

three strikes

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three strikes

by [linearities](#)

Summary

“Is he a good hockey player?”

His question was met with silence for a few moments. When he couldn't take it anymore, he glanced at the other and found that Ilya was still looking back, his face now serious and calculating.

“Miller is OK. You are better.”

Or, Ilya has a new teammate and Shane gets a little jealous.

Notes

the hollanov brainworms are Intense i just know shane's Strict like ilya's his man and no one else's.

also texting is somewhat significant here, but it isn't the main focus, but i tagged it in case, so yeah.

anyway, i hope this is a good read!

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

Ilya has new teammates.

That's what the other told him when they met up after a particularly exhausting training with their respective teams for the match to come tomorrow afternoon.

It'll be their last match of the season where Ilya will play for the Boston Raiders before signing with the Centaurs.

"They are all nice," Ilya continued saying while he was chewing his tuna melt, eyes fixed on the television. "I think we can beat you tomorrow."

"Fuck off," Shane scoffed and playfully shoved the other for the quip, taking a bite from his own tuna melt that Ilya made for them. "That's not gonna happen and you know it."

"Ah, you are becoming cocky now, Shane Hollander."

"Not cocky," Shane shrugged, gaze landing on the other who was already looking at him, with mirth glinting in his eyes. "Just telling the truth as it is."

"We will beat you this last time. My new teammates are excited. I even have a fan."

The last sentence made Shane pause, the tuna melt was halfway to his mouth before he put it down on the plate, stomach suddenly churning.

Shane's lost his appetite altogether.

"Oh, when did this happen?" He questioned the other, hoping it came across light and easy, as if he were asking something random and not targeted. "Did he do something?"

"Oh, Miller said it right after the training," Ilya looked like he was racking his brain trying to remember the exact details to give to Shane, and he would've kissed him if he weren't suddenly consumed by the single thought of Ilya's new teammate being a fan of him. "But I remembered when they introduced themselves to us, he also came to me and told me he was a fan."

Shane nodded at that, turning his face back to the television as he tried to act normally.

It's not Ilya's fault that Shane only knew of the information now. Far from it. Ilya's mentioned it through text anyway, but it was brief and dismissive, as if he didn't put much care into who their new teammates are as long as they played well.

That was probably true to a certain extent. Ilya's the type to not care much about other people's personal lives besides what they do in hockey and whether they're good at it.

So it wasn't surprising that Shane heard something like that months after.

But even then, the weight that dropped and settled in his stomach didn't loosen even as he stared blankly at the screen.

Shane felt his jaw tick as he ground his teeth together. There was a question begging itself to come out of his mouth that he doesn't want to let go of.

But it came spilling out anyway, his mouth tasting like ashes as he did so.

“Is he a good hockey player?”

His question was met with silence for a few moments. When he couldn't take it anymore, he glanced at the other and found that Ilya was still looking back, his face now serious and calculating.

Shane stared back, not once tearing his gaze away in the little competition they've created.

Then, Ilya opened his mouth, his voice deep and thick with a Russian accent that washed over Shane.

“Miller is OK. You are better.”

Relief flooded Shane's system altogether when he heard what Ilya had said. It's what he wanted to hear from him. What he *needed* to hear.

Shane knows he's a great hockey player, of course he does. It is a fact. A simple truth. But perhaps he also needed some form of reassurance.

Something that can hold sway against all the others around Ilya.

He was tugged out of his thoughts when Ilya's arms snaked around him and pulled him close before he felt the other kiss the top of his head while Shane melted onto the other, clasping their hands as he turned back to the television.

“Are you finished with the tuna melt?”

Shane merely nodded, snuggling deeper into Ilya and kissing the skin where his heart is beating under it.

“Okay, I will clean it up.”

Feeling Ilya already poised to stand up and get their plates, Shane tightened his hold, unmoving as he did so.

“No,” Shane's voice was a whisper, but he knows the other could hear him loud and clear. “Just stay with me for now. Forget about the dishes and lie down with me.”

The other's response was instantaneous; body melting into Shane and arms wrapping tighter around him.

Ilya's fingers then came up to tilt his chin so they could share a kiss that warmed the last of the heaviness in Shane's heart.

“I love you, Shane. Only you.”

Shane cracked a smile at that, feeling himself melting into the other further.

“I love you too, Ilya.”

When he returned to his place tucked under Ilya's chin, his heart was full and he was satisfied to be wrapped up in Ilya's presence once again.

It was finally the day of the match in Montreal when Shane found himself inside their locker room, checking his gear, when his phone dinged.

Shane's heart thumped, a smile forming in his face upon seeing the contact name.

Lily:

Hey, I think I forgot something in your apartment.

Shane:

You did?

I didn't see any of your stuff there.

Lily:

Yes. I did.

I forgot to suck your dick.

Shane immediately put his phone down on his lap, ears reddening rapidly as he looked around him to check if anyone was near.

“You okay?” Hayden spoke up beside him then, but he was not near enough to have seen what was in his phone, and Shane breathed a sigh of relief. “You look like you've read something embarrassing.”

“It's nothing.”

“Sure,” Hayden turned back to fixing his own gear, shrugging. “If nothing means texting Lily.”

“We're—”

“Whatever, man,” Hayden rolled his eyes, seemingly over with their conversation seeing as he always gets the same response. “I don't care. I hope she keeps texting you anyway, since whatever it is she's doing, it makes you win every game.”

Shaking his head at that, Shane didn't bother with another retort and quickly shot a text to the other.

Shane:

Fuck off

We fucked, isn't that better?

Lily:

Ah, but sucking your cock is my jinx.

Now I don't feel as lucky.

Shane:

Good.

Then that means we're going to win.

Lily:

You wish.

Good luck at the game! 🙄

Shane locked his phone when he read the last text message from the other, a smile still plastered at Ilya's shenanigans before they were already called in.

Shoving his phone at the top of his locker, he grabbed his helmet and headed out.

The cheers from the bleachers were deafening when he came out into the rink, and it always made him feel exhilarated. That, and the smell of the fresh ice.

Shane was smiling as he walked to the edge of the rink before his attention snagged on the Boston Raiders' area.

His smile fell as he immediately caught sight of Ilya talking to his teammate. A teammate who had a hand on his arm and seemed like he wasn't letting go anytime soon.

It would've been fine, really. He would've been *okay* if it weren't for the fact that the man he was talking to had 'MILLER' plastered at the top of his back.

Their conversation from yesterday came rushing back to Shane in full force, making him suck in a breath.

Just like that, the feeling of exhilaration turned rancid in his stomach, his mouth tasting like acid.

The feeling was too instantaneous and too much that it made Shane grit his teeth, forcing himself to look away.

His only consolation was that before he looked away, he saw Ilya shift away from the hand, making Miller drop it limply to his side.

Shaking his head minutely, he focused on the game, skating to his own team as he lightly stretched.

Shane knew the wriggling feeling in his stomach. Of course he did. He feels it everytime the name of Svetlana rolls off Ilya's tongue. He's felt it when he saw Ilya kissing another girl at a bar while maintaining eye contact with him. Shane was overly familiar with the gutted feeling, most especially when Ilya suggested marrying Svetlana instead to get a citizenship.

So he knows it's jealousy he's feeling. It was something deep and scathing, poisoning him and killing him slowly from the inside.

But Shane shakes it off of him because it wasn't the time and place to be jealous.

Not when he has a game to win.

So when the beep resounded throughout the arena, Shane blocks his feelings out and hones in on the game.

It was out of his hands when he found Miller in the rink with him, playing just as he was, and shoving the other hard as he stole the puck from him before smiling victoriously when he successfully had the puck in his possession.

Just as fast as the game began, it had come to a close, and with it, cheers erupted from the stands, calling out the Metros in happiness.

“You were aggressive tonight, Shane,” Hayden whooped when he came close, giving Shane a side hug and bumping their helmets together. “You have a fight with Lily?”

It took everything in Shane to not immediately glance at Ilya's direction as he shook his head.

“No, it's nothing like that, man.”

“Well whatever it is,” Hayden took a hold of both Shane's shoulders and gave him a toothy grin. “You were awesome on the rink. You should do this aggressive play again. You really had it for Miller, the kid's probably scared of you now.”

Shane only gave him a tight lipped smile, the pang in his stomach making itself known once more upon hearing the name.

When Hayden clapped a hand on his shoulder for the last time and skated to their other teammates, he chanced a glance towards Ilya's team and saw him patting everyone on the back.

It seemed like Ilya noticed him looking their way because he turned his head to his direction and their eyes met. Shane watched Ilya cock an eyebrow at him in question, smile turning into a wicked smirk as he mouthed *'you got lucky.'*

Shane suppressed a smile and gave him a noncommittal shrug before mouthing back, *'asshole'*.

Ilya was the one to look away when a teammate came to him, and Shane tore his gaze away before Ilya's hand could reach Miller and pat him on the back.

He may have won the match, but he felt the twinge of jealousy circling his mind like a haze as he bit the inside of his cheek.

So he stepped away from the rink as soon as what was allowed and never looked back.

Lily:

Are you coming?

Shane:

Are you seriously sexting me right now?

Lily:

No, Jane.

I was actually asking you a question.

There is an “afterparty” happening later tonight. JJ came to us and invited us to drink. Says it is for compensation in beating us on my last match against Montreal as Boston Raiders captain.

Shane:

Oh.

He did ask me about it.

Lily:

So...

You are going to come?

I'm not.|

Shane was going to press send when the face of Miller suddenly popped up in his head. The visceral reaction his body had when he remembered what happened just a while ago made him erase his reply before formulating another one.

Shane:

Who will be there?

Will you come because it's your party?

Lily:

I think everyone will come.

I might come or I might not. Depends.

Shane:

On?

Lily:

You.

Shane bit his lip at that, feeling giddy upon reading that singular word, but he shot an answer back.

Shane:

I am not your keeper, Ilya.

Lily:

You are my boyfriend.

Is same, yes?

God, everytime Ilya calls him his boyfriend, Shane's heart thumps louder and louder until it aches.

Ilya Rozanov, the Boston Raiders' captain and Shane Hollander's boyfriend.

Shane's smile turned into a full on grin at that. He loves hearing and seeing the term attached to Ilya Rozanov.

Shane:

What if I don't want to go?

Lily:

Works for me. I will go to your apartment and we get to fuck all night.

Win win.

Shane shook his head, feeling heat already pooling in his gut at that idea. But another thought came over him. It was a party for Ilya. The party was specifically for him, and Shane didn't want to be a hindrance to that. And knowing Ilya, if Shane says he'll stay home, he'll do the same and they'd, well, they'd fuck all night just as he'd said.

The both of them knew that Shane had only ever wanted to stay home. Shane prefers his solitude more than the next guy, that much was obvious. But it was one of Ilya's last nights with the Boston Raiders and he couldn't be the bad guy. Shane wouldn't let himself be the bad guy.

With his resolve strengthened, he sent back a text to the other before he could chicken out.

Shane:

I'm coming.

Lily:

Cool. Then I will also.

See you



When Shane put down his phone, he realized he had nothing to wear. He only paid attention to how he dressed recently so didn't have a lot of clothes to wear. Much else, anything appropriate for the night.

Rushing to his closet, he rummaged for something decent to wear, taking into consideration what his stylist told him.

After some time passed, he managed to grab a beige knitted short sleeve polo and the one single pair of black slacks he had.

He thinks that it would have to do.

At least it wasn't sportswear and he's dressing appropriately for the occasion. Or, well, dressing as appropriately as his closet allowed him to.

Shane then hurriedly undressed before putting on his chosen clothes, making sure that the hem of his shirt was tucked inside the slacks and taking the belt off his dresser to loop it in his belt hoops.

Once he looked decent enough, outfit-wise, he tried fixing his hair. Shane normally didn't care how his hair looked at any given time of day, but today seemed different. It *is* different. So he put a little more effort into styling his hair with some gel he rarely used.

Looking at himself in the mirror and thinking that he looked good enough, he turned, ready to go, when an item glinted on his desk snagging his attention. His gaze then flickered to the table and he found his reading glasses perched at the edge.

Shane was suddenly reminded of that time Ilya saw him with it on. He remembered how Ilya wanted for him to keep wearing the glasses, and him obeying without much question, even when he didn't understand the appeal of it.

But seeing it now, it made a thrill of excitement run through his veins as remembered his stylist also telling him how he would look good with some accessories like the glasses he's currently eyeing. Once he made up his mind, he took it off the table and slid it on.

With one last cursory glance in the mirror and finding that he looked much more decent than he'd ever seen in a long while, he left his apartment with a slight grin on his face.

The club was as loud as he'd remembered it. Though it seemed like JJ and the team had reserved a quieter, more secluded spot for all of them in the back of the bar.

A lot of eyes went to him when he came in through the archway, the music, while still loud, was no longer as deafening as his eyes searched for only one man.

Shane carefully kept his face neutral even when it wanted to break into a smile when he spotted him drinking with a mix of his teammates and Shane's. And Ilya, who always seemed so attuned to Shane, probably felt his gaze on him as he turned and immediately locked eyes with him.

He gave the other a triumphant smirk when he watched Ilya's eyes widen and his mouth opening, as if in awe upon seeing Shane. He stepped forward then, making his way to the other, when he noticed the man beside Ilya also turn to his direction. Shane's smile froze, heart plummeting.

It was Miller.

When they locked eyes, he saw something akin to fear flash in the other's eyes before he gave him a shy smile, waving reluctantly.

“Shane! Do you know you look so fucking handsome with your glasses on? You should definitely wear it all the time.”

Hayden suddenly materialized in front of him, interrupting his and Miller's eye contact and already smelling like liquor as he came close for a short hug.

It was one of the times he was thankful for the interception of the other, seeing as Shane doesn't think he can ever be civil with the other. Not with the way his stomach twisted upon seeing that he's sitting beside Ilya.

If he wasn't sure about Miller's feelings for his boyfriend, the whole thing just confirmed it for him.

Shane knows it's not serious. It's not supposed to be serious. They're both teammates, of course they're bound to interact and be friends. Ilya can have friends and that extends to those who are fans of him. And for all he knew, Miller could be straight and just has a man crush; whatever straight people call that these days.

But even with those thoughts, Shane still couldn't help but feel a little spiteful towards the other.

“Come, let's get you a drink, yeah?”

Exhaling through his nose, Shane nodded and followed the other, grateful for the liquid courage and the calm he thinks it will put him into.

It's fine. Everything's fine. Shane can't go to Ilya anyway, since it's an afterparty with both their teammates in one room, so he didn't want to raise any suspicion by being near him.

But that doesn't mean he couldn't look at the other. Shane chanced a glance in Ilya's direction, and he found the other across from him, already looking back.

This time, it was Shane's turn to raise an eyebrow. He watched the way Ilya's eyes roved his body then. He watched as Ilya leaned back on his chair as he took a sip from his glass, a familiar smirk making itself known in the other's face.

Feeling a little risqué even in the presence of their teammates due to the alcohol he ingested, Shane slowly unbuttoned the first button of his polo, maintaining eye contact as he did so.

He giddily watched the effect he had on Ilya. The way his smirk fell as his eyes flickered from his eyes to his hand unbuttoning the polo. The way he gripped his glass tighter. And the way he shifted in his seat, whispering a curse that got overpowered by the music.

“What brought you here, by the way?” Hayden half-shouted to Shane then, breaking the staredown he was having with Ilya and hoping that no one noticed it. He cleared his throat and acted like he didn't just eyefuck the Boston Raiders' captain by spinning his glass on the table noncommittally. “I know you did it before, but it was with Rose Landry. Don't tell me Lily's here too?”

Shane winced internally at that, thankful that he wasn't drinking any liquor, lest he already have spat it all out.

“No, of course not,” Shane shot down the line of questioning, pretending to look at Hayden like he was crazy. “I just wanted to hang out with the team once in a while. Is that not something I should do?”

“No, no, no,” Hayden hurriedly said, becoming more and more animated by the second. “I am so damn happy you're here, Shane. Really. I do. So no more questions about Lily or Rose Landry, and let's just have fun while you're still willing.”

And have fun, they did.

Hayden even managed to bring Shane out to dance a little. Well, more like Hayden danced while Shane just stood there on the dancefloor like a guard dog, stiff and unyielding.

The next song that came through the speakers was a slower song than the last when he felt his phone vibrate in his pocket. Excusing himself from Hayden, he made a beeline to the bar and ordered a ginger ale this time, pulling out his phone.

Lily:

What are you doing?

Shane looked around then, trying to find the other. He spotted him a few feet away with his head down and ignoring everyone, his phone in hand as if waiting for a reply.

Shane:

Drinking? What does it look like I'm doing?

Lily:

You are seducing me.

The glasses.

The button.

I want to fuck you.

Shane:

Control yourself, Lily.

Lily:

I will fuck you.

With your glasses and shirt on.

I would love to see my come on your glasses after you have my cock inside your mouth.

Shane:

Fuck you. This is hardly the time or place.

Lily:

Why?

You are imagining it right now?

Does it turn you on?

Shane:

You're such an asshole.

Lily:

That is a yes, yes?

Shane:

Yes.

Later.

Lily:



Shane was terribly amused and aroused with Ilya's antics even when he was half annoyed that he might get a boner in the middle of clubbing, unaware that another man had already sat beside him until he heard the familiar Russian accent.

“Hollander.”

Shane gave Ilya a side-glance, heart slowing from the wild thumping it did in his chest from the texts he received and from the alcohol in his system. Though they were still a few inches apart, it was enough to calm Shane down enough that he felt his shoulders relax immediately.

“Rozanov.”

“You look nice.”

“So I've heard.”

“The stylist you hired is really working.”

“I know,” Shane's lips twitched up, amused as he moved closer, thankful for the loud music for once, so he had an excuse. “I just read a text saying that.”

“Oh?” Ilya sipped from the glass he brought, voice tinged with barely hidden mirth. “Did you, now? From this girl named, ah, Lily?”

“Maybe. You know her?”

“Well. I know her well,” Ilya leaned closer to him. Shane could hear the laughter in his voice as he continued. “She is... how do boring Canadians call it? A doppelganger.”

“I don't know about that, but she is very horny.”

That got a laugh out of Ilya. It was deep and rough, it made Shane's gut twist pleurably, electricity coursing through his veins.

“In her defense, it is hard not to be, Hollander.”

Shane looked at Ilya just as the other looked at him, both of them wearing a big smile on their face when another voice interrupted behind them while he felt an arm around his shoulder.

“This is a sight I want to see,” Hayden sounded like he was excitedly bouncing on the balls of his feet when he said it. “The rival captains being friendly with one another gets the heart

pumping, huh? What are you talking about?"

"Noth—"

"The girl Hollander's been texting," Shane glared at Ilya when he was cut off with a low drawl, smirk now in place instead of the smile reserved only for him. "I told him I was bothered by him smiling and came to know why."

"Asshole."

If Shane could throttle the other, he would have. Alas, Hayden was between them and started laughing at Ilya's brash comment.

"I know what you mean, man! He's been talking to this Lily for years now," Shane felt the blood rushing to his face, heart beating rapidly at what might come out of the other's mouth. "It's weird we haven't met her, but she seems to bring out the—"

"Hayden—"

Shane's eyes flashed in panicked warning, but the name calling didn't stop the other until it was too late.

"—best in him. Especially during hockey. It's like his jinx or something, because he gets really into the match and wins every single game when Lily texts him prior to it."

"Ah."

Shane swallowed, cheeks heating in embarrassment and a little shame, because he feels like he's been outed. But when he looked at Ilya, his face didn't hold any semblance of teasing. It seemed more subdued and mellow, albeit slightly shocked at that.

When Ilya said his next words, it was so soft, it got drowned out from the noise of the music around them, but Shane still understood.

"I'm sure Lily feels the same."

All the air in Shane's lungs felt like it was sucker punched out of him as he stared at the beautiful boy in front of him.

The beautiful boy who chose him. The one who called him his boyfriend and supported him when they got caught.

If they weren't at a bar with their team, Shane would have leapt into Ilya's arms and kissed him stupid. Alas, they are in public and they have an image to uphold, so he tears his gaze away and takes a swig of his ale, nodding stiffly in acknowledgement.

"Thanks, Rozanov. That's the nicest thing that came out of your mouth."

"Don't get used to it, Hollander."

Shane scoffed, rolling his eyes, when another voice called them from across the room.

“Hayden, Shane, Ilya!”

All of them turned to the sound and saw JJ beckoning them over to a round table with most of their teammates already seated.

“Join us, we're playing a game!”

Hayden whooped, and Shane had to resist covering his ears because of the loud noises beside him as he and Ilya were forced to stand up from their stool by the other, dragging them to the table.

Ilya, however, put his foot down and turned a questioning look to Hayden.

“Hold on, what game is this?”

“I heard it's a spin the bottle thing.”

“Oh, you mean kissing.”

Ilya's tone was flat and Shane's eyebrows scrunched in confusion because the table was only filled with boys. There were no girls found.

“Well, yes, obviously,” Hayden rolled his eyes playfully at that. “It's just a kiss, plus everyone's wasted so it's not like anyone gives a fuck now.”

“Ah. I see.”

“So?” Hayden looked at them both, a hopeful expression plastered on his face. “You both in?”

“You have a wife.”

“Oh, I'm not joining, I'm just spectating. But a lot of people would want to see the two captains of the rival teams kiss if given the chance.”

Shane didn't know if he should feel offended or hurt that his teammates look at kissing with another man as something just for fun and not something meaningful. A pastime when they're too drunk off their minds that they don't even care what they're doing. Because they know they're straight, so there's no harm in that.

“Are you both still in?”

Shane looked at Ilya who seemed to already be looking at him even prior to Hayden asking the question. The other's face was neutral, but Shane knew the look in his eyes.

Ilya will immediately back out if Shane so much as looks uncomfortable at the thought.

And he did. He wanted nothing to do with the game because he's gay. He's closeted. There's nothing simple about kissing another man, much less in front of an audience, and he knows that.

But Shane also knows that they have a reputation. If he declines, some might question his decision and why he's so reluctant in playing a mere game.

So he swallowed his apprehension and nodded to the other minutely before making a beeline towards the table, while Ilya followed only a second later, sitting on the free chair next to him that had everyone cheering.

“That's what I'm talking about!”

“Now this is going to be fun!”

“Let's hope we get to see some action between these two!”

With that, the game started with JJ rolling it and landing on a Raiders player that had everyone hollering and hooting.

It seemed like JJ already had a plan about the game, seeing as the kiss wasn't just a peck. It was a full-on 30 second make out with the Raiders player that made Shane look away.

The other was just so open about kissing another man in front of other people, and it sucked to watch. Shane wanted that with Ilya. He wants to kiss Ilya in front of everyone so badly but fear paralyzes him to the point of suffocation.

As much as he wants to, they both know they can't. There's just so much at stake and they didn't want that life of feeling exposed and judged by outsiders who don't even have a say in their relationship.

From then on, the next players did the same, rolling and landing on a person, and then immediately shoving their tongues down each other's throats.

It was unexpected and overwhelming, the display that was happening in front of him, but he forced his face to remain neutral, until Ilya was next.

Shane suddenly felt a familiar heaviness, his mouth drying and palms sweating.

It was Ilya's turn, and he hated the feeling in his gut piercing him over and over again, because he doesn't want to see Ilya's tongue down anyone's throat besides him. Shane would rather die than see it happen in front of him.

But then he felt Ilya's shoe sidling to his, as if assuring Shane and letting him know that he's there. The panic bubbling up inside him suddenly popped as he took measured breaths.

It's fine. Everything will be fine. They will both be fine.

But Ilya started rolling the bottle, and with each time it spins, Shane wishes it was him it points to. Alas, when the bottle stuttered and stopped, it was far from his direction. And when

he looked up at the person it landed on, Shane's stomach plummets to the ground.

Miller.

Shane forgot about Miller for a while, but it seemed like reality made sure to let him know of the other's presence in the cruelest of ways.

Fuck, he was going to be sick.

Shane could feel himself spiraling then and there, fingers turning numb as he gnashed his teeth. He's not sure what facial expression he was wearing, and he frankly could no longer give a fuck when pain, white hot, continued spreading inside his body.

He was so consumed with the vehement disgust, that he startled and jumped hard when he felt a shoe caressing his ankle all the way to his calf, hitting Ilya's elbow in the process and spilling the drink on his clothes.

“Fuck, Hollander.”

Ilya's surprised drawl completely pulled him out of his thoughts as he looked at the other beside him and the damage he created.

“Fuck, Rozanov—” Shane's eyes widened in shock, but he felt nothing but immense relief for what Ilya did. “I'm so fucking sorry.”

“You are going to have to pay for the cleaning,” Ilya's expression seemed almost bored as he stood up, shooting Miller an apologetic smile. “Sorry, kid, I think this is enough game for me.”

Shane watched the other go into the restroom, and he scrambled up to follow him, giving them a half-hearted excuse about apologizing properly to the other.

Nobody stopped him then, and Shane knows that it was a good sign as they just resumed their play.

As soon as he was at the front door of the men's room, Shane knocked, waiting until it opened, a hand pulling him inside.

In a blink of an eye, Shane was pressed to the wall with Ilya surging forward, kissing him like he was starved.

And fuck if that didn't turn Shane on as he kissed him back just as hard, hand gripping Ilya's stained shirt to pull him impossibly closer, their tongues tasting like liquor.

“Ilya, wait,” Shane raised a hand to remove his glasses because it was getting in the way, but the other stopped him with the most serious expression he's ever seen.

“Don't. Keep it on.”

“But it's getting dirty and getting in the way.”

“Is okay. I will buy you new one.”

Shane shook his head fondly, lips twitching up in a smile before relenting, arms circling around Ilya's neck instead to pull him close.

“That's not the problem, though.”

Ilya kissed the tip of his nose then, hands moving up and down Shane's sides comfortingly.

“I know, Shane.”

They stayed like that for a few moments before he decided to break the silence.

“You did it on purpose.”

Shane didn't need to specify what ‘it’ is. Ilya already knows.

“I did,” Ilya shrugged as if it's something basic. Something *simple*, when it's anything but. Not to Shane at least. “I don't want to kiss anyone else but my boyfriend.”

The term ‘*boyfriend*’ never failed to make Shane melt, the giddiness in his system making itself known and replacing the wretched jealousy he was feeling previously.

It was just so Ilya to not blatantly expose or mention Shane's jealousy right to his face, but making it a point to reassure him that it's only ever going to be him and no one else.

“You kissed me immediately after you pulled me into the restroom.”

Ilya hummed in assent, a small smile forming in his lips while his eyes roved Shane's face. “I did, yes.”

“What if it weren't me? What if it were someone else you pulled in and kissed?”

“I don't think so,” Ilya made a face as if he couldn't fathom making such a mistake. “I know it is you from the way you knock and the way your wrists feel in my hand.”

Shane stopped breathing then and there upon hearing the other's explanation, feeling his happiness take complete root within him that he surged forward and kissed Ilya deeply.

He kissed Ilya as if nothing else mattered. Shane poured all his fears, worries, and relief in the kiss and hoped it conveyed what he felt for the other. Because truly, no words could explain how much he loves the man in front of him. How much he's willing to go for, for Ilya Rozanov.

When they pulled apart, Shane's glasses were so fogged up by their breath that they started laughing because of it, still holding each other close.

“We should go back.”

“We should go to your place.”

Shane couldn't help the surprise that colored his face when Ilya said it. This was his last party with his current team before signing with the Centaurs after all.

“But you’re needed here, Ilya.”

“No,” Ilya shook his head, eyes blazing in hunger and barely concealed lust coalescing with love. “I need you now. With your hot glasses and your beautiful body and your handsome face begging for my cock.”

“Fuck, Ilya,” Shane closed his eyes at that, feeling the heat warm up his body from the words the other spoke to him. “Okay. Okay fine. Let's go back to my apartment. Let's go home.”

When he opened his eyes, it was to Ilya's winning smile, eyes turned to crescents before he kissed him over and over again, Shane forgot everything; where they were or who they were with, as well as his anger and his jealousy.

There were no rivalry to be had, no pressure, and no pretending to be someone they aren't.

It was just them both. It was just Ilya *and* Shane.

And to him, that's all that mattered.

End Notes

might write a part 2 or a jealous ilya next time, but i just wanted to focus on shane in this and how attuned ilya is towards him, like their dynamics are just so precious because they're both insane for each other.

anyway, i hope you enjoyed reading as much as i did writing! i'll get back to maybe try and proofread this some other time, but yeah thank you!

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