

Two Guys Sitting on a Roof. Are they Gonna Kiss?

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Two Guys Sitting on a Roof. Are they Gonna Kiss?

by [taliiaa](#)

Summary

“When you think about it, Ilya really tried to open up to Shane in that first episode. But that ‘must be nice’ pulled him back.”

So, what if Shane hadn’t said ‘must be nice’?

(Set on the roof of the NHL Awards at the end of episode 1)

Notes

this is literally inspired by a tiktok comment screenshot i saw on twitter. soft hollanov because i say so

“And what? Here is fucking view, Hollander. Check it out. Fuck!” Ilya jerked his head aggressively to the glittering lights of the Las Vegas Strip stretched out below them. He dragged hard on his cigarette, then shook his head as if the view down below offended him.

Shane’s eyes flicked away instinctively, his shoulders tightening. He half-expected Ilya to snap at him if he glanced and saw Shane *looking* at him. Why was he so mad?

Sure, Shane knew Ilya couldn’t have been thrilled about losing Rookie of the Year to him. No one liked being second, especially not someone like Ilya Rozanov. But there was something off in the way he stood too still, posture tense, expression irate.

Even after a loss, Ilya Rozanov loved to party - everyone knew it. It was practically part of his brand at this point. Home games, away games, back-to-backs, it didn’t matter. Somehow, photos would surface online by the next morning: Ilya draped over someone’s shoulders, grinning into a camera, a drink in hand looking like he was having the time of his life.

Shane had always noticed. God help him, he’d always noticed. There was something stupidly attractive about how extroverted Ilya was, how he was able to draw the attention in every room he walked into, always looking stunning in photos where he was caught off guard.

Yet tonight, here he was, smoking and sulking on the roof after Shane had just won - in their eyes - the biggest award of the night. And Ilya hadn’t even bothered to text him. No congratulations, no sarcastic jab, not even a sexual innuendo or message about meeting up later.

Ilya had been the one to put his number in Shane’s phone in the first place, and then tonight didn’t even make use of it. What the hell was his problem?

Ilya lowered the cigarette, exhaling slowly through his nose. “I go home in three days.”

Shane blinked. “...Okay.” He frowned, trying to figure out how that connected to anything happening tonight. “Back to Boston?”

“No.” Ilya brought his cigarette back up for another drag as he looked back out over the Strip. “Back to Moscow.” He spat out *Moscow* as if it were something dirty. Shane studied Ilya’s face, confused at how hostile Ilya suddenly sounded.

“I thought you lived in Boston permanently?” Shane asked.

Permanently. Ilya’s mind struggled to piece together what that long word meant. He rolled it around in his mind, breaking it apart the way he always did with English words he didn’t fully grasp the meaning of. And he wasn’t about to ask Hollander for a translation to provide Ilya with a simpler, easier English word. At least he could mostly figure out what Hollander had meant: *was Boston home?*

Ilya sighed. “During the season, yes. But I am Russian citizen, Hollander. Moscow is my home.”

The words felt stiff in his mouth, as if they were something he'd memorized rather than what he really thought. He kept his eyes on the horizon, trying his hardest to keep his eyes anywhere but Shane.

"Don't you want to go home?" Shane asked, oblivious to the turmoil Ilya was feeling inside.

For a long moment, Ilya didn't answer. He stared out over the edge of the roof, jaw clenched, cigarette burning down between his fingers. Finally, he turned.

When they were looking right at each other, Shane could see how worn Ilya looked. The exhaustion sat heavy on his face, carved into a deep crease between his brows. His eyes were dark, as if he hadn't slept in days. His usual mask was gone, replaced by something, tired, rougher.

Ilya dropped his cigarette butt and stamped it out with his foot, then leaned over the edge of the building and huffed out one last breath, letting the smoke spill away into the night air. He knew Shane hated the smell of cigarette smoke, but there was nothing to do about it now. Ilya straightened and crossed the few feet between them before Shane could react.

"Go back to party," Ilya said. His voice was calm, almost careless, as if he didn't care at all what Shane did. He brushed imaginary dust from Shane's jacket, fingers lingering too long on Shane's broad shoulders before straightening his bowtie, causing Shane's heart to lurch painfully in his chest. "Have more to drink, smile for pictures. Is your night."

"My night. Right," Shane laughed ironically. He shook his head and swatted Ilya's hands away as he stepped back, the distance between them suddenly feeling enormous. "That you don't even want to be a part of."

The words came out before Shane could stop them, heavy with something dangerously close to disappointment.

Ilya's jaw tightened. For a moment, he looked past Shane, back toward the open doors and the spill of music and laughter from inside. He didn't say anything, but he was obviously thinking of the large number of party guests just through those doors. Guests who could catch them at any moment.

"Is not about want. Is about what makes sense."

"What makes sense?" Shane shot back. "What are you even talking about! None of this makes sense!"

He turned away from Ilya before he could say something worse, pacing a few steps toward the edge of the roof and then back again. His hand dragged through his hair, fingers catching, pulling harder than necessary as his heart hammered uncomfortably in his chest.

"I just won the most important award - probably of my entire *life*," Shane said, his voice rising despite himself. "And I can't even think about how exciting that's supposed to be, because all night I'm looking around the party, looking for *you*." He spun back toward Ilya, eyes blazing. "Because I know *you* wanted it just as bad as I did."

“And if you had won,” he went on quickly, “I would’ve been there. I would’ve shaken your hand, said congratulations, and meant it. I would’ve done it in front of everyone, cameras and all, because that’s what you do.” He laughed bitterly. “But you couldn’t even manage that, could you? You just ran off to the roof to smoke like I didn’t exist.”

Ilya let out a short, humorless laugh, then muttered something so quickly Shane couldn’t make out any of it, other than the fact that it was in Russian.

“You still think everything is about you,” Ilya said finally, turning his head away. “Well, it’s not.”

Shane stared at him, stunned, his anger flaring hotter now. “Well then tell me!” Shane snapped, taking a step closer before he realized he was doing it. “If you’re going to act like this on one of the most important days of my career I think I deserve *something*.”

His voice cracked despite his effort to keep it steady, and he hated that Ilya might hear it. He swallowed and lowered his voice, doing his best to keep the hurt out of it.

“I mean, fuck, Rozanov!” Shane said, shaking his head. “What’s the matter with you? Do you really think so little of me?”

That finally made Ilya turn back.

“You think I do not care?” Ilya asked, and there was something sharp and wounded in his eyes now. “You think I forget?”

Shane scoffed and threw his arms up, pacing a step away before spinning back around. “I mean - well!” He gestured vaguely at Ilya, frustration spilling over.

“I remember everything.”

Shane stopped short. “Then act like it,” Shane shot back, his voice low and raw. “Because right now? It doesn’t feel like you do.”

Ilya dragged a weary hand over his face as he groaned, fingers pressing hard into his eyes like he could rub the conversation away if he tried hard enough. When he dropped his hand, he looked around the roof - the skyline, the railing, the emergency exits - as if something would appear that would give him an escape from this conversation. Something that he could give his attention to so he could look anywhere but at Shane.

Finding none, he exhaled sharply and sank down onto a raised strip of concrete just a few feet behind him. He leaned forward, forearms resting on his knees, staring straight ahead, avoiding eye contact.

Shane, had never seen Ilya so... defeated? Distraught? He wasn’t quite sure what to make of the Russian sitting before him. Shane lingered a few steps away, suddenly unsure of where to put his hands, his weight shifting from foot to foot. He didn’t know what to say or do next. So, naturally, he blurted out the first thing that came to his mind.

“Your suit is going to get dirty.” Shane winced the second the words left his mouth.

Ilya let out a bark of laughter. “Oh. Great,” he said dryly. “How will I live with bit of dirt on my suit?”

Okay, wrong thing to say. Shane sighed, rubbing the back of his neck. Whatever was going on with Ilya clearly wasn’t going to resolve itself if he kept hovering. After a moment’s hesitation, he closed the distance between them. Shane eyed the cement slab very carefully - thanking the stars there wasn’t any bird poop, mud, or suspicious liquids visible - and lowered himself next to Ilya.

Ilya looked at him in shock, jaw open and eyes wide.

As Shane settled himself - delicately - on the concrete he caught Ilya’s gaze locked onto him, unblinking.

“Oh, close your mouth, will you,” Shane mumbled, heat creeping up his cheeks.

Ilya lifted his hands in mock surrender. “I never thought I would see the day,” he said solemnly. “Shane Hollander, voluntarily sitting outside on dirty roof. Next to sworn rival.” He shot Shane a cheeky grin at the last part, then shifted over, clearly intending to give him more room.

But as Ilya moved over, Shane moved with him so their shoulders and knees were touching.

Ilya looked at their knees with a confused expression, and then looked at Shane when he didn’t move his body away from Ilya’s.

“Hollander...” he started, voice uncertain.

Shane didn’t answer right away. Instead, he deliberately pulled his knee back - creating a sliver of space - then gently nudged it forward again, tapping Ilya’s knee once. Ilya’s gaze dropped back down, following the movement like he was hypnotized. When Ilya didn’t pull away, Shane took that as permission and did it again. Another tap. Then another. Their knees knocking became a quiet, wordless rhythm that was some degree of... something between the two men.

They were both acutely aware that the door to the roof could barge open at any moment, and even if they wanted privacy, there was no way to lock the door from the party guests inside - fire hazard, obviously. But neither of them acknowledged it. They knew what was at stake, what they were risking by sitting out in the open like this, just feet away from the most famous players and people in the NHL. Though they simply couldn’t bear to get up and separate from each other.

After what could have been an eternity or could’ve just been five minutes, Ilya finally spoke.

“I should have been there after you win award,” Ilya admitted very quietly. “This was wrong of me.”

Shane let out a very deep breath. “It’s okay,” he said stiffly, even though he didn’t mean it. But that was what was supposed to be said when someone apologized to you.

“No, is not,” Ilya insisted. “I upset you on very important day. I -” Ilya trailed off and looked away.

Ilya rubbed his right thumb over the knuckles of his left hand before repeating the motion with his left thumb on the opposite hand. “When you win award - and I lose - only thought in my head was how mad my father will be. He is only happy when I am winning games and winning awards. When I was first pick... everyone celebrated. Everyone said how proud he must be.” A humorless huff escaped him. “He was barely happy. He said I did not play well enough that year to deserve being top choice.”

“When I lose games,” he went on, voice dropping, “I get angry phone call. My father watches my games to tell me what I did wrong. How bad my shots were, how I pass too much, how I am disappointment to my team. Like he was watching only to count my failures.”

Shane couldn’t imagine that Ilya was under such pressure. He shook his head slightly, shock and anger tangling together. “Jesus,” Shane murmured. “That’s... that’s a lot.”

He glanced at Ilya, trying to meet his eyes, but Ilya refused, keeping his eyes trained on Shane’s knee that hadn’t stopped tapping Ilya’s.

“It is very early morning in Moscow now,” Ilya said after a moment, his voice a little more distant and eyes glassy. “So he will not see news of awards tonight for few hours.” His mouth twisted slightly. “But when he does... I will get angry phone call. And then, when I go home in three days, I will get angry shouting.”

Looking at their knees, Shane was overcome with a desire of wishing he could give Ilya something more. Some greater comfort than a tap of the knee, or the brush of the shoulders. Wishing he could comfort him loudly and publicly, and whisk him out of the party and into one of their hotel beds.

It was finally clear to Shane *why* Ilya was in such a bad mood, why he had dodged Shane’s questions earlier, and put up such a front. He didn’t want to go home, and Shane’s win - and also for him, seeing Shane - was just a reminder of the beratement he had coming from his father.

“Rozanov,” Shane said softly, his voice rough. “I... I had no idea.”

Ilya shrugged. “Did not want you to know,” he mumbled. “Do not want *anyone* to know.”

“But you told me,” Shane said instead, quietly, like he was testing the words.

Ilya finally turned his head to look at him, a strange expression on his face.

“Yes,” he said. “I suppose you and I know quite a few things about each other that no one else can know, mmm?”

Shane made a sound of agreement then reached out to give Ilya’s hand a single squeeze before bringing his hand back to his own lap.

God, Ilya was tired. All the long games, travel weekends, and months of exhaustion ending in a disappointing end of season at the NHL Awards had taken its toll. Ilya let out a long, slow breath and wiped at his nose. Shane's concerned gaze was fixed on him - those deep brown eyes so steady and warm - and Ilya had the overwhelming urge to give in. To sink into that look and just let go.

For a fleeting, dangerous moment, he imagined leaning his head against Shane's shoulder. Just resting there, letting Shane tap their knees together as he breathed in the scent of Shane's cologne.

But he didn't. He knew better. That kind of closeness would be harder to explain away if someone suddenly burst onto the roof. A head on a shoulder wasn't accidental. It would raise questions Ilya wasn't ready to answer, questions he couldn't neatly deflect with sarcasm or irritation.

At least this - sitting side by side on a cold slab of concrete, knees brushing, shoulders just barely touching - had plausible deniability. They could be just two people who'd had too much to drink; one person insisting the other sit down before he fell over. Even though they *were* undeniably too close, it was close in a way that could still be laughed off. Ilya clung to that excuse, even as he stayed exactly where he was, aching for more.

"Are you planning to stay much longer?" Ilya asked, his tone carefully neutral.

"What - up here? Uh.. I don't -"

Ilya cut him off with a small shake of his head. "No, at party," he clarified, gesturing towards the door with an arm.

"Oh." Shane exhaled, rubbing the back of his neck as he thought it over. "Uh, maybe? My mom wanted to introduce me to a couple reps from sponsors - Dunkin Donuts, Cheetos, maybe Aquafina? Depends who got invited tonight." He shrugged. "I probably need to talk to each of them for a little bit, make the connections, you know. Might be helpful for the future."

When Shane finished, a slow smirk tugged at the corner of Ilya's mouth. "Mr. Businessman."

"Shut up." Shane gave Ilya a playful jostle to the shoulder. "Why do you ask?"

After giving Shane a good shove back, Ilya rose to his feet. "I do not want to be here anymore," Ilya said plainly. "I am going back to hotel."

"Oh," Shane said, caught off guard. "Uh, I guess I'll see you next season then."

Ilya rolled his eyes and gestured for Shane to get up too. Shane scrambled up, brushing off his pants, and immediately became aware of Ilya's gaze dragging slowly over him.

"Room 1525," Ilya said, taking two deliberate steps forward until there were only centimeters between them. "The Four Seasons. Right across the street."

Shane's brain shortcircuited. The last thing he had been expecting after what had just gone down between the two of them was to be invited to Ilya's room. He *knew* what that meant, but still found himself questioning it. He was still trying to process the invitation - trying to decide if he'd heard it right - when Ilya surged forward and kissed him.

It was sudden and fierce, Ilya's hunger he had been holding in all night finally being released. Ilya's hands slid to Shane's back, pulling him up against his body as one hand dipped lower to squeeze a handful of Shane's ass. Shane moaned into the kiss and reacted on instinct, his fingers moving up to tangle in Ilya's blond curls, tugging him closer.

Shane found himself waiting for Ilya to deepen the kiss, thrust his tongue into his mouth, take more, give Shane more.

Then Ilya pulled away.

Shane stood there, breathless, lips tingling, eyes blown wide. Ilya studied him with a sly, satisfied grin, clearly enjoying every second of Shane's stunned silence.

"1525," Ilya repeated softly, shaking out his suitsleeves and rolling his shoulders back. "Do not keep me waiting, Hollander."

And then he turned and walked away, leaving Shane on the rooftop with his heart pounding and absolutely no intention of talking to a single sponsor ever again.

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