Don't just say yes to tease me

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Don't just say yes to tease me

by soursloppy

Summary

Shane and Ilya are best friends and teammates in their first year at McGill University

Notes

Disclaimer: this fic is just a lil self-indulgent trip down memory lane.

I may or may not be working on a McGill University AU (no promises!). Hypothetically it would be nothing at all like this fic. In the process of reminiscing about McGill, I learned that the city apparently banned campus samosa sales for a several years after I graduated?!?! How do students survive that place without 2-3 samosas for a toonie? What about the honored tradition of reaching into an old recycled cardboard box to grab loose samosas from pile?

This is an homage to the humble student-sold McGill samosa, long may she reign (you can buy the same or better samosas pretty much anywhere in MTL lmao). It is not at all an homage to McGill.

Shane isn't explicitly trans in this, but he always is in my heart.

Title taken from "Creepin Up the Backstairs" by the Fratellis

See the end of the work for more notes

Shane is busy creating a presentation for class when he hears a thud against the window. He leans over in his seat to pull back the curtains. The view outside is blocked by the shutters. He sighs, accepting that he'll be distracted from his work.

He opens the shutters only to be greeted by a small brown paper bag dangling just in sight of the top of his window.

There's a growing splotch of oil at the bottom of the bag. Hollander smiles. The bag rears back and smacks against the window again, leaving a light smudge against the glass.

Shane climbs onto the window sill and pulls down the screen and window pane. Bracing his forearm against the sill he leans out to look up at the dorm's roof.

"What are you doing up there Rozy?"

Ilya Rozanov leans over the short ledge of the roof. The railing is well below his hips, almost hitting him at thigh-height, but he doesn't seem the least bit bothered by his risk of falling. One of his arms dangles the small bag in front of the window, while the other holds his lit cigarette so he can talk without dropping it. The sun's beginning to set behind him in sheets of orange and burgundy.

"Hollander, quick!" He exclaims, putting on a scared voice. "If you are not fast, Canadian squirrels will get me!" He shakes the bag of food for emphasis.

"They're not out this late."

"How do you know? They blend in with night!"

Shane laughs, climbing down from the window and returning to his desk. He continues working on his presentation as he waits for Rozanov to come in from outside.

The bag of samosas taps against the window again.

"Okay... Hollander?" Ilya replies, his tone uncertain, "Let me in? Someone put lock on roof door."

"Oh shit," Shane murmurs, padding back over to the window.

Shane's "dorm" at McGill University is a three-floor walk up shared between 15 other students. It's one of the smaller dorms for first years students, in a historic building with a shared kitchen and common room. He could've lived in the traditional dorms—like Gardner—with the rest of the hockey team, or one of the hotels converted into dorms south of campus, but he wanted something quieter. He wanted to live with people outside of the hockey bubble. But that also meant other people were challenged to live with him.

Jozy has been threatening to put a lock on the roof for months after one too many times catching Ilya climbing in late at night after practice. Shane had apologized profusely… but

the thought of openly acknowledging how often Roz visits makes Shane's stomach churn. What if he stops?

"Is big padlock with combination, no key," Ilya pouts from the rooftop.

"That's because you're not supposed to use the roof to get into the dorm. Anyone will let you in if you knock, they all know you by now."

"That's boring, Hollander," he replies, a hint of something mischievous in his voice.

Shane leans out of the window to look up at his best friend, "Don't try to swing down here again, Coach'll kill you."

"Pfft," Rozanova blows a raspberry and shrugs in faux nonchalance, "fine."

He drops the small bag from the roof, and Shane swings his arm out to catch it, used to reacting to Ilya's moves on instinct. The little paper bag drops into the palm of Shane's hand, a warm token in the early-winter air. He smiles at the familiar sight of three samosas nestled inside.

"Come downstairs," Shane says, tilting his head in the direction of the door (as if Rozanov wasn't already aware), "I'll let you in."

Shane jogs down the creaky stairs and waits by the living room door. Eun is downstairs lacing up her scarily tall platform boots. He waves at her as she leaves for a show at Metropolis. Outside, Ilya says something to her as she passes and she rolls her eyes, laughing good-naturedly. Shane holds the door open and Ilya winks at him as he walks in.

He toes off his shoes and they take the stairs back up. The old stairs groan in time with their steps.

"Where'd you get samosas this late? Most classes are done for the day."

"Yes, but I am very handsome," Ilya teases, "They saved them just for me."

"Sure," Shane scoffs.

"Yes, the engineering faculty was selling today. Ava saved them for me."

"Oh," Shane bites his lip as they reach the top of the stairs. He turns slowly, trying to look as casual and neutral and not at all stressed as possible, "you're still seeing her?"

Rozanov cocks a bemused eyebrow at Hollander's expression. "Why, you are interested in her?"

"Shut up," Shane groans, opening his door and shoving Ilya inside. He's not sure why he'd ever question his feelings for his best friend. He's a total ass.

Although Shane wanted to experience shared housing, he'd had more than enough time with roommates between U20 hockey, World Juniors, and away games. So, he applied for a single

room. It's convenient with their practice schedule and Shane's habits. His single room is the only reason why Rozanov is over so often. Even on rare, lucky nights like these when they have no practice.

Ilya greedily snow-angels out on Shane's bed and pulls his laptop out of his bag. He rests the computer on his chest and starts watching highlight videos from last weekend's NHL games.

"Don't you have your own dorm room?" Shane chuckles, sitting at his desk and returning to his assignment, "Go study in Gardner."

"What, with Marleau? I can't study in our room, he's always talking."

"A library, then?"

Shane doesn't turn around, but he can tell Rozanov is giving him a dry look.

"Well," Shane continues, happy his desk faces the wall and can hide his expression, "you're not doing much studying here either."

"Nooo," Ilya draws out the word, "but you are good influence on me."

Shane turns to catch Rozanov's grin. He blushes, and turns back to his desk.

In no time, Shane gets lost in editing his project, absentmindedly munching on the samosas. The murmuring of commentators and Rozy's sporadic "Davai!" adds a pleasant color to his evening. At some point, the sounds change to the rustle of paper and humming as Ilya whizzes through his problem sets. Shane's still working when the noises behind him quiet.

"Hollander,"

"Mhmm?" Shane responds absentmindedly, recognizing his tone of voice.

"Hollander…"

"Yes?"

"Shaaaaane,"

"What is it Rozy?" he laughs.

"Let's go out tonight."

"Oh," Shane tries to keep his voice light to hide his disappointment, "so that's why you came over."

"I need to get laid, Hollander." Rozanov whines, sitting up on the bed, "Come with me, we'll find girls!"

Shane turns around to look at him, "I have a presentation due at the end of this week."

"It's Business, how hard could it be?"

Shane grabs an eraser from his desk and flings it at him. Rozanov bats it out of the air as effortlessly as Shane knew he would, and flips him off.

“And what, your puzzles are difficult?”

“Linguistics is very serious, Hollander,” Ilya scolds. He can’t hold the serious expression for long. They both crack up.

“It’s okay,” Rozanov reassures, “we can go for one drink. Only one or two”

“Fine, let’s go to Gert’s for a bit.”

“Gert’s?” Ilya exclaims in mock outrage, already grabbing his toque, “I said I want to get laid, and you suggest student lounge?”

“It’s a bar!” Shane defends, pivoting in his seat to grab his keys and wallet.

“It’s on campus, Shane.”

Shane looks down at the wood grain of his desk. His shoulders tense self-consciously. “What, too boring?”

He hears the creak of Ilya standing up from the bed. He feels the floor boards sink as he walks closer. Rozanov’s shadow falls over him.

“Is sabotage?”

Out of the corner of his eye, Shane watches Ilya’s foot dart out and hook around the leg of his chair. He flexes his leg, dragging the chair leg until Shane’s turned away from the desk. Shane is stuck in his chair, pinned in by his desk on one side and Ilya standing in front of him.

Ilya’s hair is crowned by the yellow of the dome light. Shadows drip down his face and mask his expression, but Shane can feel them in the sudden tension in the air.

“You want me all to yourself, Hollander? Can’t let me go find nice girl?”

It’s too intense too fast. Sometimes Shane thinks their collision is this inevitable thing that their momentum will send them careening towards. But he can’t tell how much is projection, and how much is fear. Shane swallows.

“I- I thought we could talk. Hang out.”

Ilya looks at him. It’s a look so similar to the one he gives Shane when they’re on the ice. Like he already knows how the rest of the match will go, play-by-play, and he’s just waiting for Shane to join in the fun.

It's like that, and also, hunger.

“Besides,” Shane clears his throat, suddenly feeling too large to be contained within his own skin, “your English could use some practice.”

Ilya barks out a laugh, the tension snapping as his face splits into a smile. He leans back and heads towards the door.

“It would not be a problem if you spoke French with me. Such a waste, two languages in common and you only let me speak the stupid one.”

“Yeah well,” Shane fumbles for response as he closes his laptop and stands to leave, “I’m a good influence.”

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“Not tonight! Guys night,” Ilya shouts, waving goodbye to yet another girl as he and Shane leave the bar. The noise of Gert’s fades behind them. They climb the stairs out of the basement and exit the student lounge.

“Wow, Hollander,” Rozanov says as if sharing salacious news, “You are so popular. Every girl there stopped to say hello.”

“They were there to talk to you.”

“I was not the one voted Campus Cutie this year.”

Shane isn’t blushing. It’s the beer. He’s simply flushing from the *single* beer he had. That’s all.

“What did interview say?” Ilya asks, as if he’d forgotten. As if he doesn’t quote it constantly. “‘I like girl who’s ambitious, enjoys long walks, and has a good sense of humor’.”

“Okay, we had a drink. I’m going back to my dorm—“

“Noooo, no Hollander, wait!” Rozanov smacks his turned back, then tugs on the sleeve of his coat. “Allons au Bar de Pins? It’s so close.”

The way Ilya’s whining gets breathy at the end does something to Shane. Throat dry, mouth wet.

“Uh, sure. Sure, Roz. Yeah, let’s go.”

“Okay! We will go through the Ghetto, see who is out tonight.” Rozanov puckers his lips then laughs.

Luckily for Shane, they both forgot (despite having walked by earlier) about the never-ending construction on Rue McTavish. They’re forced to take the long way around, avoiding the neighborhood stuffed to the brim with fellow McGill students.

They walk up the stairs and hit the pavement of Avenue Docteur Penfield, chatting about their match last weekend. Their words trail off naturally as they round the curve. The mid-January night sky has turned that shade of taupish-grey that brings promises of a gentle snowfall. Their breaths puff out in unison as they pass by the castle-like structure of the McTavish Reservoir. It billows out its own sighs of steam to greet theirs.

Then they're back on Rue Pins again, approaching their rink and the athletics building across from Shane's dorm.

Ilya inhales. In the quiet of the night Shane can hear his lips part.

"Today is anniversary of my mother's death."

"Oh, Ilya…"

"It's been many years now. It's okay."

Shane doesn't know much about grief, but he doubts it is. He darts a glance at Ilya as they walk. He can't decipher the look on his face.

They fall silent again, leaving the rink and the dorm and the rest of campus behind them.

"Hollander," Ilya starts.

"Yes?"

"It's not okay."

Shane leans over and bumps his shoulder against Rozanov's. As if he'd been praying for the shot, Ilya's hand reaches out and grabs his. Their fingers slot between each other, their matching callouses kissing. Warmth erupts from Shane's palm and ripples throughout his entire body. He's glad McTavish is under construction. He's glad they didn't walk through the Ghetto. He's glad for the held-breath-silence of the pre-snow sky. No witnesses, no interruptions. Right here, on a dark stretch of Rue Pins, he doesn't have to let go.

Their hands pass their heartbeat back and forth between them as they walk.

"She would have liked you."

Shane turns to look at him fully. They've reached Rue Parc and the cars whizzing by bounce yellow and red and white lights off the angles of Ilya's cheekbones. Shane wants to kiss him. He wasn't expecting this from his first year at McGill. Playing hockey like his dad? Sure. Making friends on the team? Hopefully. But wanting to kiss his best friend both on and off-ice?

They turn on Parc and join the flow of people milling about. There are a lot of people out for a Wednesday night. Ilya looks over, reading something on Shane's face. He lets go of Shane's hand.

"Lets go, drinks are waiting."

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After the bar, and after Ilya had eaten a monstrosity of a sandwich at Schwartz, he follows Shane back to his dorm.

“Is closer!” He replies cheerfully.

Shane doesn’t argue with him... but they’d passed by Gardner on their way to Shane’s dorm.

Ilya slaps a hand over the light switch the moment Shane opens the door to this room.

“No,” he says quietly, “leave it like this.”

Shane leaves the light off.

Ilya flops down on Shane’s bed, sighing. “Thank you, it was fun.”

“No problem,” Shane replies, heart caught in his throat.

Ilya spends time in Shane's room often. Shane has returned from classes more than once to find Ilya’s hockey bag outside of his door, and his best friend smoking on the roof, waiting for him. In only a few months, he’s grown used to studying to the sounds of Ilya arguing on the phone in Russian or animatedly talking through his coursework in French.

But something about the mood blanketing tonight makes Shane’s breath catch. In the dark their friendship seems too malleable, ready to change form at the slighted prod. It’s in the way the moonlight stumbles over Ilya’s moles, the way his eyes track Shane’s movements as he hangs up his coat and scarf.

“Come, lay down. I’m tired.”

It doesn’t make sense, but Shane drifts towards him as if in a dream.

The bed isn’t big enough for two athletes. Their shoulders wedge into each other. Ilya throws a leg over Shane’s to keep him from falling off.

“Hollander,”

“Roz?”

“…”

Shane waits. For what, he’s not sure.

Ilya slowly turns, propping himself up on the arm that was trapped under Shane’s shoulder. The jeans of their interlocked legs rub against each other. Ilya swings his other leg over Shane’s body. His hand brushes against Shane’s earlobe as his arm drops down to hold his weight up.

Shane is flat on his back with Ilya filling the entirety of his vision. Ilya's face glows soft and pink from the red lights of the athletics building across the street. His eyes are round with a question unasked.

He lowers. Their bodies press against each other like one. Ilya's nose stops so close to Shane's own that his next words land softly and pile up on Shane's cheeks, his eyelashes, his lips.

"Don't say yes because you think I'm weak."

"I won't. You're not."

"I want you, Shane Hollander."

"Yes. I mean, I—"

"You are straight, yes?"

"I want... you."

Ilya leans down and captures his lips. It's beer-sweet and rich with the tang of smoked meat. His curly hair brushes against Shane's forehead, his temple, the shell of his ear. Shane's tongue ventures out to meet his, and Ilya moans, sliding his leg up the bed until his thigh presses firm against Shane's crotch. Shane's melting, straight through the mattress into a puddle of slush.

Ilya leans back on his haunches. He pulls his shirt off, up and over his head until the mole-kissed expanse of his torso is bathed in pink light. He gestures at Shane to pull off his own shirt and grins.

"You taste like samosas."

Shane smacks him on the chest.

End Notes

Surprise! It's another first kiss fic; not Shane's first kiss this time, but Hollanov's!

Also I firmly believe Ilya Rozanov as a character should speak some French. It fits his background and his attitude towards Shane being bilingual is a bit confusing. Svetlana and Sasha both have the air of 'studied French in school' and the Rozanovs know fairly influential international people… it is simply canon in my mind.

In another world, I'd write a prologue/more about this version of Hollanov meeting, playing together as first years, and growing closer throughout their first semester. But it's probably not in the cards. It's difficult for me to write anything that's not smut T_T. I had fun though!

Thanks for reading!

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