know you’re back.” Of course they did. They just didn’t care to greet him at all. “How was it?”

“It was fine.”

“And the family? Were they good to you?”

Ilya sighs, bringing the Hollanders back to the forefront of his mind before he could shove them back. All the way back, “they were perfect.”

Svetlana hugs him harder, her cheek warm on his chest, “there’s a pretty girl over there, huh? I’m going to have to fight for your attention now.”

Ilya laughs lightly, thinking of Yuna. She’s gorgeous but definitely not what Svetlana is thinking of, “they had no girls. Just one son.”

“What’s his name?”

“Shane.”

“You liked him.”

“He was nice. He plays hockey too.”

“Better than you?”

“He wishes. But close.”

Svetlana lifts herself up on an elbow, her pretty brown eyes tracing his features carefully and playing with his hair, “I’m glad you had a good summer. You needed it.”

“Yeah. It really was nice.”

-

He sees his father and brother finally at dinner.

They don’t even greet him properly. He joins them at the table and they’re having conversation, Ilya’s new step mother, Polina, sitting across of him looking out of place and uncomfortable. Even if it’s been two years since she “joined the family” and started sitting in his mother’s place at the table, she never quite grew comfortable here. Probably because Ilya couldn’t stop glaring at her.

Sorry Ilya didn’t want to play house with a barely legal woman with model like looks and the maternal air of a pinecone. He doesn’t think he’s ever even shared three words with her, not that she tried very hard to talk to him. They ate in silence, stark contrast to what the Hollanders had where David would ask everyone about their day and they’d trade stories, funny, happy, sad things that happened that day.

After dinner, his brother Alexi corners him in the hallway. Not to greet him or ask him about his summer but to shake him down for money, “I have nothing for you Alexi. I just got back.”

Alexi sneers at him, his face almost identical to their father’s. Ilya could barely look at him. He hated them so much and thanked whatever God he wasn’t sure he believed in that he favored his mother. “What did you even go abroad for? You should’ve stayed and worked, what— did you find an American girl to suck your tiny dick? The slut you have here isn’t enough?”

“I went to Canada you fucking idiot. And fuck you,” Ilya spits, shoving Alexi away from him so he’s no longer cornered up against the wall. “I don’t owe you anything.”

“Shut up, faggot. I’m your family, you owe me everything.” Alexi shoves his shoulder back into the wall and Ilya pushes his hand away from him roughly, his blood boiling in his veins. “Next time I see you, I want cash, not you running your pussy ass mouth, got it?”

Ilya glares at him but says nothing, groaning when Alexi lands a hard punch against his upper arm. He knows that one will leave a bruise.

He draws in a deep grounding breath and holds his arm before heading back to his room. Svetlana had left hours ago before dinner so he had nothing left but his self loathing and dark thoughts as he closed the door behind him. Sighing, he goes to sit at his desk, booting up his computer and logging into his email.

At the top of his inbox sits an email from Shane Hollander and Ilya sighs at how that immediately brightens his mood. He's so fucked.

Hello Ilya,

My parents and I hope you made it back home safely.

My mom made your favorite, spaghetti with meat sauce, I think she cried while she was making it and got some tears in the sauce though. It was a little salty. We miss you a lot. The house doesn't feel the same without you. Dad is back to fixing his car on his own so even he's sad that you're not here to pass his knowledge about carburetors to. It's lost on me.

Meanwhile, I'm missing my 2k partner and camping buddy. Can't wait to have s'mores with you again next summer. We're trying hard not to miss you too much but hope to hear from you soon.

Love,
Shane

Ilya swallows around the lump in his throat and runs his fingers through his hair, tugging at the roots at how unfair life is. He curses and leaves his desk for now, figures he's too keyed up for a response and that maybe sleep would do him well. He had to get back used to the time difference after being away all summer.

He showers and changes into his pajamas. As he sinks into bed, he's drifted off to sleep before his head hits the pillow.

-

2008

Even hockey in Russia isn't as much fun as what he did with Shane.

Playing here felt more like a job, and it was one. Ilya had been playing and training with the Russian league since he was a kid. His in was his father's close friend Sergei Vetrov, a legendary Russian goalie and also Svetlana's dad. He learned everything he knew about hockey from Sergei, saw the escape it could provide him when shit was getting bad at home, took it and ran. It helped that he was really fucking good at it.

His team didn't care for him but he knew that was because he was better than them and they resented him for it. Ilya was a natural on the ice, he was faster than just about anyone on skates, hit hard and scored more goals than players his age and even older than him. If they wanted him to stop being so cocky, maybe they should just try working harder and getting better so he wouldn't be so fucking bored all the time.

His father liked that he played hockey and played well because it made people think kindly of his name. If a Rozanov was doing well, that's all that mattered to his father. And it wasn't like Alexi was doing anything with his pathetic life. He liked riding the coattails of the Rozanov name without offering anything of substance in return.

So his time in Russia was spent working on his school lessons, playing hockey and hanging with Svetlana with his free time.

Sometimes she'd stay at the rink and watch Ilya, bringing her freakish hockey eye with her and letting him know how to improve his game. Another friend of his, Sasha, would keep him company too. He was Ilya's coach's son, and unlike Svetlana, he didn't give too fucks about hockey. He just showed up because his father made him and catcalled the players to their chagrin and displeasure.

Sasha was loud and obnoxious at his worse but exciting and fun at his best so Ilya came to have a soft spot for him. He was flamboyant and unapologetically himself, even when being those things could be dangerous for him where they're from. But it wasn't like anyone would touch the coach's son.

"It's your birthday soon." They're sitting in one of the private suits at the rink, curtesy of Sasha swiping the key from his dad. The guys on Russia's national team are on the ice now practicing and Svetlana, Ilya and Sasha are lying around the room sharing a pizza.

Ilya blows a raspberry at Svetlana after she mentions his birthday. He could give two fucks about the day he was brought into this world. Most of the time he wondered when the day would come when he could be on his way out. "Oh, we should have a party. I can invite kids from school."

"I don't want a party." Ilya says, rolling his eyes at Sasha's idea. He takes a bite of his pizza and chews.

"Sometimes you don't want what's good for you. Then it becomes my job to give it to you anyway." Sasha says, he'd also snagged a bottle of vodka from somewhere. They pass it around amongst each other, getting drunk and filling their bellies. "We'll have it at the Tunnel."

Ilya shakes his head and glares at Svetlana, "this is all your fault."

She shrugs at him, her smile unapologetic as she tips the bottle of vodka back against her lips and takes a healthy swig, "I like a good party."

Ilya sighs. He guesses he's having a party.

-

Shane Hollander,

It's my birthday tomorrow. 17, yay.

I don't know what but it feels empty to me, like it doesn't matter that I am turning one year older. I don't want to celebrate but my friends are throwing a party anyway.

I wish you were here.

Talk soon.
Ilya

-

Rozanov,

Happy birthday, man. I know that it will probably be hard but I think you should have fun. Let your friends celebrate you, you're a good guy you deserve it.

I am here if you want to talk about anything.

Also, I hope you're prepared for the cake my mom will have ready for you when you get here. It will be a month late but I can't even try to stop her, she's a woman on a mission. Do you like German Chocolate cake? Mom and Dad say Happy birthday too, by the way. Have a good one.

Love,
Hollander

-

Loud music blares from the speakers som guy rigged and set up on a bootleg platform outside at the Tunnel. There's so many people here and Ilya knows none of them, he stays attached to Svetlana dancing with her and drinking with her. Sasha comes in between them sometimes, flitting in and out to entertain his other guests.

He brings along some party favors, pills and coke and Ilya just sticks to the vodka while Svetlana and Sasha indulge.

It didn't shock him, but neither his father or Alexi had wished him a happy birthday. They barely acknowledged him all day, then dinner was a lifeless affair. Polina actually caught him at the end and wished him a happy birthday, then she scurried away when Ilya just stared at her.

Fuck, he hated his life.

"You look like you swallowed a lemon." Svetlana pats his face twice. She's wearing a bright sparkly, dress that stops just above the top of her thighs. Her hair is pinned up in an updo, curls spilling out the sides and top of whatever she has jerry rigged up there.

Ilya sighs and continues swaying his body to the beat while Svetlana sways against him. He doesn't want any of this. Unwittingly, the sight of Shane and his parents plays in his head, their cozy home with pictures of a baby Shane all over the wall. David would cook something homemade and hearty for dinner and they'd all sing happy birthday for Ilya while he waited for them to stop so he could blow out the candles on the cake Yuna made for him. Shane would be smiling that smile of his, fretting over cutting each slice to the perfect size.

He wants that, he wants it more than this, more than techno music, people he doesn't know around him, drugs and alcohol. He craves that boring, American TV moment so badly it

hurts.

“Ilya.” Svetlana pulls him away from the center of the dance floor. She holds him close with soft hands on his shoulders, cupping his neck and thumbing delicately at his jaw, “are you okay?”

He’s so far away that it takes him a minute to answer, his throat closing around a boulder. “I don’t-,”

“Fuck, come on.” She drags him away, leaving the party behind and taking him to where all the cars people drove here are parked. She finds her own, shoving Ilya into the back and getting in after him, “deep breaths okay? Fuck are you having a panic attack?”

“I’m not having a panic attack.” He groans from where Svetlana shoved his face between his legs. “Fuck, why are you so strong?”

“Pilates. Tell me what’s wrong with you?”

“Nothing. I’m just drunk.” Her hand falls from the back of his neck and he gets up slowly, his eyes adjusting to the lack of lighting and darkness around them, “I told you I didn’t want this party.”

“Well you always say that. And then we do it anyways and you always have fun.” She pouts in a way that Ilya finds adorable. He cups her cheek and thumbs at her bottom lip, tutting at her and laughing when she swats him away. “What’s actually the matter? I’m thinking it might be a certain family across the ocean with a certain same age son that you can’t stop obsessing over.”

“Fuck you.”

“You can if you want.” Svetlana shrugs and Ilya blinks at her. She rolls her eyes, “sorry to ruin the surprise but that was my birthday present to you. Me. Sasha also offered his services if you would rather, though.”

“You’re both fucked up.”

“Yeah well, so are you. Besides, it’s not like this is that far from left field of what either of us would offer. Here.” She rifles through the small crossbody on her shoulders and pulls out her phone. After she’s done scrolling through it she turns the screen towards him and plays a video of her and Sasha.

“Hello, this is Svetlana.”

“And this is Sasha.”

“We are filming this video on the 30th of April to say we consent to having sex with Ilya Rozanov on his 17th birthday.”

“We are of sound mind and body.”

“Sasha, I don’t think you even know what that means. There’s a kilo of coke up your ass right now.”

“Fuck you! I am of sound mind and body and If Ilya chooses to ravage me on his birthday I will be oh so willing.”

“Slut. But I too will be willing.”

The video cuts off with Svetlana shoving Sasha out of frame and Ilya chuckles lightly in disbelief that these two goofballs were his friends.

“So what do you say? We don’t have to do it now, we can go to my place, my dad is out of town—,” Ilya cuts her off with a kiss.

She moans against him and falls into it, kissing him back immediately, her fingers getting lost in his hair. Maybe this is what he needs to get him to feel whole again, Svetlana was his closest friend. A night of camaraderie would probably do him well.

Svetlana climbs onto his lap and drags her sweet tongue along his, tasting like vodka and candy as Ilya tugged down the zip at the back of her dress and slid the straps down her arms. She’s got nothing on under the skimpy dress and he takes her in with the streetlights being his only source of illumination. Her skin sparkles in the night and Ilya maneuvers them so she’s laid out on the back seat and he’s nestled between her legs. She smiles at him as he grips her thighs, his fingers reaching for the apex between them. “There you are, starting to look like you again.”

He chuckles and reaches for the back of his shirt to tug it off. Now that he’s in the moment, he’s got a one track mind. Losing his virginity for his birthday wasn’t at the top of his priority list but he wasn’t mad at it. And Svetlana wasn’t a gift you turned your nose up at. He was going to make her feel good.

“When you get drafted to play for the NHL and become a big shot, don’t forget me.” Svetlana breathes, the second Ilya’s tongue slips between her folds, finding her wet and dripping deliciously for him. He groans and dives in for more, licking at her and sucking her clit until she’s writhing and moaning under him.

“I could never forget you, Sveta.” He nips at the insides of both her thighs before diving back in for more of her sweetness. Fuck she tastes good, he loves how she grips at his curls and grinds her pussy against his tongue, takes what her body needs from him.

“Fuck, Ilya, that’s so good.” Ilya makes her come before he readies himself to fuck her, smirking sexy and dirty with her orgasm wetting his face and chin as she screams his name. Fuck that was hot. His dick is so hard that it springs out of his pants as he shimmies his jeans down and Svetlana pulls a condom out for him seemingly out of thin air. He takes it with a shake of his head and puts it on quickly, hissing low when he lines himself up with Svetlana’s entrance and starts to push in slowly.

Her heat envelops him so well that he almost comes from just being fully seated in her. He braces himself on his hands, both of them pressing into the seat by her head, “you can move

now," she chuckles, leaning up to drag Ilya down for a deep kiss.

The sex is slow and over quick, which makes sense for both of their first times. He makes sure Svetlana comes again, though before he does, ever the gentleman. When it's over, his head is nestled between Svetlana's bare breasts as she runs her fingers through his hair, their bodies cooling down rapidly from their recent heated state. "Happy birthday, Ilya."

-

Shane,

I googled German Chocolate Cake. Tell your mom not to make that shit please.

The party was… a lot. I didn't have fun, I spent the whole night thinking about you instead. Im drunk so don't make fun of me for telling you that.

Counting down the days until we can get back to beating those losers at hockey camp. Do you think they'll let us play on same team? They won't stand a chance if they do. Hope you're having a better time than I am.

Until next time,
Ilya

-

When they finally, finally see Ilya again, everyone's grinning so big.

The whole gang came through to pick him up even though Shane offered to drive over by himself. Yuna didn't want to miss the opportunity to be the first person to hug and kiss Ilya once he made it through those double doors. Shane would feel jealous and think she was trying to replace her one and only son, but he felt the same way about Ilya so he let her have it.

It's been less than a year since Shane last saw him but he still looks so different, like he grew another two inches and gained some more muscles. His face is slimmer, more angular and less boyish than last summer. Are his eyes bluer? Shane can't stop looking at him. He wonders if he looks different to Ilya, he didn't think he changed as much in the last few months.

"Ilya," Yuna's voice smiles, pulling the boy into a warm hug that Ilya sinks into. He looks so happy in Yuna's embrace, his expression unguarded as they rock back and forth slightly.

"Hello, Yuna. So nice to see you again." Shane forgot how much he missed hearing Ilya's voice, even though it too is slightly different. It's deeper but his accent is still the same, activating the dopamine receptors in Shane's brain.

"Hello son, you had a good flight?" David hugs him next, patting him twice on the back.

"Yes David, of course. Took too long though, almost hijacked the plane to fly it faster myself."

“I don’t think you would fare well in jail.” Shane mumbles, rocking from the heels of his shoes to his toes gently. His hands are shoved in his pockets but there’s a weird frenetic energy coursing through him where he’s holding himself back from just reaching out and touching Ilya all over. Fuck, is he broken?

“You are wrong. I would be big boss in jail, no one would mess with me. Now you? You are too pretty for jail, never get in trouble.” Shane shakes his head, laughing small before Ilya’s all in his space. He sinks into the hug Ilya pulls him into, wrapping his arms around his waist and greedily pulling in lungfuls of his scent. It’s airplane and his favorite cologne and warmth. Ilya’s taller than him now, Shane guesses he missed the memo for a growth spurt, “hey, Hollander.” Ilya’s voice is so soft, he thinks Shane is meant to be the only one who hears him.

“Hi, Rozanov.” Shane replies back just as soft. He dips his chin against Ilya’s shoulder, turning his face slightly into his neck, “missed you.”

“Missed you too.”

-

They get home after a car ride exchanging stories, laughing and light conversation. Ilya’s foot stays pressed against Shane’s in the back seat of the car.

Shane brings Ilya’s bags upstairs to his room while Ilya bitches at him the whole time about being able to take them himself. His parents stay downstairs and Shane stands in the corner while Ilya takes off his light coat and stares at him, a light smile on his lips.

“Happy birthday.”

“Ah, old news.” Ilya tosses his hand in the air flippantly, walking across the space casually. The sleeves of his shirt stretch over the muscles in his arm, “you look good.”

“Thanks, you do too.”

“Good, yes. Not pretty like you, though.”

“This your second time calling me pretty.”

“Is true. You want me to lie?”

He stops just before touching Shane, their socked feet just centimeters away from each other. Shane dips his head down, keeping eye contact with Ilya becoming a bit too intense. His breath quickens when Ilya finally touches him, a gentle devastating thing just beneath his chin to lift Shane’s eyes to Ilya’s. God, his eyes look molten.

Ilya kisses him, holding his cheeks between the ‘v’ of his thumb and forefinger. Shane doesn’t hesitate to kiss him back, parting his lips and welcoming Ilya’s tongue into his mouth to drag against his. He moans into it, gripping Ilya’s hair and pressing his body against his desperately.

It's embarrassing how quickly his dick comes to life from just being kissed by Ilya Rozanov. He would be lying though if he didn't spend late nights in his bed replaying the small kisses they shared before Ilya left last summer, but this was something else entirely. He feels his body growing so hot that he thinks he might explode.

"Hollander, you are better kisser now. You've been practicing?"

Shane shakes his head, feeling all floaty. The only thing keeping him grounded is the thought of Ilya kissing him again, "no."

"No? Not even with your pillow?"

"Fuck you."

"Maybe later," Ilya winks and Shane is instantly made of alarm bells. He's kissing Shane again but Shane's mind is elsewhere, thinking about that, about fucking Ilya. Or Ilya fucking him. He'd done some research on the internet, embarrassing nights filled with watching poorly lit and gratuitously naked videos on sketchy sites to figure out what he liked. All he came back with was that Shane didn't like porn very much. It made him feel icky and the questions that popped up in his head while he watched caused more confusion than anything. But at night, when he'd finally fall asleep, he'd dream of Ilya, of him being the one to pin him down rock inside of him— somehow that did the job.

It was still terrifying though. "Hollander, you're shaking. What is wrong?"

Shane shakes his head, dipping in to kiss Ilya again. Ilya allows it for a minute before he pulls away, holding Shane's face between his hands and watching him closely, "we don't do anything you don't want to. You know this, yes?"

Of course Shane knows this. Besides, it's not like there was much they could actually get away with while his parents were anywhere in the house. They didn't know that Ilya and him liked to kiss sometimes but they weren't fucking oblivious. Also, Shane wasn't sure if he'd even feel comfortable doing anything other than kissing Ilya with his parents nearby, he didn't think his head would allow him to relax.

He sighs and rests his forehead against Ilya's, closing his eyes and breathing in the air between them, "I'm glad you're here."

Ilya smiles and presses a gentle kiss on Shane's lips that leaves him tingling, "me too, sweetheart."

"You smoke now?" Ilya pulls back, staring at him. "I can smell it. When we—,"

"Oh. Yes, sorry. New thing."

"Smoking is bad for you."

His arms fall from around Shane and he walks away, rolling his eyes petulantly, "wow, okay. I did not know I was kissing my father."

“Ilya, that’s gross.” Shane chuckles, watching as Ilya flops back onto his bed, throws an arm over his eyes.

“Is worse because my father does not care if I smoke. So you’re like— actual parental figure.”

“It decreases your lung capacity which will make it harder on your body to play hockey. It will slow you down.”

“So I will be just as slow as you, huh. What is your excuse? You do not smoke but you are slow.”

“I am not slow.”

“You are. Worlds slowest skater award will go to you your rookie year.”

“You’re an asshole.” Shane says affectionately, sitting by Ilya’s legs at the edge of the bed.

Ilya moves then, shifting behind him to wrap his arms around Shane’s shoulders and place warm kisses along the side of his neck, “I only smoke when I’m stressed. Not everyday.”

Shane reaches up and rubs Ilya’s arm, disturbing the many hairs there, “hopefully then, while you’re here, you won’t need them.”

His lips press against the side of Shane’s head, “yes. Maybe.”

“My mother will hate you if you make this room smell like cigarettes.”

“Impossible, she likes me better than you. I am her favorite son.”

“Not if you stain her white curtains with your cancer smoke.”

“Shut up, Hollander.” He wrestles Shane down onto the bed and straddles his hips before kissing him. They’re both smiling through the kisses until they aren’t.

-

“After this winter, we will be on the big stage.”

They’re in Shane’s room, a forgotten game of 2k replaying the title screen over and over. Ilya had climbed into Shane’s bed after two games and Shane had gotten in after him, immediately curling up against Ilya’s chest after the other boy dragged him in.

This winter was the World Junior Hockey championships. Ilya would have to go home after summer to practice with his team back in Russia, but then he’d be back here. Well, they’ll both be over in Regina and Shane knew their competition would be a fierce one.

Everyone at hockey camp was talking about it. The two big names in junior hockey, here and abroad. Ilya Rozanov and Shane Hollander. Next year was the draft, the number one spot was bound to go to either of them depending on how these next few months went.

Hockey blogs and radio stations everywhere were talking about them and it never ceased to make Shane's head spin to randomly hear his name in the car while he ran errands with her. He'd worked hard for this, spent the last year homeschooling and finishing his high school classes early so he could focus on hockey. This was only the beginning of everything he'd wished for, there was no stopping him now.

"Did you hear we're rivals now?" Shane closes his eyes as Ilya runs his fingers through his hair, and chuckles against his forehead.

"Yes. I guess they are not wrong, there can only be one number one draft pick."

"And it's going to be me."

"You wish."

"Where do you want to play?" Shane asks quietly, his arms wrapped tightly around Ilya's waist.

"I don't know. As long as team that drafts me is good, I guess I will play for them."

"You don't have a preference?"

"Yes. Anywhere that gets me out of Russia."

Shane hums at that, his eyes opening and readjusting to the dark save for the bright light of his tv. "I want to stay in Canada. The Metros or maybe even the Centaurs. It'd be nice to play for my home city."

"Yes, but Centaurs are shit team. They will not have a chance to choose you in draft, even if you are second pick."

"Fuck you, Rozanov."

They both chuckle, and Shane goes quiet first, timing his breaths to Ilya's heartbeats. "Is Russia really that bad?"

"I hate it there." Shane stays quiet, even if he doesn't know if Ilya was going to continue, but he does, "it reminds me only of everything I've lost. There is very little there that makes me happy."

"What does make you happy there?"

"My friends. Well— Svetlana. Sasha is hit or miss, he is son of my hockey coach. I do not have many friends. Like you, I am loser."

Shane rolls his eyes and says nothing in regard to that last dig, "tell me more about her. Svetlana."

"She is old friend from childhood. Her father is old Russian hockey player, goalie. Sergei Vetrov, very respected. For some reason he is close to my dad. She's like— hockey genius.

Worse than you.”

Shane laughs.

“She’s always telling me latest trends, how to do better, which teams will have best outcome. She thinks I will be drafted to Boston.”

“Bostons a great team.”

“She thinks you will be drafted to Montreal. Second place, of course.”

“She knows about me?”

Ilya looks down at him like he’s stupid, “yes she knows about you. Your name has reached grounds of Russia in hockey world, Hollander. You are famous.”

“Wow.”

“I also told you she is hockey freak. She thinks you are good. Even though you are slow.”

“Is that your only critique of my hockey playing abilities?”

“You also have weak backhand.”

“Asshole.”

“You asked.”

Shane guesses he did. He toys with the string of Ilya’s hoodie, needing something to fidget with, “if you play for Boston and I play for Montreal, everyone will run with the whole rivals thing.”

“We are both entering rookie year at same time. Both playing at same position. Rivals on competing teams make good headlines. Makes NHL good money.”

“I don’t think you’re my rival.”

“No, you are my super annoying and weird host brother with really sexy lips and a nice ass.”

“Don’t call me your host brother. That’s weird.” Shane cringes. Then he pauses, “you think I have a nice ass?”

“Is not as nice as mine, but since I cannot look at mine all the time, yours does the trick.” Ilya rolls his tongue with every R he says and Shane finds it endearing.

“We will play against each other a lot.”

“My favorite part will be after game.”

“Oh yeah? Why?”

“Your pretty face and nice ass will be best prize after I beat you.”

-

Their summer passes by much like the first, long nights staying up and talking, meals with Ilya and Shane’s parents and weekdays spent at hockey camp while their weekends were spent shooting the shit, camping under the stars and kissing quietly so Shane’s parents wouldn’t hear.

On their now traditional, if two times makes a tradition, camping in the backyard the weekend before Ilya is scheduled to leave, they’re making out hot and heavy in the tent. In the distance, a loon makes their call and Ilya freezes then jumps up from where he’s straddling Shane, rocking back and sitting directly on Shane’s hard dick. He groans.

“What the fuck was that?”

Shane blinks at him, his mouth still slightly open and his brain trying to find new neurons to fire to get him to react. The pressure of Ilya sitting right on him like that is too intense a feeling, it’s like fighting through mud to get a thought out, “a loon?”

“A what?” Ilya still looks freaked out but he seems to calm a bit after noticing that Shane is cool as a cucumber. He leans back forward and over him, holding himself up by his arms and relieving his weight from Shane’s lap. Once he can think clearly, he laughs.

“A loon, it’s a bird. Fuck you were so scared.” Ilya’s face pushes into his neck as Shane shakes with laughter, the other boy slowly dissolving into chuckles of his own not too long later.

“I thought it was wolf.”

That only makes Shane laugh harder, “a fucking wolf?”

“Shut the fuck up.” Ilya says then he decides to take matters into his own hands and shove his tongue into Shane’s mouth to quiet him. Shane sobers immediately, moaning and grasping the back of Ilya’s neck to kiss him back. Fuck, he doesn’t think he could ever get tired of this. There’s a bit of a desperate edge to their kisses, like both boys are trying so hard to meld together by their mouths so they could never be separated.

When Ilya reaches between them to palm at Shane’s dick, it makes everything in Shane’s brain go white. Ilya drags his mouth down Shane’s bare chest, they’d thrown their shirts off to the side what felt like hours ago, both their pants were around their ankles. Earlier, Shane had been losing his mind at having Ilya’s dick rub against his hard and slick while they kissed. He almost came like a million times.

Ilya’s mouth closes around his nipple and Shane whimpers, turning his head into the pillows under him and closing his eyes hard. “Fuck, Ilya.”

“Yes, keep saying my name like that.” Ilya moves further down Shane’s body, flattening his tongue and broadly licking up the underside of Shane’s cock, “you look so pretty

sweetheart."

They hadn't done this before, gone this far. There has been kissing, lots and lots of kissing, and some heavy petting and touches but always when both or either of them were still mostly clothed. They couldn't spend all day in Shane's room just doing this, not when his parents were always around. At night while they were sleeping is when things would get a little bolder but Shane has learned one thing about himself with Ilya and it's that, he isn't quiet. And with Ilya using all his best moves on him and making his blood run like lava in his veins, he didn't know how to even begin to make himself be.

Ilya sucks his dick and Shane comes embarrassingly fast. The whole thing is a blur, he thinks he tries to urge Ilya to pull off when he feels his orgasm building, but he doesn't think he uses any actual words. Besides, Ilya doesn't listen. Ever the overachiever in situations like this, he swallows every drop of come that Shane spills down his throat and barely even reacts. Shane can't feel his legs, or his fingers or his dick, even. He's entirely boneless and limp and staring up at the stars through the see-through ceiling of their tent.

"Fuck, there's no way you haven't done that before."

"Yes, well." Ilya's voice is rough from what they just did but his grin is big and self satisfied as he lays out next to Shane. Shane looks over at him, glancing down his body and notices Ilya's still hard, his dick pointing straight up like a goddamn compass. He bites his lip.

"With another guy?"

"Yes. Sasha."

Shane frowns. He sits up the second he can wiggle his toes again, leaning on one elbow to prop his head up and reaching to encircle his fingers around the base of Ilya's cock with his other, "do you do this with all your friends?"

"Only ones I really like."

Somehow, that doesn't make the sudden dark hole taking up Shane's chest shrink any. He turns his focus to Ilya's problem instead of thinking of that. He knows he won't be as good as Ilya at this, he apparently is far less practiced, but he was enthusiastic and willing to learn.

Shane finds himself on all fours in between Ilya's legs, lapping at his erection to get a feel for it before sucking down the head and going down as far as he could. Ilya isn't small, tears surface in his eyes and he realizes he won't be a deepthroater at first try so he pulls off and takes down what feels comfortable. While Shane is analyzing the mechanics of sucking cock on the job, Ilya seems to be having a good time. At one point, he grips the back of Shane's neck and moves Shane's head for him, working up a rhythm that starts to make sense and Shane flattens his tongue like Ilya did earlier and takes it from there.

Ilya pulls Shane off just before he comes, jerking himself off through the waves and Shane stays down by Ilya's lap, watching in abject fascination as Ilya's come paints his lower belly, and the blonde brown curls of his happy trail and further down.

It’s a glorious sight, Shane almost forgets he was angry.

“Fuck Hollander. My little natural,” Ilya groans, using the hand he still has anchored to the back of Shane’s neck to draw him back up and kiss him all deep and filthy. They swap the taste of each other between their tongues. After a minute of that Shane dips his chin and pulls away quietly. “What’s wrong?”

“Nothing.” He turns, gives Ilya his back as he turns on the lamp to gather his clothes. It’s a bit too chilly now with them not touching each other constantly and raising each other’s body temperatures. Shane gets dressed quickly while Ilya moves behind him, probably cleaning himself up and getting dressed himself. Shane doesn’t look at him, he can’t. Suddenly, Shane feels like he could cry and he fucking hates that.

“Shane.”

“What are we doing?” Shane isn’t particularly expressive. He remembers growing up and constantly trying to figure out emotions. It didn’t seem like a problem other kids had, they would get loud and show every emotion they felt on their face, Shane was never that easy about it. His affect was particularly flat and it took a lot for him to show anything other than indifference or anger— anger was easy. But did he even have a right to be angry right now? He’s not sure, but all he knows is that it’s ripping through him now, ripping him apart.

All he knows is he’s thought about Ilya Rozanov everyday for the last year. Since the day that he met Ilya, the boy had taken over his brain, his body, everything he is. “Having fun.”

“Having fun?” Shane laughs but it lacks any level of humor. It’s more ironic than anything, “you know Rozanov, when normal people want to have fun they play a game, they fucking jump rope or read a goddamn book. They don’t fuck every single one of their pathetic ass friends.”

Contrary to his weak grasp on expressing his emotions, Shane feels them a great deal, probably more than others. Unfortunately, there’s no cool way to storm out of a camping tent. He goes through the humiliation ritual of unzipping the stupid thing and angrily shoving his feet into the sneakers they both left on the little tarp outside.

“I do not understand what’s happening right now.” Ilya says gruffly behind him. Shane stands in the center of the woods, they’re just a little ways away from the line of his backyard and there’s a lamp outside that’s their only source of light, “are you— what do you call it, hoe shaming me?”

“It’s slut shaming.”

“Okay. Is it what you are doing right now?”

“No.”

“I thought you liked what we were doing.”

“It’s not that I didn’t like it.”

“So what is it?”

“Excuse me if I don’t find it flattering to be apart of Ilya Rozanov’s harem.”

“Ha-what?”

“Oh fuck off, Rozanov.”

“I am sorry! You are angry and using too many fancy english words after sex, my brain is slow. Almost as slow as—,”

“Shut up! God.” Shane can’t do this. He shoves the heel of his palms into his eye sockets and groans, the warring emotions inside him feel like they’re having a time with his insides, destroying him like a category four hurricane. “I just thought we—, that we could—,” fuck he doesn’t know.

The silence that envelopes them leaves Shane winded. He takes in a few grounding breaths, his hands only fall when he knows the tears he felt gathering in his eyes won’t.

Ilya is looking at him, standing there with an expression like pity on his face, an apology on his lips. Shane doesn’t want any of that. “Hollander— we can’t be anything more than friends.”

Shane deflates. He hadn’t even known himself that he wanted them to be anything before Ilya said they couldn’t. All the anger and other silly stupid emotions that were filling him leak out of him, leaving him with just the ugly sorry for himself feeling. “Okay.”

“No one can know about this.” Shane’s just nodding, his lips pressed together firmly. Ilya reaches for him but Shane moves out the way, “Shane.”

“I know. Okay? I know. I think— I’m just going to sleep inside tonight.” He moves robotically, leaving the campsite one measured step at a time and doesn’t look back.

-

The warmth and comfort and love he felt from spending the summer with the Hollanders is gone far earlier than his plane reaching the pacific. He spent the last two days lying awake in his stupid room, with his stupid sheets and his stupid thoughts in the stupid dark. Fuck he’s so stupid.

He just didn’t know what Hollander could want from him. They were on the brink of breaking out in the scene of professional hockey, their careers just beginning. Ilya was sorry if he didn’t feel like he was ready to do that and carry around a pride flag with it. It wasn’t that he was scared, he was fucking terrified.

Obviously he felt something for Shane. It was more than just fun when Ilya was with him, it was more than just sex— but they were also 17 and Shane was one of his fastest and bestest friends. Then there was Shane’s family. He hadn’t ever experienced a family like this one and he wanted it, he craved it so bad. Yuna’s warm hugs and David’s fatherly way of wanting to teach Ilya everything about anything.

Camping, fishing trips, family game nights and nightly dinners. Shane had that all the time, Ilya only got them during the summer. He loved this family, with their little house in Ottawa and the way they seemed to love and accept him. There was a level of addiction there that Ilya knew was unhealthy— he couldn't keep them. They weren't his.

His family was cold and disinterested unless he started to fail or forsake the Rozanov name. His family's love was conditional, and growing up, he thought that that was the only familial love that existed. His mother made him believe different, but once she was gone he resigned himself to never experiencing that kind of love again. Then he had to go and get a taste of it from Shane, David and Yuna fucking Hollander.

And now he was fucking all of it up.

The airport is a somber scene. Shane won't even look at him, but Ilya is at least glad he came.

Yuna's got him locked in one of her hugs again and Ilya savors it, cherishes it. He doesn't know when he'll have this again. David keeps his goodbye short and sweet, and then there's Shane.

Surprisingly, probably to keep up appearances with his parents, Shane doesn't just wave at him or offer a gruff, bye Rozanov. He hugs him, smelling of his stupid seaweed shampoo and eucalyptus body wash. Rozanov is selfish so he savors this too, takes everything he can, holds on to Shane so tight and takes in his scent with heavy gulps. Quietly so Yuna and David can't hear, Ilya says, "I'm sorry."

"I know." Shane responds, just as quietly. "I'm sorry too."

Ilya wants to ask him for what for. Shane has nothing to be sorry for, Ilya's the idiot, Ilya's what's wrong with them. Instead he steels himself, nodding once and pulling away. Shane's expressions are locked away deep, his face impassive and Ilya forces a smile. "Safe flight, Rozanov."

"Thanks Hollander. Bye guys."

For the second year in a row, Ilya Rozanov leaves a piece of him here in Canada when he leaves. And it's not a particularly useless part of him, not necessarily something he can live or function without. But he knows it's safer here, wherever Shane Hollander keeps it, if he even knows that he has it all. So he shuts everything off and lets it go.

-

"Irina! Irina!"

Ilya shoots straight up out of bed, groggy and clearly hearing things. But no, two seconds of clarity and he knows what he's hearing isn't a dream, it's more like a nightmare, but it's also really happening.

"Irina!" His father's voice sounds terrified and Ilya traverses the halls of his home to get to his father's room so quickly that he doesn't think he even makes a conscious decision to

leave his own room. Just outside of his bedroom, Polina is standing there, scantily clad and shaking, her small form curled up into herself.

Ilya stops in front of her, “what is going on?”

“I don’t know. We were sleeping and he just started screaming and throwing things.”

Unhelpful. Ilya walks past her and enters the room. His father is still screaming Ilya’s mother’s name and the room is a mess. The sheets on his bed are on the ground and the pillows are too. Both his side lamps are smashed and broken, the curtains rods are torn off the wall. Ilya’s dad is on the floor, curled into a ball and rocking back and forth.

“Irinaaaa.” This last call is like a punch straight to Ilya’s gut. It’s guttural and desperate, almost like a dying wish or prayer. Ilya approaches him slowly, crouching before him when he feels like he’s close enough.

“Papa. What’s wrong?”

“Where is she? Where is your mother? I keep calling her but she will not come. Make her come.”

“Mama is gone, Papa. She died years ago.” Ilya reminds him gently. Up close now he notices the cuts and bruises blooming all over his father’s skin, his arms and chest, the sides of his head. He sees that his father is gripping so hard at his neck, digging his fingernails into the skin there. “Papa, you’re hurting yourself. Stop.”

He seems to have calmed a bit now, the crazed look in his eyes fading fast as he looks at Ilya’s face and at least recognizes him. “There was a woman in my bed but she was not your mother.”

“That was Polina, Papa. Your new wife.”

His eyes get clearer and clearer until Ilya’s able to coax him back to bed. He gets him some water and tucks him in, tells Polina who’s still standing outside scared and useless that she should probably find a guest room to sleep in tonight.

By the time he lays his head back on a pillow in his room, it’s reeling. He doesn’t know what the fuck just happened but it scared him shitless and he knows he has to figure it out. Soon.

-

December comes too fast, Ilya is out of Russia so ‘figuring it out soon’ ends up being postponed. But since that one episode, his father hadn’t had another one. Things had returned to their same icy hell at the Rozanov house. Ilya, his father and Alexi barely shared words with each other and Polina was just a waste of space entirely.

Ilya couldn’t make it out of Russia fast enough.

But the familiar flutter of excitement of heading to Canada was also gone. He wouldn’t be staying with the Hollanders this time. The Russian team would all be staying at the same

hotel, maybe the same one as the Canada team but maybe not. He didn't know, he hadn't heard from Hollander since summer ended.

Knowing his email would be empty didn't stop him from checking everyday for Shane's name and profile picture in his inbox.

He rubbed at his chest the whole flight over and ignored the menial conversation his teammates were having all around him.

When they make it to Regina, it's a lot of practice and posturing. Ilya pretends he's not darting his eyes all over the arena to catch a glimpse of Shane.

Their teams don't share the ice all day, by the time it's almost time to go, Ilya is keyed up and his fingers are itching for a goddamn cigarette.

He sneaks out and leans up against the building right next to a no smoking sign. Stupid non-europeans and their stupid rules about smoking. He lights up anyway, his lighter coming in and out a few times because of the cold dry wind but finally his cigarette catches and he's able to get a nice pull in.

And of course, like a beacon— somehow Shane Hollander is summoned.

He looks good. Just about the same as he did four months ago, but Ilya's eyes drink him in like a thirsty man, one that's been completely depleted and deprived of water for years, centuries.

"Stressed?"

Ilya shrugs, taking another drag from his cigarette and watching Shane. He doesn't stop watching him. He can't.

Shane leans up against the wall next to him, crossing his arms across his chest and hanging his head. "I don't like how we left things. Last time."

"No, me neither." Ilya replies gruffly, his lips are dry and he doesn't know if it's from the air or his smoke or a third more crippling thing.

"I want to be your friend, Ilya. You mean a lot to me and I don't want that to change."

Ilya nods. He can't stop nodding. He doesn't know why his empty hollow chest aches around the edges when Shane says the word friend.

"I don't like not talking to you." Ilya says what he says but knows deep down he means *I need you. You keep me from sinking so far inside myself that I shrivel away into nothing. You keep me sane. You make me feel things I have no right to feel. You make me feel whole and loved. Fuck, my heart isn't even mine anymore, it beats right next to yours in your chest, do you feel it?*

But he's fucking 17 and these feelings are just too big for him to make sense of so he shoves them all down and breathes more cancer air into his lungs instead. He has a plan. A plan to

get out of Russia, to become a big star and have lots of money and forget about his shit family and find a place and time he can be better, happier. He has to stick to the plan for that to happen, though, and he will. He fucking has to.

“Okay, so that does it then. We’re friends, and we still play hard against each other on the ice. We’ll be okay.” Shane holds his hand out and Ilya drops his nub of a cigarette on the ground and steps on it before taking Shane’s warm hand in his firmly.

He feels like he can breathe easier from just touching Shane, a smirk naturally makes its way to his lips, “you won’t be saying that when we beat you.”

A glint of light shines in Shane’s eyes, “that won’t happen.”

Ilya nods, pursing his lips. They’re still holding hands, “guess we will see.”

“Guess we will.”

-

Later on in the competition, when Russia and Canada finally meet, Ilya beats Shane and they’re both standing on the podium for the medal ceremony.

“Don’t be too sad Hollander. I like silver on you, brings out your pretty eyes.”

Shane shakes his head at him exasperated, smiling professionally when the commissioner presents him with his medal then moves on to Ilya next.

In the ceremonial photos, they’re both smiling so big, lips stretched out, teeth showing and eyes alight.

Shane, hockey, good competition, winning— turns out Ilya is a simple man. He doesn’t really need much more than that.

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2009

Ilya gets drafted to Boston at the number one spot and Shane gets drafted to Montreal at number two.

At their separate interviews, they’re asked about each other. The press wants them to hate each other so bad, asking questions edged with implication, pitting them against each other and asking Shane how he feels about being drafted second and asking Ilya how he feels about constantly edging Shane out on the big stage.

“Ilya and I almost grew up together, I met him two years ago but it feels like I’ve known him longer than that. He spent summers at my house staying with my family in Ottawa while we both attended junior camp. We fought hard against each other on the ice every time our skates hit and I don’t see that ending, especially now with the long standing history between Boston and Montreal. I’m sure there will be endless entertainment for those who were intending to

watch some bitter rivalry, but just know that between me and Rozanov there is a deep friendship and respect there."

Shane's answer is exactly how they practiced it, him saying everything they prepared, wanting to control their images and relationship as much as they could before people ran with it and turned it into something else.

Ilya's answers are more short and less rehearsed. He knew he wouldn't be able to remember all the English words Shane threw at him whenever they spoke about it so Ilya decided to go his own way with things.

When the interviewer asks him if he looks forward to beating Shane, he just says yes.

The party after feels like a dog pageant and Shane and Ilya are the top two contenders. Everyone stops to talk to them and Ilya feels more on edge than he usually would in situations like this because his father is here with him. Always one to soak up the glory, of course Rozanov would be here on what was supposed to be one of the happiest days of Ilya's life, if only just to siphon off all of his energy and leave him feeling grey and drained. He sees the Hollanders across the room constantly, even when he's not trying to seek them out for comfort.

They're all wide smiles and friendly eyes and Ilya feels like he's suffocating in his stupid fucking suit and tie, nursing a coke the entire night. The general manager and owner of the Boston Raiders is blowing smoke up his ass and Ilya's dad is downplaying him at every turn, talking about how he needs discipline, his playing needs sharpening, he's too lazy. Ilya drowns him out and stares down the balcony to the first floor.

Shane's lips close around a straw and they look good, especially that bottom lip, the plumpest of the two, their color pretty and pinkish, blending in nicely with his skin. He's so fucking pretty it hurts.

Eventually, they navigate to each other. Yuna is all smiles when she sees him, hugging him and pressing her lips to his cheek in a warm welcome. "Hello Ilya, congratulations."

"Yes, son. Well done." David pats his arm, his eyes kind. "Boston is an amazing team, you'll fit in there well."

"Thank you Yuna and David." He clears his throat, turning to his father. His expression leaves nothing to be read, just the stern line of his mouth and the straight broadness of his shoulders. "Papa, this is Yuna and David Hollander and their son Shane Hollander." Ilya says, switching from Russian to English, "Yuna, Shane, David, this is my father, Grigori."

They shake his hand and his father keeps his greeting brief. He's uninterested in knowing these people, the best people Ilya has ever met. Even as Shane is earnest, saying *it's nice to finally meet you, Mr. Rozanov, your son is amazing*. Grigori gives nothing away, he brushes off every nice thing the Hollanders have to say about Ilya and then he is done. He drifts away from them and Ilya knows he's simply meant to follow. Before he leaves, he meets all of their eyes, "I'm sorry. Congratulations, Shane." Then he's gone.

-

Shane's alone in the gym when Ilya joins him.

He had no way of knowing Shane would be there, but no part of him is surprised that they both ended up in the same place together at the same time. They had a way of doing that, being drawn to each other like magnets or orbiting planets.

He's leisurely using the bike and Ilya takes the one next to him, starting on his own work out. Before long, they're starting a fierce competition amongst each other on who could go the fastest, the poor bikes groaning under their intensity as they try their hardest to beat each other.

In the end, Ilya goes harder for longer and Shane curses him but they both dissolve into laughter. They fall exhausted against separate walls across from each other, dripping with sweat and breathing heavy.

"Here," Ilya hands over his cold water bottle to Shane after taking down a few gulps, his chest heaving from the strength of his breaths.

Shane takes it. Their fingers brush. Ilya tries not stare at the way his lips close around the top of it. He fails.

"Thanks." Shane says as he passes it back.

Ilya hums. "Was it everything you thought it would be?"

"Well, not exactly." Shane says, leaning his head back against the mirror behind him.

"Sorry." Ilya's grin is shit eating. Shane laughs back, shaking his head.

"No you're not."

They pass the bottle back and forth between them until it's done, until their breaths are normal and the sweat has dried on their skin.

"Your dad, he's—,"

"Asshole."

"Yeah well, you had to get it from somewhere." Shane says silently, the toe of his sneaker presses against Ilya's affectionately and Ilya tries not to stare at Shane's exposed thighs. His shorts are riding up though, and it's not just his thighs. So much of his legs are exposed, Ilya feels his 18 year old body reacting to Shane like one would expect an 18 year old boy to react to another man who's insanely hot. And who he's insanely attracted to. *Friends. Shane wants to be friends. Just friends— not fucking friends. You have to respect that.*

God, he wishes he had more water.

"Happy birthday."

Ilya hums, his was just a week ago. Shane's was last month and Ilya had emailed him then, wishing him a happy day or whatever. Ilya didn't care for his birthdays, but he had enjoyed receiving back a picture of Shane wearing an actual fucking birthday hat smiling at the camera with Yuna and David behind him. He was holding a handmade cake with candles one and eight candles on it. Ilya saved the picture.

"Did you do anything good for this one?"

"No."

"Svetlana and Sasha didn't kidnap you and force you to celebrate again?"

"No."

He didn't want to talk about himself anymore.

"We will be seeing each other a lot."

"Yes." Boston and Montreal play against each other all the time.

"I look forward to it. Hopefully you worked on your weak backhand."

"I'm sure your teammates are going to love you. They always love the cocky rookies."

"As long as I shoot goals, make them win. They will love me."

Shane hums.

"Have you—,"

"Are you—,"

They both start and stop at the same time. Ilya shuts his mouth, motions for Shane to go ahead and say what he wanted to say. "Are you seeing anyone?"

Ilya raises an eyebrow at that, a bit flummoxed that Shane would ask him that. He shakes his head. "You?"

"There was a girl. Jessica." Okay, Ilya's eyebrows stay raised. Turns out Shane Hollander is full of surprises tonight.

"A girl. Okay."

"Fuck you."

"I didn't say anything."

"You said plenty." Shane sighs. He places his feet flat on the floor, knees up and his elbows resting on top of them. "I just— I realized maybe that I might not be that into girls."

"No?"

Shane shakes his head, staring at the ground, “Ever heard of an eighteen year old guy who can’t get it up when a pretty girl has his dick in her mouth?”

“Not a straight one.”

“Exactly.” Ilya watches as Shane’s straight white teeth sink into his plush bottom lip. His freckles look nice in this light, the dusting of them over Shane’s cheekbones and his nose drives Ilya insane sometimes. “When I knew it was her, it’s like my dick was suddenly disconnected from my body. I couldn’t get it interested for shit. I had to think of—,” he cuts himself off.

Ilya waits like Shane might start back up and say what he meant to. But if Ilya knows Shane like he thinks he does, he knows he won’t, not unless Ilya pushes him there, “Think of what, Hollander.”

His voice is unrecognizable, even to his own ears. He watches Shane so closely, tuned into every one of his minute expressions. He doesn’t usually have so many, but they’re cycling through his face now like a rotoscope. His last expression is resignation, his voice pinched when he finally says, “you. What we did in the tent.”

Ilya nods once; his dick is stirring in his shorts but he barely moves, barely breathes, “did you come, Hollander? While a girl was on her knees for you and you were thinking of me, did it make you hard enough to come?”

Shane’s breaths are going shallow, Ilya can tell by the rapid, and quickening still, rise and fall of his chest. His pupils are blown, taking up all the pretty color in his eyes, “when did your English get so good?”

“Answer the question, Hollander.”

“Yes.”

“Fuck.” Ilya groans. He tosses his head back and rubs a hand irately over his face, “you can’t say stuff like this to me, Shane. Not when you wanted us to be friends. Not when—,”

“I know. I’ve been thinking about that, actually.” Shane clears his throat, adjusts himself slightly. His cheeks are rosy under the freckles, “I think maybe I was a bit— overzealous.”

“Over-what??”

“Zealous. It means, I might have jumped the gun.” Ilya just stares at him, “what I’m saying is, maybe something casual with us would be good. When you’re playing in Montreal or when I’m in Boston, maybe we can meet and, you know. Do stuff. No pressure, no strings. And of course, we’ll still be friends.”

Ilya’s eyes trace over his face slowly, looking for any sign that Shane is saying something, anything that he doesn’t really mean. He finds nothing, “That’s what you want?”

“Yes.” He nods once, sure and quick. Definitive.

“And you’re okay if we fuck other people.”

“Of course.”

“Shane.”

“Of *course*, Ilya. Just as long as we’re safe, you know? Getting tested, using condoms. Your life is yours, mine is mine. I won’t even ask you about anyone else.”

Ilya ponders this for a moment, thinks about all the many, many ways this could go wrong. They would have to be careful, move stealthy and secretively. No one could know what they were up to, no one on either of their teams or their families— fuck, their families. Ilya would have no issue keeping this from his, he’s done enough to keep most of his life separate from his brother and father. But Shane and the Hollanders, he was a good son, he didn’t lie to his parents.

“Yuna and David?”

“Oh, right— I, I was thinking I might want to come out to them.” Shane shrugs one shoulder, “I don’t want to say anything publicly, but my parents, I would want them to know this about me. It would be less stressful for me, I think.”

“Your parents are good people, Shane. They will love you no matter what.”

“I know.” Shane says bashfully, “and I guess me coming out to them doesn’t necessarily have anything to do with you but— I think they may have gotten it in their head that I might’ve had a little— crush on you, or something.”

Ilya can’t help the bubble of laughter that escapes him at that, Shane looks so adorable saying those words. “Wow.”

“Shut up. Anyways, I won’t tell them about you. That’s not my place, I know that. I’m just telling you that they might assume some things when I tell them I’m maybe— probably gay.”

“Do you want me to be with you?”

“Would you?” Shane says that so quickly that Ilya can tell he didn’t mean to say it out loud, “not like—,”

“I would. Of course,” Ilya shrugs. “It doesn’t bother me, telling Yuna and David. Even about me.”

“Wow.”

“They can think what they want about us, we don’t have to tell them we’re fucking.”

Shane nods absently, “I’ll just— I’ll think about it. Thanks for the, uh, offer.”

“Sure.”

“Okay.”

“So when do we start? Tonight?” Shane stares at him, a level of exasperation escaping him with a helpless breath. Ilya grins widely, “don’t act like that. I noticed you looking at me all night.”

“Yeah well, I’d never seen you in a tux.”

“Did you like it?”

“What room are you in?”

Ilya purses his lips, watches Shane closely, “1016.”

“I’ll see you in an hour.”

-

There’s a soft knock on his door exactly an hour later.

Shane Hollander. Mr. Punctuality.

Ilya had showered and changed into a pair of grey sweats with nothing else on, his hair was still wet. He’d been too wired with the possibilities of what they were about to do to worry about blow drying it.

This would be the first time where they could do whatever they want, take their time, not worry about Shane’s parents overhearing them. Even if they just made out and blew each other, Ilya would take great pride in making Shane moan his name and be as loud as Ilya knows he wants to be.

Of course they still had to be careful, they had neighbors and hotel walls were notoriously thin.

Ilya opens his door and Shane slips in, looking rosy cheeked and flushed like he’d just ran a mile and Ilya raises an eyebrow at him as Shane shuts the door and presses himself up against it.

“Are you okay?”

“Yes.” Shane says. His voice sounds thin.

“Shane, if you don’t want to do this we don’t—,”

“Shut the fuck up, Rozanov,” then Shane is kissing him.

Ilya groans, cupping the side of Shane’s neck and tilting his head immediately to deepen the kiss. Shane plasters his chest to Ilya’s and wraps both arms around Ilya’s neck, pulling them impossibly close and kissing him with mind numbing enthusiasm. Ilya feels this kiss down to his toes.

He lifts Shane up then, bracing him with his arms under his ass as Shane wraps his legs around Ilya's waist and lets himself be carried to Ilya's bed. Something hard presses against Ilya's hand as it's traveling over Shane's ass and Shane hisses on Ilya's tongue.

He pulls back, "what is that?"

Shane's pupils are all blown and he's a pretty sight, laid out on Ilya's bed like he is, breathing hard, lips red around the edges from their kissing. He already looks so fucked and Ilya's barely touched him.

Shane buries his face in his hands, his hips canting up against Ilya's where Ilya is perched between his legs. He mumbles something but it's muffled by the sleeves of his hoodie. "What was that?"

Ilya wrestles Shane's hands away from his face, pinning the other boy's wrists down on the mattress and adjusting his position on Shane's waist. Shane stares up at him, his lips barely moving as he murmurs, "it's a butt plug."

It takes Ilya a second or ten, maybe even thirty, but eventually he's straight up beaming, sending up a quick prayer to God in heaven that he was given Shane Hollander. Ilya bends down to kiss him and it's dirty and filthy but if the sounds coming out of Shane's throat are anything to go by, he loves it.

He takes his time undressing Shane, dragging his mouth over every inch of skin he exposes while Shane sighs and shivers under him. "You're so good, Shane. So good to me, giving me this gift." Ilya sounds almost reverent as he gets to the point of peeling Shane's underwear off, placing wet kisses against the patch of dark straight hair right above Shane's cock. He mouths at the inside of Shane's bare thighs, pulling back just enough to catch sight of the pretty toy buried deep inside of Shane. He almost fucking growls he's so feral from just witnessing this beauty, "how did you learn to do this?"

"Google, and you know— porn." Shane says sheepishly, an arm thrown over his face to cover his eyes.

Ilya licks a broad strip over Shane's cock as a reward. His fingers find the plug and he grasps the base of it, pushing it a little further into Shane before pulling it back a bit. Shane keens and Ilya's dick is so hard it almost fucking hurts.

"You wanted to be ready, huh? Ready for me to fuck you." He sucks on the head of Shane's cock, tongues the slit before taking him down his throat. He loves sucking dick, he realized this about himself a bit ago. He loved having a man go crazy for the magic he could do with his mouth and tongue. Seems like he loves it even more when it's Shane Hollander, gripping his hair and moaning his name and thrusting his dick further down Ilya's throat. Yes, Ilya thinks, since his mouth is occupied, *fucking use me, take what you need, sweetheart.*

He plays with Shane's plug while his throat is fucked and Shane is an absolute mess under him, cursing and moaning and biting his lip so hard that Ilya fears his teeth might go right through the delicate flesh. He pulls off just when he's sure Shane was about to come, earning himself a frustrated cross between a yelp and a cry. Shane looks like a kicked puppy and Ilya

pats his chest twice, grabbing his peck and massaging it against his palm. “Only want you coming on my cock, sweetheart.”

Shane flushes bright red, his almond shaped eyes hooded and blown to shit. Fuck he looks so gorgeous like this, so, so pretty.

“Turn around for me, all fours.” Shane does as he’s told, kneeling in the center of Ilya’s bed while Ilya stands and peels off his sweats.

“Uhm, I brought a condom and lube. My hoodie pocket.” Shane says, his head hanging between his arms.

“Mr. Prepared.”

“Shut up.”

Ilya grabs the lube and condoms from Shane’s discarded hoodie. Condoms. Plural. A whole row of em. “Fuck Hollander, ready for a marathon, are you?”

Ilya doesn’t have to see him to know he’s blushing, “just in case.”

“You’re so precious.” Ilya climbs back onto the bed behind him, peppering kisses down Shane’s spine to the base of his dimpled back. They’re so endearing, the two indents right at the top of Shane’s plump ass. Ilya grabs two handfuls of said ass, massaging Shane’s cheeks and pressing a kiss to each one. He finds the plug again, murmuring for Shane to prepare himself before pulling it out.

He watches as Shane’s greedy hole flexes around the sudden emptiness and nearly fucking comes just from that. Shane actually quivers, a desperate sound coming out of him. Settling on one knee, Ilya lifts his other leg, planting his foot flat on the mattress and sliding the condom over his weeping dick. He doesn’t need too much lube, Shane’s hole takes three of his fingers easily, he prepped himself so well.

He’s still slow as he pushes into Shane, though, allowing him time and a chance to accommodate Ilya’s girth and length. “Ah, fuck Rozanov. It’s so big.”

“Shh, sweetie. I got you.” Ilya soothes though his voice is rough. He grips Shane’s hips tightly until he’s fully sheathed in Shane’s tight, hot hole. It takes everything Ilya has to not come right away, even with Shane’s prep, his hole is still so tight, suffocating Ilya’s dick. “Fuck, Shane.”

“Ilya,” Shane half moans and half sobs, his face still in his arms. Ilya wishes he could see the look on his face. Mr. Buttoned up and matter-of-fact and expressionless, what does his face do when he’s falling apart on Ilya’s cock? Next time they’ll do this another way, next time he’ll see it all.

God, they haven’t even finished this time and Ilya’s already thinking about the next. At the back of his mind he realizes how fucked he is, but right now he’s got a one track mind.

He pulls out almost all the way before thrusting back into Shane, coming up with a rhythm that makes Shane make the most noise and brings them both closer to that ultimate release. He reaches over to grip one of Shane's shoulders to have the leverage he needs to start fucking Shane hard. He needs it, he's begging for it, moaning loudly and saying Ilya's name over and over like he's praying and Ilya's his new religion.

He fucks Shane hard until his balls start to tighten and he knows he's close. "Are you close?" He grunts, his voice deep, accent thick.

"Yes, fuck." Shane's voice is wrecked.

It only takes a few more strokes and they're both coming, the other's name on their tongues as they come down from the orgasmic high. Fuck if that isn't the best sex Ilya's ever had.

He pulls out and Shane collapses on the bed. Ilya would be worried but Shane rolls onto his back out of the wet spot and there's a doped up grin on his face, and he looks so satisfied that Ilya knows he's okay. "I'm going to get something to clean you okay." He bends over, placing a kiss to Shane's blissed out grin, cause he can't help it, before heading for the bathroom.

Ilya returns with a warm rag and a condom free, come free dick, cleaning Shane up gently but being thorough about it. He knows Shane well enough to know he wouldn't do well with mess.

"You okay?" Ilya gathers Shane up against his front after climbing in behind him, his hands on Shane's belly and lips against the back of his shoulders.

"Yes, perfect. Thank you."

"You're thanking me? You're so fucking cute," Ilya chuckles, giving Shane more kisses cause he's a good boy and Shane deserves them. "You were so good for me."

"Really?"

"Yes, really. I would not lie."

"Good. I'm glad it was good." He sounds two seconds from falling asleep and Ilya buries his nose in Shane's hair.

"Sleep, I'll wake you up in an hour, okay?"

"Okay. Thanks."

"Stop thanking me, Hollander. You'll get my dick hard again." Shane's chuckle is small and almost silent as he gives in to the sleep that's calling him.

Ilya spends the next hour holding him and breathing him in.

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“Have a good season, Rookie.”

They’re standing at the entrance of Ilya’s hotel room, clothes back on and Shane’s body is all loose and relaxed like he needed what Ilya gave him tonight.

“You too. I’ll be seeing you around.”

“I plan to score 40 goals this year, so be prepared.”

“40?” Shane shakes his head and rolls his eyes, putting his hand on the door handle. “You’re such an asshole, Rozanov.”

“I have to keep you on your toes, sweetheart.”

“May the best rookie win.”

“Oh, I will.” He crowds Shane against the door and kisses him sweet and slow, his tongue dragging against Shane’s delicately. Shane’s breaths are labored by the time they pull apart. “bye, Shane.”

“Bye, Ilya.” He opens the door and looks up and down the hallway before slipping out.

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Shane decides to come out to his parents for New Years.

It’d been 6 months since he last saw Rozanov, six months since Rozanov fucked him so good for the first time that his legs felt like jelly the entire next day. Six months within which he’s experimented and landed on the conclusion that, yeah— he’s most probably gay.

Girls were throwing themselves at him now but it’s not like his game improved any. The fact that he was set to become a new, up and coming NHL star was like catnip to girls, he guesses. But when he had to go down on a second girl cause he couldn’t get it up without thinking about Ilya fucking him so thoroughly into a hotel mattress, he made peace with it.

He liked sucking cock more than giving a girl head. He liked being fucked more than fucking. And he liked the strong hard body of a man pressing against him more than the soft luscious curves of a girl’s body.

He’d wanted to hook up with boys too, just to see and he’d been out a few times with his team but felt too much pressure on his shoulders to trust a random guy to be discreet about it. What if he hooked up with a guy that immediately ran off to sell a story to the press? Shane wanted a good rookie year, he was finally going to be playing in the NHL, he was finally going to be a professional hockey player. He didn’t want his rookie year to be taken over by rumors and talk of his sexuality. He just wanted to play good hockey.

So he had that under his belt. Unsatisfying hook ups with two girls and an unforgettable night with Ilya Rozanov that still, to this day, replays in his head.

He wanted that again. His body ached for it, craved it. His dick was tired of his hand, his ass was tired of silicone dildos, he wanted the real thing.

So he guesses it was good that he decided to have Ilya join him in coming out to his parents. Then they would have the New Year's party tonight and hopefully, after that, Shane would get what he needed.

Then, he'd be well prepared to beat Ilya at their last Juniors Championships in a few days. That would hold him over for the next time he'd have Rozanov.

"Hey."

They're meeting in the lobby of Shane's hotel, the same hotel all of team Canada was staying at. Team Russia was staying at a separate hotel and the two teams had been practicing separately as well. This was the first time he was seeing Ilya since the competition started. The last time he'd seen him was that night in the hotel. They'd kept in contact, though, texting back and forth randomly.

Ilya's wearing a comfortable looking sweater and jeans, his curls are carefully coiffed and probably soft to the touch. Shane thinks about messing them up later with his fingers while Ilya's on his knees choking on Shane's cock.

"Hi, thanks for coming."

Ilya throws him a look and they walk together to the elevator.

While the numbers are counting up, Ilya says, "nervous?"

And Shane takes stock of his emotions. Right now, he's more horny than anything. But when he digs deep, past the haze of how good Ilya's ass looks in the jeans he's wearing and how heady his scent makes Shane, he doesn't find nervousness. He knows his parents won't throw him away for this, he knows it will make him feel better for them to know this side of him. He answers honestly, "no." Then he rocks from his heels to his toes, watching the numbers get closer to the floor his parents are on, "I'm mostly excited to see how you'll fuck me later tonight."

He feels more than sees Ilya smirk. Shane doesn't look at him, just stares straight ahead. "Don't worry, sweetheart. I have plans for you."

A shiver runs down Shane's spine at the many thoughts and ideas and plans that run through his hand in a split second. The elevator beeps and the doors open, letting them out on the right floor. "Let's get this over with." Ilya says, they walk down the hallway together. Shane isn't nervous at all.

-

His parents take it great.

Shane sits them down after they greet Ilya happily and just comes out. He says the words, "I might be gay." And it isn't the end of the world.

His mother gets a little misty eyed and his dad nods like Shane just told him that the sky is blue. When he doesn't say anything else, Yuna immediately sits up and rushes to hug him, "we're here to support you, Shane. With anything you need, I love you."

Shane didn't expect to feel emotional, he more than half expected this reaction from his parents, especially his mom. She pulls back from him and cups his face, thumbs running over his freckles, "my sweet boy. I'm so proud of you, thank you, for sharing this with us."

"You're welcome, mom. I just— it's relatively new but I'm pretty sure. And I didn't want to lie to you, either of you." He looks over to his dad who's since gotten up to place a supportive hand on Shane's shoulder, a smile on his lips. "I love you guys."

"We love you too, son." David says and Shane beams, a weight (albeit a small one) lifted from his shoulder now that his parents knew this about him. He glances at Ilya then, they all do and he's staring at the ground, his expression flat.

"Ilya?" Shane calls and Ilya's eyes flash to his before flickering to Yuna and David's.

"Not to highjack Shane's beautiful moment, but I am also not straight." Ilya clears his throat, holding his hands together in his lap, "I like both men and women."

"Oh," Yuna smiles, leaving Shane to give Ilya a hug too, "of course we support you too, Ilya. We love you."

Shane places a hand on Ilya's lap as he notices the other boy, turning his head away from them like he's hiding something on his face. "Ilya—,"

"Sorry— I just," His voice is thick and Shane thinks it's with tears but he can't tell because Ilya still won't look at them. He gets up from his chair and walks away from them, standing facing a corner in the room and letting his head hang. "I'm sorry."

"Ilya, son, you can tell us what's wrong. We won't see you any differently or judge you for who you choose to love, that does not make you any different from the person we know you to be. We love you for you." David says and that little speech only seems to make things worse. Ilya lets out a sob then, Shane is up on his feet and at Ilya's side in a second.

"Hey, hey," he holds Ilya's face in his hands, wiping his thumbs over Ilya's cheeks to collect the tears there, the ones that make his eyes go all crystalline. When Ilya draws in a shuddering breath, Shane pulls him into a warm embrace, "you're okay. We're here and we love you, it's okay."

It takes a little bit of time for Ilya to calm down. When he does, he asks the Hollanders to take a seat again, taking a moment to collect himself before joining them in their makeshift little fucking coming out circle. He feels so stripped bare with them, vulnerable like he hasn't felt in a long time. Is this what it was like to have a family that loved and supported you?

"I think I should explain my reaction a little bit."

"You don't owe us anything, Ilya."

“Thank you, Yuna but I do. You guys have been more of a family to me in last three years since I met you than my family has in a really long time— my whole life probably.” He sniffs and rubs at his nose, staring at the ground to avoid their eyes, “you guys met my father. He is not very warm or understanding. He only cares about me honoring his name and his legacy. My brother hates me and only calls me when he runs out of money for drugs.

My mother died when I was 12.” They knew this, Yuna, Shane and David knew that Ilya’s father and brother were his only living family but they didn’t know the full story. “She killed herself by swallowing too many pills. Whole bottle. I found her.”

Yuna gasps at that, holding her hands over her mouth. Shane’s hand had been on his thigh for comfort this entire time, Ilya didn’t realize when he started clinging to it though, with both of his. Shane didn’t seem to mind. “She was depressed, I think. My father was never nice to her, sometimes she would stay in bed for days and — In Russia, we do not really care much for problems in brain. We think, ‘oh that person is just crazy’ or that someone who is sick should just, pretend— then everything will go away.

I don’t want you to think badly of her, that she was weak or that she left me. She was very talented and beautiful and smart and funny. She loved me, she was just very sad.” Ilya clears his throat, “I guess, reason why I am telling you guys all of this is for you to understand how important you all are to me. I applied to come here because I felt so alien in Russia, in my home. I didn’t come thinking I would find a family like yours. I never want to lose that.”

It’s the most Shane thinks he’s ever heard Ilya talk. His accent is thick but he got all the words he needed out, expressed himself so fully that there wasn’t a dry eye in the room. One second, they’re staring at him, the next second he’s got an armful of Hollanders, all three of them wrapping up in their addicting warmth. “You will never lose us, Ilya. Never.”

Shane’s got his cheek on Ilya’s head and David got his hand on Ilya’s neck while Yuna has her head rested on his shoulder. Ilya feels his throat tighten like he’s going to dissolve into tears again, but he refuses to.

It takes a minute to get back to normal, but when they do, both Shane and Ilya feel lighter and the atmosphere is light and airy. It will be nice to enter the new year this unencumbered.

“So, last question I guess. Are you two—?” Yuna gestures between the two of them, her gaze suspicious.

Ilya swallows as Shane says, “no— no we’re not together. Just friends.”

“We did some things that most friends do not do but for most part we are just friends.”

“Ilya.”

Ilya turns to face him innocently, and Shane sighs, rolling his eyes.

“We are just friends, guys.” Shane stresses and both his parents nod.

“Well, okay! Thank you boys for being so vulnerable with us today. What do you say about an early New Year’s eve dinner?”

“I can eat.” Ilya grins and Shane chuckles, standing up and grabbing his jacket.

-

The whole party passes by in a blur, all Shane is thinking about is getting alone with Ilya and having his hands all over his body.

They spend the appropriate amount of time necessary, rubbing shoulders and talking to important people. They countdown from 10 and welcome in the new year and Shane leaves and Ilya leaves after him.

He texts Ilya the number of his hotel room, 2110. When he gets there, he’s buzzed a bit from the glasses of champagne that were being passed around, regardless of age. His skin is hot and he’s trembling in anticipation, when a knock sounds at his door he nearly runs for it.

They don’t greet each other, they dissolve into desperate, messy kisses the second the door clicks shut, tasting the champagne and strawberries both of them indulged in at the party on each other’s tongues. Shane grips Ilya’s hair and Ilya grabs palmfuls of Shane’s ass as they make their way blindly to the beds at the other side of the room.

Ilya rips his mouth away from Shane’s holding his head with both of his hands so Shane can’t dip back in to kiss him like Ilya knows he wants to. His boy looks so lovely and desperate, he grants him one last kiss before pulling away from him completely, “Ilya.”

“Hold on, wait there.” Ilya takes off his shirt, batting Shane’s hand away when he reaches for him, “don’t move.” Shane glares at him but listens.

Next, his pants go, then his underwear. He watches as Shane’s eyes drink him in like a dying man and bites his lip hard.

Meanwhile, Shane is going insane and Ilya is being *mean*. He’s waited so long for this and right now Ilya is the only one who can give it to him and he’s playing a game of keep away that Shane has no interest in.

But he does as he’s told and he doesn’t move when Ilya walks around him to lounge casually on his back against the many pillows on the bed. His dick is already hard, sitting straight up on its own and Shane follows the movements Ilya’s hands make as he circles it around the base and strokes it casually. “Strip for me. Make it good.”

Shane stares at him, “what is this?”

“I want a show.” Ilya shrugs casually, looking so laidback that Shane kind of wants to punch him. He’s wound up too tight for this, but if doing whatever Ilya asks will get him what he needs, he guesses that’s what he’ll do.

He starts with his hoodie, chucking it off quickly and folding it into a perfect square. He places it at the edge of the second bed and stops at the waistband of his sweats when Ilya tuts

at him, “slowly, Hollander.”

“Fuck you, Rozanov.”

“Soon, sweetheart. Go ahead.”

Rolling his eyes, Shane goes slow. He pulls his sweats down his legs, bending at the waist so he can pull them off over his feet. He’s got nothing on underneath. Ilya was still wearing what he had on at the party, a button up shirt and black pants while Shane had gotten home, taken a quick cold shower and changed. He folds his sweatpants now too, placing it on top of his hoodie and standing in front of Ilya, his hands out, “well?”

“Turn around and bend over back of sofa.”

Shane does what he’s told. A bottle of lube is tossed from the bed and lands perfectly on the couch in front of him where he’s bracing himself. “Open yourself up for me.”

He flushes at the thought. It took a lot of stressing and fumbling to get that plug in him the first time. He was an actual mess for that entire hour, trying to remember the information he found online and getting overwhelmed by all the steps and products getting prepped takes. He didn’t think he could be sexy about this, last time he almost had a panic attack over the mess the lube made.

“I don’t—,”

“Not don’t. Just do.” Ilya says, his voice deep and Shane shivers, swallowing hard.

The bottle of lube is in his hand and he relaxes a little when he finds it’s the brand he doesn’t mind the texture of. It took him a lot of trial and error to get to this one. Squirting some onto his fingers, he reaches back and starts massaging his hole. “Bend down further.” Ilya commands and Shane does.

It takes a minute, but he starts to relax with it. It might be the unmistakable sound of Ilya getting off to watching him, it might be that by the time he’s pushing a second finger into himself, it starts to feel good. Real fucking good. “Fuck Hollander, you look so fucking good opening yourself up for me. So sexy.” Shane loves hearing him like this, when his brain gets foggy with sex and his voice gets deeper, his accent thickens. Sometimes he slips up and curses in Russian and Shane finds those sounds even sexier still.

He’s taken to rubbing his hard dick against the back of the couch while he rocks back on his own fingers, his knees getting weak and legs trembling. He doesn’t even want to know what he sounds like right now, probably desperate and whiny, but he makes himself deaf to his own voice and focuses only on Ilya’s.

Suddenly, Ilya’s behind him, replacing Shane’s fingers with his own and reaching around to give some much needed attention to Shane’s cock. He nearly comes from just having it touched. “Fuck Ilya, please. I need— I need it so bad.”

“What is it, sweetie? Tell me what you need.” His voice and breath is rough against Shane’s ear as Ilya bends over him, shoves him harder into the back of the couch.

“Need your dick inside me, please.” Shane nearly sobs and Ilya kisses the back of his neck.

“You’re so fucking perfect,” then Ilya’s shoving his cock into him and Shane nearly fucking erupts, it’s not even funny.

He loses himself once Ilya starts thrusting, his brain goes white and he swears he even loses his vision, all he can taste, hear and feel is Ilya, he’s drowning under him but Shane isn’t fighting it at all.

They fuck hard and fast, the sounds of skin slapping against skin fills the air and both their bodies develop a thin sheen of sweat from the exertion. Ilya’s fingers dig into Shane’s hips and shoulders almost painfully and Shane is grasping onto the couch pillows so hard he thanks they might rip as he uses them to muffle his moans and the way he’s mindlessly saying Ilya’s name over and over again.

Fuck, it’s everything he needed and more and when he comes, he swears it’s the most powerful orgasm he’s ever experienced. It takes his breath away.

He must’ve blacked out because when he comes to they’re in the hotel room shower, Shane pressed up against the wet tiles while Ilya sprays warm water on him and washes him off with soap. “Fuck, that was so fucking good.” Shane groans, leaning his head back and letting Ilya take care of him.

Ilya smirks, rinsing suds off Shane’s body, “it was.”

“Holy shit, I definitely ruined the couch. Fuck, they’re going to make me pay for that, aren’t they.”

“You would be worrying about a couch right now, Hollander.”

“I don’t like ruining things.”

Ilya’s bright blue eyes smile at him, white teeth sinking into his lip, “you’re so cute. Come on, let’s get you to bed.”

They dry, dress and climb into the clean bed. Ilya had done a fair enough job of cleaning Shane’s mess on the couch and quelling Shane’s worries when he mentioned the hotel staff could just launder the cushions and that they won’t be mad if Shane leaves a big enough tip.

Shane’s head is pillowed comfortable on Ilya’s chest and he sighs as Ilya runs his fingers through Shane’s hair, “I’m really proud of you for today.”

“Me too. Proud of both of us.” Ilya’s voice rumbles from his chest and vibrates against Shane’s ear as he closes his eyes.

“Do you think my parents believed us about just being friends.”

“No probably not. But is okay. They don’t have to understand all of this.”

“True.”

They’re quiet for a few moments as Shane plays with the hairs of Ilya’s happy trail absently, “this will be a good year.”

“Yes, I will score record amount of goals and be gifted Rookie of year award.”

“Sure, okay. I’m beating you at Juniors, by the way.”

“Promise?”

“Yup.”

“Good. I love a challenge.”

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Canada beats Russia in the finals of Ilya and Shane’s last juniors in Ottawa and it’s all thanks to Shane.

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2010

The season goes like this— they meet their teams, are hazed and drawn into the fold accordingly. Shane makes a friend despite his awkwardness, plays good hockey and continues making a name for himself. His mother gets him endorsement deals and he signs contracts with so many zeros on the checks he never thought he’d see. He gets an apartment building in Montreal with the idea to renovate and sell them or rent them out, puts in place little things to keep his wealth comfortable and working for him.

He isn’t careless with his newfound wealth, he doesn’t spend it on partying or fancy cars or flashy clothes. In fact, other than the fact that his face was plastered on billboards and posters all around Montreal, and commentators were talking about him on ESPN, Shane felt relatively normal. He bought what he needed, he kept to a schedule, played hockey and fucked Ilya whenever he went to Boston or Ilya came here to play. Their system worked.

Speaking of Ilya, things were working for him too. He’d scored many goals, over the 50 he gloated about to the press but he quickly became the talk of the NHL while playing with Boston. They both scored over fifty goals. Sixty-seven to be exact. He was cocky and a show pony but his talent showed with the numbers he put up every game, but Ilya was just one man and hockey was a team sport. He couldn’t single-handedly bring them to the playoffs so Boston didn’t make it and neither did Montreal, but they were close. And as Rookies, Ilya and Shane certainly made a name for themselves.

He drank and partied and fucked girls, lots of girls, and Shane. Just Shane. He fought with his brother whenever the asshole called him for money but always sent it anyway, and he fielded

calls from his father until the season slowed down and then Boston and Montreal were both out of the playoffs and Ilya didn't have an excuse not to speak to him anymore.

Ilya didn't know if his condition was getting worse, he hadn't heard of any more episodes since that first one that still haunted Ilya's dreams at night. Just after the MVP awards, Ilya was due back to Russia, but he'd spend a week with the Hollanders in Ottawa before he left. He was looking forward to that and absolutely dreading the rest.

Shane wins Rookie of the year and Ilya blows him in the shower of his hotel room as a congratulations, then he uses Shane's hole to get his frustrations out about what his awaits in his future.

When they're done, they both lay on their backs in bed, catching their breaths and staring at the black ceiling. They hadn't even bothered to turn the lights on and Ilya's brain is miles away.

"You okay?" Shane starts pressing sweet kisses against his chest about twenty minutes later, looking soft and well fucked, his cheeks still flushed from his last orgasm.

"I'm okay." Ilya says softly, playing with his hair.

"You can talk to me."

"I know."

Shane doesn't say anything after that, just goes back to pressing kisses into Ilya's skin. He moves from his chest to the crook of Ilya's neck to just below his ear, his jaw his chin, "Scott Hunter called me your boy tonight."

"Mmh?" Why was Scott Hunter even talking about him?

"He wanted to buy shots for all us rookies and he couldn't find you. I think you were smoking outside."

"So sad I could not spend quality time with Scott Hunter."

Shane smiles slightly before continuing his assault of kisses. He's worked his way all over Ilya's face and is heading back down now, kissing Ilya's shoulder, his biceps and the inner part of his elbow, "Scott's a good guy. He's a legend."

"He's old. He should retire."

"I think he has a cup in him."

"He's inconsistent. Every season he starts off good and then in the middle he gets bad. Not just bad, very bad."

Shane couldn't argue with that. He's gotten down to Ilya's belly and groin, kissing the top of Ilya's thighs, his knees and shins, "what are you doing?" Ilya chuckles, his fingers curling around the side of Shane's head as the boy kisses the tops of his feet and each of his toes.

“Just kissing you.”

“Why?”

“Cause it makes you happy.”

Ilya sighs, pulling Shane to him and shoving his tongue in the boy’s mouth. He is happy. When Ilya’s with Shane, there’s no reason for him not to be. It’s what comes after he leaves that makes the darkness in him grow so thick it suffocates him. He kisses Shane thoroughly, spreading his legs and groaning when Shane reaches between them to hold their cocks together in one of his hands. He jerks them off together like that, spitting into his palm to slick them up some and kissing Ilya so, so deep.

They come at the same time, painting Ilya’s belly with the mixture of them and panting into each other’s mouths for the time it takes them to collect themselves and move.

“I don’t want to go back to Russia.”

Shane’s eyes go all sympathetic. He cleans them up with the towel they used from their sex earlier in the night before settling onto his back. He switches their positions from before so that now Ilya’s the one with his head on Shane’s chest, Shane’s fingers in his hair.

“Is your father—?”

“I think he might be sick, maybe. He forgets things sometimes and it makes him very angry, and confused.”

Shane strokes through his curls, scratches at his scalp and holds his mouth against Ilya’s forehead, “I’m sorry.”

“My brother won’t talk about it. He just acts like everything is okay. It’s been a year, I don’t know what it will be like when I get home.”

Shane doesn’t know what to say to that. He can’t reassure Ilya or offer him anything but the comfort of his touch. He knows Ilya’s family life is a tough subject for him, knows how Ilya’s father and brother treat him leaves him feeling useless and unraveled. Shane just wants to keep him together.

“You’re so strong, and they’re so lucky to have you, Ilya. Even if they don’t know it.”

Ilya shudders against him and hugs Shane’s waist. Shane feels his chest get a little wet but he doesn’t mention it.

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After Ilya leaves for Russia, Shane has to figure out how to spend the rest of his days. He goes on early morning runs and eats healthy foods, keeps himself occupied with his schedule and regimen.

Hayden invites him over to his house to have dinner with his wife and Shane goes just to have something to do, something to pass the time. He knows that he's just counting down to when he can see Ilya again, but he never says it out loud, doesn't let the feeling linger.

He wonders what he gets up to over there. If he's fucking Svetlana or Sasha, if he thinks about Shane at all. That's the ugly, insecure stupid part of him that creeps up though, because through FaceTimes and emails and texts, Shane knows Ilya thinks about him, even misses him every time he's in Russia. Shane knows how stifled he feels there, but it's also his home. Everyone speaks the same language there, they share a common culture, Ilya doesn't have to learn anything new or do anything different to fit in.

Shane doesn't fuck anyone else. He hasn't since they started this whole thing, nobody else seemed interesting enough to extend the option to. Besides, he still wasn't out and he had no interest in becoming the first openly gay hockey player, that was press he didn't want attached to his name.

It wasn't that he would hate the idea, but the world of hockey was clear with their lines when it came to this sort of thing. When a hockey player's favorite chirps and insults were ones that were specifically derogatory gay slurs, it didn't make anyone chomp at the bits to come out.

Shane liked his team, he enjoyed playing with them and they had good chemistry on the ice but he didn't do much with any of them outside of the rink. Just Hayden and sometimes J.J. Desrosiers, another wing player that was close to Shane's age and was nice to him.

So Shane kept his circle small and focused on himself and his game when Ilya wasn't around to mindlessly fuck him and make his mind blank, useless.

"I think you need a girlfriend." *Fuck, not this again.*

Hayden and Jackie were nice but they tended to look at Shane like some sort of project they could work together on for points. He was too quiet, not outgoing, didn't have enough friends and now he needed a girlfriend.

He guesses straight couples that married and started having kids young had very little interesting things to do with their time. Shane was their interesting thing.

"Don't look at me like that! It's summer and you're hanging out with us and the kiddos on a friday night." Hayden chides while Shane shovels his last bite of quinoa and salmon onto his mouth.

"I can just go home. If hanging out with me is such a burden."

"It's not a burden, buddy. We're just worried about you."

"You shouldn't worry about me, Hay. I'm doing fine."

"Okay, but you never get laid."

"And you know this how?"

Hayden contemplates this for a second, his blue eyes turning curious, “actually. I take that back, you do spend a good amount of time disappearing off to do God knows what when we’re on away games.”

Shane’s eyes flicker to Jackie’s as she enters the dining room, rocking a sleepy one of the twins they have in her arms. Shane can’t tell yet which one, “are you trying to play matchmaker again, babe? I think Shane’s had enough of that, honestly.”

“Thank you,” Shane smiles appreciatively at her, folding his napkin back up and placing it over his plate.

“Okay wait, but now i’m starting to put something together. It’s not every away game cause for the most part, you’re off to bed right after a game and getting ready for the next day. Unless— unless we’re in Boston.”

Shane swallows. “Hayd,”

“And you sometimes go out with us after home games but never when we host Boston, like you’ve got something better to do. Or— *someone*.”

“Babe-,” Jackie starts but Shane stops her.

It’s bubbling up inside him and he can’t stop it, not even if he wanted to. Besides, he thinks it’d be good to get it out. Hayden was his friend, he could trust him. At least, he hoped he could. He wanted to. So he just says it, “I’m gay.”

Jackie and Hayden both stare at him, he swears they stop breathing. A couple beats pass where Shane thinks they might’ve malfunctioned when Jackie breaks the long drawn out silence, “yup, that explains it.”

“Guys-,”

“Well hell buddy, why didn’t you just say that!” Hayden gets up from his side of the table and sits right next to Shane, patting him twice on the arm, “I wouldn’t have tried to hook you up with crazy Gretchen if I knew.”

“You probably shouldn’t have ever tried to hook him up with crazy Gretchen. We call her crazy for a reason.”

“She’s hot, and she has a good retirement plan. Shane cares about retirement plans.” Shane sets his lips in a straight line. He did like a good retirement plan. But he’s also glad he said no to meeting up with Crazy Gretchen. “Okay, but that doesn’t explain the Boston connection. Fuck, hold on, it’s a player isn’t it. You’re fucking a player!”

“That’s two bucks in the swear jar, honey, also lay off a bit. Shane, are you okay? Here—,” Jackie hands the baby over to Hayden and sits on the other side of Shane, her warm hands reaching around him to grasp his shoulder. “Deep breaths, kiddo. It’s okay, you’re good here.”

Shane hadn't even noticed he started to panic but he does what Jackie says and draws in deep breaths, placing his head down on his arms on the table in front of him while Jackie rubs his back.

"Fuck, I'm sorry, Shaney. We don't care if you're gay, promise. You're still my best bud."

Eventually, he calms, lifting his head and glancing around. He counts 5 things he sees, 4 things he can hear and 3 things he can feel. He remembers hearing about it on a YouTube video, he hopes he's doing it right. But either way, he feels better now. He pats Jackie's hand where it's resting on his arm; remembers her calling him kiddo, "you're only 3 years older than me."

"Yeah well, when you're a mom everyone becomes a kiddo to you, Shaney." Shane lets out a little laugh.

"Thanks guys, for— uh- taking this so well, I guess."

Jackie presses a kiss to his cheek and Hayden pats his thigh twice. The baby in his arms is starting to fall back asleep. "Your secret is safe with me, Shane. Trust. Does— does anyone else on the team know?"

Shane shakes his head, downs a few gulps of water from his dinner. "No, and I'd kinda like to keep it that way."

"Mums the word." Hayden pantomimes zipping his lips together and through it away the key to a lock and Shane chuckles.

"Fuck. It's Rozanov. You're fucking Rozanov, aren't you?"

Shane chokes on his water.

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Ilya's week at the Hollanders is amazing, but it does nothing for the dread that fills his body the second he lands back in Russia.

His home there is unwelcoming, absent of any warmth, even the home he bought in Boston is more inviting than this fortress, even if it's usually empty and designed like a department store.

If his father *is* sick, you wouldn't know it. He's just as emotionless and militant as ever, barely acknowledging Ilya's existence unless it's to bark an order at him.

Svetlana is his only source of light here. She's back home from college, studying at Harvard like the genius she is. He loves having her near him all the time, his connection to him when he's in Boston and his refuge from despair when he's here.

"I met a girl."

"Oh yeah?"

“Mmh.” She’s laying on his bed, scrolling through her phone while Ilya does some floor exercises, fifty pushups, then fifty standing squats. “Her names Elena.”

“I didn’t even know you were into girls.”

“Sorry, I didn’t know Ilya Rozanov had a one person hold on bisexuality.”

“Shut up.”

“I’ll make sure to write you next time I meet another bisexual person to initiate them into the club. I know you like to keep a running list.”

Ilya huffs a laugh, sitting on his ass and stretching his legs to reach for his toes, “tell me about her.”

“She’s smart, she’s studying biomedical engineering and her family is full of hotshot doctors and philanthropists. She’s also, really fucking hot.” Svetlana joins him on the ground and thrusts her phone in his face. He stops exercising to inspect the picture, it’s an up close selfie of both Svetlana and this Elena girl and they’re both really gorgeous. Elena has skin slightly darker and richer than Svetlana’s and silky dark jet black hair that’s long and falls in waves over her shoulders. She’s got an endearing gap between her two front teeth and an otherwise perfect smile. Her eyes are big and her nose is like a button, rounding out her features with plump lips.

“You’re right. She is hot. Why’s she with you?”

“Fuck you.” Svetlana rolls her eyes.

“Sit on my back?”

“Fine.” Ilya gets back in push up position and Svetlana gets comfortable on his back, he starts on the weighted push ups.

“Do you want to hit the clubs tonight?”

“You know it.” Anytime spent out of this house, away from his family, was time well spent.

Ilya’s phone rings from his bed and he pats Svetlana’s legs to get her to climb off. When he flips his phone around, he finds it’s a video call from Shane. He answers.

“Hi, Shane.”

“Hey, Ilya.” Shane looks sleep rumpled and adorable on his phone screen. Ilya sits on the side of his bed and Svetlana climbs up behind him, trying to catch a peek. Ilya gets up and crosses the room.

“Everything okay?” It’s early there since it’s about to be late in Russia. He has his glasses on and Ilya does everything he can to not swoon and coo at him.

“Yeah, are you alone?”

“No, but it’s just Svetlana. You can talk.” Svetlana glares at that, jumping onto Ilya’s back so her face can finally show in the screen over his shoulder.

“Hi, Shane!”

“Oh, hey Svetlana. How are you?”

“Good, good. Keeping your boy here on his best behavior, don’t worry.” Ilya grins when Shane visibly blushes and bites his lips. Svetlana found this thing they were doing out a while ago on her own and Ilya never bothered to deny it. She knew the truth too, how much he liked Shane but also knew that they couldn’t do anything about it.

“Yeah well— that’s good. Thanks, I guess.” They talk for a little bit, Shane checking in on Ilya and Ilya asking about Yuna and David. Then Shane says, “oh, so, Hayden knows about us.”

“Hayden?”

“Hayden Pike?” Svetlana says. They’d settled on their bellies, shoulder to shoulder on Ilya’s bed while Shane and he spoke.

“Yes, 15th best Metros player.” Ilya screws his mouth up in mild disgust. He liked that Shane was making friends but he wasn’t sure why it had to be the baby making machine Hayden Pike. “You trust him?”

“Well, he kind of figured it out on his own after I came out to him.” Shane runs his fingers through his hair and he looks adorable with it stuck up in all directions like it was, “but yeah, I trust him. Him and Jackie, his wife,” He says for Svetlana’s sake, “they’re good people.”

“Well, tell him to keep his mouth shut or he’ll have to deal with me on the ice.”

“Oh, Shane. He only gets defensive like this with people he really likes.” Svetlana giggles, shoving her arm into Ilya’s side while Ilya rolls his eyes.

“Lucky me. Yeah so, that’s what I wanted to tell you. Have to start getting ready for my run but, I’m glad you’re doing good.”

“I’m even better now after getting to talk to you, sweetheart. Thanks for the call.”

Shane smiles, “bye Svetlana, bye Ilya.”

“Bye, Shane.” Ilya lets Shane hang up and once he does, Svetlana immediately bursts out in laughter. “What the fuck is wrong with you?” Ilya says, switching back to Russian.

“Nothing, really nothing. It’s just you—,” She muffles her giggles with her hand, rolling away from Ilya like she knows there’s an attack pending in her future. “You’re absolutely fucked, my friend.”

Ilya lunges for her.

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Sochi 2014

It's like Shane blinks and 4 years pass.

Canada and Russia meet again at the Sochi olympics.

Shane meets up with Ilya a day after the olympics are over in Moscow. Russia was kicked out early in an upset loss against Latvia. Canada got silver.

A ride is chartered for them to bring them to a cemetery and they're both quiet the entire drive there, then the whole walk to the plot Ilya knows by heart.

He's dressed so stiff, a collared trench coat that reaches his shines and starched black pants. Ilya's so different in Russia, less carefree, more stoic and serious. They didn't interact much during the games, they'd only slipped away for this.

"Hi mama. I want you to meet Shane. Shane Hollander." Ilya brought a bouquet of flowers to place on the frozen ground of her headstone, her favorites apparently, red peonies. Shane bought a bouquet of his own and places them down next to Ilya's.

"Hello Irina." Shane says slowly in heavily accented Russian. Ilya smiles small at him, holding his gloved hands together in front of him, "it's nice to finally meet you."

Ilya continues in Russian, his shoulder brushing with Shane's, "he's important to me, mama. My best friend. He knows things about me I haven't told anyone— I— I wish you could've met him. I think you would've liked him."

They stay there for a not insignificant amount of time, talking to a headstone but feeling like they were actually meeting her, Irina. Like they were sat at a café table, talking over steaming cups of coffee. Shane felt a level of peace wash over him and as he held his arm against Ilya's, he wondered if he felt the same.

When they're done, Ilya kisses the stone and mutters something low in Russian to it. They settle back into the car together and head back towards Shane's hotel, Ilya's sniffling and rubbing at his eyes. Shane wants to reach out to touch him, but he holds his hands in his lap to keep from doing that. Not here.

"Thank you. Thanks for coming with me."

"Of course." I'd go anywhere with you. Shane shuts the thought down immediately. They've been happening a lot lately, these small intrusive thoughts that make him want more with this thing he started her with Ilya. He keeps them to himself.

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Ilya wins Boston the Stanley cup that season. He dedicates it to his mother, crying and holding up the cup on live tv for everyone to see.

After a night of drinking and celebrating with the team, it's early morning when Ilya's dragging his broken body through his front door.

He's happy, he *is* but for some reason there's a dark space inside him that fills him with hopelessness and dread and it never leaves him, never stops poisoning his mind and thoughts. He had half a mind to bring someone home. There were several puck bunnies at the bars that were waiting to fuck any one of the 2014 NHL Stanley cup champions. But he had no interest in any of them.

Hollander hadn't called him. He'd been staring at his phone all night, no call, no text. He thought he'd at least get a text from his best friend after one of the best nights of his life.

So he trudged home, kicking off his shoes and throwing off his clothes on his way to his bedroom. Ilya stops short halfway through the entrance of his bedroom. Shane is on his bed.

Shane Hollander is on his bed, wearing nothing but a jersey. Not just any jersey, Ilya's jersey. His name and numbers are on Shane Hollander's body. He's sat so prim and proper against the dark pillows of Ilya's bed, clashing nicely with the color of his skin and he's flushed in that pretty way that lets Ilya know he's prepared himself. Again.

Fuck.

"What the fuck are you doing here?"

"Oh, you're not happy to see me?" Shane raises an eyebrow at him, his expression flat. "I can just go home—,"

He moves to get up and Ilya spurs into action, "nooo, don't go home. Never go home, stay here forever." He's a little drunk which thickens his accent and makes his tongue heavy in his mouth but he thinks he gets his point across. He makes his way over to the bed quickly, throwing the last of his clothes onto the ground and rushing to climb over to Shane in his bed.

Shane is in his bed. He won his first Stanley cup and Shane Hollander is in his bed, wearing his numbers.

He kisses him hard and deep, flicking his tongue against Shane's and gripping at his hair tightly, "fuck, I can't believe you're here."

"My plane got in a few hours ago." He puts his hand on Ilya's cock and it's already hard for him, it started stiffening the second he saw that Shane was here. In his bed. Wearing his mother fucking numbers.

The playoffs had been a long and grueling time where no one but Ilya had touched his dick in weeks upon weeks. Months even, he can't even remember the last time but it was with Shane, only Shane. He was going delirious from Shane just touching him, kissing him all wet and filthy. Fuck, it probably wouldn't take him too much to come like this.

"Congratulations." Shane breathes and Ilya grins against his lips, stroking Shane's own hard cock with a tight fist.

“You going to let me eat you out as my reward?”

Shane’s eyes look like they belong in the clouds, “If that’s what you want.” Ilya sucks on his plump bottom lip, plunges his tongue deep into Shane’s mouth and explores to his hearts content.

“Oh, I want. I want to you to come from just my tongue and then I want to fuck you over and over again while you’re wearing my numbers. I want my come dripping out of you by the end because it has nowhere else to go, you’re stuffed so full.” Then maybe he’ll eat all his come out of Shane’s hole, when it’s puffy and sensitive from being fucked by Ilya’s cock endlessly. He doesn’t say that part, though, because Shane freezes against him at that, his eyes shifting between Ilya’s, cheeks flushed.

“You can do that. All of it,” Shane swallows, “I-I’m clean.”

“Shane.” Ilya groans, dropping his forehead against Shane’s sternum and closing his eyes, “fuck, sweetheart, me too. It’s been so long, I haven’t had anyone else.”

“Really?”

“Really.”

“I was freaking out a little bit. There was a part of me that was concerned that you’d maybe bring someone home.”

“There was no one I wanted to bring home. I didn’t even notice anyone else. I was too busy waiting to hear from you.”

“Oh.”

“Yeah.”

“Ilya?”

“Shane.”

“Fuck me, please.”

Ilya does.

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“I think, maybe, we might’ve fucked ourselves here.”

Shane is sex drunk, he can’t feel his fingers or his toes, he feels sated but his brain isn’t his anymore, he’s saying shit that he shouldn’t, laying himself bare.

Ilya isn’t fairing any better, his eyes are unfocused, his hair is a mess from Shane tugging on it. Shane is laid almost entirely on top of him, an arm crossing Ilya’s chest as he lays on his

front. If Ilya just turns his chin slight to the right, they'll be kissing. Ilya runs a hand up and down Shane's spine.

"What do you mean?"

"I-It's not just me, is it?" He takes in a shuddering breath, his heart picking up in his chest, "that feels like this?"

Ilya stays quiet.

"I haven't been with anyone else, fuck, in years." Shane sighs, he thinks that any other time he would've shut up a long time ago. But it seems like the floodgates are open now, "I don't want anybody else."

"Shane."

"I think— I've probably been in love with you since we were 16." Ilya turns his head at that, he takes in Shane's face, his eyes are closed but theres tears clinging to his lashes like diamonds. He's got a sad little smile on his lips and it's Ilya's fault that it's there, because he won't fucking say anything. Shane opens his eyes, brown meeting Ilya's blue ones. He pulls away slightly, probably to get a clearer look of him, "is it just me?"

They'd been doing this for— fuck— too many years now. This big, stupid disastrous thing that they thought could be fun and casual and easy and clearly, at some point, it stopped being any of that. If it ever was. But it was tearing them apart, Ilya could see that now in Shane's eyes. It was killing him.

"No," Ilya breathes, he reaches over, his thumb brushing over Shane's freckles gently. The word feels like it weighs a ton and it lifts off him just like that, "it's not just you."

Shane stares at him, Ilya watches as his pretty brown eyes start to overflow in tears of relief, "fuck." He sobs before surging in to kiss Ilya breathless. They kiss and kiss, Ilya drawing Shane in so close like he could fuse them together with sheer will.

Ilya wishes this could be easy for them, like back when they were kids, camping under the stars in Shane's parent's backyard. Things didn't seem so big then, so terrifying. Ilya fell in love with Shane when he was 16 too, he found him boring and naïve and innocent, but he was also beautiful and endearing and he gave Ilya everything he didn't know he needed.

A friend, a companion, a partner, a family.

He'd been with him through all the big moments in Ilya's life, and no matter how hard he tried to fight it, he knew. Falling for Shane Hollander would always be inevitable for him.

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2017

In the years following, Shane brings Montreal cups two years in a row. Ilya's father dies and Shane helps him through it all, helps him plan the funeral, even comes with him to Russia to

help Ilya close that chapter in his life. He knows he never wants to go back there. They bid farewell to Ilya's mother's grave and Ilya doesn't feel sad that he won't be able to visit the physical place ever again. He feels his mother with him all the time, sees her when the sun hits Shane hair and eyes a certain way early in the morning and in the stars late at night. She visits him in his dreams.

He cuts his brother off, leaves him with what Ilya thinks is fair and what Shane thinks is way more than what he deserves, promises to ruin his life if he ever contacts Ilya again.

They spend summers in a cottage by the lake Shane had built in Ontario, they camp under the stars when they feel like pretending they're young again. He spends holidays with the Hollanders and they make new traditions, happy ones, fun ones, ones that fill that hole in his chest that had been opened and aching since he was a child.

Shane loves him through it all, when the darkness threatens to take over his mind, Shane is there, offering support and light. So much light.

They're there now, in the cottage in Ontario. A scary hit and subsequent concussion Shane experienced while Montreal was hosting Boston kicked them out of the playoffs and Boston was booted not too long after that. Ilya had caught the first plane he could back to Shane and they'd been inseparable ever since.

Yuna and David sat with them on the couch as they watched the finals, the Admirals securing the cup for the first time in ages. Scott Hunter was raising it over his head and Ilya groaned into Shane's neck, bemoaning how it should've been him that won. He bites Shane's shoulder when he laughs at him.

The Hollanders took to Shane and Ilya finally admitting they were together very easily. They simply shared a, "what, like it's a secret?" look with each other and asked if they wanted chinese for dinner. The rest was history.

They watch in fascination and awe when Scott Hunter draws a man from the crowd and kisses him out on the ice. A silence settles over them and the moment jolts something in both of them, but it's possible that neither of them have the slightest idea how to articulate it, so they say nothing.

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Later that night, while Ilya is taking his time fucking into Shane in their bed with long measured strokes and kissing him deeply, Shane gets an idea.

"You could play for Ottawa." He moans as Ilya hits that spot inside him and continues to hit it with every thrust thereafter.

Ilya pecks his lips, "what are you talking about?"

"They need a star center and you're a free agent next season. You could move here, we could be closer."

“You’re thinking of trades? I’m fucking you and you’re thinking of hockey?”

Shane laughs breathlessly and it quickly turns into a moan once Ilya picks up the pace. Clearly, if Shane has enough brain power to think and talk hockey while they’re fucking, Ilya’s not fucking him hard enough. And that just won’t do. He braces himself and fucks into Shane hard, jostling him with every stroke and rocking their bed.

Shane comes without Ilya touching his cock and Ilya pulls out to follow after him, coming on Shane’s stomach and adding to the mess there. “Gross.” Shane groans when he gains back his faculties.

“I think it looks pretty. Like art.” Ilya says before cleaning him up. They cuddle together in bed, Ilya pressing his lips to Shane’s forehead, “is not a bad idea.”

“Mmh?”

“Me in Ottawa. Playing for the Centaurs.” He’d be able to have this all the time, they’d be closer to each other and able to sneak away from their busy schedules more often because of it. Ilya liked the idea, he liked it a lot. Ilya didn’t give a fuck about where he played Hockey now, just that he played it. He’d gotten Boston the cup they evaded and drafted him for, he’d given them his best for years and now he’d be happy if he could move on to something else, with Shane, “Svetlana and Elena are getting married next year.”

“What?”

“Yes, she told me three months ago.”

“Three months?”

“Yes, Shane do you need hearing aids? Is it that time already? I thought we maybe would have few more years—,”

Shane attacks him. He starts poking and tickling Ilya in all the places he knows make him jump and they dissolve into a mess of limbs and laughter that lead to deep kisses and wandering hands. Fuck, Ilya couldn’t get enough of him, and it was the same for Shane. He knew it, “I love you.” He mumbles against Shane’s lips, his hands resting at the base of Shane’s neck.

Shane smiles, straight teeth and blinding gorgeousness, kissing Ilya so deep he forgets his own name, “I love you, too.”

They’re gonna be alright.

End Notes

Please please let me know your thoughts with a lovely comment. Also please ignore any continuity issues, I tried to make everything make sense with the timelines and ages and I think it should but excuse me if it doesn't.

Im just a girl :)

Thanks for reading!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!