**taking what's not yours.**

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# taking what's not yours.

by bearprofessor

Summary

Montreal, December 2016.
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Ilya zoomed into Hollander's chest, at the shirt under his blazer, a shirt that was slightly too big on him. Not like the overly fitted things he would normally wear. Then, on the collar, Ilya noticed the subtle logo design of a company he bought from frequently. That was his fucking shirt - he knew it.

As annoyed as he was at being sent more reminders about Hollander and Rose, it gave him a little bit of pleasure to know Hollander was walking around in something that he definitely knew was Ilya's - he is the most meticulous man Ilya knows, after all - and knew he thought he could get away with it without anyone knowing who it actually belonged to.

Not to him. To him, Hollander is and always has been a terrible liar.

aka: Shane wears one of Ilya's shirts out when he's with Rose after their breakup. Ilya breaks the silence to share his thoughts with Shane about that. (ft. a healthy dose of yearning.)

Notes

Hihi! I'm gonna be so upfront this is my first proper attempt at smut writing so if it is a little clunky, my apologies - but I'm pretty happy with how it turned out.

Also extra context stuff:

Rose & Shane have broken up, but I've shifted the timeline back slightly to allow for a game between Boston and Montreal before the All-Stars game in Tampa, which this kind of replaces in terms of conversation topics.

See the end of the work for more notes

Montreal, December 2016

Another disruption for Ilya, unfortunately, is that he's been sent another article about Rose and Hollander's blossoming, ground-breaking relationship. He barely has to look Hollander up these days, since every time there's some breaking news about what stupid restaurant he was taking Rose to his teammates decided they needed Ilya to know about it.

CM : We have to thrash them this time.
Ilya : We were not already doing that?
CM: [link]. Rose is probably going to be at the game tonight - she's back in Montreal with Hollander. We HAVE to humiliate him in front of her.
Ilya: If that's what you need to motivate you...
CM: It's more fuel to the fire, that's all.
Ilya : 🤦
CM : Fuck you, Rozy.

Still, that didn't stop him from snooping on Hollander and his latest exploits with Rose Landry. At least she seemed nice, if she looked unhappy because of Hollander, or he looked unhappy with her - Ilya would have been upset. Not that he was upset thinking of them at all, nothing of the sort. He scrolled through the article while pedaling at his cool-down speed, an Italian place again, praising paragraphs of Rose's latest project, another picture of the happy couple with Rose walking just ahead of Hollander and looking back at him, close-ups of Rose smiling wide for the cameras while Hollander looked like he wanted them all gone, wearing yet another-

*Hold on.* Ilya zoomed into Hollander's chest, at the shirt under his blazer, a shirt that was slightly too big on him. Not like the overly fitted things he would normally wear. Then, on the collar, Ilya noticed the subtle logo design of a company he bought from frequently. That was his fucking shirt - he knew it.

As annoyed as he was at being sent more reminders about Hollander and Rose, it gave him a little bit of pleasure to know Hollander was walking around in something that he definitely knew was Ilya's - he is the most meticulous man Ilya knows, after all - and knew he thought he could get away with it without anyone knowing who it actually belonged to.

Not to him. To him, Hollander is and always has been a terrible liar.

Energized, Ilya started to speed up again for a last push before he called it quits for the day, sporting a wide, crooked smile.

He waited until they were both in the locker rooms, getting ready, before sending a text.

Lily : You like stealing my shit?

There was a long moment of bubbles before he responded. He hadn't expected Ilya to be texting him, clearly.

Jane : What are you talking about?
Lily : Nice shirt.
Jane : Oh fuck you, Rozanov.
Lily : 😘
Jane : 🖕
Lily : Looks good on you, keep it.
Jane : 🖕🖕🖕

And again, a couple of minutes later.

Jane : Focus on your own team.
Lily : Of course, we have to show off for Rose.

He got nothing back after that.

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Shane found it slightly confusing that Rose was willing to still come to his games, knowing the rumours it would spawn and questions she would be asked about him in what were supposed to be professional interviews about her work. Still, he appreciated her showing up for him. He appreciated her staying in his life at all after what he'd done to her - even if not with the gravest intentions, it mattered more than she knew that she stuck around.

They met for lunch, she poked him again about his love life, assuming that's what he had to 'sort out' - he told her it was more difficult than that, especially since everyone thinks they're still together. Rose laughed at that, looking pointedly out at the paparazzi camera directed at them through the window.

She didn't know about him and Ilya, and frankly at that point neither did Shane. Ever since he left Ilya's house that day... He didn't know about Ilya. He wanted to, but he didn't.

They hadn't spoken, not since him and Rose had gotten together in the first place, and not after they've broken up either. Do you even tell your on-and-off rival that you fuck when you're in the same city that you're single again? How do you even bring it up without sounding desperate? Even more so after everything that happened the last time they saw each other.

A dangerous thought spawned from the spiral, *Does Ilya even care about him?*

They didn't even speak on the ice apart from a curt 'good game' and a handshake at the end of their last match. Each shove into the glass felt more personal than it did before; but that easily could have been Shane overreacting.

After he calmed himself down enough, he went on a run to try and clear his head. When that didn't work, he put on his meditation playlist and tried again. It helped to pull him off of the edge, but the thoughts still lingered when his mind wasn't distracted by pre-game prep. By

that point, it was late enough into the day that he could justify heading to the arena. It was a home game for the Metros, so he at least had the comfort of his home audience.

In the locker room, he felt his phone buzz - expecting it to be Rose wishing him luck. Instead, he was met with a message from Lily... from Rozanov.

With each message that came through, he felt the pit in his stomach grow, Rozanov was always one to try and mess with his head before a game - but this didn't feel like that. He knew he was wearing a shirt that he'd mistakenly kept after leaving Rozanov's place, but it worked with the outfit he'd had in mind and he didn't think anything would come of it. That's what he told himself anyways. From what Shane knows, Ilya and him aren't talking, even if he wanted to break the silence - there had been no reason to, until now. Shane had no idea that Rozanov would even be checking gossip articles like that, assuming he found out from the paparazzi that was following them at lunch earlier. The alternative would be that Rozanov saw him out with her after they'd arrived in Montreal, and that wasn't any better.

It was probably just a tactic to throw him off for the game, and Shane was reading into everything too much again. Shane prayed he had managed to figure out that him and Rose had broken up telepathically, it would make all of this so much easier. They wouldn't have to be playing this fucked up guessing game about how the other person was thinking; alas, Shane was not so lucky.

The speech he gave his team before the game was not his most inspired, but he tried his best to motivate his team, to have them give their best performance - especially because they lost their last game against Boston.

That was last time. This time, they were going to show Boston, show Ilya fucking Rozanov, exactly what they were capable of.

The two captains stood facing off against each other at centre ice, Rozanov's gaze was as piercing as always.

"You should wear it more often." Rozanov teased.

"Only because I look better in it than you." Hollander was curt, but his words had an edge of playfulness to them. He tried not to look too happy that they were talking again.

"Tough," He pouted, shaking his head, "but you're right."

Hollander, despite his heart rate increasing dramatically at the compliment, won the face-off.

And the Metros took home the win. It was a close match, but a fight broke out that put Rozanov in penalty for just long enough for Shane to score and break the tie. After the match, before he'd even taken off all of his gear - Shane pulled out his phone and messaged Rozanov:

Jane : Your psych-out didn't work.

Rozanov's response was near instant:

Lily : There's many games left this season for us to kick your asses.
Jane : Not this one, though.
Jane : 😘

It felt nice, for once, to use Rozanov's teasing tactics against him. Shane smiled, content with the victory as his teammates celebrated around him. The next time he checked his phone was as they were walking out, all of them making plans to reconvene at a bar nearby. Shane hadn't decided whether he was going or not. Rose had a flight to catch in the morning so couldn't come out, despite the whole team begging for him to pull some strings. He laughed them off, pulling out his phone to see that Rozanov had left him a message.

Lily : You busy with Rose tonight?

*Oh*. It'd been sitting in his notifications for 15 minutes, and as he was reading it, another notification popped through.

Lily : If you say nothing, it solves nothing, Hollander.

His first thought was 'Not the mindset you had when you ghosted me for 6 months, but okay.'. Shane instead pushed the thought away and typed out : *We're not together anymore, don't worry.* Though that seemed too much. He erased the words and responded instead with:

Jane : I'm not.

Still, he wanted Rozanov to know they weren't together, so he added a slightly clearer second message in hopes that he would understand what he was *really* saying.

Jane : At all.
Lily : Okay. So…

As much as he felt guilty for how badly he wanted to see Ilya again, he wanted to make sure things were okay between them. Shane decided then that he wasn't joining his teammates tonight.

Jane : You know where to find me.

His mouth went dry, his breath quickening, but he did it. Against his better judgement, against every warning sign and alarm blaring telling him to walk away from this and never look back, he made his choice. And, as often happened around Ilya Rozanov, Shane couldn't help but say yes.

Lily : See you soon ;)

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It had been a while since Shane had been back to his apartments, he keeps meaning to sell the building - but he really can't bring himself to do it. Never mind the effort he's put into renovating the building, it's useful. It's not like he's desperate for the cash, and if he did sell it, he would only have to reinvest it which would cause more work than he's wanting to deal with this season.

Shane reassured himself, with minimal success, that that was the only reason.

Luckily it wasn't so long that dust had begun to settle, because Shane understands himself well enough to know he would have delayed Rozanov's arrival with something so that he could dust the place. He wouldn't be able to think properly while he was there if the place wasn't clean. Shane also knows Rozanov wouldn't have cared if the place was falling apart, as long as they had space to be alone; at least, from what he knew of him before Shane fucked everything up.

Thankfully, Shane wasn't left with his thoughts for too long before Rozanov's message lit up his phone screen.

Lily : I'm here.
Jane : Doors propped open, close it on your way up.
Lily : If you kill me for real this time, I will be mad.
Jane : Come or don't, Rozanov.

Rozanov didn't respond, but he could almost hear the Russian's smug '*Oh I'm coming.'* in his own mind.

Shane leant against the doorway, trying his best to look casual and failing miserably to the point that when Rozanov saw him, he looked Shane up and down and broke out into one of his signature lopsided smiles that occupied too much of Shane's mind.

"Rozanov." It felt forced, from Shane - he wanted to tell him so much, but the idea of it was terrifying.

"Hollander." He spoke again after a beat of silence, "Are you going to stand there like bouncer until I show you my ID, or can I come in?"

Shane stood to the side, shaking his head with a smile, holding the door open for Rozanov as he started to shrug off his jacket.

Apart from their version of a greeting, the first 5 minutes in Shane's apartment were quiet. Not in a way that no one knew what to say, but just that there wasn't anything pressing to say that they didn't already know. Shane took Rozanov's jacket, placed it on a coat hook while Rozanov unlaced his shoes and put them underneath on a rack - a small thing, littered with random trainers that Shane didn't quite have space for at his actual apartment, but with one space, the same space, left empty for Rozanov. For any of his guests, but so far that's only been him... and Rose.

"Do you want to... talk?" Shane hovered behind Rozanov, perching on the edge of the sofa, arms crossed.

There was a long pause as Rozanov tried to read Shane's expression, gauge his emotions before continuing, "Do you need to?"

"I'd like to."

"Okay." It was painfully neutral in tone, and Shane hated how stoic Rozanov's face could look sometimes.

"I've realised... I'm gay."

Rozanov narrowed his eyes, waiting for Shane to continue speaking. When he didn't, his smile grew by a considerable margin, he nodded, "Yeah, I think you're right." And when Shane's face grew annoyed and he tried to interject, Rozanov continued to tease, "If you need to double check, I'm happy to help."

Shane crossed his arms over his chest, biting the inside of his cheek, "This is important, Rozanov."

"Is it? Why do I need to know?"

"Who else *could* know?" There was a desperation in his voice now, and it seemed that Rozanov had clocked just how much this meant to Shane as he approached him, closing the gap to rest beside him on the sofa's edge. "Besides, it's not *just* that I'm gay." Shane swallowed down the anxiety crawling up his throat, but saying nothing would kill him just as much as losing what he had with Rozanov would, "I mean, you must've felt it too..."

"Felt what?"

"You know... last time we were together, it was different." Shane gently guided the conversation away from *him* and more towards a concept of *them*, in a way they hadn't talked about before but that Shane wanted to broach. Rozanov was a brick wall beside him. Still, Shane attempted to break through, "It was nice, wasn't it?"

"You running off was *nice?*" Rozanov scoffed, his expression souring.

"No not that- I'm sorry about leaving, really, I am." It was sincere, and he let the apology settle in the air between them before he clarified, "I mean before that."

"What are you saying, Hollander?" Shane could feel the distance growing between them, further and further away. Despite everything, he was sick of hiding like this anymore, sick of feeling so afraid of admitting how he felt towards Rozanov.

"Being with you- us like that, don't you want more?"

Rozanov was silent beside him. "We can't have more."

Shane's mind raced, he didn't say that he wouldn't, but his mouth started moving before he could stop it-

"And if we could? Would you?"

"No." It came from Rozanov's lips like a reflex, practiced. His eyes refused to meet Shane's as he spoke, final, "There is no 'could'."

Shane thought if he bit down harder on his lip than he had been it would start bleeding, but it was the only thing keeping him steady as he prepared himself to lay his heart out. He had already started, he might as well get it all out of his system before Rozanov walks out of the door and they never see each other again, "I can't pretend to keep hating you out there. Not when I know that I like you. So much."

After a beat of deafening silence, he added:

"Too much."

Immediately, Rozanov responded, "Hollander." A warning.

However, Shane saw a problem and, like his mother, tried to fix it. "What's stopping you?"

"If I- If we..." Rozanov stopped himself, mentally translating as his eyes flickered aimlessly at the wall, his words were paired with a tightness in his jaw, "I could never go home."

"Why not? Wouldn't-"

"*Why not?*" Rozanov met Shane's eye then, suppressed rage bubbling behind his glassy eyes, knuckles white as they gripped the edge of the fabric, "My family is *'why not'. Russia* is 'why not'. "

Shane wanted nothing more than to close the gap between them, smooth out the frustrated wrinkles of Rozanov's furrowed brow with gentle hands - but he knew that wouldn't be taken well. Instead, he tried his best to listen.

Rozanov pushed himself off of the sofa, one hand on his necklace, the other on his hip as he took careful steps away from Shane. "I don't want to find out what they would do to me if they knew."

"Are all of them so bad?" Shane tried his best to reason, to fight for this, for them. Someone had to. "Is there no one who would help you?"

"No. My father is police, my brother- police." He was scowling now, "All of them."

Shane didn't move from where he was perched, letting Rozanov have his space, "Not even your mom?"

He paused mid-step, hand tightening at his chest. He shook his head, "She's dead."

"I'm sorry."

Rozanov shrugged, lifting his head up to try and stop the tears from falling from his eyes as his throat welled shut with emotion. Opposite him, Shane offered a hand out, stepping forward into the space between him and Rozanov. Quietly, as if the motion was accompanied by immense amounts of shame, Rozanov took his hand and Shane did what he had dreamed about doing since Sochi. He pulled Rozanov into his arms, holding him tight for a long breath before lacing a hand through his curls to ground him, bodies pressed together as Rozanov leant some of his weight onto Shane, muttering incomprehensible Russian into his neck.

Shane let Rozanov cry, pressing kisses to the side of his face and the top of his head. Slowly, Rozanov rose his head to meet Shane's, eyes bloodshot. He couldn't help but kiss him, to help him lose himself in a way that he had done for Shane and his stress time and time again. It took a minute for Rozanov to regain a sense of self enough to take over, pushing Shane's hand from his hip to pin his wrist to the edge of the sofa, Shane's centre of balance shifting backwards. They pulled back from each other to breathe, and Shane saw the flicker of a tear in his eye blink away as Rozanov leant back in to kiss him properly, cupping his cheek- tongue laying claim to Shane's mouth as he had done so many times before.

*Fuck*. Shane had forgotten how nice it felt to melt into Rozanov's arms. He was glad he was leaning on something otherwise he feared he would have collapsed to the floor. He felt Rozanov smile against his lips, butterflies twisting his stomach.

Just as Shane got comfortable in the moment, Rozanov pushed Shane's legs open with his thigh, pressing it to the growing ache in his sweatpants. Shane gasped into Rozanov's mouth, a quiet plea for '*more, please, more.*'.

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Ilya leant back from the kiss to meet Hollander's eye, admiring how doe-eyed he got as soon as he so much as suggested his dominance with his physicality. His interest piqued as he grasped Hollander's chin and his eyelashes fluttered, adjusting to Ilya's control over him. He hadn't changed a bit. Ilya hummed a small noise as he leant back in, placing gentle kisses on Hollander's cheeks, the corner of his eye, his forehead - to no complaints from the other man. The only response he got was the smallest whine as he pulled away, Hollander's nose reaching up to brush against Ilya's.

Ilya's voice was still raw as he whispered to Hollander's skin, "It has been so long, hasn't it?"

Hollander nodded, speechless, lips parted, eyes glazed over and *wanting*. In reality, they had gone longer without seeing each other - but it felt different to both of them now with everything that had happened before. The time apart - not talking at all - gave them both space to think, re-evaluate, and realise this isn't as casual as they've both been pretending it is. Even if Ilya wanted to deny it, Hollander was right. It was different, and it was nice in a way Ilya wasn't familiar with. Things were never nice when it came to his encounters with other people. They were hot and passionate and sexy. Never soft, never... nice.

Ilya paused for a second, hearing a faint song in the background - some kind of classical music - he noted it mentally for later. Of course Hollander would put on music, sitting in silence with Hollander's brain seemed like a nightmare to him. Ilya was taken out of his thoughts, staring mindlessly at the freckles that dotted Hollander's cheeks, by his voice softly saying:

"I missed you, Ilya."

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Shane didn't even realise he was speaking out loud until he opened his eyes and he realised that Ilya had stopped and was staring at him as if he didn't believe what he'd heard.

"Shane?" Ilya's tone was hopeful, voice breathless.

His stomach twisted again, his cheeks flushing a deeper shade of red at how pretty his name sounded coming out of Ilya's mouth. Shane's mind went blank as he stared at him, so instead he opted to lean up and kiss him with everything in his body - hoping it communicated everything he felt he couldn't say.

Safe to say, Ilya got the message, as he quickly picked Shane up from where he had been leaning to bring him around and lay him back carefully on the sofa cushions.

"This okay?"

Shane nodded, hands reaching for the hem of Ilya's shirt, but Ilya put a hand gently over Shane's, pushing it back onto his own stomach, "I need you to say something."

He blinked a few times as his mind adjusted to the instruction, all while Ilya - intentionally or not - brushed his thumb over Shane's knuckles, "It's okay, it's good."

Ilya smiled at that, taking off his shirt in one movement, helping Shane do the same as he lifted himself up a fraction. He paused, letting the backs of his fingers brush over Shane's chest in appreciation, taking the time to look that he hadn't done in a long time. Ilya ran his tongue along his teeth, leaning down to press a kiss to Shane's lower stomach, feeling the heavy deep breaths that Shane was taking under his hands, starting a trail of kisses up, pausing at his sternum to rest his chin on Shane's chest.

It was easy enough to tell when an idea came to Ilya's mind, the mischievous glint was obvious enough for Shane to catch these days. "I want you to talk more - I like your voice."

Shane stuttered slightly, caught off-guard by what Ilya was asking of him. It was new, but novelty seemed to be a recurring theme for them both tonight, "What about, like... *anything*?"

"Anything." Ilya grinned, his pupils doubling in size, "Try keep your words straight while I suck your dick." It always sounded so vulgar coming from Ilya, his accent punctuating the harsh syllables in a way that drove Shane insane.

Regardless, a request from Ilya was a command to Shane - even if his tone was clear that it was not intended to be. When he was staring up at him like that, eyelashes fluttering against his brow, it was impossible to say no. He nodded, his mind blanking on everything he's ever said or thought as Ilya started to kiss his way back down his stomach, pausing at his waistband.

"Go on." Ilya prompted, fingers edging the elastic down his body as slow as he could help.

"Okay..." Shane swallowed, readjusting himself to be more upright, mostly so that he could enjoy the view of Ilya sucking him off, but... no, it was just so he could see Ilya better. "Uh, I'm glad that you're here."

Ilya stifled a laugh into Shane's stomach to which he was met with a glare. Ilya apologetically voiced his thoughts, "I was just surprised you didn't start talking about our game." He cleared his throat, leaning up to press a quick kiss to Shane's lips, "Sorry." He wasn't. Not really, not when his grin was as wide as it was.

After taking a deep breath, trying to regulate himself and ignore the pressing needs of his dick, Shane closed his eyes and he thought over Ilya's words - maybe that was a good place to start. "You were distracted out there tonight."

That seemed to satisfy Ilya, and he finally released Shane's cock from his underwear, pulling it along with his sweatpants down past his knees and was thanked wordlessly with a low groan. Shane kicked them off, letting them fall onto the floor in a heap, reaching for Ilya's drawstring - when Ilya batted his hand away, he helplessly asked, "Come on, please?"

Only because he said 'please' did Ilya take off the rest of his clothes, re-joining Shane - except he was now leant down between his legs, pressing kisses to the soft skin of Shane's inner thighs. "Where were we... I was distracted?" Ilya said, his hand wrapping carefully around the base of Shane's shaft, working him slowly, teasing the head with his thumb.

"You were," His breath was already heavy, and Ilya was staring up at him, slack-jawed and salivating, "it was fucking annoying honestly. No wonder we won. What did they ask you, after the game? 'Cause it was clear as fuck to me from across the ice - I'm sure they noticed as well. Did you tell them why? Did you tell them you were too busy thinking of me wearing your clothes to play some actual fucking hockey?"

It was only then that Ilya, bracing his hands on Shane's thighs, put Shane's cock into his mouth, testing the first few inches, bobbing and swirling his tongue over droplets of precum before taking him fully into his throat. Shane groaned at that, his fingers lacing in Ilya's hair.

"Shit, *Ilya*. Slow down, I'm- I'm not gonna last long if you do that."

Shane felt a low chuckle vibrate around his dick and he whined, back arching, pushing himself further into Ilya's mouth.

"Fuck. *Fuck*- Okay..." Ilya slowed down, letting Shane catch his breath so he could start to talk again, "I've always fantasized about you fucking me in one of your jerseys," *That* caught Ilya's attention, to the point that he lifted off Shane's dick just enough to meet his eye and raise an eyebrow, but only moved back down once Shane started talking again - that was the silent condition. If Shane talked, Ilya moved. It was simple enough to grasp.

"It was supposed to be a surprise- or at least, in the dream it was? I don't know really- that's not the important part, but I had to justify how I could have been in your house for you to come home to since we couldn't have been playing against each other unless I was injured-" Ilya paused his deepthroating to slap Shane in the side, he was babbling nonsense and - it was cute, Ilya would admit that, but - it wasn't what Ilya was wanting to hear. Shane, who was an incoherent whimpering mess, moaning with each breath out, continued, "Right- fuck, but I, in the *fantasy*, you were coming back, I think you'd won?"

Ilya huffed out what felt like an '*obviously*', muffled in Shane's pubic hair.

"*Shut up*." Shane was smiling like an idiot, head tipping back as he tugged on Ilya's curls, a warning, but also spurring him on. He was practically tumbling over the words as they poured from his mouth, "But you came back, into your room- and you didn't know I was there, but you were happy about it, you know? It was a good surprise- and I, well *now* I know that you like seeing me in your stuff- but you liked it then as well-" Another playful slap from Ilya, *'get to the good part'*. It was then that he fully hollowed his cheeks, his tongue swirling around the underside of Shane's cock. Shane was writhing now, doing everything in his power to keep his legs spread, as much as he wanted to just squish Ilya's face between his thighs and ride out what was a clearly impending orgasm.

Shane swore under his breath as his heart rate skyrocketed, panting before he could muster up the ability to speak again, "But I kept it on, the whole time - you kept telling me that I was yours while you were fucking me-" He cut himself of with a moan, a helpless, writhing mess, his hand tensing in Ilya's hair - his tell-tale sign that he was about to come, "And I am, I am if you want me to be- *Ilya*-"

Ilya pulled off of his cock, wrapping his fist around it, continuing the bruising pace as he lifted himself up to tower over Shane, "You want to be mine, Shane?"

"I do, I- *fuck* I'd be so good for you-" Shane's head leaned forward to rest helplessly on Ilya's shoulder, one hand grasping at a pillow, the other wrapped around Ilya's back, leaving crescent-shaped imprints on Ilya's freckled skin. He pulled Shane in for a kiss, more teeth than lips, but it was mostly to feel Shane gasping into his mouth.

"Say it."

"I'm yours, Ilya."

Shane cried out into the crook of his neck, orgasm shocking through his whole body, leaving him a puddle of a person in Ilya's arms. Ilya grinned at the helplessness of it all, of how lucky he was to have someone as perfect as Shane in his life, so willing and beautiful. He held him closer, flipping them over so Ilya was on the bottom and Shane could breathe without worrying about Ilya's weight on top of him.

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It was only after Shane regained most of his ability to think, lying half-beside, half on-top of Ilya that he - staring at his own ceiling - thought to ask:

"Do you want your shirt back?"

Ilya feigned shock, pouting, looking up at Shane from where he laid his head on his chest, "Are you kicking me out? Did I not make you come good enough?"

That made Shane stutter, answering instinctively before actually thinking about the words coming out of Ilya's mouth, "I'm not- what?"

"I'm joking," Ilya smiled wide as if it was the funniest thing he's said all night, sporting a rare full-toothed grin, "Is joke."

Shane's face was deadpan, exhausted-looking, "You didn't answer my question."

"Is dumb question, why would I answer dumb question?"

Shane groaned, leaning his head back over the edge of the sofa. Part of him wanted to drop it - clearly Ilya didn't care about getting it back *that* much. They sat in silence after that, listening to each other breathe, slowly synchronizing without noticing.

After a moment, Ilya spoke again, his voice softer. "Keep it. I forgot you even had it."

Ilya was lying, that was easy enough to know. The image of Shane leaving his home that day was embedded far enough into his brain for him to never forget that shirt; but, it made life easier for both of them if he 'forgot' about it, so that's what he did. There was a part of him that relished in Shane wearing it outside, a silent signal that Ilya was still on his mind - that despite their distance from each other in all of this, Shane was *his*.

It satisfied him to confirm it with Shane, since before it was something that often accompanied his late night thoughts about him if Ilya let his mind wander far enough. Ilya spoke once more, deciding that - in their newfound vulnerability - that this is the kind of thing you share, "I wasn't lying when I said it looked good on you. I have good taste and you have a good body, is a great match."

That got a reaction out of Shane, lifting his head back up to look at Ilya, raising an eyebrow instead of chirping back. There was always a difficulty with words that Shane had after he'd been intimate with Ilya, his instincts of speech dwindling away as soon as Ilya had any praise for him. He opted instead, to press a kiss to Ilya's hair, leaning down while guiding Ilya up to him to meet him for a kiss.

When Ilya leant back, the look in his eyes was one that he'd seen plenty of times before, where Shane could tell he was figuring out how much time he had before he had to leave. In that same moment, Ilya's phone rang from his coat pocket, and he over-exaggeratedly groaned before pressing a quick kiss to Shane's cheek and padding over to the coat rack.

Shane threw a blanket to him just in case he'd forgotten that he was naked - Ilya only shot him a look to say; 'You've grown tired of looking at my ass?' and kicked the blanket halfway back across the floor.

The phone call was brief, with Ilya only saying a few indistinct words to the person on the other line, eyebrows knitted together as he focused on the call. What Shane did hear from where he laid on the sofa was a curt, "See you tomorrow." before Ilya clicked the phone off and walked back over. He settled back into Shane's arms, their legs tangling together.

"What was that about?"

Ilya's nose scrunched, a nervous tick, "Ah, nothing."

"Oh, okay. Do you need to go?"

Ilya shook his head, "Snow cancelled the flight, there's no rush."

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It's true, his flight was now tomorrow evening instead of early in the morning. However, before now he never had to reason why he wasn't staying over because he always had a reason to go. Now, he didn't. The only reason he'd ever left was because of scheduling - if Ilya had things his way he would have a plethora of memories of waking up beside Shane, slowly kissing as their bodies woke up, unhurried and...

"Okay..." Shane started to speak, forming a plan in his head. Ilya could tell because he always got the same distant look in his eye, the smallest tension in his brow. It was a different distant than when he was silently panicking, or when he was having trouble regaining his sense of self after a particularly rough hook-up. He was the easiest person to read and Ilya always found it funny when interviewers called his expressions blank or focused or unreadable, it just meant they weren't paying enough attention to him. Those expressions were everything that made Shane so *him*. He'd never met someone so silently demonstrative, his entire brain was mapped onto his features if someone looked hard enough.

Ilya kept his eyes fixed on Shane's face, quietly counting the freckles on his cheeks to calm himself down, tracing figure-eights on his stomach for the same effect.

"If you're staying then I can... repay the favour?"

"You can just say you want me to fuck your mouth, Shane."

It was always so funny whenever Shane wanted something from Ilya - he never thought he'd see someone blush so frequently. Shane got quiet, eyes only flicking to meet Ilya's once before he spoke, "Can you?"

"Only because you asked so prettily."

End Notes

I am bewitched. My entire feed is either HR, E&I or interview clips from hudson and connor AGH. Not really complaining though this is exactly where I want to be, I don't need to be saved.

I want to dedicate this fic to the E&I audios, and to the fanfic writers community on tumblr for helping me break my mental block when it came to smut writing <3

There's more I could add to this specific story, maybe a chapter 2 but no promises for now haha

Kudos + Comments feed the fic machine <3

Take care of yourselves,
- bp :)

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