

imgonnagetyouback

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by [xomepster](#)

Summary

Ilya watches Shane cross the room and grab a chair from the corner, dragging it into the center of the room.

Right next to the foot of the bed.

Shane pats the back of the chair, making sure to keep his expression neutral. “Sit,” he instructs, sounding more confident than he feels.

Ilya raises an eyebrow but gets to his feet. “You do not want me on the bed?” He asks, sounding more than a little confused.

“No,” Shane replies simply, patting the chair again.

~

Or: When Ilya shows up unexpectedly at his door, Shane finally gets sweet revenge for Las Vegas.

Or or: They didn’t even kiss, and Shane takes that very personally.

Notes

I love my baby Ilya, but I am a firm believer that Shane deserved an apology after being ghosted for months and then treated so coldly in Las Vegas. There I said it!!

And you know what’s even better than an apology?

Revenge.

Please enjoy this fic where Shane gets both <3

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

*Whether I'm gonna curse you out or
Take you back to my house, I haven't decided yet
But I'm gonna get you back*

*I hear the whispers in your eyes
I'll make you wanna think twice
You'll find that you were never not mine...*

- imgonnagetyouback, Taylor Swift

...

October 2014

Shane is reading in bed when he hears the voice.

It's so distant and faint that he almost mistakes it for a gust of wind. And since his reading had been rapidly devolving into *sleeping*, Shane thinks there's a decent chance he imagined it altogether.

Especially because the voice sounds a little *too* similar to the one that plagues his daydreams and nightmares these days.

Shane takes off his glasses and places them on the nightstand with a sigh. He needs to get some sleep before he starts spiraling again. It's pathetic, at this point.

But as he reaches to turn off his lamp, he hears it again, unmistakable this time; a voice, filtering in through the cracked window.

A man is outside, half-yelling something in a familiar accent.

A familiar *Russian* accent.

"Hollander!" Shane realizes that the voice is repeating his name. *Loudly*. "Holl-an-der!!"

What the fuck? Shane pushes to his feet and scrambles to the window.

"JANE!" He blushes furiously at the use of his fake name, and he yanks his window open with more force than necessary.

"Shut the fuck up!" He hisses at the shadowy form a few stories down. "Have you lost your goddamn mind?"

The figure freezes for a second, then clears his throat. "Can I, uh..." Ilya Rozanov gestures at the back door of Shane's building with an uncharacteristic amount of hesitation.

Shane doesn't know whether he's more shocked or enraged at the request. He hasn't seen Rozanov since June, when the other man had been cold and detached and generally a raging

asshole to him in a penthouse suite in Las Vegas.

Why the hell would Shane let him in after that?

He *can't* let him in.

Can he?

His mouth opens before he's even decided to reply. "Now that you've announced it to the whole fucking city?" Shane huffs. "You might as well."

"Great," Ilya calls up to him. "I'll just wait here."

"Fantastic."

Shane lets the window slam shut and throws on a Metros sweatshirt. He tries to ignore the familiar feeling that curls in his stomach.

He tells himself it's dread, but it feels a lot more like anticipation.

...

Shane braces himself and pushes open the heavy stairwell door. "Rozanov, what the hell are you--"

The words die on Shane's tongue when he sees Ilya's face.

His rival flinches and tilts his head up, like he hopes the bruises will blend into the shadows thrown across his face. Like he hopes Shane won't *notice*.

But even in the dim glow of the stairwell, the injuries are impossible to miss. Shane instantly spots the blood crusted under Ilya's nose and smeared at the corner of his mouth. He counts no less than five cuts on Ilya's normally flawless face. And Shane's been slammed and bodychecked enough in his life to recognize the bruises blooming on Ilya's gaunt face - most notably, the beginnings of a black eye and a dark smudge on his jawline.

The air leaves Shane's chest in a rush, like *he's* the one that's been sucker punched.

"Hi," Ilya says. The single word hangs in the space between them like a question mark.

"What the fuck happened to your face?" Shane's voice is shakier than he'd like it to be.

Ilya won't meet his gaze. His hands are buried in his pockets but his shoulders are tight when he shrugs, and it strikes Shane that Ilya's *still* pretending to be casual and unaffected, even now. Even after showing up bleeding on Shane's doorstep.

It should make him angry, after everything.

Instead, inexplicably, Shane feels far more sympathetic emotions rise in his throat, and he struggles to choke them down.

“Is nothing. Sorry to just...” Ilya gestures around vaguely. “I did not know where else to go. My phone is dead and I do not remember which stupid fucking hotel we are staying at. Team always uses different ones in Montreal. Could I use a phone charger? I will not stay long.” Ilya runs a hand down his bruised face and winces.

A surge of anger rears in Shane, nearly strong enough to bury the hurt he’s battled for months.

Because someone touched Ilya. Someone *hurt* him.

And that makes *Shane* want to hurt someone.

His hand falls from the door handle, and he clenches it into a fist to avoid reaching for the bruised man in front of him. He’s not sure he’s allowed to, anymore. Not sure he even *wants* to.

Shane hasn’t seen Ilya since that night in Las Vegas. Hasn’t texted him, either, even though they’re slated to play against each other tomorrow and they’d usually engage in some flirty banter by now.

Ilya would flirt, at least. Shane would mostly scramble to reply without sounding like an idiot.

But he hadn’t planned on reaching out after their last time together. In fact, Shane *refused* to be the one to reach out after that humiliating night. He couldn’t handle any more vulnerability, couldn’t bear to feel as fucking exposed as he did in that penthouse full of windows.

When Ilya barely looked at him. When he only touched Shane in the most impersonal, cursory ways. Like he was just a warm, faceless body. A set of hands and a willing mouth. A means to an end.

Shane hated how the whole thing had made him feel, but what he hated most was that he’d wanted more from Ilya in the first place. That he’d *expected* more, even.

He’d been simmering in that quiet outrage for months, his body melding the anger and hurt in an internal pressure cooker.

Not that it matters now. Because seeing Ilya on his doorstep works like a release valve, causing the anger to slip out of reach.

Just another thing that Shane can hate himself for.

“Rozanov.” He says, voice firm and tightly controlled. “Why are you bleeding?”

“Is nothing,” Ilya lies again, his eyes fixed somewhere over Shane’s shoulder. “I am stupid and reckless, this is not new. If I could just use a phone charger-“

“Shut up and get in here.” Shane cuts him off and steps aside. “Hurry. You probably woke up half the building trying to get my attention.”

Ilya ducks his head and says nothing as he steps into the stairwell, but Shane sees the ghost of a smile tug at his lips.

...

Once they're in his apartment, Shane has to bite his tongue to avoid asking Ilya one of the many questions swirling in his head.

How did he remember this address? Why did he come *here* of all places? Why was Ilya such a fucking dick the last time they saw each other? And the worst, most pathetic question of all - had Shane done something to push him away all those months ago?

But he refuses to be the one to break the silence, even though it makes his skin itch with discomfort. Ilya will explain why he's here or he won't.

Either way, Shane is done expecting things from him.

They stand a few feet apart in the dimly lit kitchen, facing each other without making eye contact, until Ilya clears his throat and gestures at the kitchen table.

"Can I..." He looks at Shane uncertainly, and it takes him a long moment to realize he's asking for permission to sit. Which is very *un-Rozanov* of him.

Shane is once again struck by Ilya's uncharacteristic hesitation tonight, stretched over him like a too-small shirt. He battles the irrational urge to rip it off him, to expose the real Rozanov hiding underneath.

Because the truth is that Shane doesn't even know this man; he has no idea what Ilya's really like. They've never really talked, and he's certainly never stuck around long enough to sit in Shane's kitchen and engage in casual conversation. They've never done anything like this before, and the realization makes Shane's throat tight with anxiety.

"Yeah, that's fine. I'll be back soon." He heads for the stairs, but he stops when Ilya sits down and winces. Shane rolls his eyes and heads to the freezer.

"Here," he grumbles, pulling out an ice pack and tossing it in Ilya's lap. The other man blinks in surprise. "For your eye, or your jaw. Whatever's hurting you most. I'll grab alcohol and Neosporin for the cuts. The phone charger, too."

Ilya looks amused, but his eyes are soft in the low light. "Just the charger is fine, Hollander."

"Shut up, Rozanov," Shane huffs, heading for the stairs again. "This is my house. You came here, so we're doing things my way."

"Yes sir," Ilya purrs, his voice low and seductive.

Even though Shane knows he's just trying to get under his skin, he still stumbles over his own feet - he has to grab the banister to avoid falling up the stairs. Ilya snickers and Shane's face heats.

“Fuck you,” he calls down, then scurries into his bedroom before Rozanov can reply with something sexy and tempting.

Something that might make Shane want things he shouldn't want anymore.

...

After taking a few minutes to compose himself and throw cold water on his face, Shane heads down to the kitchen with a first aid kit and phone charger.

When he gets to the first floor, he finds Ilya slouched in his chair. One of his legs is tapping an uneven rhythm on the floor while he stares into his lap, so he doesn't notice Shane at first. He's also gnawing on his blood-crusting lip, which makes Shane wince.

He wonders if it's a habit that worsens when Ilya's not smoking.

Rozanov straightens and drops the ice pack from his jaw when he realizes he's not alone in the room anymore. Shane approaches the table warily, certain that Ilya is going to tease him for the unopened first aid kit, or how his hair looks, or maybe the way he's walking tonight.

Shane *wants* him to say something, he realizes. *Anything* to indicate that his snarky, asshole rival is lurking somewhere inside this unsettling, subdued version of himself.

But Ilya doesn't tease him at all. He just accepts the charger with a quiet “thank you” and bends down to plug it in. Shane snatches it back from him without thinking, because Ilya is wincing *again* and it's starting to make him feel sick.

“You're not going to be able to play tomorrow if you don't take it easy,” Shane scolds.

“You should be so lucky,” Ilya retorts.

Ridiculously, Shane feels relieved by the teasing, by the small sign of life from the other man. He hides his smile against his shoulder as he gets to his feet. Ilya has stopped bouncing his leg, but he still won't meet Shane's eyes.

“It'll take a minute to charge,” Shane states unnecessarily, like Ilya isn't the owner of the phone. “In the meantime...” He sucks in a breath and tells himself that this is fine, it's all *fine*, that it's no big deal. He'd do this for anyone that came to him injured.

Shane pulls out the chair next to Ilya and sits down. Before he can lose his nerve, he cracks open the first aid kit, reaching for the alcohol and cotton rounds. He soaks one and holds it out, hoping like hell his hand isn't shaking. He gestures at Ilya's scratched, bloody face. “May I?”

Rozanov hums in agreement and finally meets Shane's eyes. A flash of heat ricochets up his spine, and he has to look away to keep from blushing.

“It's better to wash cuts with warm water and soap. But since the blood's already dried, I figure this is better,” Shane rambles nervously. He focuses on Rozanov's cuts and starts

tackling them systematically - left to right, starting with the deepest, bloodiest one. Ilya's nostrils flare but he doesn't react otherwise.

"Did they teach you this in Boy Scouts?" Ilya asks while Shane is dabbing alcohol on the second cut.

He rolls his eyes. "It's called Scouts Canada now," he corrects.

"Wowwww," Rozanov drawls. His warm breath tickles Shane's face. "So much cooler."

Shane pushes into one of the cuts on Ilya's bruised jawline a little rougher than necessary. Ilya curses in Russian before letting out a soft laugh. "I deserved that," he admits.

One side of Shane's mouth quirks up. "You deserve much worse, trust me."

The words are out before he thinks through the implications of saying them. He waits for the mortification to hit him, the embarrassment and shame, but all Shane really feels is *relief*.

He's finally acknowledged his anger out loud. It's not just his burden to carry anymore.

Ilya studies Shane's face intently as he starts cleaning the blood from under his nose. "You are enjoying this, huh?" He asks after a long moment, a rueful smile tugging at his bruised lips.

"Why would I enjoy this?" Shane scoffs. "You're bleeding all over my kitchen in the middle of the night."

Ilya raises an eyebrow at the neat pile of bloody cotton rounds being stacked methodically on a paper towel. "Yes, all over," he quips sarcastically. Shane rolls his eyes and reaches for more alcohol. "But I figure you are enjoying this because you are angry with me," Ilya finishes.

Shane swallows loudly and wonders if it's audible in the quiet room. "I'm not," he murmurs unconvincingly.

Ilya studies him again with clear, serious eyes. "Was not a question, Hollander."

Shane flushes, feeling suddenly exposed. He busies himself by dabbing a cotton round with water from a bottle on the table. "Yeah, well. You were an asshole to me the last time we saw each other. Excuse me if I'm not feeling particularly friendly."

Ilya nods. "I admit I was...not the best," he allows. "Last time."

Shane's eyes flicker up but he drops them quickly, unable to handle the heat in the other man's gaze. He steels himself and brings his hand to Ilya's mouth, wiping the blood from his lips with small, gentle strokes.

"Is that the Russian way of apologizing?" Shane asks, just to get himself to breathe again. When he drops his hand, Ilya is staring at him with an unreadable expression on his face.

“No,” Ilya murmurs. “прости меня.” He scoots his chair closer to Shane’s, causing their knees to brush. “That is.”

Shane can’t bring himself to move away, even though he knows that would be the smart thing to do. Instead, he reaches for Ilya’s bruised face with a tentative hand.

Like a goddamn idiot.

“What happened?” Shane asks softly. “Who did this to you, Rozanov?” He brushes his thumb along Ilya’s left cheekbone, right under the developing black eye. Ilya’s guarded expression cracks open under Shane’s touch, and his eyes flutter shut for a long moment.

“I was out with the team,” he starts, voice low and rough. “A friend of Marlow’s came, got really drunk, started being an asshole. Running his mouth.” Ilya hesitates, licking his injured bottom lip. Shane nods, gently encouraging him to continue.

“He said shit about Montreal, how it’s embarrassing that you ever beat Boston. Talked trash about me, talked trash about you.” Ilya shrugs. “I said shit back, and he could dish it out but not take it. Then he called you the word that only idiots use. *Faggot*.” Shane straightens and drops his hand, feeling like he’s been dunked in ice water.

“He is stupid. Probably only word he knows,” Ilya says carefully, like he’s trying to reassure Shane. “He called me one, too. And I did not take it well.” He holds up the bloody knuckles on his right hand and grins. “Clearly.”

“Shit, I didn’t even notice your hand,” Shane grumbles under his breath and grabs Ilya’s hand. He focuses on cleaning the knuckles and applying Neosporin to keep from spiraling about what Rozanov just revealed.

He doesn’t know what it means. *Any* of it.

“You were probably too busy looking at my pretty face,” Ilya jokes, and Shane almost cracks a smile.

He works in silence for a while, until he can’t take it anymore. “Why didn’t you leave with Marlow?” Shane asks, instead of the question he actually wants Ilya to answer.

Why did you come here?

Ilya’s jaw tightens. “I did not want to stick around. I stormed out before bar owner could call the cops and left Cliff to deal with his stupid friend.”

“Fair enough.” Shane finishes with Ilya’s hand and starts dabbing ointment over the cuts on his face. “But why did you even defend me? You make fun of me all the time.”

Ilya scoffs. “Only I am allowed to say such things. Things like, you are boring and love sucking cock.”

“Hey!” Shane protests, smacking Rozanov’s shoulder with his free hand.

Ilya laughs. "But I know those things to be true, Hollander. That asshole knows nothing."

Shane pretends to be outraged, but his flushed cheeks betray the warmth he feels at Ilya's words. How they sound a little too much like *he doesn't know you like I do*.

"Punching someone on my behalf doesn't exactly support the idea of us being enemies," he points out, trying to conjure up a stern expression.

Ilya's lips twitch, and he scoots closer to Shane. "Is that the Canadian way of saying thank you?"

"If I wanted to thank you, I'd thank you, Rozanov," Shane retorts, but he's suppressing a smile. When he drops his hand, finally done fussing over Ilya's face, his fingertips graze the other man's knee.

He's too close, taking up Shane's entire field of vision. He feels like he can't breathe, can't *think*.

"I guess I will just have to punch someone in every city I play in," Ilya says with faux solemnity. "To avoid suspicion."

Shane scoffs, trying to focus on anything except for the heat radiating off Ilya's body. "Then how will you have time to sleep with someone in every city?"

Something electric sparks in Ilya's blue eyes. They look the way they always do when he's rising to a challenge. "I will make time," he purrs.

Oh no. Shane's brain recognizes the danger, but he can't get his body to move.

"I always make time for the things I want," Ilya whispers, reaching up to cradle Shane's face.

Shane pushes away at the first whisper of Ilya's warm fingertips on his face. His chair scrapes the floor loudly in the sudden silence. "No chance. It's late, and we have an afternoon game tomorrow." Shane sounds less stern and more out of breath than he'd like. "Plus, you're *hurt*, in case you forgot."

And I'm scared that this will hurt me, Shane thinks. *More than it already has*.

Ilya flashes the lopsided smile that makes him so annoyingly weak at the knees. "Not badly. And this will make me feel better."

He scoots forward and reaches for Shane again, but he catches Ilya's wrist and pushes it away.

Shane shoots to his feet, suddenly furious.

"What about how I feel, Rozanov?" He spits, running a hand through his hair. "Does that not matter?"

Ilya stares at Shane intently, his eyes taking in every inch of his face. “How *do* you feel, Hollander?”

He asks the question so earnestly that it makes Shane’s stomach flip. There’s no trace of Ilya’s usual snark or irony, and that somehow only makes things worse.

Shane needs to get the hell away from this infuriating, irresistible man.

“Like it’s time for you to go,” he forces out. “I need to sleep.”

Shane doesn’t wait for a reply. He turns on his heel and bolts up the stairs, fueled by instinct and panic and the memory of the night when Ilya stared at him with cold, lifeless eyes.

He doesn’t expect footsteps to follow him up the stairs so quickly.

“Wait, Hollander,” Ilya calls, right as Shane reaches the second floor landing. He heads into his room without looking back, his chest heaving with emotion.

“I’m sorry,” Ilya says as he rounds the corner into Shane’s room, seeming a little out of breath himself. “I should have been better. In Vegas,” he clarifies. “I was...somewhere else. Distracted. Shitty.”

Shane swallows harshly. “We didn’t even...”

He clamps his mouth shut to stop the word from escaping. The same one that he’d wanted to text all those months ago. But Ilya’s eyes dip to his lips like he heard it anyway.

Like maybe he’d been thinking the same thing all along.

“I know. Was a mistake, and I regret it.” He walks until he’s within arm’s reach, staring at Shane with clear, serious eyes. “Let me make it up to you, Hollander,” he whispers.

Shane feels a rush of relief surge through him at Ilya’s words, but he shoves it down. He won’t give in that easily. He *can’t*.

“There’s nothing to make up for. We shouldn’t even be...” he hesitates, exhaling shakily. “We never should have done this in the first place. We should just...keep our distance. Not start this again.”

Shane grits his teeth and tries to hide how much he hates the idea of never touching Rozanov again. He needs to start making rational, *good* decisions. Decisions that make *sense*.

“Did we ever stop?” It sounds like a joke, but Ilya isn’t looking at him like it’s a joke. He considers Shane with a steady, careful expression, like he’s trying not to scare him off.

Shane suddenly feels like he’s lost his grip on the English language.

“Is what you want, Hollander?” Ilya asks, slow and deliberate. Giving him the chance to actually think about his answer. “To stop?”

No. The word shoves into Shane’s consciousness, immediate and vicious and impossible to ignore.

“Yes,” he croaks, trying to force out the lie anyway.

Ilya’s entire face softens. He steps forward and grips Shane’s chin, pulling his face up to meet his gaze.

“You’re still a terrible liar,” Ilya says, but the words are laced with fondness instead of mockery.

“Fuck off,” Shane replies weakly, but he doesn’t try to move away. He’s helpless again, immobilized by Ilya’s intoxicating presence. Trapped on a never-ending hamster wheel of desire, running and running until his legs give out.

“Hollander,” Rozanov purrs, running a thumb over his cheek. “You will deny me this? I have thought about it all summer.”

“I don’t see how that’s my problem,” Shane snaps, even though he was thinking about it all summer, too.

Ilya laughs lightly. “You are so cute when you’re mad. Makes me want to eat you up,” he growls, dipping his head to nibble Shane’s jaw.

“You’re such an asshole.” But Shane’s body betrays him, and he grips Ilya’s shoulder to keep him close.

“No, not tonight,” Ilya murmurs against his jawline, running his nose along the sensitive skin there. “Tonight I will be *so nice*, I promise.”

Shane shivers despite himself, trying and failing to hold onto his last sliver of self control. Ilya presses a kiss to the hinge of his jaw and pulls back, cradling Shane’s face in his hands.

“Will you let me show you how nice I can be, Hollander?” He whispers, leaning in to press his bruised lips to Shane’s.

Shane wants so badly to give in, to melt into Ilya’s touch and forget himself. To erase the months of quiet anguish and self-doubt, of sleepless nights and restless days. To live in the moment with no regard for the consequences later.

He wants and wants and *wants* so badly that he almost leans in. He almost gives in without a fight.

But Shane can’t forget the festering hurt - he feels the pain like a phantom limb, dulled by Ilya’s presence but still throbbing and ragged and open. Calling for attention, for remediation.

For revenge.

An evil idea starts forming in Shane's scattered brain, so he presses his forehead against Ilya's and dodges his lips. The other man grumbles in displeasure and grips Shane's waist to keep him in place, but he doesn't push for a kiss.

Not yet, at least. But Shane wants to make him beg for one.

"I can have anything I want tonight?" He asks breathlessly. "Since you're being so nice?"

"Mmm, I did not say that," Ilya replies. Shane frowns and starts to untangle himself from Ilya's grip, but the other man holds him in place.

"Fine, fine," Ilya relents, his eyes hazy with lust. "Anything you want, Hollander. Name it."

Shane has to suppress a grin. He's going to make Rozanov eat his words. "Alright," he says, titling his head and pretending to think it over. He lets the anticipation build before delivering the blow. "I want to fuck you, then."

Ilya, for once, is unable to control his face. His mouth drops open and his eyes widen in pure shock, like Shane's just asked him to relinquish his Stanley Cup title. Like it's the last thing he ever expected Shane to ask.

Shane holds out for as long as he can, but a smile finally spreads across his face. "You should see the fucking look on your face, Rozanov," he snickers. "You look *terrified*. What, you can dish it out but you can't take it?"

Ilya's expression darkens, and he throws Shane onto the bed before he can react. He pins Shane's wrists by his ears and presses his body into the bed with his own. "You have jokes now, Hollander?"

Ilya lowers his head and attacks the sensitive spot on Shane's neck right above his collarbone, making him moan and squirm in his grip.

"You said...nice," Shane gasps, trying desperately not to get distracted from his plan.

Ilya grins into his neck. "Is this not nice enough for you?" He grinds his hardening cock against Shane's, a move that would usually drive him half out of his mind.

Instead, Shane smiles at the ceiling, safe in the knowledge that Rozanov can't see his face. This is what he wanted - to disarm Ilya, to get him worked up and impatient and desperate for release.

Now, the *real* fun can begin. "I have an idea for something that would be even nicer."

Ilya raises his head and looks at him with mild interest. Shane uses one hand to push him away, then slides out from under his body and gets to his feet.

Ilya watches Shane cross the room and grab a chair from the corner, dragging it into the center of the room.

Right next to the foot of the bed.

Shane pats the back of the chair, making sure to keep his expression neutral. "Sit," he instructs, sounding more confident than he feels.

Ilya raises an eyebrow but gets to his feet. "You do not want me on the bed?" He asks, sounding more than a little confused.

"No," Shane replies simply, patting the chair again. Ilya sits down with a puzzled look on his face.

Instead of elaborating, Shane starts taking off his clothes. He undresses slowly, one piece at a time, taking time to fold each item. His heart pounds erratically as Ilya studies him with dark eyes. Shane wonders if the other man can see his pulse thudding in his neck.

When his clothes are off, he settles on the bed with his back against the headboard and his legs slightly spread.

Just like that night in Vegas, he's totally exposed under Ilya's gaze. Stripped naked, literally and metaphorically.

But it *feels* completely different now.

This time, Shane doesn't have to wonder if he's affecting Ilya, if he's making the other man's insides twist with want.

This time, he can see it; he can tell by Ilya's pained expression and the growing bulge in his jeans.

This time, *Shane* is in control. *Shane* has the power.

He smiles, small and seductive, and runs a teasing hand down his chest.

"What are you doing, Hollander?" Ilya's voice is rough and strained. He's struggling already, without even realizing what Shane is really up to.

He smiles again and reaches for the bedside table. "You need to rest, Rozanov," he says with mock sympathy. "Just relax."

Ilya's eyes land on the items in Shane's hand - a dildo and a bottle of lube - and his mouth drops open for the second time tonight. He closes it with an audible click.

"Suddenly I do not feel much like relaxing," he grits through clenched teeth.

Shane opens the bottle and drizzles lube on the first two fingers of his right hand. "I thought you liked to watch?" He asks steadily, holding Ilya's gaze.

He watches the puzzle pieces click into place in Rozanov's brain with immense satisfaction.

"It's what you asked for in Vegas, or am I remembering wrong?" He continues innocently.

"Hollander," Ilya says, his name like a warning, "I don't-"

“I don’t care.” Shane cuts him off, drunk on power or lust or maybe just the fucking relief of having Rozanov close again. “If you move before I say you can, I’m kicking you out of my apartment, Rozanov. I won’t touch you, and you sure as hell won’t touch me. Got it?”

Ilya’s thunderstruck expression only makes him more confident. Shane presses two fingers into himself with a soft groan, giving himself a moment to adjust to the stretch.

He’s played with himself enough times lately that it doesn’t take long.

Ilya watches Shane’s fingers move with singular intensity, the blue of his eyes swallowed by his dilated pupils. “You became very bossy this summer,” he tries to tease, but his voice is broken and shaky. *Affected*.

Shane picks up the pace of his fingers and adjusts the angle. He lets out a long, low moan and watches the sound rip through Ilya’s body like an earthquake. “Maybe I just became very *pissed off* this summer.”

Shane uncaps the lube and adds more to his fingers. When he starts to pump them again, the sound is so wet he feels it welling in his ears.

“Fuck,” Ilya curses, then murmurs a low string of words in Russian. He unzips his fly and starts snaking a hand down his pants, but he freezes when Shane makes a sound of disapproval.

“No. Don’t do that either.” Shane shivers and grips the sheets with one hand, playing up his reactions under Ilya’s rapt gaze. “Just... watch, Rozanov.”

“Shit, Hollander,” he groans. “I’m fucking dying here.”

“But I’m just getting started,” Shane teases, pushing to his knees and reaching for the dildo. He doesn’t give himself a moment to second guess his next move; he turns around to face the headboard, giving Rozanov an unimpeded view of what he’s about to do.

Ilya sucks in a ragged breath when Shane slicks the dildo with lube and reaches around to position it at his entrance. Shane is grateful that he’s facing away so the other man can’t see his cheeks heat. He’s never done this in front of anyone before, and he feels just as terrified as he does powerful. He exhales shakily and gently starts to push the dildo inside.

“Hollander,” Ilya chokes out, then pauses, like he forgot what he was going to say. Or maybe like his brain stopped functioning entirely, and he’s only able to conjure up Shane’s name on a loop. “Hollander-“ he starts again, more determined.

“I’m kinda busy here, Rozanov,” Shane pants, spreading his legs wider and letting his head dip between his shoulder blades. He’s probably not prepped enough for this, but that’s fine. It’ll just draw the process out, driving Ilya even more crazy as a result.

Shane smiles to himself. He really *does* love to show off.

He forces himself to relax around the tip of the dildo, allowing him to take another inch or so.

“Hollander, I can...go deeper. Make you feel better,” Ilya rasps, his voice pulled taut enough to snap. Shane doesn’t even have to look to know that Ilya is gripping the chair so tightly that his knuckles are turning white, that he’s so hard that his erection is starting to press painfully against his jeans.

“Thanks, but I feel *very* good right now,” Shane taunts, even though he knows Ilya’s dick *would* feel better.

“Then let me help, at least. *Please.*” Arousal rockets through Shane at the way Ilya is shamelessly begging, so desperate for Shane that he’s offering to fuck him with a dildo if that’s all he can get.

Precum leaks from Shane’s neglected cock, but he doesn’t give away his own desperation.

“I’m good,” he says casually, pausing his slow exploration with the dildo to glance at Ilya over his shoulder. “Can I get back to it, or did you need something?”

Ilya is staring at him like a man possessed. He’s leaning forward in his chair, staring unblinkingly between Shane’s spread legs. He looks...reverent. Devout, almost. Like he’d worship at the altar of Shane’s body if given the chance.

Ilya’s Adam’s apple bobs erratically when he swallows. “I need- *fuck*, Hollander. I need...”

Shane’s heart thuds painfully in his chest. He doesn’t just want to hear Ilya say the words; he *needs* to hear them leave his perfect, stubborn mouth. The same words he’d pulled out of Shane in Las Vegas.

He needs to know that he’s not alone in this all-consuming want, being crushed to pieces by his own desire.

He needs to know that Ilya, like him, waits helplessly for these stolen moments together, for the rare nights with the only person able to rearrange his broken fragments into a pattern that makes sense.

“What?” Shane asks, turning to face the suffering man in the chair, his voice soft but authoritative. “What do you need, Rozanov?”

Ilya’s chest heaves like he ran a marathon. For a long moment, Shane thinks he won’t be able to say it. That he won’t be able to be so vulnerable, to give up that much control. “To touch you,” Ilya says finally. “To feel you. To...make you feel good.”

Shane raises an eyebrow and waits. Ilya runs a frustrated hand through his curls. “*Fuck*, ” he whispers, his voice more desperate than Shane’s ever heard it. Full of desire and heat and something too raw to examine closer. “I need *you*, Hollander, okay? Is that what you want to fucking hear?”

Satisfaction and desire twist in Shane’s gut and pull, dragging him towards the man he knows he should stay away from.

In this moment, he couldn't care less.

Shane slides off the bed and walks to the chair, and Ilya's eyes stay fixed on his face the entire time.

"Yes," Shane whispers. "That's what I wanted to fucking hear."

Finally, *finally*, he reaches for Ilya, with the wild eagerness of a drowning man coming up for air. Ilya isn't the only one who's desperate; not after all the months apart.

Shane pulls Ilya's jeans and underwear down his thighs and climbs into his lap. "That wasn't so *hard*, was it?" He taunts, grinding against Ilya's stiff, bare cock with his own.

He groans and grips Shane's chin between his fingers with delicious intensity, so hard it hurts. Shane suppresses a whimper as warm fingertips dig into his jaw.

Ilya hums in approval and tries to pull Shane into a kiss, but he dodges his lips once again. Shane wants to end the torture for both of them, but not before he gets one final thing. One more act of penance.

"Christ, Hollander," Ilya pants, burying his face in Shane's neck and grazing the skin with his teeth. "What now?"

He pulls away and looks Ilya directly in his lust-addled eyes. "Maybe ask nicely," Shane whispers against his lips, repeating Ilya's instructions from that Las Vegas bathroom back to him.

The ice in Ilya's glacial eyes cracks apart, showing the raging waters underneath. "Hollander, please," he begs, and Shane feels his brain melt out of his body. "*Please* let me kiss that gorgeous mouth."

Ilya runs a thumb along his bottom lip and leans forward unsteadily, like he's pulled forward against his will. "Miss it so much. *Please*," he repeats, and it's like a dam bursts inside Shane.

He crashes his mouth against Ilya's, forgetting that he's injured, forgetting that he should be careful. With Ilya, with his own heart, with this whole fucked up, precarious thing.

All Shane's carefully assembled self control dissolves on Ilya's tongue, melts under the press of his warm fingertips. He grips the collar of Ilya's shirt and tugs, wanting to tear it off him, wanting to be skin to skin so he can feel the heat from his body and nothing else.

When Ilya breaks the kiss to tug the shirt over his head, Shane reaches down and takes both of their cocks in his hand. The slide of his palm is rough and clumsy, but Ilya shudders and writhes in his grip like it's the best thing he's ever felt. Grateful, Shane guesses, for any friction, any attention at all to his neglected cock.

"Come here, Hollander," Ilya growls, pulling Shane to him with one hand on the nape of his neck and one cradling his jaw.

And *oh god*, as fun as it was to be in control, to make Ilya squirm and beg and shake, this is what he'd really craved all this time - Ilya taking the reins, enveloping him with his body, his voice, and his smell, making Shane forget everything else.

Making him forget to be the Shane Hollander everyone *expects* and giving him space to just be *Shane Hollander*.

He moans and slips his tongue behind Ilya's teeth, wanting to memorize the taste of him. He feels ravenous, desperate to swallow up all his little sounds and pull more from his willing mouth.

Shane breaks away when he starts to feel lightheaded and presses his forehead against Ilya's. His heart lurches when he realizes Ilya is cradling his face with his eyes shut, searching blindly for Shane's lips.

There's something so intimate about it, so *trusting*, that it nearly tears Shane in two. He leans forward and gives Ilya another desperate kiss, then soothes his injured bottom lip with his tongue.

"Alright, Rozanov," Shane whispers, unable to keep the tremor out of his voice. "You can move now."

Ilya's eyes fly open, and the raw hunger in them takes Shane's breath away. "About fucking time," he growls, picking him up by the waist and throwing him on the bed like he weighs nothing.

Shane's not sure what he expects - probably something rough and punishing, the relentless snapping of hips fueled by months of distance and anger and lust and regret. For Rozanov to flip him onto his stomach or his knees, to enter him from behind and fuck him senseless after the torture Shane subjected him to.

What he does *not* expect is what actually happens - Ilya's lips never leave his body for more than a space of a single breath.

The man that was so cold and distant all those months ago is present in a way he never has been before, pressing Shane into the bed and showering him with kisses, performing a reverent exploration of his body all the way from his forehead to his toes.

It must hurt, given the state of Rozanov's face, but he never so much as winces. He stays singularly focused on Shane, maintaining eye contact as he works his way down Shane's trembling body.

Right around the time that Ilya latches onto his right nipple and starts to suck, Shane feels like his brain has left the building. By the time he's digging into Shane's thigh with his teeth, he feels like it's no longer in North America.

"Rozanov," he begs, clawing at the sheets with both hands, desperate for something more. "*Rozanov*."

"Making up for lost time," he murmurs into the sensitive skin of his inner thigh. "Do not rush me."

But Shane can tell from the set of Ilya's jaw and the wild look in his eyes that he's not going to last much longer. So he reaches for his own cock, giving it a few firm tugs as bait.

Ilya smacks his hand away and moves up Shane's body. "Ah, is my job," he scolds, sliding a condom on without missing a beat. He grips Shane's flushed cock in one big, warm hand as he finally, *mercifully* presses inside.

"Oh my god, *Rozanov*," Shane keens, spreading his legs to pull him in deeper.

"Fuck," Ilya grits, his shallow thrusts rapidly becoming harder and faster, "you feel even better than I remember, Hollander. Still so tight, even though you have that dildo up your ass all the time."

"Shut the fuck up," Shane pants, barely able to muster any outrage, "and fuck me harder."

He doesn't have to ask twice. Rozanov releases his cock and presses both of Shane's legs up and back into a mating press.

He can barely form one coherent thought as Ilya fucks into him while touching every inch of skin he can reach; his fingertips dig into the back of Shane's thighs, his lips brush the inside of his ankle, his pelvis smacks against his ass over and over again. Their limbs tangle together until Shane can't tell where he stops and Rozanov begins anymore.

Ilya's sweat is dripping onto Shane's chest when he feels his building pleasure start to crest - slowly, and then all at once. One more push and he'll be drowning in it.

"Are you..." Rozanov asks, unblinking eyes rapt on Shane's face.

"Yes, yes," Shane cries, his back arching when Ilya reaches down and strokes his cock in time with his thrusts. "Fuck, Roz-" He cuts himself off with a loud, desperate sound that's halfway between a moan and a sob, shaking uncontrollably as the pleasure cleaves him in two.

"Me too, *yes*, that's it, come for me-" Ilya murmurs praise until he can't speak anymore, until his hips are stuttering and his brow is furrowing and he's shuddering through an orgasm of his own.

When it's over, Ilya places one final kiss on his lips before dropping onto Shane's chest. For a while, only the sound of their rapid breathing fills the room.

And then Shane hears them - the short, breathless gasps of Ilya's uncontrollable laughter.

"Holy shit, Hollander," Ilya wheezes, shaking with mirth. "What the fuck was that? Did sex demon possess you or something?"

"Fuck off." Shane smacks the back of Ilya's head, but it's too late. He's shaking with laughter of his own.

...

“I should make you angry more often, Hollander.” Ilya, with a charged phone in his pocket and a taxi on the way, has one hand on the door of the back stairwell. But he’s leaning toward Shane like he doesn’t really want to go.

He’d never admit it, but Shane *wishes* he could stay. He always wants more of these stolen moments of freedom, always wishes they could stretch out their time in this little bubble even one second longer.

But it’s 3 in the morning and they have a game in less than 12 hours, so Ilya has to exit Shane’s apartment and enter the real world. Back to the place where they’re sworn enemies and the captains of rival teams that share the same secret.

Shane will have to join him there, eventually; tomorrow, he’ll have to leave this honesty behind and step back into the lie. He’ll leave this truer version of himself behind, once again becoming the Shane Hollander that everyone expects him to be.

But when tomorrow comes, at least he’ll have these memories with Ilya to hold him over until the next time. To remind him of what it felt like to be himself without any shame.

“This was a one time deal,” Shane warns. He crosses his arms and glares at Ilya disapprovingly. “If you pull that shit again, I’ll fucking kill you, Rozanov.”

When Ilya throws his head back and laughs, Shane feels like he’s just stepped into a sliver of sunlight.

He’s caught off guard when Ilya lurches forward and grips Shane’s chin with both hands, pulling him into a lingering kiss. It’s so tender and raw that it takes Shane’s breath away.

“After tonight I almost believe you, мой маленький демон,” Ilya murmurs against his lips.

“What does that mean?” Shane asks weakly, still trying to recover from the kiss.

“Little demon,” Ilya purrs, brushing their noses together.

Shane’s eyes snap open, and he shoves the other man away with a huff. “I’m not *little*. Fuck you, Rozanov.”

“I think we decided that *I* will be the one doing the fucking, yes?” Ilya pats his cheek and goes to leave, but not before throwing one final glance in Shane’s direction. He tells himself he’s just imagining the tenderness in Ilya’s gaze. “See you tomorrow, Hollander. Or I guess, later today. Don’t beat yourself up when you lose, okay?”

Shane flips Ilya off, of course. But he smiles all the way back up the stairs.



End Notes

Thank you so much for reading 🥰 if you feel so inclined, kudos & comments nourish my greedy soul <3

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