

Don't Say No

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Don't Say No

by [neptune309](#)

Summary

Shane can't get his mind off of the unanswered texts sitting on his phone.

Ilya is bored.

They make bad decisions.

Notes

This is my first fic for this pairing so be kind.

I just really thought they should have hooked up at the Olympics.

The timeline in this story is insane, so if I got something wrong, no I didn't.

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

A bitter chill cuts through Shane Hollander's bones as he steps off the team's private jet and into the cold, gray Sochi winter. It's early—the sun is just starting to poke above the horizon as Shane's teammates spill out onto the tarmac behind him. They're all dazed, and terribly jet lagged, but there's an electricity buzzing between them all that's undeniable. It's the Olympics, for fuckssake. He should be—he *is*—thrilled to be here.

A few vans are waiting to load up the twenty three exhausted players and cart them to the Olympic village so they can settle into their dorms, then head straight to their first practice on Russian soil. It's exciting—being here, being chosen for the Canadian Olympic hockey team—but Shane can't seem to shake the melancholy brewing in his chest.

Shane climbs into the first van and slides down the bench seat, settling with his head leaned against the cool window. He pulls out his phone and sighs. It's been a month since he last saw Ilya—a month since he's spoken with him, touched him. He's tried texting "Lily" a few times, with little to no response. Short answers, shitty quips, rude jokes—the type of behavior he's come to expect from the rowdy, brutish Russian. Still, he opens their string of messages and feels a churn in his stomach when he scrolls back through the mass of unanswered messages.

"You ready to get your ass kicked?" Shane snaps out of his haze and looks up from his phone to see Scott Hunter squeezed into the seat next to him.

"I guess," Shane answers, half heartedly. Scott is the captain of the US team, but to save on cash, the league decided they should travel with Canada. Most of the guys know each other, hell, most of them have been on teams together, and Shane didn't mind having a few more friendly, familiar faces around.

"The time zones can be a real bitch, and..." Scott begins to tell him, pulling his own phone from his pocket and scrolling a few times. Shane waits for him to finish his sentence, but Scott seems suddenly distracted by something on his screen. He clears his throat with a gentle "ahem", and Scott quickly remembers. "...and it's weird being this far from home, huh?"

"Yeah," Shane answers, trying to stay engaged even though his mind won't stop wandering back to his texts. Should he reach out? He knows Ilya is here, somewhere, probably wreaking havoc around the village. He looks at Hunter, who is staring back expectedly. "I mean," Shane stumbles, "yeah Russia's almost as cold as Canada though, right? Not too different from what I'm used to." Scott flashes him an oddly empathetic smile and pats him on the shoulder.

"Take it from a guy who's done this a few times," Scott starts as he shoves his phone back into the pocket of his dress pants. "Grab a nap as soon as you can."

"Yeah, thanks."

Shane leans back against the window, fighting to keep his eyes open as the soft vibrations of the van threaten to lull him into that suggested nap. As they pull off of the tarmac and onto the bleak, flat highway, he hears Carter Vaughn in the back of the van start to snore softly. It

only takes a few minutes for Shane to close his eyes and drift into a light sleep where he vividly dreams of soft, reddish curls and pillowy, filthy lips.

It's early evening and the Olympic village is teeming with athletes hungry for victory over their international rivals. Shane walks through scattered groups of people wearing matching track suits, feeling good after the morning practice. The guys are meshing well, playing hard, and he knows they'll be a challenge to beat. After practice, he'd even hung around the rink to watch a few minutes of Russia's practice—to size up the competition, obviously. It had nothing to do with the fact that it was the only place he knew he'd be able to get eyes on Ilya.

Unfortunately, to Shane's mental detriment, Ilya was the first one out on the ice. Christ, he looked good. Strong—starving. Shane wanted to stay and watch longer, but he was scared to draw attention to himself and he figured he should let their captain know how shitty the Russian team was coming together. Ilya is a great captain—a natural leader—but something is noticeably off with the team. It has him feeling...worried. Not worried about himself or Canada's odds at taking gold, but worried for Ilya.

For lack of anything better to do, and a desperate desire to warm his fingers up, Shane dips inside a cafe. He sits at an empty table and pulls out his phone, digging in his other pocket for the tangled set of earbuds.

He's less than a chapter into his audiobook before Hunter and Vaughn appear in front of him, both waving to grab his attention.

As if he could miss the two of them.

They seem excited to see him and Shane pops out his headphones to offer a courteous "hey".

"Mind if we join you?" Scott asks.

Shane nods, not wanting to be rude. Despite his best efforts, he really gives a shit what the older guys think of him, and the two plop down in the open chairs to his side.

"Any plans for the rest of the day?" Carter asks. "Not much to do around here until the first game."

"Maybe," Shane responds. He doesn't mean to be so curt with these two. They're his friends. His mind is just...elsewhere. He looks down at the open messages on his phone to see his text to Lily (*where will you be later?*) still sitting unanswered.

He tries to shake off some of the angst and be fucking...normal. "An old friend of mine, from skating school, he's got his first round in the interpretive ice skating competition. Might go watch, you know, show my support."

"That's nice," Carter says. "Guy could probably use some support here."

Shane scrunches his nose at that response.

“What’ dya mean?”

“Well,” Carter continues, a strange echo of empathy in his voice. “I’m guessing, and correct me if I’m wrong, that your friend might be...gay? Not a very friendly country for his type.”

Shane’s stomach clenches.

“Right,” he mumbles, “yeah...” He’d never considered that. Ilya is from here—he knows the consequences queer men suffer under Russian law. Is that why he’s been so distant? An awkward silence falls over the table, and Shane takes this as his cue to get the fuck out of there and avoid further...gay...talk.

“Well guys, I guess I should stop fraternizing with the enemy and let you two figure out how the fuck you’re gonna beat Canada, eh?”

Shane stands up and gathers his phone and earbuds. As he moves towards the exit he hears Hunter calls out, “you fuckin’ wish, Canuck!”

There’s only so much wandering around Shane can do before he’s ready to go to bed out of sheer boredom.

Go figure, he thinks.

The most boring guy in the world, according to Rozanov, manages to out bore himself in the epicenter of the largest winter sporting event...ever. *Fuck*. He decides he might as well get some use out of the state-of-the-art training facilities to get a sweat going—get his heart rate up—since Ilya is apparently planning to ignore him the entire time they’re here.

As he walks through the village, now quieter and void of the earlier excited commotion, Shane allows the memory of Ilya from just a few hours ago, padded up and cutting between his teammates like a classically trained dancer, to linger in his mind. He wonders if Ilya is a good dancer off the ice—if they might dance *together* sometime. Shane doesn’t really like to dance—doesn’t have much rhythm or control over his elbows—but Ilya moves across the ice with such ease and grace, he could figure it out for both them. Maybe after their game in Boston next month, they can go out to a club.

Maybe, with enough people around, Ilya will press his body up against his out of sheer lack of space, and Shane would wrap an arm around his waist because Shane is nothing if not a good sport.

As if the man has a radio tuned in directly to Shane’s subconscious, Shane’s phone buzzes in his coat pocket.

Lily: *Where are you?*

Shane stops in his tracks, looking up from his phone and darting his eyes around the hushed walkway. Is he here now? Is this a prank? Suddenly, the ability to walk eludes him and static rings in his ears. *Is this real?* A light snow has started to fall and Shane brushes a few

snowflakes from his eyelashes as he takes a deep breath and starts to move forward again as he types.

Jane: *Walking to the gym.*

Lily: *Of course you are, golden boy. No fun Olympics for you. All work.*

Shane rolls his eyes.

Finally, he's in front of the large, gray brick building that houses the Olympic training facility. He pulls open the heavy, glass door and is greeted inside by the same stark design—chrome countertops, black floors. Everything smells like fresh carpet and still-drying paint. There's several rooms down one hallway, and he spies a sign on the wall with an arrow and the words "locker room" in at least ten different languages that he follows.

After walking around what feels like the entire building, he finally finds the door. Unsurprisingly, the locker rooms are a continuation of strangely dim fluorescent lighting and smokey monochromes. He walks past the showers with their icy tile and modest half-wall stalls and laughs to himself—more privacy than he's had in a locker room since he was twelve.

As he changes into his workout gear, he checks his phone one more time—nothing. So he stashes it away in a small locker with his coat. It'll be good for him to focus on something other than Rozanov. He's obviously not interested in interacting while they're here, so fine. It's not like he's desperate to see him, he's just...horny. That's definitely it. He just needs a good workout, and to jerk off, and to try and focus on their game tomorrow against the US.

Shane closes the locker door so he doesn't hear his phone buzz with one more message.

Lily: *Be there in thirty.*

No one warned Ilya about how fucking boring the Olympic village would be, but he should have known better.

You get thousands of intense athletes together and put all the pressure in the world on their shoulders? Yeah, not the type of environment where you have much opportunity to kick back and have fun. To pass the time, Ilya has been pacing the hallway in front of the dorm he's sharing with *two* teammates.

He hates it.

Not just the cramped dorm space, but the whole Olympic village. It's too small, and too many people packed in together like tinned fish. The food has been bad, the plumbing keeps backing up into the showers, and, worst of all, his team sucks shit. Their practice today had been an exceptionally hideous display of bad communication, short tempers, and absolute shit skating. And even worse than all that, the thing that really solidified Ilya's decision to be in a piss poor mood for the rest of the day, was the fact that Shane fucking Hollander had been in the stands, watching the whole team dissolve under his leadership. *Fuck.*

He knows this is going to be bad. He knows this is going to be fucking *embarrassing*. If he doesn't do something—go somewhere—right now, he's going to lose his fucking mind. Bursting back through the door of his dormitory, he addresses his teammates—two nearly identical twins with receding hairlines and one brain cell between the two of them. Ilya can only tell them apart because Paval has significantly less teeth than Luka.

“Fucking tell me a story,” he demands. The brothers look at him, equal parts surprised and confused. “I'm bored nearly to death,” Ilya clarifies, waving his hands around in an attempt to communicate his misery as strongly as possible. “Distraction. I need distraction.”

“Watch TV,” Paval suggests.

“Molest an ice skater,” Luka laughs.

“Fuck you guys.”

This is useless. Ilya pulls the door open and stomps out of the room. Who else does he know that's here? There has to be someone more interesting than the two cavemen he's stuck on a team with. One of the Boston guys is on the US team, but he has three kids and has never cheated on his wife, so he might as well be vanilla ice cream. Boring. Scott Hunter's here too. He has always intimidated Ilya in a way he would never admit to, but he's also old, so fucking old. What's an old man like Hunter got to say to him?

He steps out into the dark, deserted village street and looks up at the black, starless evening sky. It's started to snow lightly, and he lets a few snowflakes fall on his cheek.

Shane is here.

That fact is certainly not lost on him.

And Shane has made *sure* Ilya knows he's here, too, texting him the day he was picked, and two weeks before, *and* the day he flew in.

Ilya has ignored him. It's all just...too much. Shane and Russia are two things that don't belong together. Not now, not when his team is floundering and his father is calling incessantly to remind him what an embarrassment it will be when they lose. Sure, the idea of being caught and shamed and thrown out of Russia forever is appealing enough, kind of hot, too, but there is a whole team—a whole country—depending on him to keep his shit together.

Even so, Shane is still probably the most interesting person he knows here. *Fuck*. He pulls out his phone and finally returns a text.

Lily: *Where are you?*

If he has to guess, he would think Shane is probably leading a team meeting, or running drills, or working out. He's a good boy, a *very* good boy. When his phone buzzes with a response, it's unsurprising.

Jane: *Walking to the gym.*

Ilya can't stop his stomach from doing a little flip from the thrill of knowing exactly what Shane Hollander was thinking. Christ, how is it possible that someone so predictable can suck dick like such a whore?

Lily: *Of course you are, golden boy. No fun Olympics for you. All work.*

The training center isn't far from where he is. Twenty minutes or so of walking and he could be there. But does Shane even want to see him? It's an idiotic thought born purely from nervous insecurity. The man has gone out of his way to ensure Ilya knows his schedule. His heart starts to beat faster as he thinks about the last time he saw Shane. His soft hands and round ass. The hungry look in his eyes when his cock is in Ilya's mouth. The little gasps he lets slip out of his gorgeous lips when he's overstimulated.

"Fuck it," Ilya says to no one, and he sends one more text.

Lily: *Be there in thirty*

Shane decides to hit the bike hard, doing a high intensity twenty minute interval that has him squatting next to the water dispenser heaving to catch his breath.

It's almost helped, he thinks, to get rid of his nerves about tomorrow.

Unfortunately, it's done nothing to quell his fixation on Ilya. It's driving him insane, knowing that he's so close to him but feeling so goddamn distant. Maybe he texted back while Shane was working out? Surely he didn't ask where he was for nothing.

The handle on his locker makes a loud clang that rattles around the empty locker room. It's eerie—such a vast space filled to the brim with so much silence. His phone is sitting face down on top of his coat, but as soon as he reaches out to grab it, a chill runs up his spine and he freezes.

Suddenly, Shane doesn't feel alone.

"Boo," a deep voice whispers inches from his ear.

Instead of jumping at the sudden appearance of another body behind him, Shane has to lock his knees to keep them from buckling at the sound.

"*Rozanov*," he whispers, still facing the open locker, terrified to turn around and see nothing—to find out he's dreaming, or having a very elaborate hallucination.

He feels a light finger trace down his spine.

"Very good. I hoped you hadn't showered yet."

"W-we can't," Shane chokes out.

"It's good to see you," Ilya says, pressing the front of his body into Shane's back. Shane scoffs, turning around to face his competition.

“Shut the fuck up, you can’t even text me back,” he bites, venom rushing to the tip of his tongue. “You suck. I can’t fucking stand you.”

This earns him a deep, breathy chuckle from Ilya that makes Shane seethe.

“I don’t believe you.”

And, shit, he’s right. He’s a prick, and an asshole, but he’s right. And, fuck, Ilya looks good.

His Team Russia jacket fits snug around his broad shoulders and the bridge of his nose is rosy from the cold air outside. His brownish curls are damp from the snow outside and, even though Shane doesn’t believe his words, he believes the truth shining behind his hazel eyes.

“I’m an asshole, this is true,” Ilya continues in a low growl, crowding Shane’s space until their lips are nearly touching. “But you like it. You kept texting.”

Shane can feel a blush creeping up his neck. He tries to turn his body and maintain some semblance of composure when Ilya slaps his hands against the lockers, boxing him in, holding him in place.

Shane snaps back to look at him again, and Ilya leans in, pressing a chaste kiss under Shane’s eye.

“I will admit,” Ilya whispers, low and needy, lifting a hand to cup Shane’s pec and sliding his thumb across the nipple. “I did miss this.”

There are so many things Shane Hollander could do at this moment. He could remind Ilya that they’re rivals, that they’re competing against each other on an international level. Remind him that they’re in Russia and if they get caught he might never be able to come back.

They could go to jail—*Russian* jail—and lose their careers on top of it all.

He parts his lips to say something, anything, but the words die before they can leave his mouth.

And they’re quickly replaced by Ilya Rozanov’s tongue.

Shane. Pretty, sweet, obedient Shane. Ilya wasn’t lying—he did miss this. When Shane’s lips part and their tongues slide together, it feels good. It feels familiar, like saying hello to an old friend.

“*Rozanov*,” Shane chokes when Ilya pulls away.

The man’s cheeks are flushed pink, standing out against the light brown freckles dotting the space under his eyes and Ilya can’t resist drinking in the way he looks right now.

His face is filled with longing, and relief, and something else Ilya can’t quite place.

Nervousness, maybe. Fear.

“Want you now, Hollander,” Ilya mutters, dipping his face lower to kiss the side of Shane’s throat.

“I...we can’t...Rozanov...”

“We already are.” He slips his hand under Shane’s tee shirt and relishes in the goosepimples he feels forming under his touch.

“But what if someone sees?” Shane pleads.

“No one here to see,” Ilya tells him as he bites down gently on the soft spot right under Shane’s ear. He’s rewarded with a soft gasp.

“Il—Rozanov, w-we...we can’t, not here.”

Ilya can feel the frustration building in his tense muscles. Perfect little Shane Hollander. So gorgeous, but so *boring*. So scared. Ilya pulls his hand out from under Shane’s shirt and slides it up his neck, gripping hard underneath his chin and forcing Shane to look at him.

They’ve been together enough times that Ilya knows the secret to getting what he wants. He crowds into Shane as close as he can, pressing the full length of his body against Shane’s front, still gripping tight to his lower face.

“We can. And you will take off your clothes and go get into the shower, won’t you?”

He poses it as a question, but he knows Shane will take it as a command.

Sweet, good, dutiful Shane cannot resist a command. Ilya loosens his grip and allows Shane to slip out from underneath him. He takes a seat on the benches and waves a hand in Shane’s direction.

“Be quick,” he insists. “You’ve waited so long already.”

As expected, Shane tugs up the hem of his shirt, pulling it over his head. A deep, yellowing bruise covers his left side, probably healing up from his last game. Ilya had been watching on ESPN when the LA center body checked him hard against the boards and secretly cheered when the guy took a penalty for it. Ilya holds out his arms, coaxing, and Shane steps in front of him. Ilya places a hand on each hip and kisses the edge of the bruise, right above Shane’s navel.

“Go run the hot water,” he tells him between open-mouthed kisses. “Or I will take you right here.”

Shane knows it’s a bad idea—knows that this is the riskiest thing they’ve tried yet. Apartments, hotel rooms, those are at least *private* with three inches of wood and metal locks separating them from the outside world. Here, in this Olympic locker room, he feels too exposed. Still, he can’t find it in himself to say no to Ilya.

He tried, god has he tried, but then Ilya kissed him, and looked at him with those terrifying, desperate eyes, and told him to take off his clothes, so Shane caved.

He steps out of Ilya's light grasp and slides down his shorts, tossing them back by his locker as he walks towards the shower stalls. He steps into the small, half-walled cubicle at the end of the row and turns the tap, letting the cool water rush over him.

Maybe this will snap him out of the horny trance the demanding Russian has managed to lull him into. It has to—because Shane isn't sure he can do this.

Much to his relief, before he's able to think about it long enough to change his mind, Ilya is there, wrapping his arm around Shane's waist from behind and tugging him back to meet their bodies.

He can feel Ilya's arousal pressing against his backside and all sense of responsibility tumbles from his mind. He *needs* this.

"Is just like the first time, no?" Ilya asks quietly, his voice drowning under the rush of water. He slides his hand down Shane's stomach and wraps his long, deft fingers around Shane's half-hard cock. "You wanted to see me then, yes? Wanted to touch?"

"Y-yeah, fuck—fucking *obviously*." Shane chokes, distracted by the slow movement of Ilya's hand on his dick and desperate to hold onto a little bit of power.

He grabs Ilya's wrist and pulls his hand away so he can turn and face him.

Christ, that was a bad idea, because now he can see Ilya's darkened eyes moving across his body. He can see the need written on his face.

"It was a bad idea then," Shane continues, "and it's a bad idea now."

Ilya puts a hand on his chest and nudges him back against the shower wall.

"You have always been bad idea for me, is true." the man tells him. "Hotel, locker room, doesn't matter. You will get me into trouble, Hollander."

Ilya traces his fingers down Shane's chest and leans in to kiss him. *Fuck*, the way his mouth moves, slow and treckle, the way he runs his tongue along Shane's bottom lip, begging to be let inside, the way his fingers splay across Shane's chest, firm and controlling.

Every ounce of hesitation melts away.

He reaches around and grabs onto Ilya's firm ass, pulling him in close so their rigid erections are pressed together. Ilya bucks forward uncontrollably, and the slide from their shared, warm wetness causes Shane to groan. The sound bounces around the walls of the locker room, echoing through every inch of empty space. They are alone, Shane reminds himself, and it makes him feel safer.

He reaches between them and takes Ilya into his hand, moving up and down slowly as Ilya laves at his earlobe. The deep hum that erupts from Ilya's throat encourages him.

Shane drops to his knees, water pouring over his head and shoulders, and wraps his arms around Ilya's thighs, ghosting hot breath over his hard cock before running his tongue up the length of it. When he reaches the top and envelopes it with his mouth, Ilya's gentle keening and soft moans of "yes," and "fuck, Hollander," embolden him. He bobs his neck, taking the man deeper with each stroke, his own need throbbing between his legs.

Just as Shane reaches down to relieve himself, he hears the unmistakable sound of a door opening and slamming closed. He freezes and snaps his eyes up to Ilya, whose face has gone pale as he stares over to their right.

"Hello?" Ilya calls out.

Shane can barely hear anything from the bottom of the echoey shower stall, but he knows he hears another man's voice calling back. Ilya is still and Shane digs his fingers into the man's thighs—a warning.

A plea.

"Is fine," Ilya answers back. "Almost finished."

Shane hasn't taken a single breath. He hears the door open and close again, but doesn't dare make a sound. Ilya looks down at him and laughs.

"Fucking janitor," he chuckles, dropping down to his knees to cradle Shane's face. He blinks the water droplets from his eyelashes and kisses him. "Just some guy, saw nothing."

"Are you sure?" Shane asks. He feels tears welling up in the corners of his eyes. What if he did see something? What if he tells someone? He couldn't live with himself if this was the reason they're caught. Outed. If they're totally fucked and never get to play again, Shane will never be able to forgive himself.

"Sure," Ilya affirms. "But he will be back. We must hurry."

"It's fine, Rozanov," Shane insists, hoisting himself up with the help of the half wall on either side of them. "Let's just..."

"No!" Ilya snaps, standing quickly to meet his gaze. "No," he repeats, softer. "No other chances, just..." He leans in and kisses Shane, still soft, but with an urgency that goes straight to Shane's softening cock. He breaks away to finish his thought. "Just be quick."

Ilya's hands are shaking when he sinks them into Shane's damp hair. They should stop. That was the closest call they've ever had, but Ilya isn't ready to let Shane go. They probably won't get to see each other—at least, like this—until playoffs are over.

And Shane—perfect, pliant Shane—would never defy his need. The man steps right back into the interrupted round of fantastic cock sucking without missing a beat.

He looks down and takes in the sight of Shane with his dick in his mouth like he was born to do this. He bobs up and down, taking as much as he can and using his right hand to make up

for what he can't. Ilya closes his eyes and tries to focus, not wanting to stretch this out any longer. When he sees Shane tugging on his own hard cock, rabid and desperate, well, that does it for Ilya.

"Come here," he demands, suddenly desperate to watch this beautiful man come apart in his hands. Shane does as he's told. Ilya shoves him up against the back of the shower, slotting their legs together so he can take both of them into his hand. They fit together so perfectly, Ilya thinks he might cry.

Shane's mouth has brought him close, and the way Shane throws his head back and whimpers with each stroke, he knows it won't be long for him either. Ilya crashes their lips together, hungry to taste the sound of Shane's climax.

"Roz—I..don't stop, I'm gonna..." Shane trembles, and Ilya is right there to see him through it. The way his jaw unhinges and his tense breath releases into Ilya's mouth is more than enough to send him over the edge. He comes right along with Shane, their spend mixing together across his fist and quickly washing down the shower drain.

They kiss.

The urgency is gone, but the same tender care is still there. Ilya wonders if it's always going to like this with Shane. Need and desire tied up around something softer, something he doesn't dare look at, or speak, or name.

"That was close," Shane whispers into his lips.

"But fun, yes?" Ilya asks. Shane playfully smacks his chest and laughs.

"No!"

"You sounded like you were having fun," Ilya teases, and Shane rolls his eyes, feigning defiance.

They turn off the shower tap—the water has been cold for a while—and pull towels from the rack of clean linens inside the shower stalls. As they dress and get ready to leave in a planned interval to avoid suspicious janitors, Shane looks...grim.

"You will miss me," Ilya says. It's not a question.

"No," Shane barks back, but his voice contains no anger or malice. "Are you going to text me back?" His brown eyes shine with that irresistible neediness that Ilya's found himself addicted to.

"Perhaps," he answers. Shane turns his gaze towards the floor.

"Okay," he says, resigned. As he starts to walk away like a sad Charlie Brown, Ilya feels guilty. He shouldn't leave the man like this. He sneaks up behind him and wraps him in a hug, resting his cheek on Shane's back.

"Hollander, I will text you. Okay?"

Shane turns around smiling. Ilya looks at him trying to memorize the pattern of his freckles so he doesn't forget about them over the next few months.

“We’re gonna kick your ass in the playoffs.”

End Notes

Thank you for reading! Follow my brainrot @larry-pritchard on tumblr.

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