

asleep in my bed

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by [vampiremustdie](#)

Summary

Shane accidentally falls asleep in Ilya's hotel room after another "casual" hookup.

Ilya battles with his feelings for him in the time before Shane has to wake up and leave again.

Notes

vaguely somewhere before tuna melts, post vegas. i've done shane pov pwp before, so now it's ilya's turn to be the pov for some emotional turmoil instead. enjoy!

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

As far as post-game rituals go, getting Shane under him after they played against each other had to be Ilya's favourite. Especially when Montreal lost.

He'd been so riled up, Ilya had managed to coax two rounds out of him in the brief time they got to spend together tonight. Shane was a beautiful, messy wreck by the end of it, Ilya pressing kisses onto his jaw and throat as the aftershocks faded away, the two of them just breathing each other's air until their heartbeats stopped pounding in the quiet room.

"God, get off of me," Shane said eventually, laughing as he pushed Ilya's face away.

"Yes, yes," Ilya said, getting up on shaky arms, "I'll clean up, bring you towel, okay?"

"Okay," Shane sighed happily, eyes closing as he pulled up the pillow they'd placed under his hips and brought it up to give him extra support at the shoulders, "I'm good here."

Watching his blissed-out face as he settled over the pillows, Ilya was tempted to lean down and kiss him one more time. Instead, he tore his eyes away and turned quickly for the bathroom.

Shane had to go, and Ilya knew it would only be so long before the mess bothered him, so he made quick work of throwing out the rubber, wiping himself down and wetting a towel for Shane.

He couldn't have been gone longer than a few minutes, which made it all the more surprising when Ilya re-entered the room and saw something he had never seen before:

Shane, asleep.

Mouth open, lost to the world, actually *asleep* in Ilya's hotel bed.

He listened to the deepening of Shane's breathing as he inched closer, resting a knee on the edge of the mattress so he could lean towards his face. He was about to call out a quiet '*Hollander?*' to make sure, when Shane let out a single, very loud snore that reverberated across the quiet room.

Ilya had to slam his free hand over his mouth and nostrils so as not to laugh, his body shaking.

"*Bozhe moy*," he muttered to nobody. He was going to die. The image of this was never leaving his mind, ever.

He would've taken an actual picture, if only to see Shane's face turn tomato-red from embarrassment when he'd show it to him later, but he knew Shane would be more upset than amused. Ilya wouldn't have wanted to delete it, either, so he didn't put himself in the position of being forced to do it. Better it doesn't exist at all.

They were always deleting their texts, their pictures, to keep their secrecy. He pushed the thought away before he could dwell on the reasons it bothered him.

At least Shane had slept on his back, he thought instead. It made it easier for Ilya to gently wipe the towel around his dirtied stomach and hips, Shane stirring a little under his touch, but still not waking.

He *should* wake him. He should let him run off, as one of them always does. They were already pushing the limits of how long he could stay.

Instead, Ilya dropped the towel to the floor and laid down next to him, resting on his elbows so he could watch Shane's face. The nagging feeling that had started coiling in his chest wouldn't let him end this just yet.

Somehow, Shane had looked more relaxed when he was awake; the tail end of his orgasm resetting his nervous system for a while. In sleep, the weight of the world seemed to be back on his shoulders: his leg was vibrating the bed, while the rest of his body sat stiff like it was bracing for something terrible. His head had dropped to face in Ilya's direction and he could see that stressed-out crease that formed between his eyebrows, a red flush over his freckled cheeks.

He pet Shane's arm with the back of his hand, circling soothing motions around the single freckle he had right in the centre. It seemed to ease that crease just a little, Ilya's chest constructing at the sight.

Did anyone else get to see him like this?

He must be sleeping with other people. Girls, at least. Did Shane give his all to them, the way he did to Ilya? Did he give even more?

It felt wrong to even imagine; made that ugly coil dig even deeper.

He was a hypocrite to be jealous. The worst of them all. Even still, he couldn't let go of the feeling that the two of them had invented something nobody else had. Something he had to come back to, because Shane and Ilya were the only people who had it in the world.

At least, he couldn't find Shane in anyone else. Maybe they had his hair colour, or a spattering of freckles that brought Ilya's attention to them in the first place. But there was nobody who caught up to him, who was as playful, or as determined. Nobody who challenged or excited Ilya the way Shane did. Nobody who looked as cute when Ilya purposefully irritated them.

It was a dangerous feeling. When he was being smarter, he was planning how he'd break it off. How he could stop this before it got any worse, before it took over his entire life.

But then, Shane began to snore again, quieter this time. Ilya closed his eyes and let the horrible sound fill his ears, terrified at how willing he was to throw everything away if it meant having this for a while longer.

This was the worst thing that could've happened, he realized. To fall asleep right now and by accident... Shane will wake up surprised, embarrassed. He'll try not to show it, but Ilya will

see in his face the way he'll kick himself for letting this happen, for getting so comfortable around him.

Next time, he'll get up before it can happen. Next time, he'll leave even faster.

Ilya will never get this again.

He'd never needed anyone else so much. He'd been with countless people, and he was content to do whatever they wanted. Some left almost as soon as they came, some spent the night and fucked him again in the morning, some spent the night and left before he woke up. It was just preference, just fun. A way to spend the time. A way to fill the gap.

He felt Shane's absence like an itch under his skin.

They hadn't talked for weeks before this game had hit their radar and they'd set up this hookup.

He had thought about Shane every day since the last time they saw each other.

...He'll never get this again, unless he asks Shane to stay.

Could he even ask him to?

Would he stay, if Ilya asked?

Maybe next time. Maybe if...

Shane shifted positions in his sleep, a longer strand of hair falling over his eyes. Without thinking, Ilya pushed the strand back to the top of his head, fingertips just barely brushing over his forehead.

He was so beautiful.

He was so beautiful, and Ilya had to make him leave.

He ran his hands over Shane's hair a few more times, savouring what he could of his touch, then dropped his hand onto the bed. "Hollander," he said, hating how much he didn't want to say it, "Wake up, Hollander."

It was enough to finally stir Shane from his sleep, his face cringing a little as he peeked his eyes open bit by bit. Ilya moved away before Shane's vision had a chance to clear, an unidentifiable stab of something hitting him with every centimeter of space he put between them.

Shane looked around, as if trying to remember where he was, eyes eventually locking on Ilya on the other side of the bed. "Hi," he said sheepishly.

"Hello." Ilya couldn't help but laugh softly. It was almost too sweet.

"Did I fall asleep?" Shane asked, his cheeks reddening, "That's so embarrassing."

“Only a little.”

“A little embarrassing, or I slept only a little?”

“Yes,” Ilya said, “I am so good, you need sleep to recover.”

“Fuck off.” It had no real bite to it.

Ilya responded by pinching his stomach, which made Shane yelp and swat his hand away. “Asshole! Maybe *you’re* so boring, I couldn’t stay awake.”

“Must be it,” Ilya said, letting his hand rest back down on Shane’s waist.

Shane stilled at the contact, looking rapidly between Ilya’s eyes, left-right, left-right, left-right... before settling his gaze somewhere off in the distance. “It’s not too late, is it?”

Something in the way he said it made Ilya feel like he’d been sprayed with cold water, though he wasn’t sure why. “For?”

“Just...” Shane untangled himself from Ilya then, sitting up, “Uh, the time. Hayden. I’ve been gone too long.”

Fucking Hayden Pike. “No, you haven’t, is fine. You sleep five, ten minutes, maybe.”

“Right. Yeah, okay.” He was stumbling around like a headless chicken as he got up off the bed, putting his clothes back on. “Sorry.”

For falling asleep? Or for leaving?

Ilya didn’t ask. Just nodded, then shrugged.

“I’ll text you,” Shane said, half-turned towards him with his hand gripping the doorknob.

“Okay.” He was the picture of nonchalance.

“Night, Rozanov.”

Goodnight, Shane. “Bye, Hollander.”

He closed the door and once again, Shane was gone.

End Notes

another no-beta, no-overthinking fic so my tenses are probably all over the place sorry. i only understand english grammar (second language) on vibes. major shoutout to ilya for the “bilingual but kinda sucks at it” rep. he’s so yearniful

hope you enjoyed ty ly bye bye

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