

Mr. Perfectly Fine

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Mr. Perfectly Fine

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Summary

Ilya shrugs, trying to brush it off.

“Is ok,” he mumbles.

Shane’s innocent brown eyes meet him dead on, all soft and questioning. For a moment, Ilya worries that Shane is looking so intently that he is going to see right through him, maybe somehow see into the past and watch how, after last time – after Shane ran away – Ilya sat with his head in his hands on the couch for a long time, unsure of whether to bitterly laugh or cry at the fact that it was him – Ilya – who had so casually tried and tremendously failed to move them forward – that time.

OR: After Ilya invites Shane over before the game in Boston, some old insecurities about Shane running away last time resurface.

Notes

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

Ilya paces the floor of the kitchen, his black flip-flops lightly echoing through the vaulted ceilings with each tap against the smooth grain of the hardwood floors. He stops. Checks his phone again. Still no new message from Hollander. Just the last one Ilya already read, and the time stamp indicating when it was sent.

Jane: On my way.

Pocketing the phone in his loosely hung sweats and closing his eyes, he inhales sharply through his nose, gritting his teeth a little as he does.

He's too keyed up.

And for what? It's just Hollander. Perfect fucking Shane Hollander. In his perfect designer clothes, with his perfect little freckles, and perfect little heart on sleeve... somehow managing two weeks ago in Florida to perfectly shatter Ilya's own open and hold all his sorrow in his perfect fucking arms in that hotel room.

Fuck.

All this didn't even cross Ilya's mind earlier when, on a whim, he texted Shane to come over before tonight's game. *Simple, as before.* He certainly wasn't thinking about the last time Shane came over... when Ilya had half-teasingly, half-pleadingly asked him to stay the night, when Ilya had woken up to Shane all warm and groggy between his sheets, when Ilya had made them sandwiches and made sure Shane had his stupid, boring ginger ale.

He'd dropped the act that weekend - unconsciously, maybe. Though looking back now, he knows it was not so unintentional. He'd wanted to stop being the loud-mouthed asshole everyone needed him to be. Thought maybe, *maybe*, he could have a small sliver of lightness, of closeness with the one person he hated to admit he wanted to be most close to most of the time... before stepping back into the bleakness of his father, his brother, his homeland.

But then...

I should... I should uh... I should go.... I can't do this.

Pinching the bridge of his nose, Ilya takes another deep breath. He wants... no *needs*... this time to be different... needs to not spend the next six months of his life obsessively reading about Hollander and Rose fucking Landry or whatever other perfect person Shane might run to if Ilya says or does the wrong thing again.

The chime of the doorbell makes him jump.

When Ilya opens the heavy front door, there is Hollander, in a navy sweater, smiling all prettily... but tentatively too. Ilya gestures him inside, and the door clicks shut behind them as they head down the foyer together.

For once, Shane is quiet. Not babbling on about real estate or developers or boring things like the New Yorker. The silence is a bit much. It hangs heavy in the air between them. Ilya worries that Hollander too is thinking of last time. Not at hotel. But here.

“I uh,” Shane clears his throat and turns to look back at Ilya when he reaches the kitchen island. “Thank you. For inviting me back.”

And ok, yes. Of course, he is. Thinking of it. Speaking of it. Bringing it forward to move them forward again.

Ilya shrugs, trying to brush it off.

“Is ok,” he mumbles.

Shane’s innocent brown eyes meet him dead on, all soft and questioning. For a moment, Ilya worries that Shane is looking so intently that he is going to see right through him, maybe somehow see into the past and watch how, after last time – after Shane ran away – Ilya sat with his head in his hands on the couch for a long time, unsure of whether to bitterly laugh or cry at the fact that it was him – Ilya – who had so casually tried and tremendously failed to move them forward – that time.

The stretch of silence goes on too long.

Ilya looks to the floor.

“Though maybe... no food for you this time.” Ilya says it deadpan, but there’s a quirk to his brow.

It causes a small huff of a laugh to escape through Hollander’s nose. *And there it is*, Ilya thinks, relieved. The lightness that somehow was lost between them in the shadows of these past few months, and even there in sunny Florida - when Shane's practiced, pointed confessions in the hotel room caused the dam to brutally burst on Ilya's own.

Ilya craves more of it. Wants to feel it all over, warm on his skin.

He straightens his back, smirking a little, and steps forward. He gently pushes the center of Shane's chest, backing him against the island, and then rests his hands on either side of the counter’s edge, boxing Shane in.

Shane shyly grins, and Ilya leans in close to his ear, breathing him in.

“Next time,” he murmurs, “you will cook for me. As apology.”

“Oh really?” The side of Shane’s eyes crinkle. It makes his freckles more noticeable. More bright. More enticing.

“Yes,” Ilya replies. “Burgers, I think. How you say? From pinch.”

“From scratch,” Shane replies in a perfect, studious tone.

Ilya hums in reply and brings one hand from the counter to rest on the back of Shane's neck, angling it better so he can trail light, wet kisses collar bone to ear lobe. Shane gasps beautifully between each one.

Eventually, Ilya can see his Adam's apple bob as he swallows. Softly, quietly, between more heated presses of Ilya's lips, Shane mumbles in that half-hesitant tone Ilya has come to love, "And... what else do you want me to do... as an apology?"

The words go straight to Ilya's cock, causing it to twitch. He pushes his groin against Shane's, making each of their hardness obvious to each other. Shane groans.

"Oh I think you know *exactly* what."

Ilya gently grabs Shane's chin, pausing, making their eyes meet for a millisecond, before capturing his lips with his own... softly at first, but it quickly escalates, all tongue and wetness and heat and gasps and bruising force.

When Hollander falls to his knees, right there in the kitchen, and pulls down Ilya's sweats, taking him wholly, deeply, beautifully, wetly in his *perfect little mouth*, Ilya lets out a curse. Hanging onto the counter with one hand and using the other to gently grasp a fist full of Shane's hair and guide him back and forth, Ilya quietly whispers...

"*Moy ideal'nyy Sheyn.*"

Ilya normally loves watching Shane come down, loves laying down on a pillow and seeing him slowly come out of the trance Ilya put him in... all fluttering eyes and flushed cheeks and pants of *holy fuck*... that half amazed, half bashful grin on his face. Watching Shane like this is almost as satisfying as having him, just the way Ilya did now, on all fours on *his* bed, gasping and trembling as Ilya thrust deeply into him and planted chaste little kisses and licks across Shane's broad, tanned, muscular shoulders.

Almost.

It's why the phone call that interrupts this perfect moment – and the fact that it's his asshole of a brother – annoys Ilya even more than usual.

And then of course, there's Hollander's eyes on him again, Hollander's cautious questions about his father again, Hollander's soft apology when Ilya chastises him, Hollander's immediate deflection to the game, to teasing Ilya, to goading him to respond – all in an effort to bring back the lightness between them.

Fucking beautiful, perfect Hollander.

After his final teasing bellow of *Shane Hollander is an asshole*, Ilya crawls on top of him and hovers there for a moment, forehead to forehead. Shane's cheeks still have that warm glow, and Ilya's thankful he didn't miss it completely.

Despite himself, Ilya smiles.

A brief pause forms between them. Then a shift. And Ilya can feel it coming on. Another confession.

Shane takes a deep breath, looks right at Ilya in the way that terrifies him.

“I wish I could stay.”

Ilya's chest flutters at the words, but he tries to hide it.

“Oh?” He finally says. “You would miss game... for this? Forfeit to Boston? You are that desperate for more of me?”

Shane rolls his eyes in response, but then looks serious. He brings his strong hands to rest on Ilya's low back, tracing soft circles with his thumbs.

“You know what I mean.”

And Ilya does. It's not an apology. No. Shane has already said that, more than once, in Florida. It is an honesty Ilya is still not sure they are ready for, not sure what they even do with it. Shane and his questions and his honesty... but never pushing, never taking too much, never asking for more than Ilya can provide.

“Yes.” Ilya says in reply. He brushes his thumb against Shane's cheek. He sighs. “Me too.”

“Raiders come to Montreal in three weeks. Evening game.” Shane pauses with a nervousness Ilya has found endearing since the hotel room the summer before their rookie season. “You could uh, stay over at my place after. If you wanted.”

Ilya tries so hard to hide his smile. He rolls off Shane because it's too much, this fluttering warmth in his chest, but stays facing him on the pillow.

“And what will you cook for me then, huh?”

Shane considers the question. “Burgers are unfortunately out. Not barbeque season yet. But, I know a good spaghetti recipe. My dad's actually.” Shane takes a breath and looks right at Ilya. “We could make it together... if you want.”

And the pathetic thing is, Ilya can actually picture it. The two of them in Mr. Real Estate's perfect fucking apartment, after the game Montreal will probably win. Some bottle of wine that Shane probably knows pairs well with the red sauce. Some boring music on his expensive speakers and the lights low. And after dinner, after they have each other, falling exhaustedly on Shane's dozens of ridiculous pillows on his soft bed, where Ilya will get to hold him again until sunrise.

Ilya inhales deeply and meets Shane's uncertain eyes.

“Sounds perfect,” he says in perhaps the most sincere way he has ever said something to Shane.

And the beaming smile Shane gives him back is just that.

Perfect.

End Notes

My first foray into Heated Rivalry. These boys have captured my heart.

Comments always appreciated. Feel free to come find me on tumblr so we can nerd out about our boys: @sparkleplatypuswriter

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