

lean back, just like that

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by [mysterious_ky](#)

Summary

Shane Hollander has a laundry list of problems at any given time, and being a vampire (while keeping it a secret) is pretty consistently at the top of the list.

His top problem right now, though? How much he *really* wants to sink his teeth into Ilya Rozanov, in every possible way.

Notes

HELLO HEATED RIVALRY FANDOM!!! baby's first hollanov AND baby's first smut. please be kind to me. i think i hit all the proper tags but lmk if i missed any. also lmk if you see any typos!!

had [this](#) reaction to a hudson williams photoshoot and came up with hidden freak vampire shane hollander so. this is probably slightly ooc i apologize im still getting used to how shane's inner monologue works. but i had soo much fun writing this lil thing i've been lowkey trapped in writer's block hell for months so #ThankYouHeatedRivalry for curing me

title from vampire bat by glass animals

Chapter 1: december, 2009

Chapter Notes

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

Shane would like to think he's a pretty sensible person. He kind of has to be, being who he is. Being *what* he is. He's reasonable, logical, responsible, all in all not prone to making stupid decisions...until now.

He's laying on his stomach between a pair of thick thighs, dick hard underneath him and pressed against the hotel sheets. He feels out of his mind. His mouth is pressed against hot skin and *Ilya Rozanov's cock* is in his hand and it was *in his mouth* a few minutes ago. He can't think. He barely feels aware of his body until—

"*Fuck*," Rozanov hisses as Shane digs his teeth into his thigh, *just* shy of breaking the skin. It feels like someone throwing a cold bucket of water over his head.

Shane pulls back suddenly, looking down at the red mark he left on Rozanov's skin. Shit. *Shit*. His eyes flick up towards Rozanov with alarm. "Fuck, I-I'm sorry," He winces. "I didn't mean to bite that hard, I swear."

He doesn't know what he's doing. Not just with Ilya Rozanov, a *man*, but right now, in general. His teeth and gums have been aching to sink into something and *suck* for days, but he hasn't had the time to feed with everything his mom has had lined up recently.

Not that she needs to know that, of course. Though he's one hundred percent certain if he doesn't drink before he sees her next she *will* know and *will* be on his case about it.

And then today in the showers, *God*. He'd never do something like this, have a hook up when he's as thirsty as he is. Hook up with *another player*. It's reckless and stupid but something about *Ilya Rozanov* makes Shane reckless and stupid, and he's really not strong enough to resist.

Especially when he can hear the thrum of his blood in his veins, hot and just under the surface of his skin.

And, apparently, he's weak enough that he nearly started to tear a chunk out of his thigh without consciously deciding to do that. Shane licks his lips. *Fuck*. He should focus. He should *stop*.

But now he's dug his teeth into the meat of Ilya Rozanov's thighs and he can't stop thinking of how Rozanov would taste. He can't smell his blood, but the taste of his skin and scent of his body is enough to make him salivate.

Focus.

To his surprise, Rozanov huffs out a breathy laugh and raises an eyebrow. "*Oh?* Polite canadian boy Shane Hollander has some bite after all?" He grins, his eyes dark as he leans down to pull Shane's lips up to his and hum into his mouth and *oh*, Shane thinks he could get addicted to this alone.

"Is okay, I like it." Rozanov nips at his bottom lip. "You can bite as hard as you want, as long as you do not mind getting same treatment, yes?" He raises an eyebrow questioningly.

Wordlessly, Shane nods. He moves back down, staring up at where Rozanov is leaning back against the hotel pillows and thinks, *I'd let the you do whatever you wanted to me*. Which is a little concerning considering they've barely ever had a proper conversation before today, but.

He'd rather not think about it.

The other boy nudges him with his foot when he's just laid there staring for a few seconds too long, pulling him out of his thoughts.

Shane gets back to work by kissing the spot he had bit before moving along slowly, dragging his lips over Rozanov's skin. He purposefully nips one spot, heat curling in his stomach when

he hears Rozanov's breath hitch just barely.

When he tests a harder bite on a meatier part of his thigh, careful with his teeth, he's rewarded with hissed Russian words and Rozanov's cock twitching in his hand.

Oh, fuck.

Rozanov liked this, really, *actually* liked it and Shane felt like his brain was short-circuiting. He dug in a little harder, his eyes rolling back as just the act of gnawing on something like this blissfully eased the ache in his teeth and gums.

He popped off before he could get carried away, because he definitely would, moving his mouth instead to Rozanov's cock and taking in as much of it as he could without gagging.

Which wasn't much, but judging by the way the Russian threw his head back, Shane doesn't think he minded all that much. He picked his head back up a second later, his smirk long gone as he panted openly and stared as Shane started to bob his head.

"Hollander, *God*," He breathed out, eyes wide.

And really, Shane was a little surprised he was getting reactions like that. He'd never done this before, and from the few blowjobs he had received from girls, he knew he wasn't exactly doing *well*.

He can only take a few inches at a time, he's pretty sure he's drooling everywhere, he can't move his head that fast, and he has no idea what to do with his tongue. But obviously, somehow, that was doing it for Ilya Rozanov, notorious playboy.

And *God*, the taste of him. Even the bitterness of his pre-cum made Shane feel crazy. How was everything about him so addicting?

He could taste and smell the arousal coming from the other people he had been with, but this was just...*something else*, entirely. The heady scent of arousal, sex, lust, *desire*...it was all pouring out of Rozanov and straight into Shane and he felt dizzy with it. He wanted to *drown* in it.

It feels like everything else fades away almost, after a little while. Shane manages to get into some kind of rhythm, bobbing and sucking and swallowing and occasionally pulling off to lick up the underside of Rozanov's length, looking up at him the best he could.

"You love it, don't you? Sucking my cock?" Rozanov questions breathily after a few minutes, the corner of his mouth curving up into what Shane would usually call an infuriating, mocking smirk. Now, though? Something about it makes his head feel fuzzy. That meant he was happy, right? Shane was doing good?

"So fucking good," Rozanov continues, as if he could read Shane's mind, his own hips twitching and his rhythm stuttering at the praise because *oh my god*.

Good, good, good, Shane was going good, he liked doing good. He let out a *loud, pathetic* sound, whining around his cock, and Rozanov's smirk turned into a grin. "Like that, too?"

The condescending tone makes Shane glare up at him, some of that fuzziness clearing from his mind. *Asshole*. The Russian laughs and shakes his head. "Ah, do not look like that, Hollander, you break my heart. Is not bad."

"You are good, doing *so* good. Of course you are, hm? Look so good, too." Rozanov's hand reaches down and he runs his fingers through Shane's hair, dragging his nails across his scalp and *oh*, that feels *nice*.

He hums at the feeling, his eyes slipping shut and he just barely hears the other mumble something, unable to make it out. Shane's breath hitches when the fingers in his hair tighten, lifting his head and pushing it back down.

Oh. He had stopped moving, at some point, just laying there with Rozanov's cock sitting in his mouth. He hadn't even noticed, he just, *fuck*, he can't *think*. Something in his stomach

dropped, an uncomfortable feeling coming up his throat. His eyes flutter back open to look up at Rozanov.

"Shhh, is ok," Rozanov cooed. "You are...natural?" Shane moaned.

"*Fuck, yes,*" The other panted as he kept moving Shane's head, up and down, up and down. "A natural cocksucker, but a lot to handle for first time, yes? Even for someone good like you. You do not need to worry, did so good. Relax."

Shane nodded as best he could, that uncomfortable feeling dissipating from the other's words. He didn't even realize *that's* what that feeling was from. Worry that he wasn't *doing good*. He kept doing that, knowing what Shane needed before he knew himself. It would be infuriating if it wasn't *hot as hell*.

That fuzzy feeling started to creep back over his mind again, and Shane lets it. He lets Rozanov take control. Lets himself not think, not move. He's pretty sure he might have stopped breathing at one point, which he hoped Rozanov didn't notice.

He drifts. Lets himself float.

Shane doesn't know how long it's been when the other lifts his head higher, his cock almost falling out of his mouth, and Shane whines, pushing himself back down.

Rozanov moans above him. "Hollander, you, *shit,*" He huffs as Shane keeps his head in place. "You need to get off, I'm—*fuck!*" He curses, and his hips twitch up, and Rozanov cums in Shane's mouth.

A bolt of pleasure rolls through his body and his hips roll down against the bed. Shane lets out a deep, satisfied moan as he swallows eagerly because it's so good and warm and holy *shit*, what the *fuck*? Why does it taste so *fucking good*?

After he swallows as much as he can, Shane pulls off Rozanov's cock in shock, worried he'd somehow cut it with his teeth and he'd been tasting blood, because it tasted *that good*, but the only thing he sees is Rozanov's softening, spit-covered member and leftover cum dripping from his lips down onto it.

So it just—okay. Right.

He doesn't get time to work through any of this before Rozanov is pulling him up into his lap, licking into his mouth and making the both of them moan. His hand reaches down between them to wrap around Shane's cock, and he hisses because for some reason it *hurts*. Rozanov pulls back, confused.

The two of them look down, and then back up at each other. Oh. "Did you...?" The other boy trails off, and Shane feels his cheeks start *burning*. He did. He 100% did. Shane Hollander came from sucking Ilya Rozanov's cock, *Jesus fucking Christ*. And, despite that, he was still hard.

Rozanov's eyes widen before they narrow, a determined look settling on his face. He starts jerking Shane off fast, twisting his wrist on every upstroke. Shane cries out and grips the other's shoulder. He's not surprised anymore, so it doesn't hurt as much, but fuck, fuck, *fuck*, it's overwhelming.

"You can give me another, yes?" Rozanov asks, a wild look in his eyes. He leans forward to kiss Shane again, humming. "One more, Hollander, I know you have another in you."

Half delirious, Shane nods, falling forward and laying his forehead against Rozanov's chest.

If you told Shane from this morning he'd be begging Ilya Rozanov to make him cum after already having an orgasm just from sucking his dick, he'd probably have punched you. And yet.

"Rozanov, *fuck*, please," He whines embarrassingly. Rozanov tightens his grip in response and he moans against his chest, picking his head up enough to lean into the Russian's shoulder. He's close, *he's so close*, he just needs a little more.

Rozanov uses his free hand to grab Shane by his hair and lift his head, putting his face into the crook of his neck. "*Bite.*" He orders, and who is Shane to refuse?

He has enough of his faculties still to hold back when he bites, as tempting as Rozanov's pulse under his teeth is, but he still opens wide and latches onto Rozanov's neck, moaning deeply as the relief and the hand on his cock finally, *finally* pushes him over the edge and he cums into Rozanov's fist. Fireworks explode behind his eyelids and his body feels like it's burning and *fuck*, it's perfect.

Shane sits there, straddling the Russian's thighs for a minute as he comes down. The only sound in the room is his own heartbeat and Rozanov's heavy breaths in his ear. He flutters his eyes open, not knowing when he closed them, and unlatches from the other's neck before he rolls over to the side to lay on his back, panting heavily. His body is still tingling.

He stares blearily up at the ceiling, mind still reeling from what was *begrudgingly* the best orgasm of his life. The best sex, definitely. He jumps when Rozanov tosses the tissue box from the nightstand at him, it landing on his stomach. He glares over at him, but the other just smirks.

"Best sex of your life, you think?" Rozanov asks, arching an eyebrow. Shane carefully controls his expression, because the last thing he needs is to give away that he was quite literally thinking exactly that.

Ilya Rozanov does *not* need a bigger ego.

"As if," Shane huffs and shakes his head, focusing on pulling out tissues to wipe up his stomach. He wrinkles his nose as he wipes. He's *definitely* cleaning up properly once he's alone. "You're so full of yourself."

"You wound me, Hollander." Rozanov sighs, and Shane feels the bed shift. He finishes cleaning up as much as he can for now, and looks over at the Russian to—

"Holy *shit!*"

Rozanov jumps and curses something in Russian, dropping his pants on the floor and looking at Shane like he's crazy. "What the fuck is wrong with you?!"

He scoots to the edge of the bed, eyes wide. Shane feels his mouth open and close, at a loss for words. He gives up and just points at his neck. Rozanov furrows his eyebrows but turns, turning on one of the lamps and looking in the mirror on the hotel room wall. His eyebrows raise and he freezes. "Oh."

Yeah, "Oh." sums it up.

He tilts his neck as he looks at the *large, purple bruise* right on the side of his neck, too high to cover with a normal shirt. Shane can see his teeth marks in it clearly from here. Rozanov has his underwear back on now, but if he pulled them down Shane's sure there'd be another one on his upper thigh, too. It's rough, and nasty, and the way it got there is clear enough.

It looks like it *hurts*.

Rozanov is still staring at it in the mirror, and they both wince when he reaches up to touch it. "Does it..." Shane swallows. "Does it hurt?"

Rozanov's eyes flick to his for half a second before looking back in the mirror, like he can't look away from the mark on his skin. He shakes his head and shrugs. "No, is fine. Don't feel a thing." He drops his hand. While there wasn't any evidence on his face to show he was lying, Shane has a feeling he is.

Fuck.

This was such a bad idea, *why* did he think it'd be a good idea to hook up with *Ilya Rozanov* when he hadn't *fed*? He should have backed out, how *stupid* was he? It's not like he likes the

guy but...Shane feels a lump form in his throat. He could have *hurt* him. Really, *seriously* hurt him.

"I'm, uh," Shane clears his throat, reaching for his own boxer briefs on the floor to pull them on. He feels weird having his dick out now. "I'm sorry, about that. I didn't mean to...do all that. I'm really sorry." Rozanov turns his head to look at Shane now, staring silently for a few seconds. If he sees Shane's inner turmoil on his face, he chooses not to comment on it.

Instead, a lopsided grin forms on his face. "Seriously, I told you to, and I said it was fine." He goes back to grabbing his clothes. "Now I can say I made *Shane Hollander* feel so good he couldn't control himself. A big accomplishment, don't you think?"

"You are such a *fucking asshole*." Shane says, failing to fight back a smile. He laughs reluctantly, before he pauses. "Wait, you're not *actually* gonna—"

Rozanov groans, rolling his eyes as he pulls on his pants. "*No*, Hollander, I'm not going to go around talking about how gay you were when you were sucking my cock. Are you going to tell people?"

"...No."

Rozanov just makes a gesture, like *well, there you go*. Which, yeah, he guesses that makes sense. Rozanov can't talk about what they did without outing himself in the process, so... okay. Right.

It's like he said with his coach's son. *Same secret*.

They're silent for the most part after that. Shane lays back on the bed while Rozanov finishes getting dressed. He *tries* not to stare, but, well. It's not like this is going to happen again, so he might as well take advantage. Besides, he only gets caught a few times.

Rozanov stands in front of the door when he's done, staring at Shane. His eyes rake over Shane's body casually, slowly. He smirks when it makes him squirm slightly.

"Goodnight." Rozanov says simply.

"...Night." Shane nods. A beat passes. Without another word, Rozanov turns and opens the door, leaving his hotel room.

Shane slides down on the bed, rubbing his hands down his face. *Holy fuck*. He just slept with a man. With *Ilya Rozanov*. He lets himself smile for half a second before he fights it back, feeling stupid.

There's still the case of...why Rozanov's cum tasted like *that*, that had him confused. That couldn't be normal, right? Was it a vampire thing? *God*, there was *no chance in hell* he was asking his *mother* anything about this. He shudders. Thinks.

...He wonders how good Rozanov's blood would taste.

Nope. Shane shakes his head to clear that thought and sits up. He needs a shower, and to probably find someone to feed from before he leaves tomorrow. Maybe he has a pack in his suitcase? He can't remember.

Shane strips back down and heads to the bathroom. turning on the water hotter than he usually likes in an attempt to distract himself from anymore thoughts of what he just did, of *who*.

He resolutely, *desperately*, ignores the fact that under all of the concern over maybe almost killing Rozanov, there's a sick, animalistic part of him that preens at the fact that Ilya Rozanov will be walking around with the imprint of Shane's teeth in his neck. *Marked by him*. A part of him that's maybe also a little dissapointed Rozanov couldn't return the favor.

Shane clenches his jaw and turns the water as hot as it will go.

Chapter End Notes

i sooo want to write more for this au....if yall would be interested in more let me know i've started taking it too seriously and have many ideas. (update: this fic now how 4 planned chapters so. hey.)

comments and kudos appreciated i eat them for nourishment <3 mwah

[tumblr promo post here!!](#)

Chapter 2: june, 2014

Chapter Summary

Shane doesn't know how they always end up here, consumed with each other. He doesn't know why he can't quit whatever it is they have, but surely Rozanov feels it too, or he would have ended things like Shane should have years ago.

He has to, or else they wouldn't be making out in a bathroom at the NHL Awards.

Chapter Notes

HELLO! SURPRISE! not really because i said i was working on more to people in the comments but hey you get the idea. THANK YOU ALL SM FOR ALL THE LOVELY COMMENTS ALSO??? had me giggling kicking my feet blushing the whole nine yards yall r so sweet they made my week...wasn't sure if i wanted to make this a chaptered fic or just make it a series but i think what i have in mind makes more sense to just make this chaptered. 4 chapters in mind rn :3

please enjoy part 2 in which hollanov are pathetic for each other even if they don't want to admit it and thats it dont worry about the tags at all. (do actually mind the new tags!! stay safe yall)

p.s if you see any typos or format fuck ups NO YOU DIDNT (please tell me. please. you have to.)

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

Something about Ilya Rozanov has shattered some part of Shane, if he's being honest.

Since meeting him six years ago, there's always been a constant but quiet voice in the back of his head chanting *Ilya, Ilya, Ilya*. He used to be able to ignore it, for the most part. Block it out, in a way. But it's only gotten worse since the night they first hooked up. *What's Ilya doing right now, where is he, is he thinking of me?*

Shane can't even say it's because of the sex, because the last time he saw Rozanov...just thinking about it makes his chest ache.

The entire day, he'd felt off. There was a pit of anxiety and worry in his stomach since the moment he woke up, *something* buzzing under his skin and setting him on edge, and then he saw Rozanov. The lifeless expression, the hard set of his jaw, the way that even his scent had gone cold and dull.

He's hurting, he's upset, do something, fix it, his brain had shouted at him over and over, and Shane had stupidly listened. Well, he *tried* to. He just wanted to talk, offer to listen, but Rozanov iced him out. He told him to go sit down and that they weren't anything and to *go away*.

That was almost six months ago, and it *hurt*, but still that voice was in the back of his head all the fucking time.

It never stops. He doesn't know what it means, really. He has guesses, knows on some instinctual level that it's a *vampire thing*, and he knows if he asked his mom she'd probably have an answer, but...he's more than a little worried of what she'd say. What she'd *ask*.

The thought of even remotely hinting to the fact that Shane's been, what, fuck buddies with Ilya Rozanov? To his *parents*? Yeah, no thanks.

So. Even though the problem has gotten harder to ignore, he's stubborn enough to pretend it hasn't. He doesn't think about it all that often.

(He does.)

—

Shane wipes the sweat from his hands on his pants as he fidgets, something he knows his mom would be chastising him for if she were backstage. Thankfully, she wasn't, so he was free to freak out how he saw fit. Which he was definitely doing.

Being a presenter at the NHL Awards was nerve-racking enough. He's never been the most sociable guy, and add in public speaking for television? In less than a minute and a half? *Fuck. That.* But really, the cherry on top of this whole thing was his co-presenter. Who was also *missing*.

The entire night and the half hour he's been waiting backstage, Shane hasn't even caught a *whiff* of Rozanov, literally or figuratively. He can sense him in some way, knows that he's here, at least, but they're on in five fucking minutes, and Rozanov is a no-show, so all of the stupid lines on the teleprompter won't make sense, and Shane will have no idea what he's supposed to say.

Less than 30 seconds before they're set to present, Rozanov slides into place beside him while fixing the cuffs of his suit, commenting on Shane's watch as if he isn't late, as if it hasn't been six months since they've spoken. He doesn't even look in his direction.

"Where the *fuck* were you? We're on in five seconds!" Shane hisses.

Rozanov laughs and shakes his head, still not looking at him. "I was busy."

"With *who*?" Shane winces internally at his tone. Even he can tell how it comes off. *Jealous*.

Thankfully, Rozanov either doesn't notice or doesn't care, not dignifying Shane with a response. They get cued the next second, and he's walking off, cocky grin on his face and eyes bright. What a *fucking asshole*.

Rozanov's hand grips the back of his neck a little too tightly to be accidental during their photo gag, and Shane has to fight the urge to roll his eyes back and go boneless. That same hand runs down his back to the top of his ass and *that* makes the fucked up part of his brain light up, and suddenly he's half hard in front of who knows how many people and he makes sure he doesn't make a face but—

Shane is so *angry*.

Shane is angry as he walks back off the stage, angry as he immediately rushes off to whatever bathroom he could find to have his breakdown in peace, and even though he could hear him coming a mile away and could have really lost him, Shane is angry when *Ilya fucking Rozanov* follows him.

He walks in slowly, casually. Looks around while he leans against the wall. They stare at each other for a few seconds before Rozanov snorts, and Shane's jaw clenches, torn between punching him and kissing him.

"Well...?" The Russian asks, and Shane's eyebrows shoot up.

They argue, Rozanov tells him to suck his dick, and Shane tells him to suck his before turning away. Suddenly, Rozanov is in front of him, *right* in front of him and grabbing his chin, turning it so they face one another, and Shane hates how easily he lets him do it.

"Maybe ask nicely," Rozanov says plainly. He tilts Shane's chin up so their eyes lock and raises his eyebrows expectantly, and Shane feels his anger dissipate in an instant, along with any remaining resistance he could have possibly had.

Shane feels dizzy with want. His cock is swelling in his pants, and Rozanov is here and closer than he's been in *months*, his scent tinged with arousal and filling his nose. Shane wants to tilt his head just a little, enough to pull the thumb near his lips into his mouth and taste the other man after so long, not as much as he wants to taste, but as much as he allows himself.

And after this long, he knows the quickest way to get what he wants is to listen. He swallows. "Please." He croaks.

Rozanov huffs and says a lot of words that basically equate to him telling Shane to ask *nicer*. Fucking asshole. Shane is fully, completely hard. Rozanov's hand drops and Shane blinks, forces out the words he knows the Russian wants to hear from his lips.

Rozanov just...stares at him for a beat until he looks away, and Shane doesn't like that. He needs...*something*, can't just stand here without Rozanov's gaze or touch, he feels

uncomfortably untethered. So he pushes their foreheads together.

He stifles a whine that tries to build in his throat, a choked whimper falling from his lips instead at how they're now even closer. The embarrassment he would normally feel is muted, overpowered by the way Rozanov fills his brain even more as he leans in further and buries his face in the crook of his neck, the other's cheek pressed against his head. He practically purrs at the feeling of Rozanov's skin against his.

Shane noses at the skin there and breathes in deeply, feeling himself smile loosely. *Fuck*, he loves the way Rozanov smells. Hot and deep and just...*Rozanov*. He doesn't know how else to describe it other than that. He smells even better turned on.

It's perfect. It's perfect because it's *him*. Shane is so achingly hard.

God, Shane wants to taste him so fucking bad, *really* taste him. He swallows. It'd be so easy like this, and he knows Rozanov would taste...*perfect*. He could just lick over the pulse in his throat, sink his teeth in, and drink as much as he'd let him.

He wants to nick his lip and get a single drop before Rozanov grips his hair in his fist and yanks him away because he wasn't given permission yet, he hasn't earned the chance to drink from him. Shane wants to drag his teeth along the vein in Rozanov's neck teasingly before he digs his fangs into it and feeds until he can feel Rozanov's heart flutter under his touch, until his eyes roll back and he just about passes out before Shane pulls away and licks the mess of it clean, and they kiss, lips hot and slick with blood.

"Hollander."

Shane jolts a bit, but he doesn't pull away, and Rozanov doesn't make him. "Hmm?" He hums. He furrows his eyebrows. Had Rozanov been talking?

Rozanov laughs, low and in his throat, and Shane can feel the vibrations of it against his cheek. He smiles. Rozanov has a nice laugh. He presses a soft kiss to his neck, and he stops laughing then, which Shane only barely notices, too focused on the way he hears the other's heartbeat stutter.

Rozanov carefully pushes him upright, and Shane panics for a half second, thinking he did something wrong, but it subsides when Rozanov's face comes into view.

He's smiling. Not one of his camera smiles, all smug and cocky, and not one of the boyish grins he usually wears after fucking with him. No, this one is different. It's so sweet and so *soft*. Shane would even say it's almost...fond.

He hooks a finger under Shane's chin, his eyes moving between Shane's own and his mouth, not saying anything for a moment. Shane licks his lips and shivers at the way Rozanov's gaze locks onto them then. "What did you say? Before?"

Rozanov frowns and shakes his head. "Nothing, don't worry about it." He tilts Shane's head up a bit when it dips forward and huffs. "Was being stupid."

He steps forward, pressing Shane back against the stall and pressing his thigh against the now *very* noticeable bulge in his dress pants, making Shane's breath hitch. "*Fuck.*"

The soft smile is gone now, the Russian's usual smirk back in place, along with an arched eyebrow. "So hard already, and I haven't done anything to you yet." He moves his hand up to hold Shane's face upright when it dips again. He feels so disjointed, in the best possible way. "Are you always this desperate for it?"

Shane feels himself blush. He shakes his head, unintentionally nuzzling into Rozanov's touch, his eyes slipping shut again. "Just you."

"Just me?"

Shane hums. "Only for you."

A beat passes. Then two. Rozanov's thumb brushes his bottom lip.

Before Shane can open his eyes again, Rozanov pounces on him, kissing him like he's starving for it. Shane's hips twitch forward, pushing himself purposefully into the pressure he had been passively enjoying. Rozanov's tongue slips into his mouth and licks against the back of Shane's teeth, and the moan he lets out is not only obscene, but *way* too loud for some isolated bathroom at the NHL Awards.

Rozanov pulls back, shushing him quietly but *fuck*, he can't take it. He keeps rubbing off on Rozanov's leg, pressing his forehead against the other's as he pants. "*Please*," He whines, fighting to stay as quiet as possible. "I need it, I can't—" He gasps. "*You, need you*," He manages to focus his own hazy eyes to look into Rozanov's wide ones. He looks *hungry*.

Fuck, fuck. Fuck the expectations, fuck the media, fuck the NHL, fuck anybody who isn't the two of them right now, in this moment, He thinks, and he feels his eyes watering. Shane needs *him*.

"Please, I need you, *Ilya*," He cries out, tears dripping down his cheeks, and even though he's probably disgusting right now, Ilya grabs his face with both of his hands and kisses him deeply, moaning into Shane's mouth and pressing his thigh harder against his straining cock. "*Shane*," Ilya breathes into his mouth, and *oh*.

The sound of his name, *Shane's first name*, falling from Ilya's lips, in his voice, with that accent, said like *that*? Shane cums nearly instantly.

His eyes roll back and his mouth falls open, though no sound comes from him as he spills into his pants, Ilya's hands on his waist while he mouths at his jawline and neck as he comes down. Even as the burning heat of his orgasm fades and he starts to shake slightly, the solid warmth of Ilya's touch keeps him from crashing. Their cheeks press together when they separate slightly to pant heavily.

He wonders if the other man finished, but...Shane's nostrils flare, and he giggles slightly. *Ilya came in his pants*. There's a strange pride in being the cause of that...and it's also kind of *really* funny.

Ilya pulls back when Shane giggles again, eyebrow arched and an amused look on his face. Shane leans back against the stall, biting his lip in an attempt to fight back anymore laughing. *God*, he feels high.

The other shakes his head, lifting his hand to wipe something from Shane's chin. "You are not in any state to be seen by other people." Confused, Shane furrows his eyebrows. Ilya nods towards the bathroom mirror, so he looks to his right, and he looks at himself in shock.

He's a *mess*. His hair is sticking up in ten different directions, his suit jacket rumpled and wrinkled from where Ilya had grabbed at him, and his *face*. His skin is flushed, and his lips are swollen from how forcefully they had been kissing. His brown eyes are blown wide and glassy.

As he looks at himself, Shane watches as Ilya leans in slowly. "You look..." He pauses, nosing at his neck and humming low in his throat. "Even if you did not care, I would not let anyone else lay their eyes on you. This is all mine, all for me. Yes?"

Shane nods, shuddering. He can't quite get hard again yet, but his dick is giving a valiant effort in his soiled pants. "Ilya, please..." He trails off, not knowing what exactly he's begging for in the moment. He trusts Ilya to know what he needs. He always has, hasn't he? Since the beginning.

"Yes," The Russian nods, cupping Shane's face and kissing him on the mouth again. "I know, I will give you what you need. Give me your phone?" Shane gives up on questioning him and fishes his phone out of the pocket in his jacket, unlocking it before handing it over. Shane trusts him.

Ilya's hand is still on his face, rubbing his thumb over his cheek as he works on whatever it is he's doing. Shane hums and leans into the touch, still feeling warm and out of it. He missed this so much. He doesn't know how long they stand there before Ilya pockets his phone, looking back at him and smirking. "Come, we go to my room."

In all honesty, Shane is barely aware of his surroundings as Ilya carefully leads him through staff areas and stairwells. He's more focused on the feel of Ilya's hand in his, how nice the touch feels. He doesn't think they've touched this much outside of actively fucking before. Mostly, he just wants to get his mouth back on the other.

Shane wants to kiss and taste and lick and suck all over Ilya's body. Wants to take his cock into his mouth and fuck himself on his fingers until his hole is stretched enough for Ilya to slide in and fuck him until he can't think.

He wants Ilya to kiss him and moan his own name into his mouth again, wants to hear *Shane, Shane, Shane*, in Ilya's perfect voice, the same way Shane's mind is screaming his name the same way.

It feels like an eternity and an instant at the same time before they're in Ilya's room. He shoves Shane back against the door before it even shuts, groaning into his mouth and desperately pulling at Shane's shirt where it's tucked into his pants.

"Off," He hisses as they stumble through the room, never letting go of each other. "All of it, off, now."

Shane whines and obeys, helping Ilya pull his own clothes off. He works on his pants while Ilya pulls off Shane's jacket and shirt, carefully folding them in half and draping them over the back of the couch they pass on their way to the bed.

The two of them make it to the bed, half-naked in different ways, Shane still clothed on the bottom and Ilya on the top. The taller pushes him, making him fall back against the bed, and his eyes widen in surprise as he bounces a bit. Ilya huffs a laugh, and Shane grins back at him, scooting himself back and pushing his pants and underwear down as Ilya pulls off the rest of his clothes.

Shane props himself up on his elbows and looks down, unsurprised that he's fully hard again at this point, no problem there. His mouth drops open as Ilya immediately drops onto his stomach between his spread legs and licks up his cum covered cock, his gaze burning into Shane's.

"All this for me?" He asks, and maybe if they'd just started, Shane would have fucked with him and given a smartass reply, but he doesn't even think to now, just nodding. Not for the first time, Shane feels like cornered prey as Ilya grins up at him.

"Ilya," He whines again. He can't get enough of saying the other's name, of the *look* Ilya gets in his eyes every time.

"Fuck, Shane," Ilya says with his lips on his shaft, and it twitches against them as Shane falls back, his elbows slipping. Ilya kisses his way up his chest, scraping his teeth on a nipple on his way, whispering *Shane* constantly. It feels like so much but not enough at the same time.

It's like they can't get enough of it now, their names falling from each other's lips constantly every second.

"Ilya," Shane moans as he wraps a hand around the other man's cock.

"Shane," Ilya breathes as he works his lubed fingers in and out of Shane's asshole.

Eventually, Shane ends up in Ilya's lap, sinking onto his cock. They kiss sloppily, licking into each other's mouths as he starts to ride him, and it's still not enough, he needs *more*. Ilya slides his hands under Shane to help him after a little while, knowing he can only go on his own for so long. He pulls away from Ilya's mouth to move down his jaw to his neck.

Shane lets out a pathetic, long whine after he inhales, his eyes rolling back as he takes in Ilya's smell, and he salivates like a dog. He knows what he needs. Ilya's pulse is thundering in his ears, and his blood is rushing right under the thin barrier of his skin, and he knows what it is now. Shane knows what it is he's missing, *Shane knows what he needs*.

"Shane, *Shane—!*" Ilya gasps, but he barely hears it. It's barely a choice, really. Before Shane knows what he's going to do, his teeth are biting down without restraint, fangs sinking into Ilya's neck, and his vision whites out as he *sucks*.

The taste of Ilya's blood is...indescribable. *It's perfect*.

It's the best blood he's ever tasted, nothing could possibly compare. The best he ever will taste, too. It's hot and thick and he doesn't know if it's in his head, never fed from anyone like this before, but it's like he can taste the arousal in his blood. He can taste how much Ilya wants him, wants this.

Shane sucks and sucks, gulping it down in large mouthfuls, some of it dripping down his chin, but he *doesn't care, it's so good*. Ilya is inside him in every possible way, his senses overwhelmed with Ilya, Ilya, *Ilya*. He digs his teeth in harder, wanting more, *needing* more.

Ilya whimpers, and Shane's eyes snap open.

Shane pulls away, clear on the other side of the bed in an instant, looking over Ilya with a horrified expression on his face. *Oh, god*.

Ilya's eyes are lidded and glassy, not in a sexy way, but in a *totally-fucking-out-of-it* way. There's a hand-shaped bruise on the left side of his neck, *Shane's handprints*, and he thinks he's going to be sick. And the blood. The blood.

His neck isn't gushing, not with how Shane's saliva works, but there's *so much* of it. On his neck, dripping down his chest, onto the bed. Ilya weakly lifts a hand towards him, and Shane recoils.

"Shane...?" He pants, wincing. "You don't, *fuck*," Rozanov hisses when he tries to turn his head.

Shane slides off the bed, shaking his head, swallowing, breathing heavily. There's so much blood, and he wants to lick it up and suck it from the fabric of the sheets, and Shane feels disgusted.

He needs to go. Shane can hear Rozanov's pulse, slowed but steady, and knows he'll be fine. Shane needs to *go*.

"I—I'm sorry, I'm so sorry," Shane says hoarsely, so quiet he doesn't even know if Ilya can hear him. He opens his mouth and chokes on a sob, and he wants to slap himself. *Get it together.* "I'm so sorry, *I'm so sorry,*" He repeats over and over and over as he bolts around the room unnaturally, grabbing his phone and clothes and pulling them on as fast as possible, not bothering to keep up appearances anymore. He grabs a towel as he does and drops it on the bed.

"Shane, wait!" He hears as he flashes out the door, but he doesn't stop or turn back, doesn't know what he'll do if he hesitates. He's in his own hotel room in less than a second, hyperventilating with tears streaming down his face. He slides down to the floor.

There have been times he's been frustrated with what he is, with how it intrudes on his life, on *hockey*, times he's worried about outliving his friends, or the multitude of other problems he's had to figure out all his life. For the most part, however, thanks to his parents, he's been able to accept being a vampire and everything that comes with it.

Right now, though? Sitting here looking in the hotel room mirror across from the door, his eyes bright red, face cheeks covered in tears, and the blood of the man he thinks he might love covering his mouth, chin, and neck...

Shane hates himself. He really does. He both looks and feels like what he's always been afraid of turning into.

A monster.

Chapter End Notes

so. that was an experience. my bad? also just so we are clear ilya was hardcore fucking with shane trying to eat him he wanted that shit REAL bad. freak4freak hollanov my beloveds. also also if their feelings seem a little ooc/soon...trust the process ok i got plans....it'll make sense soon....hopefully.

i dont want to promise anything because my ability to write fluctuates greatly due to various factors but i hope to have the next chapter out ASAP!!!! in the meantime i will be yapping about them on my [tumblr](#) and my asks/dms r always open if you'd like to chat or ask stuff :3

[chapter 2 promo post here!](#)

kudos and comments of all kinds nourish me om nom nom okay love u all BYE!

Chapter 3: october, 2014

Chapter Summary

It feels like everything is crashing down around him, or maybe it has been for longer than he'd like to admit. But, whatever happens, he knows his parents will always be there to help him rebuild.

Even if they think he committed a crime, apparently.

Chapter Notes

wrote the summary for this and went haha ilya doesnt have anyone to help him rebuild and then wanted to DIE. so sorry ilya. ANYWAY. peep the chapter count! this chapter was 8k+ and that felt crazy so i did decide to split it up and post this part, so we are indeed now on track for a 5 chapter fic. also peep the updated tags!!

there are a couple time skips/a flashback in this, and i added a date into the flashback section, but if it doesn't read well/clear let me know and ill add the dates in more clearly!! i was going back and forth with it and figured i'd just see what the people said because i couldnt decide jskjsfgkjdfg

ALSO. im gonna add some things into the end notes that might kind of explain what i was thinking as i was writing because aus like this are sooo interesting to me and i take them way too seriously erhjdhfgjhdfg so if yall fw that it'll be down there somewhere hopefully. ANYWAY. i hope u guys enjoy :)

[tumblr promo post!](#)

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

Shane doesn't feel the passage of time. He doesn't know how long he sits there on the hotel room floor, staring at nothing, body stuck in a state of fight or flight. All he knows is when he breathes for the first time in hours, the time the mirror is reflecting sunlight in his eyes, and the digital clock on the table beside it reads 8:30 AM.

Fuck. He looks back at the mirror, but turns away just as fast, bile rising in his throat at the dried blood covering him. Alright. He needs—*fuck.* Okay. One step at a time. He needs to clean up. Shane feels like a robot as he carefully gets up, his body on autopilot.

Walk to the bathroom. Don't look in the mirror, keep the lights off. Take off his clothes. Turn on the shower. Scrub his body as hard as possible without looking down so he doesn't see the blood go down the drain. Deep breaths. The smell, thankfully, is mostly overpowered by his shower products.

It's like his brain comes back online when he steps out of the shower, his body shaking as he looks around, blinking his eyes into focus. The mirror is directly across from him. Thankfully, his skin is red from how roughly he washed himself, but not red from being covered in blood. Good, that was good. He hears a buzzing from the pile of his clothes in the corner. He should check that next.

But, *ah*. He winces as the air conditioning turns on automatically, the buzzing of the system kicking in loudly. *Too loud*. He needs to deal with that first.

And the back of his head...? Oh. It's gone.

Small steps. He knows what works when he's like this, and it's small steps. Shane turns off the air and shuts the curtains completely. He pulls on clothes he knows won't irritate him and then...phone, right. Phone. He's careful when he pulls it from his crumpled dress pants, his nose wrinkling. He needs to fold the pile. Later. He sits on the bed and opens his phone.

Wow. It must have been going off the entire time he was sitting there. There are *countless* notifications. Texts and calls from his mom and dad, and a string of messages from both J.J. and Hayden. A couple from his coach, and—

Lily.

Shane has 3 missed calls and 10 text messages from Ilya Rozanov, all from late last night. He taps on the notification before he can even think about it, and he can't bring himself to put his phone down.

Lily: Jane
fuck
Hollander pick up
answer my fucking calls
11:34 pm

Lily: I am fine
I drank juice from mini bar and ate the overpriced stale cookies. and vodka.
assuming you are freaking out, I do not think I will get a response until morning.
I am not upset.
messy? yes. worried about you. but not upset.
I will not say anything. call me when you see these, please.
11:59 pm

Shane slams his phone down on the bed, his head starting to pound again. He puts his head in his hands and slides down the sheets until he's lying on his back, a manic laugh building in his throat. He got up quickly and started pacing around the room, spiraling rapidly.

Ah—That feeling in his head again. Ignoring that.

Fine, Ilya was fine. He wanted to laugh. Shane had been trying so hard not to think about it, but fuck. His heart hurt and his head hurt and Shane could not get the image of Ilya lying in bed, disoriented and bloody and hurt out of his brain. Hurt because of *him*. What if Shane hadn't of stopped? What if he kept going, too lost in the act of guzzling down Ilya's blood like some feral animal and letting it's warmth fill his stomach until his heart stopped and he was cold and lifeless, limp in his arms.

Shane whimpered, both at the image that thought formed in his mind and in pain. His hands had found their way to his hair, pulling at the strands in the back roughly. Shit, *fuck*.

It wasn't even like Shane was thirsty last night. He even made sure he wouldn't be, drinking extra blood bags because he knew he was going to be near Rozanov, and he *knows* how Rozanov makes him feel. Drinking extra had always been enough, it's what Shane had always done before their meetings. Why was last night different? Why did he lose control? Why does *Ilya Rozanov* disrupt every *fucking* part of his being?

Well. It doesn't matter. They hadn't spoken in six months before last night, things were basically over until...*the bathroom incident*. This had to stop, whatever *this* was. For good. He can't risk hurting Ilya again, especially now that Shane had gotten a taste of his blood... God, he hates the way his mouth waters remembering the feel of it flowing into his mouth.

Shane jumps when there's a knock on the hotel room door. The scent hits his nose half a second later. "Shane? Honey, are you up?"

Mom. It's his mom.

Suddenly, Shane feels like crying all over again. Before she can knock again, Shane is at the door and pulling her inside. She yelps but laughs warmly as he wraps his arms around her, burying his face in her neck. Her laughter pauses when he feels tears wet her skin, and she returns his hug.

"Shane? *Oh*, honey, what's wrong?" She asks, voice frantic. Shane's only response is a choked sob, because suddenly his throat is too tight to speak.

"I don't—Shane, I don't understand, what's going on?" Her voice pitches up at the end, full of confusion. She tries to pull away, but he holds tighter. Shane hiccups into her neck because *Jesus*, how does he explain this to her? How does he explain what he's done?

She pulls away lightning fast, all of a sudden, eyes wide and looking over him, her nostrils flaring. "Are you hurt? I smell blood, where...did something happen?!" Her eyebrows scrunch together when she doesn't see anything.

"No, I—I'm fine, it wasn't me, I just," He interrupts himself with a sob, and she reaches up to hold his face, worry pouring off of her. "I fucked up, Mom, *I fucked up*. There was so much blood—"

Her eyes light up in understanding, then. Well, partial understanding, at least. He waits for her face to harden professionally and turn serious, for plans to be laid out and statements drafted and emails to be written. He waits for *Manager Yuna Hollander*.

Instead...none of that happens. Instead, she leads him to the couch in the room and makes him lie his head in her lap. She holds him and rubs his back and coos softly, whispering comforting words as she runs her hand through his hair and wipes his face. Shane is 23 years old and sobbing in his mother's lap. A part of him is mortified at his behavior, at acting like a child and feeling so small. Mostly, he feels relieved.

"How are you feeling?" She asks gently, some amount of time later.

Shane chuckles wetly and shakes his head. "Like shit."

"But better than before?" He nods, and she relaxes a little, the crease between her eyebrows smoothing out. "Good."

He sits up carefully, waving her off when she tries to stop him. He thinks this is more of a sit-up conversation, probably. He bites his lip nervously. "Why'd you come over?"

She gives him a confused look. "Well. When you texted me last night—"

"Wait," Shane interrupts. "I texted you?" He didn't remember texting her at all, except for when he headed backstage before he presented.

She pulls out her phone, navigating to her messages with him before turning the screen towards him, and his eyebrows raise.

***Shane:** I do not feel well, I think I am going back to my room to sleep. I am okay, we can talk in the morning. Love you.*

Oh.

Despite himself, Shane laughs. *That* was why Rozanov had asked for his phone. He had thought to text his mom for him. It threatens to bring a new wave of tears, but Shane manages to keep it together. "Yeah, that," He sniffs. "That wasn't me."

She smiles softly. "I kind of figured." She says softly. "...Would you like to tell me who it was, then?"

He takes a breath. Shane's mouth opens, then closes. He clenches his jaw and looks resolutely down at the fabric of the couch. His mom's hand reaches out and rests over his, not rushing him or pushing him, but comforting him. Reassuring and solid. Shane breathes in carefully.

"Ilya Rozanov." He mutters.

Her hand had been rubbing over his knuckles, but it freezes now.

Silence. Zero response. God.

Fuck.

Holy shit, why wasn't his mom saying anything?

Finally, after the longest 10 seconds of his life. "You killed *Ilya Rozanov?!'*" His mom says, horrified.

His head snaps up, eyebrows raised high. "*Killed?!'*" He sputters. Shane shakes his head frantically. "No, no, no! Nobody is dead, I didn't *kill* anyone, what the fuck?!" He laughs incredulously from pure shock. Out of everything he could have expected his mom to say when he basically came out to being with Ilya Rozanov of all people, *that* was not one of his guesses.

"But...you hate him! And he's an asshole! And there was blood!" She pulls back, shaking her head to clear it. "Okay, hold on," She takes a breath. "Just. You explain what happened last night, alright, sweetheart?"

Oh boy.

By the time he's gotten through everything, his face is thoroughly red, and Yuna Hollander is sitting beside him blankly, blinking at him like he has two heads. Which, well. Yeah, that's understandable.

Once he finishes, she pulls him into a hug, and his eyes water for the third time. Shane can tell she's confused and worried, but her first response was still to hug him. God, he loves her so much.

"I love you, you hear me?" She whispers against his ear, squeezing him tighter. "I love you no matter what, and so does your father, and—" She takes a breath. "And I'm sorry that you thought you couldn't tell us." His mom leans back and cups his face with both hands, thumbs rubbing his cheeks. "Can you forgive me?" Her voice is so gentle, so *earnest*.

He nods, because of course he does, and he tells her as much. She kisses him on the forehead.

"Now," She wipes under her eyes where her own tears had collected. She stands up and starts to walk back and forth, arms crossed. Shane bites back a laugh at how quickly she switches up.

"I haven't heard about the..." She gestures, trying to find the word she's looking for. "...*connection*? Whatever you have, with Rozanov. My parents never mentioned anything like that to me, but I very much doubt this is the first time something like this has happened. I'm sure if I looked through some of those old books they gave us, I could find something." She nods to herself as she thinks outloud. "If not, we could always make a drive up there." She shrugs.

Now, there wasn't exactly a wealth of vampire information, no kind of vampire support groups or education systems. What they were was a secret, and Shane had yet to meet anyone else like him. A lot of what his family knew was from trial and error, pure accident, or, sometimes, his grandparents' books.

While his mom isn't a full vampire, or even as much of a vampire as he is, she knows just about everything. From the stories he's been told, his grandmother on his mom's side was turned sometime before she got with his grandfather, and she didn't turn him until after they had his mom, so she was only half. Still, she was raised with as much information as they could possibly come up with on their *condition*.

They were still very much alive, just...not too keen on the joys of human society after so many years. They lived somewhere up north in a very nice forest, and there were quite a few summers in his memories of traveling up there with his mom and dad. Fewer memories of them coming down to Ottawa, but they had a couple of times. They were family, and they all loved each other, even if they hadn't met up in years.

Shane's dad, on the other hand? David Hollander's grandparents hadn't been vampires, his parents hadn't been vampires, and he had no reason to believe he himself was a vampire, until he met Yuna. There's a certain kind of...innate awareness of each other that vampires have. If you're a vampire, and you meet another vampire, you just *know*.

Shane's dad didn't know what that feeling meant, but his mom did, and when she came up to talk and ended up asking his *favorite blood type*, well. Even if she was a little crazy, his dad was too enamored with her to care if she was. Which he did think for a little while, until she explained.

Long story short, if his mom didn't know something, Shane wasn't going to hold his breath on them finding any other leads.

Yuna pauses her pacing to look at Shane, looking over him. He can tell she's going to ask him something he doesn't want to answer before she opens her mouth. "How long have you and Rozanov...?"

"Uh," He rubs his palms on the tops of his thighs, looking away when he says the words. "Since...2009." He mutters the words, but he knows her ears could pick them up. He expects her to be surprised when he looks at her face again, and there's a bit of surprise there, but Shane thinks she looks...sad, mostly.

"You've been in love with him since your rookie season?" She says softly, a bit of awe in her voice.

His first instinct is to deny it, of course, because he hasn't been. Hah, imagine! Neither of them was in love. The problem is, though, when he thinks about it? Maybe she's not wrong.

Shane knows he is *now*, but he can't put a finger on when he started feeling the way he does. He wants to say he's sure he hasn't always been in love with the Russian, because that'd be ridiculous, right? But he can't remember a time he didn't want every part of Ilya Rozanov, a time where he didn't want, deep down, for him to stay the night and for Ilya to be there when he woke up in the morning.

So he nods. Maybe Shane Hollander has always been a little in love with Ilya Rozanov.

His mom laughs and coos at him, grabbing his cheeks again, this time just to mess with him. "Look at you, how could I have not noticed my baby was in love when you get a look like this on your face?" He blushes, and she laughs again, a little sad this time. "How could I have missed this?"

Shane looks away, shrugging. "We tried really hard to hide it, I guess."

She looks at him for a few moments before patting his cheek and stepping away. "Let me get you something warm to drink." She turns and heads to his suitcase, reaching into the spot he keeps his blood and taking out a bag to place into the microwave. It's not his favorite method, it makes the blood taste a little funny, but it's better than drinking it cold.

She turns to him as it spins, sighing. Oh, *there's* his 'momager', he can practically see the plans as they form in her head.

"I'm going to trust your judgement here. Is there *any* chance of this leaking at all? Do you think Rozanov will go to the press or police? Say you attacked him?" She looked off and shrugged with her hands. "Well, not that anybody would believe him," She looks back. "... but we will need to make a statement if he does."

"No chance." Shane shakes his head, resolutely and completely sure of his answer. "I—He texted me last night. Called, too. He said he wouldn't say anything, but even if he didn't, I'd give you the same answer."

He means that, too. Ilya was an asshole, but he wasn't an *asshole*. He wouldn't do that...and he wouldn't risk being painted as a psychopath and ending his career, either.

Listening to him, his mother's eyebrows raise. "He texted you?" He hums, and she smiles. "That's good then, isn't it?" The microwave goes off, and she turns back around to grab the pack.

"Maybe you can...explain things. You've been together this long, he'll have to learn the truth eventually if you two keep things serious—"

Shane's face scrunches up, and he recoils at her words. "What—Mom, no," She freezes before tilting her head, not understanding. Shane shakes his head. "I'm not..."

He breathes. "I'm not doing this anymore, with him. I'm not putting him at risk like that again just to be with him."

Yuna laughs shortly, handing him the still hot pouch. "Honey, it's not like dating somebody else will be any better. There's always going to be that risk, even me and your father have dealt with it. It's not any—"

"It *is* different, though, Mom!" He interrupts, suddenly angry. Why isn't she getting this? "You know it is!"

He stands, starting to walk around again. He wonders if they'll wear a path into the floors at this rate. "You and Dad...It's not like *this*. You don't have a voice in the back of your head worrying over him and *only* him every second of the day. You can't *sense* Dad like this, you can't feel when he's in the same building."

Shane scoffs incredulously. "And it's more now, stronger. I can *feel* him, Mom. I can tell he's two floors above this fucking room and—" He winces. Right on cue, that feeling he'd been getting in the back of his head the entire morning creeps back in. It's like a signal, pinging *Ilya's location* to his stupid fucking brain.

"Okay, okay," His mom says shakily, hurrying over to him and wrapping her arms around him again. He latches onto her as he tries to calm himself down. "I'm sorry, I didn't realize...I didn't know it was so *intense* for you, honey." She squeezes him tightly, and he feels his body slowing down.

"It's okay, it's," He stammers. "I didn't mean to freak out. I don't know where that came from. I don't know how to put this into words in a way that makes sense. It's just a lot. I can't see him anymore, Mom." He feels her open her mouth to object, so he adds on something else.

"At least, not until we figure out what's wrong with me. Or with my head, or whatever." It's not a lie, not exactly. Shane just honestly has no confidence that they'll be able to fix whatever is wrong with him. Whatever Ilya Rozanov has broken in his brain.

His mom lets him go, holding him by his shoulders as she looks over his face with a contemplative expression on her face. "Okay. If that's what you want, that's what we'll do."

He relaxes minutely. "Thank you." He breathes.

She sighs and rubs his shoulders. "It just seems like...he made you really happy." She shrugs, eyes a little glossy. "And all I ever want is for my baby to be happy." She smiles fondly.

Shane swallows, not saying anything. He nods once in response.

His mom pets the back of his head before kissing his cheek and saying she should run off and find his father before he starts worrying, and so they can bring him up to speed and come up with a proper game plan. When she leaves, Shane takes a deep breath. That was a lot.

He looks down at the blood bag still in his hand, not hot anymore but still warm. He hums and nips a hole into the corner with one of his fangs and starts to drink...before nearly gagging as soon as he tries to swallow.

Fuck, it tastes like...like *dirt*? It doesn't taste rancid, or make him feel sick instantly the way blood does when it goes bad, but...*Jesus Christ*. Why does it taste like that? Ilya's blood had tasted fine, so—

Oh. *Oh*.

Apparently, Ilya Rozanov has not only ruined sex for Shane but also *ruined blood*.

Fucking asshole.

— *October 16th, 2014*

Over the next year, not much changes on the outside.

Shane plays hockey, and it's *damn good* hockey, if you listen to the media. He makes his appearances, tries to keep up with Hayden and his ever-growing family, and does his previously agreed-upon brand deals. Thankfully, his mom had reeled back on them for the year as much as she could.

Because behind the scenes, if he was being honest with himself, Shane was miserable.

The only reason his performance hasn't tanked is that hockey is the one thing he can truly lose himself in now. Everything else can fade away when he's on the ice, plays running through his head and eyes constantly scanning the movements of other players.

Hayden helps, too. Shane doesn't know if it's just intuition or if he's noticed the way Shane's closed off even more this season, but almost every time they're together, the other tries to plan something for them to do. 99% of the time, it's something at his house. Which Shane can't really complain about.

It doesn't distract him as well as hockey, but he *does* love spending time with his godkids. Jackie jokes that if he hangs around any more than he already does, they're gonna start calling him Dad, too. He's half tempted to push that theory just to screw with his best friend.

Every other spare moment of free time Shane has is dedicated to research, usually at his parent's house.

His dad had reacted about the same way his mom had to what Shane had to share. Surprised, definitely, but also loving, warm, and scared for him, even if they tried to hide it.

He would get headaches out of nowhere, dull, constant throbbing that he would have no choice but to wait out. Blood tasted *wrong*. Shane could still drink it, and it fed him just fine, but he never felt fully satisfied anymore. He was always hungry, but trying to drink more would only make him feel sick. His body ached in ways it hadn't before. When he slept, all he had were nightmares of all the ways that night could have gone worse.

Whether that's from whatever this is, or just plain trauma, he didn't know.

And still, nearly a year later, they still had *nothing*. Both he and his parents had read through all the information they had, every book front to back, and they didn't have anything. His grandparents didn't know anything, either.

The one thing they did know was that the only time things would be better, when his body would relax, and his headaches wouldn't rear their ugly heads, were the days he played against Ilya.

The first game they had played against each other was also the first time the two of them had interacted since that night. Shane never answered Ilya's calls or texts, unable to bring himself to say anything. There was a pit of dread in his stomach when he stepped onto the ice that night. Part of it was his, he's sure, but he thinks part of it was probably Ilya's too.

"Been busy, Hollander? No time to check phone?" Rozanov hissed at him during their first face-off. Shane had held his breath, clenched his jaw, kept his eyes down on the puck, and said nothing, even when his brain was screaming at him to do *something*. Shane won that face-off. Scored a hat trick early on in the game. The Voyageurs won, 4-2.

The team had gone out to celebrate, but Shane had booked it out of there as fast as possible without raising any eyebrows. The last thing he wanted was to run into Rozanov.

Unfortunately, the universe had it out for him. He was making his way out the back entrance, so focused on getting out that he hadn't noticed the presence on the other side of the door. Before he could even fully step out into the cold October air, a hand had grabbed him and shoved him back against the cold wall, holding him there.

Ilya Rozanov's eyes were like fire, burning into him. "What the *fuck* is your problem, Hollander?" He said lowly, and fuck, fuck, *fucking fuck*.

Shane shoved him off, holding his breath. "Rozanov, drop it." He snapped, using up the air he had. If he wanted to say more, he'd have to breathe again...but that would mean he would smell Ilya. Shane turned to walk away, groaning inwardly when he heard footsteps follow him.

"Fine. Don't want to talk? I will talk, you will listen." Ilya had nodded. "You do not get to do this. We cannot have...*whatever* we fucking had that night and then do nothing. You cannot do this to me and then *leave*." He said, voice thick. "You cannot make me feel this, fuck up my head, and leave."

Shane kept walking, never looking back. Even though all he wanted was to turn and wrap his arms around the other and cry and apologize, Shane couldn't. He felt sick. He was so fucking scared of hurting him again. He blinked his eyes rapidly as they watered. He was almost to his car.

"You are a coward, *fucking coward*, you hear me?" Ilya laughed wetly, still following him. "Which I never thought it would be *me* saying that to *you*, but you are full of surprises, aren't you, Shane Hollander?"

Shane turned abruptly when they got to his car, making Ilya almost walk into him. Ilya's cheeks had been wet, his face red, but whatever Shane's face looked like was apparently enough to shock him into silence.

He took a small breath. His throat burned.

"I'm sorry," he said quietly, his voice shaking. "But I *can't*, Ilya."

The other man didn't say anything as Shane unlocked and opened his car. He didn't say anything when Shane climbed in and turned on the car. He didn't do anything as Shane drove away.

Shane doesn't remember much else from that night besides waking up the next morning on his couch, eyes swollen and puffy, and throat sore. Any time they played against each other after that, they were silent.

Chapter End Notes

i pinky promise things will be getting better next chapter THEY WILL HAVE A HAPPY ENDING. if you noticed any typos/formatting errors let me know they are my enemy and must be vanquished.

► author blurbs and blabs (not at all canon related only related to this specific au)

i am but a wee little orphan lad who survives on kudos and comments. (honestly have been getting my favorite comments ever from this fic thank u guys sm it means the

world to me!!!) i love chattin feel free to come say hi in my asks/dms/replies on
[TUMBLR!](#)

Chapter 4: june, 2015

Chapter Summary

Shane is supposed to be celebrating winning his first Stanley Cup, but all he can think about is the fact that despite being surrounded by his team and fans and everyone else in this club, the one person he wants to celebrate his win with isn't here.

His beer doesn't taste terrible, at least.

Chapter Notes

yknow for what was supposed to be a one off smut fic i've developed an awful lot of lore for this au. #lockedin there are more author blurbs and blabs in the end notes again

SURPRISE!! i didn't think i'd have this edited and ready by tonight but i got it done. i considered waiting to post it but i figured i'd give you guys at least a little bit of healing. tags might give something away so maybe peep them after. i think you'll all agree that this chapter is much different from the previous one hehehe WE GET TO MEET SOME MORE CHARACTERS!! how exciting. i hope u all enjoy!!

also saw [this tweet](#) after writing this entire chapter and went yeah i think this is a good summary of what happens.

► UPDATE/SPOILER: do not open until you finish the chapter!!!

[tumblr promo post here!](#)

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

Boston didn't make it very far this season. Commentators had compared Rozanov's slump this year to *Scott Hunter's*, which has made his stomach twist in guilt more than a few times, but he *knows* it pisses off Rozanov to no end. Montreal, on the other hand? Well...

"You just won the *fucking Stanley Cup!*" Hayden says loudly over the music of the club, wearing a large grin. "You deserve a chance to let loose, Shane!"

The words still sound fake. *Stanley Cup Champions of the 2014-2015 season, The Montreal Voyageurs*. Shane just laughs and shakes his head. He knew what he was signing up for when he agreed to come out with the guys, but Jesus. This place was a *lot*.

"There's no chance in hell you're getting me to the *dance floor*, Hayd."

J.J. comes up behind Shane, groaning loudly. "Come on, *Capitaine!* No one gives a fuck if you look stupid, girls will be all over you anyway. Everybody wants a piece of Shane Hollander, eh?" He pats his shoulder.

Shane shakes his head again, wincing when one of the club lights shines into his eye for a second before spinning in some other direction. He shoots a look at the middle of the room and shudders at the sight of it. *No, thank you*.

"You guys know me." He waves them off, nudging J.J. off. "I'll be fine, go have fun."

J.J. sighs and stares for a few seconds as he debates with himself, before he probably decides Shane is a lost cause for the night. He nods and heads off to the gaggle of bodies moving along to the music. Hayden doesn't follow.

Shane raises an eyebrow. "You're not gonna go with him?"

Hayden purses his lips and shrugs. He resolutely looks away from Shane and down at his empty beer glass. "Nah, I told Jackie I'd take it easy tonight. I figured I'd just hang with you."

Shane gives him a look. "*Hayden*."

The other holds up his hands. "I'm not babysitting you, I promise!"

It's a lie, and they both know it, but Shane sighs. Hayden was just worried and trying to be nice by keeping him company. Shane was planning to simply find some corner to sit in until

he'd been here long enough to count for something, and then quietly leave. But still, he wouldn't mind spending the time talking with his best friend.

"Fine." He acquiesces, a small smile forming on his face.

Hayden claps his hands together. "Fuck yeah!" He stands from the bar and groans. "Okay, game plan. *You* pick a spot for us to sit, and *I* go to the bathroom to piss. Capiche?"

Shane chuckles and nods, also standing. "Yeah, alright, capiche."

Hayden smiles and pats his back. He turns and walks backwards as he leaves. "And *please*, order a beer this time, for God's sake!" He calls out before getting lost in the crowd.

Well... He thinks to himself, biting his lip. *Once is fine.*

Shane orders...some kind of beer. As he waits, he can't stop his mind from drifting. He wishes he could text Ilya. He wonders if Ilya was watching, if he was happy for him. *Fat chance*, he thinks. It's more likely Ilya would be cursing his name, knowing him.

The bartender calls out his name, pulling him from his thoughts. Once he's got his drink, he turns. His eyes drag across the room, looking for any empty tables. Most spots are already taken, but his stare locks onto an area near the back with basically nobody, and multiple open tables. Probably because it's so far from the action.

Perfect. That's where Shane goes, taking a seat. While he waits for Hayden, he sips on the beer. To his surprise, this one isn't actually too bad.

"I never thought I'd see the day *Shane Hollander* drank anything other than ginger ale." A voice says behind him, her tone amused but not mocking.

She slides into the booth across from him before he can react, and when they lock eyes, they both gasp as a sense of *knowing* passes over them.

First of all, the girl who just sat down with him is *Rose Landry*.

Secondly? As long as he hasn't lost his fucking mind, she's a *vampire*.

He imagines he has a similar look on his face as she does, jaw dropped and eyes shocked. She laughs once before covering her mouth, the corners of her lips curving up. "Oh my god! Well! I never would have guessed that out of all things, *this* is what we'd have in common."

Shane huffs out a surprised laugh. "Uh, yeah, me neither." He leans forward on his elbows. "I've never actually met another vampire outside of my family." He admits, quietly enough so only her ears would be able to pick it up.

Her face lights up, and *wow, she's really pretty*. "Really? Not even traveling around for hockey?" Shane shakes his head, and she leans back against the plush seat. "Wow...I mean, I knew people like you existed, but..."

He tilts his head. "...I'm sorry?"

She grimaces and waves her hands quickly. "No, no, sorry! God, that came out wrong. I just meant, like...isolated vampires, I guess?"

Shane still feels lost. He must still *look* lost, too, because Rose nods, sits up seriously, and clears her throat. He doesn't know how long she talks, but she *talks*.

Shane Hollander, 24 years old, sits in a club booth in Chicago and listens as *Rose Landry* tells him how isolated he's really been, his entire life.

There's a whole other *world* out there, ways people get together to meet other vampires or donate blood or just...*exist* without fear of being caught acting strange by humans who aren't in the know. Events, underground clubs, support groups, and *communities* that vampires spread word about through each other that Shane has never heard about.

Shane knew there were other vampires out in the world. His mom had mentioned meeting a few in her life, and also, logically, there just had to be more. But to hear this? These experiences he never got to have? A place he never got to belong in?

He's sad, of course, but there's also a cold sort of anger in the back of his mind directed at his *parents* of all people. Shane was raised on control. Controlling his instincts, his temper, his actions, his movements, his behavior, anything that could give away what he was. He was taught how to breathe and pull back on his strength and speed, how not to react to a sound that was supposed to be too far to hear, how to *not* breathe but act like he was if someone started bleeding. He wasn't allowed to leave the house much until he got older.

And when he got older, Shane didn't really have friends, not like he does now. More like... acquaintances. There were familiar kids he would see at the park and then run into at stores with his mom that he'd wave to. The kids on his minor ice hockey teams were polite, but distant. He was never invited to people's houses or birthdays.

He never seemed to say the right things to them, and they talked so many things he didn't understand. He wasn't into the shows or movies or books or games or music they always talked about. He played board games and did puzzles with his parents. He eat, lived, and breathed hockey in his free time, because hockey didn't have signals he could miss or jokes he wouldn't understand.

He was homeschooled until he was 14. Asking to go to public highschool was probably the biggest argument he had ever gotten into with his parents. Well, with his mother. He thinks the reason they ended up agreeing was because he slammed his door shut instead of killing someone.

Shane got better, then. He wasn't *great* with people, but he was...more normal. A polite kid who was quiet, but smart. Didn't cause any trouble. He thinks it made him better at hockey, honestly, finally talking to people his age almost every day.

Shane knows his parents love him. He knows they have always only wanted him to be safe and protected, he *knows*.

And yet.

Knowing what he knows now, Shane can't help but wonder what it would have been like if his parents weren't so *scared*. If it didn't take them 14 years to trust he wouldn't maim some stranger, if they hadn't been so reluctant to let him leave the house, or if they hadn't spent so much of their own time hovering over him. Could they have met more vampires? Figured out about this world that was right under his nose this entire time? What could he have had?

Could he have felt *normal*?

"Oh, Shane..." Rose says gently, and Shane blinks rapidly, surprised when a couple of tears drip from his eyes. In a flash, she was hurrying over to scoot into his side of the booth.

For a second, he's worried she's going to try to hug him, which would *definitely* be too much right now, but instead, all she does is place her left hand over his and rub it reassuringly. His throat tightens. His eyes burn.

"I'm sorry, I," He tries for a laugh, but it comes out unnaturally. He swipes under his eyes with a thumb, sniffing. "I don't know why I'm crying about this." He does, but he doesn't at the same time. His head is a mess.

"Hey, no," She grabs his shoulder with her other hand. "No apologizing for that." She frowns. "I can't imagine growing up thinking this was just how it had to be, and then learning that there's a whole community of people you could have been leaning on. I'm so sorry."

Shane just nods. Yeah, that's. *Fuck*. "So, um," He clears his throat after sitting like that for a few minutes. He needs a new topic. "You were born a vampire?"

Rose chuckles and shakes her head. "No, actually. My parents are vampires, but I was adopted." She explains. "I have brothers who were born vampires, though. I was just raised around all of it as a human."

Shane tilts his head before his stomach drops. "Oh, you..." *Was she turned against her will?*

Her eyes widen. "Oh, no, I wasn't, like, taken advantage of or turned by some asshole, don't worry!" She hurries to explain. "When I turned 18, my parents asked me if I wanted to be turned. If it were up to me, I would have been bitten right then," She chuckles. "But they wanted me to be sure, so we waited for a little over a year, had me talk to some people who had been in my shoes. I've only been a vampire for about..." Her eyebrows furrow. "5-ish years?"

"Huh..." He trails off. That was. Wow.

Rose looks at him for a bit before her eyes flick down, a shy smile forming on her face. "You know, this kind of makes you an even more impressive hockey player."

"Oh?" Shane arches an eyebrow.

"Uh, Yeah?!" She says, like it's obvious. "You've been holding back on the ice, and you *still* play like that? Toews was probably shaking in his skates the whole time, and he doesn't even know he got off easy."

She turns to him fully. "I'm from Michigan, so we're a big hockey family. My brother used to play a bit in college, actually." She waves her hand. "Anyway! I'm getting off track. That's kind of why I came over in the first place. I've been a fan forever, if you can believe it."

Shane laughs, smiling easily. "Really?" And Rose nods.

It surprises Shane how easy it is to talk to Rose. She's funny, sweet, and bright. She doesn't mind if his responses are short, she's happy to talk enough for the two of them. The girl

knows her hockey, too.

At some point, the conversation dies down a little. They just stare at each other, and it's not awkward. It's comfortable, like he's hanging out with Hayden, except he's known Hayden since he was a rookie. He only met Rose tonight.

It's Rose who breaks the silence first. "So, I wanted to ask..." She starts carefully, almost seeming a little nervous. "Would you be interested in maybe going on a date sometime?"

Shane very nearly chokes on air, but manages to hide it as a cough. "Oh! Uh, well..." He trails off. Had she been giving off signals this whole time? *Was he?* On accident? Shane has never been the *best* at picking up on things like that, and, in retrospect...he thinks a few of the things she said definitely could have been her flirting.

She laughs, but not rudely. "It's okay if it's a no, I just had to try. I mean...you're *Shane Hollander*, you know?"

Shane hesitates. It's not that he doesn't like Rose, obviously! He's been having a great time talking to her, but...honest to god, the thought of asking her out never even once crossed his mind.

Well. He could...hm. There's been something he's been thinking about for a while, but he's never exactly done anything about it, especially not this past year. And, considering the fact that Rose Landry flirting and asking him out hasn't done anything for him, he thinks he has the confirmation he's needed.

Plus, Rose can obviously keep a secret, so...

He licks his lips. "I'm sorry, I just—Not that anyone knows, but—" His mouth pauses, and he has to force the words out. "I'm gay." He manages, saying the last part near silently.

Rose blinks, looking shocked. "Oh!"

And then, like nothing, her face goes back to that easy-going smile she's been wearing most of the night. "Well, in that case, since I am nothing if not an amazing friend, could I give you my friend Miles' number?" She raises an eyebrow. "He has a *major* thing for you."

Shane lets out a surprised laugh, and he can feel his cheeks warm. Fuck, he just came out. He just came out for the very first time, to *Rose Landry*, and she's trying to hook him up with her friend.

He rubs the back of his neck, shaking his head. "Sorry, no, I have...something. With someone. Kind of."

And saying that, suddenly, it hits him. His eyes widen and snap to hers as a lightbulb goes off in his brain. "Oh, shit!"

She looks concerned, eyebrows scrunching together. "Was that too much?"

He shakes his head. *Holy shit*, how did he not think about this? The thing with Ilya... whatever this connection is that he has to him and hasn't been able to learn anything worthwhile about. Rose sure as shit knows a *lot* more than he does. He could actually learn something about this. How to stop it, or treat it, *anything*.

So, he tells her. Everything, or just about. He doesn't mention Ilya by name, but he gives her the anonymous version. How it felt when they met, how they kept meeting. How he felt the night he lost control. How he's felt since then. She listens, and *she has a word for it*.

Soulmates.

At first, he thinks she's fucking with him, but she reassures him that she is 100% serious.

"It's not a super common thing. I mean, I've been around vampires since I could walk, and I've only ever met one pair of soulmates before." She says. "Not everyone has one, and not everyone finds theirs if they do, so...it's a special thing, you know?" She smiles softly, looking down. "They're like your other half, you're meant to be together. I've always wanted to have one."

She picks her gaze back up to him. "Because you're meant to be together, your" She gestures to the back of her head. "...*freaky little vampire hind brain* doesn't like to be separated from them, so you don't feel right. I've never heard of a vampire having a human soulmate, but... I've never heard that it *can't* be a human either, so." She shrugs.

"Holy shit." Shane breathes. He sits back in the booth, looking at the ceiling as his mind reels. After months and months and months of *nothing*, he has *everything* now. He has a soulmate. *Ilya Rozanov was his soulmate*. He feels a stupid grin spread across his face

Rose simpers and slaps his chest. "Oh my *god*, you've got it bad! You've got lovesick written *alll* over you, Shane Hollander."

"Shut up!" He blushes, but he doesn't deny it. Which she notices, judging by her smug look. He shakes his head, looking at the table and feeling pensive all of a sudden. This is great, *obviously* it's great, but...

"I just—Don't you think it's too late? After everything I did?" He asks, fidgeting. "Everything I *didn't* do?"

"Shane..." Rose gives him a sad look, but she smiles. "No, I don't think that. I am a firm believer that it is *never* too late to fix things. Especially with someone you really love."

Shane gives her a small smile in return. *Love*. Fuck, he really does love Ilya, doesn't he?

"In fact," She drawls, her smile turning mischievous. He sputters as her hand flashes into his jacket, grabbing his phone and holding it up to him. "Why not call him now?"

Shane groans. "Rose, I—"

"No, nope!" She points a finger at him. "There is no reason for you to not do this. Just a phone call! Open up communication again, and get your guy *back*." She pokes his chest.

Shane grumbles, but he takes his phone. "People are going to come looking for me, I can't just leave."

Rose smirks. "They won't if they see you leaving with superstar *Rose Landry*, will they?"

"Superstar?" He teases.

"Shut up." She stands from the booth. "I'm getting tired anyway, I can only handle these places for so long before my brain wants to explode."

Shane nods. He understands.

Rose offers her arm, and he laughs, looping his through hers. He can feel the stares on them as they leave, and he's sure he'll get more than a few texts from his team in the morning. Thankfully, the door they walk out of leads to an empty side parking lot. Rose turns to him, still holding his arm.

"I'm gonna go, let you do your thing before you have a chance to back out." She smiles. "I want us to be friends, *Shane*. *Best friends*, even. I wanna be there for you, okay?" Her expression turns contemplative. "I can't imagine you have a lot of people you can talk about stuff like this with."

Oh. He's a little surprised, but very *pleasantly* surprised. He feels himself beam at her. "Yeah, yes. Yes! That would be...pretty awesome, actually." Shane laughs.

"Good, because I already put my number in your phone when I grabbed it earlier." She says smugly.

"You—What?" He lifts his phone and opens his contacts. Sure enough, his contact list is sporting a brand new name.

Rose 🍷

He shakes his head, but he's still smiling. "You're unbelievable."

"Better believe it," She retorts, squeezing his arm before letting go. "I'll send you everything I can find on soulmates, too, and I want *details* after you call him! I mean it!"

Shane holds up his hands. "Okay, okay! I will, I promise." He stares at her, feeling lighter than he has in a long time. "Thank you for tonight, Rose, seriously. For everything."

Rose gives him a fond look and leans in, kissing him on the cheek. "Anytime. *Seriously.*" She smirks. "I will be *impatiently* waiting to hear from you."

He rolls his eyes and nods, waving her away. She laughs and turns, walking off. She waves as she goes around the corner of the building that leads to the street. Shane lets out a puff of air.

He needs a walk. A nice, *long* walk.

The walk doesn't end up being that long, actually. He spends maybe 15 minutes thinking as he walks through back alleys and parking lots, not wanting to run into any Montreal or Chicago fans. God forbid.

He finds himself in the side alley of some nightclub, the music so loud he can feel the walls thrum from out here. He's staring down at his phone, the contact for *Lily* pulled up on the screen, his thumb not even an inch from the call button.

He's prepared himself enough mentally, or at least he hopes he has. He has a vague and not very well thought out plan, but a plan nonetheless. More of a bullet point list of things to bring up, really.

He's still nervous. *God*, he should have finished that beer.

Shane's nervous Ilya won't pick up, or maybe that he will pick up just to tell him to go to hell. He's scared that their relationship is broken beyond repair.

He takes a deep breath. He can do this. Shane *has* to do this now because if he doesn't, he's going to keep thinking about it, and if he keeps thinking about it, he'll overthink it, and if he overthinks, he'll chicken out, and he won't do anything.

Screw it. Before he can form another reason not to call or even another thought in general, Shane's thumb presses down on the call button.

He swallows as he puts the phone up to his ear. He focuses on keeping his breathing in control. His phone rings, and rings...and rings. Shane feels his heart drop into his stomach. *Fuck*. Of course, Rozanov wouldn't pick up after a year of radio silence, of course. Shane wouldn't pick up, either.

Except, on what would be the last ring, the phone clicks. Shane's eyes widen. *He picked up*. "Ilya?" He questions. There was a hitched breath, and the sound of shuffling on the other end of the line, but no verbal response.

Shane steeled himself. Okay. "That's okay, I can talk, and you can listen, yeah?" His lips twitch a little, remembering the last time they had spoken. "And you—If you want, you can hang up whenever." Silence, but Ilya stays on the line. That's a good sign, right?

"I owe you an explanation. A *lot* of explanations, I know, and I'm sorry I couldn't give them to you before. This has been..." Shane looks down at the floor, scoffing. "I've been fucking miserable. I've been so *scared*," Shane cuts himself off, choking up. He sniffs and clears his throat. "Since I hurt you."

God. It feels so stupid to still act like this, to still barely keep himself from falling apart when he thinks of what happened a year ago, but he doesn't think he'll ever forget that scene.

He pushes through the emotional mess swirling in his stomach. "I can't tell you how sorry I am for that, and for acting the way I did after. I couldn't risk it happening again, that's all I could ever think about."

"But..." He says carefully. "I want to explain things, I want to explain everything. I *can* explain it now. I finally figured out what happened, and I can give you the explanation you deserve, but..."

Shane's heart pounds in his chest. He looks up at the night sky, taking a second. "I want to give it to you in person." He says. "Because I don't think you'll understand if I say it over the phone, or even believe me in the first place. I don't want you to think I'm mocking you, or being cruel. I want to do this *right*. I don't want to fuck it up."

"...So, I want you to come to my cottage." Shane gnaws on his bottom lip nervously. "It's completely private, it would just be us, alone. Together. There's, uh, separate bedrooms, so you'd have your own bed. We could talk, and you could leave whenever you wanted. I'd drive you to the airport myself. I'd understand."

As he expects, Ilya stays quiet. "I'll be at the Ottawa Airport on the 1st at 10:00 AM. I'll wait there the entire day if I have to, I don't care. If you come, I'll be there to pick you up." Shane takes a breath. "And, if you don't show up...I'll take the hint." He swallows. "I won't bother you again."

"Um—" Shane runs his hand through his hair, faltering. He runs through the bullet points in his head. "I think that's everything. I think I'm finished." Ilya still doesn't reply, but the phone is picking up his breathing, so Shane at least knows he's still there.

"I'll hang up now. If you need anything, you can call or text, and I promise I'll answer this time." Shane licks his lips. "I hope you'll give me a chance to fix this, to fix us. I never stopped caring about you, Ilya." He confesses quietly.

He pauses for a few seconds, just in case, but there's nothing. "...Goodnight." He says, and he hangs up the phone. Even though it's probably disgusting, Shane slides down to the ground and puts his head between his legs.

"Holy fuck, holy fuck..." He mutters under his breath, laughing slightly. His pulse is racing, and he feels dizzy. "Holy *fuck*."

Shane called Ilya. He called, and Ilya picked up, and Ilya *listened*. He grins. There's a chance for this to work out. It might be small, but there's *a chance*.

For the first time in a year, Shane feels something like hope bloom in his chest.

Chapter End Notes

► so so many author blurbs and blabs!! (again au only not series canon)

i am the ao3 irs and im here to collect your taxes in the form of kudos and comments please hand them over. if you have a problem with this feel free to contact my [lawyers here](#). I LOVE YOU GUYS SEE YOU IN THE NEXT CHAPTER!!! big moves happening with hollanov.....

Chapter 5: july 1st, 2015

Chapter Summary

The Cottage.

Chapter Notes

hello. you may have noticed the chapter count went up again. this may or may not be my fault. HOWEVER! this chapter is uhhh...significantly longer and also is chock full of communication and FLUFF! maybe a little angst BUT ONLY A LITTLE. chapter 6 is fully outlined and partially written, so i hope to have it out asap :) thank you to the kitchen nightmares youtube channel for fueling me with gordan ramsey screaming while writing this. hollanov are a combined idiot sandwich if you think about it.

and this feels like a weird question but can y'all give me some feedback. how's the spacing for these chapters like the physical space between the lines and paragraphs 😭 BECAUSE IT DOESNT LOOK SO BIG IN MY DOC but then i move it over here and i feel like its soo spaced out. and i like hate big walls of text but also hate when the lines in fics are super seperated yknow. am i hitting the middle ground. or am i totally off. or a second third thing?? LET ME KNOW!!! pls and thank u :3 ALSO lmk if you notice and typos/format errors :3

tumblr promo post [here!](#)

not related to this fic AT ALL, but im such a huge fan of [THIS](#) art by @METALL0KINETIC on twt i just have to share. he has multiple vampire!hollanov posts to check out hes so good at ts yall

ALSO ALSO, friendly reminder that this cottage trip is taking place earlier in the timeline in 2015 instead of 2017, so there are some differences to keep in mind that will be more noticable in these final chapters! (arthur is the most recent pike baby, scott hunter has not come out yet, ilya's dad is still alive, etc)

happy reading!!! :D

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

The next couple of weeks pass in a bit of a blur. Shane's planning is meticulous, making sure everything will be taken care of in terms of maintenance at the cottage before July comes to ensure there won't be any interruptions while he's there, hopefully, with Ilya. He spends a lot

of time talking to Rose, too. They've become fast friends, and he's not used to that, but he's not complaining in the slightest.

Rose 🍷: so. plan.

*next time you're in LA, i take you to a v club. vampires only, one i go to a bunch. i can introduce u to some people!
and before you ask, it's not like. a club club. more like a chill bar.*

Shane: Oh.

Well. I don't know. What if someone recognizes me?

Rose 🍷: shane. babe. there are plenty of famous vampires.

me, for one, of course :/

and have you heard of any? no.

popularity isn't a problem. there's a billion ndas and paperwork and procedures in place. i'll send them to u if u decide to come

but also like nobody wants to have the entire vampire world after their head for leaking their existence LMAO so don't worry. i pinky promise it'll be safe. :)

Shane: I hadn't even thought of that, honestly. Sorry.

I think I want to go, yeah. Thanks, Rose.

Rose 🍷: YAYYY! :D don't apologize, silly

omg i'm so excited. i feel like i'm taking your like vampire virginity

Shane: Ew, do NOT say it like that.

No offense! You are a very pretty girl.

Rose 🍷: hahaha none taken

thank god u came out to me honestly. can u imagine.

us. DATING. it'd be like trying to put a square peg in a round hole.

Shane: *Oh god. I think it would be a disaster.
I prefer being the hole, rather than the peg, so.*

Rose 🍷: *HAHAHAHA OMG. SHANE. u are so bad.
omg also!! speaking of.
there are like. gay vampire clubs too if u wanted to check out any of those.
i mean there's normal gay spots but i figured if you're worried about anything getting out
you'd probably feel better at a vampire spot. just throwing that out there*

Shane: *Really?
That...would kind of be great, actually. Thank you.
You're kind of amazing.*

Rose 🍷: *aww shane!!
you're kind of amazing too :)*

He'd been hounded by his team the morning after they met, everybody screaming about him 'bagging Rose Landry' no matter how many times he tried to deny it. Even *Hayden* seemed convinced, peeking over his shoulder once when he got a notification from Rose and smirking, but zipping his lips.

Most of his texts with Rose, though, were informational. As she promised, she sent over everything she could find on vampire soulmates. Which was *a lot*. Links and files and pictures and, most interestingly, a voice note Rose had taken when she ran into one of the vampire couples she knew who actually *were* soulmates. Shane absorbed it all like a sponge.

Symptoms, different ways they manifested, and ways to use the connection. There wasn't anything on vampires with human soulmates, but he assumed it didn't matter all that much. He doubted Ilya felt anything at all on his end. There was an absurd amount of information, and Shane was shocked that neither he nor his parents had stumbled upon any of it by accident.

He ended up printing all of it out into two sets, one for his parents' house and one to take to show Ilya.

His parents...were having a rough time. Shane had told them everything the day he got back from Chicago, taking the drive from Montreal to them. It was a lot, emotionally. They felt guilty that they never tried harder, that they had made things so much harder for Shane growing up, and his heart broke for them.

His anger from that night wasn't exactly gone, but after taking some time, he *understood*. They didn't know what was out there. They never had any idea they were depriving him as much as they were. They wouldn't say it, but he could see in their eyes that they were doing the same thing he was. Mourning what could have been if they had access to everything that's been out there.

Shane had texted Rose, who very efficiently found multiple support groups for people new to the vampire world close to where they lived. She had joked that she was becoming his own '*Vampire Wikipedia*', but she also said she didn't mind one bit.

—

A week after the phone call, and a week before the 1st of July, Shane is lying in bed scrolling on his phone instead of trying to sleep when he gets a text notification at the top of his screen.

Message from: Lily

Shane slams his phone face down on the mattress, his pulse skyrocketing in an instant. Holy shit. God. Wow. He said Ilya could reach out, didn't he? He did say that. He said he would answer, too. Shane swallows. Takes a deep breath. Okay. He carefully, very casually, lifts his phone back up. He types in his pass code and opens his messages, tapping on Ilya's.

Lily: [Image Attached]
?

Not even any words. Just a picture, and a question mark. It takes a second for the photo to load, but once it does, Shane understands. It's shot from a low angle and clearly an attempt from the photographer to be discreet. It's a dark but sharp picture of both him and Rose leaving that club in Chicago, arm in arm with smiles on their faces. Shane knows he and Rose had joked about it, but it really *does* look like they were leaving together. *Together, together.*

Oh. Huh.

Shane bites back a smile. Was Ilya *jealous*? Shane was no stranger to the twist in his gut he'd feel any time he saw photos of Ilya in the press, a girl hanging off his arm in nearly every one. Not that there had been any recently, now that he thought about it. It was a little off-putting sometimes, just *how* upset he got.

The concept of Ilya feeling the same way, because of Shane and *Rose Landry*? He never considered that.

Shane: *She's just a friend.*

Lily: *You are just a friend with Rose fucking Landry?*

In the dark quiet of his bedroom, Shane giggles to himself. Just a little.

Shane: *Yes. She was trying to get me out of there fast.*

Lily: *Oh I bet.*

Shane: *So I could call you before I chickened out.
She's kind of the reason I called in the first place. Gave me some advice. Gave me the
courage, I guess, too.
Told me to "go get my man" and stuff.*

Shane watches the screen. Ilya starts typing. Stops. Starts typing, and then starts again. Starts typing.

Lily: *Oh.
Okay.*

Shane waits, but nothing else comes. Ilya doesn't start typing again. He shuts off his phone, puts it on his nightstand, and looks up at the ceiling. He lets out a breath. It wasn't anything, only two words. Shane can't pick up anything from two short words sent through a text, but something about them...He lets himself hope a little more.

—

Today's the day, and Shane feels like he's going to throw up, to be quite honest. Which he assumed would happen, so he's glad he didn't end up eating anything today, even though his mom had tried to give him something.

He had stayed at his parents' house the night before, strung full of nerves that had been building as today had gotten closer and closer. He told his parents the plan, of course. Inviting Ilya to his cottage to talk, to tell him everything. His mom was nervous, but she said she knew he had to do this. His dad had patted him on the back and said he trusted him, and that if he needed anything to call.

Shane was tempted to call them now, just to have something to fill the silence and to get his mind off of why he was sitting in the pick-up lane of Ontario International Airport. He's

already checked and answered his emails and checked his texts. He had scrolled through social media for a little while until he started to get annoyed. He glances at the clock on his dashboard. *11:42 AM.*

God, what if Ilya doesn't show up? Rose thought he was going to, and Shane had crumbled under her relentless optimism faster than he usually would. Ilya had texted him once, which definitely meant something. Right? Right. Rose thought so, anyway.

Shane had to give the other some time before he started really panicking. Maybe he couldn't get a flight until later in the day? That was probably what it was.

He checked the time again. *11:45 AM.*

Ilya wasn't coming, Shane was a hopeless idiot. He should have expected this after everything, honestly. Shane had basically ghosted Ilya for a year. Who does that? *Fuck*. This was such a stupid idea. Shane knows that if he tried, he could figure out if Ilya was really here. He could feel where he was if he reached into the back of his head, but he was scared. So, Shane was going to wait until someone forcibly removed him from this spot.

He sighs and looks back at the airport exit doors, and freezes.

There he was. *Ilya*.

He was here, he was *really here*. He was looking around with his eyebrows pinched together, looking stupidly attractive in a black sleeveless top, a backwards hat, and sunglasses. The outfit looks like it was pulled straight from a frat boy's closet, but it somehow still worked on Ilya. He looks *good*.

His eyes drag over the different cars until they get to Shane's and stop. They lock eyes and stare at each other.

Shane hesitantly raises a hand and waves at the other man, and instantly feels stupid. Ilya doesn't wave back, but he starts walking over. Shane anxiously rubs his hands over his thighs, breathing carefully. This was fine. Jesus. Ilya heads to the back of the car and opens the boot, throwing his bags in without a word before shutting it.

And then Ilya is getting in the car, sliding into the passenger seat casually, and sniffing as he shuts the door. He clears his throat, not looking over. "Hi."

Shane nods, his eyelashes fluttering as he takes a breath. *God*, Ilya smells so fucking good. "Hey." Neither of them says anything else.

Well. This is fucking awkward, isn't it?

Ilya looks around the car. "Is this a Jeep?"

...It's the first time that they've seen each other in nearly 10 months, and the first real thing Rozanov decides to bring up to him is his choice of *car*?

"What?" Shane blinks. "It—Yes? It's good for the snow, y'know, in the winter. *Practical*."

Ilya purses his lips and nods slowly, looking to Shane as he sits back. "Practical." He pauses. "This is also word for boring, yes?" He smiles as he grabs his seatbelt. A hesitant, small, teasing one, but a smile nonetheless. Shane feels something loosen in his chest.

He shakes his head and laughs under his breath. This? The ribbing and chirping? This was easy. Familiar. "Fuck you, Rozanov."

Ilya chuckles next to him and *fuck*. He's so relieved that he's here, he can't believe it. Shane's almost scared to take his eyes off of him, worried he'll vanish the second he looks away like a mirage. The Russian looks to him once he's settled. "What?" He blinks, face back to being unreadable.

Shane can feel how stupid he looks right now. *Lovesick*, Rose had called him that night in the club. He probably has that same look on his face now. "I'm just...really glad you're here, Ilya. That you showed up."

The first name is a risk, considering how long they hid behind their last names until the night in Vegas. It's always felt safer. Shane thinks it matters, though, for this. For *them*.

Ilya hums, something indiscernible flickering in his eyes behind his sunglasses, the tint not hiding much from Shane's eyesight. He stares at Shane for a few seconds in silence, long enough for Shane to worry if what he said was too much, too fast. But Ilya nods carefully, smiling softly again. "Me too. *Shane*." He says his name purposefully.

They watch each other some more before Shane clears his throat. "Right, well, we should get going. It's like a two-hour drive." He puts the car in drive, taking a deep breath as he pulls out. Two hours alone with Ilya Rozanov. This would be fine.

It's maybe half an hour into the drive, and they haven't said much. It's less awkward now, but it is a little...tense. Hm. Well, there was one thing Shane wanted to bring up, and he supposes now is as good a time as any.

"I was thinking," Shane starts, "that it might be a good idea to agree to...full transparency, while we're out here," Shane shoots a glance over at Ilya, but the Russian is staring straight ahead. "Being honest." He clarifies. Shane focuses back on the road. "I mean, not that I was planning on lying to you, or thinking you would lie to me, I just—"

"—know we are terrible at talking?" Ilya interrupts.

Shane laughs dryly. "Yeah, basically. I think honesty is probably long overdue for both of us."

Ilya hums and nods, looking over to Shane. "Yes, I agree. 'Out in the open', that's the saying, yes?"

"Yeah." He smiles. "All out in the open."

Shane shoves down the fear that the openness that Ilya deserves will be the exact thing that sends him running. That was *not* helping his nerves.

The rest of the drive is mostly spent in silence, broken by occasional small talk as things start to feel a little lighter the longer they're together. As they pull into his cottage's driveway, Ilya lets out a low whistle, leaning forward a little as he looks over the building.

"Ilya," Shane warns.

He holds up his hands, looking accused. "I didn't say anything! Was just whistling, is that a crime? No whistling in Canada?" He raises an eyebrow, and Shane wants to turn around and take him back to the airport. Not really. Maybe a little.

He just scoffs and turns off the car, climbing out and grabbing his backpack from the backseat as Rozanov grabs his own two bags. They walk up the stairs, and Shane toes his shoes off at the door. He turns to ask Ilya to do the same, but finds he's already started without asking. Something about that makes Shane feel warm.

"Here, let me, uh," Shane sets his backpack down on one of the chairs by the entry and points to the stairs. "I can show you where your room is, so you can put your stuff down?" He suggests, and the other man nods, gesturing for him to lead the way.

Shane leads Ilya through the house until he gets to the bedroom hallway. He opens the door at one end of the hallway, letting the Russian set his bags down on the foot of the bed. He lets out a breath as Ilya looks around. "So, uh," He turns and points at the door on the other side

of the room. "Bathroom is through that door, fully stocked. My room is at the end of the hallway, um," He looks to Ilya, "If you...need me, at night, or something." He winces and feels his ears go red. That came out wrong.

Ilya arches an eyebrow, the corner of his lips twitching. "I'll keep that in mind."

Shane forces out a laugh, putting his hands in his pockets awkwardly. Jesus, why does this feel so much weirder than being in a car with the guy for two hours straight? "Anyway, you can take some time to just settle in and stuff, unpack or," he waves a hand, "whatever. I'll be in the living room when you're done."

"Okay," Ilya says in his accented English, nodding once. Shane nods back, fingers twisting in his pockets as he hurries out of the room as casually as he possibly can without looking like he's running away. He doesn't think he gets away with it based on the quiet, amused huff he hears.

Right. A few things to do before Ilya is finished.

Firstly, he makes sure the thermostat is set to a comfortable temperature and turns on some of the lights in the hallways and living room. Check one.

Shane heads back to the entrance, unzipping his bag to pull out the *thick* packet of information on soulmates he had printed out and neatly organized to give to Ilya, stapled and put in a file jacket his mom gave him before he left, so it wouldn't get ruined in his bag.

He hurries up to his room to put his bag on his bed before going back downstairs in a flash. Check two.

He brings the packet with him to the living room before pausing. Should he put it somewhere else and give it to Ilya after they talk? Seeing a giant packet on the coffee table where you're supposed to have a very serious conversation would be off-putting, right? Shane would definitely get nervous. Right, okay, putting it somewhere else.

He turns and heads to the kitchen, setting it on the counter. Check three.

His head turns, and he flashes back to the living room as he hears Ilya's door close softly upstairs, his socked feet padding down the hallway. Shane waits on the couch, trying, and likely failing, to look calm.

Ilya comes around the corner, his hands in his pockets and his hat and glasses now gone. He freezes when he sees Shane on the couch, gaze nervous without his sunglasses to hide behind. Shane stares at him, fidgeting in place anxiously.

"I thought we could just...talk now?" He says, voice pitching up nervously. "That way, in case this is too much, and you want to get out of here after, I could still drive you back to the airport."

Ilya nods slowly. "Ah, okay." He gestures to the cushion beside Shane and slightly raises one eyebrow. "Can I sit here?"

Shane nods quickly. "Oh, yeah, yeah," He moves some of the pillows and scoots over to make more room. Ilya sits down, leaning back and focusing on Shane. Right. Okay. Shane was probably the one who should start, that did make sense. He rubs his hands together, clears his throat, and takes a couple of breaths. Ilya's scent is surprisingly calming in this moment. Though maybe it's not as surprising, considering some of the stuff he's read.

"So, I know this is going to sound..." He huffs out a laugh, "I don't know. Ridiculous, probably. Like a joke, or something like that, but I just need you to know that I'm not—" Shane looks down at his hands, Ilya's eyes boring into him. "—I'm not fucking with you or trying to be an asshole or, or poke fun at this whole situation, because it was fucked up, and I know it was, and—"

"*Shane*," Ilya interrupts. His voice isn't angry, but it's stern. Shane squeezes his eyes shut nervously. "I understand. Get to the point."

He nods. After a second, Shane picks his head up and looks into Ilya's eyes. "I'm a vampire." He blurts out before he can think of a more eloquent way to say it.

Ilya blinks at him, his face blank. "You...?" He blinks some more. "Like, *vampire*? The things from fairytales, yes? This is not a translation error? Like Twilight and Robert Pattinson?" He squints his eyes.

An entirely inappropriate and slightly hysterical laugh falls from Shane's mouth, and he covers his mouth quickly after. Oh god. "Yeah, that's—" He stifles another laugh that threatens to come out. "It's not exactly like that, but, yeah. Vampire." They watch each other silently.

Despite the unserious reaction from Ilya, Shane's heart is racing rapidly in his chest. He wouldn't be surprised if the other man could hear it even without enhanced hearing. One of his ears starts ringing slightly as his anxiety builds into panic in his chest the longer Ilya stays quiet, still completely unable to glean anything from Ilya's face. The only tell giving anything away is the way Ilya's heart seems to beat faster, too.

Shane licks his lips, eyes flicking across Ilya's body quickly, looking for any kind of sign about *anything*. "Are you—" His voice cracks, and he pauses for a moment. "Do you believe me?"

Ilya takes a second, his own gaze looking over Shane before he seems to come to a decision. He nods wordlessly.

Okay. That was progress.

"Do you want to leave?" He asks next, a lump in his throat.

If Ilya says yes, then that's it. Shane won't bring up the soulmate stuff, Ilya doesn't deserve to be burdened by that if he can't bring himself to stay. He doesn't want to guilt the man into staying. Shane will drive Ilya back to the airport, come back to the cottage, and fall apart in the suffocating silence of his own house. That'll be it.

Except, Ilya shakes his head. *No, I'm not leaving*, he says silently.

Shane feels one of the weights on his chest lift, and he gasps softly, feeling the air fill his lungs a little easier than before. "*Sorry*, just—give me a second." He leans back on the couch, rubbing his eyes as he feels them well up, some of his anxiety transforming into relief. "That's—" He laughs wetly, his hands on his face. "I'm really glad you're not." They sit in silence for a couple of seconds before Ilya speaks, Shane still lying back against the pillows.

"I think I knew, a little bit." He starts, and Shane sits up carefully. "Maybe not in the beginning. Mostly thought you were a...kinky little sexually repressed Canadian boy, a little weird." Shane frowns, but Ilya smiles softly at him. "Good weird."

The way he says it, almost fondly, and the soft look in his eyes, makes Shane's face go hot.

"When you bit me," Ilya continues. "I saw your eyes and your teeth, and I knew what I saw, but I think I convinced myself that I did not. That it was...not real." His eyebrows furrow, thinking. "*Hallucination*." His face smooths out as he nods to himself. "Thought I made it up. Then we don't talk for months, and I get angry the first time I see you. Miss my chance to talk about it. But, now I know."

"Now you know," Shane echoes. His throat clicks as he gulps audibly. "You know, and you're still not gonna leave? Even though I hurt you?" He feels his face twist and his eyes burn again, so Shane averts his gaze and crosses his arms across his chest, almost holding himself. "Even though I could hurt you again?"

Ilya is quiet for long enough that Shane risks peeking up through his eyelashes, and his *face*. Ilya's face is so...*dejected*. Pained. There's more emotions on his face than Shane's ever seen from Ilya, and it makes something in his chest crack, a quiet whimper coming from his throat.

Ilya's face falls even more at the sound and, after a moment of hesitation, he starts to move. He comes closer slowly, giving Shane a chance to move away, before he wraps his arms around him and squeezes.

It's like his entire body gives out in an instant, a sob clawing its way out of Shane's mouth as he leans into the Russian's tight embrace. He wraps his own arms around Ilya's waist,

clutching him as his nose smushes against the other man's shoulder. One of the hands on Shane's back drifts up behind his head, guiding it toward Ilya's neck until his nose is pressed against the soft skin there, and a part of Shane wants to pull away in fear, but *fuck*.

It's the first time in over a year since he's smelled him like *this*, nose pressed right against the space between Ilya's neck and shoulder, his skin warm and soft and tangible. The second he starts to inhale, it's like nearly every part of his brain goes offline. Every part, except the one that's been dedicated to Ilya since they met.

Ilya's scent is like...being *home*. It's warm and deep and comforting and completely intoxicating. His hiccuping sobs subside more and more with each breath, Ilya rubbing his back as Shane practically nuzzles against his skin, gulping down breaths of his scent, his brain repeating *Ilya, Ilya, Ilya*, over and over again on a loop. He's so warm and so close, and he smells *so fucking perfect*. He feels disgusting, and is probably leaving a mix of tears and spit all over him, but Ilya doesn't complain even a little.

He doesn't realize he's whining until Ilya starts shushing him gently and Shane feels the sound leaving his throat, an embarrassed blush following quickly after. Despite that, he keeps his face planted right where it is, unwilling to separate from the other yet, his thoughts feeling pleasantly calmed.

He feels the vibrations in Ilya's throat as he chuckles quietly, and Shane smiles, gripping him tighter. "See?" Ilya says softly. "Nothing happened. You did not hurt me, Shane, and I knew you would not." The other man lifts his shoulders in a shrug. "I trust you. I always have."

Shane sniffs as he feels a fresh wave of tears spill over his waterline from that sentence alone. *Goddammit*, how does he *still* always know what to say? It would be infuriating if it weren't so perfect every time.

He doesn't know how long they sit there holding each other. Shane so badly wants to crawl into Ilya's lap, get *even closer*, but he knows that would be too much for right now. Too much, too soon, and he's not ready for that. So, he takes what he is comfortable with and lets himself drown in Ilya's touch and scent.

Eventually, Ilya brings him out of his head with a hum. "You did not hurt me back then, either, you know?"

Shane furrows his eyebrows, turning his face so his cheek rests on Ilya's shoulder and he can speak. "What do you mean?" He mumbles.

"I know you were more focused on the blood and the biting, and I understand, but," Ilya huffs out a laugh. "I was rock fucking hard the entire time."

Shane blinks as he processes that. He pulls back from Ilya, looking at him like he's crazy. "*What?*"

Ilya shrugs and nods, the two of them still holding each other's arms. "I think the reason I felt dizzy in the first place was not even from losing blood, I think all the blood in my body just started shooting to my dick as soon as you sank your teeth into me."

Shane looks at him incredulously. "You were *hard?*"

Ilya stares at him with an unamused look. "Oh, so you can bite and nibble and mark me up for years, but I cannot *like* it?" He raises his eyebrows pointedly.

Well. Shane tilted his head. "Okay, yeah, that's a good point."

Ilya just smirks and shakes his head before he keeps going. "So, yes, it was messy, and a bitch to clean up while I am half delirious, but I was not really hurt. Had juice and cookies, remember? And I told you I wasn't upset. I meant that. Being upset only happened...later."

Shane winces. "I'm, uh," He stammers. "I'm really sorry about..." He looks up at the ceiling. "*God*, just everything. Ignoring you, not texting you back. There's so much, I don't—" Shane groans and runs his hands through his hair. "Okay, I'm going to do my best to describe this, but I only learned about it maybe three weeks ago, so bear with me."

He gives Ilya a look, silently asking if he can continue, and the other man looks confused but nods nonetheless. Right. Time for part two, he supposes.

"Ever since we met, it's like...I've had this voice in the back of my head. I wanted to be close to you, know how you were doing, stuff like that. And that day at the Olympics, it's like...I just *knew* you were in pain. I felt off the whole day, and then I saw you, and it just..." Shane trails off. He hated how cold and closed off Ilya had looked that day, so different from his usual self.

Shane shakes his head to get back on track. "And then the night in Vegas happened, and it got *worse*. My body was craving your blood so badly that anything else tasted like *dirt*. I could feel where you were in the hotel, I started feeling your emotions, and that voice in my head got louder."

"I couldn't sleep, I felt sick all the time, I couldn't focus," Shane keeps listing off symptom after symptom. "I was *miserable*." He laughs shallowly. "And I was so scared of hurting you again that I refused to talk to you, because I didn't understand what had happened that night or after. I didn't know if I would lose control again."

"Shane..." Ilya mutters, rubbing his arm. Shane's throat bobs, but he continues.

"And then I met Rose, and—" He laughs. "She told me *a lot* that night, but it wasn't until I talked to her that she told me about a thing that some vampires have...she told me about *soulmates*."

Ilya's hand stops, but he doesn't pull away.

"You probably haven't felt anything because you're a human, but for me..." Shane sighs, considering.

"The want for closeness, the worrying, the cravings. Everything that I felt since the moment we met...is apparently because something in the universe decided you were meant for me." Shane rolls his eyes. "And *I know* that sounds like some kind of cliché romantic bullshit, because that's what I thought at first too, but it's real."

"When I...*bit* you, it was because it had been so long since we were together, and my guard was down, and my head was all out of it, I just...I needed to be as close as possible to you, and that was the best thing my head could come up with in the moment. The vampire part of me needed to be close to my soulmate." Shane pinches his eyebrows together and shakes his head. "Or something, I don't entirely know. Like I said, I had...*zero* idea that this was even a thing until recently."

"So," Shane's eyes flick between Ilya's face and off to the side anxiously. "We're also soulmates."

Ilya hums. "Any other fairytales I should know about? Or is that all of them?"

"No, that's," Shane fidgets with his ears as he feels them go red again. "I'm done, that's everything."

Ilya hums again, looking down at their two hands that are still touching. His expression looks mostly...confused, Shane thinks. He wonders what he's thinking. Maybe the whole '*our souls are connected*' situation is a deal breaker, and Ilya is thinking that he should run for the hills as soon as Shane's distracted. He hopes not, but Shane would understand. It's not like he's even told Ilya he loves him, yet.

They sit there, Shane trying to seem as patient as he can, even if he's proverbially sweating bullets. When Ilya does speak, it's not acceptance, but it's not rejection either. It's something completely different.

"I think your information is wrong."

Shane recoils in confusion, "Wrong?"

"Not about us being soulmates," Ilya quickly clarifies, "but that I wouldn't feel anything because I am human."

Shane's breath hitches. Ilya still looks a little confused, a little hesitant, but... "You could feel it?" He whispers. Ilya nods carefully. "Tell me?" He asks.

"Before Vegas, I felt...drawn to you, mostly. I wanted to be close to you, always have your attention on me. It didn't feel different, well," Ilya shrugs, "maybe different for me, because I don't feel like that about most people, but—" His face flushes. "Felt like a crush."

Shane bites his lip to stop himself from smiling cheesily at the comment. Ilya had a *crush* on him since they met. Maybe Ilya loving him back isn't as crazy a concept as he thought it would be.

The Russian quickly continues. "After that night, it got more...*intense*." His eyebrows furrow. "It felt stronger. My thoughts were consumed by you all the time, just *Shane, Shane, Shane* all the time, I could never block it out. *I* was miserable, couldn't focus even on the ice."

"Sometimes I didn't want to sleep, didn't want to eat, just wanted you. It was," Ilya's throat bobs. "It was easier on game days. I wanted to take care of myself so you wouldn't worry, even though I was so *angry* at you. It pissed me off that I couldn't get over you. My friend, Sventlana, almost wanted me to go to a doctor. Anyway." Ilya shakes his head.

"But I am not crazy, that's what this means? right?" The other man looks into his eyes pleadingly. "It's just...I needed you, like you needed me."

"I..." Shane opens and closes his mouth, vision blurring slightly as a wave of *guilt* washes over him. That whole time, all these years, Ilya had been suffering, too? Maybe not the same way as Shane, but still *suffering*, and Shane had done nothing. "I didn't know—I'm so sorry, I never thought you would feel anything, I didn't—I should have been there for you, Ilya, I'm so sorry—"

Ilya's brows scrunch together, and he shakes his head, rubbing Shane's hand gently. "No, no, is not your fault. It's okay."

His face twists, "No, it's not, don't do that. Don't excuse me not checking on you because I was too absorbed in my own shit."

Ilya sighs deeply, thinking to himself for a moment. "Okay, fine. It's not *okay*, exactly, but you didn't know. How could you have? You were struggling and had no idea what was going on, just knew it was vampire thing. Why would you think it would be happening to me, too? So, no, it's not okay. It sucked, but it's *not your fault*. And you apologized."

Ilya shrugs. "Maybe I should be more upset, maybe that's what a normal person would feel, but I am not. I understand there's nothing you could have done at the time, Shane. You called me as soon as you found out, didn't you?" Shane bobs his head, and Ilya smiles. "So. I am not upset."

Shane gnaws on his bottom lip while he thinks over Ilya's words. He thinks he understands what he's saying. "What about...being soulmates? Are you upset about that?" He asks.

Ilya opens his mouth to respond, but he pauses. Closes his mouth. "Mm. I'm not upset, but would like to think and sleep before we come to any kind of decision, I think."

Shane huffs out a laugh and nods. That makes sense. "Yeah, that's probably the right way to go about this. Lots of...emotions."

"Oh!" Shane straightens suddenly, making Ilya jump. "Sorry, one second," He pulls away and gets off the couch, hurrying over to the kitchen. He almost forgot about the packet!

He grabs it and heads back, holding it out to the other man. "This is like, all the information on soulmates I have, so you can look through it and everything. There are tabs for specific parts, and it's all organized. I figured it would be, uh..." Shane trails off. "Helpful?"

Ilya grins, snorting as he takes the file jacket from Shane. "This is very Shane Hollander of you, you know? But yes, this is good. Thank you." He flips through it fleetingly before looking back up at Shane. "I can go read it now...?" He asks.

Shane smiles sheepishly at his comment, rubbing his neck. Was he that predictable? "Yeah," he gestures to the stairs, "you can read it now, I don't mind. Take all the time you need."

Their conversation ends like that, Ilya taking himself and the information from the couch up to his room, leaving Shane standing in the living room alone.

He collapses onto his back on the couch, puffing out a breath and rubbing his face. Shane doesn't need much sleep, but Ilya always seems to exhaust him more than anything else, and *fuck* if he doesn't need a *nap* after all of that.

Shane doesn't end up taking a nap. If he naps now, he probably won't sleep at all tonight, and he thinks regardless of what happens, he's going to want to sleep for as long as he can manage. Instead, he sort of just...lies there. Sometimes thinking of nothing, sometimes thinking about Ilya.

He thinks things are going well. Better than well, even. Ilya had actually shown up at the airport, and he listened to everything Shane had to say when they talked. Ilya *believed* him about everything. He didn't leave.

Shane still felt guilty about what Ilya had gone through on his own end of the connection. It made something in his chest want to curl up and cry, the thought of Ilya suffering for so long without him. He was trying to take Ilya's words to heart, though. Shane couldn't have done anything then, and he couldn't do anything to change the past now.

He wishes he knew what Ilya was thinking. Not that he thought there was anything Ilya wasn't telling him, they had agreed to honesty, and everything so far has pointed to him following that, but Shane wanted to be in Ilya's head.

Shane's eyes open when he hears the sound of Ilya opening his door upstairs again, footsteps walking across the hallway to the stairs. He sits up and grimaces at how stiff he feels. *Jesus*, how long has he been in that position?

Ilya comes around the corner as Shane stretches. His hair looks a little messy, like maybe he ended up napping, and Shane can't stop his lips from twitching up. *Cute*. What's less cute, however, is the heat that flares up in his gut when Ilya's eyes glance down when Shane feels his shirt ride up a bit. He pointedly ignores that.

"Food?" Is all Ilya says, and Shane nods. Yeah, that's probably a good idea, it's been a while, so it's probably—*dark outside?*

Shane checks the clock on the end table behind him. *10:13 pm*. Fuck, he didn't even notice.

"Shit, yeah, sorry." He says with wide eyes and shakes the remaining bit of grogginess from his head. "I didn't notice the time, I would have come up and gotten you earlier." Shane gets up and walks toward the kitchen, the other man following close behind.

He hears Ilya shrug, and when he speaks, his voice is pleasantly husky. "Is okay, I fell asleep a little after 3, I think. Day caught up to me."

Well, that was good at least. Shane hadn't *totally* fucked up at being a host.

They walk into the kitchen, and Shane opens the fridge, puffing his cheeks as he looks it over. "Everything should be mostly stocked, I made sure I had, uh. Basically everything." And by everything, Shane meant *everything*. He didn't really know any of Ilya's favorite foods, but he wanted to make sure he'd have whatever the other could want. Ilya didn't need to know the fridge was usually 70% empty.

The man in question looks over Shane's shoulder, humming to himself as his eyes scanned the shelves. "Do you eat? Like, people food?"

Ilya's voice *that* close to his ear does something to Shane, so he quickly steps to the side, acting like he's giving Ilya more room as he clears his throat. "Um, yeah, I eat. I just don't need to eat as much as a human does."

Ilya nods to himself, reaching in to grab a few things. "Do you want tuna melt?"

Does he—what? Shane narrows his eyes. "You want...to make me a tuna melt?"

The Russian shrugs casually, but Shane can hear the way his heartbeat jumps a little and see a peek of his red ears under his hair. "I make one for myself, I can make 2."

Oh. A slow grin spreads across Shane's face as realization slowly dawns on him. Ilya wants to cook for him, even though he didn't really have to. Something under his skin thrums happily at that. Shane also realizes that, with Ilya knowing what he is, there are about a hundred more ways for Shane to fuck with him.

"You know," Shane fails to hide the amused tone of his voice as he leans against the counter. "I can hear your heartbeat when you get nervous."

Ilya pauses mid-closing of the fridge, blinking at Shane as the color of his cheeks slowly changes to match the tips of his ears. Shane is once again struck by the desire to be inside Ilya's head. The Russian clears his throat and resumes moving. He sniffs and averts his eyes, as if that does anything in this scenario. "Do you want tuna melt or not?"

Shane giggles a little under his breath and nods. Ilya hmphs.

Shane decides to sit at the chairs along his kitchen island as Ilya cooks, telling him where certain ingredients are as he moves about, and otherwise staying quiet. It all feels so refreshingly *normal*, though he imagines Ilya would call it boring rather than anything else.

25 minutes later, there is a plate sat in front of him with a tuna melt and a pickle, along with a ginger ale from the fridge Ilya had passed him without asking, that Shane had shyly thanked him for. Was his favor of ginger ale common knowledge? Yes. Did he still feel stupidly soft that Ilya had noticed? Also, yes.

Ilya watches him closely as he takes his first bite, and smiles happily when Shane mumbles his enjoyment.

"So," Ilya says with his mouth half full as he dusts off his hands. "I have questions."

"Mm," Shane nods, quickly swallowing the bite he had just taken. "Yeah, go ahead."

Ilya finishes chewing, tilting his head as he thinks to himself. He gestures to Shane's plate. "You eat food and drink blood?"

"Oh! Yeah, I do both, ideally. I need blood more than I need to eat, but keeping up with both is what makes me feel the best. I can't eat like, *a lot*, though, in one sitting. It makes me feel sick, whether it's blood or food."

"Can you get drunk? High?" Ilya asks between bites.

"Drunk, yeah, I just don't for the most part, and—" Shane laughs, "I've never been high? So, I don't know. I'd imagine probably?" He guesses. He's never considered it, honestly, has never felt like doing...any of *that*. He wonders if Rose would know...

Hmm. Something to ask.

"Sunlight?"

"I wear sunscreen."

Ilya squints his eyes. "How old are you?"

"...24?"

"How long have you *been* 24?"

There's a hint of amusement in Ilya's eyes, and Shane gives him a deadpan stare. "Fuck you, *asshole*. I was born in 1991, the same year as you."

Ilya holds his hands up in surrender. "Just making sure! You never know. I do not want to be Bella Swan."

Shane feigns annoyance and shakes his head, but they're both smiling. The questions continue.

"You're stronger? Faster?"

Shane nods. "Stronger, faster, I heal fast. I have to hold back on the ice so I don't give anything away."

Ilya arches an eyebrow. "And I still beat you?"

Shane's jaw drops. "*Because* I'm holding back!" He says indignantly. "If I weren't, there'd be no question on who would win, Rozanov."

He smirks. "I guess we'll have to see sometime, won't we, Hollander?"

"I would beat your ass in less than 5 seconds."

"Ohh, sounds fun, like foreplay." Ilya teases, like an *asshole*. Shane does *not* blush, that would be ridiculous. He's had Ilya inside him, for fuck's sake, he can take a little teasing.

Shane averts his eyes sheepishly for a few seconds, shaking his head. "Fine, we can play on my rink while we're here, sometime." He looks back at Ilya, straightening a little. "It does sound fun, actually. I've never gotten to play like that, or really talk about stuff like this in general."

Ilya hums. "What about Rose Landry?"

"Well, she kind of did more of the talking than I did when we met." Ilya gives him a confused look, so he clears his throat to explain. "I won't go into all of it, but, uh. Long story short, she's a vampire, and she's also the first vampire I've ever met outside of my family."

Ilya's eyes went round, "Rose Landry is a *vampire*?" His tone is shocked, but his brows furrow, and he looks off to the side before nodding. "No, you know what, I can see it. Makes sense from what you said earlier."

"Yeah," He huffs, "more than me, apparently. I was talking to her about everything, and she's the one who told me about soulmates and sent me all the stuff from the packet. She's been a big help. It's been really nice to have someone to talk about all of this with."

"...Sounds like she likes you a lot." Ilya narrows his eyes. "Are you two...?"

"What?" Shane breathes, offended. "No, I told you—" He rolls his eyes. "Ilya, why would I be trying to fix things between us if I were dating someone? Rose is just a *friend*."

Ilya shrugs. "Does she know that?" He asks as he picks up his tuna melt.

"I told her I'm gay!"

Ilya pauses mid-chew. Blinks. "Oh. Okay."

"It's not—" Shane hunches over, suddenly sheepish. That's not...*exactly* how he meant for that to come out, but okay. "Sorry. I only came to that conclusion recently after...certain events." There was no way in hell he was telling Ilya it was because Rose asked him out, he was *not* poking that bear. Well. Not *now*, at least.

"So, she really is just a friend. She told me about the soulmate stuff, pushed me to call you... oh!" He perks up, remembering a conversation he had with her this week. "She also had another theory about why things got so much more intense after I drank from you."

Ilya gestures for him to continue, his mouth full. "Vampires can, um, *mate* with each other. Not like, y'know, I mean like," He fumbles over his words, Ilya smirking slightly as he does. "It's like a claiming thing, you like, bond to each other as partners."

Ilya hums and nods. "Vampire marriage?"

Shane blinks. "*Sure*, that." He lets out an amused scoff. "*Anyway*, we do that by biting each other and drinking the other's blood. Rose's theory is that even though you're human, the soulmate thing makes us able to mate in some capacity, at least. But we never completed it, and it can make you feel kind of fucked up if you do that."

"So," Ilya tilts his head, "if we completed it, like I *drank* from you, things would feel better?" As he speaks, a coy grin makes its way onto his face.

Shane can practically feel the way his pupils dilate and his stomach drops out from under him, blood rushing to his cock so fast he gets a little dizzy. A very embarrassing, *undignified* sound makes its way out of his throat from the mere mention of...*that*. Ilya's mouth on his neck, teeth clamping down hard enough to draw blood. Oh god. He feels like he just got punched in the stomach. "*Jesus, fuck*, Ilya," He wheezes. "Yes, probably."

The other man's grin somehow widens more and he opens his mouth, but Shane interrupts him before he can say another word. "If we're not making any calls until tomorrow you are *not* saying anything else about this or I will *fucking die from blue balls*, Rozanov, I swear to god."

Ilya throws his head back and cackles while Shane squeezes his eyes shut and pinches the bridge of his nose, holding his breath while he tries to will away his raging hard on because smelling Ilya will *not* help with that goal right now.

"Fine, fine. No fun, *Hollander*." Ilya grumbles playfully, tossing the last piece of his food into his mouth.

Shane's mouth twitched. "Assholes don't get first name privileges."

"Ah, so it's Hollander and Rozanov all the time, then?"

Shane's eyes snap open, "Oh, fuck you! I am *not* the asshole between the two of us!" He laughs.

Ilya purses his lips. "Ehh, I don't know," He makes a so-so gesture with his hand, "maybe to the rest of the world, yes, but to me?" He points at himself and shakes his head. "Terrible asshole to me, really. It would be a scandal if word got out about how you really are."

Shane stifles a laugh in his chest when he tosses his napkin at Ilya, who stands there and takes it with a '*Really?*' look, which just sets his laughter loose again. Ilya smiles with his teeth as he takes both of their plates and puts them over in the sink, tossing the napkins.

The laughter fades when he comes back over, both of them leaning on their elbows on the counter and just sort of...staring at each other fondly and smiling softly. This is so *nice*.

Shane feels lighter than he has in *months*, maybe even ever. The entire day, he's had no headaches, his body hasn't been in pain, and his brain isn't a mess. Even better than that, he's *happy*. Ilya is here and, granted he doesn't run off in the night, Shane thinks they could do this.

And, judging from the way Ilya is looking at him, he thinks they're on the same page.

It's utterly terrifying in the absolute *best* way possible.

Ilya's eyes look down at the counter, cleaning his throat, and the moment between them clears away. "I should go to sleep."

"Yeah, yeah, of course! Long day." Shane tries to bite back the smile that's still on his face, but he knows it's a lost cause.

Ilya nods and slowly straightens, his eyes flicking to Shane's lips for a beat and pausing there before he drags them up to his eyes. He wonders if Ilya wants to kiss him as badly as Shane does. It takes every ounce of his self-restraint not pull him over the island and do just that. "Goodnight, Shane."

Shane bobs his head back. "Goodnight, Ilya." He responds, watching as Ilya turns and leaves the kitchen and listening as his footsteps thud up the stairs, down the hallway, and into his room before he closes the door, and the cottage is silent once more.

As soon as Ilya is in his room, Shane is outside at the end of his dock in less than a second, a giddy smile on his face as he whips out his phone and opens his messages with Rose. His hands are shaking a little bit as he types out a text to her.

Shane: *Rose.*

Help help help help

I don't even know if you're awake actually! Is it late? Did I wake you up? I'm sorry!

Rose 🍷: *woah 20 questions*

ur good i was awake! still on set actually but i'm not up yet. what's up?? :o

aren't you with your mystery man? DID HE NOT SHOW UP?

i know how to hide a body give me his name i will kill him >:(

Shane: No, no! He showed up, he just went to bed, actually.
We're sleeping on it before we decide anything official, but...
Rose I think it went really well like really REALLY well and amazing and I'm kind of freaking out but in a good way oh my god ROSE

Rose 🍷: OMG SHANE REALLYYY :D

wow yeah you lost punctuation and everything this is serious business. deep breaths
IM SO EXCITED FOR YOU I TOLD YOU IT WOULD WORK OUT BABE does this mean I
get to meet him soon
he's like your first boyfriend I need to give him a shovel talk!!! even if he's your soulmate

Shane: I'd really like that.
You probably already know him, actually.

Rose 🍷: ??? wait really

IS HE ANOTHER PLAYER wait okay now i have to guess
Hayden Pike

Shane: ?
??????????
I don't even know what to say to that. Are you insane?

Rose 🍷: ok so not hayden pike. noted.

Shane: He has a wife and kids! Who I know very well! I'm their godfather!

Rose 🍷: aren't they both from vancouver

Shane: What does that have to do with anything?

Rose 🍷: oh you sweet summer child

nothing :) don't worry about it

and that wasn't even that crazy of a guess do you have any idea how many people ship you guys online -_-

Shane: You know I rarely use social media, Rose.

And ship us? To where?

Rose 🍷: LMAO not like that i mean like ship as in relationship

people think you guys would be a cute couple

i think shayden is like 2nd most popular. hollanov is #1 of course which i didn't guess! i held back

Shane: Well.

Rose 🍷: ?

?

shane. Shane.

SHANE!

oh my god are you serious you're not joking with me

Shane: Hehe. :)

Since our rookie season.

Rose 🍷: oh my god you are serious

ROOKIE SEASON?

SHANEEEEEEE oh i hate how cute that is how am i ever supposed to one up you now!!!

your arch rival is your soulmate oh this really is so cute

is he really that good at sex

Shane: Oh my GOD, Rose. Please.

Rose 🍷: well. that isn't an answer, mr. hole
unless you don't want to!
butttt...?

Shane: First of all, never call me that again. Secondly.

...

He's annoyingly good. Like, it actually infuriated me when we first started hooking up.
He's the only guy I've ever been with, but I don't see how it could get any better.

Rose 🍷: oh my god :(
ugh that is so fucking cute
and he knows everything now? everything everything?

Shane: Yeah, he does.
Oh! I forgot, I kind of, uh...
Told him about you being a vampire. I hope that's okay. I know I didn't ask.

Rose 🍷: oh babe I assumed that would be shared don't worry
you can give him my number if you want!!
im sure he'll need advice on being turned at some point, right? ;)

Shane: Oh.

Rose 🍷: didn't consider that yet?
hot vampire boyfriend for eternity someday

Shane: Oh, fuck you, I can't think about that right now without something embarrassing happening!

Rose 🍷: LMAOOOO
you're welcome
ugh i have to get back on set they've been calling for like 10 mins

Shane: Hello? Go! I'm not getting you fired.

Rose 🍷: i know i know i'm going

*try and get some sleep! i expect more details tomorrow
im really happy for you, shane. you deserve to be this happy. love you
mwah!*

Shane: I'll try to sleep.

Thank you, Rose. I love you, too. Goodnight.

Shane turns off his phone and sits, setting it face down on the dock. He looks out over the lake for a minute before sighing and lying back, looking up at the night sky, clear and bright from out far out his cottage is.

What a fucking day, he thinks.

Talking to Rose had helped, but there was still a buzz of energy under his skin that had yet to calm down. It was at least partly due to Rose's comment about turning Ilya, which was... definitely food for thought, yeah. Shane shook his head, laughing softly under his breath.

Forgetting all the vampire and soulmate talk, Shane really was glad he met Rose. She was just...so *easy* to talk to. He wasn't *Shane Hollander* talking to her. Well, unless it was hockey related, then he was a little bit. He didn't have to hide any part of himself, not the vampire parts, not the gay parts, and none of the parts that were just *him*.

And now, he considers with a smile, he didn't have to hide with Ilya, either.

He's been so scared for so long, even before everything with Ilya. Scared of messing up one tiny thing and his entire life falling apart around him. Shane didn't realize how much keeping

the secrets he's been keeping his whole life had been weighing him down until he didn't have to hide anymore.

Maybe that's what the lightness was. Not just Ilya, though he was certainly a part of it, but he thinks a greater part of it is the honesty. '*The truth will set you free*', or whatever, he supposes. He didn't really understand that saying in the past, considering his 'truths' would probably land him in either unemployment or some kind of government lab if they got out.

Shane got it now, though. Telling his parents about Ilya was a step forward, though he still had things he wanted to tell them, feelings he's kept buried for so long he doesn't know what they really are, anymore. Then there was Rose, who was so sweet and understanding, and *Ilya*. Ilya knew everything now, and if there was something he didn't know, Shane would be more than happy to tell him. He couldn't think of anything better.

Well.

Shane chews on his bottom lip, breathing out a sigh. That wasn't completely true, was it? There was *one* other person he wished he could tell, or more like one other family, especially after this year.

Hayden, and Jackie, of course, have been *so* great. Without hesitation, Hayden had taken it upon himself to keep up and check in on Shane as soon as he felt something was up...even though he'd told him nothing about what was going on with him or in his life. Shane had his reasons, obviously, but Hayden didn't know that, and he hadn't pushed.

Not badly, anyway. He was never upset, only ever worried.

Shane sat up, grabbing his phone and staring down at it in his hands nervously. He's scared. Terrified out of his fucking mind, really. Hayden was his oldest friend, and the last thing Shane ever wanted was to lose him, but...maybe it was greedy at this point, but he also wanted to be able to have another place he could feel that lightness.

He takes a deep breath, resolving himself. He didn't need to be scared, Shane was *tired* of being scared. Shane also didn't need to jump into telling Hayden everything, not tonight. A

step forward was still a step forward, no matter how small it was, wasn't it? Shane turns on his phone and opens his messages again.

Shane: Hey, Hayd.

Hayden: Shane! You're alive
How's the cottage are you feeling okay?

Shane: Yeah, sorry. Been a long day.
Honestly? I think I'm feeling really good.
I can't really say a lot, but I think things are really going good, Hayden.
For like, the first time in a while.

Hayden: Oh??? Ohhhhhh???
Does this have anything to do with you going home with Rose Landry the night we won
Which is still crazy by the way dude

Shane: I did not go home with her! It's not like that, I swear. It's really not. We're friends.
She just...talked some sense into me, you know? About stuff.

Hayden: Ohhhhh!!
Ok buddy I see
Is this maybeeee Lily related then?

Shane: Lily?

Hayden: Come on dude I know you text a Lily from Boston
For like years until you stopped last year and things started to get bad
But you were always happy with her before
Kind of figured something happened
Sooooo? Did you guys finally talk?

Shane: *I do not like how well you know me. -_-*

Hayden: *What the hell
Did you just use an emoji??*

Shane: *Oh god. Sorry. Rose's influence.
I told you we're friends!
Also, swear jar.*

Hayden: *Aw man fuck you it doesn't count over text
And don't say sorry you've just never been an emoji guy it surprised me
Emoji it up brother
Don't ignore the question*

Shane: *Fine.
Maybe it's Lily related.*

Hayden: *Hah I fucking knew it!! Do not swear jar me
Good for you Shane*

Shane: *Thanks. And, uh.
Thanks for everything else this season.
You and Jackie have been the best, seriously. I love you guys, and the kids.*

Hayden: *Aww buddy we love you too
If you ever wanna talk about anything my ears are open I mean it even if there's like baby
puke all over me or something
Whether it's you stuff or Lily stuff
Jackie says you bottle up too much and like always I think my beautiful wife is right*

Shane: *Yeah, your better half usually is.
I might take you up on that talking thing soon, maybe.*

Hayden: *FINally!*

No rush buddy I just want you to be happy and like know you have people in your corner

Shane: *I know, Hayd. Thank you.*

I should probably go to sleep now, It's late.

Hayden: *Don't I know it man Arthur still hasn't gone down yet*

Which like isn't out of the ordinary I'm just beat

I need to get a vasectomy

Shane: *Probably!*

Goodnight, Hayden.

Hayden: *Night buddy*

Call you tomorrow

Chapter End Notes

“call you tomorrow” hayden doesn’t know that he signed away his soul in that text. also hayden "i need to get a vasectomy" pike doesn't know he's still having ANOTHER DAMN KID. fool. this chapter and the next one have lowkey been kicking my ASS 😭
ahhh i hope this one came out ok >.<

► author blurbs and blabs again !!

kudos and comments from all you lovely lovely readers r deeply appreciated they've been sooo helpful in keeping me motivated ILY ALL :3 i try to respond to all of them! feel free to check out my [tumblr](#) also :) SEE YOU ALL SOON!

Chapter 6: july 2nd, 2015

Chapter Summary

Yours, forever.

Chapter Notes

HELLOOOOOOOO LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. WE HAVE MADE IT. THE FINAL CHAPTER. i am soso excited for you all to read this I HOPE IT LIVES UP TO EXPECTATIONS? this chapter has been HELL ON WHEELS to write let me tell you. there will be some russian near the end of this chapter, but translations will be in the end notes!

now. should shane and ilya have had a deeper conversation before certain parts of this fic? yes. are they more than a little unhealthily obsessed with each other? also yes. but we love that for them here. if you wanna know how long i've been writing this chapter, as im writing this note im seeing the penguins just lost to the rangers. sydney crosby please come home soon. LORD. my team, everybody. (update: HE'S BACK BABY)

► little thankful spiel

WITHOUT FURTHER ADO...please enjoy chapter 6!!

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

Shane rubs his face and groans quietly as he wakes up, his blankets tangled up around him. His face feels warm. He opens his eyes and...*immediately* squeezes them shut when he's blinded by the sunlight shining directly into them. *OW*.

He huffs and decides to just lie there for a bit. He feels pleasantly well-rested, his head quiet and body loose. He hasn't slept this well in *months*. It's probably because Ilya is here. Shane feels a soft smile spread across his face just thinking about him.

Ilya Rozanov, *here*. Ilya is in *his* cottage, in Shane's space. It makes him feel giddy, having this chance. His head turns as he hears Ilya moving downstairs in the kitchen, making coffee based on the smell. He didn't make a run for it in the middle of the night, at least. As much as

Shane wants to lie here in a sleepy fog, he definitely wants to see Ilya more, so he forces his body to move and climb out of bed.

Shane brushes his teeth as fast as he can let himself get away with before shuffling out of his room and down the stairs quietly. He could get to the kitchen faster, of course, but he doesn't want to do too much, too fast. When he comes around the corner, he stops in the doorway.

Ilya's hair is even messier than yesterday, and he's only wearing a pair of dark sleep pants. He's moving around the kitchen carefully, like he doesn't want to make much noise, and Shane smiles softly. Not that it matters when Shane can hear him from anywhere in the house, but it's still sweet.

Ilya is, as he had guessed, making coffee, two steaming mugs sitting on the island while he cleans up after himself. He gets a little lost sometimes, opening and closing cabinets as he searches for things, but he's more familiar with the layout of things now than he was last night.

The domesticity of it all hits Shane square in the chest suddenly, and all he wants more than anything is walk up behind the other man and wrap himself around Ilya, lean his head over his shoulder, and kiss him stupid. Every part of his body longs to do it, but he doesn't know if that's allowed yet.

He loves this man so much. It almost bowls him over, how much he loves Ilya, even though it's far from the first time he's had this thought.

It's then that Ilya notices him standing in the doorway, jumping slightly and cursing something in Russian under his breath. "Christ, Shane." He puts a hand over his heart. "Quiet as a fucking mouse, huh?" He smirks. That *fucking* smirk. He opens his mouth to say something, but Shane can't take this any longer.

"Can I kiss you?" He blurts out. Fuck. He meant to kind of ease into that, not dive off the fucking bridge.

Ilya pauses, surprise dawning his features. He looks over him, a million thoughts behind the other's eyes that Shane can't even begin to deduce. His pulse hammers in his ears so deafeningly he's almost afraid he won't hear Ilya's response.

Thankfully, he doesn't speak it. Instead, all Ilya gives is a wordless nod, but that's enough.

Shane takes a slow step, and then another. He walks slowly until he's in front of Ilya, both of them gazing into each other's eyes. "You want this?" He asks again, wanting to be sure.

Ilya carefully raises a hand, brushing a thumb over the tops of Shane's left cheek before putting his hand on his face and holding it in his palm. "I slept on it," he smiles faintly, "I want this, I want you." Ilya nods. "I want *us*," he stresses, "whatever that looks like."

I want us.

That's the sentence that breaks the singular thread of self-control Shane had left. He surges forward, shoving his lips against Ilya's and whining as the other man's tongue runs against the seam of his lips. Shane parts them eagerly and his breath hitches as Ilya licks into his mouth.

He hadn't been planning on doing anything more than kiss, but that was quickly being reconsidered as Ilya walks him backward until he runs into the island and Ilya pushes his leg between Shane's thighs, right up against his rapidly stiffening cock.

"*Fuck*, Ilya," he hisses in between kisses.

The man in question chuckles low in his chest against Shane's mouth and the fire burning in his gut flares. "Mmm, this what you wanted?" Ilya moves his lips along Shane's jaw, kissing up to his ear. "I'll give you anything, *anything*," He growls as he nips Shane's ear.

Oh, *god*. He pants heavily as the other man keeps kissing him, mind spinning as he tries to think of a response. This is what he wants, *it is*, but he wants *more*. It kind of hits Shane then, the crazy thing about that thought. He *can* have more. Shane isn't scared of what he is or what

he could do anymore, now that he understands everything. He doesn't have to hold back so much, not anymore.

So, Shane smirks and grabs tightly to Ilya's arms. "Hold on," is all the warning he gives before he's dashing up the stairs and into his bedroom, Ilya yelping indignantly as he finds himself on his back with Shane ripping his own clothes off before falling to his hands and knees on top of him after being in the kitchen not even half a second ago.

"Wanna taste you," Shane mumbles as he kisses his way down Ilya's jaw and neck, pausing for a moment to breathe him in as he does. *God*, his scent is fucking addicting. He slips his hand under Ilya's sleep pants and finds his bare cock, wrapping his hand around it and stroking it clumsily, the skin already slick and wet.

"Taste you here, 'n suck you. Wanna sit on your cock and bite you and taste you like that, too." Shane looks up at him once he gets to his waist band, and he thinks he could cum from the look Ilya's giving him alone, leaning back on his elbows, eyes lidded and dark, his gaze burning into Shane so heavily it makes him flatten his spine and lie flat on his stomach between Ilya's legs. "Please?"

Ilya lets out a shaky breath and nods. "Yes, *fuck*," he curses, "yes to *all* of that."

Shane instantly pulls down Ilya's pants and lets out a noise at the sight of him. Pre-cum leaks steadily from his tip, the rest of him flushed and hard. It was embarrassing how quickly his mouth watered, begging to be filled. He leans down and licks a stripe up Ilya's cock with his tongue, dragging his gaze up to meet the other's as he makes it to the top and mouths at the head in the way he knows Ilya likes.

"*Christ*, Shane," Ilya curses as Shane wraps his lips around his length, "just like that."

Shane lets himself smirk as he takes all of him down in one breath, pushing past his gag reflex easily now while Ilya leaks into his mouth and mumbles the Russian profanities Shane has gotten more than familiar with over the years. He bobs his head in a rhythm, delighting in the reactions he pulls from the other man.

He reaches down with one hand and grabs a fistful of Shane's hair, using it to control his pace. "Missed your fucking mouth," Ilya mutters and Shane whines, drool dripping down from his filled mouth. *God*, he missed the heady taste of Ilya's arousal, the way it would tinge his already perfect scent into something darker and hotter. He swallows it down gladly.

After a while, Ilya lets go, his arm getting tired. Shane pulls off and moves left to press wet, open mouthed kisses along the other man's hip bone, nipping gently until he makes it to a familiar spot.

He pointedly drags his teeth across the soft skin for a long moment before fluttering his eyes closed and sinking his fangs into the thick, meaty section of Ilya's upper thigh, biting down until the skin breaks and *fuck*—

Ilya's hot, thick, *addictive* blood floods his mouth and his eyes roll back as the taste washes over his tongue. Somehow, it tastes ever better than he remembers, or maybe it's the months of foul-tasting blood he's gotten used to. Either way, Ilya tastes *divine* as Shane swallows down mouthfuls of his blood.

He can barely think, his mind a cacophony of *more, Ilya, so good, Ilya, need it, Ilya*. He grinds his hips down against the bed as he does, letting out animalistic grunts because *god*, it feels so fucking good to have Ilya like this, and with the way his cock is dripping pre-cum down his shaft, Shane thinks he feels the same way. Shane unlatches his teeth to run his tongue over the bite and make sure the bleeding stops.

As soon as he fully pops off, Ilya is dragging Shane up into his lap and kissing him heatedly, huffing when their teeth clack together but not separating. Shane trembles and moans when Ilya sucks lewdly on his tongue, tasting *his own blood*, smearing it across his face. It's so fucking filthy.

Ilya flips them both, putting Shane on his back before he then pushes his tongue into Shane's mouth and licks across every spot in his mouth, anywhere he can reach. When he pulls back, the line of saliva connecting them is tinged pink, and there are red smudges all around the Russian's lips. *His own blood. Fuck.*

"Taste is not as bad as I expected," Ilya pants, smirking. He looks so fucking hot.

Shane gasps as he feels a slick finger press against his hole. He doesn't even know when Ilya grabbed lube. "Oh, *fuck, please—*" he begs, fingers digging into the other's back. He needs it, needs Ilya inside of him, he *needs* him. He shushes Shane gently as he works his finger deeper, kissing at his jaw.

"You could kill me so easily, couldn't you?" Ilya murmurs, sounding almost fond. Shane furrows his eyebrows, a confused noise falling from his lips as words fail him.

Ilya chuckles deeply. "Strong hockey player. Big, scary *vampire*," He hovers over Shane, leering down at him as he adds another finger. "You could stop me, kill me, whatever," Ilya shrugs, "but you let me flip and manhandle you, hear your pretty noises while I get you ready for my cock."

Shane flushes, heat rising to his cheeks in an instant. Ilya's right, he is, but it's different with him. It's always been different with Ilya. He trusts Ilya in a way he doesn't think he's trusted anyone else, he always has. It's always been so easy to let himself fall into the safety of Ilya's hold. He could just be *Ilya's*.

Even after everything, it was never Ilya he doubted, it was himself. But now, with how much more secure he feels in himself, and knowing Ilya wants this? Wants *him*, wants them, *together*? It's easier than it's ever been.

It's overwhelming, and Shane's brain isn't working at full capacity right now to communicate all of that to Ilya in his current state. All Shane manages is a slurred response of, "*m yours.*"

The rhythm of Ilya's fingers stutters before pausing, his eyes widening in surprise before softening into something else entirely. He looks down at Shane like he's something impossible, something he can't believe is real. He curses in Russian before licking his lips. "*Mine*," he whispers.

Shane nods, squirming under the weight of his gaze and feeling of the now three fingers in his ass. "Yours," he repeats.

They both rush towards each other at the same time, kissing heatedly and muttering the words *yours* and *mine* over and over in between breaths. Ilya pulls his fingers out and Shane keens at the empty feeling, only quieting down when he feels the blunt head of Ilya's cock press against his rim.

Ilya arches an eyebrow, not moving. "You want it, Hollander?" he purrs teasingly.

Shane whines, wrapping his arms around Ilya's neck and nodding, trying to push his hips down enough to nudge to tip inside, but Ilya moves his hips farther away from him, that insufferable smirk on his face. He lets out an amused hum, moving just enough for Shane to miss his cock every time he tries to shift his ass onto it.

Something in Shane thrashes at being denied like this, at being toyed with, but he pushes it down. He wants to be *good*.

However, through the haze in his mind, Shane notices something else in Ilya's eyes. *A challenge*. Shane narrows his eyes. Oh. Ilya had called him Hollander, too, hadn't he? Well.

He uses his arms around Ilya's neck to yank him down, kissing him roughly before growling "*Mine*," and flipping them back over and sinking down onto Ilya's cock himself, the both of them moaning hotly into each other's mouths as Shane presses their foreheads together and gets used to the thickness inside of him.

As soon as he is, he leans back and starts moving, lifting and rolling his hips on top of Ilya as his head falls back limply. "*Yes*," he slurs. "Fuck, so full, missed this, missed you, *Ilya*—"

"That's it, Shane, fucking—so good, taking it so good for me, god," Ilya groans, placing his hands on Shane's hips to steady him.

Incoherent sounds make their way out of him as he moves, red-hot pleasure coursing through his veins like electricity. Shane's cock throbs, red and bobbing in the air with every rock of his hips. God, he feels lightning branching out and shooting across his skin, it's like every synapse in his brain is firing at once, but he knows it could be *better*.

He's not hitting his prostate like this, he can't from this angle, and after a few minutes of riding the other man it's starting to drive him crazy. He focuses his eyes enough to look at Ilya, taking a minute to appreciate how debauched he looks, before he speaks. "Ilya, I can't—I *need*—"

He nods, using his grip on Shane's hips to tilt him forward on his knees. He falls boneless onto Ilya's chest, and Ilya braces his feet down on the bed and holds Shane by his ass as he starts to thrust up, *finally* hitting that spot inside of Shane and it's pure *bliss*.

His eyes cross as he drools onto Ilya's pec. "God, fuck, yes, *yes*," he stutters out. Christ, he feels stupid for it, Ilya's cock fucking the thoughts out of his head with how deep he is. They've never done it without a condom, except for that night, and the feeling of Ilya's bare cock is perfect, like it was made for Shane, perfectly pounding his prostate.

Which is a delirious, horny, sex-brained thought, but it's kind of true, isn't it? Ilya was made for Shane, and Shane was made for Ilya, and *Jesus*, Shane loves him so fucking much.

Ilya moans as Shane clenches around him, speaking Russian he can't understand but it makes Shane moan in response anyway. Shane forces enough strength back into his arms to lift himself enough to attach his mouth to Ilya's, making out with him messily.

"Are you close?" Ilya asks, like Shane's cock isn't smearing an absurd amount of pre-cum between their bellies.

Still, he nods and presses their foreheads together. "Mm, mhm, almost, just need—" Shane's breath hitches at a particularly deep thrust, "—need a little more, need..." He stammers, his brain and mouth no working in tandem, barely working at all, frankly. Shane's body is reaching the edge of a cliff, and all he knows is he needs *something* to push him over that edge.

Fortunately, like always, Ilya knows what he needs. He smirks and slips a thumb into Shane's mouth, dragging his face over into the crook of Ilya's neck before saying one word. "*Bite*."

And well, Shane *has* always been good at following orders, hasn't he?

So, he bites down hard, sinking his fangs into Ilya's neck for the second time ever, this time with the knowledge that it's *okay*. As soon as a singular drop lands on his tongue, his entire body tenses as the orgasm that's been building up finally crescendos and he falls over that edge, cum shooting out from his cock and covering both his and Ilya's stomachs.

Half a second later, Ilya presses balls deep and cries out, and Shane feels his cock twitch and pulse inside of him, and *fucking hell* this is what he wanted all those months ago, Ilya filling him and inside of his body in *every possible way*. Blood, cum, spit, anything and everything.

It takes a minute for Shane to realize his teeth are still in Ilya's neck. With a pained noise, that voice in the back of his head protesting at being separated from Ilya, he pulls back and licks over the bite mark, stopping the bleeding.

When he sits up and looks at Ilya, his eyes are lidded and glassy, and not just in a post-coital way. Shane makes a concerned noise and cradles his face, but Ilya just shakes his head minutely and offers a dazed smile. "I'm okay. I am okay, you hear it?" He weakly grabs Shane's other hand and places it in the center of his chest over his heart.

Shane can hear it, and feel it too. Ilya's heartbeat is perfectly fine, a little slowed, but fine. Faster than the last time he bit him. Shane breathes out a sigh of relief and nods. Ilya chuckles. "Best orgasm of my life, I think." He nods, his words slurring a little. Shane chuckles a little breathlessly.

He lifts his hips, letting Ilya's softened cock slip out of him, shuddering at the feeling of the cum starting to drip out of him afterwards. Ilya grunts and frowns when he slides off his lap and off the bed, but Shane shushes him. "Mmm...be back." He kisses Ilya's forehead, and the displeased look on his face smooths out.

He's only gone for a matter of seconds, thankfully. Shane dashes around the house as fast as he can, returning vaguely cleaner and with a damp washcloth, orange juice, and a container of grapes. Ilya blinks at him as he sets all that on the nightstand closest to him. "That will take some getting used to."

Shane huffs, smiling sheepishly while he pulls back the ruined blanket they just had sex on top of, grimacing at the state of it. His voice still isn't quite working yet, still gone off to... wherever his mind goes when he has sex with Ilya. He climbs back onto the bed with the washcloth, wiping the blood and cum and spit off of Ilya's body.

His mind isn't all back yet, either. All Shane knows is his *'freaky little vampire hind brain'*, as Rose so eloquently put it, is fussing over the fact that Ilya is clearly out of it from how much he drank. It wasn't a dangerous amount, by any means, but he can't help but feel a little distressed over it.

Ilya watches Shane as he wipes him down until he's as clean as he can get without a shower. He chuckles when Shane grimaces at the now dirty washcloth in his hand, looking around for somewhere to put it. He ends up tossing it on the ruined blanket on the floor before grabbing a soft, fluffy one from the basket in the corner of the bedroom and laying with Ilya, covering the both of them with it.

Shane takes the container of grapes and sets it in his lap. Ilya groans a little as he sits up slightly, reaching to take a grape. Shane moves them out of his reach, which earns him a raised eyebrow.

"I can feed myself, Hollander," he complains as Shane pushes him back against the pillows, bringing a grape up to his mouth. Shane just stares at him pointedly until he sighs and opens his mouth. Shane smiles and happily places it on his tongue.

They lay like that for a little while, Shane alternating between grapes and orange juice while Ilya begrudgingly lets himself be taken care of, letting themselves sit in the afterglow of sex. Ilya gazes at him intently as Shane takes care of him, a soft, private smile on his face that makes Shane blush more than any sex they've ever had. He bites the corner of his lips shyly and looks away, reaching back into the container in his lap.

"I love you," Ilya mutters as Shane raises another grape to his lips, freezing as he processes the words. Shane blinks. Holy shit.

"Holy shit," he breathes, the first words he's been able to form since he laid down with Ilya.

Ilya blinks, and his eyes widen as he realizes that yes, he did in fact say what he just said out loud. "I mean—"

"I love you, too," Shane interrupts, eyes locked onto Ilya's even as he feels them water. He moves the container without looking away from the other man, taking his face into his hands and letting out a shaky breath. "Oh my god, I love you *so fucking much, Ilya.*"

And then they're kissing. They're kissing like they didn't just have sex, like they haven't kissed in months. Ilya kisses Shane and Shane kisses Ilya like he's starving for it because, *fuck*, he is, he's starving for the man who loves him, for the man *he knows loves him*. He presses their foreheads together when they separate, laughing wetly as tears fall down his cheeks.

When he opens his eyes, he's surprised to see Ilya crying, too. Ilya shakes his head and sniffles, squeezing his eyes shut. "Sorry, I..." He sniffs again and clears his throat, raising his hands from where they rest on his hips up to Shane's face. "I love you," he whispers, repeating the sentence over and over again as he softly presses his lips all over Shane's face.

Shane laughs a little before his face twists, his hands moving so he can press his cheek against Ilya's. "I was—I was so scared," He hiccups, "that I ruined everything before we could be *something.*"

It's a thought that had been ringing in the back of Shane's head since the call after the club. What if Shane ghosting Ilya was too much, what if it was too late for them? What if, what if, *what if?*

But that anxiety-inducing thought fades from his mind as Ilya presses a kiss to his temple and nuzzles against his hair, inhaling deeply. "You did not ruin anything," Ilya murmurs softly, "all I wanted was to be something to you, that is all I ever wanted."

Shane blinks away the tears building in his waterline, breathing deep as his chin settles down onto the other man's shoulder and he takes comfort in Ilya's scent. "Even before Vegas, even before that photo shoot, even before I met you...you were always my everything."

They lie there for a long while, afterwards. Sniffling and cuddling, Shane's heart feeling so full he would burst if he was any happier, he thinks. He lies his head on Ilya's chest, listening to his heartbeat as the Russian holds him, rubbing his hand up and down Shane's back with a barely-there touch.

Despite what they just confessed to each other, things feel decidedly...normal. Comfortable. They get up eventually, stripping the bed and showering. To Shane's surprise, they don't have sex again in the shower, though he wouldn't have complained if they did. Instead, Shane's water bill suffers greatly as Ilya presses him against the wall, the two of them making out for a long while, as if they're trying to make up for lost time.

"So," Ilya starts, a smug lilt to his voice. "You *love* me," he sing-songs.

Shane snorts, pecking Ilya's lips. "Unfortunately, it seems."

Even with his joking tone, the pure happiness on Ilya's face at his words makes Shane blush, and he hides in Ilya's neck. "Don't look at me like that," he mumbles, and Ilya laughs, tilting Shane's head back up to resume kissing him.

When they do finally get out of the shower, only doing so because the hot water was running out, Shane's surprised to see that it's nearly *noon*. They spent the whole morning fucking, cuddling, and making out. Well. You know, when he puts it like that, he really can't be upset.

Finally dried and dressed, the two of them head downstairs. There's a nagging feeling in the back of his mind still, that Ilya still needs to eat more, especially if it's this late. His fangs catch on his bottom lip as he chews it, turning to Ilya. "I'll be right back, you can pick something on the TV if you want?"

"Oh," Ilya blinks before shrugging, "okay."

When Shane comes back 15 minutes later, blushing with two sandwiches on a plate, Ilya stares at him for long second before he starts laughing, throwing his head back and holding his stomach.

"Would you shut up?" Shane huffs as he puts the plate down on the coffee table, eyeing the two controllers Ilya has gotten out and the NHL game loading on the TV screen. He sits down beside Ilya and rolls his eyes when the other wraps his arms around him dramatically.

"No, not possible. I think it is cute that you're trying to nourish me after drinking me dry, very house husband of you, you know?"

Shane blushes and pushes Ilya off, making the other pout. "If I drank you dry you wouldn't be *talking*, asshole." He reaches to grab a controller. "If we're playing, I'm picking Montreal."

"Ah, no," Ilya takes the other controller and holds it up, the light blinking to signify he's player 1. "*I* will be picking Montreal, thank you."

"*Fine*." Shane mutters indignantly, picking Boston and smiling to himself. Hah! If Ilya wanted to be petty, Shane could be too. He and Hayden have played this game more than a few times at the Pike house, and Shane was proud to have kicked his ass nearly every time.

Unfortunately, Ilya manages to meet his skill in even video game hockey, the two of them playing for what feels like hours with neither of them ever getting one up on the other. If Shane wins one game, Ilya wins the next. If Ilya misses one shot, Shane will send the puck directly into the net on his next try. It's insufferable, but it's also *ridiculously fun*.

5 games in, Shane's phone lights up with a call, buzzing on the coffee table. He and Ilya read the name at the same time, with Shane smiling and Ilya groaning.

"Doesn't Pike have 7 kids to worry about? Why is he calling?" Ilya pouts.

Shane pauses the game and chuckles. "He has *three*, and be nice! He's my best friend, we talk all the time."

Ilya grumbles under his breath and leans back on the couch, sighing dramatically as Shane picks answers the phone and holds it up to his ear. "Hey, Hayd!" He says, the smile on his face bleeding into his voice.

"Well, I'm glad *somebody* sounds happy," Hayden says over the *screaming baby* that is suddenly piercing his eardrums.

Shane winces and holds the phone back. "Jesus Christ, that's Arthur?"

Hayden laughs on the other end of the phone tiredly. "Yeah, I thought the girls were bad, but I swear to god, dude, he's louder than both of them screaming at the same time. Hold on, Jade's trying to—Honey!" There's some muffled but frantic words before it sounds like Hayden puts the phone down.

Shane just shakes his head amusedly, sitting up onto the back of the couch while he waits for Hayden to take care of whatever chaos is evidently going on over at the Pike residence. He's well used to the noise from all the babysitting he's done for them.

What he is *not* used to, however, is Ilya setting his chin on Shane's knee and peering up at him from under his lashes. Shane raises an eyebrow. *What?* He mouths. Ilya just shrugs nonchalantly and continues to stare up at him as he lifts a hand.

His touch is featherlight and barely there, but it still sends shivers up Shane's spine as Ilya's fingertips trails upwards from his ankle, to his calf, to his knee and upper thigh. His leg jerks away in response and he quickly mutes himself. "What the hell are you doing?"

The corner of Ilya's mouth twitches as he sits back up. "Nothing. Can I not touch you, Hollander?" He tilts his head innocently and Shane narrows his eyes.

"I'm *on the phone* with *Hayden*." Shane says incredulously, and...

It's not a refusal, and judging by the smirk spreading across Ilya's face, he notices. "Well," He scoots closer, "I won't touch you, if you do not get hard. But if you do..."

Shane swallows, his throat bobbing. It does not bode well for him that his cock is twitching in his pants already. He hears shuffling from Hayden's end and quickly lifts his phone again, his hand having lowered while waiting. "I'm *on the phone*," he hisses, again not refusing Ilya's offer, before unmuting as Hayden starts speaking again.

"Okay!" He huffs, a distinct lack of screaming now in the background. "Sorry, Jade discovered markers work on walls, as well as paper, and Ruby is—Ruby, actually, has just been playing in her room, so that's been nice. Jackie said—"

Hayden keeps talking, but Shane is *so* not listening. Which, he will feel bad about later, but right now he's more focused on the way Ilya is just...staring him down. He's not touching Shane, like he said he wouldn't. Ilya smiles innocently as he lays the side of his head on the back of the couch, which exposes the bite mark from earlier clearly.

Shane licks his lips. *Fuck*. His eyes drop down to where Ilya's shorts have ridden up, the matching bruise on the inside of his thigh. To anyone else, they probably look gnarly. The skin is discolored into a mess of dark purples and blues, and he can still see the marks from both his normal teeth and where his fangs cut into Ilya. The normal thing would be to find them hard to look at.

Instead, all Shane can think about is how *pretty* they look, and the fact that he can see the tent slowly forming in Ilya's shorts. *Fuck. Fuck.*

Hayden laughs and Shane follows his lead half a second late, hoping he didn't notice how silent he's been. What was he talking about? Jackie...something about Jackie. Jackie said something. "Sounds like something she'd say," he tries.

"That's what I said!" Hayden exclaims, and Shane breathes out a sigh of relief at apparently saying the right thing. "Anyway, how are things with you? You gonna tell me what happened

with you and Lily?"

"Things are good, I'm—" Shane cuts himself off when Ilya sits up with a coy look on his face, pointing down to Shane's visible bulge and giving a thumbs up. Shane blushes and closes his eyes. "I'm good, the cottage is good. Lily is—" His breath hitches as he feels Ilya start to kiss up his legs. "Lily is good."

Hayden sighs. "Good, that's all I get?" He huffs with mock offense. "Come on, give me something, I'm dying in diaper hell over here! I need some kind of gossip to give Jackie."

Shane slams his finger against the mute button when Ilya starts palming at his crotch, taking an uneven breath and whining. He opens his eyes to glare down at Ilya.

"It's not very nice to leave your friend on mute, Hollander, you should give him something, no?" He snarks, pulling Shane's cock out.

"Fuck you, I don't want Hayden to *hear*—" He complains twist into a pathetic sounds as Ilya thumbs under the crown of his cock, pushing against the spot he knows drives him crazy.

"If you do not keep talking I won't touch you," Ilya sing-songs.

Shane glares at him and clenches his jaw. Takes a breath. Slowly, he raises the phone again and unmutes.

"Hey, Hayd, sorry about that," He apologizes, keeping his voice as steady as possible while Ilya slowly strokes his shaft.

"It's cool, everything okay?"

"Y-Yeah, just—" He bites his lip. "Lily's here, actually. Just had to show her where something was."

"Shit, really? Your cottage?" Hayden sounds pleasantly surprised. "I didn't know you guys were that serious. Does this mean I'll get to meet her sometime soon?"

Shane forces out a laugh to cover up the moan that tries to come out as Ilya presses kisses along the base of his shaft and his balls. "I hope so, that's kind of the plan I had in mind for when I get back."

"That's great! I'll be sure to keep our calendar free, Jackie will be stoked. She's been *waiting* for you to be able to double date with us!"

"That sounds—*great!*" Shane shouts and his eyes roll, clutching the couch as Ilya sucks the tip of his length into his warm, wet mouth. "I'm sure, *mmh*, I think Lily would be down to do that, yeah," His voice shakes and he's barely managing to hold back his noises. He smacks Ilya on the back of the head when he feels the man smirk around him and Ilya reaches up to smack him back.

"Right..." Hayden drawls, sounding hesitant. "Listen, are you sure you're good? You sound a little..."

Shane opens his mouth, another *I'm good* on the tip of his tongue, but he slaps his hand over his mouth as Ilya goes down, down, *down* until his nose is pressing against the hair above his cock and *oh, fuck*. He's so close, *way too fucking close*. He *cannot* cum with Hayden Pike on the other end of the phone.

He moves his hand down to clutch at Ilya's curls, holding him in place. "I—I actually, I think I have to go," He winces at the breathiness of his voice. "I think, god, *fuck*, I think Lily needs me, I should go." He curses as Ilya's throat constricts around his cock, his tongue flicking against his slit over and over.

"Oh, okay, well...Call me la—"

"Later, 'course, yeah, bye!" He sputters out rapidly before slamming his thumb on the end call button. "Fuck, fuck, Rozanov, fuck!" He cries, curling in on himself as a loud moan tears its way out of his throat and he cums, shooting down Ilya's throat, hips twitching into the heat of his mouth as the other man moans around him.

He unclenches his fingers from Ilya's hair when the man starts to pull off and rolls his eyes when he starts to cackle maniacally. Ilya wheezes as he laughs, still grinning when Shane slides down back onto the cushions, panting heavily.

"What do you think, new record? 35 seconds?"

"It was *not* 35 seconds!" Shane says, offended. Surely he lasted longer than that. There's no fucking way.

"No, really!" Ilya somehow grins wider. "I counted."

For his own sanity, he's going to believe Ilya is lying.

Shane drags a hand across his face. God. "Why was that so hot?" He mumbles to himself, because having his best friend on the phone, unknowingly listening as he got sucked off by his boyfriend, had *no right* to make him cum that fucking fast.

Ilya hums. "My kinky sexually repressed polite Canadian boy," he coos and waggles his eyebrows.

What a fucking asshole, Shane thinks. He narrows his eyes and digs his foot harder into Ilya's chest. To his surprise (and mortification when his spent cock twitches in his pants), the other man rolls his eyes back and moans. It's exaggerated, clearly, but the heat in his gaze when he looks back at Shane is more than real.

"Being stepped on by Shane Hollander, am I dreaming?" Ilya purrs. "Many people online fantasize about this, you know," he smiles smugly. "Lucky me, huh? I get real thing."

Shane has...at least a million questions from that statement alone. People want to be *stepped on*? By *him*? Why was Ilya looking at people thirsting after him online in the first place? Out of all the ones that race through his head, however, one question wins out above the rest. He tilts his head as he looks down at Ilya laid out on the couch. "When did your English get so good?"

Fantasize. The word fell from his lips smoothly, his accent still strong but not as disjointed as he thinks it used to be. It makes Shane's heart ache a little bit, which feels stupid. He just hates he missed any time with Ilya at all. Judging by the way his eyes soften, Ilya probably thinks similarly. He shrugs. "I read New Yorker now."

Shane perks up. "Really?"

"No, Shane." Ilya rolls his eyes. "I practice."

Oh. Well. Shane still thinks the image of Ilya Rozanov sitting at a table reading The New Yorker is a little funny. He huffs out a soft laugh, amused. "My dad reads it. He loves it."

"Ah," Ilya drawls, realization dawning on his face. "So being boring is genetic. This makes sense, your mother does not seem boring."

Shane smacks him with a pillow before he leans down and crawls on top of him, kissing him as he laughs into Shane's mouth. When they separate, the Russian looks up at him and hums while Shane smiles. Ilya brings a hand to the back of his head.

"Will you tell me about them?" Ilya asks, a hand raking through Shane's hair as he stares up into his eyes. "Your parents."

Shane's eyebrows furrow. "Like what?"

The Russian shrugs. "Anything. I know your dad is boring, obviously. I know your mother is Japanese." He smiles fondly and lifts his hand, brushing a finger against the freckles on Shane's cheek. "You probably get your good looks from her."

A soft heat settles across his cheeks at the words, and he averts his eyes, looking to the side as he leans into the gentle touch. "Half of them, sure."

Ilya chuckles softly. "Tell me other things. Vampire things."

Shane hums and moves to Ilya's side, propping himself up on his elbow. "Well, my grandparents are both vampires now, but my grandfather wasn't when they had my mom, so she's only half. We don't really know about my dad, his parents and grandparents were all human, but he's enough of a vampire to enjoy drinking blood even though he doesn't really need to." Shane explains.

Ilya listens to him with rapt attention, his eyes completely focused on him. Shane talks a bit about his childhood and the things Rose had exposed to him and subsequently his parents, and how they've known about Ilya since the night he had ran out in Vegas.

That gets an eyebrow raise from the other. "They know?"

He nods. "Yeah, well," Shane tilts his head, "they know about what happened that night, and about us, but I haven't exactly *come out*, like, officially or anything. They don't know I'm strictly gay."

"Would they be okay with that...?" Ilya asks carefully, concern written all over his face.

"Oh, yeah," Shane quickly clarifies. "I—I was scared before, but then I told them about you, and they were, y'know. Supportive. There's just been...a lot, lately. I told them about asking you to come, though." He smiles sheepishly. "They want to meet you while you're here. My mom *insisted*."

"Should I be nervous?" He asks. His tone of voice is teasing, but the look in his eyes show it's a genuine question.

Shane stares down at Ilya for a moment silently. Shane uses his free hand to take one of Ilya's and intertwine their fingers with a soft smile. "They just want me to be happy," he leans in a bit, speaking quietly. "and you make me happy."

Ilya looks up at him with nothing but fondness and warmth in his eyes and a small, private smile. His face twitches before crumpling suddenly, his eyes watering. Shane's eyes dart over his face worriedly and the other man turns his head, avoiding Shane's gaze. "Hey, I'm—Did I say something wrong?"

"No, no." Ilya shakes his head and laughs wetly. "It's just—My mother always told me the same thing." He turns back to Shane, who frowns at the few tears that have made their way down his face. Shane reaches out and cradles Ilya's face in one hand gently, wiping the tear tracks from under his eyes. His eyes flutter shut as Shane does.

When they open again, Shane's breath hitches. *God*, the way Ilya looks at him. The fond, adoring warmth that gleams so clearly in his eyes as he just stares at Shane like he's done some incredible thing. How could he have ever doubted that Ilya loved him? How could he have never noticed?

"She would have loved you," Ilya whispers hoarsely after a minute, "like I love you."

Shane feels his heart skip a beat at the words. He loves him, so much. He wishes he could have met the woman that raised Ilya to be so kind. "Will you tell me about her?" He asks softly, the same question Ilya had asked just before.

Ilya finally smiles again as he nods his head. "I would like nothing more."

And so he does. They move so Shane is laid back on the sectional and Ilya stares up at him, his head on his lap. Shane plays with his hair as he tells him her name was *Irina*, that she was funny and beautiful and sad in a way that never seemed to go away. Ilya tells him childhood stories, times before everything fell apart. He tells him he found his mother's body after she

swallowed a bottle of pills when he was 12, and only 5 years later he shook Shane's hand for the first time.

Ilya talks about how his brother got bad and his already bad father got worse, and then got diagnosed with Dementia. How no one in his family wants to admit it, but it's getting to the point where they can't pretend it's not happening anymore and tensions are higher than ever as they realize Ilya's father's time is coming closer and closer to it's end.

When Ilya cries, neither of them say anything. Shane just pulls him closer and embraces him tightly, letting him curl up and cry into Shane's stomach without judgment. His heart silently breaks for Ilya with every choked sob he lets out.

Eventually, it tires the other out enough that he falls asleep like that, his face pressed against Shane's stomach and arm wrapped around his waist as he rests. Shane slowly runs his hand through Ilya's curls, playing with the strands between his fingers and smiling softly when Ilya's shoulders slump a little bit more and he lets out a deep sigh.

Shane lets himself doze, not quite sleeping but not fully conscious either, content to lay here as the sun streams in from the windows and Ilya lets out little puffs of hot air against an exposed sliver of skin.

An hour or so later, he's pulled out of his daze by the sound of Ilya's ringtone going off. The sound wakes Ilya, too, the other man groaning before huffing and turning on his back, blinking blearily as he fishes his phone out of the pocket of his shorts. When he manages to pull it out and look at the caller ID, his face screws up and he scoffs.

"Who is it?" Shane asks, though he thinks he can infer from the reaction.

"My brother," He clicks his tongue as he silences the call, "probably asking for more money. I do not care." Ilya tosses his phone onto the coffee table and sighs, rubbing a hand over his face, frustrated. "I wish I never had to go back there."

Shane pressed his lips together, unsure of what to say to that. He wishes he could help, but what can he do?

He doesn't have to worry for long, because a few seconds later Ilya is stretching across the couch and groaning exaggeratedly, making Shane snicker. "Is that really necessary?"

"Mmm, yes." Ilya purrs, a lopsided grin replacing the frustrated look from before. He slaps Shane's thigh as he sits up, making the other yelp. "I know we already ate," he waggles his eyebrows, "but unlike you, blood and cum is not a food group for me. I am hungry again."

Shane drops his jaw open. "*You fucking—!*"

"I read that packet!" Ilya points at him. "Now I know why you swallow so much, besides the fact that you are a little bit of a slut."

Shane closes his eyes as heat races up to his cheeks. He hadn't forgotten that fact, far from it, but he *had* forgotten that Ilya was now aware of said fact. The fact being that while not nearly as effective as blood, Shane *does* get some sustenance from swallowing Ilya's cum, which, admittedly, explained a *lot* about the first time he sucked him off.

Rose had laughed a little too hard after he made that comment offhandedly when she sent that particular piece of information over.

Once his face has cooled down, Shane huffs and stands, walking past Ilya and towards the kitchen. "If you want me to make you more food, you'll keep your mouth shut."

He doesn't look back at him, but he can tell from his tone that Ilya is smiling. "Yes, *darling*," He coos jokingly.

Darling. Shane is glad Ilya is behind him, because as fast as it faded, his blush returns full force at the pet name.

The rest of the afternoon is pleasantly normal. Shane suggests grilling burgers outside and then swimming, which Ilya happily agrees to. He goes off to change while Shane grabs the ingredients and heads outside, starting up the grill and managing to finish a few patties before Ilya comes out in swim trunks and a loose shirt.

He comes up behind Shane, wrapping his arms around his waist and hooking his chin over his shoulder. Ilya huffs out a laugh, eyeing the rows of burger patties on the grill. "Why are you making so many burgers?"

Shane pauses his flipping before shrugging. "The recipe I know makes enough for 8."

"Why not cut it in half?"

Shane blinks. "Because...*it called for 8.*" He doesn't get it. What's the problem? Ilya just smiles and shakes his head, kissing Shane's cheek before heading to the patio table.

He gets it later when they're sitting at the table and he stares at the five remaining burgers in the middle of the table that will now have to go in the fridge, Shane having eaten one and Ilya two. Okay, maybe he should have made a smaller batch.

They get ready to swim after that, changing into trunks. Without even getting in the lake, Ilya's swimsuit clings to his thighs and hips deliciously, making Shane's mouth water. Ilya complains when he makes him wait thirty minutes before he can get in since he just ate, but Shane manages to pacify him when he pushes him down on the dock and pulls his dick out, swallowing him down to the hilt and blowing him until the timer goes off. It's only fair considering earlier, right?

Later that night, Shane practically purrs from how content he feels, laying on Ilya's bare chest as he sleeps, wrapped around the other man. He'd passed out over an hour ago, but Shane was sure he wasn't going to sleep at all tonight considering he'd slept for so long the night before.

He doesn't mind, though. Shane is more than happy to let Ilya sleep, listening to his heartbeat and his breathing, watching his face smooth out as he relaxes more and more in his bed. Besides, it gives Shane time to think. Think and plan.

Since he was a kid, hockey was the one thing that made him feel full, truly *happy*. Getting on the ice, doing play by plays in his mind, it settled something in his soul he never knew how to explain. The only time he ever felt even *close* to the same way? His hookups with Ilya.

And then *today*. God, he feels the same way he does after playing a game. Well, maybe not exactly the same way, but it's that same complete fullness he's never gotten anywhere else, just from a day with Ilya. Only one day, and they have at least two weeks together. Except two weeks isn't enough, but they don't have longer than that right now.

So, Shane needs to make time.

Ilya isn't a free agent until 2018, and Shane doesn't know if he'd even want to leave Boston. Shane doesn't particularly want to leave Montreal, either. They can't come out, *obviously*, but...he wonders if they could start to change the narrative a little bit. Make their rivalry a little more...friendly, than hateful.

Now that's a thought.

It's two hours later when Shane shakes Ilya awake, the man groggily blinking his eyes open and groaning. He nods as Shane explains his charity idea, then nods again after he asks Shane to explain it again in simpler terms. *The Irina Foundation*. Ilya smiles softly up at him.

"What about the connection, the distance?" Ilya asks as he sits up.

Shane sighs, looking up at the ceiling. "I don't know. There's not really a *right now* solution. One of us could trade to be closer, but we still have years on our contracts, and I don't know

if you'd even want to do that." He shakes his head. "I could travel to you, If I'm fed I can run to Boston in—6 hours, maybe? I don't know. There's the mating thing, too, but that's a lot, and it's serious, and I don't—"

His rambling is interrupted by Ilya huffing and climbing onto his lap, the other man pecking him on the lips before pulling back and staring at him for a moment. "When my contract is up, I will leave Boston."

Shane raises his eyebrows. "Really?"

Ilya shrugs, but the smile on his face is obvious. "Being Canadian does not sound so bad, for citizenship. Boston has been like a home to me for 6 years, but..." Ilya brushes a finger gently against Shane's cheek, "I want that with you, Shane. I *felt* that with you, today."

Shane clears his throat, putting his hand over Ilya's where it is on his face. "Me too," he admits quietly. He laughs shortly after a moment. "Ottawa, uh, Ottawa needs a star center, don't they?"

Ilya laughs back and nods. "Yes, I think they do." His head falls back and he groans dramatically, making Shane laugh again. "God, *fucking Ottawa*, you are lucky I love you, Hollander."

Shane bites his lip to try and fight back the embarrassingly large grin that tries to form on his face. He can feel the lovesick look he's getting in his eyes. "Could you say it in Russian?"

When Ilya's head comes down and his eyes drop back to Shane's, his face is one of confusion. "What?"

Shane swallows. "Tell me you love me, in Russian. Teach me how to say it."

There's something like awe in Ilya's eyes as he processes Shane's request, his mouth hanging open just barely. He snaps it shut and he nods, his throat bobbing. He scoots a little further

onto Shane's lap and puts his other hand on the other side of his face, cradling him like he's something precious.

Ilya starts slowly, enunciating the syllables quietly. "*Ya tebya lyublyu...*" He pauses. "*...moy vtoraya polovinka.*"

Shane does his best to repeat the phrase back, and he has a feeling he's not doing *the best*, has a feeling he sounds like an idiot, but the way Ilya's face lights up completely when he finishes makes it all worth it. The kiss makes it worth it, too. It's...sweet, and soft, and it feels like Ilya is saying *I love you* again without saying anything at all.

Ilya presses his forehead to Shane's when they separate, his eyes still shut as he hums contentedly. Shane feels his mouth twitch as he holds back a laugh. Sometimes he doesn't know if Ilya reminds him more of a dog or a cat. Either way, he thinks it's cute.

"What did you say, when you spoke Russian?" Shane asks. "I think I got the first part, but..." He trails off.

To Shane's surprise, a rare blush settles across Ilya's cheeks as he sits up and looks off to the side, biting the inside of his cheek. "It's like saying...my other half," he explains. "My soulmate."

Shane's eyes widen slightly. *Oh*. That's actually...really sweet, and *romantic*. Shane can't help himself as he leans in and catches Ilya's turned lips, smiling into the kiss. When he pulls back and kisses Ilya on the cheek, the other man keeps going, dragging his lips across Shane's chin and jaw until he gets to his ear.

"*Moy vtoraya polovinka,*" Ilya murmurs and Shane smiles, leaning closer. "*Moy lyubimyy,*" he coos this time and nips at Shane's ear before he moves down, mouthing at his neck.

Ilya chuckles at him when Shane gasps and his hips twitch up. "Ilya, you—"

"Do you like me speaking Russian that much, Hollander?"

Shane sputters, "You *ass*, you know that's not why I'm, *ah*—" He cries out when Ilya's mouth makes it's way to one of Shane's nipples, his teeth scraping over it while he's talking.

Ilya sits up, licking his lips, and one of his hands replaces where his mouth just was as it thumbs at the wet bud. "Maybe it's not the entire reason, but I think it is definitely a part of it, don't you think, *kotyonok*?"

Shane laughs shakily, but the speed at which his dick is hardening in his briefs is anything but funny. He licks his lips as Ilya's eyes stare down at him, dark and smug and hungry when they were soft and loving a second ago. "Are you gonna tell me what you're saying?"

Ilya hums, looking up as if he's thinking real hard about his answer. *Asshole*. His hand not touching Shane's chest trails down to cup the bulge in his underwear, smirking at the wet spot he finds. "Mmm, no," he says. "Later. For now...just listen." Ilya slips his hand under the fabric, grasping Shane's cock in his hand now. "*Ty moy, da*?"

Shane has no idea what Ilya is saying to him, but he recognizes the tone of asking a question, and he knows *yes* in Russian, so he nods. "Yes, *da*."

The other man grins and leans down, licking into Shane's mouth and humming. "Good boy, *shchenok*."

Shane gasps as Ilya pinches at Shane's nipple, the pain, pleasure, and praise all mixing and shooting down to his cock. "Fuck, Ilya," he pants, hand reaching up to grip the other's arm as his hips twitch.

"*Ty vyglyadish'...vkusnyy*." Ilya pulls down Shane's briefs, adjusting the angle of his strokes to one that feels *so much better, fuck*. "I can understand why you have such a biting problem, if I look half as good as you do right now."

Shane flushes, his arm raising to cover his face as he huffs. "You're ridiculous."

"No," Ilya whines and nudges Shane's arm away, pouting. "I'm honest." Ilya leans down to mouth at his neck. "Don't cover your face, *ya khochu posmotret' na tebya, lyubimyy.*"

Shane lets his head fall back, his eyes rolling as the vibrations from the Russian spoken against his skin buzzes through his body. *God*, he really does hate that he's so into Ilya speaking Russian, because now that he's found that out, Shane *knows* he's going to use it against him every chance he gets.

"Let me bite you," Ilya rumbles.

Shane laughs, "Obviously, you can bite me—"

"No, I mean," Ilya sighs, sliding up the bed so Shane can see him better with his head tilted back against the pillow. "Shane, give me your blood, I want it."

Shane's eyes widen, his hand gripping Ilya's arm tightening in a way that actually stops his strokes. "*What?* You," he laughs, "Ilya, that's, I don't think you—"

"Shane," Ilya says pointedly, interrupting Shane's rambling. "I know what I'm asking, vampire marriage, remember?" He smirks.

Shane's mouth flaps pathetically, trying to get out the words that won't fall off the tip of his tongue. He closes his eyes and takes a breath before trying again. "It—It's more than that. This is, it's a lifetime thing, there's no real undoing it, especially if I ever turn you—"

"Which you will, one day. We will talk about that later. I want that."

Shane just waves his other hand incredulously. Jesus *fuck*. "*Okay, moving on*, this is a serious thing, and I don't think you want to—"

"Don't you think you have made enough choices for me already, Hollander?" Ilya says firmly.

Shane snaps his mouth shut.

Ilya huffs, shaking his head, his voice gentler when he speaks next. "I am sorry, I just..." Ilya sighs. "It will make things better, easier, with the distance and the connection. We will both feel better if we are...mates, yes?" Shane nods and Ilya continues. "And *I know* what it means. I know what I am asking for, what I am getting into."

Ilya laughs, moving his hand from Shane's cock, Shane's grip having loosened at some point he doesn't remember. "This is not exactly the way I thought we would go over this, but when have we ever done anything normal, hm?"

"You know how I feel about you, so can you know I want this, too? Can you trust me to know this much?" Ilya raises an eyebrow pointedly.

Shane...doesn't say anything, because he can't refute any of Ilya points. So he just sighs. And nods.

Ilya grins.

"You won't be able to break my skin with your teeth, so I'll have to bite myself in order for you to get my blood," Shane explains.

Ilya nods and tilts his head, "Will it hurt you?"

Shane shrugs, because he really doesn't know. He's never exactly had a reason to bite himself, before. He furrows his eyebrows before reaching over to the nightstand and grabbing his phone.

"What are you—"

"Just, hold on," Shane mutters as he opens his messages. If they're going to do this, he has to make sure they do it *right*.

Shane: *Rose.*
Rose Landry.

Rose 🍷: *Shane Hollander! what can i do for you*

Shane: *When vampires mate it's just a blood exchange, right?*

Rose 🍷: *uhh*
yeah that's it why?

Shane: *Great, just making sure, thanks!*

Rose 🍷: *oh ok*
wait shane why
????
SHANE HOLLANDER.

Shane giggles to himself before tossing his phone back onto the nightstand and shaking his head, turning back to face Ilya. "Okay, uh, don't know if it'll hurt, but I imagine...being turned on would be a good distraction?" He suggests.

"Ahh," Ilya drawls sarcastically, "well, if that is what it takes..." he grins and wraps his hand back around Shane's cock, which has somehow not flagged. "...I guess I can distract you."

Shane's laughter is muffled by Ilya's mouth pressing against his, a strange mix of arousal and giddiness washing over his body. They're gonna mate. Ilya Rozanov is going to be his *mate*, like Shane's parents are mates and his grandparents are mates and—

Okay, *not* the thoughts to be having while Ilya is stroking his cock and kissing him. Nope.

Instead, he focuses on how good his cock feels in Ilya's hand, how good he smells and tastes. "Fuck, Ilya, can you—"

The Russian hums into his mouth before pulling back and cooing. "I know, *takoy plaksivyy shchenok*, aren't you? I think *kotyonok* usually fits you better than *shchenok*, but not now."

Shane whines but nods, his cock twitching. Ilya tosses his head back and laughs as he pulls off his own underwear. Shane huffs, decidedly ignoring the small flash of embarrassment that only makes him feel hotter. "You can't laugh at me if I don't know what you're saying!"

Ilya keeps laughing, though it gets cut off by the hiss he lets out as he maneuvers so he can press their cocks together, gripping the both of them and sliding his hand up and down once. "Mmm, *tvoy khuy tak priyatno*," he groans. The skin starts to drag uncomfortably after a few strokes, so Ilya pauses to spit down onto their lengths a few times before resuming, the wet sound loud between both of their panting breaths.

Shane lies there uselessly, squirming under Ilya's weight and his fists gripping the sheets as his eyes roll back and he pants hotly, his mouth hanging open wordlessly. *Fuck*, that feels so fucking good, he's going crazy.

Ilya grins down at him. "I will give you that one, okay?" Ilya leans down closer, pressing his lips against Shane's ears. "I said *your cock feels so good*," he purrs.

Fuck, fuck, fuck, Shane thinks, which he would be saying out loud if he could get any part of his body to listen to him, but that's nearly a lost cause at this point. He manages to look down at Ilya's hand wrapped around their cocks, watching their tips glisten from between his fingers as he strokes them.

"Are you—" Shane gulps, "are you getting close?"

Shane asks, because he can feel his gut heating in the way it does when he knows he's getting to the edge, and he wants them to cum together.

"I could be," Ilya breathes, smirking.

Shane rolls his eyes amusedly and smacks at Ilya's arm, which makes the other man moan and mutter *kinky* under his breath, and Shane laughs. *God*, he's so fucking hard, but now he can't stop smiling so hard his face hurts. "If I'm laughing I can't bite myself that well, you know."

"Oh, well, I do need you to do that," Ilya sighs out, "I'll get back to work, then." Ilya moves to lick Shane's nipple, pursing his lips around it and sucking, flicking his tongue against it, nipping it lightly and sending pinpricks of pleasure before switching to the other side and doing the same thing. The smile on Shane's mouth drops with his jaw as he groans.

"Y-Yeah, that's good," Shane pants as he brings one hand up to tangle in Ilya's curls, pushing his chest up towards his mouth. "*Fuck*, Ilya," he whines as Ilya twists his wrist on the upstroke. "I'm gonna, If we're gonna, I need to—"

"*Da*, yes, do it," Ilya pops off Shane's chest to nod frantically, his eyes blown wide.

Shane nods in return, lifting his arm and turning his outer forearm towards his mouth and clamping down on it roughly, wincing at the pain before his vision blurs because *fuck*, that's good. He unlatches before he can get carried away, turning his arm out toward Ilya.

The Russian stares at the bite mark on Shane in awe, licking his lips, hungry for it in a way that only makes Shane's cock leak more. "So, I just suck?" Ilya asks, his mouth drifting closer to the bite, still staring at it, transfixed.

Shane nods breathlessly, tunnel-visioned on the sight in front of him. Ilya lines up his teeth with the mark on Shane's arm and digs in, sucking hard.

Shane, honest to god, blacks out.

Only for a second, though, because when his vision clears and his ears start to stop ringing, Ilya is still sucking blood from his arm messily, dripping it down onto Shane's chest as Shane's cock twitches from the aftershocks of an orgasm he doesn't remember, cum covering his belly.

Ilya follows a few seconds after, his cum mixing with Shane's as he stops stroking to clasp onto Shane's arm with his hand, groaning and grunting as he keeps sucking.

"Fuck," Shane mutters, sitting up slightly and trying to carefully pull away from Ilya. The other man whines and Shane shushes him gently, using the hand in his hand to pry him off slowly. "I know, I know...but you can't keep going or you'll get sick, your stomach can't handle it," Shane murmurs.

Ilya huffs before leaning in wordlessly to kiss Shane, pushing his own blood into his mouth. Shane groans a little at the taste, his own blood usually tasting bland and stale, but it carries a faint hint of Ilya's taste, so it's not so bad now. Ilya turns to nuzzle his cheek against Shane's, his eyes closed as he does.

"I can feel you more, now, in my head," Ilya rumbles, clearing his throat, "is that because we are mates now?"

Shane reaches into the back of his own mind and finds that, yes, Ilya's presence is stronger now. The *awareness* of him has increased, somewhat, which he's a little surprised about. He knew that could happen with vampire mating bonds, but he had thought their soulmate ties

would negate it, not make it stronger. Shane nods, a little shock settling in as he processes. "Yeah, that's from the bite."

Ilya grins, blood in his teeth. "Mmm, that means you are my husband now, yes?"

Shane blushes and, embarrassingly, feels his spent cock twitch against Ilya's. "*Rozanov*," he says pointedly, but it's no use.

Ilya chuckles and lays his full body on top of Shane's, the cum and blood on his stomach smearing onto Ilya's in a way that should be disgusting, but the animal part of Shane's brain can't help but preen at the thought of Ilya being covered in his blood, marked for anyone to scent. "*Moy muzh*," Ilya purrs, "my husband."

"Ilya, we're not really—" he gasps as Ilya lazily drags his hips against his own, "we should—we should shower," Shane complains, but it's half-hearted and not very convincing with the audible smile in his voice. *Ilya's husband*. He likes the sound of that. They should change their last names, hyphenate, or something. *Ilya and Shane Hollander-Rozanov*, or maybe Rozanov-Hollander. Shane likes both.

"No complaining, we're newly weds." Ilya keeps kissing Shane's neck softly as he moves his arms to brace himself up on the bed so he can shift his angle so their cocks grind together teasingly. He raises his head to look into Shane's eyes. "We can get human married, too, but this one is better. I'm yours, and you're mine, no matter what, yes? You can never get rid of me."

Shane nods, kissing the corner of Ilya's mouth and nicking his skin purposfully. Another mark, even if it's only small, because Ilya is right. They're tied together now even more.

"*Yours*, forever."

DID YOU ENJOY. i rewrote so many parts of this chap so many times its ridiculous. i tried to leave the ending like. yknow. ending enough but its still openish. like
AHHHHHHHH ITS THE END!!! BUT do not fear there will be more. welcome to the vampire bat series and yes this is named after the glass animals song that helped me write the first chap of this fic :D more in this au will be coming such as hayden finding out (im writing this rn) and other things!! including angst. shane and ilya will be going through it soon again sorry guys.

► BITS AND BLURBS

AND WE ARE DONE. THANK YOU EVERYONE FOR ALL THE SUPPORT!!!!
leave comments/questions/love declarations/death threats and feel free to check out my other hollanov fic on my account!! AND FEEL FREE TO CHAT WITH ME ON
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